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# **ROD AND GUN**

AND

***Motor Sports in Canada***

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***Volume VIII***

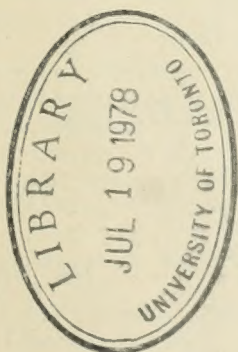
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***June 1906 to May, 1907***

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1907.

WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

W. J. TAYLOR, Publisher.

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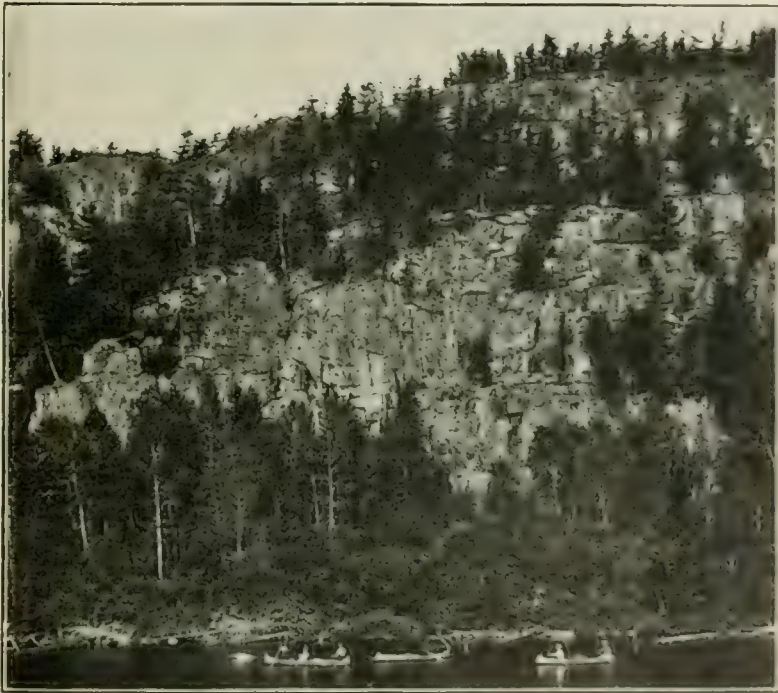


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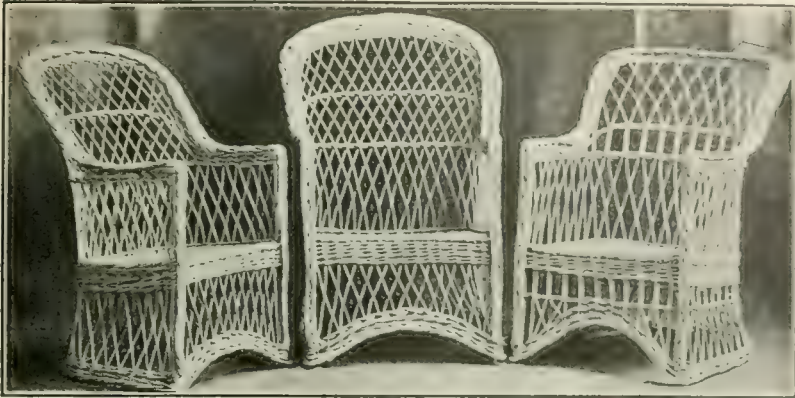
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Sells on its merits, it needs no praise from us, but we want smokers of good cigars to recognize this—that's why we advertise.

**HARRIS, HARKNESS & CO.**  
MAKERS

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**"Bristol"** TRADE MARK

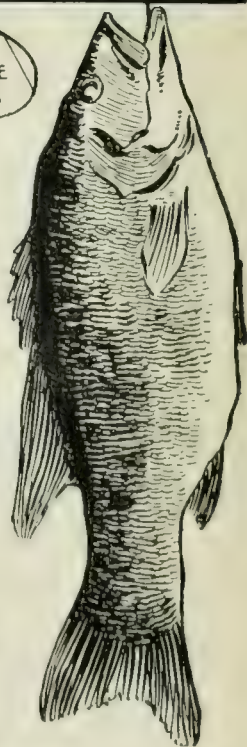
## **Steel Fishing Rods**

for many years have maintained their supremacy for all-around fishing, giving perfect satisfaction under all conditions.

Their merit is known and acknowledged all over the world. No other rod combines strength, sensitiveness and backbone as does the "BRISTOL." But be sure you get a "BRISTOL." Don't let the dealer work off on you some inferior imitation. Look for our trade-mark, "BRISTOL," on reel seat.

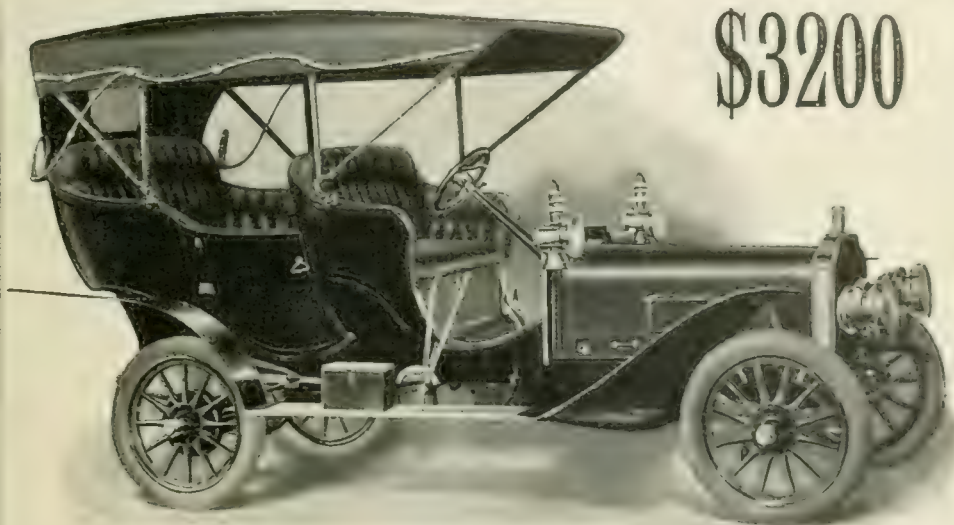
Send for our illustrated color catalogue, "A Lucky Strike." You'll like it. Look on page 28 and read description of our combination Reel and Handle—An advance in reel making.

**The Horton Manufacturing Co.**  
32 Horton Street, Bristol, Conn.



# THE SIX CYLINDER FORD

## \$3200



"Model K" is a luxurious touring car with a world of RESERVE POWER with speed to meet every requirement, with an engine so simple, so smooth in its operation, that the presence of a motor on the car could almost be questioned.

Its six cylinders solve the problem of "more power"—power for emergencies. The majority of cars will make a good showing on a smooth road or even a slight grade, but put them where a little extra exertion is necessary and see where they are. They lack RESERVE POWER, they have only sufficient power for ordinary occasions.

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*The Ford 6 cylinder car has sufficient RESERVE POWER to meet any emergency*

Two of its cylinders alone will give power enough to run along the smooth streets of a city, yet in the country no sand, no hill, no mud, can put the whole six out of business. It is RESERVE POWER that counts. Write us for full particulars.

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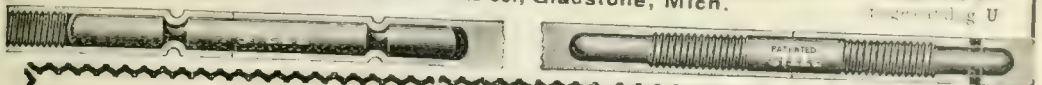
This rod will not "wobble," bend or break at the joints.

As will be seen by the accompanying sectional cuts, when its three sections are screwed all intents as solid as a one-piece rod. A long neatly fitting, steel sleeve encloses the joints, and it backs up. It has two steel joints, steel swivel at its end and is fitted with handsome cocobola handle. Two de-



MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.

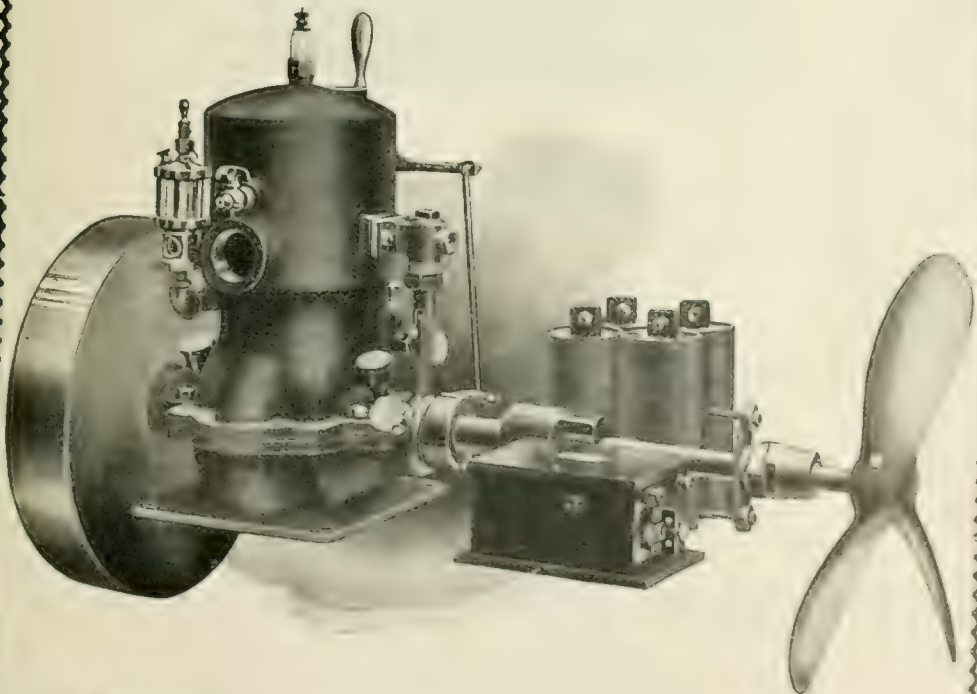
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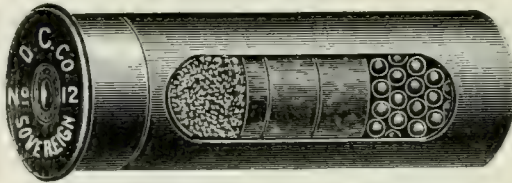
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*Among other attractions it has to offer are safe surf-bathing, sailing, fishing, and the finest roads for driving, riding, and automobiling in America. Boarding stable and garage on premises.*

*Concerts by a superb orchestra every afternoon and evening during the season.*

*Facilities for all out-of-door sports.*

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*Address until June 1st, 270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. After that date, New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.*







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LATEST PATENT,  
SAFEST AND BEST

Air Chambers furnished with every boat. Cannot sink, and will not tip. Folds the most compact of any boat made. Puncture proof, Galvanized tempered steel frame, no bolts to remove, can be shipped as baggage, costing nothing for transportation. Satisfaction guaranteed.

We received the highest reward at St. Louis World's Fair.

**LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.,**  
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In support of this most positive assertion, a postal card request to us will bring you testimonial sheet from eminent editors and prominent sportsmen, whose word is beyond question; also our literature

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It dries on the skin, forming a protective coating, harmless to the skin and washes off readily. Will not stain nor injure clothing.

We will mail a four ounce can, post paid, on receipt of fifty cents in stamps. The duty to Canada is thirteen cents per can additional. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now, and have it ready in the tackle box.

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At last solved the problem of a  
**Portable Finger  
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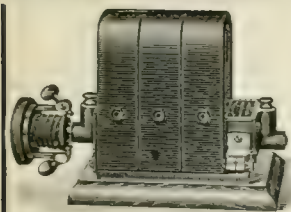
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They are guaranteed never to sog or get bumpy. And are ventilated throughout. They will dry out in a few hours. And do not get hot. Always soft and comfortable.

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Sails up the Col-  
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are unique, even in "our fifty Switzerlands in one grand whole,"  
as the Canadian Rockies have been called.

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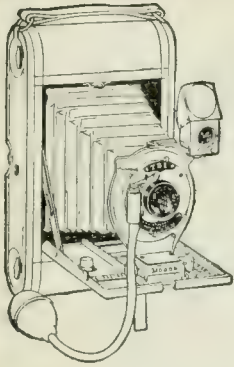
The Scenery, Roads and Walks are ideal. The Bathing free from undertow—the Beach one of the best on the coast. Good Fishing and perfect conditions for Boating and Sailing.

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The Kodak to have with you on a fishing or hunting excursion.

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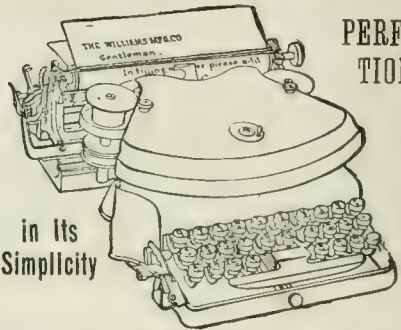
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**F**OR the Seventh Volume, concluded with last Number, a title page and index has been prepared, and a copy of the same will be forwarded to any subscriber **FREE**, upon sending in a request and enclosing a two cent stamp.





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***As Advertised  
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We have just looked through the April issue, and in our opinion it is a fine magazine. We issue a 300 page catalogue containing 1000 illustrations of articles used by sportsmen. The goods of nearly every American advertiser in Rod and Gun are shown and priced in our Catalogue, as well as the product of a large number of factories and makers who do not advertise in it. We will send you a copy on receipt of Ten Cents.

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Winchester, 1906, light weight, 22 calibre Rifle.....	\$10.50
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We are special distributing Agents of nearly every Reliable Sporting Goods Manufacturer.

We sell at lower prices than you can buy in your home town. If you care to save money, send for our 1906 catalogue.

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Established 1845.

***27 Notre Dame St., West, MONTREAL***

**Summer Residences on Islands Off  
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Near Desbarats, Ont.**

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**LONGFELLOW ISLAND NO. 56**

The black spot on the extreme left is the little boat dock. The island is very irregular in shape.

Longfellow Island has a small four roomed camp of very solid construction, with a fine stone fire-place. It is a picturesque island in a commanding position, Miss Longfellow lived there for a part of one summer with many members of her family, and there the Indian Play of Hiawatha was first given for her entertainment. She said of this place: "The spot selected for the drama could not have been more beautiful." Rent \$150.00 for the season, partly furnished.



**McNAB ISLAND NO. 58, DESBARATS, ONT.**

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## ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

McNab Island has been the favorite island ever since the first summer resident came. It was in fact the first island built upon. The camp containing five rooms, stone fire place, kitchen and ice-house will be rented for \$150.00 for the season. The only furniture necessary to bring would be linen and cutlery. The rest will be furnished in sufficient quantities for a small family. Boats can be



The Desbarats River, up which the largest yachts can motor to the Railway Station

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There are other camps to rent, some of them more expensive than these.

There is bass and trout fishing and moose, bear, deer, duck and partridge hunting. The fishing in the inland lakes, which have good wagon roads leading to them, or canoe routes, is unsurpassed in America. Just about the Hotel and Camp is to be had the kind of fishing that Isaac Walton loved, pike, bass, perch and carp, and mullet in great abundance. Residents or visitors can drive to phenomenally good bass and trout fishing in the nearer inland lakes.

One of the pleasures of life in Desbarats is to be enjoyed by owning or renting a motor boat. There are one hundred islands within a four mile circle of which the Camp is the centre. Every day for a month a different destination may be selected, either as a fishing or picnic grounds. One may walk, drive, paddle, sail or motor to the post office, railway station and store. There is telephone connection. There is a resident village doctor. Fruit, fresh meat, cream and vegetables can be brought to the island home daily, and yet one feels as if one were a thousand miles from civilization.

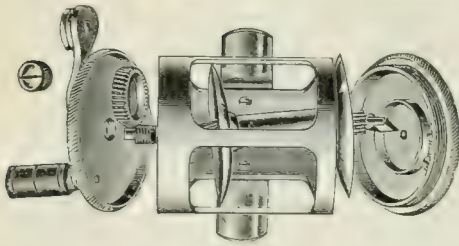
Apply **L. O. ARMSTRONG,**

Canadian Pacific Railway,

MONTREAL.

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## MEEK REELS

**Hold all half ounce Bait Casting  
World's Championship Records**

Distance and Accuracy.....98-7/10 per cent.  
Long Distance Average of Five Casts....183-49/60 feet.  
Longest Single Cast.....198-5/12 feet.

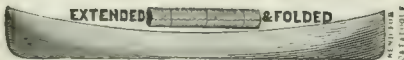
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Our Reels won  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the Diamond Trophies and  $\frac{2}{3}$  of the First Prizes. Our Regular Standard and not Special Tournament Reels were used. REELS for All Fishing. Catalogue H Free.

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A "HARDY" CANE BUILT ROD :::

A "HARDY" Perfect Reel and Tackle

THE ENGLISH FIELD SAYS: "It is to  
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we will send

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Lasts longer and gives better satisfaction than any other ware. It is made in

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BADGES, MONOGRAMS and CRESTS NEATLY EXECUTED

**MADDOCK'S ROYAL VITREOUS**

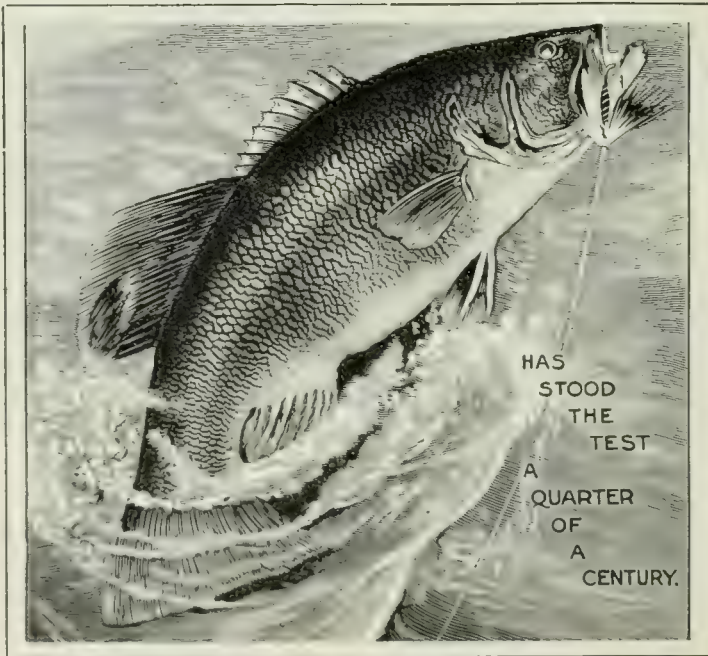
Dinner, Tea and Toiletware, for serviceable household use, has no equal. If your dealer does  
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SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA. Goods made to order of purchaser.





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Hooks, Flies, Trolls, Spinners. Phantoms, Reels,  
Furnished Lines, Everything in Fishing Tackle.

**NOTE.**—Free to any Dealer in Sporting Goods, sent express pre-paid, 170-page illustrated Catalogue No. F24, Metal Fish Sign in eight color Lithograph.

**THE ENTERPRISE MANUFACTURING CO.,**  
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A leaky canoe is like a leaky bottle,  
a mighty poor thing on a fishing trip.

We build canoes

## That Do Not Leak

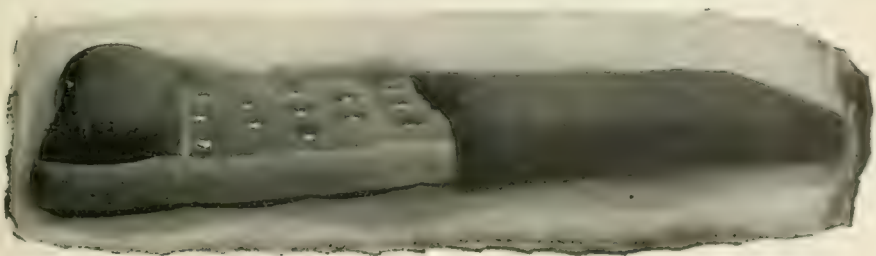
That stay tight no matter what kind of weather they are exposed to, and will last for years.  
We also build canoes that will not upset or sink.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE OF OUR CANVAS CANOES

**R. CHESTNUT & SONS**

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## "NOTHING SO RARE AS RESTING ON AIR" PNEUMATIC MATTRESSES AND CUSHIONS



No. 1 Camp Mattress with pillow, weighs only 10 pound

SINGLE & DOUBLE  
CANOE OR BOAT  
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FISHING PANTS  
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FISHING, SHOOTING AND  
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A Lightweight Waterproof Coat partic-  
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less than 2 lbs



Sportsman's Cushion

Write for illustrated price list.

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IN RUBBER

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

"Vulcan Sparker"



No. 305-Winton Type, 6 volt, 70 A.H.

MADE IN CANADA

Established 1898

YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD HOT SPARK

TO MAKE YOUR GASOLINE AUTO OR LAUNCH RUN RIGHT

"Vulcan Accumulator"

MADIGIN PATENTS

Are sparking all high grade automobiles and motor boats in Canada.

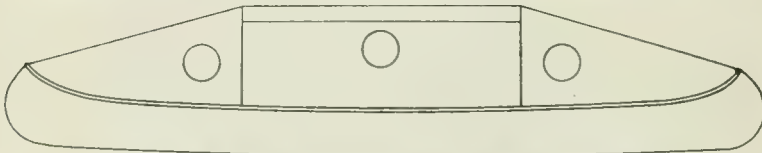
GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR.

Will last ten.

The CROFTAN STORAGE BATTERY CO. TORONTO  
CANADA

Long distance telephone, Main 5072.

423-425 West Queen St.



### *Handy Night Shelters for Canoeists*

**Handy Night Shelter No. 1**—Two Jointed Ridge Pole—can be used for punting poles; two Patent Folding Uprights to sustain ridge poles; Water Proof Brown "Khaki" Duck, 8 oz., covering whole canoe; four Japanned "Dead Lights"; Special Fastenings.

Two styles of Handy Night Shelters.

Two styles of Canoe Canopies.

**C. M. JACOBSEN**, 238 Jefferson Ave. **Detroit, Mich.** Send for Circulars. Launch Hulls a Specialty.

## A NEW RECORD

In the Philadelphia-Baltimore-Wilmington Team race, shot at Wissinoming, Pa., February 12, CHAS. E. MINK, of Philadelphia,

## BROKE 100 STRAIGHT

A. B. Richardson, of Dover, Del. was second with 97 out of 100.  
Lester S. German, of Aberdeen, Md. was third with 96 out of 100.  
All of these gentlemen are AMATEURS and OF COURSE each one used

## DUPONT SMOKELESS

Nine of the TEN HIGH GUNS used

DUPONT SMOKELESS E. I. DUPONT COMPANY  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA.

Niverville, Man.,

Feb. 7, 1906.

Wolverine Motor Works,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

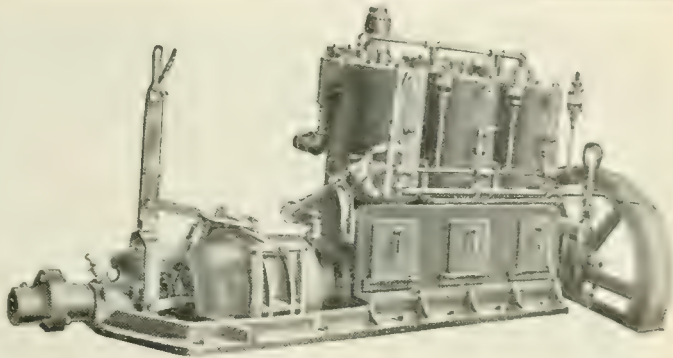
Gentlemen:—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the 6 H. P., 2 cylinder, 2 cycle engine, I bought from you last June has given the best of satisfaction, on the River and also on the Lake. It drives my 22½ ft. boat close to 11 miles an hour, and does it easily.

The best part, however, is the ease of handling it. It is seldom that I have to use the crank more than once a day as it would hold the compression in the hottest sunshine for four or five hours, and has repeatedly started by the lever alone after not being used for 1½ to 2 days.

We lived through the worst storm on Lake Winnipeg of the season '05 and would surely have been drowned had the engine stopped on us.

Respectfully yours,

WM. B. MEY.



New Orleans, La., Feb. 1, 1906

Wolverine Motor Works, Grand Rapids, Mich.

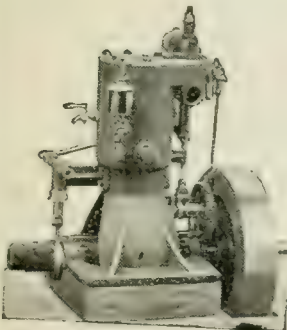
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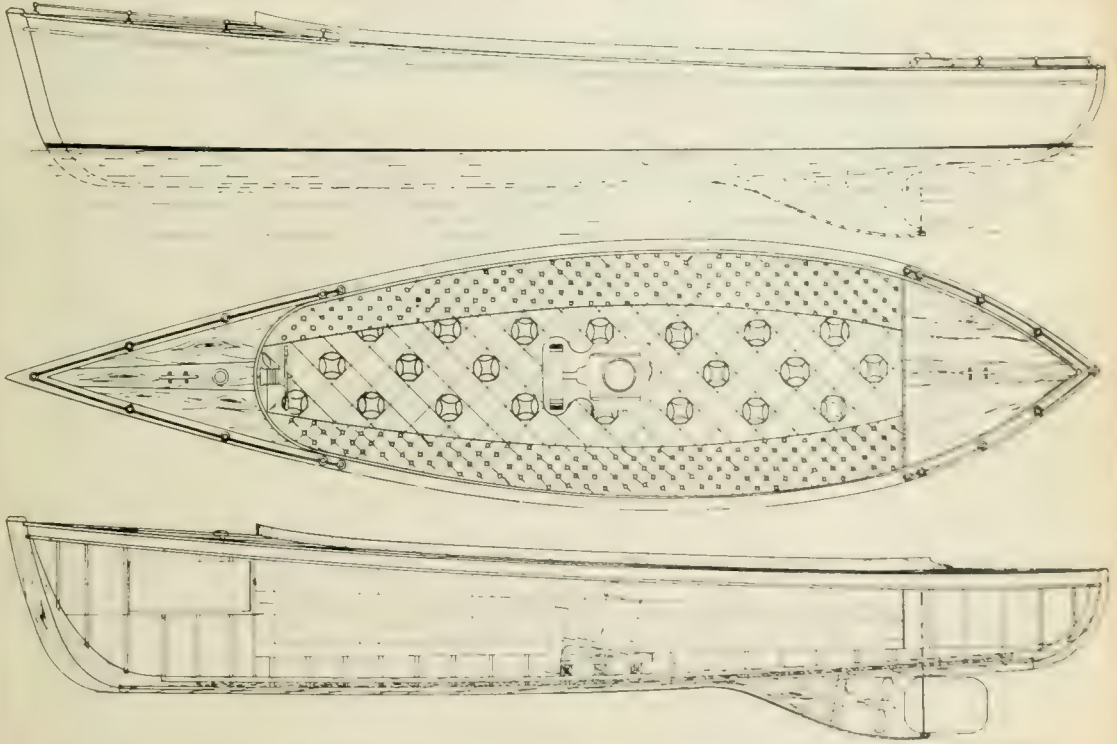
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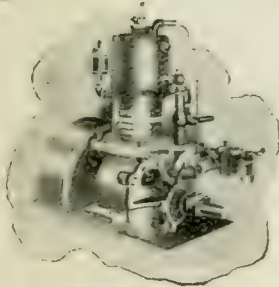
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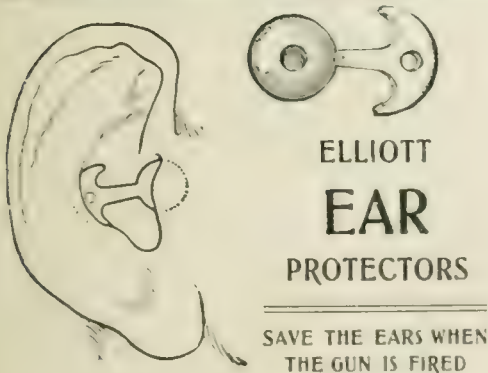
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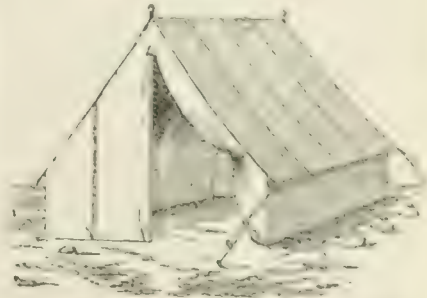
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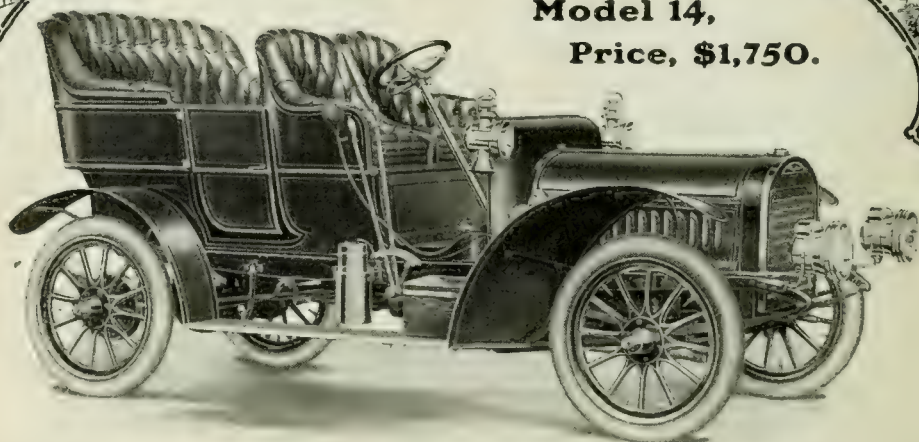
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# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobilism, the kennel, amateur photography and trap shooting will be welcomed and published at once. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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CAMP-FIRE OR MOTOR BOAT. WHICH IS BEST? WHY NOT BOTH TOGETHER?

# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

JUNE 1906

NO. 1

### Our Birthday.

**B**IRTHDAYS have been described as milestones along the path of the world, marking stages of progress towards a higher life. These anniversaries are of something more than sentimental interest, and to a Magazine, as to an individual, give pause for reflection, retrospection, often for congratulation, and always for good wishes.

In entering upon our eighth year of existence "Rod and Gun in Canada" is fortunate in being able to declare, without fear of contradiction, that this birthday closes a year of progress unprecedented in the history of any periodical published in Canada. Each month has witnessed improvement and growth in various directions, and so largely increased the number of our readers, admirers, and friends that the difficulty has been to keep pace with our rapid forward strides. A few of our friends can realise something of the amount of work this has involved, and make allowances for us; while those who do not know the multifarious requirements of a growing Magazine may accept this explanation for any shortcomings they may have perceived on our part. From all sides we have received encouragements, and these have stimulated and heartened us to such an extent that we have found it possible to sustain the responsibilities this rapid growth has thrown upon us.

The conductors of this Magazine have aimed high and to our constant efforts to attain and maintain the high standard we have set before ourselves our successes may be largely attributed. The public admire high ideals, and are ever ready to give a generous response to real and earnest efforts to live up to such ideals. The high

aim may not be secured, but one goes nearer to it for the trying. Our programme includes nothing less than the efficient protection and perpetuation of the vast and valuable forests; the splendid fisheries; and the finest herds of game left in the world today—a marvellous inheritance for the people of Canada; a heritage so gigantic that some excuses may be found for those who in the past believed that these great national assets were inexhaustible, and were careless in the management and control thereof. "Rod and Gun in Canada" has had marked successes in awakening the public to a sense of the present condition of things. These wonderful assets have been seriously threatened, and their continued existence endangered; but the opportunity is still with the people, and there are uneasy stirrings from one end of Canada to the other, every one of which bears testimony to the fact that "Rod and Gun in Canada" has not preached in vain, and that the work so ardently pursued is bearing good fruit.

The campaign of education, now in full flood, was inaugurated, advocated, and defended at a time when the subject failed to arouse interest or sympathy in any quarter. Now, from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to Hudson's Bay, forestry, exploration, fish and game protection, and all that they involve, are live topics, and "Rod and Gun in Canada" has made them so.

So vast is the field that even in the midst of success we are conscious of the little done, and of the great amount that still remains to be accomplished. Our work is not much more than begun. The need for vigilance, for urging on measures



for further protection, and for seeing that those already carried are not allowed to remain a mere dead letter, is as great as ever.

"Rod and Gun in Canada" has proved its capacity for rendering the highest service to the Dominion, and as an inevitable result its own material advancement, has followed. We have not merely aimed high, but we have also run straight. The interests of the great public of this wonderful Dominion has been to us as a guiding star, and nothing of lesser moment has been allowed to interfere with our course. In consequence of this, even those who have differed from us have watched our career with respect and not grudging us the influence, the position, and the successes which have followed.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Prince Edward Island to the far off Yukon, we have pursued the same course irrespective of political or other considerations. No portion of the Dominion is too far away not to receive some notice from us, and none too small or unimportant not to ensure our consideration.

Whenever the Dominion or Provincial Governments have taken a course which appeared to us to be in the public interest, the support of "Rod and Gun in Canada" has been given promptly, freely and forcibly. We did something to make the Dominion Forestry Convention the magnificent success it undoubtedly was; from his accession to office we have supported and upheld the Hon. Jean Prevost in his campaign to make the most of the magnificent and largely undeveloped fish and game resources of the beautiful Province of Quebec; gratifying recognition has been accorded to our efforts on behalf of New Brunswick; in Ontario the enlightened policy of the Government in creating vast forest, fish and game preserves has been supported from its inauguration; and throughout the great Northwest, in far away British Columbia and the Yukon, our policy has been ever the same.

Something must be said of the great services rendered to the Dominion by the manner in which the Magazine has made the many wonders of Canada known first to Canadians, secondly to our cousins across the southern border, and also to the world at large. As a resort for sports-

men and tourists Canada is no longer unknown, thanks largely to our work, and the peoples of the whole world are rapidly revising their ideas of our country as a result of the numerous visits paid by tourists and sportsmen who, having seen for themselves something of this wonderful and beautiful land, have returned home full of enthusiasm for the north with its invigorating climate, and its numerous other attractions.

The great and widespread reaction in favor of a rational outdoor life, the impetus given to sport in its highest forms, the effect upon the national physique, and the public health; all these movements have been helped, and in some instances started by "Rod and Gun in Canada."

Amongst the latest tributes paid to our work is the adoption of the Magazine as the official organ of the Alpine Club of Canada. This organization has a great future before it. The mountain ranges of Canada are so vast, and present such a wide field for exploration that the Club is bound to grow in numbers, influence, and position, and is calculated to do most excellent service for Canada. No doubt it will become a great power in shaping the future of the Government's policy with respect to those vast ranges which form a national playground unequalled anywhere on the earth's surface.

During the year we have broadened the scope of the Magazine, recognizing the growing and widespread interest taken in boating and automobiling as methods of recreation and healthful outdoor exercises. Exploration and sport throughout Canada in all their various branches will continue to be the strength of the Magazine, and with our continually increasing army of friends we trust to be able more efficiently than ever to continue our career of usefulness during the year upon which we are now entering.

It remains for us to thank our contributors who have given of their best and provided such rich treats out of the stores of their most interesting experiences; our vast and constantly growing army of readers, who by their friendly commendations are daily swelling the numbers of our friends; the great number of public men from those holding high and responsible

offices to those of humble station who have cheered, encouraged, stimulated, and aided us by kind words and cheery greetings in carrying on our work; and by no means least those who having seen our growth, and tested the value of the Magazine, as a publication of high aims, standing, and position, have so generously used our advertising pages to our mutual advantage; and whose patronage, coming from men of shrewd business ability, testifies in no uncertain way to the standing and value of the Magazine.

All these things render our task for the coming year one of heavy responsibilities and most difficult work. With so much to encourage however, and with so much help assured, we face the next twelve months with hope and courage. If our friends con-

tinue to rally round us as in the past the future of the Magazine, the protection of Canada's national assets, the development of our wonderful resources, the thorough exploration of the Dominion, the making known to the world of our advantages for sportsmen and tourists—all this is assured in a fuller and larger measure than even during the year now closed.

As we believe our friends will do their parts, so likewise will we perform ours. What we have done during the past year is the best guarantee for our conduct for the future; and with redoubled energy and renewed spirits, as a result of this retrospect, we enter upon the work of giving a better, brighter, more informing and more valuable Magazine—improving with each number—during the present year.

## A Veteran Explorer on a New Expedition.

**R**EADERS of "Rod and Gun in Canada" are well acquainted with the wanderings of Mr. C. G. Cowan, who, though his home is in Londonderry, Ireland, never seems so happy as when he is on one of his many exploring trips in British Columbia and Alaska. This preference means much in the case of Mr. Cowan who has hunted in South Africa, Australia, Siberia, and various parts of Europe, and thinks that nowhere in the world can such good sport be obtained as in Canada. Mr. Cowan went through the South African campaign commanding a company raised by himself and rendered good service to the British cause. He has made no less than sixty-six trips across the Atlantic Ocean, and the same number of journeys across the continent to Vancouver. British Columbia and Alaska are his favorite hunting grounds and his knowledge of their territories is probably unequalled. With the exception of the Skeena River he has traversed every important stream in the well watered Province of British Columbia, and he now means to try and complete his exploring trips by proceeding to the head waters of the Skeena River.

With this object in view Mr. Cowan, after finishing his arrangements, which as

an old campaigner were made with extreme care and completeness, left Kamloops by steamer for Hazelton. He had previously sent forward his head guide, and a number of men with ten pack horses loaded with his provisions and outfit, arranging to meet them at the point named. It is his intention to add several more horses to his band at Hazelton, and from there start his cross country journey through the mountains. At the time he left Kamloops he had not decided whether he would proceed by the Yellowhead or Pine Pass, but he calculates upon taking four months to complete the journey, his objective point being Edmonton. In addition to his exploring work, Mr. Cowan hopes to gather specimens of big game to be mounted and set up in the Museum of Natural History at South Kensington, London, England.

He proposes to call at a number of Hudson Bay Posts, including Fort George at the head of the Fraser River, and will do some exploring work through the Peace River country north of Edmonton. Readers of "Rod and Gun" who have had the privilege of following the course of Mr. Cowan's previous wanderings will join in the hope that he will in due course tell them of his experiences on this trip.



ARTHUR O. WHEELER, F. R. G. S., FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA.

## The Alpine Club of Canada at Work.

BY A. O. WHEELER.

**M**OUNT Rundle in July and Mount Rundle in April are two different propositions. At the later date it presents a series of bare jagged lime-stone peaks rising one after the other along a ridge some eight miles in length. At the earlier date there are a number of snow-fields, the peaks rise white against the blue sky and the western side is seamed by couloirs filled with snow.

Ignoring the fact that it was Friday and the thirteenth day of the month, a party of the Alpine Club gathered the night before at Grand View Villa—Dr. R. G. Brett's pretty little mountain hotel—perched high on the side of Sulphur Mountain, beside the Banff Hot Springs.

The Grand View Villa, which is rapid-

ly becoming the mountaineer's rendezvous at Banff and which, by the way, bids fair to be the Banff Headquarters of the Alpine Club, was astir early that morning. The genial manager in person called the cook. Muffled sounds of hob-nailed climbing boots on carpeted passages, a sharp knock and in subdued tones "five o'clock and a fine morning" could be heard by the half awake. A hurried breakfast and the party of six were on the way, each carrying an ice-axe or alpen-stock and the leaders with rucksacks full of provisions and climbing ropes on their backs.

It was a most representative party. There were present the President of the Club, two stalwarts of the Canadian organization, who were also members of the



American Alpine Club, the Principal of the Western Canada College, one of the ladies from the educational staff of St. Hilda's Ladies' College and last, but by no means least in reputation or prowess, the well-known engineer of early C.P.R. construction days — Mr. George H. Middleton, of Edinburgh, Scotland.

The party drop quickly a thousand feet down the bridge trail to the Banff Springs hotel, cross the Spray river by the "Green Bridge", follow up the Spray for perhaps three-quarters of a mile by a faint path and then start straight upward. The climb

the great dyke of Sulphur Mountain over-looked, there arose in the south-west an isolated sharp spire, hanging in mid-air, a huge pinnacle of seemingly intangible proportions in the shifting violet haze of the twenty odd miles of distance.

There is no other peak like the Matterhorn of the Rockies and with one voice arose the exclamation "Mt. Assiniboine." This peak, with its 11,800 feet of altitude, presents a truly enticing vision from Mount Rundle.

The snow was hard and bore well, so it did not take long to reach our peak,



ROCKIES OF CANADA, LOWER KICKING HORSE FALLS, NEAR LANSBOIE, B. C. FALLS 80 FT

of Mt. Rundle is not of very great interest to the true Alpine climber. It lacks variety, and consists chiefly of a hard steady pull of 5000 feet. As, however, the party cleared the pines and occupied vantage point after vantage point, its members could not but respond with bursts of enthusiastic applause at the glorious panorama of sunny golden valleys threaded by silver streams and dotted with glassy lakes that stretched north, south and west.

As still higher ground was attained and

and shortly after twelve p.m. the party stood upon its summit.

The most striking features are the comprehensive views both up and down the Bow Valley, embracing a considerable part of Lake Minnewanka; but most of all the tremendous precipices of smooth rock falling with one awful drop, sheer 3000 feet to the ridges below.

It was bitterly cold and short time was spent at the summit. One sweeping gaze at the magnificent cirque of peaks, valleys, forests, lakes and rivers, that will always

render Mount Rundle unique as a view point, and the descent was begun.

Recrossing the snow-field and descending to timber line a blazing fire and lunch restored natural warmth and the keenest appreciation of the climb and its wonders.

Not the least attraction of the day consisted in the descent of an adjacent snow-filled couloir by a series of glissades. One after another, the party came hurtling down the frozen slopes with a speed of twenty miles an hour, some sitting, some standing, with ice-axe or alpen-stock acting as rudder, and a greater or less amount of skill, resulting in the latter case in a confused jumble of arms, legs, hats, caps, and other paraphernalia at the bottom of the slope.

Throughout the day the excitement at the Grand View Villa had been intense and business was practically suspended to see the Alpine Club make its first climb.

Guests and employees filled the balconies and even climbed on the roof to view the ascent and descent with field-glasses, and it is doubtful who derived the most enjoyment therefrom, the actors or the spectators. Cries of "there they are," "Now they come," "now they are having their lunch," and suspended animation while the quick shoots of the individual members of the climbing party down the snow couloir were being made.

It was but a small achievement, and yet the time of the year at which it was done shows that the Alpine Club means business; and more, the personnel of the party points to the fact that those entrusted with the education of the young men and women of Canada are fully alive to the beneficial moral, intellectual and physical effect of mountaineering upon the mind and body.

### Canada's Mountain Outfitters.

By A. O. Wheeler.

**T**HERE are in the mountain regions of Western Canada a number of picturesque men who dress in buckskin shirts and cowboy hats, men who ride like centaurs, know the mysteries of the diamond hitch, can guide a swimming pack-horse across a rushing torrent with easy skill, can make a camp bed of fragrant balsam boughs and cook a supper of bannock,

bacon and beans, with perhaps a few fresh trout or a juicy venison steak thrown in, to the highest degree of perfection.

These men know the valleys and passes like a book and it is to their knowledge of the region and its woodcraft, to their happy knack of making you comfortable under all circumstances of weather, in selecting a breezy shaded spot on a sultry day or providing a glowing camp fire on a chilly night, that the charm of visiting these glories of mountain scenery chiefly consists; for, as a well known humorist remarks, "How can a man write poetry with a pain in his toe?"

A number of these outfitters have thrown themselves, heart and soul, into the spirit of the newly formed Alpine Club of Canada; not from any desire of gain but from a pure love of the wonderful surroundings where they live—some of them since their childhood. Although comparatively poor men, they came to Winnipeg at considerable expense, and loss of time, to attend the recent organization meetings of the Club. These are men the Alpine Club of Canada will always honor and assist to the best of its ability.

Let us hope that no effort will be made to introduce into this home of nature in its pristine wildness the modern monopoly methods of sordid commercial machinery, and so, to force out of the business these sons of the mountains who have borne the brunt and labor of opening up and making known to the world their beauties.

A note of warning is now sounded by the Alpine Club. We do not want these stalwarts, who are part and parcel of the scenery, to go. We do not want to climb our mountains by elevated railroads, to have fences and turn-stile gates around the ice tongues of our glaciers, or ferry boats and screw steamers on our magic mirror lakes of blue and green; methods that are now making all true lovers of nature avoid Switzerland as the plague. What we do want, is more of these men, whom modern commercial schemes are trying to oust, and more of their primitive methods of transport, such as saddle ponies, pack-ponies, birch bark and log canoes. We can then, for a short time, withdraw from the daily grind of life in our cities and obtain a perfect rest for mind and body in the midst of nature, aided by befitting accom-

## ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

paniments, and not find that when we reach these beauty spots of Canada the jarring toot of the steam engine, the rumble of the vehicle and the everlasting cry of "fares please" is still with us!

Here in the wilds of mountain, lake and forest we should endeavor to preserve the methods, habits and customs that belong to nature in its primeval state, and retain at least one spot in the forests of our great Dominion to which tired out workers can go and derive impressions that bring us closely in touch with the Creator of all

of a probably poorly paid underling, who has no interest in making you comfortable, and, in all likelihood, does not know how.

There is still another beauty spot of consideration: These mountain regions of the Dominion, with their many valleys, water-ways and lakes, affording abundant opportunities for hunting, fishing and camping expeditions and the enjoyment of unsurpassed scenic splendors, are the property of the people of Canada. It is therefore, befitting that they should be a source of livelihood to as many of Canada's citi-



ROCKIES OF CANADA—HEAD OF ICE RIVER VALLEY.

things, without encountering the defiling grasp of the money grabber.

Let us for a moment consider the effect of a monopoly of the Outfitting and Guide business in our mountain regions. It will be all in the hands of one man or one group of men; the familiar faces and enjoyable personalities will vanish; there will be no redress for bad service; you may take it or leave it; there is but one method, and one choice. You simply do the show as you are told and no longer arrange your trip to suit yourself. Instead, you are turned over to the tender mercies

of men, who live within their bounds, as possible, and should not be turned into a mere machine for grinding out wealth to members of a monopoly.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has, owing to its magnificent summer hotels in these beauty spots of the mountains and the large numbers visiting them from all parts of the world, a very considerable patronage to distribute to the outfitters and guides. It is strongly hoped that the Company will not lend itself to any monopoly of the business, and that, while insisting that outfitters and guides



be of irreproachable character, it will distribute the patronage fairly and freely with a view of allowing its big profits in the mountain regions to be shared by as many of Canada's mountain citizens as possible.

## A Notable Centre for Climbs in the Selkirks.

By Rev. J. C. Herdman.

**N**OW that the Alpine Club of Canada has been formed, one may well ask, What and where are the chief tourist and climbing centres among our mountain ranges? For the Selkirks, Glacier House is the best base of operations. It is worth considering, what climbs can be undertaken around this resort, what can be done in a few hours, what can you do within the limits of a day?

Several trails have been cut through the forests and stamped into the mountain slopes, and a fine telescope is placed in the observatory tower, which can be swung round to almost any angle and brings the great glacier and many peaks and cascades into vivid nearness of eyesight. It was Mr. H. E. M. Stutfield, a mountain-climber and author, who first thought of the telescope, and it has turned out to be an excellent suggestion. Then there is a large record-book in the office in which you will find interesting reading regarding the different climbs. No doubt there is a quantity of gush in some of the accounts, but many pages are well worth reading. Again, under a large glass case in the billiard-room there is a brilliant miniature panorama of the Selkirk range, with its valleys, snow fields, peaks, glaciers and railway line, all built up artistically and accurately named as to the different summits and features by Mr. Bell-Smith, an artist of note, who has spent many summers and painted splendid scenes through these passes.

There is a climb from Glacier House to Marion Lake, sixteen hundred feet high, running round to Observation Point on the slopes of Mt. Abbott. This distance can be climbed in an hour and a half. The trail pushes up further to the shoulder of Mt. Abbott, and though it soon loses itself on the higher slopes, there is no diffi-

culty in getting to the crest of the mountain, eight thousand feet above the sea level. There is a good trail to the great blue-green glacier where you can see the rocks that have been painted by the Rev. W. S. Green and Mr. Vaux to mark the terminals of the ice slope, and which show how the glacier has receded year by year, these great rocks being the end points of the glacier in different years. In the space now cleared through the shrinking of the ice, herbage and flowers are growing.

Another trail takes you into the Asulkan Valley, presenting charming views. At one point several cascades face you and you can continue the walk until you reach the terminal moraines of the Asulkan glacier. A further trail, rather dim and steep, takes you up the "Glacier Crest," through thick timber, and giving you at last a magnificent view, with the great Illecillewaet Glacier on one side and the Asulkan on the other. The name Asulkan is an Indian word meaning "wild goat." There is a walk down the Illecillewaet Valley from Glacier House, past the base of Mt. Cheops down to Ross Peak, quite separate from the route the Canadian Pacific Railway takes in working its way through the famous loops.

Then there is a trail from Ross Creek water tank up the Cougar Valley. Let us hope this will be extended up to Cougar and Cheops caves, and as an appropriation has been passed by the Government at Ottawa for this purpose, we may expect results. It would be a splendid thing to have another trail cut through Cheops Valley, to connect with Bear Creek, which runs down to Rogers Pass. There is also a trail from Glacier House to Cascade Pavilion, on the side of Mt. Avalanche, and onwards virtually to the summit of the peak, and another trail from Rogers Pass up to the little shelter built two and a half years ago in the Rogers Amphitheatre, not far from the slope of the Hermit Glacier. Besides these trails there are pleasant walks up and down the Canadian Pacific Railway lines.

As for mountains some can be climbed in a day, such as Abbott, Lookout, and Afton, which any active climber can manage in a day without the help of a guide, but it is better to have the assistance of a Swiss guide for the other peaks, many

of which can be climbed in a day also, such as Mounts Eagle, Sir Donald, Cheops, Cougar, the Domes, Castor and Pollux, Fox, Gow and Macoun.

The further mountains require two days work such as Rogers, the Swiss Peaks, Truda, Grant, Hermit, Macdonald, Dawson, Donkin, Purity and Bonney. It costs \$5 a day for a Swiss guide, and one needs strong clothing and hobnailed boots. The start is usually made about 4 o'clock in the morning. The guide takes up the provisions and the rope which is needed to help the party through dangerous climbs,

laws of perspective get in their subtle and confusing work. On the summit you are supposed to build up a cairn or "stone man."

Much climbing can also be effected in winter, with help of snowshoes or skis. The climbing is cooler, but you are liable to find your lunch frozen and have to use a Swiss lantern sometimes for light before and after daylight. But if the day be bright, no finer view is possible of the play of the sunlight upon chiselled marble-peaks and white lines of ramparts and unexpected far-off summits of purity.



ROCKIES OF CANADA—MACARTHUR LAKE. A BEAUTIFUL CERULEAN BLUE, DOTTED BY BABY ICEBERGS

and will give you excellent teaching as to the use of an Alpine ice-axe. You have to be specially careful as to rotten stones, ice slopes, and snow-cornices (whether walking below or above them). Carpets of flowers of brilliant hues, gaily decorated butterflies, streaks of red snow and crevices on the glaciers will meet you as you climb the slopes. And often you come within sudden sight of bears, mountain goats, whistling marmots, ptarmigan and grouse. The vision from a high peak presents a startling and glorious but very complicated panorama—it is here that

### The Summer Camp Arrangements.

With that energy which characterizes youthful organisations the Committee of the Alpine Club of Canada have already laid down the lines of their arrangements for their first Summer Camp. They have good reasons for believing that members will attend from all parts of the Dominion, from the States, and from Europe, and that such a gathering of veterans and amateurs will then assemble as have never before met in Canada's mountain regions.

The choice of the location of the first

camp has been a matter of careful consideration, and the Yoho Pass easily carried the day. It is impossible to conceive of a more excellent selection. The Pass, not so long opened to the tourists of the world, baffles any word picture to describe its wonders and its beauties, and all the members—those inured to mountain wonders, and those to whom much will be new will all enjoy the entrancing views seen on all sides during their residence in the Camp. To render the whole complete the Camp will be pitched on the borders of Summit Lake, two miles north of Emerald Lake, one of those wonderful "lakes in the clouds" which it is well worth travelling across the continent to see, and which are unique. The visitors will also see the great Takakkaw Falls, the highest cataract in Canada, and other equally wonderful sights.

A good choice has also been made of the task set the graduating members. It is anticipated that these will number not less than fifty, and that all of them will endeavor to qualify for full membership. Mount Vice President, which rises from the shores of Summit Lake, gives more than the required height the graduates are required to ascend. The ascent is also a good one as presenting a varied experience in the different phases of mountain climbing, grassy slopes, timber, rocks, and ice fields all having to be negotiated before the peak is reached. It is estimated that the climb will take six hours from camp and four hours return, making a long ten hour day, the biggest half of which at least will mean strenuous work for the amateur mountaineers. To accomplish this task will be a pretty severe test, and the assistance of Swiss guides will be given. In order that no more may essay this task at once than those whose safety can be looked after, the parties will be limited in number, and the trip repeated as often as may be necessary.

There will be other trips arranged, one to the Falls occupying two days, the night being spent in a permanent camp at the head of the Yoho Valley, and the return being made by a different route from the one taken on the outward journey.

While enjoyment and health will be amongst the prominent features of the

Camp, the serious side of the movement will not be neglected. A science section will be established, and a commencement made with the work of accurately measuring the movement of the glaciers. For a beginning the present positions will be determined, and boulders marked in order to be compared with observations taken in succeeding seasons.

Provision is being made for one hundred members and the camp will be divided into four sections known respectively as being devoted to the ladies, officials, members, and guides. There will be a number of the well-known hardy mountain ponies in camp in charge of experienced packers, and some of the best mountain guides will accompany all touring parties.

Given fine weather, the careful arrangements of the authorities, which seem to lack nothing in their completeness, should ensure for members the time of their lives, and prove a solid foundation for the up-building and progress of the Club.

From this Camp will radiate influences which will be world wide in their extent and force. Once imbue those present with mountain enthusiasm, and they will carry with them into every corner of the world the knowledge of the wonderful playground the Canadian Alps afford to all. This Camp will form an introduction to that larger life which all who come under the influence of the mountains feel, and which never fails of some effect upon those who have passed their lives amidst these wonders. The graduates are going to have some grand experience and doubtless after their efforts they will (whether successful or not) have an added respect for those who pioneered the way into these mountain fastnesses.

The following is a copy of the official circular describing the arrangements of the Camp:—

The camp is for the purpose of enabling members of the Club to meet in the mountain regions of Canada, and graduating members to qualify for active membership by climbing a mountain at least 10,000 feet above sea level.

The camp will open on Monday, July 9th and close Monday July 16th.

A start for the camp will be made from Field station on the Canadian Pacific Railway early on Monday morning. Members



attending are requested to arrive, if possible, by the evening train of July 8th, but the morning trains throughout the week will be met.

The number of persons who can attend the camp is limited to one hundred.

Active members will be charged one dollar (\$1.00) per day while at the camp, to cover board and equipment. This does not include hotel expenses.

All graduating members who attempt to

their wives or husbands, who will be charged at the rate of \$2.00 per day. Otherwise, except in the case of the press, it is necessary to be a member of the Club to attend the camp.

All nominations for membership must be proposed by three members and be in the hands of the Secretary of the Club before the 1st of June.

Members to be eligible for the privileges of the Camp must be in good standing



H. G. Wheeler.

G. W. Wheeler.

Dr. McRae

M. P. Bridgland

ON SUMMIT OF MT. RUNDIE, BANFF.

qualify for active membership and reach 9,000 feet above sea level will be charged at the above rate.

All graduating members who fail to reach 9000 feet above sea level and all persons other than members will be charged at the rate of two dollars (\$2.00) per day.

The altitude of the camp is 6,000 feet above sea level.

Active members are privileged to bring

that is, have paid their dues for the current year.

The above charges include transport of baggage, and, as far as possible, of visitors to and from the railway and to and from the various points of interest in the Yoho valley for which excursions will be arranged daily.

No person attending can bring more than forty pounds of baggage. If in excess

of this amount, they will be refused transport until the weight has been reduced to the required limit. Baggage should be as light as possible and should consist of two pair of blankets, weighing about fifteen pounds, a small feather pillow, a change of clothes and boots, toilet articles, etc. No trunks or boxes can be handled.

Those climbing require heavily soled leather boots well set with Hungarian nails.

Knickerbockers, puttees, sweater and knock-about hat furnish the most serviceable costume.

No lady climbing, who wears skirts, will be allowed to take a place on a rope, as they are a distinct source of danger to the entire party. Knickerbockers or bloomers with puttees or gaiters and sweater will be found serviceable and safe.

Each member who intends to climb should bring a pair of coloured glasses. Coloured mica glasses are suggested. These can be bought from any druggist at about 50c per pair.

As the number of persons who can attend the camp, is limited to one hundred, you are requested to notify the secretary of the committee (Mr. H. C. Wheeler, Banff, Alberta,) as soon as possible. The applications to attend will be accepted in the order in which they are received; due allowance being made for distance.

Please state on what date you will arrive at Field and for how many days you will remain at the camp.

On arriving at Field, all, whose applications have been accepted, will be supplied with Club badges. Persons unable to produce their badges will not be afforded transportation to the camp.

An endeavor will be made to obtain reduced rates from the Canadian Pacific Railway and if successful, those booked to attend, will be duly notified.

Please take notice that under the constitution the first Annual Meeting of the Club will be held at the Yoho camp.

In order to become effective at the meeting, all nominations for membership and proposed amendments to the Constitution should be in the hands of the Secretary of the Club not later than 1st of June next.

Nomination slips may be had from the Secretary of the Club on application.

Amendments to the Constitution require to be proposed by five active members.

By Order, H. G. Wheeler, Secretary, Yoho Camp Committee, Banff, Alberta.

Elizabeth Parker, Secretary Alpine Club of Canada, 160 Furby street, Winnipeg.

There are bright prospects for the Summer Camp. The President and the outfitters are sparing no pains to ensure success. The Department of the Interior has taken much interest in the preparations, besides contributing valuable assistance in men, horses and mountain equipment. The Legislature of Alberta voted the sum of \$250 towards the Camp's maintenance and in this did a wise action as the attractions of Alberta will receive wide publicity from the holding of this Camp. Private subscriptions have also been received and the preparations for the Camp are now in a forward state.

The Librarian (Miss Jean Parker) has received three works, viz: Mr. Wheeler's "Selkirk Range," bound in morocco, from the author; Dent's "Mountaineering", a very valuable work, the gift of Mr. S. H. Mitchell, of Winnipeg; and "Among the Selkirk Glaciers," by the Rev. Spotswood Green, Dublin, Ireland, one of the Club's honorary members, presented by Mr. Frederick Meineicke, of Milwaukee, a gentleman who takes a deep interest in the Canadian Alps. These form a valuable nucleus for the Club's Library, and it is hoped other contributions will come in. While Alpine literature has grown enormously of late years much of it is embedded in Alpine journals, and it is hoped that by the time the Club possesses rooms of its own they will also possess files of official periodicals from both sides of the water.

The Alpine Club of Canada will always be glad to give information to parties desirous of visiting the Canadian Rockies for the purpose of camping, hunting, fishing exploring or viewing the scenic splendors of the region. It will also place such parties in communication with reliable outfitters and guides, many of whom are connected with the Club. In so far as possible, maps of any particular region will be supplied on application.

All requests for the above information should be addressed to the Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Parker, 160 Furby St., Winnipeg.

# Canadian Boating Prospects.

A Dominion Review.

BY LOU E. MARSH.

**T**HE precise influence of the automobile fever upon yachting, canoeing and kindred aquatic sport is, as yet, problematical. Automobiling is comparatively in its infancy in Canada yet, though to be sure it has, this spring, given abundant signs of a lustiness that warms the cockles of the heart of the car manufacturer and his army of mechanics and agents. At present however it is hard to determine with exactitude the effect it will have upon the sport of kings. That it will have an appreciable effect is certain, but the simultaneous advent of a motor boat epidemic is a circumstance which must be taken into the total reckoning.

The motor car fever is unlike the bicycle epidemic of eight or ten years ago. It does not reach the same class of people. Everybody had a bicycle in the old days and aquatic sport of all descriptions suffered. Its effect was chiefly felt in canoeing, rowing and the small boat classes, because the acquirement of a bicycle did not loom up as a large expense to the man who owned craft of the classes which make up the fleets of the larger yacht clubs. To the man of smaller means—the mechanic, the lesser professional man, the small business man, and the clerical chap—who compose the membership of the smaller clubs a \$100 for a bicycle and another hundred for incidentals, represented about all they could stand each year in the way of sporting expense, and in addition occupied all their spare hours.

The situation today is on a different footing.

Today the larger clubs are the losers by the advent in the popular field of automobiling, but even at that they are not feeling any pinch. In fact every big club in the country is going ahead this year. It seems paradoxical, but it is sober truth. The situation is easily explained. The whole country is prosperous. Money is flowing freely and everything is booming.

The Bluenoses are chortling with glee because things are fairly booming down by

the sea. In Ontario and Quebec the great industries are buzzing with activity, and our goods were never rated higher up. In the Great West—but why dilate upon the unprecedented sweep of progress in the Golden West? On the Pacific Coast the joy of a land that has come into its own is rippling from the foothills of the Rockies to Vancouver's rock girt western coast.

There is lots of money, and the automobile men are gobbling up a goodly share. But most of the men who can afford motor cars are men who can afford yachts too, and they are keeping up both. The one is a useful adjunct of the other. If a yachtsman wants to take a jaunt down the lake for a day or two he sends his chauffeur over to keep pace with him down the shore. If he wants to return to town in a hurry he drops into the nearest port, gets into touch with his Darracq, or his Thomas, by phone, or telegraph, and is whisked back to town, leaving the craft to follow at leisure. He is not dependent upon railway trains, nor is he a slave to anything else but his own inclinations. Many of those who can buy and keep a good car and who do not own a yacht join a good yacht club for its privileges. They substitute a yacht club for a motor club for social and entertainment purposes.

How then does the motor car game affect the aquatic clubs?

Well! it deprives the yacht clubs of men who would have purchased and maintained yachts of goodly size. It divides the allegiance of men who have been yachtsmen for years.

The motor boat is responsible. A motor boat is much cheaper than an automobile, and it has become the substitute for both sailing and automobiling with many men. It costs but little, too, to keep up a motor boat, and the result has been an unprecedented boom in motor boating, and something akin to overcrowding in the young men's yachting clubs. The rowing and canoeing clubs are booming this year



too, but they are not going ahead like the clubs which provide accommodation for those who like to get afloat in something one can move around in without emulating the midnight stealth of a "gum shoe" man toiling in a seminary.

Down in the Atlantic provinces yachting is a trifle stagnant mainly because of the lack of active inter-club competition, but the "put puts" are having a great boom, so much so, that motor boat clubs are being formed in Halifax, St. John and Fredericton. Canoeing, too, has taken a new lease of life.

At Montreal, the headquarters for Quebec aquatics, there isn't a branch of the game without growing pains. The Lake St. Louis sailors are building up a couple of new knockabout classes and the Grand Trunk, Lachines, and St. Lamberts are hugging all their canoeing trophies to their breasts and preparing to reach out for some more. The war canoe championship is held in Montreal and the club which has it is laying plans to withstand the assaults of the oncoming racing season. The Island Aquatic Association crew of Toronto, which cleaned up down Ontario way last season, are on the war path for that championship and the Montrealers are not underrating them. Montreal, too, has acquired the motor speed boat game and will have three craft good for over 20 miles an hour. A try for the American Power Boat Association championships is even contemplated.

At Ottawa—well, don't say a word derogatory to the capital city's aquatic sports. They are nothing if not ambitious at Ottawa, and their canoeists are after the Canadian Canoe Association regatta this summer and the chances are that they will get it. Ottawa usually garners in about everything she goes after. It is her taking way, acquired from long association with the master politicians upon parliament hill. Every canoe club is loaded to the roof with new members and fizzes with enthusiasm like a soda siphon.

Ottawa too wants a rowing championship. Last year four husky Ottawans brought home from the Canadian Henley the junior fours championship and now the same quartette are gunning for intermediate and senior honors. That's Ottawa nerve—of the brand that gets things. They've

got a new coach—Stevenson of Harvard—and are busy curling water every day.

Smiths Falls, Brockville, Perth, but why enumerate them? They are all busy as nailers and so we come to Gananoque and Kingston. At Gananoque the new yacht club is an assured success, and the place is going to be alive with motor boats. Kingston is building a \$15,000 addition to the clubhouse and on May 24th held a big motor boat regatta. Belleville after being dormant for five or six years has awakened and the yacht club there looks as if it would survive its second infancy.

At Toronto the centre of all aquatic sports on the Canadian Great Lakes there never was such a boom. Motor boats take the lead and everything aquatic makes the busy bee of the poem look like a sleeper. The Argos Henley crew is the piece de resistance in the rowing line. The rosy chances of this year's crew is admitted on all sides, and this acts as a stimulant upon rowing generally. The Dons have new quarters, and so much fresh blood that the officers are puzzled to know how to keep the new ones busy. The Torontos are after a fours championship and have Jimmy Rice to coach them. It looks as if the Torontos are again going to come into their own. Argos are crowded for space and are talking of a clubhouse across at Toronto Island beside the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. The Toronto Canoe Club looks as if it is going to win back some lost A.C.A. championships.

The yacht clubs!

The "Busy" sign is hung out on 'em all, from the smallest to the largest. The event of the Royal Canadian year is, of course, the Fisher Cup race at Charlotte in August. It looks as if this is going to be a repetition of the Canada's Cup event of last year as far as real interest is concerned. Everybody is going over for the big event. The Queen City Yacht Club and the National Yacht and Skiff Club are busy attending to the motor boat men, while the smaller fry report superb progress in every direction.

At Hamilton the boom is chiefly in motor boats though Captain J. H. Fearnside's Lipton Cup challenger is arousing great interest and the resurrection of the Hamilton Rowing Club is creating a stir.

In London the rowing game is very much alive, but it has not been galvanized into anything like the activity in Toronto and the east.

In the West the blade game is, however taking great strides, so much so that a revival of the Northwestern Rowing Association is on the tapis. The Kenora crews will not be as strong this year as last, but the Winnipeg club already has a couple of dangerous looking fours busy on

the Red River. Both Kenora and Winnipeg will be represented at the Canadian Henley.

On the Pacific Coast the starting of the Canadian Ketch Maple Leaf, in the San Francisco to Honolulu international yacht race promised a revival of interest, but the San Francisco disaster has knocked the project on the head.

Next season should see Canadian sports afloat at the zenith of their popularity.

## A Backwood's Incident.

BY H. JERVIS.

**A** bright sun was shining on the frozen surface of the snow covered lake, making it glisten with countless brilliants, and dazzling and trying to the eyes to look upon. There was one bay in the shadow and this had been used as the dumping ground for the logs which had been hauled from the surrounding forest. In the woods there was silence of that intensity so often perceived in the cold mornings of the month of March. At intervals this silence was broken by the report of a contracting tie, or the "rap, rap" of a woodpecker boring his way into a dead tree in search of a grub whose condition when found would be but a cold treat to the hungry bird.

Enjoying the beauties of the walk I was wending my way to a lumber camp near by. I had travelled some few miles on snow shoes from the scene of operations of a neighboring firm, and knew the camp for which I was making to be three or four hundred yards back on the banks of a small creek which fed the lake.

Just as I came within sight of the buildings my pleasant reverie was broken by a cry of "jam! jam!" Looking up I saw it was the chore boy of the camp who was trying to make himself hoarse by his excited yells. My return to the practical interests of life enabled me to note at once that owing to some obstruction the stream of the creek was dammed, and as the water was rising rapidly there would soon be a danger of a flooded cookery.

The cook, an elderly man, was apparently a log driver of some experience and quickly took in the situation. He realized that the threatened catastrophe must be

averted, and that it lay upon him to take measures with that end in view. Grasping a peevy he reached the banks of the overflowing stream in a few bounds, and with a supple spring he alighted on an empty pork barrel, which being only partially steadied by the snow and ice which had jammed against it, immediately commenced revolving. By means of great agility the cook managed to retain his position on the barrel. This however could not go on for long and the cook jumped on to a pile of tea leaves and potato peelings. This proved a false move and the unfortunate chef sank to his waist and then did not reach solid ground. The chore boy had remained on the bank from which vantage point he had silently admired the agility of his superior. He now seemed to come to life again and yelled "Punch your peevy through the pile of frozen pea soup below you, and you will let the water off!" Instantly the cook, who was ready to grasp at a straw, followed out this suggestion, and the water finding an outlet, the flood disappeared with a mighty roar. Then the cook calmly walked ashore and shook a part of the camp refuse from his clothes, though an abundant supply still remained upon them and him!

Entering the camp he wiped his hands on the dish cloth, jerked the cat by the tail out of the tea chest, and having kicked the dog from a quarter of beef, proceeded to pound dough!

Shortly after this occurrence the clerk was informed that the stock of beans, tea, lard, etc., was running short, and the cook did not think the supplies would be nearly enough to last until the drive was out!



WINNIPEG BEACH, A FAVORITE SUMMER RESORT FOR THE PEOPLE OF WINNIPEG.



## Canadian Summer Resorts.

**T**HE field is so rich, and so extensive that the difficulty is to know where to begin, what to include, and how much to endeavour to cover. Probably, however, the bulk of readers will desire information regarding the newer of these resorts, while mention must be made of some whose popularity is not likely to fade, and which are today established favorites as at any time in the past.

One distinctive feature of Canadian summer resorts as compared with those of the United States is that it is not necessary in Canada to go to expensive places in order to meet with nice people whose companionship does much to enhance the

opment. A good hotel was built, reasonable rates charged and hundreds at once made their summer headquarters at St. Andrews, N.B. Among others who made their summer homes at St. Andrews are Sir Wm Van Horne, Chairman of the Canadian Pacific Ry., Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, its present President, and many other leading citizens of Quebec and Ontario.

The historic interests and monuments about St. Andrews are many. Much artistic ability has been displayed in the construction of the Algonquin Hotel, and the golf links and tennis courts are among the best in the world. There are now in addition to the larger hotel Kennedy's and



ALGONQUIN HOTEL, ST. ANDREWS BY THE SEA.

pleasures of a holiday. For years the people of Montreal went in large numbers to the Maine coast, where good accommodation and congenial society could be had in places where the rates were from \$10 to \$20 per week. Owing to the great increase of wealth in the United States these prices have been forced up so high that Canadian summer resorts, equally as desirable, have been developed, and provided with accommodation that can satisfy the most exacting.

By the construction of a railway from Montreal through Maine to the New Brunswick shores, a terminal point on the sea, the old village of St. Andrews, by reason of its climatic and scenic advantages, was selected as a suitable place for such devel-

other comfortable hotels, where board and rooms can be had for from \$5.00 to \$12.00 per week.

Speaking of the delights of St. Andrew's one has said: "The old place has been a sort of Sleeping Beauty of the seaside for generations." The roads are excellent, forest-lined and shaded. This is more than a hint to the motorist. The fishermen are civil, capable and have good craft to take one out in.

It was soon found that Fredericton, St. Stephens, St. John, Richibucto, Dalhousie and other places in N. B. offered equally good advantages for summer resorts and hotels and boarding houses were opened in these places and managed with success.

There has been a tendency to leave the sea-side for the woods, and their fishing, shooting and camping, which is by many considered more enjoyable today than the bathing and dancing of the average summer hotel. All sorts and conditions can gratify their tastes in either direction in Canada today.

Moosehead Lake in Maine and the surrounding northern sections of that State are annually drawing an increasing number of devotees with a very large per-

centage in the descendants of the military families who once garrisoned the town. There is good fishing and shooting in the surrounding country, with a long season, which is patronized by those who, in addition to the pleasant summer resort, wish to have good sport as well.

Many writers of note have told in guide books and elsewhere of the City of Quebec and the Chateau Frontenac, the view from which cannot be duplicated anywhere in America unless it be from the mountain



CHAMCOOK LAKE, ST. AN DREWS, N. B.

centage of ladies and children. It used to be that the northern camps were patronized by men only. It is a new departure that has been freighted with much blessing, not only in the development of muscle and generally more robust health among the people, but in the protection of fish and game, and natural beauty, which came as a natural result.

Fredericton is a river town and is the capital of New Brunswick. It has good so-

top at Montreal or Look Out Mountain, Chattanooga.

After crossing the State of Maine eastward we come into a very beautiful section of Canada, called the Eastern Townships of Quebec. It is really a part of the Appalachian Range. The hills are covered with soil to a greater extent than in New England and the primitive forest has been preserved to a larger extent, the result being a combination of mountain, hill and

lake scenery of a very great attractive power.

Thousands are to be found who will tell you with enthusiasm of these Eastern Townships of Quebec and of Lakes Memphremagog and Massawippi and the surrounding glens and valleys with their countless smaller lakes and streams, which

which lies like a gem directly at the foot of the Mountain.

North of Montreal, in the Laurentian Range, are many small hotels and trout lakes and streams. The hotels are very reasonable, charging from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day and giving very fair value therefore. The habitue of the luxurious Ameri-



CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

bring to this section a large patronage from the southern States and from the larger cities of Canada. Massawippi has a colony of summer people from Baltimore and the south, and Memphremagog is delightfully marked for scores of miles with the beautiful residences of the capitalists from both sides of the line. This deep and clear international lake has been stocked with the best kind of fish and good roads all around the lake enable residents to enjoy its matchless beauty with comfort from their carriages and automobiles.

Among the delightful spots not yet developed, but which must in the near future attain to a great residential value, is Mt. Orford and the thirty-three lakes which cluster all around its base. Here we have an elevation of three thousand feet with a splendid supply of the purest spring water coming from the summit and falling down the mountain sides and good railway and good wagon road connections. One of the attractions of this section is Orford Lake (not to be confounded with Orford Pond)

can hotels must go elsewhere to obtain what he thinks he needs; though possibly it were better for him to content himself with the plainer fare.

The Place Viger Hotel in Montreal is one of the new departures, being a station



PLACE VIGER HOTEL, MONTREAL, QUEBEC.





LAC DES SABLES, ST. AGATHE, QUE.

hotel and yet has for the use of its guests along its whole front and extending hundreds of yards on each side the beautiful Place Viger Square.

All around Montreal are summer re-

Lake of the Two Mountains and the various branches of the St. Lawrence River and the tributaries of that mighty stream.

Westward from Montreal, reached by a carriage drive from Kaladar Station, on



THE MINTO HOUSE, LAC ST. JOSEPH, NEAR ST. AGATHE, QUE.

sorts which are patronized by the young men and others who have to stay in the city for business reasons while their families go to the forest or the sea-side. Much enjoyment is to be had by the residents of Montreal on the shores of Lake St. Louis,

the Canadian Pacific Railway line to Toronto, is Bon Echo Inn. This is a unique place of rest with running water, fine bathing and modern conveniences.

In the Kawartha Lakes, Muskoka Lakes and French River Districts small and large

hotels are being built, and a larger number of camps for the new class of future sportsman and summer-resorter which is being evolved out of a society to which the love of the wild is an irresistible lure. This class is a growing one, every one being a sort of recruiting sergeant for his regiment and his particular location.

On the height of land between Ontario

tion, as one that has not yet failed in supplying good accommodation to those who have asked for it.

There are a number of hotels on Lake Temagami, which were very much overcrowded last year. They are good of their kind, but this year the tremendous excitement there, together with the large amount of advertising that has been done



CANAL, BOBCAYGEON KAWARTHA LAKES, ONT.

and Quebec, Lakes Kipawa, Timiskaming, Temagami and the myriad of unnamed lakes, many of them of large dimensions, are gradually becoming known to a steadily and quickly increasing class of patrons. The hotel accommodation is not keeping pace with the demand, but we can recommend Hotel Bellevue, at Timiskaming Sta-

tion of this Lake will make it a necessary precaution to write ahead to these hotels in order to be assured of accommodation. Not to have accommodation in a new country of that kind, unless one is provided with tent and complete camping outfit and provisions, is a very serious matter.

The Lake Nipissing and French River



VIEW FROM KENSINGTON POINT, DESBARATS.

country is one where the traveller must be accompanied by his tent and provision bag. The canoe trip is delightful through this country when one is well outfitted, and there is no better fishing in the world than that of the French River for bass and maskinonge. It is not a trout country, or at least, it would be safe to say that the trout lakes and streams are not yet made known to the public if they are there. Further west, southwest and east of the French River there is good trout fishing.

There is a good hotel at Sudbury (from a western standpoint) and good stores. From there towards Sault Ste Marie there is good fishing and shooting at many points, but the only summer hotels be-

good hotels, and following along the shore of Lake Superior to Batchawana Bay and to the mouth of any of the rivers that empty into Lake Superior as far as Fort William good fishing is to be had, but one must bring one's tent, canoes and provisions after leaving Sault Ste. Marie.

Coming back to Sudbury and following the main line, which crosses many of these good fishing rivers and skirts the shores of many a lake, we come to the paragon of trout rivers, the Nepigon, to visit which make for Nepigon station.

Very good fishing and shooting can be had near Port Arthur and in the thousand miles of wilderness many thousands of good camping sites can be selected.

Fort William, at the eastern end of



HIAWATHA CAMP HOTEL, DESBARATS, ONT.

tween Sudbury and Sault Ste Marie are at Desbarats and at points on St. Joseph Island. Desbarats has a good camp hotel at \$2.00 per day and the St. Joseph Island hotels give good value at \$1.00 per day. The situation at Desbarats is particularly attractive. There are one hundred islands in a cluster and the spot is ideal for sailing, boating, canoeing and motor boats. A drive of a few miles inland brings one to virgin lakes with excellent bass fishing, and a little further back the same roads bring one to a higher level where brook trout is to be found. The return trip from these lakes can be done by canoe.

At Sault Ste Marie are a number of

Lake Superior, has a good hotel and good fishing and shooting within easy reach.

Three hundred miles west of Fort William, after passing many good hunting and fishing districts, we come to Kenora, formerly Rat Portage. We are sorry that name was changed. Its thousands of islands afford ideal building spots and many of them are built upon, and the society people from Winnipeg there disport themselves for two months and more. The elevation is right for the ideal climate and, as there are no unfavorable conditions, the summer colony is flourishing.

Those of the population of Winnipeg, who can afford to leave there in summer; (not because of its unhealthfulness, but be-



cause the Red River of the North is not as attractive as others) go to Winnipeg Beach on Lake Winnipeg, lying fifty-one miles to the north of Winnipeg. Winnipeg Beach is a popular summer resort, with miles of sand beach and the great fishing and shooting, which is carefully preserved, give it an assured future.

There is good shooting and not good fishing around many of the lakes of the thousand miles of prairie country separating Winnipeg from the Canadian Rocky Mountains. There are growing towns and cities which have their local resorts, but the Canadian Rockies and the Pacific Coast draw all those who can afford it from the prairies.

if his stay is a short one, so overpowered is he by the stupendous scenery that is around him. The writer is fond indeed, both of fishing and shooting, and yet he has spent hours and days simply watching the mountains—the play of light and shadow across their tops: the formation of storms; the temporary disappearance from view of the mountain peaks in the snow-storm; the merging of the single peak from the storm and its transformation into myriads of diamonds and pearls, blood stones and opals by the rays of the “light of the world.”

Every one of the matchless hotels, from Banff to Glacier and from Field to Vancouver, are delightfully situated, and the



C. P. R. HOTEL, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK, BANFF, ALBERTA

The trip to the north from Calgary and Edmonton via the Mackenzie River to the Arctic Ocean is destined to be popular. It is unusual in the extreme in all its conditions, and the unusual draws in our day with a magic power and counts its devotees in ever increasing numbers.

Now we come to the Canadian Rocky Mountains and to summer resorts on their higher plains. Here we have awe inspiring scenery, almost oppressive in its grandeur. Ice-capped mountains there are, and seen from their base, all their magnificent proportions are enjoyed to the full. Here the fishing and shooting is as good as anywhere in the world, but many a fisherman or sportsman will neither fish nor shoot

people one meets take nothing from the enjoyableness of one's surroundings. Last year, it is true, the World's Fair at Portland, Oregon, occasionally crowded these hotels, perhaps making them a little uncomfortable, and the very cheap rates given by the Railways may have occasionally given some one a neighbor, whose acquaintance he felt he might have dispensed with; but that was temporary and is now past.

To illustrate the kind of society one may meet in the Mountains the writer will give an instance: On a trip from Golden, B. C., on one of the light draft steamers running from there to Lake Windermere and other mother lakes of the Columbia

River, among the thoroughly friendly and sociable party of twenty-four, who previously had for the most part been strangers to one another, were several titled people from Great Britain, a United States Consul and his daughter and half a dozen globe trotters who had seen almost every corner of the world. One can imagine how delightful it was to do this trip in such company, surrounded by the two great ranges of the Rockies and the Selkirks, crested with snow clad peaks. Among the deck hands were the scions of three noble families, who preferred to "serve in heaven" than to reign elsewhere. In our Rocky Mountain trip we never left a steamboat, a sleeping car or a hotel without regret.

forgot to mention the Sicamous Hotel on Sicamous Lake, equal to anything anywhere—good enough for anybody.

The accident that led Major Rogers to follow the flight of an eagle down the Eagle Pass and the building of the Railway that followed at the foot of the mountains rather than over some of the higher passes near the summits (as is the case with other lines) has made of the scenery along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the mountains infinitely the most impressive railroad journey in the world, and until some similar accident leads some other railway to do likewise this scenery will remain incomparable.

In all the districts covered in this



VIEW FROM BALCONY, LAKE LOUISE CHALET, LAGGAN, R. C.

ting having to leave behind some charming friends we had made during our short stay.

We met two ladies in the busy year, of which we have spoken, who had made two entire trips across the Rockies and back by train while waiting for rooms to be emptied for them at Banff. The large hotels have been enlarged again and the process will continue as need occurs.

The Chalet on Lake Louise is repeatedly said by world-wide travellers to have the most beautiful location and the finest, grandest and most delightfully unforgettable outlook from its verandahs of any hotel in the world. It baffles description. And then one would be inexcusable if he

sketch there is no "hay fever," "rose fever," "autumnal catarrh," "hay asthma," or the evil thing under whichever name it is known. Dr. P. H. Bryce, Chief of the Medical Department of the Canadian Government, says:—

"Hundreds of lakes, buried in the forest recesses, form highways in every direction for the tourist, sightseer or sportsman who, traversing river, lake and portage, lies down at night by the camp fire marvelling that he is only tired, never exhausted. Muscles, appetite, eye, ear—indeed his whole physical nature,—are aroused, and in an atmosphere never sultry and always bracing he inhales an air as intoxicating as wine."

# Our Holiday in British Columbia.

## The Best of Sport and Scenery.

BY DR. A. C. FALES.

**H**AVING decided to go to Canada for our holiday, and also fixed upon the West as the scene of our annual vacation, it still remained to be a little more definite as to locality. From information received we fixed upon Cassiar.

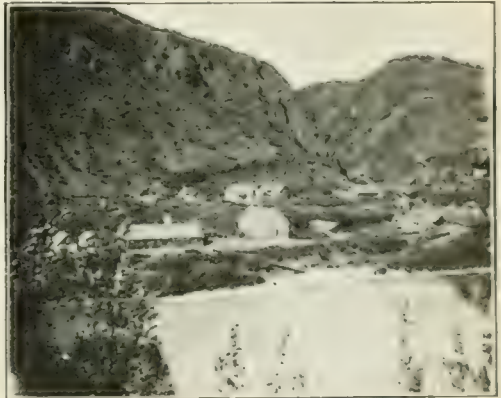
What is Cassiar and where is it located? This term applies to a district situated in the Northwestern part of Canada, south of the sixtieth parallel of North latitude and is bounded on the North by the Yukon Territory, on the West by that strip of Alaska which extends South to the Portland Canal, on the East it is separated by the Districts of Caribou and Atlin from the Rocky Mountains and on the South is continuous with the province of British Columbia of which it forms no small part.

My attention was first directed to this country through communications with the Hudson Bay Company, who on former occasions had helped to arrange my hunting trips; but chiefly through a letter written by Mr. F. Matheson, their manager at Telegraph Creek, B. C.

This region is a comparatively new one for sportsmen, as previous to this year, I could find by inquiry that only about seven hunting parties had been there in the history of the district. Much prospecting has been going on there for years and the Hudson Bay Company has been trading with the Indian tribes for perhaps three quarters of a century, but today one finds it in as primeval a condition as when America was first discovered.

Those who have been there will bear witness that it stands today pre-eminently the greatest game preserve on the North American continent, not only in the variety but in the quantity of its game which includes many of the noblest animals of the chase. This must long continue to be the case for reasons that will appear in this narrative. Not only is the game steadily increasing, but it will necessarily do so, for the few hunters who go there, make little or no impression on its numbers. The great rush of white men to the Yukon dis-

trict farther North must certainly have resulted in a great migration of game to this more southerly district and this is completely substantiated by the Indians and traders alike. Twenty-five years ago moose were unknown there, and some old Indians told me that they as young men had never seen or heard of such an animal. But now they are constantly on the increase, and in size are larger than those of the Eastern



TELEGRAPH CREEK, B. C.

Provinces of Canada or elsewhere unless we except some portions of Alaska. Why moose in general are larger here and in Alaska than elsewhere I am unable to say but I do not doubt its truth.

The caribou of Cassiar are noted for the great size of their antlers. Bear, both the grizzly and black are abundant. There are four distinct varieties of mountain sheep. The ordinary big-horn (*Ovis Montana*), the *Ovis Stonei*, the *Ovis Fanini* and the *Ovis Dalli*, the latter being pure white. The mountain goat (*Oreamnus Montana*) were so numerous in the section in which we hunted that I might say they were always in sight. Grouse of which there are four or five kinds were very plentiful and ptarmigan equally so.

Leaving Boston on the evening of July 27th, 1905, in company with Mr. B. T. Loudon of Allston, Mass., to whom I shall



refer hereafter briefly as Tom, and Mr. W. A. Jones of Chicago, we journeyed together to what seemed to us "the promised land."

From Vancouver we left by steamer, "Princess Victoria" for Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, situated on Vancouver Island. Here we stayed two days making final preparations with the Hudson Bay Company and awaiting the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer bound North on August 5th. We were disappointed in this, as we could not induce them to land us at Fort Wrangell, our destination, and accordingly we were compelled to return to Vancouver and take passage on the steamship "City of Seattle" of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company which left Seattle on the 4th of August and Vancouver on the afternoon of the 6th. On account of a crowd of excursionists we were unable to secure staterooms and were given cots instead. Rather than be left behind however, we would have slept on deck.

It is no part of my purpose to dwell on the details of this journey north, which could be made the subject of an interesting article. We kept the inside route, running nearly the whole way between the islands and the main-land, through water as calm for the most part as that of a lake, with beautiful mountain scenery on either side, with a party of pleasure seekers bound for the land of snow, ice and the totem-pole.

Our first stop was at Ketchikan, Alaska, on the afternoon of the 7th at 3.15, where we went ashore. This town consists of several saloons and log residences, a saw-mill and a canning factory. A long plank walk led us to a small rapid stream flowing on the outskirts of the town into the sea. From the bridge we watched the salmon ascending the stream. Their numbers were legion. Indeed, the pools below the bridge were so packed that they could only move by pushing aside their fellows. Small boys were wading in and catching them in their hands. Many were dead and dying in the pools, some of them no doubt from injury sustained on the rocks in ascending the rapids immediately above the bridge. It seems to be well substantiated however, that all these Western salmon die after depositing their spawn.

Several totem poles were seen at this

place and an occasional "Siwash". Ketchikan is overlooked by snow clad mountains. Several mining prospects are in the vicinity. Leaving here we passed the towns of Metlah-Katlah and Kasaan, which are merely old Indian villages, with a few white inhabitants. The steamer usually calls at these places, but this time she omitted them and finally landed us at Wrangell, at one o'clock on the morning of the 8th. We were conveyed through the darkness and rain to the Pioneer Hotel and assigned to a room right over the bar, where the sounds of mirth and hilarity ceased only with the rising of the sun.

The next morning we spent in looking over the town. Judging from its appearance it has seen better days. Many of the buildings, constructed chiefly of logs, are falling into decay and untenanted. There are two hotels, the one at which we stopped and across the street, Hotel Wrangell. Neither are very fine specimens of architecture. There are many stores, nearly all of which carry a line of Indian curios, which are much sought after by tourists. The buildings are arranged about the water's edge in a crescentic manner, there being only one street worthy of the name, and this is planked all over to keep pedestrians out of the water. Owing to the fact that it rains about all the time, these planks are more or less slippery, principally more, and very often festooned with a greenish moss. Fortunately I wore hob-nailed boots which served a useful purpose as poor Jones, who was not so well provided had a bad fall that almost incapacitated him for the trip.

The hotel at which we stopped contained besides bedrooms, one general service room used indiscriminately for bar, smoking parlor and waiting room. The proprietor, Mr. Lynch, is an old timer in that country, his early days having been spent in prospecting and placer mining. From him I gathered a lot of ancient history of the place.

Perhaps the most conspicuous figure of the town is Old Bob Reid, formerly a prospector and miner, who settled down here, built a creditable looking store and carried on with his partner a general mercantile business. Having sold out to the latter he built a wharf and bonded warehouse,

which occupies most of his attention. Ever ready with a joke he replied to my interrogation "if there were any horses in Wrangell?" "No! but there are plenty of jackasses."

There are many totem poles in Wrangell curiously carved, with images of the crow and frog predominating. These carvings relate to some tribal or family history as do the hieroglyphics of Egyptian and Babylonian history. They are often the depositories of the remains of celebrated men among the tribe.

We had expected on arrival here, that men and canoes would be immediately available for the trip up the Stikine River, which represents the only available access into the Cassiar country from this place. In this, however, we were badly informed, as the Indians were all away fishing and white men capable of navigating the river were scarce. We were therefore obliged to wait till someone showed up. A canoe that had gone up the river with a hunting party a few days before our arrival carried word to Chief Shakes to hurry down as soon as possible.

Not content with doing nothing we resolved on a deer hunt on one of the numerous islands adjacent to this place, and for this purpose secured the services of Charlie Oleson, a young Swede, who on his way to the Klondyke stopping en route, lost his heart to one of Wrangell's fairest daughters, otherwise he might never have figured in this narrative. He proposed that we row around to the west side of Zarembo Island, stop at an old cabin of which he knew and hunt on a mountain slope nearby.

On Friday, Aug. 11th, we started in a row-boat, in tow of a small tug, which was bound for a salmon cannery on Prince of Wales Island. Before we cut loose from the tug a storm came on and the captain kindly went several miles out of his course in order to put us under a lee shore where we could effect a landing. Owing to his sprained leg Jones did not go along. We made the nearest point on shore that we could reach, and in the rain put up a tent and otherwise prepared for the night as best we could.

On the following morning we coasted along the shore in search of the old cabin. Passing the mouth of a small stream Char-

lie suggested that we go up a short distance and look for salmon. This we did, and while peering through the shallow water I discovered a large fish, which Charlie said was a halibut. It was a surprise to me to find halibut in such a place. The thing now uppermost in our minds was to get him, but how? This we soon decided could be accomplished by tying a heavy sheath knife to the end of a pole which we had with us, and use it as a spear. Charlie acted as executioner while we watched him with the keenest interest. Stealthily he pushed the knife to within a few inches of the halibut's back and then with all his strength he buried it therein. After sev-



CANON OF THE STIKINE, ABOVE TELEGRAPH CREEK.

eral plunges, during which the pole broke, the fish got away with a long gash in its back. We followed it up, having in the meantime repaired our weapon, and soon came, not to the same fish, but another, who received like treatment, it also escaping. A third and a fourth was similarly dealt with. Then we decided to change our tactics and aim for the brain. The fourth fish did not go far when we discovered it again, and this time Charlie with a well-directed plunge speared him forward of the gills, inflicting a terrible wound. A stream of blood followed the fish as it made down stream, where running into very shallow water we captured it. This halibut was more than I could lift, and on opening its stomach I found therein eight large crabs and a partially digested salmon. Needing no more fish we continued our journey. About noon we came in sight of the cabin and at the same time espied two deer on

the shore. Pulling as closely to them as prudence would allow we opened fire. Owing to the heavy swell the boat rocked considerably and we shot wildly. Finally the deer took in the situation and started for the woods when a chance shot struck one breaking his hind leg. The wounded deer managed to get into the timber, but Charlie landed and soon despatched him.

Pulling up to the front of the cabin we soon started a fire and had dinner of fried venison and halibut steaks, after which we amused ourselves shooting at seals which were abundant along this coast. At a nearby trout stream we tried with flies, but without success, Charlie observing that we should have salmon eggs for bait.

The following morning we started for the top of the mountain where we expected to find some old stags with good sized antlers. Passing through heavy timber, among which I noticed cedars of enormous size used by the Indians for making canoes, we reached the foot of the mountain and began the ascent. The slope was very gradual and we had no difficulty in making our way, with only slight exertion. Soon two small deer were seen by Charlie and myself and in trying to show them to Tom that he might have first shot, they ran a-



ZAREMBO ISLAND — 2 DEER  
KILLED BY ONE BULLET.

way. Thereafter we separated in order to more thoroughly cover the country, and in about half an hour I heard the boys firing. Stopping to listen two deer came bounding my way which I promptly dispatched. Attracted by my shooting the boys soon came up, and concluded the deer that I had kill-

ed were the ones they were after. Leaving our game at this place, we climbed to the summit, but saw no more deer that day, much to Charlie's disappointment as he said he had always good luck at this place on former occasions. Returning to the boat we passed the night at the old



THE CANOE IN WHICH WE EMBARKED WAS FORTY-TWO FEET LONG.

cabin, and next morning started to row to Wrangell, against wind and tide. The day was fine however and we did not mind it much though our progress was slow.

We stopped at two places along the shore to shoot deer, in one of which I was fortunate enough to bring down two with one bullet. The deer on these islands are the true black tail (*Odocoileus Columbianus*) and must not be confounded with the mule deer of the mainland (*Odocoileus Hemionis*) which also has a black tail. We arrived at Wrangell at eleven o'clock that night, very hungry, having eaten only hard tack and raw onions. Jones had been very anxious about our safety and was on the point of chartering a tug to go and hunt for us. Chief Shakes had arrived in the meantime and all was in readiness for our departure which was to take place early the following day.

Leaving Wrangell at 10.30 on the 15th of August we began our journey up the Stikine River. The canoe in which we embarked was forty two feet long, made from a single cedar tree and like the Indian canoes in general use on that coast was very much higher at bow and stern than in the middle. The advantages of this arrangement are obvious, as the captain of the



boat, who stands in the stern, and uses a very long heavy steering oar, needs this oar considerably elevated above the water, so that while using it he can at the same time observe the water ahead and avoid rocks and dangerous rapids and shoals. The bow is high to correspond in appearance and to keep out water when running rapids. Our canoe was an exceptionally fine one, being nicely finished, both outside and in extremely light weight considering her dimensions and capable of carrying about five tons burden.

All our baggage and provisions were packed in convenient parts, so as to interfere as little as possible with the rowers and from end to end a long broad strip of canvas was spread which effectually covered everything and afforded protection from rain and sun. Under the gunwale on each side ran a long rope held in place by loops which could be used to attach there to the canvas so that in case we desired we could make a tent like covering. There was also a place for a mast which we carried, on which two roughly square sprit sails could be set when the wind was sufficiently strong to be utilized.

In addition to our captain, Chief Shakes of the Thlinklit tribe, we had also as oarsmen, his two sons, George and Moses, and Charlie Wilson, a Skeena River Indian whom Shakes had requisitioned for the trip. The latter could not talk the language of the others, but could speak Chinook, an invented dialect introduced by traders for convenience in communicating with the various tribes. As they all spoke fairly good English we had no difficulty in coming to an understanding all around.

Such a canoe as we had is worth four or five hundred dollars and Shakes owns a much larger and better one still, which he sent to the World's Fair at St. Louis.

The sky was clouded when we started, but as this is the usual thing at this place we paid no attention to it, expecting that it would rain most of the time anyway. Nor were we to be disappointed, for within half an hour it began and was the rule through most of the journey. However we were all provided with oil clothes and hats and did not care whether it rained or not. Passing out of the harbor we rowed around a rocky point of Wrangell

Island and skirted its shore for a short distance, then striking across the channel, between the Island and the mainland we came to the mouth of the Stikine River, about seven miles distant from Wrangell. The water in this channel and in fact all about for several miles is extremely muddy, which is sufficiently explained by the debris brought down by the swift current of the river.

Just before entering the mouth we passed a small creek named Garnet Creek, in allusion to a garnet mine in the vicinity. On the left stretching almost wholly across the river's mouth is an extensive bar, covered with drift wood. This bar is being formed by gravel and sand brought down by the swift stream. Soon we entered the river proper and our speed in consequence was very much diminished. Being determined to return home with as full a knowledge of this river as possible, I kept my eyes busy and also questioned the Indians.

The Coast Mountains through which the Stikine has broken its way to the sea, consist of several roughly parallel ranges, with many cross ranges between, all of which are capped with snow and ice; and glaciers, of which I shall speak later, are common.

The navigation of the river is accomplished by rowing with long oars. The Indians at each stroke rise from their seats to a standing position, leaning forward and throwing all their weight into the stroke. This kept up all day is extremely hard work and one would think at the end of the day they would want rest. This is not so; as soon as they land for the night they would chase each other about, race through the bushes, laugh and joke or would seize a salmon gaff and wade in after salmon. They were always in good spirits no matter how hard the labor or how wet and cold the weather. Besides rowing they pole the canoe in shallow water and prefer it to rowing whenever possible, and better still they prefer lining or tracking; that is running on the shore with a long rope fastened to the bow. They use the sails when possible and often combine sailing and rowing or lining and poleing as the occasion demands.

The first range bordering the sea is two or three thousand feet in height and extremely well wooded part way up. This is

reasonably accounted for by the immense rainfall on this coast, where sea breezes laden with moisture from the warm Jap-an current come in contact with the snow capped mountain tops.

As the Indians were doing all the work I had nothing else to occupy my time but gaze about me and one of the first things to attract my attention was the immense numbers of salmon making their way up stream. Though the water was too muddy to see them their presence could be easily made out by the small rips made in their progress. Occasionally the Indians would strike at them with a pole which accelerated their speed considerably, often they would jump completely out of the water. As salmon were in constant attendance on us all through this trip I have thought it not unwise to digress somewhat and give some account of them.

From time immemorial they have furnished the Indians of the coast with a never-failing supply of food, and in accordance with their habit of going up the streams as far as it is possible for them to reach, the interior tribes have also depended on them for their existence. Not only the human race profit by their presence, but the numerous birds of prey in this region, the eagle, crow, raven and hawk look to them for their means of subsistence. The bears also know as well when they are due and in accordance therewith, seek the smaller sloughs and creeks at the right time and regale themselves with a bountiful diet; and it is here that the Indians are accustomed to find them while they are seeking their prey.

As near as I could find out there are at least six varieties of salmon on this coast. The King or Queen or Spring salmon make the first run. They are the largest, often weighing as high as sixty or seventy pounds. The Sock eye or Silver salmon is the most highly colored and preferred for canning purposes. They range in weight from four to eight or nine pounds. The Cohoe or Tyee salmon are the next most valuable, and weigh from 6 to 7, or twelve or fourteen pounds. They are also largely canned. Besides these there are the dog salmon, which only recently are acquiring a commercial value and are sent largely to the Orient; the Humpback, and the Steelhead; the latter are the last to

ascend the rivers and are found as late as December. From what I heard they are not so much a salmon as a large variety of trout.

Several eagles were seen the first day, and Jones fired at them several times, using small shot, but without result. There are two varieties, the bald or white-headed and the golden eagle.

On this day's journey we overtook Charlie Rose, a hunter and trapper, who was going up the river with a load of supplies which he intended to cache for use during the winter's hunt. Aside from him we saw no human being, on the river during the trip until we were near our destination at Glenora and Telegraph Creek.

We made about sixteen miles the first day, not troubled much by flies and mosquitoes and pitched our tent for the night on a wet sandbar, which is the only available place along the river for the purpose. As it was raining at the time, we put the tent up inside out in our hurry and not having proper poles we did not get her up tightly enough, and as a consequence she leaked more or less. Towering above us was a lofty snow capped mountain peak largely wrapped in clouds. Here in the rain we made a fire of wet drift-wood and fried some venison steaks cut from a deer I had brought along from our hunt on Zarembo Island.

The following morning shortly after starting we came in sight of a Glacier known as the first or Little Glacier, sometimes called Popoff Glacier, which fills a high valley on the North side of the river about ten miles from its mouth. Owing to cloudy, rainy weather we were unable to secure any photographs.

A particularly difficult rapid was encountered today and with all the combined efforts of the Indians poling vigorously they could not stem the current at the first attempt; but Shakes very skilfully steered across to the other side where by hugging the shore closely they succeeded in forcing a passage. I was much struck by the ability of Charlie Rose, who in a smaller canoe poled up this rapid unaided. For minutes at a time he made no progress whatever but grimly stuck to his work and got through. The last we saw of him was at this place, as we soon left him behind. Many eagles were seen and the banks of



the river were covered with bushes loaded down with red and blue colored berries, none of which were familiar to me. The river was half a mile wide in places and bordered by sloughs on either side. In general, Shakes kept to the latter, wherever navigable, as we thus avoided the more difficult current of the main river. A knowledge of these sloughs is indispensable in making good progress up stream. Saw a few ducks but no geese. George Shakes gave us a good exhibition of the Indian method of taking salmon with hook and pole. An ordinary gaff has the point of the hook set backward towards the handle, but in this case the hook is set with the point towards the fish and is held in position by a slot in the pole, the hook having a bit of cord attached about a foot long. When a salmon is struck he liberates the hook from the slot and in some way manages to pull it clear through his body, and with all his struggles he cannot get away as the bit of cord holds him fast. Farther up in the country I did not find the Indians using this method, preferring an ordinary long handled gaff instead.

On account of so much fog and mist we could not see the beauties of the country thereabouts. We camped for the night about one mile from the International Boundary, thirty four miles from the mouth of the river following its windings or about twenty-five miles in an air line. Our tents were again pitched on a sand and gravel bar, with main river in front and a large slough behind. We could not drive stakes and had to use logs and stones to keep down the bottom of the tent. Not bothered much by flies and mosquitoes, but if the weather was fine I judge from what the Indians said we should have been devoured.

We resumed our journey next day at 8:30 a.m. and soon came to the International Boundary indicated by a swathe through the woods and by monuments placed on the mountain tops. A little farther up the river were some old log buildings, the former seat of the Custom House, since moved to Glenora. It rained more or less all day and at 3.30 p.m. we reached the mouth of the Iskoot or Skoot River, the principal tributary of the Stikine. It

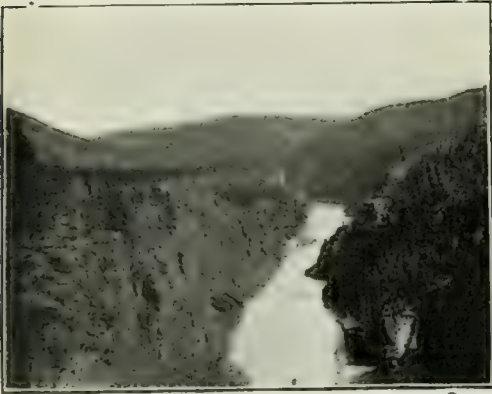
comes in from the South and is a very swift turbulent stream. Having heard a good deal about the Iskoot as a bear country, we resolved to spend a couple of days on our way up, and accordingly we poled up this stream to a point about a quarter of a mile from its junction with the Stikine and landed the contents of the canoe on the ever present sand bar. Here we scared up a flock of wild geese, which had been resting on the bar. It being only about 4 p.m. Shakes decided to take the canoe and pole up one of the numerous still-water salmon creeks which empty into the Iskoot looking for grizzly bear. Not long after entering the creek we began, to see signs of bear, their tracks showing plainly in the soft mud along the banks. Keeping a sharp watch we followed along until we came to the head of the creek, where a small rill trickled down the mountain side. At this place the water was literally alive with salmon and being very shallow near the shore their backs showed above water. They were spawning and dying here; we could see plenty of dead fish in the bottom, and on the shore among the grass and bushes were remnants of many half eaten by the bears, while a unsavory odor of decaying flesh pervaded the atmosphere. Monstrous tracks all about and paths led through the dense jungle in various directions, where the bears come down to fish. We sat for some time in the canoe with our rifles ready hoping to hear their approach, but Shakes said we were too late as the bears having been there before us had gone to the mountains and would not be back till the next day. I asked him what time they usually came down and he said when the sun has gone down just enough so that it shines on the middle of the water; that is when one of the banks of the creek is in shadow. This he thought would be two or three o'clock in the afternoon. We went ashore and followed some of the paths a short distance, then returned to the canoe resolved to come back on the morrow and lie in ambush for them. Never was I in a more likely place for grizzly bear and I felt sure of getting one the following day. Questioning Shakes he said the bears came down to the water, waded in and stood or sat motionless until a salmon came within reach, when with a sweep of his paw he



threw the fish ashore. They catch more than they need and this explains the fragments that we saw strewn all about.

Returning to our sand-bar we had to pitch our tent and eat our supper in the dark, and rain coming on we passed a disagreeable night; but we had great hopes of glorious sport on the morrow and we regarded bad weather merely as a preliminary penance.

In the morning when we awoke, the rain was pouring down in torrents and the wind blowing a gale. The river had risen appreciably. We did not get up till 10.30 thinking it better to kill time in bed than stirring about in the rain. The weather show-



GREAT CANON OF THE STIKINE.

ing no signs of improvement we decided to abandon our hunt for grizzly in this vicinity and push on up the river in the morning and if conditions were favorable we would try at the Hudson Bay Flats farther along. We passed a miserable day, everything covered with mud and wet sand. However we kept up our courage.

Arising early in the morning we embarked at 8.30. The rain had ceased temporarily, but the sky was cloudy. This morning we caught our first glimpse of the Great Glacier. This Glacier enters the valley of the Stikine nearly at right angles, through a break in the mountains two or three miles distant from the river bank. Before entering the Stikine valley the glacier has a width of from one-half to three quarters of a mile, but upon emerging from the bordering mountains it immediately expands in a fan like manner,

its actual front upon the river being from three to three and one-half miles in width. The front of the glacier appears to be quite close to the edge of the river, but is actually one-third of a mile distant at the nearest point. The interval is occupied by moraines and marshy pools, the outer tier of moraines nearest the river forming wooded hills about one hundred and fifty feet high. Large streams issue from beneath the ice. The miners who have observed this glacier for a number of years say that it is constantly receding and Shakes told me the same thing. He also volunteered the information, that the Indians have a tradition in which they state that the glacier formerly extended across the Stikine Valley, the river running through a tunnel like opening. A hot spring is situated immediately opposite the glacier on the other side of the river.

The first Hudson Bay Company post was located here but later it was moved half way up the river and subsequently abandoned. About opposite the middle of the glacier two wild geese arose, one of which I fired at, bringing him down with a rifle bullet. It proved to be a male bird and was as large as any domestic goose. We cooked him but the flesh was tough and not very palatable.

Today we had the first sunshine since leaving Wrangell and at 2 p.m. we hoisted sail and made good progress. Looking behind we could see that it was raining in the Iskoot Country. Beautiful cascades could now be seen coming down the mountain side, one or two of which we photographed. In one place from the foot of a miniature glacier a number of small rills came trickling down, resembling in the distance silver threads, eventually converging into one, which empties into the Stikine on our left the water of a greenish color due to glacial silt. The mountains here are about six or seven thousand feet high and were swathed in white clouds.

The wind increasing as the day wore on, we were swept by a most imposing spectacle of ice, snow and green foliage. Tonight we were fortunate in finding a decent place in which to camp—a grassy spot which had been used before with plenty of old tent poles and firewood.

There was not much of special interest to chronicle on the following day. It rain-

ed all night clearing in the morning. Most of today's journey was particularly hard on the men poling and lining in heavy water. We passed the Porcupine Glacier on our right and made an early stop for camp intending to go after bear in the morning, in an adjacent salmon creek.

Awakened by the Indians at 3.30 a. m. we had a hurried breakfast of coffee and stewed beans and then poled up the creek. All along we found fragments of salmon which the bears had left and lots of fresh tracks of grizzly. At the head of the creek we expected to find them but long before this was reached our further progress was prevented by a fallen tree, which effectually closed the creek for the canoe and as we had already wasted so much time Shakes thought it not wise to go after the bear on foot through the thickets. Somewhat disheartened we took his advice and turned back when game seemed almost within our grasp. This incident and the one on the Iskoot convinced me that a successful bear hunt on the Stikine requires a special trip for the purpose, when one can wait for suitable weather, and further I made up my mind that a Peterboro' canoe taken along to paddle up the salmon creeks would be much superior to the larger and longer canoe which we had. A week at each of the creeks I mention would certainly reward the hunter with all the sport he could wish.

Coming down the creek, we started on our way up the river at 7 a.m. Soon we came on a flock of geese resting on a sand bar ahead. I got out, crept as closely as I could and fired at them, but the ball fell short and they flew away. Stopping for dinner at 10 a.m. we had quite a wait while the Indians made a new oar to replace one broken during the morning. Here we took some photographs. Starting out again a stiff breeze came up, when hoisting sail we sped along rapidly. Passing the Hudson Bay Flats, a noted place for bear, Shakes demurred at stopping on account of wasted time and we let him have his way. Mud Glacier or Dirt Glacier now appeared on our left. This is so called by the miners on account of the great quantity of debris with which its surface is covered. This glacier is much smaller than the last, having a width of from one quar-

ter to one-third of a mile. Like the Great Glacier it comes down on the river flats. The mountains now appear to have less trees and smaller, we are getting further inland where there is less rain. Have seen no bear or goat yet, not even a porcupine. I began to think that luck was against us. The sun was shining bright and clear today and black flies and mosquitoes were quite annoying. We were now six days out



We were swept by a most imposing spectacle of snow, ice and green foliage.

and still little more than half way. Tonight we camped near a small salmon creek and with George Shakes we went to look for bear, but aside from old tracks we saw nothing.

(To be Continued.)

From time to time newspaper paragraphs appear of seizures of game at Ottawa showing the activity of Game Warden Loveday in upholding the protection laws. These items collected make a formidable showing in the tables attached to the annual report of the Ontario Game Commission. During the year no less than 3,400 partridges in addition to several boxes of these birds, 116 beaver skins, 8 otter skins, and 771 muskrat skins were seized. The trophies also included a boat, spears, etc. Of course Ottawa is an important centre from which attempts are made to illegally ship out game, but this only emphasises the necessity for having a vigilant officer at such a point, and serves to show that Mr. Loveday is the right man in the right place.

# In Temagami's Tangled Wild.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

"**I** SN'T this a wonderfully beautiful lake?" asked the summer-resorter of the son of a President, and Theodore Roosevelt, jr., answered unhesitatingly and almost reverently. "Yes it is indeed marvellously beautiful!"

"Don't you count it about the most bewildering bit of wild that you have ever seen?" insisted the doughty inquisitor, and Theodore Roosevelt, jr., answered in the affirmative, casting an inquiring glance at his questioner.

"Well, would you mind signing a declaration to that effect?" urged the anxious inquirer, for he owned the hotels at Temagami.

Now the son of a President closed up like a clam, but not until he had explained that he would have to ask the Doctor, in whose care he travelled.

But he had said it and he meant it, too.

If you spill a cup of cream on a smooth floor the spangle spot will give you a good idea of a map of Temegami, the lakes having a shore line of something like 3000 miles.

The waters of Temagami are cold and deep, the shores of the lakes are usually clear cut, but sometimes there are shelving shores, sand strewn and pleasant to play upon. At other places the walls are rugged, but nearly always wooded, high, dry, and healthful.

The whole territory of many hundred square miles is a Government Reserve, the wild things are protected by game wardens and fire rangers, the aim being the preservation upon this continent of a bit of God's wilderness. For those who like the canoe there is here a full summer's route with new scenes at each turn of the shore line. It is a peerless region affording pleasures unobtainable in any other part of America. With a power launch one may travel for weeks and ride strange new waters almost every day.

But of course one of the objects of an outing is physical exercise so the canoe's the thing.

Leaving Temagami station we paddle up the northeast arm of Lake Temagami,

threading a labyrinth of islands, feasting on the grandeur of the shifting scenes, and drinking health in the bracing air. This arm of the lake is from a quarter of a mile to two miles wide for fourteen miles where it opens into a wide lake. Rounding Mategama Point we pass Temagami Island by the ruins of an old Hudson Bay fort wrecked two centuries ago. Here, on a high point overlooking the lake, stands the beautiful "Temagami Inn", one of the most charmingly picturesque spots in the lake country.

Not far from the Inn, when emerging into another miniature open sea, we behold Bear Island, one of the principal landmarks in the territory, where the Hudson Bay Co., now have their head quarters. Bear Island is seventeen miles from our starting point, Temagami station, and we land here for a tarry of a few hours and to look around at the novel scenes that greet us. The Chief Fire Ranger of the district has his headquarters here, and his comfortable log house is situated at the steamer landing where all visitors are requested to register their names before proceeding further. There is also an Indian village here composed mostly of the guides and their families, who live in tepees, and a number of log houses. The village also boasts of a church. One of the features of the place is Mrs. Turner's, where the wants of the inner man can be substantially satisfied with dishes fit for a king, the menu very often including moose, venison or bear, and always the tasty bass or lake trout. The Indians in this part of the country are descendants of the Algonquins and a remnant of the Ojibways. They are a frugal people, humble and honest, and make the best pathfinders, as they are thoroughly conversant with the entire district and can land you at the portage in the dark.

From Bear Island there are many good fishing grounds that are easy of access, among which are Gull Lake, about four miles, reached by two short portages, and where excellent black bass fishing is assured. Northeast of the island about four



to eight miles, in Spawning Bay, Loon Lake, Kokoko Bay and many other of the inlets are also capital spots for the gamiest of the finny tribe. During July and August the bass are easily hooked, but the salmon trout are more wary, and resort to the deep, cool waters, and can be caught only with a wire line of great length.

If a visitor desires he can outfit at Temagami Station and take steamer to any point on Temagami Lake, thence proceeding by canoe into the more remote parts of the reserve. The outfitting store at Temagami Station is well supplied with all the camper needs. Here arrangements

highways and small lakes and streams in the endless forest and water-sheds of Temagami to employ the most enthusiastic tourist during an all summer holiday. About five miles from Bear Island, down the South Arm, is situated Camp Temagami, an organized summer camp, where parents may entrust their boys under the care of responsible men, feeling their safe return after an ideal and profitable vacation, refreshed and strengthened with an abundance of stored energy, a greater love and knowledge of nature, and with new accomplishments likely to prove of lifelong interest and benefit. This camp is conducted under the personal management of Mr.



TYPICAL SCENE IN TEMAGAMI.

can be made for a trip through this new wonderland.

A hotel has been constructed here for the accommodation of tourists and sportsmen, and where campers and canoeists can sojourn while arranging for their canoes and outfits.

There are many beautiful journeys that can be made on this particular lake, which include a steamer or canoe trip to Muddy-water Bay, Cross Bay, the South Arm, Austin Bay, Island Bay, the South - West Arm, the Northwest Arm and Sandy Inlet. As seen by the map the contour of this lake is most irregular.

Many days can be spent on Lake Temagami exploring the adjacent streams and lakes. In fact there are enough liquid

Arthur L. Cochrane of the staff of the Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont. An interesting prospectus, giving full information regarding this camp, rates, etc., can be had by communication with Mr. Cochrane, Deer Park, Ont. Mr. Cochrane is the Canadian honorary representative of the National Life-Saving Society, and a well-known authority on swimming. He aims at having each boy under his care not only an accomplished swimmer but also a thoroughly experienced camper and voyager.

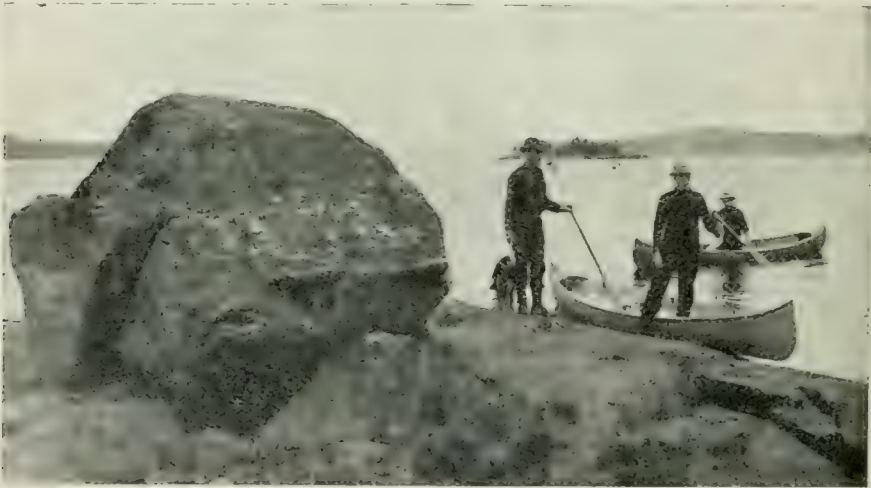
From Bear Island we proceed north to the North Arm through an archipelago of beautiful scenery passing many romantic islands including "Granny Island" where dwells Mrs. Kokomis an old woman

in stone around which circles an Indian legend of long ago.

Entering Devil's Bay, we glide rapidly over the pellucid waters and see looming up on our right a high promontory rising sheer out of the water for a distance of at least 300 ft. This is known as the Devil's Mountain, and at its base lies Devil's Island, a beautifully wooded gem separated from the main land by a narrow strip of water known as Devil's Gut. From Bear Island to this point we were the only voyagers that disturbed the heroic and interminable solitude of Temagami, but here we found a number of tents occupied by a colony of young college students from the Southern States. They numbered about forty and were under the direction of pro-

point was fraught with many disadvantages and hard work which has all been eradicated by the building of the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway from North Bay to Temagami. The fishing in the neighborhood is excellent; fine catches of bass, wall-eyed pike are of daily occurrence. In the deep waters the great grey lake trout is caught, a twenty pounder being common, and specimens up to fifty pounds have been taken.

A handsomely illustrated booklet, giving a concise description of this camp together with the rates charged for an outing of any duration can be secured by applying to Mr. A. S. Gregg Clarke, Room 1821 Park Row, Building, New York City, N. Y.



ON HAWK ISLAND, LADY EVELYN LAKE.

fessors from some of the leading American Colleges. Each year this aggregation of young blood make their home in Temagami for the summer months and not only enjoy every minute of their stay but store up in health sufficient energy to enable them to carry through their studies during their college year. The Colony is known as Kewadin Camp and has for the past twelve years made this region their headquarters at different points throughout the district and now permanently located on Devil's Island. From these headquarters the boys start out on exploring and fishing excursions, using the Indians to guide them into the right paths. In previous years the means of getting to their objective

From Devil's Island we push our way forward, and passing through narrow channels, entered Sharp Rock Inlet, proceeding to the Northwest extremity and taking a quarter mile portage into Diamond Lake, a lovely sheet of water. The trail between Sharp Rock Inlet and Diamond Lake is through the dense forest over an easy route. Continuing our journey for about four miles, we reached Lady Evelyn Falls, a drop of about 8 feet, between Diamond Lake and Lady Evelyn Lake necessitating a lift of our outfit of about a hundred yards. The scenery at this spot is most entrancing and the fish bite with very little coaxing. Leaving the Falls, the route lies through narrows for about a mile,

emerging into the most beautiful of Temagami's treasures—Lady Evelyn Lake. Words fail when a description of this lovely sheet of water is essayed, and to appreciate the wonderful beauty of its surroundings a personal visit must be recommended. This Lake is named after Lady Evelyn Cavendish, daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne, an ex-Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada.

The bosom of the lake is thickly set with heavily wooded islands and the main shores, high and rocky are covered with virgin forests of pine. The water is as clear as crystal, and cold and pure. Paddling across the noble expanse the remoteness and strangeness of the scene were particularly attractive qualities to us and there was something infinitely restful and

pounds and common pike weighing up to eight and ten pounds.

Next morning our canoes were again commissioned for our journey North. After placing a few miles behind us, we landed at a Fire Ranger's place and were cordially received and after spending a pleasant hour or two with our newly made friend who knew every niche and corner of the territory, and who gave us valuable information regarding the likely haunts of the speckled beauties, we turned our canoes towards the west and put in two and a half hours of solid paddling before pitching our tent for the night. The part of our trip was a most enjoyable one and took us through what is considered one of the best hunting confines of the district. During our progress we had the



ON MONTREAL RIVER, NORTH OF BAY LAKE

pleasing in the air we breathe and the grandeur of the scene that lay before us.

Pitching our camp on the Hawk Island, an ideal camping site we got out our fishing tackle to test the waters of this lake, and our expectations were more than gratified with the result. Circumnavigating the island we caught ten small mouthed black bass in half an hour, the fish being of the gamiest and ranging from two and a half to four pound. Good fishing is assured in any part of this lake and our experience demonstrated that different fish would take different bait. The catches during our stay at this lake in addition to a large number of black bass, constituted wall-eyed pike weighing from six to eight

good fortune of seeing the lordly moose among the lily pads near the shore and myriads of ducks of several species were feeding among the rushes and marshes. As we proceed the Lake gradually narrows until it becomes not more than one hundred feet wide, with cliffs rising from the shore line hundreds of feet in height, with a stream winding in the circuitous channel, bringing to view a change of scene at every turn.

One remarkable feature of this beautiful country is the long continued twilight which lasts until nine o'clock in the evening as also the wonderful clearness of the sky at night, offering ideal conditions for the observation of the



moon and stars and providing one of the signal advantages to see the moon with such a silver sheen or the stars with such brilliancy. By day the skies are as blue as the skies of Italy, and at night as black as those of the tropics, the celestial objects standing out clear cut with marvelous beauty.

The camping grounds at the mouth of Lady Evelyn River where we halted for the night lies in the valley beside a beautiful water fall at the foot of which black bass abounds and where we caught sufficient for our evening meal in a few minutes. At this point the portage is not more than one hundred feet around the Falls which takes us into Willow Lake, a stretch of water about five miles long

joyed. In this haunt of the brook trout in the most favorable of surroundings where the waters simply teem with speckled beauties, the unexpected will often happen. The most delicately manipulated fly does not always manage to secure a strike, and other bait, such as the flesh of fish, minnows, etc., attract these fellows as no other bait will do. During the months of July and August excellent fishing is assured in this locality.

Returning to Willow Lake the canoeist can follow the water-way south to the end of the lake, portage into Diamond Lake, thence follow the route that leads into Obabika Lake, choosing for himself a dozen different ways of returning, either to Lake Temagami, his starting point, or



ON THE PORTAGE, MONTREAL RIVER.

leading to the trout streams that empty into this lake. These streams run through the virgin forest and contain fish that are worth landing. It is where the angler can realize his fondest dreams, rich in possibilities and where but few have cast a line.

To reach the speckled trout grounds is somewhat of a arduous task, and though the portages are numerous, they are short (not more than one hundred feet to one hundred yards), and when the objective point is reached and fifty five speckled trout ranging a pound and a half to three pound, can be landed, the sportsman readily endures the seeming hardships that are encountered and looks back with pleasure on the magnificent sport that he has en-

joyed continuing south as far as Lake Nipissing.

Matawabika Falls is the outlet of Lady Evelyn lake into the Montreal River, a mighty stream reaching from the far North to Lake Temiskaming. Leaving the Falls we notice on the left a clearance on which stands the cabin of Mr. Jas. Mowat, a former Hudson Bay Co. trader, who now has a small farm, the only one that has been seen on the length of our route.

From Matawabika Falls our route lies down the Montreal River, the first impressions of which are favorable to the hunter. The current of the river is hardly perceptible for a considerable distance and the stream lies between shores of marshy land, where ducks are plentiful. This is a

junction point for three routes. In times gone by an Indian battle occurred here. The river then flows through the forest on either side.

About eight miles below Matawabika Falls we enjoy the exciting experience of running the Pork Rapids, an obstruction in the river with a drop of a few feet, where the waters are turbulent and rush over the rocky bottom in mad career. The Indian guides steer the canoes safely through and, with the exception of a ducking now and then from a splash of the waves, the journey is made with safety.

The big game found in the Temagami region comprises the moose, caribou and red deer. The moose are plentiful in this district, but are wary animals, and not a little skill is necessary to get one. During the month of June and the early part of

clusive, for the hunting of red deer, reindeer or caribou. Only one moose, reindeer or caribou and two deer may be taken in any one season by any one person, and a cow moose or young moose or caribou under one year of age can be killed. A fee of \$25.00 is charged for license to non-residents to hunt any game, bird, or animal, while a license for any one domiciled in the province is \$2.00 to hunt deer, and \$5 to hunt moose, reindeer or caribou. This license must be carried by the person holding the same while hunting, and to be shown on request. A non-resident may export in any one season one bull moose, one reindeer, one caribou, and two deer, this being the legal number allowed each hunter to kill.

Caribou is an inhabitant of this territory. Signs of them are seen everywhere



ON THE MONTREAL RIVER

July, hundreds of these "Monarchs of the Forest" are seen by the canoeist as they are forced to the water by the flies, which infest the woods until about the middle of July. After July 15th the flies and mosquitoes disappear and the moose go back to the woods and fatten up. They are, therefore, not seen so frequently during the month of August, excepting in the early morning or late evening when they come for their drink at the water's edges. During September, which is known as the rutting season, moose are seen in large numbers throughout the district. The open season for hunting moose commences on October 16th and continues until November 15th, both days inclusive; and from November 1st to November 15th, both days in-

They are a much more wary and timid animal than the moose, and are consequently harder to see, and prove much more difficult to capture. When seen, they are usually in bands or droves of various numbers. The country lying south and east of Smoothwater Lake and northwest of Wakenika Lake and River seems to be the best suited to these cautious animals, as it is a rough and hilly country in which the caribou dwell in great numbers and in other localities in the region.

As to its deer, it may be said that they are not found in great numbers in the immediate vicinity of Lake Temagami, but in the territory south of the lake, between North Bay and Temagami Station as also south of Lake Nipissing and the French

River, deer abound, and full information can be had from the publication "Haunts of Fish and Game," issued for gratuitous distribution by the Grand Trunk Railway System.

Government regulation for the preservation for fish and game are very strict and are rigidly enforced during the close season.

The game birds found in this locality are the ruffed grouse, commonly called willowed partridge, and the pine grouse, besides geese, duck and other water fowl. In the northern portion of the territory, towards the head of Lady Evelyn Lake, Lady Evelyn River, Willow Lake and the East branch of the Montreal river, are found duck in abundance. The varieties embrace the following species:—mallard, wood duck, merganser, blue bill, shell drake, widgeon, etc. Partridge are found almost anywhere in the forest, and are abundant. The open season for shooting ducks is from September first to December first, both

days inclusive, and for partridge from September 15 to December 15th, both days inclusive.

The most numerous of fur bearing animals are the bear, marten, mink, otter, fox, beaver and muskrat. The otter and beaver, however, are protected, and are not allowed to be killed till November, 1906.

The Indian guides who reside in the district know every nook and corner and are the best judges as to where the haunts of game are, and are reasonable and can be depended upon.

The principal fish are small mouthed black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, and wall-eyed pike. During the mid-summer season the lake trout go in the deep water and it is necessary to use a wire line of a couple of hundred feet. The black bass, on the contrary, bite well during July and August, and the waters of the lakes in close contiguity to Lake Temagami simply teem with them.



Ottawa's Crack Four.

This is the crew which won the championship at the Canadian Henley last August. They are after Intermediate and Senior honors this year, and are being coached by Jim Stephenson.



# The Canadian Henley.

The Canadian Canoe Association has just about given the quietus to the most ambitious scheme ever hatched to give Canada an aquatic meet which would rival in interest, that blue ribbon of all water meetings, the English Henley.

True the proposal was born of a canoe man and had for its object the establishment of Canadian canoeing championships in fact as well as in title. But its ultimate result—if it had gone through—would have been the creation of an aquatic meet which would have put anything in that line on the continent in the shade.

But alas ! The might have been !

The Canadian Canoe Association handed the brilliant scheme a solar plexus punch when it fixed upon Saturday, Aug. 1, as the date for its annual regatta.

The scheme originated with Robert Moody, a prominent Toronto canoeing man. He proposed to the Canadian Henley Regatta committee to add canoeing championships to the programme of that premier rowing event, and to put up shields and individual prizes for war canoes, fours, tandems and singles, and to make the races open to Canada. The laudable idea was to bring together the best paddlers in Canada and to settle the much disputed question of racing supremacy.

For years unavailing efforts have been made to bring this about but the results have been decidedly unsatisfactory. Here and there a Canadian championship title became so in fact, but only because of the efforts of the holder of the championship of one section of Canadian paddlers, who challenged the reputed champions of the other Association. It remained for Mr. Moody to offer the most feasible suggestion for real championships. He outlined his proposal to the Canadian Henley Committee and the idea had so many attractive features that it was instantly adopted by the Canadian Canoe Association, the Eastern organization, just about knocked it sky high.

Practically, Mr. Moody's proposition took the Canadian Henley out of the ranks of the purely rowing meet and made it a joint canoeing and rowing event. The two sports are so closely identified that a dual

meet such as outlined must have redounded to the benefit of both sports. The Canadian Henley, as a rowing meeting, already had its position in the annals of Canadian aquatic sport. The grafting on of real championship canoeing would add to the public interest in the meet and would have, it was fondly hoped, return true Canadian canoeing champions. The caste of the great rowing meet assured every canoe club in the Dominion that the effort to promote the canoeing championships was a bona-fide one, but the Eastern men, at their annual meeting in Ottawa on May 12th, gave the scheme the cold shoulder, and the title of Canadian champions awarded at the St. Kitts meet will have a hollow sound, for the Canadian Canoe Association regatta clashes with the canoeists day at the Canadian Henley, and the result will be that there will be eastern and western Canadian canoe champions.

The Henley committee had decided to hold the canoe races upon Saturday, Aug. 1, interspersing them with the finals in the rowing events. That the canoe races are not regarded as of secondary importance and run off as a curtain raiser or an "after the show" attraction, was a source of much satisfaction to Western canoeists. Placing these races on a par with the rowing championships was a trite recognition of the value placed upon the suggestion by the regatta committee.

In fact it was "up to" the Easterners, in every way, shape and form, but they chose to "gang their own gait" and play in their own yard. The Henley programme will not be abandoned, but the only result will be to give the winners a standing, and add weight to any challenge the visitors at St. Kitts may hurl at the eastern champions.

For years the winners of the Canadian Canoe Association championships have been titled Canadian champions but their title has been as empty as will be that of those who come home in front at St. Kitts will acquire. Last year the Island Aquatic Association war canoe crew of Toronto, after trimming up the best of the western war canoe crews, tried to get a race with the Eastern "Canadian" cham-

pions, but the holders wanted a small gold mine to give the Toronto lads a chance at their title, and the contest never took place. This failure to decide the war canoe championship was the origin of Mr. Moody's idea. For a while he was sanguine of securing the attendance of the war canoe crews and other swift paddlers from the Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville and

other eastern clubs to meet the best Orillia, Toronto and St. Kitts could produce and the club went as far as to join the Canadian Canoe Association in order that the proposal might be presented fully to the Easterners in annual meeting. Mr. H. G. Wade of Toronto came down to urge the proposition, but the Easterners would have nothing of it.



ISLAND AQUATIC CLUBHOUSE.

## Islanders' Year in War Canoe Racing.

**J**UST take a tip from me—watch the Island Aquatics of Toronto in war canoe racing this year. If they don't climb into the championship class I will drop the prophet's mantle, and hustle for cover.

The Islanders were strong last year but they will be stronger than ever this year. They are already hard at work and will go to the races with practically the same crew as made such a fine showing last season.

The only two absentees from the competition for the crew this year will be William Temple, who paddled No. 14 and Walter Robinson who paddled amidships. Temple has quit paddling and Robinson has been removed by his bank to Trenton. Brad Jamieson, the Island champion, will take one place. He would have been in the boat last year but for an attack of appendicitis. Jamieson has held Island paddling and swimming championships ever since he was fifteen years old. For the other place there are available the Goad Brothers, Jim Cosgrave and Arthur Meredith, all of whom are paddlers of strength and racing experience. Indeed they will give a couple of those who were in the crew last year a run for their position. Last year's crew

consisted of Harold Huckvale, stroke; Douglas Cooper, No. 2; Philip Huckvale, No. 3; Cuthbert Huckvale, No. 4; George Lamont, No. 5; Len. Morrison, No. 6; Tom Wade, No. 7; John Greey, No. 8; Walter Robinson, No. 9; Trevor Temple, No. 10; Bob Huckvale, No. 11; Garnet Bell, No. 12; Frank Huckvale, No. 13; Wm. Temple, No. 14; R. E. Moody, captain.

This is the Islanders' second year in war canoe racing. They started last year early in May in a Dean war canoe under the tuition of "Bob" Moody and on Dominion Day were beaten by the Toronto Canoe Club crew over a poor course. On this course the Islanders drew the shallow water and attributed their defeat to slowness of shallow water. That their contention was right was proven when later they trimmed the Torontos by three lengths on the Toronto Bay course and lowering the record by 19 seconds. At Orillia they won not only the war canoe race but the fours as well, beating Reg Blomfield's great Toronto four by a hundred yards in half a mile.

The same fours will bear watching too. They look like champions. The Islanders are building a new clubhouse that will be ready by Aug. 1st.

# The Canvas Covered Canoe and Its Repairs.

**A**LL canoeists will be interested in the following contribution on this subject from the pen of Mr. C. F. Paul, of the staff of the "Star", Montreal. In our May number we drew attention to this matter as one of deep concern to canoeists and gave such information as we were able to obtain from manufacturers in the Dominion as to the possibility of repairing canvas covered canoes. Mr. Paul's personal experiences are valuable, and will be read with interest by his fellow canoeists. We quote Mr. Paul's letter in full:—

"Can a canoe be canvassed by an amateur? It certainly can. Some four years ago I took a try at it, my only tools being a tack hammer, a paper of tacks, a pair of pliers and two strips of canvas, each sixteen feet and a few inches long. Today I am still using that canoe. It is as good as ever, has never leaked a drop, and I expect that it will stand the racket for years to come.

"I may state to begin with that the canoe when I undertook the work was utterly unfit for use. No amount of ordinary repairing would have made the craft water tight. I went to a man who should have known something of the work, and he pronounced that I could not do it. However, I bought the canvas, two strips a trifle longer than the actual measure of the craft, and fairly heavy, though by no means clumsy. I began by tacking this canvas along the keel, beginning at the centre of the boat and working both ways. I found that by soaking the canvas with water that I was able to stretch it better with the pliers than when dry, so kept it wet throughout the operation. After tacking the full length of the keel,—that is up to where the bend begins toward the bow and stern, — I stretched it tightly toward the gunwale, tacking it to the side of the boat close to the gunwale and on to the gunwale itself. I made no attempt to take the gunwale off, as the boat was old, and the experiment not likely to prove profitable.

"Of course, I had previously removed the metal guard or cutwater from the bow and stern and tacked the canvas just where these would come when replaced. There-

fore, all the tack holes I had to look out for were along the keel and under the metal cutwater. For the keel, serving the double purpose of strengthening the canoe and covering the tacks, I had an oak piece turned out. This was about a quarter inch thick, and three inches wide in the centre, tapering toward each end. In all this keel piece was some eight feet long. I then coated the keel with white lead and screwed on the oak. The bow and stern, under the cutwater, I treated in the same manner.

The canoe was then given two heavy coats of paint, inside and out. Of course, the canoe has not the fine finish that the latest canvas boats have as regards surface, but speed is of no particularly value in the Laurentians where I have her.

As regards the mending of a canvas covered canoe I have had no experience. It would be possible to tear a rent in a boat covered as mine is, but it is most unlikely. I am of the opinion, however, that if I was going to make a long journey through rapid water, in a country where expert assistance was at a premium that I would stick to the birch bark, easily mended and lighter than anything else of its inches, barring of course, the aluminum craft which costs a small fortune in comparison.

"For the country where I have my camp the canvas covered canoe is the ideal boat for most purposes. Such things as sticks and stumps and stones may jar the paint a bit but never hurts the canvas, and a coat of paint each autumn keeps them in perfect order.

"For the information of those who have a hankering for the birch bark,—and I must own to having one myself,—but at the same time believing that the canvas boat has more superior qualities, I may state that the Indians at Lorette are now making a canoe on the same general design as the birch bark, but are covering it with canvas. Though not fast boats these canoes are staunch, roomy and comparatively light. I am under the impression that the Grand Trunk Pacific survey parties have utilized a great many in their recent work."

Montreal, May 10th, 1906.





ONE OF THE COLUMBIA CHANNELS

## The Ptarmigan.

BY CAROLINE D'A LANG.

**M**AKING its habitation in high places, sharing with the Eagle the lonely mountain peaks and craggy precipices, we find the Ptarmigan, a bird gracefully formed and beautiful at all seasons of the year, but much more so when Winter has enveloped the mountains in its mantle of white. Then the Ptarmigan discards its mottled plumage which made it almost indistinguishable against the mossy lichen covered rocks and stones and dons a robe of soft pure white in keeping with the prevailing color.

Ducks, geese and other wild birds come and go with the seasons but the Ptarmigan remains in the same district where it was raised, making its nest in the scant grass on the high mountain slopes and rearing its young where it too was brought up. This bird breeds early in the season so that by the time the prospector goes up the mountain in his ever hopeful search after the riches hidden in the hard heart

of the mountain the eggs have been hatched out and few specimens are brought down into the valley.

One day early in spring I stumbled on a nest with two eggs in it. I duly appropriated one, cutting a piece of cloth from my jacket to wrap around it and, placing it tenderly in a cocoa tin. Its diameters are one and one eighth, and one and seven eighths inches. In color it is light brown shading down to creamy white, and it is dotted and blotched with dark reddish brown.

Mountaineers consider the flesh of the Ptarmigan more delicate in flavor than that of the grouse which is of the same species. The prospector with his limited supply of condensed foods (for he who climbs high must go light) is only too glad of such an addition to his bill of fare, but the difficulty is in finding them. The Ptarmigan trusts almost entirely for safety to the harmony of its plumage with the general aspect of the ground. In winter it

will crouch down in the snow and the hunter would pass close beside without noticing it were it not for its bright black eye showing plainly against the white background.

However it is not about a bird but its namesake I intend to write today—one of the boats belonging to the Upper Columbia Transportation Co., which plies between the town of Golden situated at the confluence of the Kicking Horse and Columbia Rivers, and the Village of Windermere on the banks of a beautiful lake of the same name, the distance between the two places being one hundred miles.

Captain F. P. Armstrong, the pioneer pilot of the Upper Columbia River has overcome difficulties such as would daunt many navigators. He originates methods of surmounting obstacles which the more prosy denounce as impossible. For example the moving of a large stern wheeler under her own steam from the Kootenay to the Columbia River. A glance at the map will show a neck of land about a mile in width between these rivers at one point, and an incompleted and disused canal the lock of which is seventy seven feet long with a lift of eleven feet, while the boat's length is one hundred and fifty-three feet. Yet the work was managed successfully. Last year running the boat rather late in



GOLDEN, B. C.

the season, taking the risk of being caught away from Port either by ice or low water, he found he could not get out of Lake Windermere the water being so low at the entrance. Everybody declared he

was bottled up as tight as the Russians at Port Arthur harbor, so when the cheery whistle of the boat was heard in the town he was asked in surprise how he got out. "Oh I just stopped the Columbia River for a few days till I got enough water," he replied. As a matter of fact he had dammed the river at the outlet of the lake until that body of water which is ten miles



THE UPPER CABINS WERE TRANSFERRED TO THE NEW HULL WHICH WAS SUNK INTO POSITION THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ICE.

long had been raised some fourteen inches.

When he decided that "The Duchess", which had been doing service on the river for several years, must be replaced by one of lighter draught, everyone said his idea of building a hull in the winter on the ice beside the old boat, moving over the cabins and machinery, and getting her ready for the opening of navigation was impracticable. Yet that is what he did and that is how the Ptarmigan was built to replace the old boat.

This is a stern-wheel steamer and the lightest draught boat in Canada, necessarily so on account of the shallowness of the River at certain periods of the year.

The rivers and lakes in this district being fed by the melting of the snow and ice on the mountains, are high in hot weather and low in cold, the reverse of what is found in Ontario.

According to this novel plan of the Captain's the new hull was built on the ice, and when completed the ice was sawn all around it. In order to provide against the ice breaking under her and allowing her to settle unequally, holes were cut along either side at distances of about six

feet. These were afterwards joined by saw cuts beginning from each end. These precautions however proved unnecessary, for when the sawing was completed the body of ice remained perfectly rigid and upheld the boat. Very gradual was its submergence and almost imperceptibly it sank, the deck remaining as even as a billiard table. The work of carpenters and painters was not interrupted for a moment. A month later on her trial trip the rudders were found jammed and examination proved it was owing to some of the old ice under her.

Once the hull was afloat there was no

"That she does," enthusiastically answered the man.

"'Ptarmigan,' is her name," said the Captain.

The first boat, The Duchess, was built in 1886. At that time the only mill in the country was at Donald seventeen miles from Golden. As the mill had no plaher, the original Duchess was built of rough planks. Some indians who saw the boat during construction were very sceptical as to the feasibility of such an immense canoe ascending the river, and on going back to their Reserve told the rest of the tribe that even one hundred men would not be



CAPT. F. P. ARMSTRONG, THE PIONEER STEAMBOAT MAN OF THE UPPER COLUMBIA

difficulty in removing the engines and boiler. Timbers were put across and the cabins moved bodily over in half a day.

Standing fresh in her new coat of white paint, surrounded with snow covered ice she stood a form of beauty.

"I say, Captain," said one of the workmen, "she looks mighty nice. Now what do you intend naming her?"

"She reminds me of a Ptarmigan," said the Captain.

able to paddle her against the stream.

Consequently when news arrived that the boat was afloat, almost the whole population of aborigines assembled on the banks of the river at a place known as The Salmon Beds (the spawning ground of salmon coming up from the Pacific) and where the town of Athalmer now stands, and here in holiday attire they waited till the big canoe came in view. At this point the water is very clear and although in



depth about two feet it looked much less and they would not believe the boat could make its way any farther. The children were sporting in mid stream in fancied security and the engineer fearing for their lives stopped the engine without orders and the boat losing steerage ran aground and was stuck for a short time.

The Indians were very much astonished

drew over another old Indian of the name of Kuoy to show him the phenomenon. The engineer perceiving what he was going to do changed the order of things so that when Kimbasket had explained the difference to his friend and started to exemplify by touching lightly the injector and grasping firmly the suction pipe, a look of surprise overspread his face. Naturally



"SHE LOOKS LIKE A PTARMIGAN." "PTARMIGAN" IS HER NAME

at the machinery. Steam as a propeller was unknown to them, but the points which astounded them most however, were not those which one would have expected. The greatest conundrum of all was how some pipes should be hot and others cold. The engineer could not resist playing a trick on one old Indian of the name of Kimbasket. He felt the steam pipe of the injector and found it hot, then he touched the suction pipe and found it cold. He

he could not let go his hold at once and Kuoy looked at him with an amused look on his face as much as to say "what else could you expect?" He has never been able to give satisfactory explanations to this day.

The Duchess on this first trip took a large quantity of trading supplies. The Indians were in comfortable circumstances in those days, earning good pay from hunters and travellers from the South, but

more particularly from the Chinamen who were working placer ground, so when they boarded the boat in numbers a brisk trade was done with them. Gold dust was the only currency, so to facilitate matters each one's bag of yellow dust was weighed and he was given red, white and blue poker chips in exchange.

It was almost impossible when all the goods were disposed of to get the Indians to leave the boat and after repeated warnings the Captain blew a shrill whistle.

On the banks were about two hundred cayuses, a few tethered to bits of brush but the most of them standing with their bridle reins hanging on the ground. It was a gay scene—blankets of the brightest dye



ARMSTRONG CHANNEL, ONE OF THE MANY CHanneled COLUMBIA.

adorned many of the ponies especially those to which the papooses were strapped, their little brown faces and black eyes peeping out from bright yellow, green or crimson silk handkerchief.

At the unusual sound of the whistle the horses stampeded. Wild with fright they scampered across the level and scrambled up the foot hills over brush and fallen timber regardless of their precious burdens. Added to this noise and confusion were the shrieks of the squaws and papooses and the headlong rush of the Indians, after their fast disappearing property. Such a din was never before heard in the mountains. It was weeks before some of the horses were recovered.

An incident happened during the stoppage of the boat, showing that even the stolid Indian has a sense of the ridiculous. When the boat was stuck, several Indians

helped to push it off. One old Indian of the name of Klahowyah who had got on board after working very hard, drew a bucket of water and raised it to his lips to get a drink. The captain who was standing on the deck above leaned over, took the bucket by the rim and tilted it so that the old man's head got the full benefit of the bath. Klahowyah looked angrily around, saw an Indian boy standing near him on the guard, and supposing he was the offender hit him a clout on the head and knocked him into the river. The Indians on the bank who had seen the performance simply rolled over and over on the ground in convulsions of laughter.

On the down trip The Duchess met with a mishap. In the early days the huge cottonwood trees which lined the banks in many narrow places met those on the other side forming a canopy. The river is so tortuous in some places it was almost impossible, when steering to keep clear of one bunch not to run into another. When making a sharp turn the boat ran under one of these and her whole upperworks and smokestack were brushed overboard.

The captain fell on top of the boiler. The furnace door was open at the time, and the wreckage took fire, but this was easily put out. The current swung the boat over to the other side, the crew tied it to a tree, and then went fishing for the smoke stack which was eventually located in a hole about twenty feet in depth. After some difficulty it was put in place, and forty eight hours after the accident, The Duchess was under weigh again.

A few miles farther down they picked up the Honorable F. W. Aylmer. He had been hunting and his canoe was loaded with game. The cook was given a free hand and soon a meal such as hunters love was placed on the rough boards covered with oil cloth that did duty as a table. His attire calls to mind a story that is told of him in the early days, shortly after the C.P.R. hotel at Field had been opened. Tangled brush, swamps and rain had left their marks on his clothes, a three weeks growth of beard, a bronzed face and a cowboy hat, while bearing the Hall mark of the hunter, was scarcely civilized attire. The Captain brought up a letter for him on one of his trips, but did not see him until the down trip when he came

across him in similar hunting attire. On reading the letter he saw it was necessary to be in Calgary the next day. As there was plenty of time between the landing of the boat at Golden and the departure of the eastbound train to go to a hotel and get into shape there seemed to be no need to delay the boat so he got on as he was. However an accident prevented the boat from getting into port at its usual time and he was only able to catch the train as it was pulling out. After paying for his dinner at Field he asked the lady manager for cigars. She pushed a box towards him saying they were fifteen cents each or two for a quarter.

On asking if she had a better quality some at twenty five cents each were produced.

I don't care for home manufacture, he said, have you no imported ones.

Yes, she said, we have, but they are half a dollar each.

May I see them, he asked.

Certainly, she said, producing a box, they are half a dollar each — fifty-cents each, she added impressively.

Thanks, they will do, I'll take the box.

On his return from Calgary a week later, she chatted amiably with him not recognizing him in his changed attire.

Do you remember a tough who bought a box of cigars from you a week ago at fifty cents each, he enquired.

She stared intently at him for some

moments, and then said slowly, why I do believe you are the same man.

A penny for your thoughts when I bought the box, he said.

I thought at the time, she said smiling, that you might much better have bought a box of soap.

This same gentleman when driving up country one cold winter's day was discuss-



ON THE COLUMBIA NEAR SPILLAMACHEEN.

ing with another passenger the best means of keeping the feet warm. The stage driver, a lad of about eighteen, who was listening intently broke into the conversation innocently in his slow drawl:—

They say, if a fellow don't wash his feet the whole winter, they'll never be cold, have you tried it Mr. Aylmer?

Not yet, but if you recommend it I shall, was the caustic reply.

## Six Months in New Brunswick Woods.

BY HOWARD P. RENSHAW.

**A**S I was growing beyond my strength, being only eighteen years old and rather slim, a dose of Nature's medicine was recommended to me, and it was decided I should spend half a year in the woods of New Brunswick.

Arrangements having been made with Mr. W. H. Allen, of Penniac, N. B., to enable me to carry out this programme, I left my home in Connecticut towards the end of last October, and on the following day found myself in Fredericton, the finely situated and picturesque capital of the Province. Here my guide met me, and by his advice I visited the Crown Land office, where I wandered round and admired the

fine exhibits of mounted big game and birds, all of them the products of the Province; and completed my outfit at some of the stores in the City, finding their prices surprisingly low. I also inspected the parliament buildings, and was altogether pleased with the appearance and facilities for business in the City.

In the evening we drove to Penniac, ten miles out, and spent the night at my guide's house. The next morning found us early astir, and myself full of anticipations of new and pleasant experiences. The outfit was loaded on a heavy truck wagon and we faced a twenty-mile journey, our destination being Suitor Brow Camp.



My experiences began early for on this journey I shot several partridges, and saw one medium sized moose. There were innumerable tracks leading in all directions, and to judge by them one would have thought we should have seen several big ones. Perhaps however we made too much noise.

Before dark we reached the camp and it was not long before a good meal was prepared and eaten, and excellent arrangements made for spending the night. The Sutor Brow Camp is located on a high bank on the south side of Little River in Sunbury County, the Sutor Plains, where caribou are to be found, being about two miles off. This camp is one of a line of five camps owned by Mr. Allen, covering a radius of ten by twenty-five miles. Although out all day and every day, the first few days were passed without seeing any large bulls.

The morning of the seventh day broke beautifully fine, and as it had rained all the previous night my guide told me it was a splendid time for still hunting, and we should see lots of game. In this instance he was a true prophet, for we had only left the camp a short time when we saw six moose, two of which were bulls of a large size. I picked out my moose, and with one shot from my 35 Winchester rifle dropped the game almost in his tracks. Of course I was more than delighted with my good fortune, and the only drawback to complete happiness was the fact that I had left my camera in camp. After a few necessary operations we went back to dinner, and my success did not interfere with my appetite. In the afternoon I made sure of my camera on the outward journey, and made a number of pictures of what I was told was the record moose of Little River.

This considerable success led to a change of procedure, and on succeeding days time was spent on the plains looking for a large caribou with horns to match. While we saw caribou every day we spent several days without discovering any with horns large enough to satisfy me, but one beautiful November morning I secured my second prize—a large bull with a fine set of antlers.

By the end of November, when the season closed, I had killed one each of moose,

caribou, deer and fox, besides many partridges, rabbits, etc.

It was a big work to get all my specimens out to the taxidermist for the purpose of mounting, but it was finally accomplished, and hunting gave place to trapping.

I assisted generally at this work, and we soon had a line of traps set up, and had distributed the moose, caribou and deer meat amongst the different camps for use during the winter months, the meat being used both for the table and as bait for the traps which numbered fifty, and made a line about forty miles long.

By this time I had gained about twenty pounds in weight, felt like a new man, and was able to put in a good day's work. I could even tramp for twenty miles on snow shoes without feeling unduly tired.


At present beaver, sable, and mink are protected in New Brunswick, and our traps were set for lynx, fox, and ermine. We secured several lynx alive and kept them in a cage, but as they were captured in steel traps and had their feet frozen, they did not live long, and we only saved one. It is surprising how quickly a lynx will devour a freshly killed rabbit, keeping up a continuous growling. Our winter's occupation was pleasantly varied by several visits to Fredericton.

During the last week in February my guide, as President of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, represented that body at the Sportsmen's Show in New York, and I attended to the traps in his absence. On my first solitary trip over the traps I took five lynx and several ermine.

So far the winter had been mild, but with March came cold and snow and the line of traps could hardly be cleaned out between the storms. This meant continuous hard work, and every trip over the traps gave us either lynx or ermine. One would think that after catching a score of lynx they would seem to be scarce, but such was not the case. Every journey round the traps all through the winter we came in close contact with either moose or caribou, both being very numerous.

In good weather we spent our time in the open air picking spruce gum which sells very readily in the New England States for medicinal purposes.

# VISCOUNT JOHN



## CHAPTER VIII

### The Second Attack.

By

DR. J. M. HARPER

**N**EXT morning, just as dawn was at the breaking, I looked out with drowsy eye from under my blanket. With the full fresh air of the morning in my nostrils, and the hum of Tom the Mariner's manner of narration hardly yet out of my ears, I took in the surroundings at first as if they all belonged to some strange dream. The physical exhilaration was something to remember, though the full wakening point was no sooner reached than a counteraction was experienced in the burning sensations that seemed to issue from nearly every terminal nerve of my body. The sandflies and every other bite'em-no-see'em's had been getting in their work during the hour or two I had been giving to sleep, and as I thought my companions had been doing also; and, though sorely agonized from back to heel, I hesitated to disturb them by getting up for more freedom to engineer a counter-irritation of my inflamed cuticle.

But as I raised myself silently on my elbow, I saw that some one of us had seized time by the forelock to seize something else by the body, if he could only find it. For, through the dull grey glimmer, the first thing that attracted my waking sensations was a disconsolate-looking figure standing by the eastern pole of the tent, holding on to it for support with one hand, while the other hand was busy making manifold grabbings and slappings and rubbings akin to a dog's, when he is on the hunt for hidden foes within his fleece.

"Who is there?" I cried, at last forgetting the aural comfort of those of us

who were still stretched on the spruce boughs like so many mummies rolled up in dark grey shrouds.

The uncertain light would have puzzled any one.

"It's me," answered the figure with the deepest melancholy in its tones, "at least all that is left of me. These infernal pests have made every inch of my flesh raw."

Some one was undergoing the agonies of the Skedellic.

"And who are you?" I again exclaimed.

But the figure answered never a word to me, his conversational powers for the moment being directed as if towards the different parts of his body.

"Talk of the exquisite cruelties of the Inquisition! This out-Inquisitions any inquisition that ever imperilled the life and liberties of mankind. Jehosaphat, how the beggars sting! Get out and away ye humming infidels or I'll be the death of a million of you in one fell swoop! By St. George and the Dragon, this is awful," and the speaker, making no pause in his string of expletives, rubbed his back and shoulders against the tent-pole, as if he would bring it down.

"What's the racket now?" questioned Tom the Mariner, as he raised his body head-upward's, to make an observation with sleepy eyes.

"Ay, what's the matter noo?" repeated Viscount John doing the same, "It's about time we were a' asleep, I'm thinkin'. Are ye no done wi thae yaumerin' stories o' yours yet, Tom?"

I told them both to take their time to

see what was the matter for themselves.

"Oh, its only Dan or Doctor Jim," said Tom, lying down again. "Is that all?"

Then I looked across the improvised bed and became conscious of the vacancy to my right.

The victim thus first awake was really Doctor Jim.

"Where is my rifle?" growled Tom.

"Where is my rod?" I cried trying to make fun of the situation.

"Ay, where is my watch?" shouted the Viscount, now fully awake, and thus arousing the whole camp.

There was no more sleeping for any of us now.

And Doctor Jim was glad of it, oh, how glad, as he afterwards told me. The anguish became bearable as soon as we were all astir, with the fellowship of misery to bring greeting until the fire was fanned into flame again, and preparations were well under way for breakfast.

During the meal there was but one prominent thought in all our minds,—but one policy to pursue.

The Big Pool was to be attacked again.

"You won't have the fishing you would have had last night," said Tom, "with the water as high as it is."

"But we'll hae a chance o' witnessin' your skill in throwin' a fly to lure the patriarchs o' the pool," exclaimed Viscount John.

There was still a lowering sky, but Tom assured us that it was going to be fair weather, with that partial shifting of cloud which is the angler's delight.

When we came to the river, Tom suggested that we all keep together. The rush of water was too strong he said, to carry out the arrangement of the previous afternoon with safety. The Viscount would be sure to be getting into trouble again.

"The Viscount is aye under orders," said that gentleman. "When he comes doon the Tavistock he soon gets the habit on him o' havin' nae mind o' his ain."

So it was agreed that Tom should take us across the rather wrothy current in an oblique line, and eventually land us all on the strand I had occupied the day before.

"You will have to fish in relays," said Tom.

"With the Viscount in the first relay,

as usual of course?" I rejoined laughingly.

"No, sir, there's nae first for me this mornin'; I'm cured o' that for a' time. A man, to be a man, should practise what he preaches. The Mariner and I here 'ill look on until it is time for him to come in wi' the Amen o' the best castin' ye ever saw in your life. Sae the three o' ye get at it. I'll handle the landing net for all o' ye, and when I'm tired wi' drawin' them in, Tom can hae his turn; or rather, Dan, you hae the first o' the landing net. I'm no willin', wi' Tom's eye on me and the moralities behind it, to tak' even the first place o' a guid second. The philosophy o' an upright practice has nae give to it. It would mak' but a puir fishin' rod, if we would seek for its counterpart in sic gear; and yet what maun be maun he is a fine common-place law as auld as eternity itsel'. Sae gang at it, my gallant fellows, and leave me oot for the present. Tom and I will mak' the maist appreciative audience you could hae, as the newspapers would say."

And we three novices did go at it, as Viscount John thus advised, while Tom and he sat in the canoe watching us, to issue words of warning, encomium, and remonstrance from time to time.

At the end of five minutes strenuous casting, Doctor Jim got the first bite, but I hooked the first fish and a fine lusty fellow he was, making a run the length of the whole pool, before he wheeled about on the return trip. There was evidently going to be no keenness in the biting, but the rising of the waters had given stubbornness to the fighting qualities of my victim, for it took me fully ten minutes to get him within reach of Dan.

Tom and the Viscount vied with one another in the comments they made during the run, and when Dan reached out the net to take the floating three pounder and lifted him on high, flopping in his string-cage, with all manner of lights issuing from his speckled, silver-sheened body, applause came from the canoe and a clapping of hands.

By this time Doctor Jim had hooked his fish, but had lost him before the clapping of hands was over.

How the mischance enhanced the heroism of my achievement!



Doctor Jim found that the cause of his mishap was a broken hook, severed at the fluke.

"What fly did you take that fellow of yours with?" he cried out to me, as I was preparing for another engagement. "Don't you think the Viscount is making too much noise over there, does he think that trout are void of all sense of hearing?"

Doctor Jim was certainly in training for more than the catching of fish, for he quite suddenly asked my pardon for disturbing me.

I told him I was using a Robin-red breast for the tail and a Pharmachene-belle for a bob.

"I can lend you one of either or both," I said, handing him my book, and feeling ashamed to have to make my self-denial so apparent; while Doctor Jim blushed almost as deep a scarlet as any Robin-red-breast or Crimson-beauty in my collection.

By and by, after a good deal of casting which came in for intermittent encouragement from the canoe, Doctor Jim and I had each our fish on in full run. Our rods were showing their build in fine style. The screaming of the reels made the very waters dance with joy. For the moment the sun came out to see the fun, and the sloping shores of the pool seemed to me, intent, as I had to be, on the urgency of the event, like some great amphitheatre encircling the contestants as in a gladiatorial show. The interest of the imagined cloud of witnesses, focussed in the outcries and running comments from the canoe, came to me for the moment for a reality. A crow perched upon a ragged spruce at the head of the pool uttered his strange cry of exultation once and again, while several scamps of squirrels kept up a nearer recurrence of mocking revelry, as the reel gave out or brought in the silken line with its slender stay of terminal gut.

What a moment of full-tensioned living that was!

The whole world, permanent or evanescent, stretched out along that little bit of almost invisible translucency.

Climax and crisis were running in each other's wake like some runaway tandem.

How is it all to end?

There is Dan, I see him from the eastern corner of my eye. How can he attend

to both emergencies? Why did Viscount John not bring his spare landing-net? He might then have been of some service to me beyond that mere vapid running comment of his, should Doctor Jim call for Dan's assistance first. The competition would then have been a fair and square competition, with no handicap in the first or last heat.

No, there is no chance for our overlapping — no chance for anxiety on that score at least. But there was anxiety enough and to spare for all that, with my rod bending through a variation of curves. Nor, as all experienced anglers will tell you, do years of practice ever drive out this anxiety. The same story has to be repeated of tensioned activity, whenever the sportsman is thus engaged with a heavy fish, during the process of his landing it.

My turn to utilize Dan's alertness came first.

There was no hitch in the landing process.

Doctor Jim's turn was also successful.

And the two beauties we had caught were eventually laid out side by side on the cross bar of the canoe as we gave way to the Viscount and Dan, with Tom taking charge of the landing-net.

My fish weighed three pounds and a little over, while Doctor Jim's was the smallest fraction under the three pounds. Before the fish were weighed, however, both Dan and Viscount John had their rods in hand.

Dan had about the same luck that we had, though the fish he caught was a shade smaller than ours. The Viscount had taken his stand at the upper end of the pebble-strewn bank, well within the shade of some overhanging birches. How he managed to throw a line in a spot so full of threatening entanglements, I could hardly understand, until I noticed that he had shortened his line to within a yard or so of the caster, and was making a kind of a side sweep from under the bush. Wading up as far as he could, he soon bagged two or three large fellows, while Dan was still struggling with his first; and then returning by the way he had gone, took up several with his line let out to its fullest.

After further exchanging of places from

time to time, the Doctor and I, with Tom happened to be the spectators in turn.

What a pleasure it was to watch the deftness with which the Viscount could bring that caster of his down on the rippling wavelets of the pool, with only a thin streak to indicate where the flies had fallen; and when Dan's lures began to fail in their function, with no chance even of a bite, he soon joined in watching the skill of the Viscount.

"If you don't mind letting me handle your rod," said Tom to Dan, "I may as well try a bout with the Viscount."

And we were all delighted to hear him say so of his own accord.

I had heard of Tom's skill as a fly-fisher more than once expatiated upon in Bervie Lodge. The Viscount had been dropping hints all the way down about his finesse in throwing a Jock Scott or Davie Brown just where he had a mind to. And now that the right kind of competition had come to us with the disinclination of the trout of the Big Pool to allow us to repeat the havoc of the night before among their relatives—when the thought of gain by a counting of the fish caught had gone out of us,—what could be more interesting than to watch a contest of fly-casting between the master of the Tavistock himself and his brother-in-law the Viscount.

For fifteen minutes there had been a rise of no kind, and the Viscount was showing impatience.

"This thing's played out and we may as weel gang hame. The disappearance o' sae mony o' the saints below, by sudden ascension to a higher sphere, has raised a suspicion in the community that a Fotheringay is but a deil in disguise. They hae gi'en up lang syne the folly o' even lookin' at a bit scarlet wi' a hackle or yellow-body, I've gaen owre my book wi' some care up yonder, but, only wi' fair success; and now I think the game o' changin' my flies is not worth the candle. Hae Tom! there's my book! see what ye can dae wi' it to get anither rise."

But Tom, rod in hand, refused to take the proffered book.

"You say the place is played out, or fished out, and that all lures have become alike to the trout lying along the bottom of the pool. This is the moment to try one's skill."

"Ye're spoilin' for a competition, Mr. Tom the Mariner," said the Viscount. "That I see brawly."

"And what pleasanter way could there be of spending the time we have on hand before leaving for home. There are plenty of fish in there to catch, if one only has the skill and the tackle. But perhaps you would prefer to try the Skedellic?"

"No Skedellic for me," I exclaimed; "I've had enough of that dismal hole."

"Nor for me either," joined in the Viscount. "We might meet the alter ego o' Olivard, wi' twa rods in his hand, and be drooned forbye on our way back. Na, na, nae Skedellic for ony o' us, my gallant lad. If ye want to burn a candle wisely, dinna burn it at baith ends. Though a candle o' a competition even wi' you Tom at this favoured spot may no be worth the farthing, yet nane o' us are likely to get our fingers burned or a' is done. Out wi' your proposition my man."

Tom's proposition was simply one of keeping to the pool, and testing our own perseverance, not for fish, but to show our skill.

"If this be what ye ca' family pride, my fine fellow, I'm in for it, though ye hae the handicap o' us a', in being fresh. The five o' us can hardly tak' part in the struggle, since ye hae nae rod, Tom. Will we draw lots?"

I suggested that the contest be confined to the veterans, with the verdict left in the hands of a jury of three.

"And what's to be the prize?" asked the Viscount.

"The honour of the thing would be prize enough for me," I answered. "But if that doesn't satisfy you, perhaps Mr. Tom will hand over to you the keeping of King George all the way home, should ye win."

(To be Continued.)

At a recent competitive shoot between the Associated .22 Caliber Rifle Club of South Australia and a picked English team at Adelaide the bulk of the members on both sides shot with Stevens Ideal Rifles, and the best ten scores were obtained by those who used these rifles. In the end the South Australians won by nine points and the close scoring throughout the day was undoubtedly due to the use of these rifles.

## American Sportsmen in Canada.

**T**HIS subject continues to excite interest amongst many of our readers, who, we are glad to note from the tone of their communications, approve of the position we have taken up and agree that in true sport there is no international boundary line. The sportsman, who is a sportsman in every sense of the term, is welcome in Canada, come from what part of the world he may; and if he hails from south of the boundary line, and is willing to comply with the reasonable conditions laid down for his guidance in the Dominion he is none the less a welcome visitor. Mr. Frank L. Phalen writes from Fairhaven, Mass.:—

The Editor, "Rod and Gun in Canada":—

"Dear Sir.—A copy of your interesting Magazine for April has been sent me by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

"I have found very much in it to enjoy. It smells of the forests and streams, and splendid natural attractions of Canada. It invites the lover of Nature and sport to your wonderful land of lakes and mountains still unspoiled by the noise and disfigurement of civilization.

"I am an American, but not I hope one of those who are either "hogs" or "demi-gods" as described by your Montreal correspondent, Duncan McGregor. I am sure the heat and discourtesy of some of your correspondents do not represent the attitude or the feelings of the Canadian people. No doubt there are Americans, as there are Canadians, of whom we are all ashamed. I have travelled and mingled extensively with Canadians in Nova Scotia, Quebec, and Ontario, and I am sure that gentlemen and true sportsmen on both sides of the boundary line desire only fair play and good will.

"It is to the advantage of Canada, as it is to that of the States, that good feeling and brotherhood prevail in all their relationships; and you may rest assured that all true American sportsmen are quite as anxious as our Canadian friends that only "a square deal" should be had on both sides of the boundary line.

"Thousands of American citizens who find pleasure in Canada in summer will appreciate the judicious and candid spirit of

your editorial comments. May the sins and follies of neither a few foolish Americans, nor a few thoughtless Canadians, ever disturb our happy fellowship."

"Guide", who writes from Sharbot Lake, Ont., addresses us as under:—

"Having read all the letters brought out by Mr. Russell's communication in the October number of "Rod and Gun in Canada" I would like to add my experience to the number. In the first place I think Mr. Russell treated the subject in a very fair manner. I am a Canadian and believe in Canada for the Canadians, but not to the extreme that Mr. Black advises.

"I have been a guide for the last eight years, and during that time have had to deal with all kinds of people. I find that when you are looking for sharks you may find any amount of them amongst Canadians. Why I have known men from Mr. Black's own town to catch thirty black bass to one rod in one day, and then not be satisfied. There are some Americans also who do not know when they get enough. In such cases Mr. Russell's advice should be taken, and they ought to be made to feel the law. One lesson will be all that most of them will require.

"What we most need are good fish and game wardens—men who will do their duty without fear or favor, and who cannot be bought for five dollars by one man, while going to the extent of the law with the next because he refuses to cough up. One reason why Americans get on so easy in Canada is that they are nearly always ready to cough up.

"Another writer thinks Americans should not be allowed to bring in guns. Well, here it is again—the only trouble I have ever had with people wanting to kill game out of season has been with Canadians. My advice is to bring in all the Americans you can, as they leave their good money in Canada, and there is plenty of game and fish for all who want to come.

"Rod and Gun in Canada has the ball rolling, and is doing a great work for the country. It is just what we needed in Canada—a live sporting Magazine, and I hope you may have all success your splendid Magazine deserves."





A LAKE ON THE LAURENTIANS

## Truth and Some Trout.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

**A**UGUST, it will be admitted, is not the best month for trout fishing — yet it happened in August.

It was not premeditated and therefore came to us undiscounted by anticipation. My twin and I had found that we wanted to go somewhere. We did not know why or where, but we yearned to get away from town. Our conversation for days had consisted of sentences beginning "Let's",— answered by sentences beginning "But"—

Finally we bundled into a C. P. R. train at the Place Viger, Montreal, with one fishing rod and hand bag containing principally what must be used in emergencies only, but without tickets.

We were at last going north. On that we were fairly resolved. We consulted the conductor. We asked him frankly where we would be at, say 10 p.m.—it was then five. He intimated that when we had given him one-seventy five per head his information would be more reliable. We complied. He said "Labelle." We decided to go to Labelle. We did not know the place. Possibly that fact influenced our decision. With one bit of information he supplied us. At Labelle lived a hotelkeeper, one "Nontelle." We repeated to ourselves "Labelle-

Nontelle, Nontelle, Labelle. We soon became letter perfect. We decided that after 10 p.m. we should be ruled by circumstances—plus Nontelle.

We arrived and were put off. The train receded into the hills and we perceived that it was very dark and very cold. In the distance could be heard a river. Presently we realized that our stock of French was small. We stopped men with lanterns and murmured our lesson: "Nontelle, Labelle, Monsieur Nontelle, Monsieur Labelle" — it sounded a little mixed, I thought, at the time. But they only backed away respectfully. Then I tried a bolder flight. "Monsieur Nontelle est-il dans ici?" They said a great deal which sounded very interesting. By a supreme effort I slowly articulated "L'hotel de Monsieur Nontelle, il est—ou ????" I have since been told that this could not be considered very good French. There was, however, something so appealingly pathetic in my inflection that the hearer's heart must have been pierced. He escorted us down a road, his lantern a star of hope, across a bridge over a roaring river to a hotel. We risked no more eloquence; we gave him a quarter. It

seemed to work as well. We reflected that it might have served at first. Then we went to bed. The morning ushered in a glorious day—and Nontelle. He asked us in good English what we wished to do. I looked at my twin. My twin looked at me. A bright idea occurred to me and I seized my rod. "We wish to go a-fishing," said I, or words to that effect. Nontelle did not seem pleased. He said it was too early or too late. We said that did not matter. He probably thought we were fools. Being French he did not say so. The details were left strictly to him, and while he hitched his horses we examined the town. We had time to spare.

Seated in the trap, I began to realize that a ten foot, split bamboo bass rod, a hundred yards of heavy line and no flies are not the proper equipment for trout fishing. I intimated as much to Nontelle. His reply was impressive. He had, he said, three dollars worth of trout tackle with him and had placed two "poles" in the rig against all contingencies. I said nothing—what did it matter? We were out for enjoyment and if trout came to us—even on the end of a bass line and "pole"—what cared we?

The drive through the hills was delightful, with Trembling Mountain always in sight. About three miles from the town we crossed a stream with the inevitable lumber chute, drew up and alighted.

Nontelle carried a mysterious pail full of things and his pole; my twin followed clutching something by the neck and a ditto pole, and I brought up the rear with my brave split bamboo, multiplying reel and cable. We two are both over six feet, while Nontelle is about a No. 1 sized man. The procession was imposing.

Our host produced his "tackle". The dealer must have "seen him coming." We secured a trout hook each at least and—let me whisper—a supply of the homely "wum." The stream was narrow enough to step across. If minnows lived in it, I reflected they would feel cramped. Selecting a pool over which I could have jumped I tossed in my bait with no great expectations. Instantly there came a tug and I—well I "struck." My rod, as I have remarked is ten feet long and remarkably stiff. A beautiful flashing half pound trout soared over my head and perched in a tree

behind me. I fell upon him, threaded him on a twig, laid down my rod, and went to tell my twin all about it. He smiled upon me and with a nonchalance which I knew was feigned indicated a slightly larger trout on the bank behind him. I hurried back to my rod.

The water was so low that few pools of any size could be found. We scrambled up the hills and over the rocks and through the briars, dropping in here and there—sometimes securing an eight inch trout—oftener securing nothing. It was hard work, rough work, but more particularly very hot work. At a ruined dam Nontelle climbed over a chaos of logs and deftly dropped his line by hand through a crevice into an impossible little pool. He drew up the best fish caught that day—weighing subsequently just a pound.

But ye gods, I meditated this is not trout fishing. Where is the dainty rod, the slender silk and the delicately tied deception? I asked Nontelle. He said we wanted to catch trout for dinner. The argument seemed to be conclusive.

By noon we had penetrated some few miles into the hills. We had worked hard and faithfully—a thing we seldom do—had scrambled and were scratched, sun burned and leg-weary, but above all we were villainously hungry. We again consulted our host. It appeared that he possessed the same symptoms. Moreover he knew how to treat them. Fishing was postponed, a fire lit and while Nontelle prepared some trout we reclined on a shelving rock by the murmur of a little fall and reflected.

Yesterday had been full of noises—the clang of the cars, the foot-falls of men, and of horses, the rumble of wheels, the shriek of whistles and all the abominable clamour incident to a high state of civilization. Today not a sound broke the silence, save the falling of the water and the crackling of the fire! Even the lumber men had left the woods and only that morning had we seen the fresh track of a deer. Primeval environments hemmed us in and Montreal lay a hundred miles to the south. We gloated over the fact together, but as my twin poetically said: "Gloating filleth not the belly." At this moment dinner was announced.

I have pic-niced with a white cloth and

napkins; I have camped respectably with a tin service; I have frequently eaten from a frying pan—each man's share sacredly inviolate by the imaginary meridian across the charmed circle of iron,—and I have occasionally gnawed a bird from the wooden spit upon which it had been roasted.

I now expected the pan. Here is where the Gaul overreached us. Nontelle had not fried our trout. He had produced a pail full of what he called "bouillon." It was not "bouillon", it was nectar and ambrosia—mixed!

The solids and semi-solids—trout, potatoes, tomatoes and onions we fished out with our clasp-knives, shovelled upon hunks of bread and snapped at before they fell off. Then we ate the bread. That nothing should be lost we drank the remainder from tin pint cups. I would not swear that we did not lick the pail.

Yesterday we had toyed with food, carped at the cooking and criticized the service. Today we were children of Nature—and we felt it.

We lanky six footers expanded. We beamed upon each other and we teamed upon Nontelle. Finally we opened that which was sealed and finished gloriously.

Then we lit our pipes and meditated. Our meditations were profound,—so much so in fact that Nontelle two hours later aroused us with shouts, and one of the "poles." We fished in a desultory manner for a little longer, but our hearts were not in the task. Trout we had killed;

trout we had cooked and trout we had assimilated—our work was done.

Presently it began to rain. This was unexpected and we hurried towards the road.

Nontelle suggested a short cut by way of the board walk along the lumber chute. Knowing no better we assented. It proved a nightmare. It consisted of a single unbarked, half-round plank, a bare six inches wide, wet and slippery with the rain, the long spans bucking under us like bronchos and it crossed the country at a single level regardless of the contour of the ground. Sometimes we tottered along a road that threaded 50 feet above a ravine upon a rickety tressel, again across a beaver dam several inches under the surface. A slip in the former case meant a broken neck, in the latter merely a bath.

Nontelle lead cat-like and debonnaire, the pail and contents in one hand, his pole in the other. My twin followed, clutching another pole and ever stretching blindly sideways—for his eyes were very busy—to the timber chute beside us. Last I tottered along fully engaged with rod and camera. With caulks in his boots the lumberman skips down this via dolorosa with sang-froid. We had no caulks and shuffled along with brows knit, muscles tense, patting (personally at least) our prayers. Nontelle was crooning "La Belle Fontaine"—the heartless villain.

We reached the rig at last, bundled in and gasped in relief. Our trout had been well earned.

## A Hunt in Northern Ontario.

BY W. H. ALLISON.

**W**ITH the exception of a three days' hunt in the vicinity of Dead Creek, Ont., two years ago, when I had the good fortune to shoot two deer in that short time, I had not been in the woods for ten years, and last fall I felt an unutterable longing for some of the old experience. Business engagements relaxed so far as to make it possible for me to in-

dulge in my desires, and I was making some hurried arrangements when I remembered that the Ontario open season would not fit in with them, and it seemed as if I was to be balked in the very hour of my triumph.

In the course of business I found myself a few days later in Montreal, and my esteemed friend, who is also an ardent



sportsman, Mr. Frank Murray, invited me to accompany him on his hunting trip to the wilds of Northern Quebec. It did not take me long to make up my mind. I accepted his invitation with alacrity, and as he spoke the visions of our northern camp, the freedom of the woods, and the glories of the chase, filled me with the most pleasant of anticipations. Already I was escaping from the monotony of hotel life, and felt like a boy released from a course of strong discipline at school.

To my mind the laws of Quebec are more liberal, in this respect at least, than those of Ontario. They allow greater freedom to those who cannot take their outing in one particular fortnight, and they also give hunters a larger amount of security, as the woods are not so crowded, and the chances of being shot in mistake are reduced to a minimum. I believe the almost entire freedom from gun accidents in Quebec as compared with Ontario and New Brunswick, is due to the extended season in Quebec.

We left Montreal on Nov. 22nd and proceeded along the Laurentian branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Labelle, about one hundred miles north from Montreal, and four hours run through a mountainous and picturesque country. At Labelle we procured a team and sleigh which conveyed us thirty miles to the west to Lake de Saube (Saud Lake.) Here we found a nice camp, which has been recently built near the narrows between Sand and Beaver Lakes, and we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable.

Deer signs were numerous but the whole surrounding country had been so thoroughly hunted during the previous fortnight (13 deer having been killed in that time by one party alone) that after one day's experience, in the course of which the guides fired several shots at long range at three deer which we saw, we decided to return.

On the way out when near Lake Desert, fourteen miles west of Labelle, we shot a fine buck which tipped the scales at 175 lbs. By the way Lake Desert is one of the finest lakes there is in that northern country for catching red and grey trout. During the fishing season numerous parties fish this lake and make fine hauls.

The red trout average from twelve to sixteen inches, and the grey trout from twenty to thirty inches in length. There is good accommodation at moderate rates at the west end of the lake.

We found the wolves numerous and destructive, and in addition to what we saw of these miserable brutes and their habits, we received much further testimony from the guides and settlers. The necessity for an increase in the bounty, so as to make it worth the while of both guides and settlers to spend time in hunting the wolves, was strongly impressed upon us.

One of our guides told us of an adventure he had last fall when a big timber wolf trailed him right to the vicinity of our camp. Whenever Joe stopped the wolf would sit on its haunches and snarl at him. As he had only three cartridges in his rifle, Joe was afraid to shoot. At length however he mustered up his courage and fired twice, and then, without waiting to see the result, he turned and ran for camp which he reached in safety.

The night when we were in camp the wolves came within one hundred feet of the buildings at midnight and howled so fiercely as to awaken us from sleep. Joe was frightened and springing for the door, placed a block of wood against it.

As we were awake and wolf stories were in order, the other guide told us that a fortnight before, when still hunting, he shot a doe when it was on the full run for the water. It was being chased by two wolves, and on going towards it the wolves wheeled and ran back.

If our time had not been so limited, and the calls of business so imperative, we would have had a wolf hunt, and made an attempt to rid the Province of a few of these pests. However we are hoping to again visit the locality ere long, and then, if circumstances will allow, we will have our revenge upon the wolves for disturbing our night's repose. Seriously however I believe there is more destruction of deer by wolves during the winter months than by all the hunters in the Province. It would be a wise action on the part of the Quebec Government to increase the bounty on wolves, and it would be one great means of assisting in the preservation of the game of the Province.



THE HON. DR. REAUME.

Minister of Public Works for Ontario, who has charge of the Fish and Game Interests of Ontario. [

Contrary to general expectation, the Legislature of Ontario adjourned without effecting any amendments of the Game Laws of the Province as recommended by the Ontario Game Commission. It was fairly well understood that the Government had several changes in view, and that Dr. Reaume had a measure in an advanced state of preparation. The pressure of Government work however in other directions was so great that time could not be found for this purpose. The work and the efforts of Dr. Reaume are not likely however to be wasted. As indicated in the last number of "Rod and Gun in Canada" the Executive of the Ontario Fish and Game Protection Association will supply all their branches with queries on the controversial points of fish and game protection now awaiting further legislative action. These branches will be asked to send a represen-

cative or representatives to a Provincial Conference to be held at Toronto in the fall at which all these points will be voted upon, these united expressions of the views of practical men being afterwards presented to the members of the Game Commission, and the Hon. Dr. Reaume, the Minister of Public Works for Ontario, who is in charge of the machinery for enforcing the provisions of the Act. In all probability an amending measure will be introduced into the Legislature next session by the Hon. Dr. Reaume, whose portrait we give above. The numerous sportsmen who visit Ontario every year to enjoy their vacation in one of its many sporting territories will be pleased to make the acquaintance in this way of the gentleman to whom is entrusted the working of the Act, upon the efficient carrying out of which so much of their sport and enjoyment depends.

## Carrying Firearms in Game Districts.

**T**HIS subject, like many others pertaining to game protection is one of continual interest, and it is one on which sportsmen are likely to differ widely for a long time to come. One of our valued correspondents (Mr. William Pratt, of Penetanguishene, whose letter we give below) appears to blame both "Rod and Gun in Canada" and the members of the Ontario Game Commission for not taking up a strong position on this subject. If we had had Mr. Pratt's unfortunate experience we might feel as keenly on the subject as he does.

As the Ontario Game Commissioners well put it, the first consideration for any new proposal is that it should be capable of being effectively enforced. We doubt whether, if even Mr. Pratt's suggestion is wise, it could be enforced.

We would also commend to our readers the following remarks by the Commissioners on "sportsmanlike" conduct:—

"Whether an action is sportsmanlike or not there is no certain test. The term "unsportsmanlike" is frequently used to express the dislike of an individual sportsman to practices which in other places and under other conditions are generally approved. What is regarded as "sportsmanlike" in one place is often strongly reprobated in another country, or even in another part of the same country."

Sportsmen can discuss all these matters good humoredly and without name calling. One man's experience differs widely from another's, and conditions in one part of the Province are totally at variance with those prevailing in another portion. What the Game Commissioners have to recommend, and what the Government has to consider before initiating legislation, is the good of the whole Province, and not any particular part; and for the Province we doubt if Mr. Pratt's proposal is practicable, even if advisable; and under the conditions of life in the northern portions of the Province we do not believe it to be advisable there. With these preliminary observations we give Mr. Pratt's letter, and shall be willing to find room for any other moderate expressions of opinion on the part of our readers:—

"A few numbers back you touched lightly, and with a good deal of uncertainty, the question of the prohibition of carrying fire arms in game haunts in the close seasons. The Game Commissioners also in their annual report, just to hand, take up the question in a manner that indicated uncertain knowledge, so that evidently a better understanding of the effects of indiscriminate and uncontrolled carrying of fire arms is to be desired. The Commissioners along with all others who desire effective laws for game preservation, cast about for various measures toward that end, but there is a vast difference in proposed regulations, and as might be expected, the less the practical experience of those proposing new laws, the less practical are their amendments.

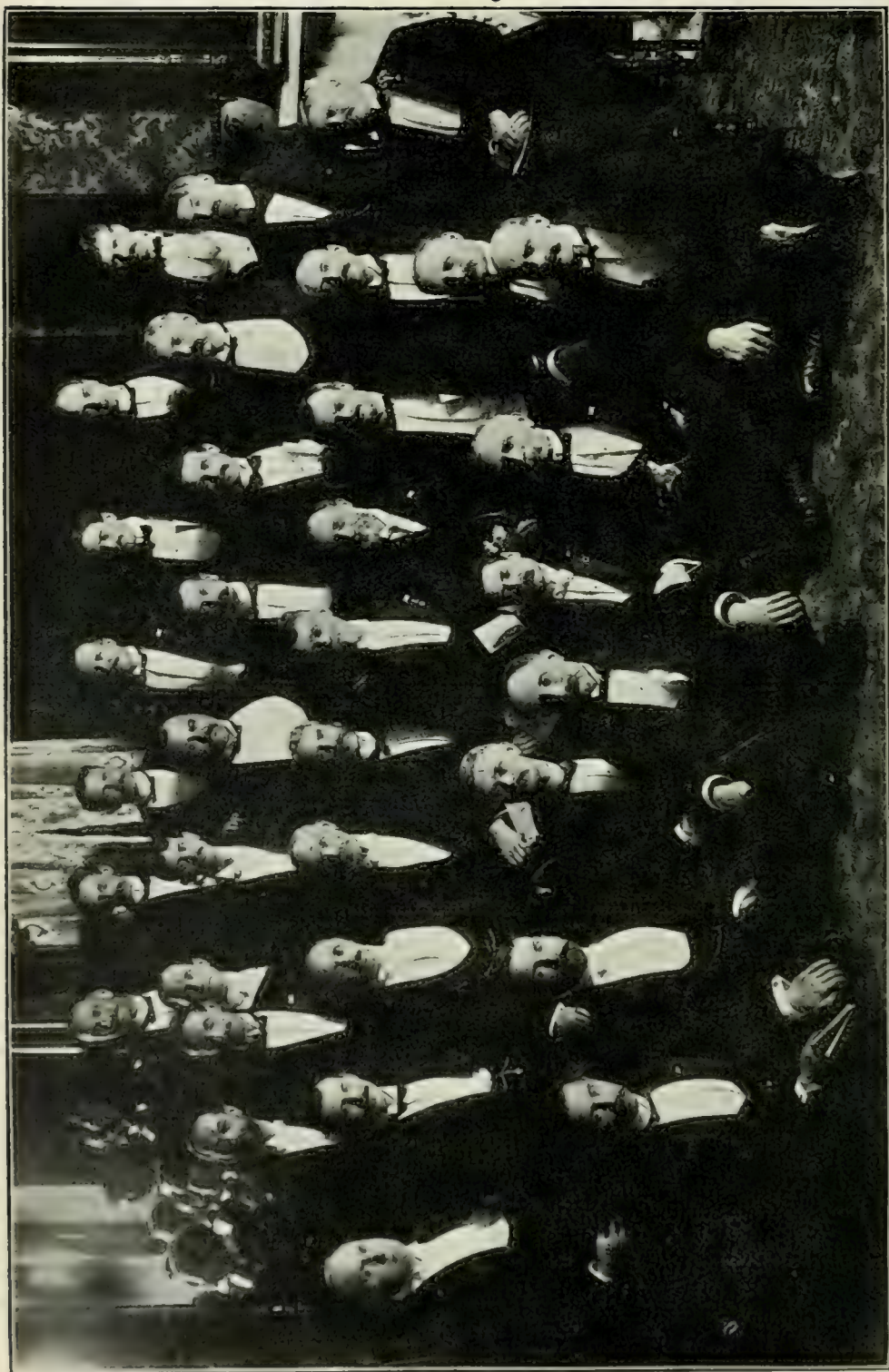
The Game Act as it now stands makes provision for restricting hounds running at large in deer country, and wisely so, but the wonder is that fire arms were not placed in the same category. Did any one ever hear of a deer being run down and killed by dogs? It is not impossible but highly improbable and certainly rare. On the other hand, and I wish to make this as strong as the English language is capable of presenting it, there are more deer shot in close season in this Province, than are killed in the legal way in open season, and all this awful destruction from allowing all and sundry to carry fire arms absolutely uncontrolled. It is not deer alone that suffer, but not a four footed animal, not a game bird, no not even our songsters, escape. What good purpose is served by allowing tourists, shantymen, holiday makers out of our cities, towns and villages, and others, to carry firearms at their sweet will and pleasure? What good end is reached? What ill effects would their prohibition bring about? Is it possible to say one word in argument of the present state of affairs.

If, Sir, "Rod and Gun in Canada" has a mission, surely it is in line with game preservation."

I remain, Yours truly,  
WM. PRATT,

Penetanguishene, April, 1906.





TORONTO CANOE CLUB OLD BOYS.

# The Toronto Canoe Club.

## Early History.

BY LOU E. MARSH.

**T**HE Toronto Canoe Club, like everything else worth while, had parents. It was born humbly and has achieved great heights in the world of acuquatics — the largest canoe club on earth — yet those who nursed and coddled it and organized canoeing on Toronto Bay in the early days, are men whom the paddlers of today are proud to acknowledge.

Mr. J. W. Bridgeman !

Mr. Robert Tyson !

Mr. Hugh Neilson !

Mr. F. M. Nicholson !

There are four names indelibly emblazoned on Toronto canoeing history. As long as blademen turn eddies on Toronto bay, so long will those four be remembered and revered. The other day I had a talk with several veteran members of the Toronto Canoe Club—W. H. Sparrow, John Muirhead, J. G. Ramsay and Geo. Howell.

I wanted an insight into the club's ancient history.

"Go and ask Mr. Neilson ; he is the father of the club" they replied with singular unanimity.

I did as I was advised, but I found Mr. Neilson too modest to accept the entire honor of founding the present superb organization. I, too found a man, who, though his hair and beard are silvered by time, is still full of activity. The recital of old time T. C. C. struggles on many waters stirred his blood, and his eyes snapped with the lust of keen competition. He drew word pictures of starts, in old-time championships, when the farthest man on the line was a quarter mile away from the chap on the pole, and once, even, he dropped upon one knee, and seizing a cane, or an umbrella—I dont know which, for his vivid description transformed it into a racing blade—he illustrated a new stroke that, backed by good Canuck muscle, sent a Peterboro' to the front, and brought a championship to the land of the Maple Leaf.

Hi ! Yah ! But those were the days when Canadian canoeing blood ran hot and Toronto's sturdy paddlers brought home lots of good Yankee silverware.

The Toronto Canoe Club was founded in Decemeber, 1880. There were just six present at the organization meeting, which was held at the Rossin House. Those six were Messrs. Neilson, Bridgeman, Tyson, Nicholson and two young men whose enthusiasm was not of so sufficiently sturdy a character as to mark itself upon the memory of Mr. Neilson.

Mr. Bridgeman was elected the Canoe Club's first Commodore, and his proud flotilla consisted of six canoes.

Canoe Club members now own over 300 canoes !

The first question of importance upon the horizon was a proposition to call the puny infant the Toronto Boating and Canoe Club, but Mr. Neilson protested and won the day, and the new club was labelled the Toronto Cance Club.

The Canoe Club's first quarters were in John Clendenning's boathouse at the foot of Lorne street. In those days the foot of Lorne street was the edge of the Bay. The first year the entire club space would just hold six canoes, but the club "grew like scandal," and the next year or so Clendenning built the organization its first club house. This tiny little structure could be tucked away in the present club's gymnasium. There were racks for 18 canoes, a locker room and a meeting room. No showers, gym, reading room, ladies' parlor, ball room, dinghy shelter, and no steward—just a bald little boat house, — but still she grew.

"We held official races from the first year of our existence," said Mr. Neilson.

"Who won ?" I enquired.

"Well around 1882 I used to win the handicap races" he laughed. "I used to arrange the handicaps" and Mr. Neilson went off into silent laughter as he recol-



lected the days when he used to "frame up" "soft spots" for himself.'

In those days combined sailing and paddling races were popular and Mr. Neilson used to fix 'em up so that there would be lots of difficult sailing in each event. Sailing was his stronghold and Mr. W. G. McKendrick, the asphalt contractor, relates with unction how Mr. Neilson would fix it so his paddling abilities would be over-matched by Mr. Neilson's sailing skill, and how the club's grandpa managed to get away with the majority of the prizes.

Mr. Colin Fraser, Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Tyson too took part in the racing, but Mr. Tyson was never enamoured with the paddling game. He liked sailing and his old friends in the game are never done relating tales of his inventiveness. He had new ideas for everything that related to sailing, from patent reefing gears, and telescoping masts, to sails of weird design. Those who are associated with Mr. Tyson even now remark his wonderful preference for nautical novelties—proas, catamarans, folding canvas boats—and are full of admiration for his nautical skill, knowledge and general handiness. He is now a member of the Queen City Yacht Club, and has attained much popularity among the young men by reason of the readiness with which he places his fund of knowledge and his manual skill at their service. To watch Mr. Tyson nurse his odd sailing craft out to windward is a treat to those who admire sailorly skill. He never loses an inch, as many a fresh tyro in a faster boat has discovered when he thrust a race upon this quiet veteran.

But to get back to matters more strictly canoeing:—

In 1882 the Torontos took a whirl at the American Canoe Association game. The championship meet was at Lake George and Messrs. Nicholson, Tyson, Neilson and Fiske Johnston went down. The first three were sailors and they were trimmed to the King's taste. Johnston did collect a couple of small prizes but what was more valuable he garnered much useful racing knowledge.

The next year the A.C.A. meet was held at Stoney Lake near Peterboro. Mr. Johnston's Lake George experience did him good and he proved himself to be the

speediest man on the lake. Mr. Neilson's opportunity came too in the sailing race. It blew half a gale, and the Toronto man with 100 pounds of shot in a big husky centreboard canoe, lugged through the race and won handily.

It was in 1884, however, that Johnston really came to the front. At the A.C.A. meet on Grindstone Island in the St. Lawrence he beat the best America had at any and every style of paddling. In these championship races Edwin Gould, the millionaire New Yorker, was a competitor. Any sort of paddling was allowed and double blades and single blades were mixed up promiscuously in a long line of starters. Gould used a double blade, and so did Johnston, but Johnston sat upon a box in his canoe, and getting full power behind each stroke, soon left his field astern. Johnston's magnificent performance woke paddlers up to the fact that Toronto was on the canoeing map, and hard on Johnston's heels came Rupert Muntz, Harry MacKendrick, D. B. Jacques, W. A. Leys, and they brought cup after cup and championship after championship to the "Red Ring" clubs. Jacques and Leys were the tandem champions of the continent, and the other pair held just about all the other championships.

In those days styles in paddling were as divergent as the types of canoes. Johnston was a powerful fellow and used his body on his blade. Harry MacKendrick was noted for his gracefulness. He originated paddling with only one knee down. In races he used to lash his upright knee to a thwart. He used his blade with a little rocking side motion that was a pleasure to look upon.

After these champions came a dozen good paddlers, whose names are still bright in the club's racing history — the McNichol Bros., Sylvester, and half a dozen others who bring us down to today and "Reg" Bloomfield, Bruce Ridpath, Gallow, Moody, Brent, Brown and the scores of good blade wielders who combine the spirit of competition with that of good fellowship, and help cement the club into what it is today—one of the most compact and popular aquatic organizations in the entire world.



# A Great Modern Boating Organization.

BY LOU E. MARSH



MR. WILLIAM McQUILLAN'S DINGHY

HOLDER OF THE BAILEY CUP AND TORONTO CANOE CLUB DINGHY CHAMPION

**T**HAT the Toronto Canoe Club is the premier canoeing organization in the world is an undisputed fact. The club has 600 members and those 600 members own 300 canoes, forty sailing dinghies, and a respectable little fleet of motor boats.

The Club's prestige at large was

made, and is being maintained, by the prowess and skill of its racing men, but its popularity in Toronto is due to the social position it occupies.

The Club, speaking socially, occupies a unique position in Toronto, by reason of the originality and variety of its entertainments. The "something doing" sig-

is practically nailed over the front door of the club. It is not like the majority of other aquatic clubs, which put up the shutters on Nov. 1 and hibernate until the May flowers are abloom. The club is just as much alive on New Year's day as it is in mid-July.

The Toronto Canoe Club's winter programme is a development of late years. Ten years ago a dance or two with a smoker and a dinner, the usual programme of any aquatic organization, served to keep the



MR. WILLIAM McQUILLAN.

members from falling away altogether in the winter months. Now the committee in charge in the winter and of the social side during the summer is of equal importance with that which handles the racing. In the summer time these twain toil hand in hand and things fairly sizzle with life around the clubhouse.

The winter programme of the club practically commences with the Hallowe'en frolic and the land marks are the Christmas tree, the watch night service New Year's eve, and the annual banquet, while interspersed at regular intervals are dances and smokers. Added to this are

Saturday night "snacks", a card or indoor sporting contest, which runs practically all season and skating and ice boating parties. During the past couple of seasons club members have developed a mania for skate sailing and any fine Saturday afternoon when the ice was clear and the wind good the Bay was freckled with skate sailors, the majority of whom were members of the Toronto Canoe Club and their friends.

In addition numerous hockey matches between scratch teams are pulled off and the boys have even introduced indoor baseball out of doors on the ice. Some of the players wear skates and some flounder around in leather foot gear. One afternoon the game was played on the snow covered ice and the outfielders wore skis, snow shoes or hip rubber boots.

In the summer time the club holds at homes on regatta and other race days, picnics in the war canoes up the Humber or across to the Island, club cruises for supper at some of the near by summer resorts with a baseball game after the meal. In the fall the athletic event par excellence is the annual battle between two Rugby teams. The players wear everything from suits of oilskin to swimming costumes plus a pair of knickers and the trick plays they have evolved under the Burnside rules have put kinks in the locks of the Thrift Burnside and made Rev. A. F. Barr, Thrifts collaborator, sigh for a missionary berth in Mongolia.

In racing circles the Toronto Canoe Club has had its ups and down. The strongest club in the northern division numerically and in sporting spirit the "Red Totem" insignia was always athwart the chest of a doughty antagonist, be the contest one for fours at a mile or a hurry-scurry. The club was always strong at the American Canoe Association meets, and, that the T. C. C. boys were there with the goods is evidenced by the array of A. C. A. shields around the clubhouse. Every championship in the A.C.A. has at one time or another been held by the "Red Totem" club. Eight years ago the T.C.C. was in its racing prime. Those were the days in which the McNichol Bros. came to the front and started in to clean up the silverware. They were sturdily backed up by half a dozen good men and

when war canoe racing became the thing the T.C.C. crew trimmed up the best of them. During the past three or four years the club has been dropping back a bit, and wins were not so frequent, but last year Reg. Blomfield, the "wizard of the canoe" brought back some of the club's lost laurels and the club too had a fours that passed the flag in front often enough to be considered the best in the north.

This year the old time racing fever has broken forth and with the prospect of red hot competition from the Island Aquatics and the Parkdales the Toronto Canoe Club men are working as they have not worked for years. The men have been taking their medicine and acquiring useful knowledge in the hard school of experience and are about due to climb out into the calcium which ever envelops champions.

The Club is sending Blomfield's four south to meet the great Tacoma fours in July for the International championship and the club will be found well represented at the Canadian Henley canoe events.

Though a canoeing organization the Toronto Canoe Club has the finest fleet of sailing dinghies on the Lakes and numbers among its members four or five of the best dinghy sailors in Toronto. The club has about 40 dinghies and 26 or 28 of them try the racing game. The club runs two series of sailing races and these events excite as much interest as do the paddling races.

The best sailing man the canoe club has is Wm. McQuillan, who has twice won the championship. He is not only the best man the T.C.C. has but he is right up among the top notchers on the Lake. The only man who consistently trims McQuillan is Frank Howard the Queen City yacht club crack. McQuillan and Norman R. Gooderham of the R.C.Y.C. put up a great race when they couple up.

In W. H. Sparrow the canoe club has another grand small boat sailor and right on his heels are such good ones as Ernie Tyrrell, R. Bertram, Avern Pardoe, Geo. Beswick and a couple of others who make McQuillan do his prettiest to beat them out.

The Toronto Canoe Club is just about ready for a new club house. They have added and remodelled in order to provide

for their heavy membership, but still it grows and though the Club has a fair amount of accommodation now it will not be long before they will have to open negotiations with an architect. The character of the club membership is responsible for this. Fully 90 per cent. of the members are truly active members and utilize the club summer and winter



MR. J. HUGH WEIR OF HAMILTON

A veteran Lake Ontario sailor, is known from Snake Island to Burlington Piers, as one of the trickiest stick handlers in the business. He is as good in a sixteen foot skiff as he is in a Canada cup boat, and has both built and sailed Canada Cup candidates. He comes of a sailing family, and has a reputation for hard driving when slugging through is necessary to win. He is a good disciplinarian and has taught many Hamilton youngsters when and how to reel the canoes with which to woo the Goddess of Victory.



# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## The Montreal Show

The Montreal Arena, which has resounded to the trills of the greatest contraltos, the "bow-wow" of canine aristocracy, and the neighing of blue blooded horses, to say nothing of the shouts of the wildly enthusiastic hockey crowds, added the "honk-honk" of the benzine buggy to its list of characteristic noises on April 21. On that date Montreal inaugurated its first automobile and motor boat show. It continued for a week, and was from the point of view of the Montreal automobile man a hit of the most pronounced character. Despite the fact that the Montreal Arena lends itself more readily to a show of this character than does the Granite Rink, Toronto, and that 26,000 people visited the Show, the exhibition was not as good a one as that in Toronto, if one judges from business results.

The buying was not nearly so brisk as it was at the Toronto Show, and sales are what make a permanent impression.

To those Toronto enthusiasts who visited the Montreal Show it was patent that the auto epidemic has not reached the same virulence as it has in Toronto. Toronto had autos before Montreal, and in addition Toronto has natural advantages which count heavily in the advancement of the business. Toronto's streets present no obstacle to any car, while in Montreal the hills are too steep, and the grades too heavy to permit of the satisfactory use of a light single cylinder car. It is the small cars that build up the business. They attract the man of moderate means who cannot afford to take a plunge on a \$400 or \$500 car at the outset, and the successful operation of a small car puts him in line for a heavier and more costly one.

In Montreal a car under 12-16 horse power is hardly a satisfactory investment. One powered at the 20-21 mark is about right for use in Montreal, and will take

almost any of the hills there without undue labor.

To get back to the show however Manager R. M. Jaffray had almost half a hundred good cars on exhibition but he fell down on auto boats, though by the same token the Toronto Show had nothing to boast about in the same Department as far as numbers were concerned. Toronto had four boats, but Montreal had only one and that did not arrive until late. The exhibit included nineteen English cars.

The autos on display included the Canadian cars Russell, Ford and Packard; the United States Winton, Peerless, Pope-Tolledo, Waverley Electric, Oldsmobile, Cadillac; the French Clermont-Bayard, Panhard, De Dion - Buton, Darracq; the Italian F. I. A. T.; while the English manufacturers were represented by Daimler, Argyle, and several other cars.

The accessories were about on a par with those at the Toronto Show, but this portion of the show was strengthened by an English exhibit. A feature of the Show was the exhibition of half a dozen freak idea motor bicycles.

Motor boat engines formed a fairly strong exhibit. The Defiance Engine Co., of Chatham, made a hit, and the Buffalo engine attracted much attention. A couple of local firms also showed up with engines that were well worthy of attention.

The Show was not particularly well patronized on the opening day, but on Monday the people attended with a rush, and the interest continued all the week. On April 23rd the Automobile Club of Canada visited the Arena in a body. They were headed by Mr. A. J. Davis, the President and all were enthusiastic over the Exhibition. They predicted that in future years Canadian autoists will be content with their own shows and not bother about those of New York and Boston.

The sales of Russell cars were particu-

larly gratifying in view of the fact that these cars are "made in Canada" and had to compete against some of the best cars in the world. Twelve Russells were sold before the Show was over, and many more "good prospects" came to a head very shortly afterwards. Fords too had an excellent run, and the little car found favor because of its general utility and its reputation for reliability.

### Two Good Stories

Ottawa motorists are telling a couple of good stories on one of her known "devil wagon" devotees—a Mr. S——d. This gentleman's hearing is not of the best, and one day his fellow motorists stole the reed out of his horn. For six weeks he religiously squeezed the bulb every time he drove his car, and anything obstructed him or anyone was apparently endangered. The comedy was played to the intense joy of his comrades of the choo-choo until Mr. S——d narrowly escaped running down a woman. He stopped at once, and went gallantly back to the affrighted female who angrily accused him of failing to give her warning. "I sounded my horn half a dozen times like this ——", said Mr. S——d, squeezing the bulb.

No sound came therefrom, and Mr. S——d could do no more than offer the most ample apologies and forthwith purchase a new alarm.

One day last fall while out on a jaunt one of the boys came back to the party with a hatful of eggs he had purloined. His companions considered his feat a great jest but balked on eating them. They were in a quandary until Mr. S——d turned chef. He set his little single cylinder racing until the water in the cooler was boiling. Then he took the top off and dropped the hen fruit in——

Good stories—if they are true.

### The Responsibility of a Motorist

To a somewhat less degree than the locomotive engineer, the user of the public highways has a right to assume that the road is clear, or that if obstructions exist due warning shall be given of them. But it is well known that even on the best-conducted railways obstructions are sometimes found to exist, with the result that

accidents frequently occur and lives are lost. Therefore, the engineer is constantly on the lookout, ready to throttle, reverse and whistle "down brakes" in the effort to escape the consequences of negligence, carelessness or worse on the part of others. Much more should the traveller upon the public road take heed of the obstacles that may rise in his path.

Railway crossings, draw-bridges and roads with sharp turns and steep hills should be watched carefully and the car kept under perfect control. Taking things for granted—"guessing" that everything is all right—is risky business. It is far better to lose a few seconds to render assurance doubly sure than to court disaster.

### An English Authority on Auto Questions

In England, as in Canada, they are discussing automobile legislation, and a contribution to the subject by Mr. Henry Norman, a noted traveller, automobilist, and writer, and one of the members representing the large and industrial city of Wolverhampton in the British House of Commons, may be recommended to the consideration of all concerned. Mr. Norman starts with the undoubted statement of fact, already reiterated in these pages, that automobiles have come to stay. It seems necessary to repeat what is almost a truism, as many people, even including some legislators, appear to fancy that they can kill the movement. No greater delusion was ever cherished on the part of anyone. Mr. Norman briefly reviews the progress made in locomotion in the past and has no difficulty in showing how every step was vainly opposed, only to be approved later on, in sheer wonderment that anyone could have been found so foolish as to imagine the course of the world could be stayed for their prejudices. Particularly is this the case with railways, while long ago public opinion has swung round to the other extreme, and we all know how much Canadian progress would have been hindered but for improvements in travel. One need lay no claim to prophetic vision to predict a similar revolution in public opinion with regard to automobiles before many years have passed over our heads.

On the speed question, Mr. Norman

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goes to the root of the matter. He would fix no limit, holding that "the motorist has exactly the same duty towards his fellow men as have all other members of society. There is no need whatever to devise an artificial and fanciful code for him." The law he would lay down is brief but inclusive and really sums up the whole duty of those who use the public roads. "Whenever, wherever, and however you are driving, you must drive to the safety of all users of the roads." This is all that can be required of motorists or anyone else, but nothing less should be taken. To lay down a speed limit but too often means that the motorist will drive up to that limit, which said limit may be dangerous under certain circumstances, and unnecessarily and foolishly restrictive in others. This appears to be the true position to take up, and is no doubt the one at which we shall eventually arrive.

The other points upon which Mr. Norman lays stress are the necessity for passing an examination for all drivers before they are permitted to drive, and a graduated tax based upon horse power, for

all vehicles. Upon both of these points there should be pretty general agreement, particularly if, as Mr. Norman advocates, the whole proceeds of the tax were earmarked for expenditure on the roads.

#### Novel Contests

True to their reputation the Americans are promoting novel contests, no less than fourteen being scheduled to take place at Yonkers, N.Y., one being to start cars on low speed ten yards from a sand pit in which the depth increases gradually, the award being for distance. In an efficiency test cars will be supplied with one pint of gasoline, and will travel as far as power permits. Prizes will be given for cars covering two hundred yards from standing start on high gear carrying pails filled with water on any part of the car floor selected by the owner with the least water spilled. Although these and all the other contests are novel, there is method in them, and they are calculated to test and prove the usefulness and reliability, under most trying circumstances, of the cars.



While on this subject mention may be made of a contest arranged by the Chaffeurs League in Paris. In order to test the value of the different kinds of motor car springs, a vessel containing milk is to be carried by each car and the race is arranged to be run over rough roads in a given time. The chaffeur who arrives at the end of the course with the most milk will be given a silver medal — and he should deserve it too.

#### **Drastic Regulations**

The committee of the Ontario Legislature charged with the duty of preparing the new bill dealing with motor regulations in the Province showed themselves distinctly hostile to the new vehicles. So far as prohibiting racing on the public roads, providing heavy fines for offenders, and reasonable means for identification, the committee would have had no difficulty in carrying public opinion with them. They however spoiled what would have been good regulations by insisting upon unreasonable ones, and the only consolation is that time and experience will prove their utter futility.

#### **Boycotting Ontario**

Possibly owing to this unfriendly feeling on the part of the Ontario people, a fine auto tour of the Glidden Club of New York, through the Province has been partially if not wholly abandoned. This organisation, which numbers nearly five hundred autos, had intended to leave Buffalo on July 23rd, visiting Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, returning via Maine, making a splendid tour of some 1,500 miles. By the new route only Montreal, Three Rivers and Quebec will be visited in Canada. Many American automobilists were opposed to coming to Canada at all, and this decision to give Ontario the cold shoulder should open the eyes of some people to their folly. Such a party would have left much money in the Province, and done a great deal of good to many people. In the Province of Quebec apparently they are more liberal. By the new itinerary a couple of weeks will be occupied, and a trophy will be awarded to the car showing the greatest efficiency and freedom from car trouble.

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# 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

LOU. E.  
MARSH

## Racing Programme Q. C. Y. C.

May 24—Dinghy class, 16 foot Knockabout Class.

May 26—16 foot Class; First Class.

June 2—Special Class; Dinghy Class.

June 9—16 foot Class; Mackinaw Class.

June 16—16 foot Knockabout Class; Dinghy Class.

June 23—Special Class; First Class.

June 30—Cruising race, all classes.

July 2—L.S.S.A. Regatta, R. H. Y. C. Hamilton.

July 7—16 foot Class; Dinghy Class.

July 14—16 foot Knockabout Class; Mackinaw Class.

July 21—Special Class; First Class; Dinghy Class.

July 28—16 foot class.

Aug. 4—Dinghy Cruising Race.

Aug. 18—16 foot class.

Aug. 25—Mackinaw Class; Special class; First Class.

Sept. 1—Cruising Race, all classes.

Sept. 8—16 foot Knockabout Class; 16 foot class; Dinghy Class.

Sept. 15—Club Regatta.

Sept. 22—Mackinaw Class; Special Class; First Class.

## CUPS AND FLAGS.

Club Cups will be awarded the Yacht or Skiff making the best average in her class.

Frederic Nicholls Cup, First Class.

Tupper Cup—First Class.

Smith Cup—16 Foot Skiff Class.

Dodd Cup—Special Class.

World Cup—Mackinaw Class.

Commeford Cup—Dinghies

Prize Flags will be awarded the winners in each race

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cept Dinghies and Motor Boats, for the highest average during season.

## A Motor Boat Programme

Here is the first regular season's racing programme for motor boats ever issued by a club in Canada—that of the Queen City Yacht Club of Toronto:—

June 2—18 ft.; June 9, 25 ft.; June 16, 30 ft.; June 23, 22 ft.; June 30, Cruise to Hamilton for L.S.S.A. Regatta, July 2, 1906; July 7, 18 ft.; July 14, 22 ft.; July 21, 25 ft.; July 28, 30 ft.; Aug. 4, Cruising Race; Aug. 11, 25 ft.; Aug. 18, 22 ft.; Aug. 25, 30 ft.; Sept. 1, Cruising Race; Sept. 8, 18 ft.

The classification and rules under which the races are held follow:—

18 ft. class, L.O.A. 18 ft., Min. Beam at L.W.L. 4 ft 8 in., H. P. 3.

22 ft class, L.O.A. 22 ft, Min. beam at L.W.L. 4 ft 8 in., H. P. 3.

25 ft. class, L.O.A., 25 ft, Min. beam at L.W.L. 5 ft. 9 in. H. P. 10.

30 ft. class, L.O.A. 30 ft., Min. beam at L.W.L. 6 ft. 2 in., H.P. 15.

40 ft. class, L.O.A. 40 ft.

Shall any boat built or being constructed prior to April 1st, 1906, exceed the overall length of her class by not more than 6 inches, the same will not bar her from competing in that class.

The beam of a boat shall be completed at a point 6-10 of the overall length, measured from the bow.

All boats will be given a number by the measurer which must be at least 12 inches in length and be displayed on both sides of the boat while racing.

Steam boat regulations to govern.

J. W. Commeford, the honorary measurer of the club, has donated championship flags for all the classes.

### Treating at the R. C. Y. C.

The anti-treating resolution offered by J. E. Robertson of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto, which was considered to have crystallized in the mind of Mr. J. K. McNaught, M.P.P., of Toronto the idea of his anti-treating bill introduced in the Ontario Legislature, was snowed under when it was put to a vote at the annual meeting of the club. The officers for the ensuing year are as follows:—

Commodore—Dr. A. A. Macdonald (acclamation.)

Vice-Commodore—Frederic Nicholls (acclamation.)

Rear-Commodore—J. J. Kenney (acclamation.)

Hon. Treasurer—L. S. McMurray (acclamation.)

Executive Committee — Messrs. Brush, Pearson, McMurray, Staunton, Johnston, Polson, C. A. R. Brown, Dr. Riordan, ex-Commodore Haas, and ex-Commodore Jarvis.

### Stevens on Coaching Ottawa

Charlie Stevenson, the veteran oarsman, coach and trainer, will have charge of the Ottawa oarsmen this year. Stephenson's record both as a sculler and a coach are well known among English speaking oarsmen. Stephenson came from Harvard University to Ottawa. He has been coaching the Harvard eight all spring. As a sculler he went up against the best men in America, England, Australia and New Zealand and since he has been in the tutoring game he has trained several top-notch crews in England. In America the Argonauts of Toronto, the Detroit Rowing Club and the Vancouver Rowing Club crews have all been under Stevenson's watchful eye. Jimmy Rice who was with Ottawa last year and who is now training the Torontos recommended Stephenson. Stephenson took charge of the Ottawa crews on June 1st.

### The Victoria Yacht Club. Ottawa

The popular Toronto sailing dinghy has gained a strong foothold in the Victoria Yacht Club of Ottawa, and the club's course at Lake Deschenes will be the scene of some hot contests this year for the H.

Burks & Sons Cup for the class. Nearly all the boats in all classes destroyed in the club house fire last fall have been replaced and many new ones have been added to the fleet. The new club house has been practically completed. It contains 20 rooms for members who desire to live out at the clubhouse during the summer. The 1906 officers are:—

Hon. Commodore—G. H. Millen.

Hon. Vice-commodore—Geo. Burn.

Commodore—G. H. Rogers.

Rear-Commodore—W. R. Baker.

Auditors—Geo. Ross, L. Jarvis.

Directors—Messrs. E. T. B. Gillmore, D.E. Johnson, Dr. McElhinney, E. A. Oliver, D. F. Blyth, S. McClenaghan, C. C. Smith, Blyth Beattie.

### Ottawa Gets C. C. A. Meet

The Rideau Canoe Club of Ottawa, the baby aquatic organization of the Capital City, will control the Canadian Canoe Association Regatta this year. They won the meet from the Massawippis of Sherbrooke, the Carlton Place Club, and the Britannias of Ottawa. Ottawa was entitled to the meet. The two outside clubs were easily disposed of, though the Britannias were pretty strong, but when they found the sentiment of the meeting was in favor of the Rideaus they gracefully dropped out and made the choice unanimous. The race will be held at the Aylmer Yacht Club course. The Island Aquatic Association of Toronto, Smith's Falls, Carleton Place, Massawippi of Sherbrooke and Victorias of Aylmer were admitted to membership. The Association is gaining strength rapidly. A proposition for a permanent course was turned down by the meeting. The election of officers resulted:—

Commodore—W. R. Kennedy.

Rear-Commodore—Dr. O. K. Gibson.

Secretary-Treasurer—W. E. Gowling.

Executive—Jos. Johnston, St. Stephens; C. R. Johnston, New Edinburgh; E. R. McNeill, Brits; W. J. Whight, St. John's; H. C. Gourne, St. Lambert; M. W. Mitchell, Sherbrooke; Douglas, Smith's Falls; H. C. Wade, Toronto Island; G. R. Gray, Longueuil; E. A. Oliver, Victoria Y. C.; W. J. McDermott, Carleton Place.



### Parkdale to the Front

This new Parkdale Canoe Club of Toronto is going to make a splash in canoeing circles. A year ago the organization was unknown, now it has over a hundred members, club quarters at Meyer's pavilion on Humber Bay, has purchased a Dean war canoe and two racing fours, and even contemplates application for membership in the American Canoe Association and the Lake Sailing Skiff Association. The club too is a power in municipal politics. They rose to the emergency in grand style when the city proposed to empty a sewer into the club's parade ground, the Humber Bay. They are conducting a red hot opposition. The club is going in strong for the racing game and is looking forward to a clubhouse of its own.

### The Fours Championship

One of the most important races in the Toronto Canoe Club programme this year is a race for the international four championship. The race will be paddled at Pittsburg on July 4. The challenging club is the Tacoma Canoe Club which has the strongest four in the United States. Reg Blomfield's four will be sent down to represent the "Red Ring" and they should just about lead the Tacomas home.

### Hamilton Oarsmen Have Revived

The awakening of the rowing interest in Hamilton foreshadowed in last month's "Rod and Gun in Canada" looks like a permanency. A membership of one hundred has already been reached and over a thousand dollars raised by subscription. The committee of reorganization is hustling to make it \$1500 and with such a bundle of the sinews of war they expect to make a real splurge this summer. Quarters have been secured and three working fours purchased.

These are the men who are officially responsible this summer:—

Hon.-President—J. W. Lamoreaux.

Hon. Vice President—Robt. Hobson.

President—R. T. Steele.

Vice-President and Captain—D. M. Cam-

Secretary—Alex. McKenzie.

Treasurer—S. S. DuMoulin.

Assistant Treasurer—Jack Ramsay.

House Committee—N. J. Boyd, B. O. Hooper, J. W. McAllister.

Advisory Board—S. C. Mewburn, W. W. Osborne and R. H. Labatt.

### Versatility at Montreal

The Cartierville Boating Club of Montreal is neglecting no department of the aquatic game this year. They will have illuminated boat parades, motor, paddling and rowing races to say nothing of weekly dances and picnics. The club's 1906 officers are:—

President, T. Sonne, re-elected; vice-president, Harvey Roy; Secretary, F. B. Brown; treasurer, E. Drolet.

Executive committee, J. A. Bremner, G. E. Radford, F. W. Hamilton, E. W. Barlow and W. P. McKeddie.

The board of directors is composed of the following: T. Sonne, E. Drolet, E. W. Barlow, J. A. Bremner, J. Harvey Roy, Ls. Madore, Rod Madore, I. Meunier, Vict. Pelletier and Louis Boyer.

### Argos Grand Henley Eight

If beef and brawn will win the Grand Challenge Shield at the English Henley the Argos of Toronto should be considered as having the shield nailed to the wall. They are this year taking over the huskiest crew which ever competed in that historic race. Argos will average 183 pounds this year. The best previous average of any crew was 177 pounds. That was the figure reached by the Cornell crew. The English crews seldom average above 172 pounds. Don Mackenzie who stands 6 feet 3½ inches in his socks is the baby of the crew. He weighs 170 pounds in Adam's costume. Austin Fellowes, the giant of the crew, 6 feet 5 inches in height and weighs 260 even. The crew is remarkable for its height. Only two men fail to beat the six foot mark while there are ten in at 6 feet 4 inches to say nothing of Fellowes 6 feet 5 inches of bone and sinew.

The weights and heights of the crew follow:—

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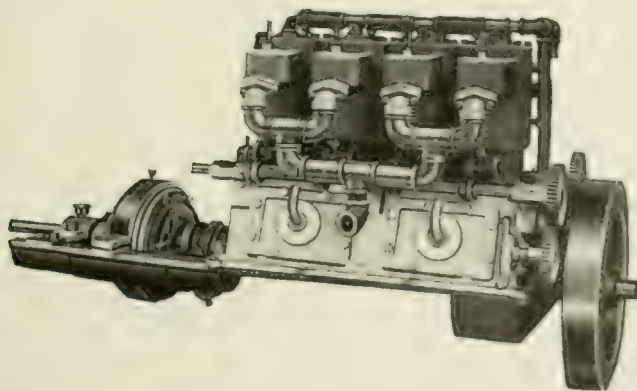


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TORONTO, ONT.

Name	Position	Height	Weight
"Pud" Kent	Bow	6.00	177
"Don" Mackenzie	No. 7	6.03½	170
"Phil" Boyd	No. 6	6.00	181
"Tiny" Fellowes	No. 5	6.05	200
"Jack" Walsh	No. 4	6.04	189
J. Grubbe	No. 3	6.04	175
"Jim" Mackenzie	No. 2	6.01	178
"Joe" Wright	stroke	6.01½	191
Julius Thompson	sub	6.01	165

## Winnipeg Senior Eight

They leave on June 9. Thompson, the substitute, has been rowing in the boat all spring, while Joe Wright was coaching from outside the boat. Wright after licking team work and style into the crew stepped into the boat early in May and has kept them going hard all month.

"Pud" Kent, who has been in Winnipeg for two years, returned at the same time and took the place of Cochrane, who was "subbing" for him in the preliminary work. Kent was only six pounds over weight when he arrived. Jack Walsh, who was in New York all winter was an unexpected acquisition. He too landed with the May flowers and is in grand shape.

The crew has made some record breaking trials already and the Club is bubbling over with enthusiasm at the outlook. Advices from England say that the English crews are having an off year and that the Canuck eight has a grand chance.

Ishaw! This "off year" canard has been passed out every year Argos looked dangerous. The chappies over 'ome are seeking a soft place to fall on. At least that is the construction placed on the yarn.

Winnipeg rowing men consider that a \$15,000 club house deserves a suitable athletic complement, and they have in training a senior eight for the Canadian Henley and the American regattas. As a nucleus for this eight they have last year's great senior four and an additional inducement is the fact that the James Bay crew of New Westminster and Vancouver has expressed its intention of competing at the Canadian Henley. An attempt which seems likely to meet with ultimate success is being made to revive the old Northwestern Rowing Association. The 'Peg Club is taking the initiative and has communicated with the Duluth and St. Paul's clubs. They would like to see a revival of the old rivalry.

## A Fine Motor

While the demand for motors has grown in a most wonderful manner, it appears likely that the calls for them will be even greater in the future. No one who considers the subject for a few moments can wonder at this position of affairs. The motor is so compact, so easy to work, saves so much labor, and gives such thorough enjoyment, that a boat without a motor will soon become obsolete. Any owner can speedily learn how to work his motor, and the possibilities of pleasure from his boat when so fitted up are increased to an infinite extent. No one who has once had a motor boat would ever be without one again if he could help



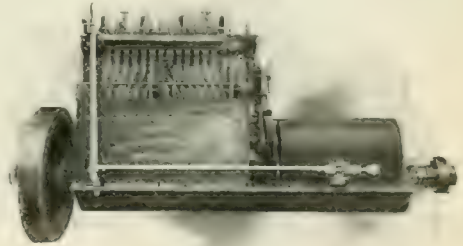
it. The knowledge of power it gives him, the increased speed, the perfect control, and the ease of working are all factors that add to the pleasures of his outings, and increase the delight he takes in his boat.

For these pleasures to be tasted in perfection a reliable motor is essential. There are many motors and many good ones, and one of the best in every sense of that much abused word, is that manufactured by the Buffalo Gasolene Motor Co., of Buffalo, N. Y. Although only eight years old the Company has met with so much success that three enlargements of their works have proved necessary, and a fourth and much larger one is now under consideration. Although this will double their capacity, there are already indications that these extensions will be none too large.

These facts are in themselves pretty strong evidences of the excellence of the motors made by the Company. They have adopted a principle and worked at it until they have come as near perfection as it is possible to achieve on this mundane sphere. All their motors are of the four cycle type, two cylinder, up to and including seven and a half horse power, and four cylinder ten horse power and over. The Buffalo is a medium weight motor specially designed to secure strength without undue weight, and embodying every feature common to the best engines of the day, while also including several peculiar to itself. The very best of materials are used, and all parts being interchangeable a worn or broken part can be easily replaced. The Company indeed set themselves to manufacture instead of to build motors with the result that their motors are compact, and the strongest medium weight gasoline engine that the most modern mechanics have developed up to the present time. Simplicity and ease of access to every part have been kept in view throughout construction with the result that the motor is easy to operate, and any part can be removed without disturbing the other parts. All parts such as propeller, etc., are furnished complete with the motors, while economy in fuel from its use is also a great consideration. The motors are equipped with either the make and break, or jump spark ignition at the option of the

purchaser. The speed can be changed instantly at the will of the operator.

As might be expected, in Canada, where motor boat developments have gone forward with extraordinary rapidity, the Buffalo motor is well and favorably known, and as its users are its strongest advocates and its warmest friends, there is little doubt it will make as rapid strides proportionately in the Dominion as in the States. Efficiency is bound to succeed anywhere, but if such may be said to be the fact in one instance over all others, it is certainly the case with motors upon which



THE BUFFALO MARINE MOTOR.

at times so much may depend. The value of a boat is multiplied indefinitely when it has a good motor, and with the Buffalo motor any boat owner may rely upon one that is not going to fail him. Every motor sent out by the Company is guaranteed for one year—a big undertaking when it is carried out in the large number of cases in which they are interested and showing strong confidence in their own manufactured article. Their many satisfied customers say that this confidence is not misplaced, and that any boat owner may be sure of the best motor if he installs a Buffalo in his boat.

There are it is stated many Buffalos in use in Canada, and exhibitions at both the Montreal and Toronto shows attracted much attention to them, and increased their reputation and the knowledge of the Buffalo throughout Canada.

The same firm make a centrifugal pump which they claim will do more work in a given time and at a less cost than any other outfit of its kind on the market today.



A PORTION OF ROBERTSON BROS.' SHIPBUILDING YARD.

## Canadian Motor Boats.

### A Fine Hamilton Industry.

**R**OBERTSON BROS.' ship yard, a portion of which is shown in our illustration, has been in operation at the foot of Bay street, Hamilton, since 1860.

The present proprietors, Robertson Bros., have each year on the stocks, one or more vessels of considerable proportions, but since the building of large wooden vessels went out of fashion, fifteen years ago, they have devoted their time to the building of yachts and steamers of the smaller class from 50 to 100 feet in length. In their yard are wintered annually twenty to thirty craft of various sizes and descriptions, among which may be seen several gasoline launches and steamers.

Since the advent of the motor boat the plant, which is admirably adapted for this line, has been operated almost exclusively in turning out launches. The firm issues annually a handsome catalogue illustrating the various styles and sizes of launches which they carry in stock.

The first consideration, when designing a boat of any description, is the service for which she is intended; from this knowledge the proportional dimensions of the boat to be built are determined. It will be seen by examining the various drawings in their catalogue, illustrating details of construction, that more of ship con-

struction has been worked into the hull than is generally found in launch building. The arrangement of kelsons, stringers, clamps, etc., and the frames—running in one length from gunwale to gunwale all combine to make a strong and light hull. The distribution of butts in planking is also well looked after and in the smaller sizes the planking has no butts, each streak being in one length.

In designing their stock launches this firm has succeeded in turning out a form of hull which partakes in varying degrees of the qualities of both the older or ship model and the popular torpedo boat form of stern.

The compromise form illustrated in their catalogue has been declared by users of Robertson's boats to be unequalled for carrying capacity and when equipped with suitable power to compare favorably in speed with semi-racers of the same dimensions and power which do not carry half the load. This form of stern does not squat or draw down by the action of the propeller as does the counter or ship-formed stern, nor is the boat constructed with this form of stern uneasy in a seaway. On the other hand the large amount of nearly flat horizontal surface in the popular torpedo boat form renders a boat of this



A SHIP ON THE WAY READY FOR PLANKING

description very uneasy in a seaway and often results in severe pounding.

The demand for gasoline launches of from sixteen to forty feet in length has for the past three years taxed the capacity of the plant for six or seven months of each year, but the firm finds time to

attend to a large amount of repair work besides building one or more craft of larger dimensions. Their marine railway is constantly in use during the boating season.

Anyone interested in Motor Boats would do well to send for Robertson Bros.' catalogues



ONE OF THE FIRM'S MOTOR LAUNCHES



# OUR MEDICINE BAG

We are delighted that our judgment in selecting and making a leading feature in the April issue of "Rod and Gun in Canada" of the poem "The Best Old Dog in the Land," has been so widely and generally appreciated by our readers. It is a long time since such a wide, and indeed unanimous endorsement of any contribution to our pages has found such enthusiastic expression. The poem has been read, quoted, cried over, and (with our permission) reproduced, and it is reasonably certain that it will find its way to every corner of the world where the English language is spoken or any English readers are to be found. The reason for all this is obvious. The Rev. C. F. Yates possesses the true poetic faculty, which enables him to give expression to what we all feel, and we are all indebted to him for giving utterance in such noble words and high sentiments to some of the best of our thoughts and feelings. This is the mission of the poet, and in proportion as he does this he achieves success in his high calling. Every fine piece of poetry touches us in some of our better feelings, and it is in this way we distinguish true poetry from the mere jingles which only play upon words. Everything from the pen of the Rev. C. F. Yates moves a chord of our finer sentiments, and we are fortunate in numbering amongst our contributors a poet whose work appeals to those higher feelings to which true sportsmen, spending much of their time amidst Nature's wonders, are ever ready to respond.

His Royal Highness, Prince Arthur of Connaught, before leaving Vancouver Island had some excellent sport at Cowichan Lake and rapids, particularly in the headwaters of the river. The Prince gave a college yell as he got his first strike and afterwards had two trout rise to his flies; he hooked them, but in the exciting fight that followed they were too much for him. Upon winding up his line he found that

one had disappeared. He captured two more after that and had very many strikes. The other members of the party were successful and returned with full baskets. The Prince agreed that the fishing was ideal. It is needless to say that the party was well treated and found that, even without their fishermen's appetites, the spread that had been made ready for them on their return at the end of twenty miles of rough travel would have tempted anybody. On the second day the Prince's party was again successful. In all the Prince caught twelve of as fine trout as anybody could wish to carry home. The "Cowichan" fly, which is a good local fly and little known outside of the Island of Vancouver, proved to be the favorite. The Cowichan Lake, River and summer resort made many friends through this trip. The weather was not good, but nobody thought of that. Expert Indian paddlers gave the party a magnificent canoe trip, full of excitement from start to finish, through the most beautiful scenery. Vancouver Island both for fishing and shooting, offers very many attractions.

Any Fish or Hunt Club requiring a guardian or warden can hear of a man who has had Canadian, English, American, and Australian experience by addressing John Hope, 124 Lyon St., Ottawa. Mr. Hope is a good shot, a good fisherman, with an excellent knowledge of boats; and as his wife is a good cook, and both have the best of testimonials, they would make ideal caretakers for any organisation having such a vacancy.

In connection with the work attempted by the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association in interesting children through their school books in bird life, a correspondent defends the country boy as a greater friend to the birds, and far less likely to do them injury than the city-bred lad. Instances are given where boys

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with no pretensions to be other than the careless beings boys usually are have protected the birds building near school houses or dwellings, and enjoyed the daily observations of the taking ways and family lives of the birds. Of course this ideal picture is not always in accord with facts, but it is undoubtedly true that children can be interested in the subject, and many amongst them will heartily respond to any teaching thus given to them.

Progress and improvement are the key-notes thoroughly well maintained in the works of the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co., of Chicopee Falls, Mass. They have just added materially to the value of their No. 17 Favorite rifle by placing a sporting rear sight and a Rocky Mountain front sight upon them without advancing the price. A new extension rib will hereafter be used on the No. 250 series of their hammer guns, and the No 350 series of their hammerless guns. A new check hook which will be used on all their double barrel guns takes away all strain from the forearm. These two improvements make all the guns in the series noted specially strong, and prevent their shooting loose even with the heaviest charge of dense powders. Changes that are really improvements are what all sportsmen like to see.

Mr. Charles Noble, of Collingwood, Ontario, writes a sensible letter dealing with fishery problems on the great lakes. He would like to see the Government do something to destroy unmerchable soft fish like suckers, which prey upon the spawn of whitefish and trout, and suggests a bounty of half a cent per pound when he believes they could then be profitably caught, salted and exported to the States. Further he would like a Government hatchery established on the Georgian Bay, and believes if these two courses were followed they would go a long way in restoring these fisheries to their old time productiveness.

For successful duck shooting decoys are necessary, and in the past the sportsman has had much trouble with his decoys. Now he is promised relief if he secures the Illinois River Folding Duck Decoys

which are made light and strong in various duck varieties and are used in groups of three. In addition they are attractively got up, and their durability, portability, and perfect construction enables them to be handled with both ease and satisfaction. Birds are lured a longer distance with these decoys, and as there is nothing to get out of order they can be used effectively for a long time. The patentee and sole manufacturer is J. W. Reynolds, 68 South Morgan St., Chicago, whose own experience, the best of all teachers, has led him to adopt several of the improvements here noted, and which have commended themselves to many sportsmen. Mr. Reynolds has also a double duck call which he describes as durable and moisture proof.

They are working well in New Brunswick in the way of fish cultivation. This spring, Fishery Commissioner D. G. Smith of Chatham, N.B., "planted" forty - five thousand trout fry in the Johnston and Kane brooks, and if plans are carried out, one million land locked salmon will also be turned out. As an experiment Mr. Smith has tried the planting of ova in the advanced eyed stage, instead of waiting for the fry to hatch out and have their sacco absorbed before distribution in the lakes and rivers of the Province. For the trial the forty-five thousand trout fry mentioned above were taken from the hatchery and conveyed to the Lomond Lake practically without loss. To carry the test still further fifteen thousand of the ova were planted in a spring brook within one hundred yards of Fishery Guardian Johnston's house so that the completion of the hatching, and the advancing process of the fry stage may be under his daily observations. Upon the results will depend the extension or abandonment of the scheme. So far success seems assured.

A further experiment is being tried by Mr. Smith. He is having the Johnston brook excavated so as to form a hatching and rearing pond. Salmon ova will be placed on a prepared gravelly bottom, and with the running stream no further care will be required. The whole expense of the operation will be for the conveyance of the ova from the place where the parent fish



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We want to talk to you through our booklets and leaflets. We have booklets on General Diseases, Private Diseases, Women's Diseases and Varicocoele, Varicose Veins. They are free to you. Send for any or all of them. We list 51 Remedies. We make about 500, covering all forms of disease. We have a complete system, and we say there are no incurable diseases. We mean CURE, or alteration of the disease state. We do not mean a suppression of symptoms.

We have no free remedies, no cut-rate bargain counter goods. Our remedies are worth much more than we ask for them. You pay for what you get and you get what you pay for. Write us to-day.



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are stripped at the St. John hatchery to the hatchery pond at Loch Lomond. In this way the fish will be reared as nearly as possible under natural conditions and should gain in vigor and strength thereby, besides allowing a larger number to come to maturity. It is by these experiments much of the science of fish culture is learned, and an indefinite extension of the work throughout Canada should soon make our fishing waters unexcelled anywhere in the world.

Once again the subject of fly protection becomes of immediate and pressing importance to those intent upon going into the Canadian backwoods. Mosquitoes and flies are a drawback which only those acquainted with the tortures these insects can inflict upon suffering humanity can realise. No wonder the attempts to make man immune to the bites of these numerous enemies are almost as plentiful as the hordes which seek to destroy his peace and deprive him of the pleasures he would otherwise enjoy. While many rely upon the efficacy of their own preparations, and others have favorite ones compounded for them, the well known "Bite-no-more", a preparation manufactured by Messrs. Franklin, Hawley & Co., of Austin Station, Chicago, may be recommended to those who are in search of something of the kind. It will enable them to go into the woods with confidence that their well earned holiday will not be turned into a time of misery, and also put them into a position of being able to defy the myriad hosts whose territories they invade. A preparation economic and effective, not disagreeable, with a quickly evaporating odor, whose protecting qualities remain long after drying, appears to meet the wants of sportsmen who would gladly spend more time in the woods but for these little pests, whose numbers and bites make life unbearable to those exposed to their ravages. The attractions of the woods are so great that men will risk much to enjoy them and as they can now, by the aid of this preparation, neutralise one of the worst of the drawbacks they may be expected to go more often, to stay longer, to enjoy themselves better and to love Nature and Nature's ways with a keener delight in all her works.

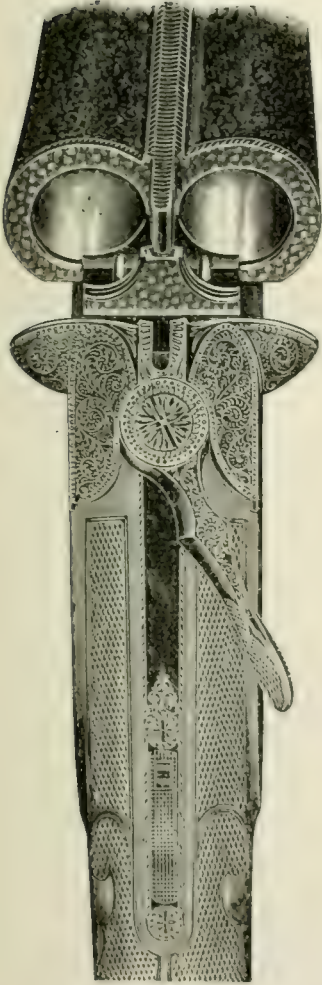
For all of which they will have occasion to bless "Bite-no-more."

There is no end to new Societies, but one having a wide field of usefulness, and whose success would call down upon it many blessings should such attend its efforts, is the American Mosquito Extermination Society. Those who have suffered from this pest when in the backwoods will certainly wish all success to the Society's work for if it should lead to the extermination of mosquitoes it would mean an extension of the Canadian holiday season in the woods by a couple of months. The Society describes mosquitoes as "a needless and dangerous pest." They also say that their propagation can be prevented. All who have had actual experience with them would view their extinction without regret.

By a typographical error the word "canoeist" appeared in the advertisement of the Toronto Central Business College in our May number in place of the word "camerist". The whole sense of the advertisement however would lead readers to know what word was meant, and we are so used to the word "canoeist" that it escaped notice. Of course in a photographic contest the word "camerist" was the one intended to be used, and we again draw the attention of our readers to this contest arranged by the College in question in connection with their photographic course, which appears pretty sure to prove highly successful.

Every fisherman who has had much experience knows the value of taking care of his line, but only few do so effectively. Many have been the attempts to ensure the drying of the line evenly and efficiently so as to prevent the drying and rotting such as cause breakages at critical moments. Practical success was in no case achieved until a couple of years ago, when in a modest way the "Anglers' Friend" made its appearance. This device can be neatly folded and carried in the angler's kit as its weight is small. When in use four arms are unfolded, held firmly in position both by interlocking and a spring, and a substantial base is securely fastened upright by means of a thumbscrew. The fishing

# ITHACA GUNS



---

**T**HIS illustration shows the double thick nitro breech and narrow skeleton rib of an ITHACA No. 7 \$300.00 list gun.

¶ This feature together with the reinforced frame, reinforced stock and double bolt makes the ITHACA the strongest and safest gun for Nitro Powder.

¶ We build everything from a feather-weight  $5\frac{3}{4}$  lb. 20 gauge gun to a  $10\frac{1}{2}$  lb. 10 gauge Duck, Fox and Goose gun.

¶ For twenty-three years we have enjoyed the reputation of making the hardest and closest shooting guns on the market—the same man is still boring them and is to-day the oldest and most experienced barrel borer in America.

¶ Send for Art Catalog describing 17 grades, 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge guns ranging in price from \$17.75 to \$300.00.

---

**Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y.**

Lock Box No. 13

Pacific Coast Branch: 114 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.



reel is attached to the base by a simple and effective folder in the same manner as the reel seat of a rod. The inventor is Mr. Laughton, of Litchfield, Minn., who first made one for his own use, and was forced into the manufacture of others by the clamour of his friends to be supplied with such an effective means of drying their lines. The demand has grown until the device is now patented in four countries, and the Anglers' Friend promises to grow in favor until it is as widely known as the fashion of fishing is followed.

Changes and improvements in firearms are subjects sufficient to set every sportsman talking and comparing notes on the subject to an endless extent. They will one and all like to know that the Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., have been able, after considerable and careful experimenting, to convert their regular 1889 Model rifle into a take down without sacrificing strength or durability in any way. It is claimed that the new take down feature is the simplest that has ever been devised for a high power rifle. The distinctive feature of the Savage Take Down is that, when the rifle is assembled and the fore end in proper place, the barrel and receiver are locked securely together. As all sportsmen well know a rifle that can be easily taken apart offers many advantages to the user, both for convenience in carrying and ease in cleaning. The take down arrangement will be the new feature of the Savage 1899 Model 26 inch round barrel with rifle or shot gun butt; weight 7½ lbs.; and the Savage 1899 Model, 22-inch round barrel, shot gun butt only, weight about 7½ lbs. Both can be supplied in various calibers. The Company expects to have the new rifles ready for delivery on July 1st.

Last month a couple of tramps, of by no means the ordinary kind, spent a night at Toronto. They were young men who were on the return journey of a walking tour which commenced at Sydney, Cape Breton, and included a visit to San Francisco, the whole being an eight thousand mile tramp. The men started out to earn a wager of \$1200, the conditions being that they had to leave home without a cent, to walk the whole way, to earn their living

on the road, and to return before Sept. 1st. each with \$200. They left Cape Breton in July of 1905, walked to San Francisco as certificates of reputable citizens of all the towns through which they passed testified, and were on their return journey when they reached Toronto. They had earned their living by doing odd jobs and selling pencils, and had a goodly proportion of the \$400 secured—so much so that they felt justified in making purchases of new clothes at Toronto, at which place they had still 1235 miles to travel before their journey reached its final termination.

Messrs. Hardy Brothers, the well known English manufacturers of fishing tackle, of Alnwick, writes to "Rod and Gun in Canada" to the effect that the spring in the old country, while rather too dry for fishing, has been more than beautiful. On all the Northern streams salmon and trout were, at the time of writing, being taken daily.

The Seventh Volume of "Rod and Gun in Canada" concluded with our May number. For this Volume a Title Page and Index have been prepared and all our readers who wish to bind this Volume for future enjoyment and reference can have a copy of the same upon forwarding their requests to this office and enclosing a two cent stamp.

Every sportsman knows how much may depend upon a reliable cartridge, and the established reputation of English makers are deservedly guiding influences in selecting cartridges for sport in Canada. A man who goes to the backwoods may have the best of guns, but if he has poor cartridges his sport is not likely to be anything else, and his trip is robbed of the best portion of its enjoyment. It is therefore absolutely essential, if the best is to be obtained out of a man's vacation, that he should be well outfitted, and good cartridges are a very important part of that outfit. If the sportsman selects the cartridge manufactured by Messrs. Cogswell & Harrison, of London, England, he may go on his trip with the certainty that his cartridges will not fail him when the testing time arrives. This firm are actual manufactur-

# Bovril



Contains in the smallest possible bulk all the nourishing and strengthening properties of the best lean beef, and can be prepared in a moment.

**A Perfect Food**  
for  
**Sportsmen and Campers**

## The Sportsman's Retreat



**THE MECCA of THE WEST**

**The Sanitarium Hotel**

**BANFF, ALBERTA.**

**OPEN ALL THE YEAR**

**RATES \$2 TO \$4 PER DAY**

**Lately Enlarged and Refurnished Throughout**

In connection with the hotel is a Private Hospital, under the directorship of Dr. R. G. BRETT. Also a complete Bathing Establishment, with water from the springs

**HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.**

When writing advertisers kindly mention

ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

ers of cartridges, and possess several of their own inventions which enable them to scientifically test all their materials before use. As a result these selected and tested materials make up cartridges upon which absolute reliance can be placed. The English "Field", one of the highest authorities in the world on shooting, says: — "The Victor and Victoroid cartridges rightly bear a great reputation for accuracy of loading and reliability." The Canadian Agents for these cartridges, which ought to have as great a vogue in Canada as in the old country, are Messrs. Thomas Moore & Son, 43 St. Sacramento Street, Montreal.

Around Latchford, Ont., on the Main Line of the Canadian Pacific Railway west of Sudbury is a fine big game country. It would be well to correspond with Mr. E. L. Miles of that place for anybody wishing to learn about this new country.

"We won't go there because of the flies and mosquitoes," is often heard just now with reference to certain sections of the country. There are many good articles offered to the public for the prevention and cure of bites from these pests, and amongst the best of them is Calvert's Twenty Per Cent Carbolic Soap. Those who have not tried this remedy should not fail to do so, and they will find the comfort of their vacation much enhanced thereby. Carbolic acid (Phenol) is freely used in water or oil solution by medical men for various skin ailments, and its utility (when combined with pure soap) must be evident to every one. The manufacturers, Messrs. F. C. Calvert & Co., of Manchester, England, have achieved a great reputation with this soap, and their Canadian depot is at 349 Dorchester street west, Montreal. The price is thirty cents per tablet each in a tin box, and while it can usually be procured at all druggists, if there is any difficulty, a cake will be sent from Montreal on receipt of price. The following testimonial from Central Africa, where flies are a torment, speaks for itself:—"From London Mission, Lake Tanganyika, Central Africa, July 4.—Here as well as in Jamaica, the people (with sores, yaws, and such like) come to me for that twenty per cent. medical soap. Its unparalleled value

is well known amongst the natives." The same firm also make a disinfecting powder which is most useful as a preventative against disease, and if more freely used there would be less discomfort at summer resorts. If "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" is mentioned, a sample tin will be sent free of cost.

Holiday makers and campers, who are now making their preparations for their vacations in the woods, are thinking and even dreaming of tents, camp bags, camp beds, waterproof clothing, canvas covered and other canoes, and all the various paraphernalia required if they are to obtain the best from their holiday. All these things and others needed to outfit sportsmen are to be found in the catalogue of the Sonne Tent and Awning Company, 329 Craig St., Montreal, and good quality at a reasonable price is the distinguishing characteristic of the Company. Mr. Sonne, the head of the concern, is himself a sportsman, and can offer valuable hints and advice to those who outfit with the Company. If you wish for a catalogue mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" and one will be promptly forwarded.

Those who have tried the Coaxer bass baits—and their name is legion — will hail with pleasure the appearance of a miniature "Coaxer" for trout. This is being put on the market this year for the first time and has already met with a large demand. The bait is prepared in assorted colors, and is the smoothest little article that has been seen for some time. It is really more of a fly than anything else, but the cork body makes it float at all times, and therefore it is a surface fly. It is as light as a bass fly, and only about the size of the ordinary trout fly, thus producing a very killing combination. Those who have tried it declare it to be a mighty good thing, and are loud in its praises. Even if a fisherman has his outfit complete, he should make room for this small addition, which will add greatly to the effectiveness of his fishing powers. Those who have never tried the "Coaxer" should make investigation of its coaxing abilities, and they will not be disappointed. If your dealer has not got them write direct to the maker, W. J. Jamieson, 1388



# When You Go West, Outfit At Winnipeg---at EATON'S



Going West this summer to hunt, to fish, to climb the Mountains or to look over this glorious Western country? The above advice can be made the means of saving you expense and trouble. Don't burden your journey with supplies. It's not necessary. Wait till you reach Winnipeg. You can outfit at this great store just as satisfactorily as at your own home—may be more so. Everything here from the proverbial needle to an anchor, and our prices will compare favorably with any that can be secured in New York or Chicago.

We have made the matter of outfitting tourists and hunters as convenient it is possible to be made. Supplies can be packed and delivered to station hotel or if necessary shipped to the point nearest your destination.

## A Few Facts About Our Store

The largest store in Western Canada occupying over six acres of floor space. Gives employment to 1,400 people. Four boilers generate about 1000 horse power. Has a Mail Order Service that reaches every town and hamlet in the North West, British Columbia and the Yukon, where ever the mails go.

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED**  
Portage Ave., Winnipeg.

Lexington street, Chicago, Ill., and if you will mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" he will forward you a catalogue describing these miniature Coaxers in full. Every fly fisherman will find this little trouble well repaid.

Bait casting is fine sport but to do the best of work a thoroughly good casting rod is essential. One that has proved its superiority at several tournaments is the Kalamazoo short casting rod manufactured by Messrs. Locher & Robb, Kalamazoo, Mich. So excellent are its merits that the champion long distance bait-caster, Mr. E. B. Bartholomew, of Chicago, has declared that he always uses it both in fishing trips and for exhibition work. At Chicago tournament last year the first six prizes were gained by fishermen using these rods.

For the game shot the perusal of the fine catalogue of Messrs. Joseph Lang & Son, 102 New Bond St., London W., England, is nothing less than a delight. The prices might certainly be described as stiff, but then the weapons included are of the best, and for those who can afford them the best are none too good. Sportsmen, and more particularly those who hunt for big game, know that there are times when full reliance has to be placed upon their guns, and a failure at such a crisis would be serious. The firm have good guns of all kinds, and for all purposes, including special ones for ladies and youths; and their special low pressure high velocity cordite rifles for big game ought to meet with favor on this continent. Their "new century" single or double trigger ejector possesses all the modern improvements, and is priced at 25 guineas, or practically \$130. The firm has light sporting rifles at lower prices. Their list of revolvers is one to study, and their range of ammunition one affording plenty of choice, and all of the best. Gun cases, cartridge carriers, and bags in bewildering varieties but all excellent, show what the sportsman's outfit may be when complete. Canadian and American sportsmen should be interested in the West London Shooting School, which is conducted under the auspices of the firm at Ealing near London. The lessons given are valuable though they

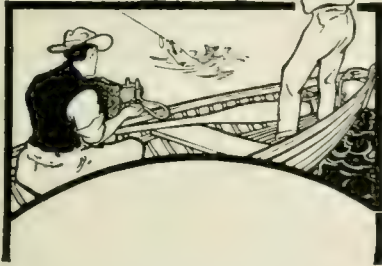
cannot compare with the practical ones gained in the Canadian woods. An index is included in this catalogue, which for completeness and interest may be commended to every sportsman.

That the present is an exceptionally busy season in nautical circles is evident from the experience of the Fraser Hollow Spar and Boat Company, of Greenport, N. Y. Every week for the past three months they have been shipping hollow spars on the Atlantic liners to their British agents, Messrs William Fife & Son, of Fairlie, Scotland. They have recently built a set of hollow spars for the new sloop yacht Effort, one for Messrs. Havens, Luckenbach, & O'Donohue's class P sloop; several topsail yards for the German schooner yacht Hamburg; a number of spars, etc., for the sloop Navahoe; and the British yacht White Heather. A good sized schooner was recently chartered by the Company and loaded with twelve large crates of hollow spars for delivery at various shipbuilding yards. The Company are building and fitting up several launches, boats, etc., to cover orders secured, and since last season have built about seven hundred canvas covered canoes, and one hundred of their famous St. Lawrence river skiffs.

The fisherman's reputation for exaggeration—to put it mildly—is not always deserved, though it has met with such general indulgence as to become a proverb. Allowance is now made for many of these stories, and one naturally thinks of a big discount when he hears of them. At the same time this reputation is not always deserved, and as usual in this world the great body of fishermen have to suffer for the sins of a few. A friend of "Rod and Gun's", whose character is good and who abhors exaggeration, tells the following incident:—

"I know that on one occasion when away fishing I was telling some friends on the train on the return journey just exactly to the strict letter what had occurred, pointing out that I had caught all my speckled trout on the fly, and I had brought home with me about seventy-five fish, the smallest of which was about eleven inches in length, and an American

**KODAK**



## The Reminiscence

of a Fishing, Hunting or Canoe Trip is  
more enjoyable than the

## Reality.

Take a Kodak with you on your next outing, and have something to show for it when you return. Having an unreliable Kodak or films is worse than none at all.

A No. 2 Pocket Folding Kodak (size  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ ) is one of the most suitable for outing trips. It takes a Clear Crisp picture. Has a splendid Acromatic Lens, and Loads in daylight. **PRICE FIFTEEN DOLLARS. Film of twelve exposures, 60c.**

A very complete and up-to-date assortment of everything required in amateur photography always on hand. When in Montreal call around and inspect our stock Developing and Printing promptly and carefully attended to

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# GEO. BARRAT & SON

146 Peel Street, MONTREAL.

Just a few doors north of the Windsor Hotel.

sitting in the smoking department of the Pullman car hearing my story spoke to the negro porter next morning in the hearing of my friend to whom I had been telling my experience. On leaving the train at Toronto my friend said to me: "I have a good joke on you Mac." My reply was "What is it?" He said "Do you remember the American gentleman who sat behind us when you were telling me your experience in trout fishing on Lake St. German?" I remarked "Certainly so." He stated then he had heard the conversation between this American gentleman and the porter in the morning to the following effect:—

American—Porter do many people go trout fishing up to Lake St. German?

Porter—Yes, sir, I believe they do.

American—Do they catch many fish up there?

Porter—Well I reckon they do or they would not go there.

American—Well I heard that man talking last night in the car, and of all the damn liars in telling fish stories he beats them all.

Mrs. Dan O'Connor, of the well-known Temagami Inn, has distinguished herself as an angler, and increased the fame of Temagami as the ideal resort for fishermen, by catching a fish weighing  $27\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. The fish was thought to be a lake trout, but doubts were expressed as to a lake trout attaining such a size. Mr. Dan O'Connor took the fish to Toronto where it was placed in the refrigerator at the King Edward Hotel prior to being mounted for exhibition purposes. Mrs. O'Connor will be congratulated on her success by many tourists and fishermen this season

There was considerable activity on the part of the fishery officials at Niagara Falls, Ont., during the early part of May. There had been rumors for some time that illegal shipments of fish were crossing the border at this point. Fishery Inspector Shelley, who had been closely watching the trains, seized four tons of such fish on May 3rd, as they were on their journey to New York city. The whole were disposed of by public sale. On the following Saturday the entire day was spent in examin-



THE BITES OF "BLACK FLIES" "MOSQUITOS" AND OTHER IN-  
SECTS CAN EASILY BE PREVENTED OR CURED,  
BY USING THE FAMOUS

## CALVERTS 20 per cent CARBOLIC SOAP

Fishing Hunting, Camping, Yachting or Canoeing Parties should never be without a supply of this soap. It will repay its cost a thousand times over. Your outing will be enjoyed to the utmost. This **TWENTY PER CENT. CARBOLIC SOAP** is guaranteed to accomplish everything claimed for it and more. It has a ready sale in **hot climates** both on account of its refreshing qualities and also to protect its use gives against the mosquito and other insect bites or stings, ringworm, itch, etc.

INSIST UPON YOUR DRUGGIST GIVING YOU CALVERTS TWENTY \*  
PER CENT. CARBOLIC SOAP. 30C. PER TABLET

Many worthless imitations are offered

If you cannot procure a tablet from your druggist send to our Montreal depot, 349 Dorchester Street, west, for a supply. Each tablet put up in a tin box. Send for a **sample tin** of Disinfectant Powder. **FREE.** A sanitary precaution around Camps and Summer Residences. Obtainable at your druggists.

## THE COAXER



It shows Bass Bait  
1 1/2 inches long, 30 Cts.

is absolutely weedless.  
Has no equal for bass.

### The New Trout Bait

is a wonder—almost  
alive. Floats, keeps  
it's shape and don't  
wear out. Send for cat-  
alog of new specialties

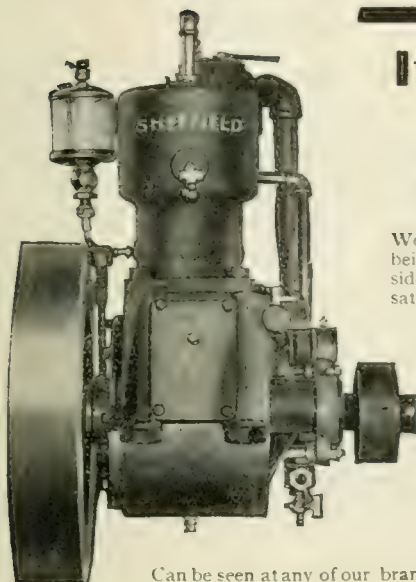
W. J. JAMISON, Dept. R.  
1388 LEXINGTON ST., CHICAGO

ing the express cars of the various trains going into the States with the result that big hauls were made. From a Michigan Central train seven boxes were taken and confiscated, from a Grand Trunk train sixteen, and from a Michigan Central on Sunday morning thirty-three. It was stated by a correspondent that Niagara Falls assumed the proportion of a large fish market, and local dealers were temporarily put out of business. In addition the local poorhouse was well supplied. A good deal was put in cold storage, to be sold at intervals as convenient. There is no doubt if a few more confiscations followed, and the illegal traffic were thus made unprofitable, it would speedily cease to the great advantage of the fisheries of Canada and all those who fish in a legal manner.

The manufacturers of "3 in One" gun oil will likely be next applying their famous lubricant to the axes of the earth to make the universe revolve more smoothly. Mr. Slee, President of the G. W. Cole Company, manufacturers of "3 in One" ad-

vises that they have just made arrangements with three different concerns to establish agencies in foreign countries. As the sale of "3 in One" is already international, it is evident that it must soon be universal. At home, they are not missing any opportunities of educating gun owners, sportsmen and others about the efficacy of "3 in One" for oiling, cleaning, polishing and preventing rust. Nearly all the principal gun and fire-arm manufacturers in the United States use and recommend "3 in One" and send out a sample bottle with every fire-arm they sell. Three of these firms alone are putting out nearly 7,000 samples a week, or a total of 350,000 samples per year. If there is anyone anywhere who doesn't know something about "3 in One" what is his excuse?

A wider circle than is usually included in the term sportsmen have rejoiced at the special prominence given to Canada by the victory of the Hamilton man over all competitors in the foot racing on the classic ground of Marathon. Sherring appears to be a sportsman in the best sense of the word, and his victory was doubly gratifying on that account. He is said to be strictly an amateur, and to have gone out to Greece at his own expense. In such a case he deserves all the credit, and the still more substantial rewards he will receive. The meeting of the old and the



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### SHEFFIELD MARINE ENGINE

We believe we have one of the strongest, surest and best Engines being sold today. It is not the first outlay that you want to consider in purchasing a Marine Engine. Unless you get a perfectly satisfactory one you will have no end of trouble. Don't experiment with a Marine Engine. Buy one that is well known. Our "Sheffield Engine" has been on the market for several years and each year we have added new improvements to it.

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THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS CO., LTD.  
MONTREAL. Please send me your Sheffield Engine Catalog. I may want a

H. P. engine for

Name

Location

Province

### THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS COMPANY LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

new, as in this instance, appeals to the imagination of all, and the comparison between the virile Canadian and the decadent Greeks touches also our national pride. Canadians do well to rejoice at the victory of one of themselves on such historic ground, which means that the whole world will hear of it, and to honor the victor.

A neat folder of considerable interest to sportsmen and tourists has been gotten up and issued by Mr. F. S. Stocking, Quebec City Agent for the Quebec Central, Quebec and Lake St. John, and other railways. Quebec city is a fine center for sportsmen and tourists, the Quebec Central, giving a through service from New York, Boston, and Portland, with Pullman car, and the Quebec and Lake St. John taking them to a region where Nature is at her best, and which appears never likely to be spoiled—the far famed Saguenay. The trips north from Quebec are ideal, and whatever other part of the world one may have visited, new experiences in the north of Quebec Province are certain. A resume of the fishing and hunting laws of the

Province, as recently amended, are given on the folder, and Mr. Stocking is authorized to issue such fishing and hunting licenses as may be required. With this little folder one need not fear any misunderstanding with the authorities, as the hints given therein are quite sufficient to keep one straight, and enable one to remain well within the law, while at the same time having one's fill of enjoyment. Mr. E. O. Grundy, of Sherbrooke, P. Q., is the General Passenger Agent of the Quebec Central, and Mr. Alex. Hardy, General Passenger Agent of the Quebec and Lake St. John, at Quebec. Either of these gentlemen, as well as Mr. Stocking, will give all information required, and answer any queries that may be addressed to them by sportsmen or tourists.

#### A LITTLE "AD" about GREAT THINGS

Pilots 25c

Keep the line from twisting

For Surface or Deep Water Fishing

Turn-a-Frogs, 25c

Keep frogs right side up

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A non-twisting revolving bait

All three by mail, ONE DOLLAR

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**STEEL RODS****\$2.30**

3-PIECE, CORK GRIP  
10 FT. FLY and 8 1-2 FT. BAIT  
YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY DUTY ON THIS  
PRICE.



## Small Profits Quick Sales Trout Flies

For Trial—Send Us

- 15c for an assorted sample dozen.  
Regular price, 24 cents  
30c for an assorted sample dozen.  
Regular price, 60 cents.  
60c for an assorted sample dozen.  
Regular Price, 84 cents  
65c for an assorted dozen.  
Regular price, 84 cents

Quality A Flies  
Quality B Flies  
Quality C Flies  
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Try our New Braided Silk Enameled Waterproof

**Metal Center Line**

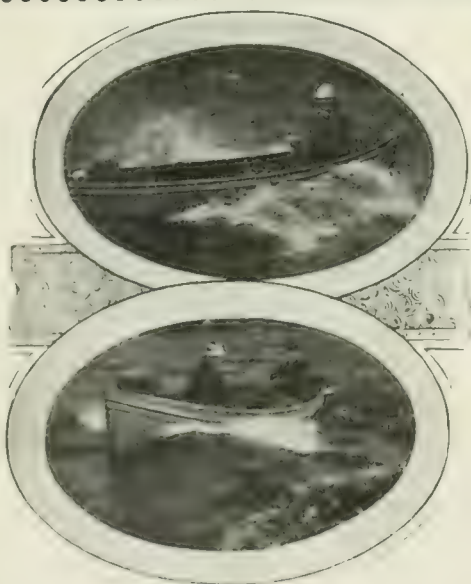
Size No. 5, 4 1/4 c. per yard  
Size No. 4, 5 1/4 c. per yard

Put up in 20-30-40-50-100 yards lengths

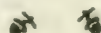
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**I**f you live near the water you should have a power boat, and this is just the time to get an Adams Catalog telling all about the different sizes of Gasoline Engines and Boats we manufacture.



**I**f the freight on a complete boat would come too high, patronize your local boat builder and have him install an Adams Engine.

The Adams Launch and Engine Mfg. Co. **PENETANG  
ONT.**



WHEN YOU SEE

# Rushton

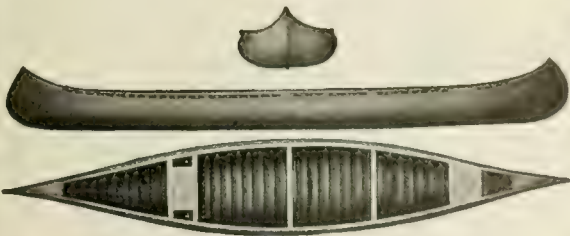


on a boat, canoe, sail, paddle, oar, lee-boards- do you stop to think what it means?

That name is on only the very best of goods. Every experienced canoeist knows it, and it is one of the first things that novices learn.

RUSHTON superintends personally every bit of work that goes on in his factory. He is always there. He has been at this work for the last 31 years. Each year shows a larger business. There you have both cause and effect. We do not plan to rest on what we have done. Our product was never better than today. We lie awake nights thinking of ways by which we can give you better service. We would rather answer your enquiries than eat. Just give us the chance. Tell us where you are going, and let us recommend a model of canoe. We offer to you, among other articles -all-wood boats and canoes, open and decked canoes, the INDIAN GIRL model canvass covered canoe, oars, paddles, sails, lee-beards, brass boat and canoe trimmings.

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## J. H. Rushton

803 Water St.,

**Canton, N. Y.**  
U. S. A.



The *Marlin* Baby Featherweight Repeater. A new high-grade .22 caliber repeating rifle which weighs only 3 pounds 10 ounces!

But this gun is no toy. It is a new and business-like rifle. It combines all the good old *Marlin* features—solid top, side ejection and simple mechanism—with the newer sliding forearm action which is so easy to work without spoiling the aim.

The reduction of cost and weight is positively not at the expense of *Marlin* quality. The high standard *Marlin* drop forgings are used in the breech block, frame and inside working parts. The rifle has the pleasant *Marlin* balance. Both .22 short and .22 long-rifle cartridges can, by means of an extra carrier, be used in the same

gun—a *Marlin* feature which all rifle shooters greatly enjoy.

The *Marlin* standard of accuracy is maintained in the highest degree by the most careful boring and the deepest grooving, which last care gives the barrel about double the life of the product of other rifle makers.

Take a *Marlin* Featherweight on your fishing trip or to the summer camp. Take one home to the farm or wherever your vacation finds you, and see what pleasure a good, light .22 caliber repeater can add to your outing.

It is an ideal squirrel rifle and can be relied upon to get all the killing power there is out of any .22 cartridge in hunting any sort of small game.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of this wonderful little rifle is given in our 1906 Catalogue. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

*The Marlin Firearms Co.*, 67 Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

## 'MOST EVERYBODY HAS USE FOR THIS SCALE

Weigh what you buy, —quit guessing at what you use,—be up-to-date and systematic, —THAT'S where the right scale comes in.

See the picture of this handy platform scale? Load it with a ton, add a cake of soap to the load, and scale will register the added weight, —it's that



Three Styles

accurate, that carefully built.

See how handy it is to move things as well as weigh them? Yet for all its easy-running, it will outlast an ordinary lifetime,—we build it that way.

Think over the things a scale might serve you in, and request our Scale Book and price-list, —latter tells of the easy, long credit terms we sell these scales on,—three styles,—sold for cash or on credit up to three years time.

We build a mighty good incubator too,—and the best brooder you ever saw. If you'd care to hear about them too, just say "Incubators" on your post card

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**The Manson Campbell Co., Ltd.**  
CHATHAM, CANADA.

# THE TRAP

*ROD AND GUN IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.*

## Tournament Dates

- June 7 and 8—Ayton, Ont. G. B. Smith, secretary.  
 June 16—Quebec P.Q., H. de Rivières, Secretary.  
 June 20 and 21—Sarnia, Ont., Roy Luck, Secretary.  
 June 30th — Sherbrooke, Quebec, Annual Tournament. C. H. Foss, Secretary.  
 July 2—Cutler, Ont., J. A. Gignac, Secretary.  
 July 6—Elmwood, Ont., Dr. W. R. Cook, Secretary.  
 August 8, 9 and 10—Dominion Trap Shooting Association, Hamilton, W. P. Thomson, Hamilton, Ont., Sec.-Treas.

## Canadian Indians' Tournament

Shooting extraordinary characterized the first annual tournament of the Canadian Indians at Montreal, May 24th and 25th. Over fifty shot through the entire programme.

First amateur average, first day, was won by Mr. W. H. Ewing (Chief Long Buffalo Horn) Montreal, with 189 out of 200, and second average by Mr. D. McMackon (Chief Level Head) Highgate, Ont., with 186.

First amateur average second day was won by Mr. Westover (Chief Black Hawk) with 193 out of 200, and second average by Mr. Throop, Ottawa, with 191.

Amateur average for both days was won by Mr. Ewing with the splendid total of 378 or 94½ per cent, and second average by Mr. Westover with 395 or 94 per cent.

Mr. E. G. White, Ottawa, won the Ewing Cup with 49 out of 50.

J. Mowell Hawkins was high professional with 339; Elliott, second, with 368; Durston, third, with 378.

The full scores not being at hand as we go to press, the same are unavoidably held over until July, in which issue, however, a complete report, properly illustrated, of this meeting and of the Canadian Indians' annual meeting will be published.

## Stray Pellets

The following extract from a report of a Pennsylvania tournament is apropos of the recent discussion regarding two cent targets:—

"Many gun clubs holding shoots collect as much money as possible from gun, powder and ammunition firms for advertisements in their programmes, then add a few dollars to the events, as sort of bait to draw the shooters in order that they may come and pay two cents each for targets which cost the club about half a cent. The money thus made is placed in the club treasury to be used for an annual blow-out, or dear knows what. The Western Pennsylvania Trap Shooters League desires to discourage this kind of business, and instead give profits of tournaments to the contestants, where it rightly belongs. All the money from advertisements in the programme, dues from the different clubs in the league, one cent on each target trapped, and forty cents additional entrance charged all contestants is

divided among those who shoot through the entire day's programme at each shoot and fail to win their entrance. The promoters of the league feel highly elated, as matters worked out even better than anticipated. This plan was used at Ruffsdales and gave entire satisfaction to all. Of the thirty men who faced the traps twenty five shot through the entire programme of 180 targets, and every one who failed to win his entrance was paid back in full less cost of targets, and the forty cents extra charged each entry. Some of the contestants who had won but two or three dollars were pleased beyond measure when handed \$12 each by the cashier instead of the small amount they had expected to receive. One shooter had been in the money but twice out of the twelve events, and when he received \$12 instead of the \$1.10 due him, could hardly realize that such a thing was possible. L. B. Fleming, who won high average, received \$24.10. The entrance being \$16, he stated he was well pleased with the amount received, and that it was enough for any shooter to win in a day's shoot. When the small number of entries is considered, of the twenty-five who shot through the programme over one-half of them won over their entrance."

Stratford boys have decided not to hold a tournament on July 2nd and 3rd as announced. The Old Boys Re-union there on those dates is the reason given.

J. A. Gignac, secretary of the new gun club at Cutler, Ont., writes that he has succeeded better than he expected in organizing a club. They now have 46 members and all are enthusiastic. The club will hold a tournament on July 2nd.

Dr. Cook, Elmwood, Ont., writes that owing to the number of tournaments in June he has changed the date of his shoot to Friday July 6th.

The following scores at 20 targets were made at the weekly shoot of the Hyde Park (London) Gun Club: S. Lewis 7, J. Harrison 13, W. Oliver 12, F. Harrison 16, A. Steinhoff 12, D. Ross 8, K. Routledge 12, G. Roberts 3\*, W. Hodgins 7, J. Fowler 12. \*At ten targets.

At the annual meeting of the Grand Forks, Man., Gun Club, the following officers were elected: President, W. B. Wood; vice-president, L. B. Gibbs; secretary-treasurer, John Nuss; assistant, M. Wells; field captain, George E. Duis; executive committee, C. A. Hale and W. M. Ferguson.

The annual dinner of the Stanley Gun Club Toronto was held at the Merchants' hotel and restaurant April 27th. Guests were present from Hamilton as well as from the various city clubs. Thomas A. Duff was presented with a handsome quarter cut oak secretary in recognition of his services in connection with the various successful tournaments held under the club's auspices, and George M. Dunk was the



recipient of a gold watch. Mr. Dunk superintended the construction of the new club house and the laying out of the grounds. The Stanley Gun Club has now the most complete shooting park in Canada, and visitors will always receive a cordial welcome. The president, J. H. Thompson, presided at the dinner while George W. McGill made a most efficient toastmaster. The prizes won at the annual target shoots were presented by Mr. Duff, the winners being George L. Vivian, J. H. Thompson, H. Townson, George M. Dunk, W. H. Joselin, F. Hooley, A. S. Edkins, Ald. R. Fleming, George H. Cashmore, P. Wakefield and James Williams.

#### London Tournament

The fourth annual tournament of the Springwood Gun Club, London, was held on May 17th and 18th on the Club grounds. Prepara-



HARRY SCANE, WINNER HIGH AVERAGE.

tions had been made to handle a crowd of any size, three sets of Bowron traps having been installed. All the arrangements for the smooth running of the shoot and the convenience and comfort of the shooters, were perfect. Although there was a good attendance, it was not as large as might reasonably have been expected. Other tournaments before and after this one, no doubt, was largely responsible for this. A heavy downpour of rain on the morning of the first day, also contributed to lessen the attendance.

The shooting throughout the tournament was phenomenal, no such high averages having ever before been made over any traps in Canada, and this notwithstanding the fact that all the shooters were subject to a more or less severe handicap. Perfect weather, the easy work of the traps and the pleasant conditions surrounding the shoot all contributed to this result. As to the grounds all were enthusiastic, and we know of none better situated or better adapted in every way for holding a large shoot.

The feature event of the first day was the contest for the handsome trophy presented by the Hon. C. S. Hyman, Harry Scane, Ridgetown, and W. A. Smith, Kingsville, tied for this with 23 straight. In the shoot-off both again went straight. It was then agreed to save time and let the score in event No. 6 decide the result. In this Scane again went straight, while Smith missed his 1st and 14th birds.

On the second day two trophies were offered for competition in Events Nos. 4 and 8. The first of these, the London Handicap, was won by F. Galbraith, Ridgetown. Five tied in the first round with straight scores, viz., McMackon, Royal, Galbraith, McNeil and Johns. In the shoot-off the scores were: Galbraith 20, McMackon 18, Royal 17, McNeil 19 and Johns 15.

The handsome silver cup presented by the Hon. Adam Beck, was won by Roland Day of London, after shooting off the tie with Dr

Wilson and D. McMackon. Day scored 19 and Wilson and McMackon 18 each.

High average for the tournament resolved itself into a neck and neck race between R. E. Day, London, and Harry Scane, Ridgetown. At the end of the first day they were a tie with but six misses out of 200. Mr. Scane finally won out, scoring a total of 384 out of 400 or 96 per cent, received first prize, a fine Ithaca hammerless gun. Mr. Day got second prize, a \$24.00 Stevens rifle with 380 or 95 per cent.

The trade representatives present were John S. Boa, Winchester expert, Chicago, Ill.; E. G.



ROLAND E. DAY, WINNER SECOND HIGH AVERAGE.

Winner of Championship of Western Ontario at the Springwood (London) Gun Club.

White, Ottawa, and F. H. Conover, Leamington, Dupont representatives; John S. Cole, jr., Detroit, Mich., of the U. M. C. Co. and F. L. Hallford, Montreal, of the Dominion Cartridge Co. Of the professionals E. G. White, headed the list the first day, with the remarkably good score of 195 or 97½ per cent. J. S. Boa was but one behind while F. H. Conover was well up with 185. The latter did very well considering the fact that he is just recovering from a severe illness. On the second day Mr. Boa forged to the front and finished with 388 out of 400, or 97 per cent. Mr. White was but two behind, finishing with 386 or 96½ per cent. Mr. Boa, of course, used Winchester gun and ammunition and demonstrated the well-known excellence of these goods. Mr. White used Dupont powder in Dominion Sovereign and his good work showed not only the superior qualities of Dupont but, also, the excellence of the Canadian shell. Further it demonstrated Mr. White's ability to hold his own in the warmest company.

During the shoot Mr. Boa gave an exhibition of rifle shooting with the Winchester 22 automatic and did several clever stunts with this excellent little weapon.

The merchandise event, each day, inaugurated last year, proved attractive and many who did not take part in the regular events, amused themselves with this. Each contestant was allowed as many ten-bird rounds as he desired, the best two scores to count for the prize.

The scores, all events being at 20 targets each, are as follows



THE SPRINGWOOD (LONDON) GUN CLUB TOURNAMENT.

Courtesy of H. G. Hines, Photographer, London, Ont.

FIRST DAY, MAY 17

At 20 targets	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	TOTAL	P.C.
R. E. Day, London .....	20	20	20	20	19	16	20	18	20	19	191	97
*Conover, Leamington .....	20	18	20	19	20	18	16	17	20	17	187	92
Blue Bill, London .....	19	20	17	18	19	18	19	17	16	18	181	90
H. Scane, Ridgetown .....	18	20	19	18	20	20	20	20	19	20	191	97
A. Mahler, Ailsa Craig .....	20	17	16	20	17	20	20	20	20	20	196	95
B. W. Glover, London .....	19	19	19	19	19	18	19	19	19	20	196	95
Galbraith, Ridgetown .....	20	17	20	20	18	19	20	19	20	18	191	95
W. Smith, Kingsville .....	20	17	19	18	20	18	19	20	18	18	189	94
*E. G. White, Ottawa .....	19	19	20	20	19	20	19	20	19	19	195	97
*J. S. Boa, Chicago .....	19	20	20	20	18	20	19	20	18	20	194	97
G. Laing, Ridgetown .....	19	17	18	18	16	19	18	16	17	18	176	88
T. Upton, Hamilton .....	17	16	19	20	19	18	18	19	19	19	184	92
J. Bissett, London .....	16	19	16	17	16						8	8
E. Mahler, Forest .....	16	19	14	17	16	14	16	17	17	17	157	78
S. Webb, London .....	20	18	19	19	14	18	15				177	87
D. Hartlieb, Exeter .....	16	16	18	17	17	18	20	20	15	18	177	87
Gillies, Ailsa Craig .....	12	14	17	14	16	13	17	16	16	15	159	79
Kennedy, Ailsa Craig .....	17	15	17	16	17	17	18	19	17	17	176	88
J. S. Brown, London .....			16		18	18					51	26
H. D. Bates, Ridgetown .....				17	19	19					55	27
W. Eustis, Rodney .....					16						16	8
G. McCall, St. Thomas .....					19	15	20	15	20		84	89
G. Dewar, Mitchell's Bay .....					17	15	18	17	16		88	79
G. Macbeth, London .....							17				17	8

\*Professional.

Merchandise Event.

Day 20, Conover 18, Fortner 14, Tillmann 18,  
Webb 18, Glover 20, Breckon 20 Galbraith 18  
H. Scane 19, Hartlieb 17, W. A. Smith 20, Ken-

nedy 16 Gillies 17, Fortner 14, Ayles 1, Boa 20,  
White 18, Parker 18, Crow 18, Nicholson 14,  
ton 20, Marsh 14, G. Brown 17, Mitchell 14,  
Nicholson 14

SECOND DAY, MAY 18TH

At 20 Birds	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	TOTAL	P.C.
R. E. Day, London .....	19	19	19	19	19	17	17	20	17	20	188	94
*F.H. Conover, Leamington 17	18	17	20	20	19	20	17	17	17	17	188	94
Blue Bill, London .....	20	15	20	18	18	17	16	13			157	78
H. Scane, Ridgetown .....	17	19	20	19	19	19	19	19	19	20	194	97
A. Mahler, Ailsa Cr .....	18	19	20	19	18	19	16	18	18	20	188	94
B. W. Glover, London .....	18	18	17	16	16	20	19	17	20	20	188	94

F. Galbraith, Ridgetown ...	17	19	19	20	15	18	18	19	19	18	—	182	91
W. A. Smith, Kingsville...	19	20	18	18	15	19	16	18	19	18	—	182	91
*G. White, Ottawa .....	20	20	19	20	18	18	19	17	20	20	—	191	95+
*J. S. Boa, Chicago .....	20	19	20	19	20	18	20	20	18	20	—	194	97
T. Upton, Hamilton .....	19	19	20	19	17	19	17	18	20	14	—	182	91
W. P. Thompson, Hamilton	19	20	16	17	18	18	16	19	17	18	—	178	89
Royal, Hamilton .....	19	18	16	20	16	16	20	18	20	—	—	163	
G. Beatty, Hamilton .....	18	19	18	19	15	15	15	14	15	—	—	148	
Dr. Wilson, Hamilton .....	20	18	18	17	17	18	17	20	17	—	—	162	
D. McMackon, Highgate ...	18	17	18	20	18	18	11	20	20	18	—	178	89
Redpath London .....	18	16	19	14	19	16	14	19	20	18	—	173	86+
D. Hartleib, Exeter .....	18	15	17	18	18	16	16	19	18	—	—	175	87+
W. A. Kelly, Florence .....	13	14	15	16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	74	
E. Mahler, Forest .....	15	13	18	17	10	16	—	—	—	—	—	141	
D. McNeil, Florence .....	19	17	17	20	—	—	—	16	18	18	—	91	
G. W. Kribbs, Exeter .....	17	18	19	17	—	—	—	18	—	—	—	66	
W. Johns, Exeter .....	15	16	17	20	—	—	—	17	—	—	—	68	
W. E. Hall, Blenheim .....	—	16	19	15	17	18	16	18	—	—	—	119	
H. D. Bates, Ridgetown ...	—	—	—	18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	18	
J. W. Aitkins, Chatham ...	—	—	16	17	18	15	16	13	—	—	—	115	
Dr. Kennedy, Florence .....	—	—	—	16	18	14	16	18	—	—	—	82	
S. R. Gillies, Ailsa Craig...	—	—	—	18	14	14	9	18	—	—	—	73	
R. Coffey, St. Thomas .....	—	—	—	10	16	12	—	—	—	—	—	38	
S. Webb, London .....	—	—	—	16	—	—	—	15	—	—	—	31	
K. C. Turnbull, Stratford...	—	—	—	17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	17	
G. Dewar, Mitchell's Bay...	—	—	—	—	—	—	13	19	—	—	—	32	
J. S. Brown, London .....	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	19	—	—	—	19	

\*Professional

The following scores were made in the Merchandise event: MacMackon 20 Galbraith 18. Hartleib 17, Fortner 16. Avery 19. White, Boa, Amger 16. McNeil 14. Kribbs 20. Kelly 18. Thompson 20. Day 19. Scane 19. Tillman 17. Sreaton 14. Unton 19. Wilson 19. Smith 19. Royal 19. Beattie 19. W. G. Brown 19. Hay 19. Turnbull 20. Kennedy 17. Gillies 19. Webb 14. Coffey 15. Nicholson 14. Parker. Aikens 16; Dewar 18, Buck 17.

#### REFLECTIONS.

Chief Jam Jam officially denies that he called "Pass" instead of "Pull."

John S. Cole was hobbling around with rheumatism in both feet. We have a suspicion that John is cultivating that rheumatism to get out of walking the floor at nights.

Bert Glover performed the difficult feat of shooting through the programme and managing the office work as well. He scored well in both places and his handling of the cash could not have been more satisfactory.

Every one was sorry to see the ever popular "Ham" still under the weather from his recent illness.

Springwood Gun Club has grounds that would be ideal for a Dominion or Indian shoot. The street cars run within 50 feet of the club house.

Doc Tillman was one of the busiest of the club. He had rapid business both days. Nevertheless, he managed to black out some very good scores.

The shooting of Day and Scane was the most amateur performance yet seen at a Canadian tournament. Mr. Day takes his place in the front rank of Canadian shooters. "Sure shot" has been there for many moons.

The round face of "Brother Charles" was much missed. Reports from Ridgetown indicate that he has been "round" some.

#### SPRINGWOOD CLUB HOLIDAY SHOOT.

The holiday shoot May 31st of the Springwood Gun Club was well attended and men were made of all the events; in fact, the scores and through was exceptionally good. Three events were on the programme: two prize traps in each, and the others were one piece of hand painted china and cut glass. The winners were:

Event No. 1—Avey and Breckon.

Event No. 2—Tillmann and F. Brown.

Event No. 3—Glover and Day.

The averages for the day were as follows:

	S. A.	Hit	Average
Glover .....	76	73	97
Day .....	100	96	96
J. Brown .....	45	39	86
Tillmann .....	120	110	92
Breckon .....	107	95	90
F. Brown .....	90	76	84
Nicholson .....	45	25	55
Simcox .....	45	29	69
Webb .....	45	31	69
Avey .....	160	94	89
Stone .....	45	30	66
Rissett .....	30	27	90
Bryce .....	66	47	78
Mercer .....	45	32	71
Fortner .....	50	78	79

#### Owen Sound Sound Tournament

The second annual tournament of the Owen Sound Gun Club was held at Royston Park on May 10th and 11th. The weather both days was fine and favorable for good shooting although a little cooler than was altogether comfortable. The Owen Sound boys had presented a programme of the most attractive kind, in fact the most favorable from the shooters standpoint of any so far this year—\$50 in high average prizes being offered each day, beside valuable merchandise prizes and the handsome Dupont cup. Nevertheless, the attendance was a distinct disappointment. No doubt this was owing to the fact that a two day shoot at London and the big Indian shoot at Montreal were scheduled for the following weeks in May and the shooters found it impossible to attend all. Those who did attend were richly repaid for their trouble. They were given a chance to win something worth while and in this respect the example of the Owen Sound Club might well be followed by some others who are not quite so generous in the matter of average prizes.

The shooting was over the new Bowron trap. Unfortunately the trap commenced to "buck" from the first and created no end of trouble until the middle of the second day when it went out of business altogether. In fact, had it not been for "Big Buck's" mechanical skill it would not have run as well as it did. This was a regrettable feature of the shoot as this trap has many qualities that make it superior to any on the market.

F. H. Conover, Dupont representative and F.



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L. Hallford of the Dominion Cartridge Company were the hired men present. Mr. Conover was just recovering from a serious illness and was without his old reliable shooting iron and so did not shoot much. Mr. Hallford did good work as referee.

High average prizes the first day were as follows: First, G. B. Smith, Ayton, \$15; 2nd, G. M. Dunk, Toronto, \$12; third, W. A. Smith, Kingsville, \$10; fourth, C. E. Harris, Owen Sound, \$8; fifth, W. M. Morrison, Owen Sound,

\$5.00.

Second Day—First and second, G. M. Dunk and Thos. Upton, Hamilton, tie, \$14.50 each; third, C. E. Harris, \$10; fourth and fifth, G. B. Smith and W. M. Morrison, tie, \$6.50 each.

All the events were at 21 targets except No 8 each day, which was at 25.

The 2-yard limit handicap 16-22 yards, was used, the average men the first day being 17, an extra yard the second. The scores follow:—

### FIRST DAY.

G. B. Smith, Ayton (17-20 yds.)	17	17	16	18	17	19	20	22	19	20
G. M. Dunk, Toronto (18-21 yds.)	18	20	17	16	14	18	20	24	18	19
W. A. Smith, Kingsville (18-21 yds.)	16	18	19	19	18	17	16	20	20	15
C. E. Harris, Owen Sound (16-19 yds.)	18	19	19	12	12	18	18	20	19	20
M. W. Morrison, Owen Sound (16-19 yds.)	18	16	16	18	11	19	19	20	19	18
W. Lewis, Owen Sound (16-19 yds.)	18	17	16	14	14	19	17	20	18	18
J. E. Harrison, Owen Sound (16-19 yds.)	15	17	17	18	16	17	15	20	18	18
T. Upton, Hamilton, (18-21 yds.)	15	17	17	18	13	18	18	21	19	16
J. E. Cantelon, Clinton (17-20 yds.)	16	16	14	19	12	13	16	17	18	16
H. A. (17-20 yds.)	17	17	18	15	15	17	17	20	18	18
R. Luck, Point Edward (16-19 yds.)	16	18	19	15	12	17	17	24	17	17
S. M. G. (16-19 yds.)	11	11			17	10	17	14	18	14
Ben. McLaren, Owen Sound (16-19 yds.)							16	16	16	14
Jas. Oatt, Owen Sound (16-19 yds.)								16	19	17
Dr. Cook, Elmwood (16-19 yds.)									24	16

Eighth event was a merchandise event. 25 birds. First prize, 500 loaded sovereigns, won by W. Lewis; 2, cut glass bowl, Dr. Cook; 3, 100 pounds shot, G. M. Dunk; 4, oak arm chair R. Luck; 5, five pounds mulleite, H. A.; 6, one dozen handkerchiefs, W. A. Smith; 7, 100 re-

peater loads, C. E. Harris; 8, Forest and Stream, one year, W. M. Morrison; 9, 100 Elley loads, G. B. Smith; 10, umbrella, T. Upton; 11, J. E. Harrison, brass wiper; 12, box chocolates, Jas. Oatt; 13, box cigars, S. M. G.; 14, tobacco jar, J. E. Cantelon; 15, Rod and Gun one year, Ben McLaren.

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## SECOND DAY.

	Total														
G. M. Dunk (19-22 yards)	20	18	18	19	19	17	19	19	—	149					
T. Upton (18-21 yards)	20	18	18	18	18	19	16	22	—	149					
C. E. Harris (19-20 yds.)	20	18	19	18	18	17	19	17	—	145					
G. B. Smith (19-22 yds)	20	19	20	17	16	20	17	16	—	146					
W. M. Morrison (17-20 yds.)	18	20	15	18	17	18	17	22	—	145					
W. A. Smith (19-22)	15	18	17	16	18	19	19	17	—	139					
J. E. Harrison (16-19 yds.)	13	10	13	20	18	15	20	19	—	142					
J. E. Cantelon (16-19 yds.)	15	13	17	13	13	17	18	13	—	120					
H. A. (17-20 yds.)	16	15	20	17	18	17	17	20	—	149					
R. Luck (16-19 yds.)	15	17	20	15	16	18	18	21	—	140					
Dr. Cook (16-19 yds.)	17	17	18	14	13	16	16	22	—	131					
Ben. McLaren (16-19 yds.)	14	16	17	19	16	18	16	15	—	121					
James Oatt (16-19 yds)	11	18							—						
W. Lewis (16-19 yds.)	14	14	15	18	16				—						
P. Doersam (16-19 yds.)							17	14	16	16	—				
S. M. G. (16-19 yds.)							16	16	17		—				

The eighth and last event was for the cham-Upton, Dr. Cook and W. M. Morrison. In the pionship of northern Ontario and a silver cupshoot off the veteran at the traps. Mr. Upton, presented by the Du Pont Powder Company atput it all over the younger shooters. Score:— 25 targets. There were three ties at 22, Thos. Upton 22, Dr. Cook 18, Morrison 15.

## Toronto Traps

The deciding match in the inter-club series between the Stanley Gun Club of Toronto and the Hamilton Gun Club of Hamilton was shot on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club on Saturday, May 12th. The day was fine, light good, with a strong westerly wind, but owing to the location of the grounds the shooter was well protected from the breeze. The friends of both clubs were out in full force to cheer their respective clubs to victory. The match was shot 40 men a side, 25 targets per man, and was a case of see saw all thro the match, the Stanleys finally pulling away and winning by 33 targets. The inter-club matches between the Stanley and Hamilton Gun Clubs are always looked forward to with interest, more so this year than usual, and are usually shot best two out of three. The first match this year was shot on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club, 27 men a side, and was won by the Stanleys by 9 targets. The second match taking place on the grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club 29 men a side, and resulted in a tie. The third match was again shot on the grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club 37 men a side, and was won by Hamilton by 10 targets. The deciding match took place in Toronto 40 men a side and was won by the Stanleys by 33 targets. Never in the history of shooting have two clubs been so evenly matched. At the end of the third match only one target separated the scores of the two clubs. The Stanleys previous to this year have always been the losers by a small margin, but this year have successfully turned the tables on their opponents. It is mainly due to the active interest taken by the members of these two clubs that trap shooting enjoys the healthy condition it holds in Canada today. The

STANLEYS—P. Wakefield 25, T. Duff 25, Joslyn 21, Mason 24, Turp 24, Dunk 24, Pearsall 23, Ely, Jennings 23, C. Logan, Dey, Thompson, Vivian, 22, Ross, Hovey, Sawden, jr., Edkins, Bredannaz, Wolf, Sawden, sr., 21, McGill, Fleming, Matthews 20, Gillman, Hiron, Williamson 19, Fritz, W. Wakefield, J. Townson, Martin, Harrison, Bate, Buck, Sheppard 18, Cashmore 17, Farmer 16, Ingham 16, Williams 16, Dorf 15, Hegarth 11, Total 802.

HAMILTON—Beatty 25, W. P. Thompson 24, D. Fletcher, King 23, Doc Green, Rasberry Thompson, 22, A. Lee, H. Graham, G. S. Karr, Konkle, Doc Wilson, M. E. Fletcher, 21, Smith, Royal, Wark, Oliver, J. Cline, Ben H. Rich, 20, J. Crooks, Maxwell, Hunter, Geo. Cline, Friend, Horning, Upton 19, Waterbury, D. M. Scott, Culp, 13, Bowron, Merriman, Court Thompson, 17, Bates, H. Dynes, Dr. Hunt, Burgess, 16, Barnhard 14, G. Dean 11, C. Smith 10, Total 764.

The Central Gun and Rod Club held a team shoot over the traps on their grounds at the

Ontario House, Kingston Road, on Saturday, April 21st, 1906. The teams were picked by the President and Vice President. The Vice President's side won by a majority of eleven. After the shoot the party adjourned to Mr. Richard Crew's dining room, where they enjoyed a splendid supper with a good programme. A spoon given each Saturday was won by J. Crew. The following scores were made at 25 targets: J. Crew 22, Beatty 21, D. Crew 20, Bate 19, Goddard 19, Beare 18, Taylor 18, G. Knox 17, W. Knox 16, Webb 16, Rogers 16, McDermott 15, Bunker 15, Annis 15, Usher 13, Broughton 12, McGinnis 9, Earls 9, Tansley 8, handicap by yards.

In the weekly spoon shoot of the Riverdale Gun Club on Saturday, May 19th, Jennings and Bond tied at 22 birds each, the shoot-off being won by Jennings. Scores:— Event 1, 10 targets—T. Logan 10, J. Jennings 9, Bredannaz 8, J. Logan 8, Joselin 7, Lowe 7, Bond 6, G. Logan 6, Mollon 5, Powell 5, Hiron 5, Davidson 4.

Event 2, 10 targets—Joselin 10, Bond 9, Jennings 9, Bredannaz 8, Hiron 8, T. Logan 8, J. Logan 7, Powell 7.

Event 3, 25 targets, spoon handicap—Jennings 22, Bond 22, Mollon 19, Hiron 18, T. Logan 18, J. Logan 18, Davidson 17, Joselin 16, G. Logan 14, Bredannaz 12, Lowe 11.

Event 4, 10 targets—Joselin 9, Jennings 9, Lowe 8, Bond 7, Bredannaz 7, G. Logan 7, J. Logan 7, Mollon 6.

The Riverdale Gun Club held their regular weekly shoot on Saturday, May 12th, but owing to the high wind the scores were not up to the average. The "spoon shoot" a 25-bird handicap event, was won by T. Logan with a score of 21 from the 19-yard mark. Mr. Jennings on 20 yards being second with a score of 20. The following are the scores in the different events:—

Event 1, 10 targets—Jennings 10, Bate 8, Bredannaz 8, Davidson 7, Bennett 6, Joselin 5, Wooley 4.

Event 2, 10 targets—Bate 8, G. Logan 7, Jennings 7, Wooley 6, T. Logan 5, F. Bredannaz 5, J. Logan 4, Joselin 3.

Event 3, spoon, 25 targets—T. Logan 21, J. Jennings 20, G. S. Bate 19, F. Bredannaz 18, J. Logan 18, C. Davidson 16, W. Joselin 14, G. Logan 12, A. Wooley 12.

Event 4, 10 targets—G. Logan 9, C. Davidson 8, J. Logan 8, A. Wooley 12.

Event 4, 10 targets—G. Logan 9, C. Davidson 8, J. Logan 8, A. Wooley 7, D. Walton 6, T. Logan 3.

The final match of the season in the City Blue Rock League was shot Saturday afternoon the Stanley Gun Club and the Riverdale Gun Club, the home club winning by a good margin. There was a good turnout of mem-

bers of both teams, the Stanleys having out 18 men, while the Riverdales had 20, and some fine shooting resulted. The following are the scores of the fifteen high guns on both teams:

Stanleys—Dunk 24, Fleming 24, Duff 23, McGill 23, Williamson 22, Sawdon, sr., 22, Dey 22, Cashmore 22, Martin 21, Thompson 21, Ely 21, Ingham 20, Sawdon, jr., 19, Wilson 17, Kerr 17. Total 318.

Riverdales—T. Logan 24, Jennings 24, G. Logan 23, Hiron 23, Logan 22, Taylor 22, C. Logan 22, Bate 22, Bond 22, Edkins 22, W. Best 21, Joselin 21, Powell 21, Mollon 21, Hooley 20. Total 330.

The Balmy Beach Gun Club's grounds April 28th was the scene of a particularly close shoot for a handsome shield presented by Jas. D. Bailey, whose name has been so long associated with sports of all kinds in Toronto. The contest was at 50 targets and the sliding handicap was used for the first time by the club, the shooters moving back or forward after each ten targets, according to their scores. The result was as follows:— J. G. Shaw 43, Fred Lyonde 42, J. H. Shaw 42, P. J. Boothe 41, J. H. Smith 40, Chas. Davies 40, W. R. Draper 39, J. H. Casci 33, J. Wilson 29, J. Geroux 28.

### Hamilton Happenings

The Hamilton Gun Club grounds presented a busy scene on Saturday, April 28th, when the biggest list of events the club has ever held during one afternoon took place. The Stanley Gun Club of Toronto came up to shoot against the local marksmen, and the match, along with four sweepstake events and a practice shoot, made up a lengthy programme. The last time the Stanleys visited the local club the match ended in a tie, and Saturday's match was for the purpose of shooting off the tie. In Saturday's contest the clubs made a record for North America in amateur inter-club trap-shooting.

The Stanleys had 40 men ready to uphold the honor of the club, while Hamilton had 37 men. The match was a 25 targets event, 37 men a side, and Hamilton won by ten birds. In getting 37 men to shoot, Hamilton had to call on Charles Brigger, who injured his knee eight months ago and is going around on crutches. Mr. Brigger was allowed to shoot sitting on a chair, and was cheered to the echo by all when he finished, breaking 19 out of 25. The Stanleys had a special train on the C.P.R., arriving here at 2.20 p.m., and leaving at 10 p.m. They were royally entertained at the grounds and afterwards at the uptown quarters of the Hamilton club, where a few short and happy speeches referring to the great success of the wonderful match and the good fellowship prevailing among trap-shooters in Canada, were made by J. H. Thompson, George McGill and T. A. Duff of Toronto, and Dr. J. E. Overholt, Ralph Ripley and W. P. Thomson of Hamilton.

The scores of the various events follow:

Blue Rock match, 25 targets, 37 men.

STANLEYS—Dev. Hulme 26; Vivian, Dunk, Ingham, Lawson, 24; Townsend, Bate, McGill, Jennings, Matthews, 23; Turn, Cashmore, Duff, Pearsall, Edkins 22; Ely, Thompson, Murray, 21; Fleming, Harrison, Jordan, Hiron, Bredannaz 20; Williams, Martin, W. Wakefield, Ross, P. Wakefield, Mason, 19; Buchanan 18, Snanner 17, C. Wilson 17, Sheppard 16, Williamson 16, Hogarth 14, Farmer 14. Total 759. Per centage .820.

HAMILTON—B. Smyth 24, Dr. Hunt 24, D. Fletcher, Upton, W. P. Thomson, Horning, G. Cline, Oliver, Maxwell, Dr. Johnston 23; A. J. Hunt, Ben It, Hunsberger, Dr. Wilson, Dean, King, Reardon, 22; Bates, M. E. Fletcher, H. Graham, 21; Wark, Cline, Rich, Hunter, Lee, Beattie 20; Brigger, Gould, Dr. Green, Crooks 19, Bowron, Raspberry, Royal, Marshall, Friend, A. Smyth 18; Waterbury 16. Total 769. Percentage .831.

Total percentage, 74 men, .825.



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### SWEEP EVENTS.

First sweep, 15 targets—Dr. Wilson 15, Dunk 15, Turp 15, Upton, King, Beattie, W. P. Thomson, Duff, Jennings McGill 14 : Dr. Green Hunsberger, B. Smyth, J. H. Thompson, P. Wakefield, Popp, Waterbury, Bredannaz, Pearsall, Eddins, Jordan, Friend, Oliver 13; Rasberry, Horning, M. E. Fletcher, Ingham, Williamson, G. Cline, 12; Gould, Dean, Hunter, Dr. Hunt, Hogan, 11; W. Wakefield, C. Thomson, Williams, Fleming, Ben It, Barnard, Royal, Lawson, 10; Curno 9, Dr. Johnston 8, Spanner 8.

Second sweep, 15 targets—Dunk 15, Hunter 15, G. Cline, Bates, Horning, Harrison, W. P. Thomson, Bredannaz, Duff 14; Curno, B. Smyth Upton, Scott, Wark, 13; Pearsall, M. E. Fletcher, Rasberry, King, Dey, J. H. Thomson, Rich, Jennings, Tomkins, Hunt, 12; McGill, Beattie, Jordan, Dean, Friend, 11; Fleming 10, P. Wakefield 10, Barnard, J. Cline, Dr. Green, Eddins, Alder 9.

Third sweep, 15 targets—Rasberry 15, Popp, 15, G. Cline 15, Duff 15, Pearsall, W. P. Thomson, Dr. Wilson, Upton, B. Smyth, Dr. Green, 14; W. Wakefield 13, Dunk 13, P. Wakefield 12, Harrison, G. McGill, P. Friend, 11; King 10, Jennings 11, Bredannaz 10, Magill 8.

Fourth sweep, 15 targets—Turp 15, W. P. Thomson 15, G. Cline 14, Upton 13, B. Smyth 13, Dr. Groves 13, Rasberry 12, Dr. Jordan 11, Dr. Wilson 11, Scott 7.

### PRACTICE SHOOT.

Event 1—10 targets—J. Hunter 9, Oliver 9, Friend 6, Rasberry 5, B. Smyth 9, Dr. Green 7, Ben It 5, Marshall 7, Dean 8, Horning 9, Crooks 10, G. Cline 9, A. J. Hunt 7, Maxwell 8, Reardon 9, Lee 8, Lawrence 8, King 9, Bates 5, Dr. Hunt 5, Dr. Johnston 8, W. P. Thomson 10, Farmer 4, Beattie 9, Tomkins 7, Alder 9, Curno 3, D. Fletcher 8, Wark 9, J. Cline 7, Hunsberger 6, Gould 7, Bowron 7, Graham 5, C. Thomson 3, Rich 3, Howard 5, Hawkins 8, Dunham 8.

Event No. 2—10 birds—J. Hunter 9, Oliver 6, Friend 6, Rasberry 8, B. Smyth 8, Dr. Green 8, Ben It 8, Marshall 9, Dean 10, Horning 7.

Event 3—10 birds—J. Hunter 10, Oliver 6, Friend 6, Rasberry 8, B. Smyth 10, Dr. Green 8.

Event No. 4—25 targets—J. Hunter 19, Horning 20, W. P. Thomson 23, Upton 23, Dr. Wilson 25.

There was to have been a 25-target match between A and B. classes at the Hamilton club grounds on Saturday, May 5th, but as only a few of the A class men put in an appearance a match was held between teams chosen by Messrs. Upton and Dean, the latter's team being victorious. The losing side dined the winners at George Truman's. The scores:

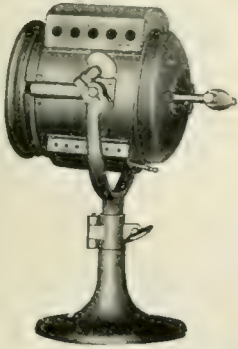
25 birds.

Upton's team—Hunter 20, D. Fletcher 14, Wark 20, Barnard 18, Friend 14, W. P. Thomson 23, George Cline 22, Dr. Hunt 23, King 22, C. Thomson 16, Lee 18, F. Dunham 8, Dr. Green 23. Total 231.

Dean's Team—Beattie 25, Hunter 20, Karr 19, Dean 18, Court Thomson 18, Rich 19, A. J. Hunt 20, Dr. Johnston 21, Maxwell 10, Ben It 20, Stroud 10, Scott 15, Hawkins 10, Ben It 20. Total 256.

### New Gun Club

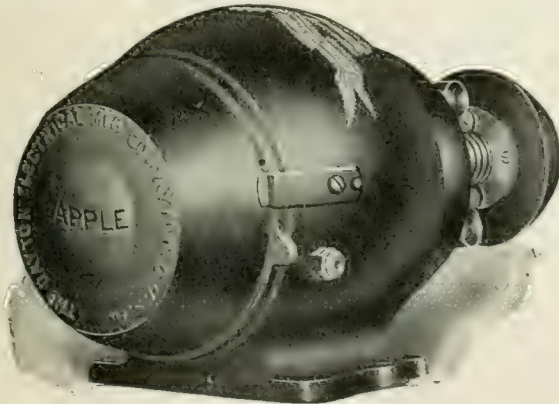
Enthusiastic sportsmen turned out for the meeting called at Marcon's hotel, Sandwich, Ont., to organize a gun club. Thos. Reid, of Walkerville, acted as chairman and nominations were received for the offices. Thos. J. Wear was elected president, David LaFond as vice-president and John Chapman as secretary-treasurer. W. C. Donaldson was elected captain and Jack Marcon will act as manager. The new organization will be known as the Lagoon Park Gun Club. The executive board will con-



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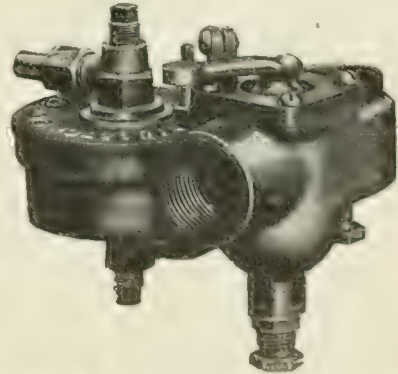
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sist of the officers of the club. A letter was received from F. H. Conover, of Leamington, who represents the DuPont Powder Co. in which an offer of a valuable loving cup to the new club was made. This was unanimously accepted and a vote of thanks was tendered the donors. It was decided to shoot for the trophy during the next four months, the event to be at 25 targets with a sliding handicap from 16 to 20 yards, members to be allowed to total their ten best scores during the competition. The trophy will become the winner's property at the end of the competition series.

Besides the officers already named the following members were enrolled: C. J. Wall, Thos. Reid, Andrew Braid, Goldie English, V. Bradshaw, John Merritt, W. Cousland, W. Rochford, J. L. Heureux, T. Brooke, J. Purser, J. Marcon, F. Stewart, L. Horton, F. Myles, Harry McIntosh, David Janisse, F. Marcon, W. Smith, L. Youngblood and Geo. McIntosh.

### Woodstock Beat Ingersoll

A high wind swept across the Ingersoll Gun Club grounds May 10th when Woodstock and Ingersoll Clubs met in a twenty bird shoot but despite this fact there were some very creditable scores made. Woodstock won the shoot by seven birds, the score standing 119 to 112. The score:—

Woodstock—Dawson 15, Hartley 11, Walker 9, Dawes 11, Vance 7, Booth 17, Miller 14, Maynard 18, Welford 9, Dutton 8. Total 119.

Ingersoll—Staples 15, Kirbyson 15, McMulkin 15, Nichols 16, Ruckle 3, McMulkin 7, Winder 14, Williamson 10, Morrison 7, Harris 11. Total 112.

In the 15 bird sweepstakes the following scores were made: Pyne 14, Miller 13, Nichols 23, Kirbyson 12, Thompson 12, McMulkin 12, Booth 12, Staples 11, Dawson 11, Welford 7, Harris 11, Hartley 11.

### Quebec Gun Club

The second shoot for the Fov Cup took place at the Kent House on Saturday May 19. The principal scores on Saturday were:—

At 25 birds—H. des Rivières 23, E. R. Pepin 21, R. Ruel 20, P. Bishop 19, Felix Turcotte 19, E. I. Waagen 18, Capt. Panet 17, R. Wright 17, J. K. Boswell 16, L. P. J. Turcotte 15.

### Dartmouth Doings

The Dartmouth, N.S., Rod and Gun Club held their monthly shoot at their grounds May 2nd and as usual were favoured with beautiful weather. The shooting commenced at 2.30 and there were seven events which resulted as follows:—

First event—10 targets and preliminary—1st, A. Edwards and Lieut. DuDomain, tie, 9 each; 2nd G. E. Vanbuskirk, L. F. Hill, Capt. Uniacke and Lieut. Willis, tie; 8 each. 3rd—A.M. Stewart 7.

Second event—Garrison Gun Club vs Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club, three man team, 25 targets, unknown angles:—

Garrison Gun Club—Lieut. Willis 14, Lieut. DuDomain 16, Capt. Uniacke 14. Total 46.

Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club—G. Edwards 16, J. A. McLaughlin 8, L. F. Hill 16. Total 40.

Majority for garrison team six targets. Third event—Lafin and Rand Cup—25 targets. Handicap—A. Edwards 23, L. F. Hill 22, H. D. Romans 21. This cup was won in April by Jas. Egan.

Fourth event—10 bird sweepstake—L. F. Hill 10, E. Walsh 8, Lt. DuDomain, A. Edwards, Capt. Uniacke, tie, 7.

Fifth Event—10 bird sweepstake—L. F. Hill 10, Lt. DuDomain 8, Capt. Uniacke 7.

Sixth event—10 bird sweepstake—Lt. DuDomain and A. Edwards tie, 10; Capt. Uniacke 9, L. F. Hill 8.

Seventh event—doubles—Won by E. Walsh. The Austen-Hill gold badge was won by L.



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is the best score ever made on the grounds. The badge was won on Good Friday by R. A. Johnston with a run of 19.

At the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club's range on Saturday afternoon, April 21st, there was a three man team match between Dartmouth Club and Garrison Gun Club. The result of the scoring of fifty targets was as follows:

Garrison Club—Captain Uniacke 20, Lieut. DuDomain 35, Lieut. Willia 29, Total 84.

Dartmouth Club—L. F. Hill 36, R. A. Johnston 42, A. Edwards 42, Total 120.

During the afternoon the Austen Hill gold medal which has been held by J. A. McLaughlin since Good Friday, was won twice, first by

F. Hill with a straight run of 34 targets. This A. Edwards with a run of 17, and later by R. A. Johnston with a straight run of 19.

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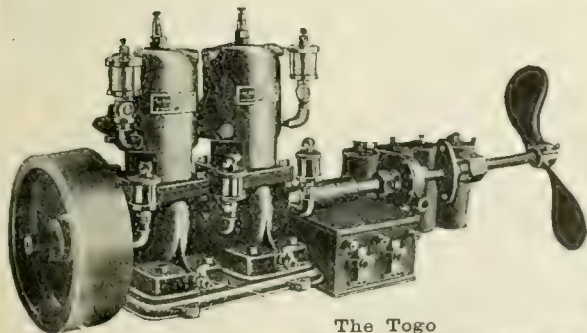
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Moose, Caribou, Elk, Sheep, Goat, Bear,  
Trout.

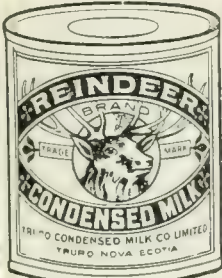
The best game country in the world.



# GETTING READY FOR AN OUTING

Many things are needed, a gun, a rod, a boat, a tent, but not less important is the food supply.

REINDEER  
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Sweetened

## IT SHOULD INCLUDE

- 1 CASE REINDEER MILK
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(Condensed)

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These are the best product, from the purest material. They furnish a lot of convenience, in very small bulk.

**TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited**  
Truro, N. S., and Huntingdon, P. Q.

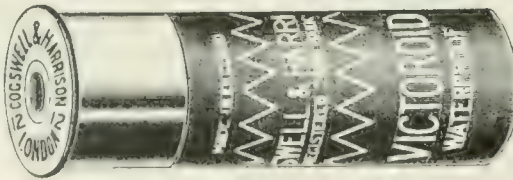
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ESTABLISHED 1770

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MATERIALS**

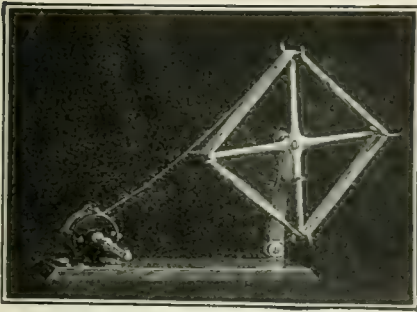


**THE BEST  
OF THE  
BEST**

These cartridges are recognized as the Highest Class of cartridge that is made. In using "Victoroid" and "Excellor", thoroughly tested smokeless Gun Powders, sportsmen will have a medium, combining the absolute maximum of Rifling effect, i. e., velocity, pattern, penetration, etc. with the least minimum of discomfort i. e., recoil, fumes, blow back, injury to the gun. Loaded with "Victoroid", "Excellor", "E. C. Schultze", "Imperial Schultze", "Smokeless Diamond", "Emule" or "Amberite" powder. Our "Excellor" Trap shell, 42 grs. Excellor powder, 1 1/4 oz. No. 7 hardened shot is accurately loaded, giving the highest results at the traps. The lowest price smokeless cartridge on the Canadian market.

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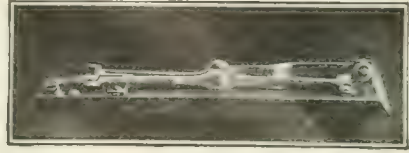
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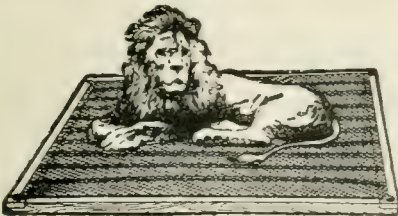
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to rest."—Romeo and Juliet



## Hercules Spring Beds

Are five times as strong, five times  
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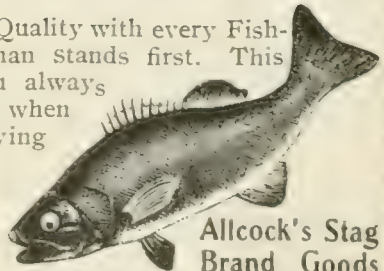
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on a guaranteed Hercules Spring  
Bed for thirty nights. If you can  
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the bed to your dealer, and he will  
send back your money. See that  
guarantee is stamped on frame.

**Gold Medal Furniture Co., Limited**

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Quality with every Fish-  
erman stands first. This  
you always  
get when  
buying



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for we are the bonifide manufac-  
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**The Allcock, Lait & Westwood Co., Limited**  
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**IF LIVE BAIT** will ever catch more fish than a "Dowagiac" artificial minnow, it is the exception. 19 times out of 20, game fish 'strike' only to attack the lure.

## "DOWAGIAC" Artificial Minnow



**MORE "DOWAGIAC" BAITs** are sold every year than all other Artificial Casting Bait combinations.

*The "Dowagiac" Bait Products for 1906 are just a little handsomer and more perfect in construction than ever before.*

A piece of painted wood with a fish-hook attached is not a criterion for artificial bait. "Dowagiac" baits are the result of many years' experience of practical bait casters. Every detail has been carefully worked out and *that is why* the "Dowagiac" minnow will land your fish at a time when he would slip off the other fellow's bait. "Drop a line" to us and catch one of our booklets showing our minnows printed up in their natural colors.

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A FINE  
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**A New  
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Printed in Sepia Tint on heavy coated paper. Will be mailed to the first 200 applicants to this advertisement.

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Over decoys is the finest sport of the age, besides doing a great deal of good toward protecting our game birds nests and young.

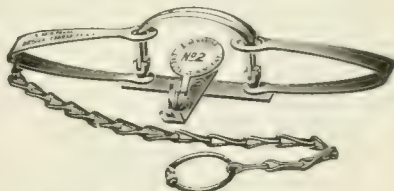
All Sportsmen agree that they are the best attainable. We manufacture all kinds of decoys and calls. Write for circulars and prices to

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### IN TRAPPING FUR

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Is necessary. It costs more and earns more than any other. Absolutely Guaranteed. Illustrated catalogue on application.

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This is what he says:  
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Gentlemen: The sweater which you made to my order arrived in good condition and is very satisfactory. So well pleased am I that I intend ordering another. But I am not a Canadian when we are in Canada next summer. I think the sweater was made in Canada."

We will furnish name upon application  
PRICES GLADLY FURNISHED

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**GRAND  
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Any tool firmly attached or detached to the pocket knife in a second.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price \$2.25.

Use it five days and if not satisfied return it and I will refund your money.

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*Newly erected and furnished new throughout with modern conveniences.*

RATES: \$1.50, AND \$2.00.

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Mrs. Ruth Jackson declares in the "Nineteenth Century" that "the Englishwoman of today is the worst housekeeper in the world, while two hundred years ago she was the best." Mrs. Jackson attributes the present notorious decay of the domestic virtues in England to the degeneracy of the race. If Mrs. Jackson knew America as well as we do she would admit that we dispute the first position in degeneracy with the British. All this can be cured however and it must be. Fresh air, exercise, sulphur, sand, sun and clay baths, canoeing, camping, fishing and shooting, snow shoeing, skiing, and winter camping, whichever is the most convenient to take. I am ready to furnish to thousands of persons.

In the meantime I quote (abbreviating) from Elbert Hubbard a standing prescription to be observed daily as a help to dear old Mother Nature, in the arrest of physical degeneracy.

If you have no appetite, do not eat. If you have appetite do not eat too much. Be moderate in the use of everything except fresh air and sunshine. Ecclesiastes advises MODERATION, Buddha EQUANIMITY, William Morris, WORK, St. Paul, LOVE.

Hippocrates the father of medicine said what has been repeated in better phrase by Epicurus, the slave, to his pupil, the Roman Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, observe MODERATION, EQUANIMITY, WORK, and LOVE.

Times have changed since these ancients spake. Nowadays many work too much; to such I would say have one season in the year, if not two, of exercise and amusement. I would like to have a chance to prescribe free.

Address: L. O. ARMSTRONG,

Colonization and Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.

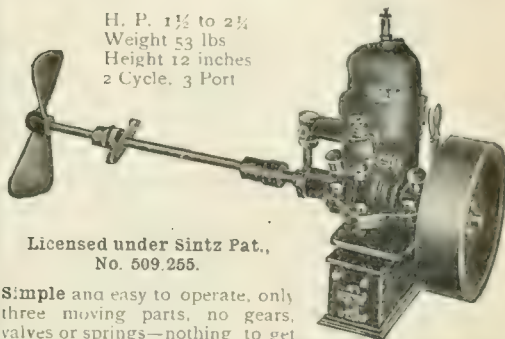
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GASOLINE MOTORS

**\$43.00** 'Bare Engine Duty refunded.

H. P. 1½ to 2½  
Weight 53 lbs  
Height 12 inches  
2 Cycle, 3 Port



Licensed under Sintz Pat.,  
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Simple and easy to operate, only three moving parts, no gears, valves or springs—nothing to get out of order. Built for service. Main Bearings Babbitted Workmanship and material of the highest order, and guaranteed. Jump Spark and Reversible Speed Lever Control. Send for catalogue "N" of other sizes. Agents wanted.

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This is a high class bait, mounted with best nickel-plated swivels, finest quality steel split rings, very best bronze hollow point treble hooks, all water fowl feathers tied by high class workmen, perfect in every way. Has proven successful in lakes and rivers inhabited by Bass. Sample 50c. Money refunded if not as represented.

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# Lefever Won

Highest possible shooting honors for 1905  
Grand American Handicap score 99-100  
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We have started the new season 1906  
at the same old gate.

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Kansas State Championship, April 18-20, '06  
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It is simply renewed evidence of the many advantages of the Lefever Gun which have obtained for it the enviable reputation of leader of all hammerless shot guns.

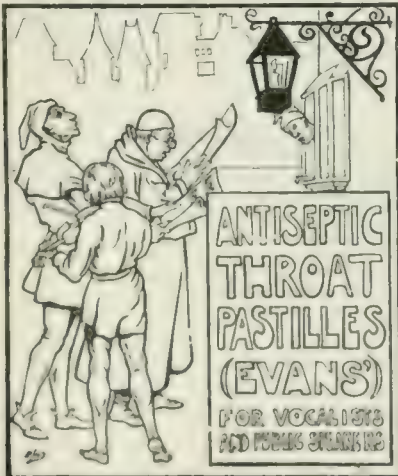
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FROM ALL DRUGGISTS

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## CHAMBER'S "CASTRIQUE"

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SPORTING MOTOR DORY  
SKIFF OR FISHING DORY



For rivers, lakes, inshore cruising, for small fishing parties, for hunters and for sportsmen's use generally, this Motor Dory is a craft of the very highest excellence.

It has the speed, staunchness and reliability of a much more expensive boat and is roomy, stylish and comfortable.

We have a few of these dories made up with extra care for exhibition purposes, equipped with 1-2 horse power Atlantic Motors, which we will sell at \$125 each, a very slight advance on cost. We have but a few of them and the first orders that come in will get them.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE 24.

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Of all Newsdealers  
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**McClure's** The best of fiction in serials and short stories  
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In your list for 1906  
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Last a  
Lifetime

*Ribbed Longitudinally and Diagonally*

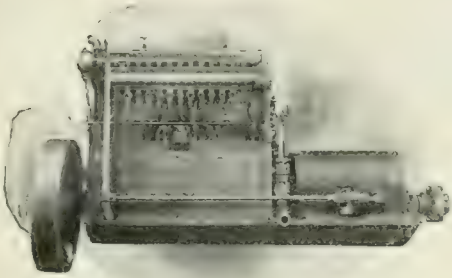
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CANVAS BOAT CO.,**  
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Send 6c for Catalog  
50 ENGRAVINGS

OUR  
11 FT.  
BOAT

THE "KING" is simply wonderful in Construction. Puncture Proof Canvas. Equal in wearing strength and model to the best wooden boats, yet it folds in a small package to check as baggage or carry by hand. No repairs or cost for storage. Made non-sinkable and perfectly safe anywhere. The only patented canvas boat on the market.

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.,

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SOME MANUFACTURERS claim to make the best *speed engine*.

OTHER MANUFACTURERS claim to make the best *working engine*.

**WE MAKE THE BEST**  
**ALL-AROUND MARINE**  
**ENGINE**

The "BUFFALO" is in use in all kinds of boats for all kinds of work. Ask any user as to the results they give.

Furthermore the prices are not exorbitant but are low—taking into consideration the quality.

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TAKE AN

# Esiv Camera

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Pocket Esiv Camera, takes pictures  
 $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , adapted for plates or films, **\$10.50**

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A MORNING'S CATCH

## WITH ITS 30,000 Islands

*The best fishing and Camping.  
Delightful Scenery*

Steamers leave Penetang Daily for Parry Sound, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from Collingwood and Owen Sound for North Channel, Sault St. Marie, Mackinac and Petoskey.

Information, Literature and  
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Or address

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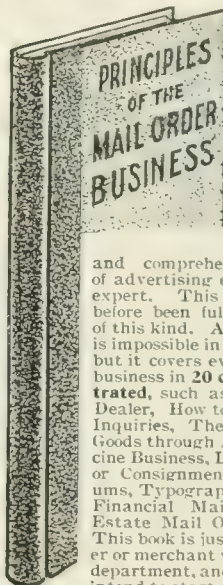
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**I**f you are a business man, advertising student, mail order man, ad writer or connected in any way with advertising or the mail order business, send \$1. and take advantage of this offer today. Our handsomely cloth bound book,

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is the most complete, practical and comprehensive book on this branch of advertising ever published; written by an expert. This important subject has never before been fully treated in a special work of this kind. A complete synopsis of contents is impossible in the space allotted in this ad, but it covers every branch of the mail order business in **20 complete chapters, fully illustrated**, such as, The Standpoint of the Small Dealer, How to Keep Records, Following up Inquiries, The Catalogue Business, Selling Goods through Agents, The Mail Order Medicine Business, Legitimate Schemes, The Trust or Consignment Scheme, Advertising Mediums, Typographical Details, Postal Pointers, Financial Mail Order Advertising, Real Estate Mail Order Advertising, Etc., Etc. This book is just the thing for the manufacturer or merchant who wants to add a mail order department, and a valuable guide to those who intend to start a mail order business.

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has for its contributors the most brilliant and experienced advertising men in the world and every conceivable subject pertaining to Advertisment Writing, Space Buying, System, Methods, etc., is discussed in a masterly manner at once interesting to the tyro and convincing to the most experienced advertisers—such as: The Chance for the Small Business, Mailing Cards, The Value of Price in Advertising, Why Booklets Bring Business, Doctors and Advertising, Saving Bank Business by Mail, Retail Advertising in the Country, How Country Merchants can draw Trade, Continuous Advertising, Inactive Advertising Matter, Etc., Etc., and a mass of other interesting matter too numerous to mention. The man who is studying advertising by correspondence will be interested in "The Letters of an Advertising Man to His Younger Brother," which discusses in a series of heart to heart talks the trials, difficulties and temptations that beset the young advertising writer in learning and following his profession. 64 pages, issued monthly, and for \$1, you will receive 12 numbers and a copy of Principles of the Mail Order Business, making over 900 pages in all. This is the biggest bargain ever offered. Send your order to

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**FREE**—We will also send you a copy of our 64 page booklet, "How to Become an Advertising Man," which describes in detail the most complete and comprehensive advertising course taught by any advertising college in America.



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**BOATS and YACHTS**  
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2 GRADES OF EACH

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FRANCIS C. REYNOLDS, Manager.

Drink only

**MITCHELL'S**

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# Scotch Whiskeys

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and you will save

**A Morning's Head.**

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this summer, no matter what particular branch of sport you follow. *Underwear is necessary* to good health. Wear the kind that while fitting closely will not in the least prevent you having every freedom of action.

**SHOOTERS** sometimes miss an easy shot because their underwear drags at some point.

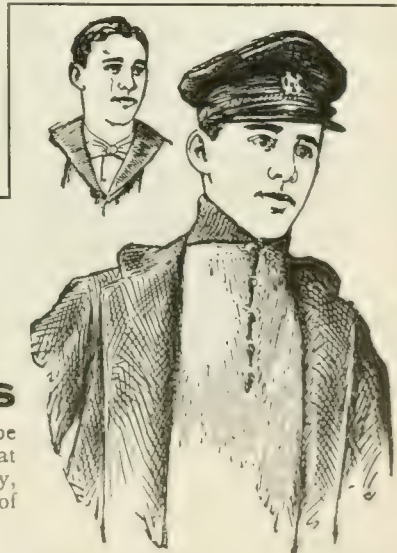
**OARSMEN** become irritated because of ill fitting underwear.

Every bad feature of underclothing is left out of

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BRINGING OUT THE MOOSE HEAD.

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# *The Province of Quebec*

*From the Sportsman's View Point.*



No country in the world possesses a greater variety or more attractions in the line of sport than historic Quebec. When a little better known it will surely become the "Mecca" of devotees of sport; the angler is very much in evidence now even, from 1st May to 30th September, putting forth his best efforts to secure the silvery salmon, the beautiful speckled or sea trout, or yet again the pugnacious bass.

Autumn sees the sportsman again around with rifle or shot-gun, tracking the fleet Caribou or Red Deer or snugly ensconced on the shores of a lake, waiting for an opportunity to lay low the king of the forest, the mighty Moose. Others are content to frequent the hardwood ridges or beaches, in quest of the ruffed grouse, or wild fowl. Few, if any, return unrewarded for their efforts.

A large area of territory is now under lease to clubs, but there is ample room for more; as for the transient sportsman, there is a wealth of territory at his disposal, e. g. in the Upper Ottawa, St. Maurice, Lake St. John and on both sides of the St. Lawrence below Quebec City. Access to all these points is easy, either by rail or water way.

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Fishing and hunting territories are obtainable at very reasonable rentals, in any part of the Province where crown lands exist. There are still some very desirable salmon rivers available in the Lower Gulf district.

The Government will in all probability, allot territory to Fish and Game Clubs in the recently created Reserve, in the Peninsula of Gaspé, reserving of course the interior for propagation and a limited amount of shooting and fishing.

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This renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1905, in the great Caribou Barrens.

For information of any kind re Sport, address

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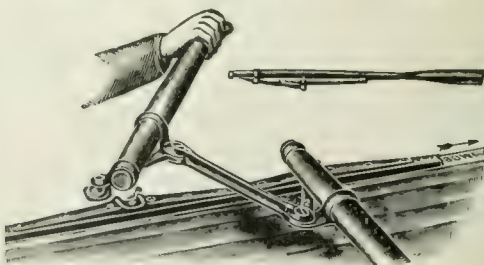
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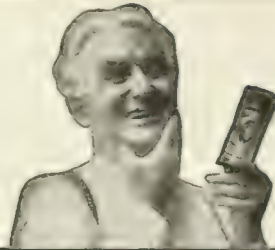


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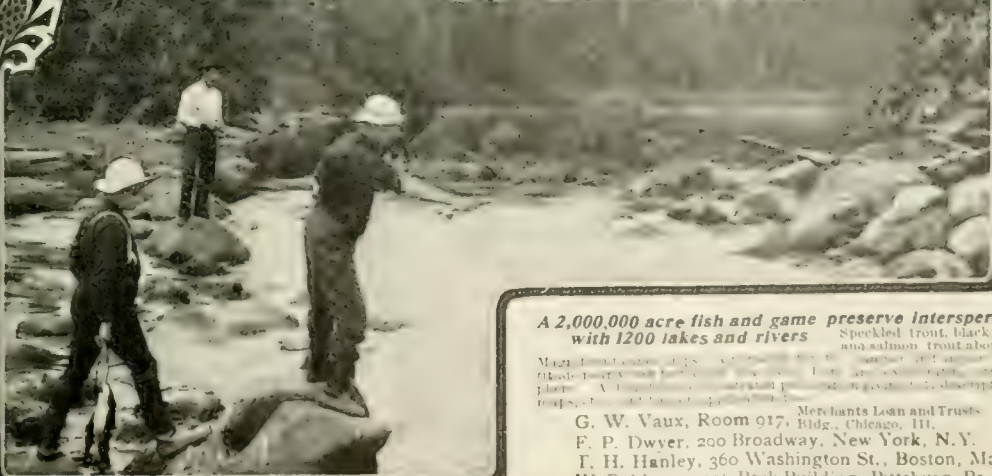
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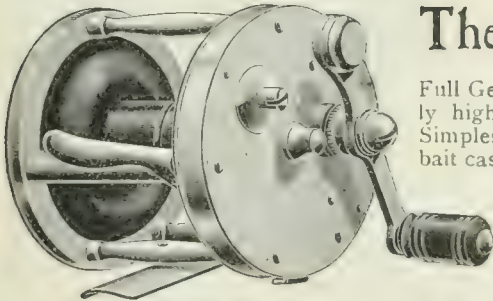
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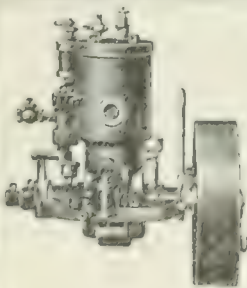
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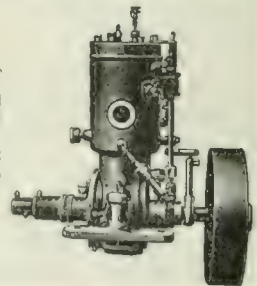
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## PORK AND BEANS

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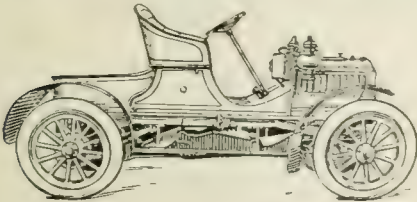
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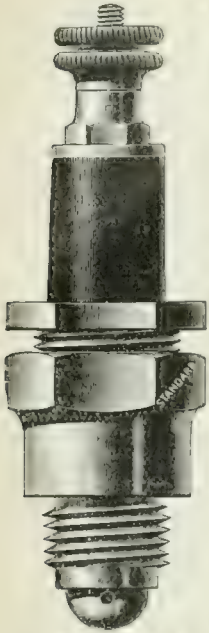
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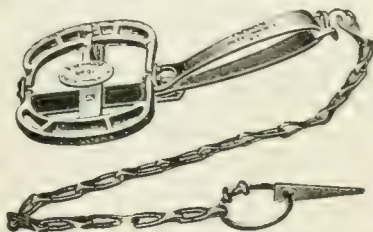
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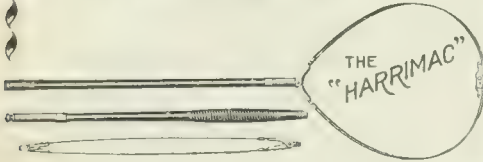
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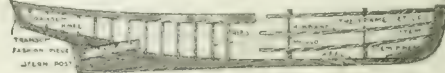
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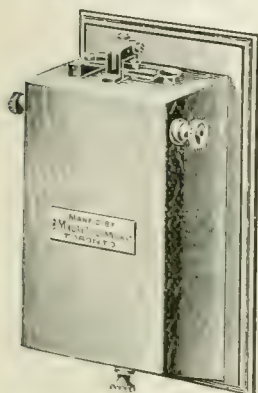
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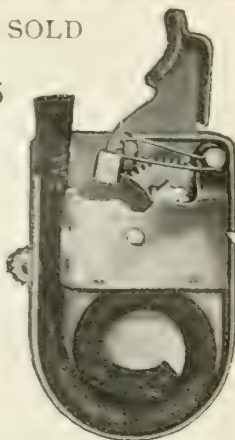
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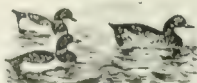
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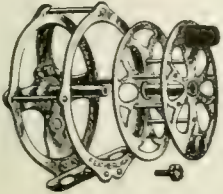


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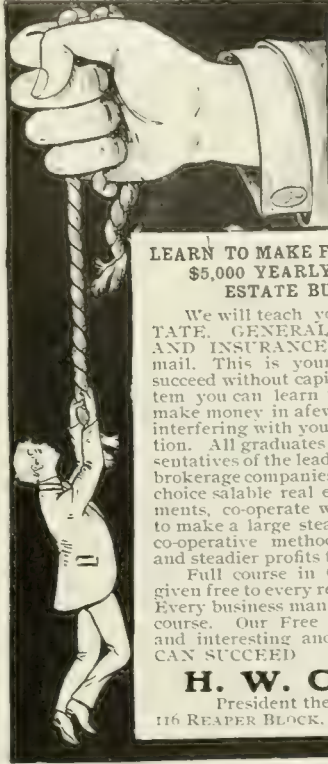
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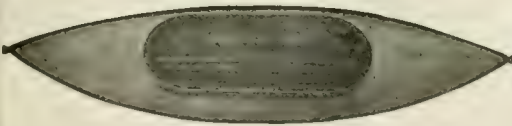
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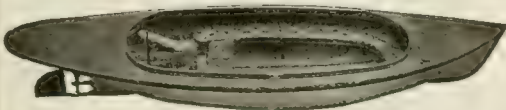
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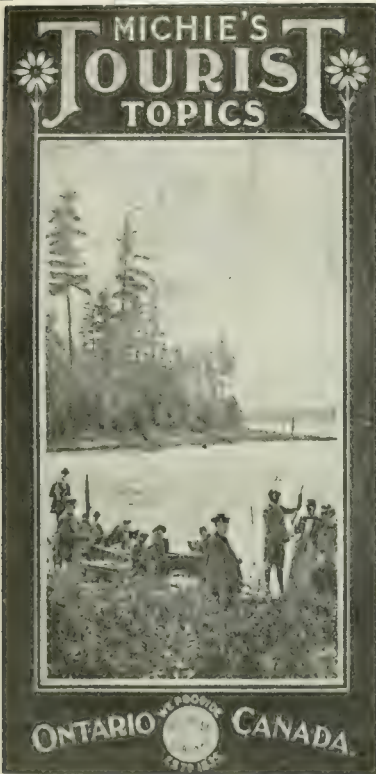
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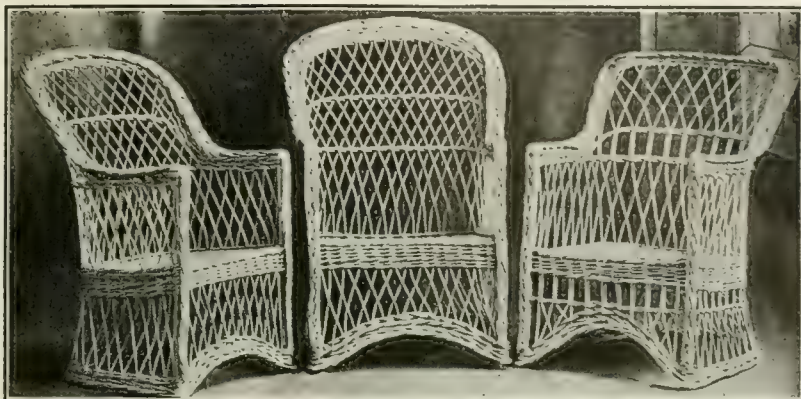
BLOMPFIELD, (Champion of America.)

in 1904. Breaking the record by 10 seconds. Paddles a "DEAN" canoe. He made the fastest time in a Dean Canoe made by one man.

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Long Distance Phone, WALTER DEAN, 1751 Queen W., Toronto.





No. 10. \$3.50  
Size of seat . . . . . 16x16  
Height of back from seat 23 in.  
Height of arm from seat 9 1/2 in.

No. 14. \$5.00  
19x19  
26 in.  
10 in.

No. 12. \$4.00  
18x17  
24 in.  
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**T**HE distinctive feature about my Willow Furniture is not the price, but the quality—lots of Art Furniture is sold at less, but you would not want it at any price when placed alongside of YOUNGER'S WILLOW FURNITURE. I grow my own Willow. I supervise personally the workmanship. I guarantee strength and durability of every article. As to BEAUTY of this Furniture, it speaks for itself. The handsome set, illustrated above, sells for \$12.50. It comprises three comfortable arm chairs, made of Willow. That means coolness and comfort. There is no reason in the world why you should sit in an unventilated and unhealthy upholstered chair when you can buy these artistic chairs at prices from \$3.50 to \$10.

We also manufacture a variety of other Rush and Willow Furniture, including Settees, Arm Chairs, Fancy Chairs, Invalid's Chairs, Tables, Picnic Baskets, Automobilists Baskets, and numerous other articles. Special baskets of any style made to order.

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### Three Barrel Guns

LIGHT WEIGHT 6 1/2 - 7 1/4 lbs. Two Shot Barrels,  
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PERFECTLY BALANCED AND ACCURATE IN EVERY WAY



**\$65.00**  
And Upward

12 16 and 20 Gauges. 25-20, 25-25, 25-35, 32 Ideal and 32-40 Calibers.

This is the gun to take on your hunting trip, as you are prepared, with the one gun, for all classes of game, from Quail to Moose. We make a specialty of a 12 gauge shot gun with 32/40 H. P. Rifle and 16 gauge with 25/25, and carry complete line of these sizes in stock. Send for Catalog of this up-to-date gun.

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BOX 1001

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Sportsmen and trap shooters are advised that the Schultze Gun Powder Co., Limited, of London, Eng., are placing shells of THEIR OWN LOADING, viz., "Westminsters" and "Yeomans" on the Canadian market this autumn in all popular game and trap loads. These shells have proved the most satisfactory on the English market and, it is believed, will achieve equal success in Canada. Ask for them through your dealer.



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I make a specialty of Ladies' Camping Outfits. I can take you safely to any part of the Rockies. Write for particulars.

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Scenic  
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Montreal, Canada.

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# Rushton

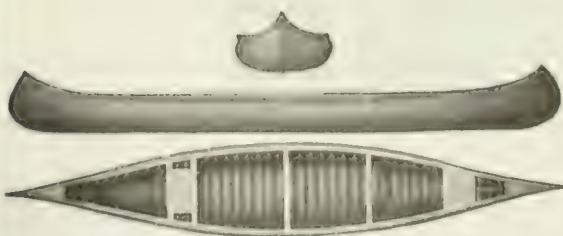


on a boat, canoe, sail, paddle, oar, lee-boards—do you stop to think what it means?

That name is on only the very best of goods. Every experienced canoeist knows it, and it is one of the first things that novices learn.

RUSHTON superintends personally every bit of work that goes on in his factory. He is always there. He has been at this work for the last 31 years. Each year shows a larger business. There you have both cause and effect. We do not plan to rest on what we have done. Our product was never better than today. We lie awake nights thinking of ways by which we can give you better service. We would rather answer your enquiries than eat. Just give us the chance. Tell us where you are going, and let us recommend a model of canoe. We offer to you, among other articles all-wood boats and canoes, open and decked canoes, the INDIAN GIRL model canvass covered canoe, oars, paddles, sails, lee-boards, brass boat and canoe trimmings.

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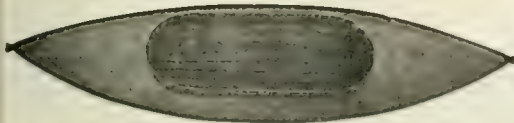


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Patent Steel Duck Boat. \$30.00



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To buy **A** boat but quite another thing to buy the **best** boat. Ours cannot rust, leak or sink.

Our boats are steel! and properly built. No coffee pot constructions and the rivets are covered and *cannot* rust; look at this from a true sportsman.

"The boat bought of you? She is a peach. Carries big load and goes easy."

Yours truly,

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Write to us about it to-day, before you buy.

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No. 1 Camp Mattress with pillow, weighs only 10 lbs.

SINGLE & DOUBLE  
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FISHING, SHOOTING AND  
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A Lightweight Waterproof Coat particularly adapted for warm weather, weighs less than 2 lbs.



Sportsman's Cushion

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185 Yonge Street,

TORONTO, CAN

EVERYTHING  
IN RUBBER

# Ross

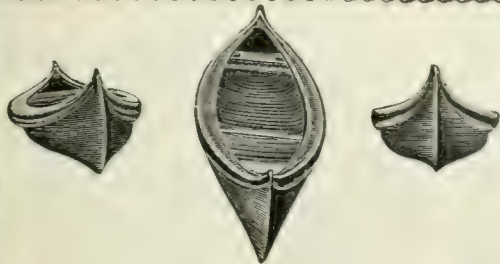
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**For Target and  
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The best in the world.  
303 Calibre. Military and Sporting Patterns.  
Special calibres to order.

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Appreciate our "SPONSON" or air chambered Canoes

They will not upset or sink, even if filled with water, and are absolutely safe.

We also make canoes for the expert canoeist and hardy voyageur. Our Canoes are cedar, covered with canvas. Patented 1905.

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With the approach of the bass season your mind naturally turns to fishing tackle, and for the bass, which you know is a plucky little fighter, you naturally want a plucky little rod. There is no better bass rod made than the "Bristol" Steel Fishing rod. It gives just enough, has strength to withstand the severe strains, and is light. Different Bristols for different uses—all equally efficient. The "Bristol" is the best all around rod made.

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FREE—Our beautiful color catalog. This describes the "Bristol" Steel Fishing rod, etc., as well as the combination reel and handle.

**THE HORTON MFG. CO.**

32 Horton St.  
BRISTOL, CONN.

TRADE MARK  
**"Bristol"**







THE STEAMER LOOKS LIKE THESE PTARMIGANS

hilarating experiences that are inseparable from the trip across the Rockies via the Canadian Pacific Railway. Give up something, some other part of the trip, but don't miss that.

### The Fishing, Shooting, Canoeing and Mountain Scenery

are unique, even in "our fifty Switzerlands in one grand whole," as the Canadian Rockies have been called.

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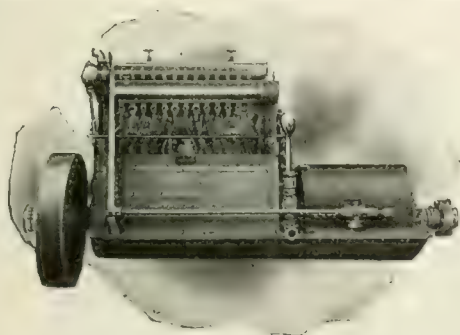
**The Manager,  
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Golden, B. C.**

## The STEAMER Ptarmigan

Sails up the Col-  
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(on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway) in the valley between the Rockies (proper) and the Selkirk Range. It is a gloriously unusual trip, perhaps a little the most enjoyable of any of the ex-



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**WE MAKE THE BEST**  
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**ENGINE**

The "BUFFALO" is in use in all kinds of boats for all kinds of work. Ask any user as to the results they give.

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Pocket Esiv Camera, takes pictures  $3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ , adapted for plates or films, **\$10.50**

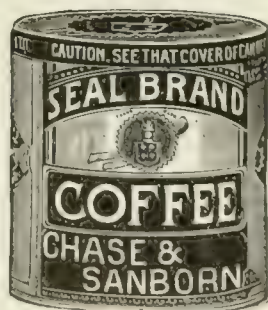
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**MONTREAL**



Photo M. P. Brideland

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**“Ho! For the Canadian Rockies”**

Write to

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Passenger Traffic Mgr.,

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**GASOLINE MOTORS**

**Reliable, Reversible  
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**Immediate  
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**Dwarf in Size      Giant in Strength**

NOT HEAVY NOR CUMBERSOME  
MODERN IN EVERY DETAIL  
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Simple and easy to operate, only three moving parts, no gears, valves or springs—nothing to get out of order. Built for service. **Main Bearings Babbitted.** Workmanship and material of the highest order, and guaranteed. **Jump Spark Ignition.**

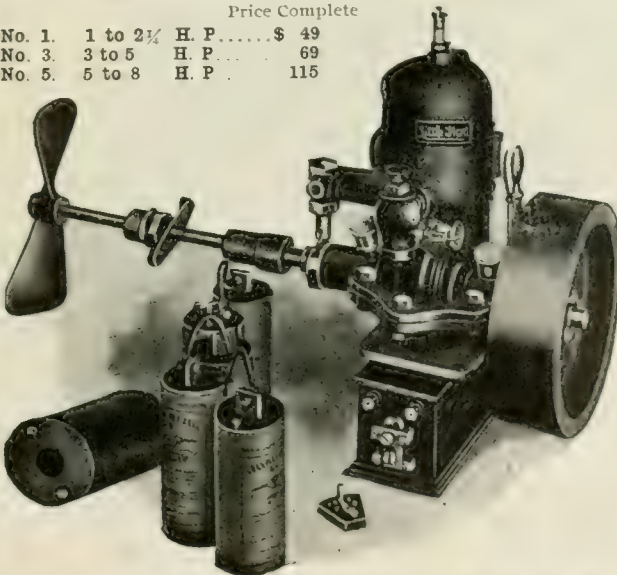
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**THREE PORT TYPE**

Price Complete

No. 1.	1 to 2½	H. P.	\$ 49
No. 3.	3 to 5	H. P.	69
No. 5.	5 to 8	H. P.	115



**TWO PORT,  
WATER  
SPRAYED,  
EXPANSION  
MUFLER  
TYPE**

1½ to 2 H.P. Price, complete outfit, \$49.

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Furnished Lines, Everything in Fishing Tackle.

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## STEEL RODS

\$2.<sup>05</sup>

3-PIECE, CORK GRIP  
10 FT. FLY and 8 1-2 FT. BAIT  
YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY DUTY ON THIS  
PRICE.



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For Trial—Send Us

- 15c for an a-sorted sample dozen.  
Regular price, 24 cents
- 30c for an assorted sample dozen.  
Regular price, 60 cents.
- 60c for an assorted sample dozen.  
Regular Price, 84 cents.
- 65c for an assorted dozen.  
Regular price, 84 cents.

- Quality A Flies
- Quality B Flies
- Quality C Flies
- Bass Flies

Try our New Braided Silk Enameled Waterproof

## Metal Center Line

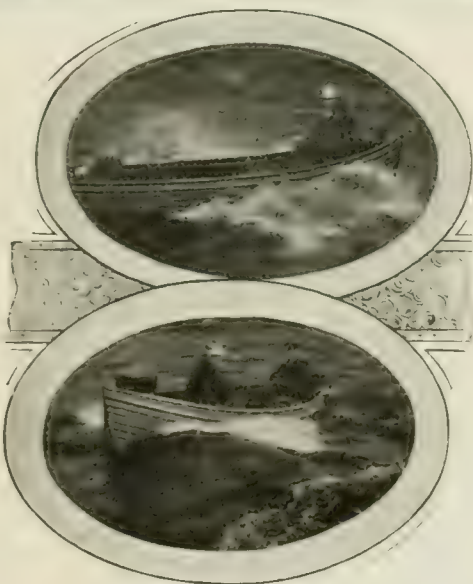
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Put up in 20-30-40-50-100 yards lengths

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**I**F the freight on a complete boat would come too high, patronize your local boat builder and have him install an Adams Engine.

**The Adams Launch and Engine Mfg. Co. PENETANG  
ONT.**



***Summer Residences on Islands Off  
the North Shore of Lake Huron,  
Near Desbarats, Ont.***

**TO LET**

Desbarats is on the Canadian Pacific Railway and has a good Railroad and steamer connection from all the large cities of the United States and Canada. It is also the northernmost station of the Chicago Yacht Club and an important Station of the Keewaydin Canoe Club and of the Wild-wood Lodge Co.

Every Steamboat Line calling at Mackinaw or Sault Ste. Marie can be taken for Desbarats, as there are boats running to Desbarats or connecting with boats for that place from each of these ports.



**LONGFELLOW ISLAND NO. 56**

The black spot on the extreme left is the little boat dock. The island is very irregular in shape.

Longfellow Island has a small four roomed camp of very solid construction, with a fine stone fire-place. It is a picturesque island in a commanding position, Miss Longfellow lived there for a part of one summer with many members of her family, and there the Indian Play of Hiawatha was first given for her entertainment. She said of this place: "The spot selected for the drama could not have been more beautiful." Rent \$150.00 for the season, partly furnished.



**MCNAB ISLAND NO. 58, DESBARATS, ONT.**

McNab Island has been the favorite island ever since the first summer resident came. It was in fact the first island built upon. The camp containing five rooms, stone fire place, kitchen and ice-house will be rented for \$150.00 for the season. The only furniture necessary to bring would be linen and cutlery. The rest will be furnished in sufficient quantities for a small family. Boats can be



The Desbarats River, up which the largest yachts can motor to the Railway Station

rented for the season. The railway station is two miles distant, and the Hiawatha Camp and steamer dock only half a mile away.

There are other camps to rent, some of them more expensive than these.

There is bass and trout fishing and moose, bear, deer, duck and partridge hunting. The fishing in the inland lakes, which have good wagon roads leading to them, or canoe routes, is unsurpassed in America. Just about the Hotel and Camp is to be had the kind of fishing that Isaac Walton loved, —pike, bass, perch and carp, and mullet in great abundance. Residents or visitors can drive to phenomenally good bass and trout fishing in the nearer inland lakes.

One of the pleasures of life in Desbarats is to be enjoyed by owning or renting a motor boat. There are one hundred islands within a four mile circle, of which the Camp is the centre. Every day for a month a different destination may be selected, either as a fishing or picnic grounds. One may walk, drive, paddle, sail or motor to the post office, railway station and store. There is telephone connection. There is a resident village doctor. Fruit, fresh meat, cream and vegetables can be brought to the island home daily, and yet one feels as if one were a thousand miles from civilization.

Apply **L. O. ARMSTRONG,**

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**As Advertised  
in Rod and Gun**

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## **Price List of Some New 1906 Goods.**

	PRICE.
Winchester, 1906, light weight, 22 calibre Rifle.....	\$10.50
Marlin, 1906, Baby Repeater 22 calibre Rifle.....	12.00
Winchester Supplemental Chambers.....	.60
Bristol Steel Rods, the New Rainbow Rod, Bass 8½ and 10 ft., Fly 9 and 10 ft.....	each 3.50
Split Bamboo Bass and Fly Rod 9, 10½ ft.....	" 1.00
Nickel Plated Multiplying Reels, 80 yds.....	" .55
Saranac Silk Line, per 25 yds.....	" .50
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Lally Lacrosses from 40 cents to \$3.15 each.	
Canvas Canoes, Indian made, 14 ft. and 16 ft., \$25.00 each.	

We are special distributing Agents of nearly every Reliable Sporting Goods Manufacturer.

We sell at lower prices than you can buy in your home town. If you care to save money, send for our 1906 catalogue.

## **T. W. Boyd & Son**

Established 1845

**27 Notre Dame St., West, MONTREAL**





Why is the *Marlin* Repeating Shotgun, Model No. 17, the best low-priced repeating shotgun in the world?

By making this gun with a solid frame and a straight grip stock a number of parts have been eliminated. The result is a stronger, simpler, cleaner gun than any other repeating model, and a very much less costly one.

The exclusively *Marlin* solid top and side ejection are features of Model 17, and to these famous *Marlin* ideas are added the new double extractor and a two-piece safety recoil block—devices which repeating shotgun users will welcome.

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When the ducks come rushing in among the decoys or the grouse roar off through the dead leaves, you cannot be armed with a better, quicker, harder-hitting gun than the *Marlin* Model 17.

It is a first-class quail gun. For woodcock, snipe, prairie chickens, sharp tail grouse or any other bird shooting it is unsurpassed.

Its records at the traps are wonderful.

If your dealer cannot supply you write us direct. A complete description of Model No. 17 is given in our 1906 Catalog. Sent FREE for six cents postage.

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Motoring, Boating, Fishing, Camping, etc.,

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REGISTERED & PATENTED

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Can be buttoned up around throat or left open to suit weather conditions. Prices, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.75, \$4.25, \$4.50.

Sweaters of All Kinds for all Sports.

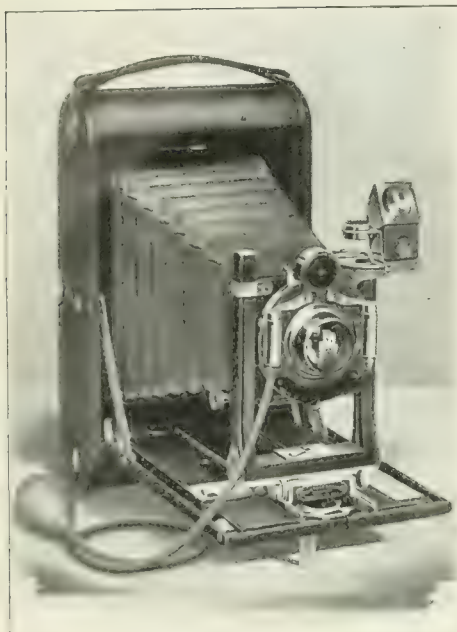
Our "Featherweight" Sweater for hot weather, made in any colour, at \$1.50, is a winner.



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 4 1/4 x 6 1/2 inches

The New 4A Folding Kodak makes the taking of large pictures a simple matter—it gets away from the conventional sizes yet is as simple to operate as a Pocket Kodak.

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**GRAND  
TRUNK  
RAILWAY  
SYSTEM**

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ALL HE CAN BE TO LIFE

**A Peerless Region  
for the Tourist,  
Camper Canoeist, Angler and  
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A new territory accessible by rail and offering the best fishing and shooting in America. Scenery unexcelled, **hay fever unknown**, magnificent canoe trips. Black bass, speckled trout, lake trout, wall eyed pike in abundance. Moose deer, bear, partridge and other game during hunting season.

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**Or to G. T. Bell,** GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT  
MONTREAL, CANADA

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Which will you use when you go gunning for real sport, the old muzzle loading musket or the up-to-date breech loading repeater? If you are interested in **MARINE GAS ENGINES** for pleasure, profit, or service will you meet any old type at a price? Or would you prefer an up-to-date engine, light, compact, and powerful, designed exclusively to the propulsion of **Marine Gas Engines**.

Send us ten cents and we will send you our catalogue.

**Smalley Motor Co., Ltd.**  
BAY CITY, MICH.

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If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

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*The best fishing and Camping.  
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Steamers leave Penetang Daily for Parry Sound, and Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday from Collingwood and Owen Sound for North Channel, Sault St. Marie, Mackinac and Petoskey.

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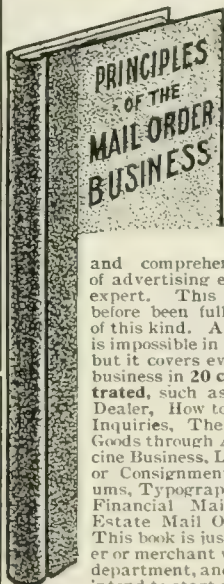
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is the most complete, practical and comprehensive book on this branch of advertising ever published; written by an expert. This important subject has never before been fully treated in a special work of this kind. A complete synopsis of contents is impossible in the space allotted in this ad, but it covers every branch of the mail order business in **20 complete chapters, fully illustrated**, such as, The Standpoint of the Small Dealer, How to Keep Records, Following up Inquiries, The Catalogue Business, Selling Goods through Agents, The Mail Order Medicine Business, Legitimate Schemes, The Trust or Consignment Scheme, Advertising Mediums, Typographical Details, Postal Pointers, Financial Mail Order Advertising, Real Estate Mail Order Advertising, Etc., Etc. This book is just the thing for the manufacturer or merchant who wants to add a mail order department, and a valuable guide to those who intend to start a mail order business.

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has for its contributors the most brilliant and experienced advertising men in the world and every conceivable subject pertaining to Advertisement Writing, Space Buying, System, Methods, etc., is discussed in a masterly manner at once interesting to the tyro and convincing to the most experienced advertisers—such as: The Chance for the Small Business, Mailing Cards, The Value of Price in Advertising, Why Booklets Bring Business, Doctors and Advertising, Saving Bank Business by Mail, Retail Advertising in the Country, How Country Merchants can draw Trade, Continuous Advertising, Inactive Advertising Matter, Etc., Etc., and a mass of other interesting matter too numerous to mention. The man who is studying advertising by correspondence will be interested in "The Letters of an Advertising Man to His Younger Brother," which discusses in a series of heart to heart talks the trials, difficulties and temptations that beset the young advertising writer in learning and following his profession. 64 pages, issued monthly, and for \$1. you will receive 12 numbers and a copy of Principles of the Mail Order Business, making over 900 pages in all. This is the biggest bargain ever offered. Send your order to

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**FREE**—We will also send you a copy of our 64 page booklet, "How to Become an Advertising Man," which describes in detail the most complete and comprehensive advertising course taught by any advertising college in America.



# *The Province of Quebec*

## *From the Sportsman's View Point.*



No country in the world possesses a greater variety or more attractions in the line of sport than historic Quebec. When a little better known it will surely become the "Mecca" of devotees of sport; the angler is very much in evidence now even, from 1st May to 30th September, putting forth his best efforts to secure the silvery salmon, the beautiful speckled or sea trout, or yet again the pugnacious bass.

Autumn sees the sportsman again around with rifle or shot-gun, tracking the fleet Caribou or Red Deer or snugly ensconced on the shores of a lake, waiting for an opportunity to lay low the king of the forest, the mighty Moose. Others are content to frequent the hardwood ridges or beaches, in quest of the ruffed grouse, or wild fowl. Few, if any, return unrewarded for their efforts.

A large area of territory is now under lease to clubs, but there is ample room for more; as for the transient sportsman, there is a wealth of territory at his disposal, e. g. in the Upper Ottawa, St. Maurice, Lake St. John and on both sides of the St. Lawrence below Quebec City. Access to all these points is easy, either by rail or water way.

Fishing licenses for the season for non-residents, cost \$10.00 for hunting \$25.00.

Fishing and hunting territories are obtainable at very reasonable rentals, in any part of the Province where crown lands exist. There are still some very desirable salmon rivers available in the Lower Gulf district.

The Government will in all probability, allot territory to Fish and Game Clubs in the recently created Reserve, in the Peninsula of Gaspé, reserving of course the interior for propagation and a limited amount of shooting and fishing.

## *"Laurentides National Park."*

This renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1905, in the great Caribou Barrens.

For information of any kind re Sport, address

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries,  
Quebec, P. Q., Canada.

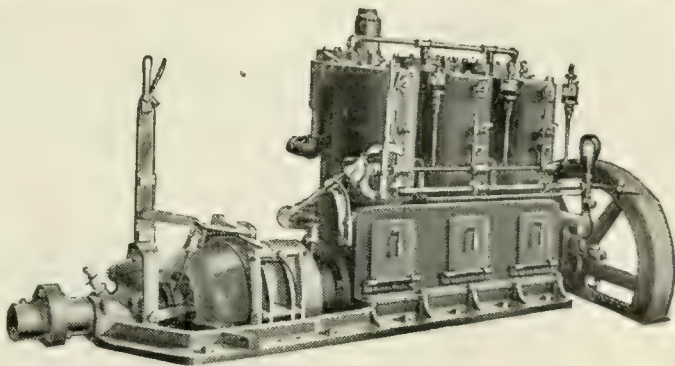


Niverville, Man.,  
Feb. 7, 1906.  
Wolverine Motor Works,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.  
Gentlemen: — It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the 6 H. P., 2 cylinder, 2 cycle engine, I bought from you last June has given the best of satisfaction, on the River and also on the Lake. It drives my 22½ ft. boat close to 11 miles an hour, and does it easily.

The best part, however, is the ease of handling it. It is seldom that I have to use the crank more than once a day as it would hold the compression in the hottest sunshine for four or five hours, and has repeatedly started by the lever alone after not being used for 1½ to 2 days.

We lived through the worst storm on Lake Winnipeg of the season '05 and would surely have been drowned had the engine stopped on us.

Respectfully yours,  
WM. B. MEY.



New Orleans, La., Feb. 1, 1906.

Wolverine Motor Works, Grand Rapids, Mich.

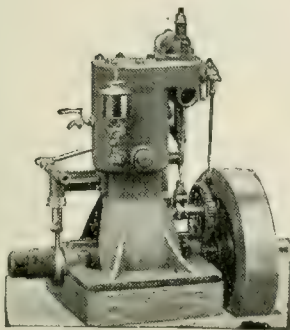
Gentlemen:—Your 75 H. P. Engine, which we have been using for the past 12 months, has been satisfactory in every respect.

We take great pleasure in mentioning to you some of the work it has been doing. We make two trips weekly, a run of 260 miles round trip up and down the Mississippi River, without counting landings, 9 miles per hour against the current, at an average speed exceeding all expectations.

The motor is installed in an 80 ft. by 17 ½ ft. beam freight carrier, and will state that we had no trouble whatever.

We wish to compliment you and your southern representative, Mr. Bruguere, on having the best gasoline boat in this part of the country. We have been using this engine for 12 months, and find her to run smoother every day. We take pleasure in recommending this engine. Yours truly,

SPICUZZA BROS.



# WOLVERINE MARINE ENGINES

## One Grade Only—The Highest

Have stood as the standard of excellence for 20 years—the highest art in marine gasoline engine construction, 5 to 100 h. p., 2 and 4 cycle, self-starting and reversing.

**SPECIAL OFFER** How to get boat plans worth \$50.00 to \$200.00 for pleasure or working boats without cost to you. Write us at once for complete information and Catalog No. 26.

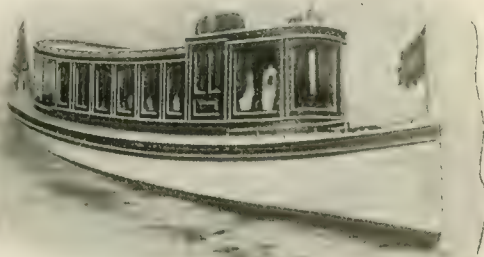
**WOLVERINE MOTOR WORKS, Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.**

**WE** are probably the largest exclusive marine gasoline engine manufacturers in the world.

**TWENTY** years of scientific study and careful experimentation **MUST** have resulted in something.

**OUR** special method of construction insures long life and freedom from annoying breakages.

**EVERY** engine is thoroughly tested and inspected before it leaves the factory.





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*The most magnificent modern summer hotel on the North Shore.*

*The New Ocean House is but thirty minutes from Boston by rail. Has accommodations for four hundred. Its situation is delightful.*

*Among other attractions it has to offer are safe surf-bathing, sailing, fishing, and the finest roads for driving, riding, and automobiling in America. Boarding stable and garage on premises.*

*Concerts by a superb orchestra every afternoon and evening during the season.*

*Facilities for all out-of-door sports.*

*Select patronage.*

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*Ainslie & Grabow*

*Proprietors*

*Address until June 1st, 270 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, Mass. After that date, New Ocean House, Swampscott, Mass.*





# FISHING AND SHOOTING

Like most of the other districts in Northern Ontario the Huntsville and Lake of Bays region is particularly favored in its fishing and hunting confines. The principal lakes of this chain are bountifully stocked with speckled salmon trout and bass, while in the more distant stretches of water, ling is found in plenty. The amateur fisherman may leave the steamer at some calling place on any of the lakes on the route, and drop a quiet fly until the return trip of the boat, in the evening.

Brook Trout are also numerous in the smaller streams which flow into the different lakes, and for the zealous angler, capital sport may be had. Sometimes the trout will rise to fly, and again at times they are so sly that nothing but a minnow will tempt their dainty appetites, or perchance a grasshopper or a piece of pork.

For the hunter, partridges are plentiful (open season, Sept. 15 to Dec. 15), but a dog is a necessity to success. Guides may be procured who have hunting dogs. Ducks are fairly numerous (open season Sept. 1 to Dec. 15). Beaver and Otter can be found in goodly numbers, but are protected by the Government until November 1, 1906. The season for deer runs from November 1 to November 15, and the exacting laws of the Provincial Government, enacted to protect these animals, are enforced with such vigor by the game wardens, that during the open season the deer are most numerous. During the last season more than 10,000 hunters went up into this and contiguous districts, and the success that the different parties had was all that could be desired, one of the express companies alone transporting 2,379 carcasses from this northern section during the open season. Bear and wild geese are also found. Campers can get supplies at Huntsville, and the guides will supply boats, etc., at moderate rates. If the ideal of the pleasure seeker is a camping life, fairylike spots in scheduled nooks among the woodland shores are waiting to be taken possession of; for others whose tastes tend to the comforts obtained in hotel life, there are modern and well appointed hostleries at several of the principal points at which the steamers of the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Route touch.



*"Now Blessings Light on him that first invented sleep."*

And a double blessing on

## Hercules Spring Beds

that make sleep doubly restful.

If you don't know the comfort of Hercules Spring Beds, we'll let you learn about them free. Sleep on one for 30 nights. If you do not think it better in every way than any other bed you ever saw, return it to your dealer and he will refund the money. See that you get the kind with our guarantee stamped on the frame

**Gold Medal Furniture Co., Limited**

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

## WE WOULDN'T ADVISE YOU

Unless we were positive. When our announcement says: "**Complete Outfitters**" we mean it. Everything for the hunter.

Guns of all gauges and best makes. Rifles, all calibres and newest models. Ammunition to fit any and all of the first quality. (We load our own shells and guarantee them perfect.) Canoes in three lengths, Hunting suits, tents, cots, etc.

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SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES.

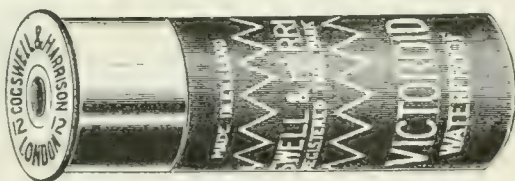


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**THE BEST  
OF THE  
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Our Sporting Cartridges are recognized as the Highest Class of cartridge that is made.

In using "Vicmos" and "Exceltor", thoroughly tested smokeless Gun Powders, sportsmen will have a medium, combining the absolute maximum of Killing effect, i. e., velocity, pattern, penetration, etc. with the absolute minimum of discomfort i. e. recoil fumes blow back injury to the gun.

Loaded with "Vicmos," "Exceltor," "E. C. Schultze," "Imperial Schultze," "Smokeless Diamond" "Empire" or "Amberite" powders.

Our "Exceltor" Trap shell, 42 grs. Exceltor powder, 1 1/4 oz. No. 7 hardened shot is accurately loaded, reliable and giving the highest results at the traps. The lowest price smokeless cartridge on the Canadian market for a reliable cartridge.

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apply to Canadian Agents

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to try it

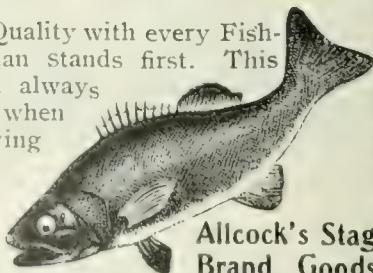
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Quality with every Fish-  
erman stands first. This  
you always  
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Brand Goods**

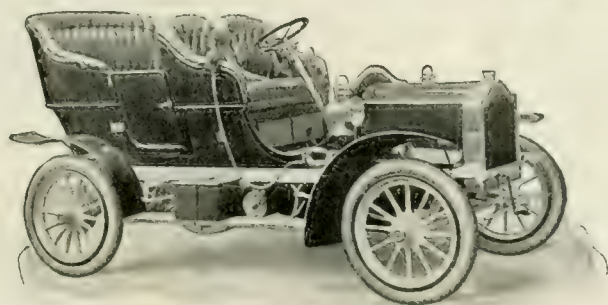
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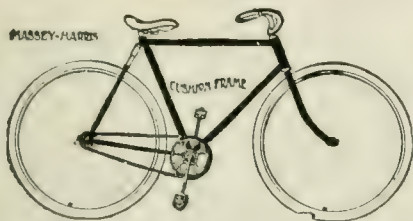
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He who sells satisfaction, gets satisfaction. That is why there are so many Russells sold all over Canada.

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Full line of Automobile Accessories



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When you buy one of the wheels mentioned below you get a bicycle built in a factory that makes all its own parts, with the latest up-to-date machinery from the best material that money can buy.

Result : A wheel that is one harmonious whole, each one of its parts made in proper relation to all the others.

This means a perfect fitting smooth and easy running bicycle giving lasting satisfaction and pleasure to the owner.

Think of the advantage over a bicycle put up in a shop where chains are brought from one place, sprockets from another, frames from another, and so on throughout the whole construction of the wheel.

**Do not Experiment  
—Buy the Best—**

**Silver Ribbon Massey  
Brantford**

**Cleveland  
Perfect**

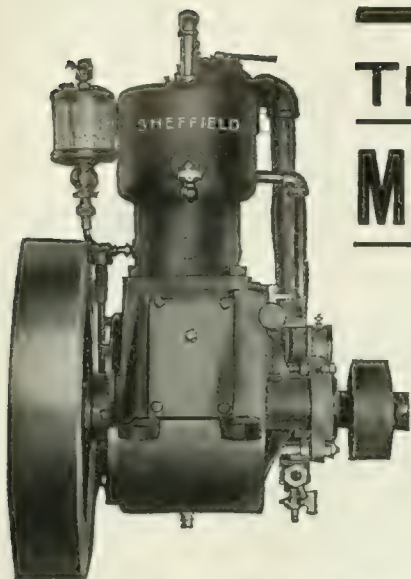
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## The "SHEFFIELD" MARINE ENGINE

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Built for endurance and satisfaction.  
Simple to operate and can always be  
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SEND FOR CIRCULARS  
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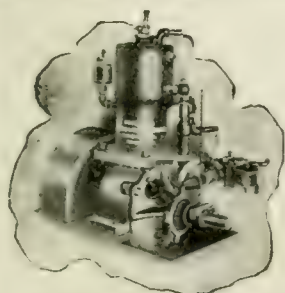
—Manufacturers of—

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Stationary and Automobile Use

These engines will start without turning flywheel over centre. Cranking by hand being absolutely unnecessary.

"HONEST INJUN," something new from United States, patent applied for, now manufactured here, 1 to 25 h. p. For simplicity, durability and power, cheapest marine engine made here, requires no reversible propeller or reversing gear. Send for prices and get the whole story

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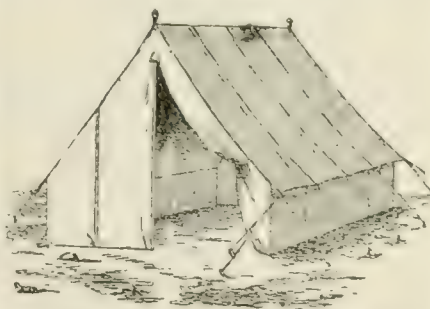
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**Fine Quality**

SIZES—Large Men's, Men's,  
Small Men's and Boys'

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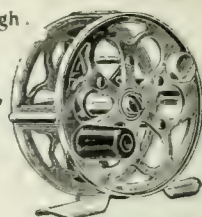
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## Particulars

Material—The best.  
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We make all repairs free. No other maker will.  
Price: 40-yd Trout, 85c.; 60-yd Trout or Bass \$1.25; 100-yd Bass, (Trolling) \$1.75  
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Also "Takapart" and "Expert" Reels, and "Harrimac" Landing Nets

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Combines the purest milk with the best sugar.

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Is the purest milk evaporated to the consistency of cream, and thoroughly sterilized.

**COFFEE.** REINDEER CONDENSED COFFEE.  
Is coffee, milk and sugar combined ready to use.

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Is cocoa, milk and sugar combined ready to use.

A cup of excellent Coffee or Cocoa is made by simply adding boiling water.

**TRURO CONDENSED MILK CO., Limited**  
TRURO, NOVA SCOTIA

# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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## Publisher's Notice

The increase in circulation and size of this magazine during the past two years has made it absolutely compulsory to instal new up-to-date machinery. While this is being done it has been found advisable to date the present issue July-August, and thus make it possible for the magazine to conform with the dating of American publications, which as a rule are published about the 20th of the month previous to the date of issue. The September number will therefore be in the hands of subscribers and on the news stands about the 20th of August, which system of dating and publishing will be maintained in future.

The next issue (September) will show a decided typographical improvement in the magazine, which together with the change in dating, will no doubt be appreciated by the great army of Canadian and American sportsmen and tourists who have come to look upon

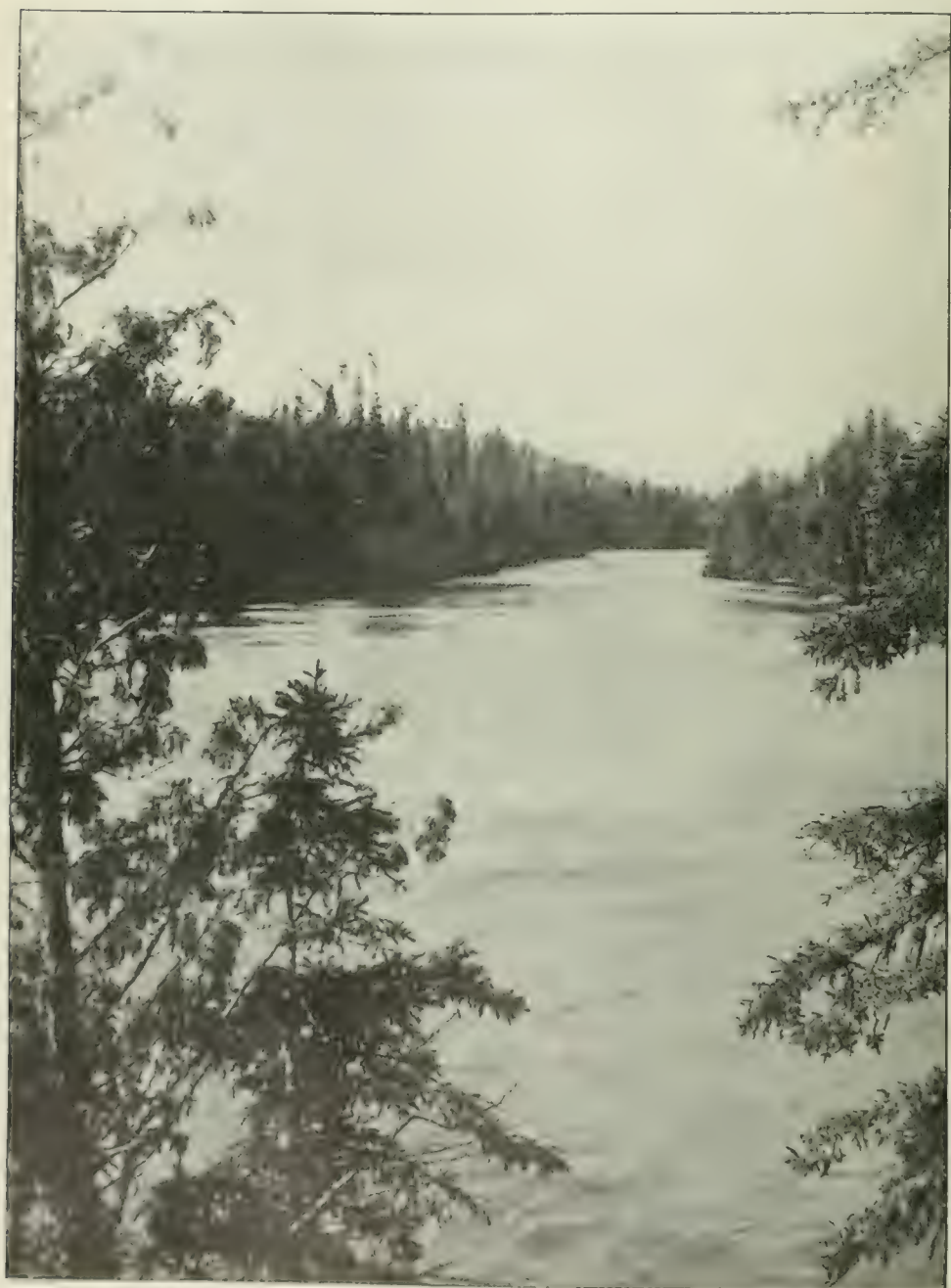
### **Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada**

as their favorite magazine of outdoor life.

W. J. TAYLOR, Publisher.

Woodstock, Ontario.





THE NEPIGON DEEP AND COOL.  
NEAR HAMILTON POOL

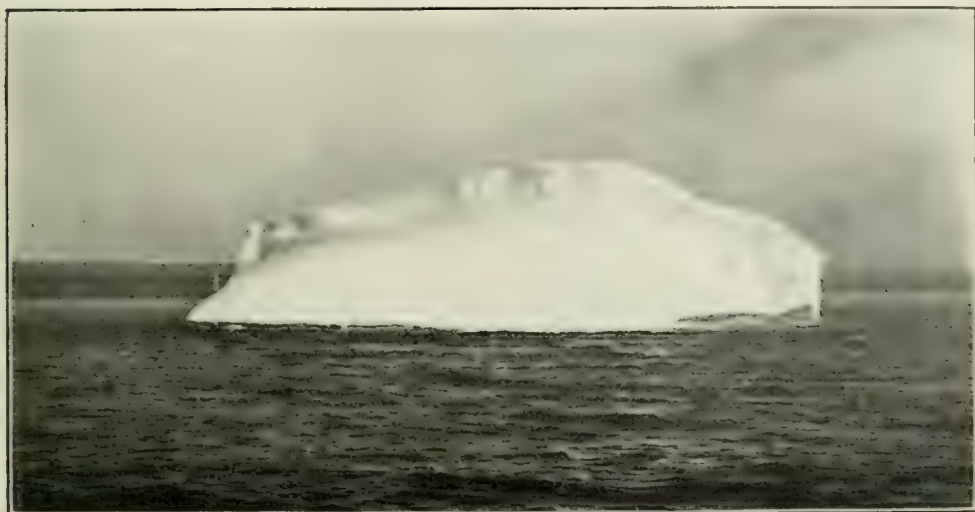
# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

JULY 1906

NO. 2



ICEBERG NEAR BLANC SABLON, LABRADOR

### Jottings From Labrador.

BY G. PARRY JENKINS, F. R. A. S.

(Member of the Canadian Government Eclipse Expedition to Labrador 1905.)

**T**HE ceaseless throbbings of the engines suddenly ceased and I awoke in my bunk to find the "S. S. King Edward" had arrived at the harbor of Blanc Sablon which is the boundary between Canada and Labrador. It was 5 a. m. August 9th, 1905, and on reaching the deck it was difficult to realize the combination of summer and winter which presented itself to my sight. The sun was shining gloriously over the wide expanse of the magnificent St. Lawrence, and turning to the mainland snow was distinctly visible within the rocky folds of the valleys which opened into the north shore.

Right by our side was an immense iceberg, dazzling with many emerald hues in the morning light, and its very presence sent a cold shudder over our surroundings. It was the first outpost of the great army

which we were to encounter in our journey further north and that its process of disintegration had been delayed so long was entirely due to its vast size. When we realized that only one-ninth of the bulk of an iceberg is visible above water the real dimensions of this one became more apparent. In fact we found from actual observation that it remained visible for a distance of fifteen miles after we passed it.

We had anchored at Blanc Sablon in twenty five feet of water and I could see the bottom distinctly. The water was as clear as crystal. Sea shells abounded and many star fishes were plainly discernable on the sands below. Floating at different depths were thousands of marine organisms which moved to and fro by the gentle currents that prevailed. These jelly-fishes ranged from little specks just visi-

ble to masses over a foot in diameter and there absolutely seemed no end to them. Flocks of ducks and gulls flew over our heads and the big loons popped up and



A FINE COUPLE FROM LAKE MELVILLE,  
LABRADOR

down around our vessel adding animation to the scene.

As we were now in the land of King Cod it was only to be expected that we should meet many of his subjects and there they were right under us, quite unconscious of the presence of our ship or of the many eyes that watched their movements. A number of our party improvised fishing line which were baited—well in fact it did not matter whether the hooks were baited or not—with a delicious morsel from the side of one of their own tribe, or a glittering piece of an old tin can, and up came cod after cod.

Nearly all the inhabitants along this dreary coast are rod and line fishermen, and they are extremely poor. It is only a few who possess nets or "traps", as they are called. A good cod outfit costs \$400, and it is seldom that one fisherman can boast of such a luxury. As a rule a number club together and each owns a certain share of the "trap".

The Rev. A. J. Vibert of the St. Clement's Mission, who came aboard our ship two days previously at the little fishing village of Mingan told us their parish extended from Pentecost to Blanc Sablon and was 500 miles in length. I asked him what kind of shooting there was on these

shores and he said it was great. Two gentlemen he knew went out shooting last winter and killed 73 partridges between them in one day. Of course these were the white partridge, or Ptarmigan. This sportsman's paradise has however its drawbacks. They only get their mail nine times a year, and no doctor is located there. Mr. Vibert without any medical training, had to amputate three fingers of one of the poor fishermen last winter.

We only remained at anchor here long enough to land the mails and in another twenty-four hours we were well into the Atlantic Ocean, our ship having safely rounded the dangerous Straits of Belle Isle in the early hours, although we had to slow down on several occasions during the night owing to treacherous fogs and to avoid running into the icebergs which are so prevalent in these parts. At 9 a.m. the next day the sky was exceedingly clear down to the very horizon. We now found we were in the thick of the icebergs. Father Kavanagh of Montreal, and I counted between us 101 icebergs right round our ship, and it required very careful steering and ever watchful eyes to navigate through them.

A jet of water splurged out on our starboard many yards into the air and we



SKINNING SEALS, LABRADOR

could just see the back of one of the large denizens of the deep. We were in a school of whales. All binoculars were turned on the spot and every minute each fountain





LORD STRATHCONA'S OLD HOME, RIGOLET, LABRADOR

seemed to play their sprays of water in succession. A dozen whales at least were counted by us on one occasion, and the sight became quite a familiar one. On these occasions every gun from the .22 Hopkins and Allen to the Army Regulation Rifles carried by different members of the expedition were discharged at these moving targets, but we might as well have tried to stop their gambols with a pea-shooter as any visible effect which our combined efforts had on them.

In entering into Hamilton Inlet, Labrador, we had the good fortune to see a mirage, the sight of which I shall never forget. On the water line a vessel was distinctly observed upside down and several icebergs had the same effect and appeared hanging down in the sky. The illusion was very real with the naked eye and actually became intensified through our telescopes.

Our course now lay inland and after travelling 40 miles up the inlet we arrived at Rigolet, at 2.40 p.m. on August 11th. It was here that Lord Strathcona started his connection with the Hudson Bay Company. We anchored there over night and one of the illustrations shews myself knocking at his Lordship's door in the old home in Labrador. The natives entertain a very warm affection for plain

Donald Smith as he was known to them. I met one couple, Joe Goudie and his Esquimaux wife, who had been married by Lord Strathcona at Rigolet 46 years ago. Joe is now 70 years of age and there are fourteen children of the marriage. As there are no clergymen stationed in these parts of Labrador the Factors of the Hudson Bay Company usually perform all the ecclesiastical duties such as marriage, baptism and burial services.

When standing on the little wharf at Rigolet we recognized the spot where the ill-fated explorer Hubbard with his companion, Wallace, were photographed on their arrival there two years previously as depicted in that fascinating book "The Lure of the Labrador Wild."

We were still 110 miles from our destination and having successfully passed the "Narrows"—a channel full of rocks, most of them uncharted—we steamed right across the broad waters of Lake Melville and arrived at North West River which has been a Hudson Bay Post for nearly a century.

Snow was visible on all the hills around and during night the temperature was only a few degrees above freezing point. Last year snow fell on the spot on which we were now located on the 15th of July.

We remained seventeen days on shore



ESQUIMAUX DOG TEAM OF THE HUDSON BAY CO., NORTH WEST RIVER POST, LABRADOR

taking all our provisions and sleeping tents with us. Our whole baggage, inclusive of the scientific instruments of the expedition, weighed 50 tons, and it was no mean task to carry, by manual labour alone, all of our belongings to our camp, half a mile from where we landed.

While there we met many full blooded Esquimaux, Indians and half-breeds, some of whom had come 600 miles from the interior to trade fur. The Indians were all

of the Montagnais or Mountaineer tribe. Up to a few years ago the great Hudson Bay Company had a monopoly in these parts, but now the French firm of Revillon Freres has opened an opposition establishment here. We went over the French post and saw some fine furs—the total value of which M. Duclos the factor estimated at \$10,500. The most prized was a silver grey fox, considered very rare, and for which he had paid \$200 to an Indian. The principal furs were bear, wolf, wolverine, lynx, fox, marten, mink and ermine.



A NATIVE INDUSTRY. SALTING SALMON, LABRADOR

The natives live entirely by fishing in summer and furring in winter. One half-breed told me he possessed 300 steel traps all of which he set during the winter and his "run" extended 70 or 80 miles from his little log cabin, which he called home, and in which we were hospitably entertained. It took him over a week to go the round of his traps in winter.

We found abundance of trout in Lake Melville, and Dr. Marsh, of Hamilton, and I indulged daily in the "gentle art". Lake trout, two and three pounds in weight, were quite common and they rose voraciously to the artificial fly. I found the "coch-a-bonddu" as good a killer in Labrador as it is in the streams of my na-

tive land, Wales. Salmon is also plentiful in this Lake and the employees of the Hudson Bay Company as well as those of Revillon Freres net them by the hundreds. After being salted they are exported to England.

The spot we were located at is also a great sealing station. The ranger seal is invaluable to the natives of Labrador, as they eat the flesh and make their clothes, moccasins and even sleeping bags out of the skin. This skin is absolutely waterproof. Several of us waded in the water all day without getting our feet wet in

ing one day near our camp, unconscious that I was being watched by three large Esquimaux dogs, and having landed a fine trout one of the dogs rushed forward and grabbed the fish off the line before I realized what had happened.

The Factor of the Hudson Bay Company at North West River, H.M.S. Cotter informed us he had ten dogs as a rule in his team. The leader was named Captain, and some of the other dogs were called Boatswain, Hudson, Tinker, Celtic and Koomalic. The dogs go an average of five miles an hour and when fifty miles or



HUNTING THE RANGER SEAL ON LAKE MELVILLE, LABRADOR

boots made by the natives from this material.

The dog is the only domestic animal found in Labrador and life would be intolerable there without the services of this faithful friend of man. The Esquimaux dog has still a good deal of the wolfish nature in him though, and when hungry has been known, we were informed on reliable testimony, to devour even some of the children. The dogs find their own living entirely during the summer, and are only fed in winter and that once a day. They are particularly fond of fish. I was fish-

more from home they return as straight as an arrow. Mr. Cotter has, however, travelled with his dogs from North West River Post to Rigolet, a distance of over 100 miles in one day. Travelling over the ice generally commences in December and goes on until the middle of May. In driving a team of dogs the words used are those adopted from the Esquimaux language and are:—

Ouk—Right

Rara—Left.

Wit—Go ahead

Ah—Stop.





## Interlocked Deer Horns.

### An Interesting Natural Curiosity.

The above cut represents a great curiosity of extreme interest to all sportsmen. The two deer, whose interlocked antlers are here, were found near the town of Woodstock, N. B., by Harry Palmer. They had evidently been engaged in a fierce encounter, and when discovered one had its neck broken, while the other was still alive. So completely are the horns interlocked that all efforts to separate the

heads proved futile, and the owner decided to have them mounted as they were. The work was entrusted to Mr. Avery Moorehouse, Zealand Station, N. B., and the owner now prizes highly, and exhibits very proudly this natural curiosity. By a remarkable coincidence we are enabled to present our readers with this view, and a story concerning a similar scene in the west, the latter witnessed by several people, in the same number.

# Interlocked Deer.

Interesting Sight by G. T. P. Surveyors.

BY C. B. SCHREIBER.

**W**E were making an exploration survey for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway of Canada and had been out under canvas for over three months, at the time the following incident occurred. During this time we had rushed across seventy miles of prairie and cut our way through sixty miles of solid bush. From the business end of an axe the bush had proved slow, hard work, quite devoid of interest. The prairie had been quick brisk walking, also devoid of interest — only more so—as the prairie always is.

On this particular day the usual routine had been followed. Up at six, breakfast at half past and then for eleven hours of good hard work on the "Line"—four of us.

The previous night we had finished work about four miles from camp and this day had the unusual luxury of a wagon to ride on—or rather the reach between the two wheels was the "wagon." There was something in the air that day and we knew it—that foretold unusual incidents: for to begin with, as soon as we arrived at where the transit had been left we found it had been blown over.

To be hung up with a useless transit, when the nearest one was 520 miles away was a serious possibility and every one's interest was aroused. We clustered round the instrument talking, wondering, suggesting, though to no effect for the transit man finally said: "I'm afraid its no use boys, she's clean out of plumb; however we'll try a sight or two just to make certain."

At this time we were about 500 feet from the edge of a huge coulee—a scoop in the ground—probably the moraine of an old glacier and undoubted evidence of an ice age. It was 80 to 100 feet deep and perhaps 1500 feet across.

Its general direction was N. W. and, as usual, the side facing northwards, where there was shelter from the winds of the prairie, a dense growth of willows and small stunted poplars had sprung up—the

only wood for sixty miles. Numbers of small deep draws ran into the coulee, coming from the west side. These were filled with rose bushes, willow tips, etc., affording a certain amount of browsing for all the deer for miles round. They were evidently about in large numbers too for a light fall of fresh snow shewed numbers of tracks. Not one of us had a firearm of any sort; as it afterwards turned out we did not want any!

The transit man began to set up his instrument whilst the other three of us started ahead "on line." About two hundred yards away there was one of the deep side "draws" to be crossed, but no sooner had I reached the edge of it than I froze stiff, for there, not ten yards away, and not five feet below me were five does, heads well up and ears looking yards long, listening, listening. One of them saw the movement of my fur cap, but perhaps imagining it to be some animal, made no other move than to slowly look back in an inquiring manner at the other four who were still listening—all ears; ears as large as a donkey's. I held out my hand to the other two men, signalling them to make no noise, and they knowing what to expect crept up as quietly as thugs stealing on a victim. We remained there a couple of minutes watching, with never a move on either side.

Just then the transit man in great trouble, swore as only a westerner can swear. The voice came clear and vibrant in the crisp frosty air:—

"You jumped-up, peel-heeled, gol-darned ewe-necked product of an apprentice, journey man blacksmith. Holy blue Jemima! If I had an axe I'd ....."

The nearest doe began to get restless; she changed from foot to foot, whilst one of the others snorted. Presently down the wind came a torrent of verdant vapourings—one could almost smell sulphur! Unable to stand it any longer the does turned and started to move off.

The man behind me who held the pick-

et—a straight ten foot pole shod with a heavy iron point—poised it horizontally for a moment, and then flung it with all the force, but half the precision of a Roman javelin man. It described a beautiful parabola in the air but went just a little too far and landed flat on the withers of the nearest deer.

I've seen a cat drunk, I've seen a coyote hit in the vermiform appendix with a .22 bullet, and I've seen an hysterical woman suddenly confronted with a grass snake, but they none of them jumped quite so high or so far as that deer! The species are aptly named, "Black tailed or jumping deer." We measured some of the jumps afterwards and the best were about 21 feet between hoof marks.

Away went the whole five of them like the "Imperial Limited"—Faster, like a school ma'am to a dance!! Inside of a minute they were specks on the horizon. Did you ever see a jumping deer really travelling? It must have been after seeing some of them that the expression "hitting the ground in high places" was coined. They are first cousins to an air ship for they seem to be actually sailing most of the time.

Head held high, with a bound four feet in the air soars 250 pounds of grey sinew; legs straight, and extended to their utmost limit, to land twenty feet farther on with all four hoofs in a bunch that would fit on the brim of a cow boy hat. And yet the feet seem hardly to touch the ground ere they have left it once more.

I think that it is only when alarmed that they adopt this method as I have seen them trotting like a moose when at a reasonable distance from any chance of pursuit.

After this we went ahead, talking and wondering what had become of the bucks, as it was the breeding season and they should have been somewhere about. We shortly came upon another big draw running down to the main coulee, the farther bank being very much higher than that upon which we were. As soon as ever the first man put his nose over the edge of the far hill I knew there was something in sight. I ran up alongside him and cautiously peered over. At first I saw what I took to be two bucks playing. One was lying

down and the other seemed to be walking round prodding him with his horns. Then it struck me as being peculiar that the beast on the ground was turning round at the same pace as the standing up one, and always keeping head on to him. They were about two hundred yards away. For thirty seconds or so I pondered over how it was done, till a vision of Landseer's two pictures "Night" and "Morning" flashed across my mind and then I grasped the meaning of it all.

Two bucks had evidently been fighting, and their antlers had become locked. Then followed a scene of the wildest excitement. I ran towards them shouting to the man carrying the stakes to give me the small bit of rope he had for carrying them. But the stake "artist" was a Russian and knew not the meaning of "rope." Anyhow when I ran he followed and on arriving on the spot at once grasped the situation, and also the deers horns! He was sent flying ten feet for his trouble. Another man then coming up made a dart for one of the buck's hind legs and managed to get two grips, but he got a violent kick in the stomach and perforce let go. I, all this time, with more discretion than valour, was bellowing like the bull of Bashan for the rope, being very much afraid that if the horns should become unlocked some one would get gored.

I had had time to observe conditions whilst matters were progressing thus far. The fight had evidently been going on for some hours over an area of about an acre; the slight snow fall was trampled in all directions and strewn with blood and hair. The beast on the ground was dead, its neck having been broken. He'd been dead some time too for he was getting cool.

After a few minutes we managed to pass the rope under the buck's belly and to take a couple of half hitches round its fetlocks. Having done that it was no great job to throw him on his side like a steer for the brand.

Then followed the worst part of the whole episode. We had no gun of any description with us—not even an axe, and we had slowly to saw through the poor brute's jugular with a small pen knife!

The whole party supped off venison steak that evening and suffered all the penalties usual to eating "heated" meat.



We tried hard to keep the heads intact as we found them for the purpose of being mounted, but it was impossible to get the two beasts on to the wagon reach for transporting to camp in that condition and we were compelled to separate them. It took the united efforts of four men to stretch them apart and one man got a finger crushed in the rebound.

A year afterwards I was passing through Ottawa and deemed the incident worthy of report to the Geological Survey Department, who are always only too

glad to hear of any peculiar facts connected with rocks, fish or beasts.

They informed me that whilst it was not unusual for them to hear hunters' stories of locked antlers in the dried, bleached condition, they had never till then come across any one who had seen any of the deer tribe in that unfortunate predicament.

Hence I thought the particulars of the occurrence might be worthy of record in "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

## How I Got My Moose Head.

BY JOHN H. CONOVER ("WALSRODE.")

**L**IVING in Leamington, which is located in about the centre of the county of Essex, in the most southern part of the Province of Ontario, one and a half miles from Lake Erie, in the midst of the fruit and tobacco belt, and known all over Canada, as the town of peaches and cream, pretty girls, fast horses, and pointer dogs, there was no chance for me within a reasonable distance of getting a shot at big game, and becoming the proud possessor of trophies of the chase.

Our county is known to every shooter in Ontario as the home of upland birds such as the quail and the partridge, and the squirrel and duck shooting is generally good. Owing however to various causes amongst which I will enumerate improved guns, better ammunition, cold winters, wet springs, skunks, pot hunters, etc., our game is fast going and will soon be no more than a memory.

Now I have always been a lover of the dog and the gun, and many a day have I spent after quail and ducks. Even when thus engaged I have felt a longing to obtain experience with big game. With all such desires however the opportunity never came until last fall. Then being caught in the Cobalt silver excitement which swept through the country, it appeared to me that I might be able to accomplish two things at once—take a hunting and exploring trip at the same time to that northern country, or in other words try and dis-

cover a silver mine and shoot a moose on the same journey. As the sequel will show I did not fare so badly in either endeavor, succeeding in both objects as well as I could have expected.

Some of your readers may be interested in my impressions of the much talked of and written of Cobalt. The silver mining camp is located on the Cobalt Lake, about the centre of Coleman township, on the Temagami and Northern Ontario Railway, 103 miles north of North Bay. The country is very rough and rocky, and covered with small timber and underbrush, making it look like a thorough home for big game. There are many lakes round Cobalt, and all of them are well stocked with fish. The silver mines have been pronounced as the richest in the world.

On Tuesday, Oct. 10th last I packed my grip and gun, and with my belongings boarded the train north, headed for Cobalt and moose. Early next morning we were at North Bay, and in little over an hour were travelling over the new line to Cobalt, which however was not reached till between three and four in the afternoon. All along by the line the country was still rough and rocky, and thickly covered with timber. I was accompanied by two friends, Ed. Winter and Jacon Wigle, and together we first set out on an exploration trip for accommodation.

At that time such a building as a hotel or a boarding house was unknown in Cobalt, and therefore we made our way to Haileybury, where we put up at the Mati-



I. H. CONOVER, "WALSRODE," AND HIS BULL MOOSE.

banic Hotel, and received the best of receptions and care. Haileybury has a population of about 500 souls and is increasing rapidly. The town is delightfully situated on the western shores of the beautiful Lake Temiskaming, and is the headquarters for mine owners and prospectors. The first few days we devoted to mining matters, and made the acquaintance of many prospectors, as well as of a goodly portion of the country.

The second day of the open season we promptly forgot all about mines and mining, and complete arrangements having been made beforehand, we set out, accompanied by our guide (Telesfore Ranger) in a boat down the lake. We had birch bark canoes, blankets, grub, and all necessities for a trip of this kind, not even forgetting a little Cobalt bloom, which we were assured would keep up our spirits even under the most depressing conditions.

We had only made a mile or so when Ed. showed signs of distress and nervousness, and Wigle appeared quite pale and serious. Upon inquiries as to the causes

of these unwonted symptoms on their parts it appears that the sole reason was the apprehension that the Cobalt bloom had been left behind. A thorough investigation resulted in the discovery that it had been carefully packed away by yours truly, and was securely resting at the bottom of one of the canoes—a discovery that at once cleared the whole atmosphere, and made everything serene. We continued down the lake for more than fifty miles, and upon landing at McLaren's Bay had a twelve mile walk inland when we reached the K. V. lumber camp.

Our reception here can only be described as royal. The foreman and general manager of the camp, Patrick Foley by name, is a genial Irish sportsman whose heart appears to be as big as himself, and who not only gave us the warmest of welcomes and the heartiest hospitality, but also instructed us from the stores of his valuable experiences in the art of moose hunting—his hints being indeed the key to our success. That evening we had the cream of his forty years' experiences in the



forests of the Canadian northland, and were entertained with many stories of his encounters with bears, wolves, moose, etc. Despite these stories we slept soundly and rose early. A splendid breakfast was ready for us early as we got up, and after partaking of the same we left our generous entertainers with many expressions of goodwill, shouldered our packs, and started on the trail.

Our destination was the head of Long Lake, at which place we arrived well in advance of our outfit and provisions. (There was nothing else to do under these circumstances but to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. We collected a pile of dry wood to last us through the night, soon had a roaring fire, and ate our frugal supper, which consisted of a partridge boiled in a small pail, which we supposed to have been left there by E. King Dodds, of Toronto, whose name we discovered written on an axe blaze on a log near where we found the pail. We blessed our unknown benefactor for leaving such a useful article in that place, and made good use of it in lieu of a kettle. We found the partridge very plentiful and tame, and our supper under the circumstances was by no means a bad one. Throughout the night we each sat on a log with a blanket thrown around us, and dozed off only to be awakened by the dismal hoot of an owl or the howl of a near by and hungry wolf.

The morning broke bright and fine and we anxiously made a survey of our surroundings. To our joy we discovered signs of moose and after a hasty breakfast of partridge we started out. Ed. was the captain and chose to go to Trout Lake, about four miles south; Wigle and I making off in the opposite direction to Round Lake, about two miles off. We carefully examined the ground, located the runways, and on our return to camp had a dance round the old fire stump. The reason for our excess of spirits was that our guide had arrived and had a hot dinner awaiting us. Having lived for two days on stewed partridge, we did enjoy that meal which in its abundance and variety seemed to us to far surpass anything of the kind we had ever partaken of before.

In the afternoon Wigle and I went back to Round Lake, Ed. not having returned to

camp. However while on our way we heard a distant shot from him, and it subsequently proved that he had killed a fine buck deer. At Round Lake we selected what appeared to be the best runway, and taking up a position about one hundred and fifty yards away, so that the moose might not scent us, waited and watched with all the patience at our command for the appearance of His Majesty. At first our hearts' throbbled fast, and our pulses beat high, but they had regained the normal, when as dusk began to dim the light something appeared through the pines. As we looked we saw a monstrous spread of horns, and they appeared to us as though two men with white shirts and mounted on horses, riding side by side were coming towards us. It took us sometime to realise that it was a bull moose that was making in our direction. No artist could paint such a picture as that now presented to our view. This magnificent appearance threw us into a state of excitement and anxiety such as only sportsmen who have been similarly placed can appreciate and understand. We remained perfectly still, and with difficulty confined our admiration to our eyes. He came on slowly and when he reached the runway he turned at a right angle to the lake, and showed us that in every particular he was a prize well worthy of the ambition of the best of sportsmen.

Feeling that he would come no nearer, and that to delay matters would mean a worse chance for me, I raised my Winchester, a 40-60, and took careful aim. At that supreme moment I was less excited than before, and got in a fine shot. This caused him to make quite a lunge forward, and a second shot, which also reached him, turned him back on the runway. My third one was a miss, as Wigle saw the bark fly from a near by tree. The animal was now on the run directly away from me when I tried a fourth shot. This seemed to stagger him, and he stood erect for probably thirty seconds, and then fell over on his side partly in the water on the edge of the lake.

No pen can describe our excitement at that moment. We knew we had a valuable prize, and a head for which even old and experienced sportsmen might well envy us. We shook hands, hugged, jumped, and



performed other capers until our superfluous energies were somewhat exhausted. A careful examination of our prize followed. We found that the first two shots had both taken effect in the heart, and the fourth between the ear and the horn.

In the meantime Ed. had returned to camp, and hearing the shots, and thinking possibly we were in a mix up with bears or wolves and might require assistance, at once took up our trail, and came after us on the dead run.

As we were on the same trail, and making all possible speed for the camp to tell our good news, it was not long before we met. Ed. had heard our excited voices for sometime before he saw us, and recognised at once that we were victors in a conflict. We all returned to camp together, christened the head in what was left of the bloom, and spent the balance of the evening in recounting our adventures, and living over again the events of that memorable afternoon.

We felt that Patrick Foley must hear us twelve miles away and this impression turned to conviction when a day or two later he paid us a much appreciated visit. It was no light work getting out the head, hide, and some of the meat to Lake Temiskaming, and his assistance in this work was most valuable. When this was done we again took leave of our good friend, whom we trust we shall be able to meet again next fall.

At Haileybury, where we arrived on Oct. 24th we were congratulated on all sides for having made such a capture. We expressed the head to a taxidermist at Sudbury and took train for home, feeling covered with glory, and quite prepared to act the part of heroes to our many friends. These have been by no means backward in adding their congratulations to those we had received before, and our satisfaction with our success was largely increased through the appreciation shown by both friends and acquaintances.

## The Main Thing in Life, Now, is Fishing.

BY CAROLYN B. LYMAN.

At gray break o'day,  
We're stealing away !  
Here's the season for which we've been  
wishing !

Care wearies the mind  
We'll leave it behind !  
The main thing in life, now, is fishing !

Business—'twill wait !  
With tackle and bait  
And with heart that is light as a feather,  
We're off with the breeze  
That ruffles the seas !  
A truce to the luck and the weather !

Where Dawn wakes from sleep  
The fish in the deep  
With a smile that is silvery and witching,  
We'll tarry a spell  
And rock with the swell !  
The main thing in life, now, is fishing !

# Our Holiday in British Columbia.

## The Best of Sport and Scenery.

BY DR. A. C. FALES.

### Part II.

**N**EXT morning we were up at six o'clock and left our camp at seven. Jones, who up to this time had occupied the bow of the canoe now took his seat in the stern and I was put in the former place. The river where we camped last night at the foot of the Mud Glacier, has a sharp turn and spreads out over a lot of ground, being very shallow. George said that we were very likely to see mountain goat from now on to Glenora. Flies and mosquitoes bothered us a good deal today.

At 9.30 a.m. Shakes saw a grizzly bear on the left shore a long way ahead and called his boys' attention to it. As he spoke to them in Thlinklit language our attention was not called to the matter, and as the boys said it was only a stump, we were entirely unaware of anything unusual. This was a great mistake on Shakes' part, because we had three pairs of powerful field glasses in the canoe and could easily have settled the question. Later on from my position in the bow I noticed something floating down the river ahead of me, about two-thirds of the way across, which looked suspicious, but as a great deal of driftwood kept constantly coming down, including the stumps of trees, I was not sure but that it might be one of these. However, when I called George's attention to it, he instantly shouted, "grizzly bear!" Tom and Jones were in the midst of a game of cribbage, but they soon dispensed with that and hurriedly grasped their rifles. Excitement now became general, we were just poling up a bad rapid, the canoe was dancing, and the water so rough that we could only see the top of the bear's head, about three or four hundred yards distant. A general fusilade followed; about fifteen shots were fired, and the bear escaped unhurt, much to our dismay. We felt that under the circumstances it was almost impossible to hit him and we consoled ourselves accordingly. We had seen our first bear!

Wild geese were plentiful today and George fired at several without success. It began to rain at 11 a.m. and stopped at two. We passed the wreck of the steamer "Beaver" which ran into rocks in descending the river several years ago. This accident was caused, so the Indians informed me, by the breaking of the bell cord, on account of which the captain was unable to signal the engineer to stop the engines. Along the river bank I noticed piles of cord wood which is used as fuel by the steamer "Mount Royal", the Hudson Bay Co.'s boat which makes two or three trips a year, to carry up freight required at Glenora and Telegraph Creek. Late in the afternoon we passed the mouth of the Scud River, a tributary of the Stikine, which enters from the south. Just above the mouth of the Scud are very high peaks which Shakes said was the home of the mountain goat. We had not seen any of these animals up to this time, probably because the peaks were wrapped in clouds.

Tonight we camped near the foot of these mountains overlooking the confluence of the Scud, and while pitching the tents we discovered goat feeding on the summits. Through the glasses I counted twenty-three in one place, while others were scattered about. After some deliberation it was resolved to spend the following day in going after them.

Next morning we broke camp at 8.30 and moved to the foot of the mountain, on which we could still see the goats feeding, though by this time they had scattered in all directions. By the looks of things from a distance the climb did not seem to be anything like as difficult as it subsequently proved. We had imagined that we could climb to where the goats were in two or three hours at the most, but as it turned out we did not get there until about 2.30, or after a toilsome journey of about six hours.

At the start there were in the expedition Jones, Tom, myself and George Shakes but as the former fell and hurt himself in climbing the river bank, we left him be-

hind. From the bank we crossed a level tract of country, heavily wooded and densely overgrown with devil's club and alders; through these we tore our way to the first uplift and made that without much difficulty, reaching the first bench. After a short pause for breath we crossed this bench, which was covered with dense bush, encountering a porcupine on the way. As we had our minds on bigger game we paid no attention to him, and pushed on to the second rise, where our powers of endurance were to be taxed to the utmost. Long and steadily we ascended, panting and perspiring, with frequent stops to catch our breath, feeding here and there on the luxuriant crop of berries, and now zigzagging and crawling, holding on to bushes to pull ourselves up till we finally made the upper limit of timber, and stopped for a rest before the final attempt. Here where the trees and bushes give way to bare rocks, Tom gave up the ascent, being as he characterized it, "all in." Accordingly we left him and pushed on. Soon afterwards we were in close proximity to the goats, and as we crept up George discovered a couple moving on the rocks above us, going from our left to the right. Stopping to watch them and keeping out of their sight I espied another still farther up, standing still and watching us intently. I felt then that our trip was a failure, and we made it more so by going to windward instead of leeward. This was our fatal mistake, as the goats winding us took up the mountain side at a pace faster than we could keep up, but George nothing daunted left me and dashed away to my left to head them off, while I stood still and watched him. It was George's hope that they would go into some place where their escape would be cut off by inaccessible bluffs, but in this he was mistaken for they seemed able to go about anywhere they pleased. They would run a short distance, then stop a while and watch him, and then go on. In this way he gained on them and finally opened fire at long range. After several shots he finally crippled one, the wounded goat stopping on a narrow ledge while the rest bounded away. Unable to get the goat, we had to leave him where he lay and return to the boat before dark, and to add to our difficulties it began to rain.

While waiting for George to come down to me I had occasion to survey the country about from my lofty position, and never have I seen anything to equal its awful grandeur. An endless succession of lofty peaks and intervening ravines and plateaus extending northward covered by snow and ice, with no sign of vegetation, not



VALLEY WITH STREAM AT BOTTOM FLOWING FROM GLACIER HEAD. THE SCENE OF OUR HUNT

even a barren spot in all this wild waste. It reminded me of what I have read about the "Roof of the World" in Central Asia. Oh! for a camera to have taken such a picture.

Down the mountain we sped to where we had left Tom and found him a few rods farther up the mountain side, he having made that extra effort to shoot at some goats that appeared above him in our absence, but the presence of game within easy striking distance could not stir his enthusiasm enough to make the climb in his exhausted condition. We rolled, tumbled and slid down the mountain side through wet bushes, getting our hands filled with prickles from devil's club, and wet and famished reached the river bank long after dark in a condition not to be envied. A couple of shots fired by way of signal brought Shakes and the canoe to our side, and we were soon at the camp-fire, where after changing to dry clothes, and eating a hearty supper, we retired to our tent and described to Jones the result of the day's endeavor. There was a general dampening of ardor from that day on for Jones and Tom, but I did my best to con-



vince them that the worst was yet to come.

Next morning at 9 o'clock we were off, feeling somewhat lame from the vigorous exercise of the day before. We soon passed on our left a creek, which the Indians called Togagoheen and shortly thereafter, saw a black bear on the right shore. I fired the first shot, missing him, then Jones fired twice and at his second shot



A STAKE IS ERECTED ON THE BANK TO INDICATE IN FEET THE DEPTH OF WATER. THE BEAR WAS HERE PHOTOGRAPHED

the bear which had been standing on the shore up to this time, made a break for the woods. Jumping the bank he was just disappearing when I fired again, striking him on the side of the head. The ball passed through his brain and emerged below his left ear. The skull was completely knocked to pieces, the brains exuding. He proved to be a small bear not much more than a year old. We landed for dinner at a place where the Hudson Bay Company have a supply of wood piled up for fuel for their steamers. Here a stake is erected on the bank to indicate in feet the depth of water. The highest number marked on the stake was fifteen. The bear was here photographed. A little above this spot was an old cabin erected as a residence for the watchman, who was kept here to signal steamers ascending and descending the Great Canon of the Stikine. It should be mentioned in this connection that during the Klondyke rush a considerable number of steamers were plying on this river and collisions were inevitable, unless a guard was kept. At 2.50 p.m. we were through the canon. Never

did I see men work harder. We see-sawed back and forth across, taking advantage of eddies and clinging to the walls, which furnished support during the operation of poling. After passing the canon we hoisted sail, a good breeze generally blowing up the river from this point during the afternoon. A small tributary comes in here from the south called by the Indians "Ochsakaen", which interpreted means "the creek above the canon."

The weather has been improving each day and we have now experienced a full twenty-four hours without rain. Tonight we regaled ourselves on boiled bear meat and found it tender and quite palatable, far better, at any rate than the flesh of the wild goose that we ate a few days before.

The morning broke bright and clear, no rain last night. The wind being good both sails were set, and we passed through Klootchman's Canon at 10.30 a.m. Water here very rough. The river is now getting narrower and of smaller volume, but still very swift. We no longer follow sloughs. After passing Klootchman's Canon we came to extensive flats, across which the wind was sending the sand in clouds, but we do not mind this if only the wind holds strong. Glenora mountain now comes into view, a terrific current was running here, but the wind increasing to a gale the gallant canoe ploughs boldly through all opposition. This wind was a great relief to the Indians and to us as well, enabling us to make up for lost time. At 2.20 p.m. we passed the Grand Rapids, the water here in a short distance having a fall of twelve feet. I was amazed to see the canoe sailing steadily right up hill against this fierce current. Soon after this we noticed another small tributary coming in from the south called Dochdaon.

The mountains are steadily diminishing in height, many of them now showing no snow on their summits. Country is getting flatter. At 3.30 we came in sight of the confluence of the Clearwater, which is a stream of considerable size coming in from the north, a river much frequented by salmon. I noticed that the trees were getting smaller and while poplar has been prevailing below, I now found an occasional birch. Passing the mouth of the Clearwater we reached a camping place

nine miles below Glenora, having gone to-day a distance of thirty-six miles. Just before camping we passed a black bear on our left, but as we did not see him until we were well by him we made no effort to shoot. On the opposite bank of the river from our camp a man was shot and killed by his companion. They were on their way to the Klondyke. George told me that the murderer was subsequently apprehended and brought to justice.

Arising next day at four o'clock we had breakfast and were off at six. This morning we ascended a very bad rapid called "Charles' Riffle" which has a drop of twelve or fifteen feet in a short distance. Here we saw a white man going down in a Peterborough canoe. He belongs to the Clearwater Mining Outfit, where four men are working a placer claim taking out about \$25 per day per man. At 8.10 we passed Five Mile Creek, five miles from Glenora. Here Shakes has a cabin, and at this place, he and his boys were fishing when we arrived at Wrangell. They caught two hundred and eighty king salmon which when salted and dried weighed above four tons. Shortly thereafter we passed three old log cabins where the Hudson Bay Co. used to have their stores. Reached Glenora at 9.35 and met the customs officer, Mr. Chris Tervo. We handed him the mail bag which we had brought with us from Wrangell, and after a few words with him regarding our outfit, he decided we had nothing dutiable and passed us without trouble. Here we took on a lady passenger for Telegraph Creek. Glenora is only a small collection of rough cabins arranged in a single row along the river bank, a few of which are occupied by Indians, the balance falling into decay. During the Klondyke rush of '98 and '99, it was a place of considerable importance and many steamers were constantly plying between here and the coast. There was scarcely enough suitable land on which to pitch the tents of the hosts of Mammon. Some considerable grading was done here by the Dominion Government for a railway to run to Teslin Lake, but it was subsequently given up.

I saw a few dogs here with packs on their backs, belonging to Indians who were starting out on a hunting expedition. Some potatoes were growing here and they look-

ed well. As we move along I find the mountains are getting to be more and more destitute of trees, and what few there are of small size. At 4 p.m. Telegraph Creek came in sight. First we saw the Indian grave yard on the hill above the town. On the right the Lower South Fork of the Stikine empties into the main river, the water being muddy and few or no salmon ascend it. The wind gradually died out as we approached Telegraph, and the boys were compelled to resort to poling and lining. We saw a pack train moving out of the town bound for Dease Lake. Now a group of people appear congregating on the platform of the Hudson Bay Company's store and as we draw up to the wharf they all come down to greet us. Foremost among them Mr. Matheson, the manager, also Mr. Craik, his clerk, Mr. Drummond, the Provincial Constable and Nanook, the Chief of the Indian tribe here, called the Tahltan. We soon after met Mr. John Hyland and Mr. Charleson, who has charge of the telegraph line. Mr. Craik assigned us to a cabin where we were to reside during our stay here, and informed us that they had been awaiting our arrival for a week or more, that our guides were all ready and that owing to the limited time now remaining at our disposal we would not be able to go to the Nahlin country, but to the Sheslay River. In honor of our arrival the Union Jack went up and that night all the Indians were celebrating, which is the usual custom when a canoe arrives from down the river.

Telegraph Creek is a small stream which falls into the Stikine through a rocky gorge in the bordering hills on the North bank of the river. The little town occupies the narrow delta of this stream, the lower terraces bordering it on either side. It is the point of distribution for all the surrounding country. From here a trail suitable for pack animals leads to Dease Lake, about sixty-two and one-half miles distant. This trail was constructed and opened by the Government of British Columbia in 1874 to facilitate mining operations. In 1866 explorations for the line of the Western Union Telegraph Company were extended to this place under Major Pope. The object of this enterprise, the connecting of America with Asia across.



the Behring Strait, fell through owing to the successful laying of the Atlantic cable.

The Teslin Trail built by McKenzie and Mann for the Dominion Government in 1899 extends from Glenora through this place to Teslin Lake, a distance of one hundred and fifty-two and one half miles at an expense of \$80,000. An impetus was given this work by the great discoveries of gold in the Klondyke. The Dominion Telegraph Line extending from Ashcroft, on the Canadian Pacific Railway to Dawson City runs through Telegraph Creek and follows the Teslin Trail throughout the greater part of its length.

Telegraph Creek has an elevation above sea level of about five hundred and forty feet. The river here is about four hundred and eighty feet wide and very deep, having a velocity of six or eight miles an hour. This is the head of navigation, and is about one hundred and forty miles from the mouth of the Stikine. Navigation begins anywhere from April 10th to May 1st, depending on the breaking up of the ice. The river generally freezes before the end of November. From what has been said, it can be inferred that the Stikine River is a rapid and dangerous stream. Particularly is this so from Telegraph Creek to Glenora. Our party had almost completed arrangements with the Peterborough Canoe Co. for the construction of three canoes, in which to ascend the river, but they would have been of little use and might have endangered our lives.

During the day we strolled up to the Indian burying ground, situated on a high hill overlooking the town and observed the strange customs of these people. The receptacles for the dead form a curious collection, including old trunks, various shaped boxes and little dog-kennel shaped houses. The effects of the deceased are often deposited therein. I would infer that an attempt at cremation was first made and the ashes and bones subsequently collected for burial.

The white inhabitants are about fifteen in number, the Indians a variable quantity depending on the time of year, while dogs occur in great numbers, from the little black bear dog to the big husky, for sledge purposes.

There are three stores, the Hudson

Bay Company having two, while the third is owned by Mr. John Hyland. Every thing that a sportsman needs can be obtained here, of good quality, and at a price consistent with the difficulties of transportation. Horses are in sufficient supply for all demands and can be furnished either by the Hudson Bay Co. or by Mr. Frank Calbreath. A great many are required for the pack trains, which ply between here and Dease Lake. The price of two dollars per day charged may seem excessive to an outsider, but when one considers that it costs about seventy-five or one hundred dollars freight to get them there, and as there are only two or three places where there is any pasturage, scanty at that, one can understand the reason for exacting this price. Moreover the most of the year they have to be fed with hay and oats which cost extremely high. Besides many of them die before they become acclimatised. From what has been said regarding the pack trains to Dease Lake, one can be sure that the Indians here know all the arts of packing animals for the trail. They are unsurpassed at this work.

Owing to the immensity of this country, guides are necessary and as the Indians here know the country better than any one else, they are in demand. Saddle horses may be obtained for sportsmen, but some prefer to walk. A pack train will not make more than fifteen or twenty miles a day and one can easily keep up with it; moreover by walking to the hunting grounds, one gets in something like proper condition for climbing mountains in pursuit of game.

Board here costs fifty cents a meal at the Hudson Bay Co.'s restaurant, where food is prepared by a Chinese cook.

One can never find a more hospitable lot of people than reside here, and sportsmen can be sure of good treatment if they are deserving of it. If they go up there and violate the game laws they will surely find cause for regret. The law allows a very liberal quota of game to each man and if he kills four sheep instead of three he should be severely punished.

Licenses may be obtained from Mr. Drummond, the Provincial Constable or from Judge Porter. As it is a matter of some pride to these gentlemen to sell as many licenses as possible I would advise



sportsmen to defer buying their licenses until they arrive there.

The information regarding the rush of miners to this place at different periods and the incidents connected therewith, would fill a volume, but however interesting they may be do not find an appropriate place in this article.

On Monday forenoon, the 28th of August, we packed our outfits. The horses were brought in from the range and we got away at 2 p.m. Tom and Jones rode saddle horses while I walked with the Indians. We followed the Teslin Trail, which led up to the summit of Telegraph Mountain and camped here about ten miles from the town. Considerable snow had fallen the day before and was now melting. Larry Martin acted as chief guide, while Little Jackson had charge of the pack train and Mat Richards took care of the cooking. These men belong to the Tahltan tribe, which is divided into two castes, the Bears and the Birds. It is against their tribal laws for members of the same caste to intermarry. Thus a Bear may marry a Bird, but not another Bear. Larry did neither, but went to Wrangell and married a woman of the Thlinklit tribe, a sister of Chief Shakes. For this reason and on account of his aggressiveness in hunting and trapping, he is persona non grata among his tribe. I saw evidence of this all the time I was with them.

The following morning Larry and I started off ahead of the pack train and by one o'clock had walked twelve miles. Here we stopped to await its arrival. On the way I saw seven ducks in a small lake, plenty of red squirrels, a few mohawks, but no other game. The boys came up at 1.30 p.m., and we had dinner. Here were five old shacks, built by Klondykers during the rush of '98 and '99. The trail here and all along was littered with evidence of their discomfiture, such as old wheels with tires coming off and spokes rotting out, old whip-saws, pack saddles, etc.; we made a collection of some of this stuff and took some photographs. Near this place the Indians told me that three grizzly bears were killed the preceding summer. At 2.45 we were under way again and saw a flock of grouse of which we bagged several. Today we crossed a

stream called the First Tahltan and camped for the night at another known as the Second Tahltan. Both are tributaries of the Stikine and flow through deep valleys. The headwaters of the Taku River arise about one and one half miles from here.

Next morning Mat was up at 4.30 and we breakfasted on fried porcupine, which the guides had secured after we pitched camp the night before. Last night was cold and water froze in the kettles. The morning however was beautiful and clear.



INDIAN BOY JOHNIE CATCHING SALMON

I felt stiff and lame when I awoke, but concluded it would wear off. We moved on at 7.45 and soon came to New York Lake, so named because a New York outfit wintered here in '98 on their way to the Yukon Country. On the way we shot one duck, and one grouse with rifle. Larry killed a porcupine. About 5 o'clock we walked into the old Hudson Bay Post about forty-five miles from Telegraph. I was very tired and lame, so much so that I passed a very restless night. Here we met Mr. William Ball, telegraph operator, and George Adsit, lineman for the Dominion Telegraph Co. They welcomed us to their cabin, where we spent the evening. A number of Indians were camped at this place fishing salmon for their winter supply. The Salmon Creek here is a branch of the Sheslay River which in turn is a tributary of the Taku, and at this place we left the Teslin Trail and took to the mountains. It was decided to wait here one day and shoe the horses, cache some provisions for the return journey and rest up a little. Next morning George Adsit took

us down to the Salmon Creek and showed us how they catch them. We each took a successful turn at it. There is no great sport about the performance, which consists merely in using a long handled gaff and pulling the salmon out. As they are very plentiful and the water shallow one who is at all expert can catch a hundred or more in an hour.

During the day the old Indian doctor visited us. Their method of healing consists of incantations and wild gesticula-



WHAT JOHNIE CAUGHT IN A FEW MINUTES

tions over their patient, such as go with superstitious races. There is a belief propagated by their medicine men or witches that the otter gets inside their women and remains there until their death. This they believe accounts for many of their ailments. The old man was such a singular individual that we had to get his picture.

Next day we left the Hudson Bay Post for the mountains, Larry taking us across the Sheslay River in an old canoe, while Jackson and Mat forded the river with the horses. The sky was cloudy and it soon began to rain. I went ahead with Larry while he cut away any obstructions in the old trail. The climb up the mountain side was somewhat tiresome, but nothing to compare with the experience we had while after goat on the Stikine. At 12.45 we had reached a favorable location on the top of the mountain for camping, which the Indians thought it was expedient to do, on account of the fog which interfered with their following the right course. There being no trees here we camped in the open, having to use dead

scrub bushes for firewood. We only made ten miles today and expected on the morrow to reach the sheep mountains, about seventeen miles farther along. Mountain squirrels or gophers and ground hogs were plentiful. In places I saw where large holes had been dug out by grizzly bear in pursuit of these animals.

Owing to rain and fog we did not leave camp next day until almost noon. On the way we ran into a flock of ptarmigan of which Larry shot nine with a .22 calibre Winchester Automatic rifle, which we had with us for small game.

The long walk today was made exceedingly difficult by the very stony character of the ground, almost resembling the sea shore. With a thick sole under the foot it would not have been so bad, but having on only thin moose-skin moccasins my feet got very lame and sore. The latter part of the journey took us close to the edge of a gigantic valley or ravine in the bottom of which flowed a stream of considerable size. When almost to the site of our camping place Larry, always on the alert, spied a bear on the side of the valley towards us almost down to the bottom. Waiting for the pack train to come up we decided to go after him. The Indians thought from its size, that it must be a grizzly. Tired as I was and foot sore from my long walk over stones I was eager to go and Jones decided to accompany us. We started at a rapid pace down the precipitous mountain side, and after a little, looking back, I saw Jones returning to the pack train. Larry and I kept on at breakneck speed, now running, slipping and sliding, holding on to the bushes for support we finally reached a position about two hundred yards above Bruin and crept stealthily on him, taking advantage of every bit of cover. My heart was pulsating violently from the exertion. At a range of about one hundred yards I fired at him making a clean miss, the ball throwing up the dirt immediately under the bear. Quickly going through the motions of throwing another cartridge into the breech I snapped at him again, but the rifle missed, due I soon discovered to the magazine being empty. I was using a 9 m m Mannlicher rifle, the magazine of which can be opened under the breech to remove the cartridges, closing by a spring.



It seems that the force of the explosion had thrown open the magazine here, and allowed all the cartridges to escape. It was the first time that this had ever happened with my rifle and was no doubt due to a weakening of the spring. The arduous run of over two miles had totally unfitted me for any kind of straight shooting. It proved to be a big black bear, and after firing he disappeared as suddenly as though the ground had opened for him.

After about an hour of hard walking we arrived at the camping place, where the boys had put up the tents and made supper ready. Tired and lame I soon went to bed and slept badly. This camping place was used two years previously by Messrs. Hamilton and Mullins of San Francisco, who had a very successful hunt here.

In the morning we found that the weather had turned colder and the sky cloudy. Our tent was pitched on the side of the valley previously referred to, though we had descended fully a thousand feet from the top. A glacier of considerable size occupied the head of this valley about six miles distant, from which the stream at its bottom originated. A more beautiful and picturesque place could hardly be found. Away to the west was a long chain of snow-capped peaks running North and South. From this main range numerous spurs made off at right angles in an easterly direction, on one of which our camp was located. Between these parallel spurs were deep valleys all of which contained streams flowing from glaciers at their heads. These Eastern spurs were not covered with snow except in sheltered spots out of reach of the sun's rays. Here was the home of the mountain sheep and goat. The side of the valley opposite our camp was very precipitous and rocky and I may say that we could see goats thereon any time we had a mind to look for them.

Jones decided to remain in camp today with Mat, while Jackson and Larry, Tom and I went out to reconnoitre. We took the saddle horses which Tom and I rode. Keeping to the mountain on our side, we rode to the head of the valley. Saw no sheep, but some fairly fresh signs of them. Saw two or three goats but made no attempt to go after them. A snow storm came on but did not last long. Returned

early to camp resolving to make a more careful search on the following day.

Next morning we decided to descend to the bottom of the valley and camp near the glacier about six miles farther along. This work occupied the greater part of the day as the descent of the mountains necessitated cutting a trail for the pack train and we did not finally pitch camp until about 3 o'clock, where leaving the horses to graze we walked up the mountain side,



OUR PARTY GOING INTO CAMP

above the glacier looking for sheep. I think the Indians were disappointed that we saw none though they did not say so. Returning to the camp after dark we had supper and Larry proposed hunting on the mountain, across the valley from our first camp. In case we found nothing he resolved to go ten or twelve miles farther north.

Next day we were off early and having climbed the steep mountain side, we reached the top about ten o'clock and walked slowly along the summit, overlooking the valley, in which our camp was located. From this elevation we could see into another valley parallel with the first and separated from it by the high mountain spur on which we were hunting. About 12 o'clock we sighted a single ram and a mountain goat, feeding near by each other, away below us. Larry thought it best to leave them alone and look farther, intending to kill them on our way back. His judgment was good, for we had not gone far before we came to four others, all rams, feeding quietly on the other side of the summit. Creeping down with the



wind in our favor we approached as near as fifty or sixty yards, the sheep being entirely unaware of our presence. Opening fire, two sheep fell at the first volley, while the others looked sharply around hesitating what was best to do. Instantly our rifles rang out again and a third sheep went down, the other bounding away up the mountain. He soon stopped however



SOME OF OUR GAME

and turning for an instant to survey his pursuers he received two bullets killing him on the spot.

We stopped at this place for lunch, which we had carried with us, and then skinned out the heads, leaving the carcasses where they fell, taking only such meat as we would require for our consumption. It seemed too bad to leave this meat to spoil, but it was out of the question for us to take care of it. Whatever may be the opinion of others I found the flesh of the mountain sheep superior to any other venison. Measuring the horns we found the following dimensions:—

	Length of Horn.	Circumfer'ce at base	Width tip to tip
1.....	34	16½	22¼
2.....	35	15	20
3.....	30	14½	21½
4.....	39	14¾	23¾
Record Head	50	18	35

Returning to camp and carrying the heads with us we stopped on our way and dispatched the sheep and goat first seen, making five sheep and one goat the sum of this day's work. The fifth sheep had the following dimensions: Length of horn, 35¾; circumference at base, 14; width, tip to tip 26¾.

The sheep killed today are called the *ovis Stonei*, after Mr. Andrew J. Stone, who hunted in this country a few years ago, and carried his trophies to Professor Hornaday of New York, who pronounced them a new species and named them after his friend. The skins were dark grey with almost white faces, but the Indians say that the scalps are much darker in winter. We all felt pretty well satisfied with the result of this day's work, and expected to get our full complement in another day or two at most.

In the morning we started off again in the same direction and went by where we had killed the first four sheep, in order to pick up a hunting knife left while skinning. Having found this we went farther along the summit and sat down about 12 o'clock to study the surrounding country with field glasses. It was a beautiful clear day, the sun was shining hot, and through our glasses we could see plenty of mountain goat, some feeding, others lying down, but we were not after them today, and so did not disturb them.

About 12.30 while we were eating lunch, Jackson suddenly exclaimed, "See the grizzly bear!" and pointed into the valley, at a large object on the sand bar, which bordered the stream. We looked and saw something which Larry thought was a log. Picking up a pair of field glasses he focussed on the object and said joyfully: "By Jove, grizzly bear!" Hastily finishing our meal, we started down the mountain side. It was fully three miles from where we sat to the bear, who was evidently watching for salmon in the creek. After an exciting run we gained the bottom of the valley and stopped a few minutes for breath. The bear was still slowly walking up and down the stream. Cautiously creeping towards him, taking cover behind the small bunches of cottonwood trees that grew there, we approached to within two hundred and fifty paces. It was impossible to get nearer without exposing ourselves, and we resolved to try him at that range. Taking careful aim we fired at him, when he suddenly jumped into the stream and made for the thicket on the opposite side about fifty yards away. The Indians said he was hit, but I could not tell whether he was or not. Crossing the stream a trail of blood was

found and the Indians taking a rifle apiece crept in after him. They soon came on to him lying dead, a single bullet having gone clear through his body behind the shoulders. He was a monster, weighing I should judge one thousand pounds. While the Indians skinned him we kept a sharp watch in case any other bear might be lurking around.

On returning to the creek with the pelt and skull what was our surprise to see a second grizzly coming up stream not over fifty yards away. Crouching in ambush we turned loose on her, for it proved to be a female and mate to the first one killed. She immediately started for cover, but suddenly changing her mind ran back again to the stream, all the while under a destructive fire. Finally she wilted and rolled over with seven bullets in her body, four of the holes so close together that they could be covered by the outstretched hand. Neither of these bears showed any fight whatever, for the good reason I suppose that they saw nothing to fight with, while the second was so overwhelmed with fire that she had no chance at all to do anything. Strange as it may seem, but nevertheless true, a third grizzly put in an appearance while we were skinning our second victim. It did not come up the stream to where we were, but sheared off and struck out towards the other side of the valley. We fired several shots at this bear at long range, but I do not think that any took effect, and it disappeared from our view in the woods without our giving chase.

Our second bear was about two thirds as large as the first. Hastily rolling up the skins we placed them in the creek and weighed them down with logs and stones resolving to come after them the following day with horses, then taking up our rifles, we hurried away for camp, arriving there long after dark pretty well tuckered out.

The next morning Larry, Jackson and myself with two saddle horses and a mule started out after the bear skins, leaving Jones, Tom and Mat in camp. Having to cut a trail a good part of the way we could not get to the skins until late in the day. When almost to our destination we saw a black bear on the mountain side

near the bottom of the valley, and the Indians said if I would hold the mule and keep the dog quiet they would go and get him. This I agreed to do and they set out on horse back. Soon the mule, finding himself left behind set up the most unearthly noise which only a mule knows how to make, that the bear was alarmed and took off, and the boys gave it up. They instructed me how to keep him quiet the next time!

Camping for the night near the scene of our encounter with the grizzly bears, we kept up a sharp watch for more of these animals, but saw none. Larry said that Jackson was timid and that he would start up in the night at the slightest sound. Being too sleepy to be afraid, I knew nothing of any danger. In the morning we hung the skins out to dry and hunted all the forenoon for bear but saw no more. In the afternoon we climbed the mountain and killed a couple more goats, but saw no sign of sheep. Staying another night in this place, we were up early and started for our main camp, when we came upon another black bear, feeding on berries on the mountain side. This time the mule had his mouth effectually sealed by a rope wound several times around his jaws, and I was instructed to yank him unmercifully if he tried to bawl! Larry and Jackson set out as before and when near as they dared approach tied the horses and began to creep on their victim. As they were in full view of me I could watch the whole proceedings with the keenest interest. The bear soon stopped feeding and laid down apparently going to sleep. Stealthily they approached him and when within easy rifle shot Larry fired. The bear jumped and started up the mountain, but not far for suddenly turning he bolted for the woods below. Then followed an exciting chase, the bear running his best and the Indians in fierce pursuit firing at every opportunity, until when pretty near the bottom of the valley the poor bear rolled over and expired. The boys soon returned with his pelt and we resumed our journey towards camp arriving there about one o'clock. In our absence Tom had gone out with Mat and shot another big black bear. On their return to camp they found the horses had strayed away and as it was too late to go after



them that day they got a good start for home.

The morning after we returned Jackson set out after them, taking one of the horses we had with us. He found them at the Hudson Bay Post twenty-seven miles away, where they had been caught by the men stationed there.

On the following day Jones and Larry



DRYING BEAR SKINS

shot the only moose we secured on this trip. He was a very large one with a spread of 55½ inches and twenty-six points. Taking a horse along Mat and Larry went out to bring in the antlers. They saw two more moose and a black bear. Jackson returned with the horses that night and the next day we packed up all our stuff and started for home. No doubt if we had stayed there longer we could have killed plenty more game, but our time was limited and we then had all the heads and skins we could conveniently carry.

We camped two nights on our return and reached the Hudson Bay Post on the 14th of September. Here we stayed one day to rest and then started back over the Teslin Trail for Telegraph. Made seventeen miles the first day, camping at Mr. John Hyland's ranch. Next morning Larry, Tom and I resolved to cover the remaining distance without a halt. I walked the whole twenty-eight miles without much discomfort. The following afternoon the pack train came in, Jones having secured another black bear on the way.

Chief Shakes had agreed to be at Telegraph to take us down the river on the 18th, but he did not come and we waited

until the 20th when we decided to have a scow built, in which to go down. We started on the 21st and met Shakes a little above Glenora. After some hot argument in which we told him we were going down in the scow he went on to Telegraph. The customs officer at Glenora being away we had to stay there over night in order to have our papers made out. Shakes came down in the morning and after a lot of talk we agreed to abandon the scow and go with him if he would reimburse us for the expense we were under in constructing her. This he agreed to do and that morning we started and favored by wind and current made the whole distance to Wrangell in two days, against twelve going up, almost a record time. Fortunately we had no rain and arrived at Wrangell on the evening of the 23rd just in time to miss the steamer which went south in the morning. Here we waited four days and caught the steamship "Humboldt" which went direct to Seattle. Arriving there Tom met his wife, who went with him to Portland to attend the Exposition. Jones stopped at Seattle on business while I took the steamship "Princess Victoria" for Vancouver, where I arrived the following day and boarded a train on the Canadian Pacific Railway en route for home, reaching Boston on the evening of the 6th of October, after an absence of seventy days.

Previous to making this trip I was anxious to secure just such information as I have here given and am writing this article for the benefit of others who may wish to go. One has to make such a trip once in order to find out what to do the next time, and I would recommend sportsmen going up to take the Hudson Bay steamer "Mount Royal" from Wrangell to Telegraph Creek, taking with them a man from Wrangell, competent to bring a scow down, which can be built by the Hudson Bay Co. during the absence on the hunt. Then when returning there will be no delay in coming down the river. Another important matter is this—don't hire any guide in Victoria or elsewhere to go up there. The best guides can be secured at Telegraph. So-called professionals are not needed and are a useless expense, because they have to rely on the Indians themselves to show them the coun-



try. Further it is better to patronize the people up there, for it is to them that one has to look for advice and assistance in case of trouble.

Sportsmen should not be limited in the matter of time for this trip, for all kinds of game cannot be found in one section. If sheep and goats are wanted, there are certain localities for them, after which a second trip can be made to the moose and caribou country. Bear are likely to be seen anywhere. No one going there need come away empty handed for game is plentiful.

The best time for bear is the Spring and early summer months. Sportsmen may write to Mr. F Matheson or Mr.

John Hyland at Telegraph Creek, who will be pleased to give them full information and assist them in arranging their trip.

In conclusion I repeat there is no place where sportsmen can be more certain of success than in the Cassiar country. But one must make up their minds that to get sheep and goat there must be a great deal of arduous work in climbing the mountains in a rarefied atmosphere and it requires courage, patience and indomitable will to surmount the numerous obstacles one is bound to encounter. Our bag of five sheep, three goats, two grizzly bear, four black bear and one moose, may seem considerable, but there will be others who will do better.



"PETE"

## A Piece of Moose-Fortune.

BY CHARLES K. FOX.

**A** TRAGEDY had occurred. Pete's mother had been mired in some deep, sticky bog where she had gone too far to bite the sweet pulp of the lily

stems (the nutritious gift of the new spring), or some old she-bear had killed her with the conscienceless instinct that it were better to feed her cubs though

Pete starved, for animals are selfish just like common every day men and women. Anyhow Pete did not figure in the theme of existence after his mother was taken away, and that this happened was as plain as the sign of Spring on every spot of earth, because no cow moose ever forgets the particular nook in the forest where she conceals her young, when she goes off to forage for food, and the calf does not move until it hears the low call of its mother, or is rolled over in its bed by her great nose.

This was in the early Spring of '05, and a sturdy built Indian with keen senses, (the chief of the Malacetes) was making his way through the great forest of the Miramichi observing everything that pertained to woodcraft. He had a small pack on his back containing a blanket, a few pounds of flour, a package of tea and a strip of bacon and frying pan, but this bothered him little. He had no gun for he was not after game to kill. He was looking for a good "moose leads" paths where the big ungainly creatures travelled from the deep forest to the open bogs or lakes for a swash in the water and to eat roots and lily pads at night, and when he found the hunting ground that just suited him he would build his camp and make it snug for the fall and winter hunting.

But finding a good camping place was not an easy matter. He must have a spring of water or a running brook that would not go dry in the late summer and early fall to supply the camp with water, hard wood for the fire and soft wood for logs to build the cabin. They must all be within easy walking distance of his hunting ground which would be the lake or some open barren in the forest, and far enough away so the game would not get the odor of the camp fire smoke or hear the sound of the axe chopping the camp wood. So it was that in all the vast wilderness good camp sites were not plentiful like town lots, and sometimes many days' travel and observation does not locate an ideal spot.

Jim Paul knew all these things and he was spending no time foolishly in the great woods of the Miramichi. Though he loved the forest he was there preparing to earn money for the next cold winter and his eye took in everything about him. He had no particular sentiment for things that

could not serve his purpose. Perhaps his eye caught now and then the bright red-veined blossoms of the painted trillium in the shady patches of the damp land and made him a trifle more sympathetic. As he swung his axe low while lopping boughs for his evening camp it sometimes caught the shy vines of arbutus almost hidden under the old leaves and whisked them about



CRONIES, PETE AND HIS MASTER

with a pink and white shower of beauty, but Jim scarcely noticed them. His night's camp made, sheltered from dew by the boughs of the low hemlock, and tea boiled, he threw his tired limbs in his blanket, facing the stars, and feet to the embers, and dreamed of "Clote Scarpe" till the first streak of dawn, and the next day he travelled again, blazing no trail, but taking his bearings by the peaks and tall pines. And the next day was much as the last. The song of "killolleet," the white throat twining her spring nest, brought in its way a pleasant thought, but the drum of a cock partridge on a nearby log had to him a more business sound and was real music in his ears, for when there were

many he would say, "Partridges be plenty this fall, sportsmen like partridges, lots of fat birds do 'em good."

But suddenly Jim stopped and listened. There was a strange weak sound, a low moan almost undistinguishable but he knew it meant something, it was so much like the sounds he was familiar with that he could not be mistaken. The woods down the slope were open and clear except a big fallen spruce in the foreground and his practiced ear told him whence the sound came. It was on a bed of leaves under the

when his soft pleading eyes looked into those of the old guide and hunter he pulled his rough finger for his mother's teat, his sense of sympathy and speculation began to rise at the same time. Without hesitation he threw Pete across both shoulders, clutching his fore and hind feet with either hand, and though he stumbled a little at first he soon got his stride and with his face to the sun, which was due south, he soon fast put miles between himself and the place where Pete was born. But the calf, almost gone, could not stand



READY FOR A SLEIGH RIDE

very end, where the needles and cones made the snugest and coziest shelter that Pete was lying. He thought Jim's footsteps were those of his mother—at any rate his little weak whine had saved his life—he was almost starved.

Jim was puzzled—for old and cunning an Indian as he was he had never been able to outwit a cow moose and pilfer her calf. And here was a famished baby moose that he must kill to be human, for no hunter will leave an animal in misery if he can end its life. But somehow the intuition of the helpless creature imparted to Jim that he did not want to be put out of existence before having a show in the world, and

without food the long journey to the first settlement. So at the running brook Jim laid him in a hollow of dry leaves, squeezed juices from the young plants on which moose are wont to feed, boiled it with a sprinkle of flour and made a gruel, which, though not like his mother's milk put strength into his sturdy young limbs. Thus through the long journey was Pete kept alive and though he could walk again when set down for a rest or a meal he would never run away, and when he got to having plenty of good cow's milk he was more than ever attached to his new home. Then there was more trouble ahead for him for the law holds there is no place in the do-



mestic economy for wild game. The game wardens of New Brunswick demanded he should be liberated as it was unlawful to keep captive moose, but Pete defied the law and refused to be left in the forest alone, but came back every time to his captor's yard, picking it out from all the others.

Then Jim offered to send me the moose (for a consideration) and remembering the journeys in the forest, the waiting and calling when October nights were making ice in the eddies, and we shivered in the cold, waiting for a shot, and the forenoon sun brought drowsiness after the exciting hardship of the night, the curling of the camp fire and broiling of the grouse and venison and moose steaks,—with these memories still fresh, Jim's offer could not be denied.

So here is Pete ushered into a new and

strange moose life—new environment too, for Ernest Thompson Seton says it is incidental when moose ever ranged in New England south of a line drawn from the White Mountains to the Adirondacks and so on. But he likes the browse we give him and the hay and turnips and cabbages. He expects to spend the rest of his days in Winnikenni Park in Haverhill, on the shores of Lake Kenoza, where there is a cold spring and maple and yew trees. If he has good luck and is vigorous as his ancestors in the north woods, when he is six years old he will weigh 1300 pounds and grow antlers that will spread fifty inches or more with wide blades and branching prongs. These he will drop in the fall with the first snows to feed mice and hedgehogs, if there are any, and grow them again the next season between May and August. Good luck to Pete!

## Destruction of Deer by Wolves.

**H**ARRY Phillips, of Bisco Lake, the well-known and popular guide, writes to his friend, Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ont., on the subject of the destruction of deer by wolves and his remarks coming from a man of practical experience in the matter is worthy of consideration. He says:—

"I have had a big time this fall and winter with the wolves. Between shooting and trapping I got three before snow came but I have only got two since. With poison I have killed at least three or four others that I did not get on account of big snow storms coming on after the wolves took the bait, making it impossible to track them for any distance. I may find some when the snow goes off. They are getting thicker all the time and they have driven all the caribou out of this part of the country,—all except what they have eaten up, and now they are eating up the red deer by the wholesale. If they keep on the way they have been for the last two years there will be no deer left

this side of the railroad. There is only one way to ever thin those wolves out and that is to raise the bounty for a few years to a price that will induce every man that hunts to hunt wolves, winter and summer. If the bounty was, say \$25 I would never give up the chase and I know of others here that would do the same. Hunt them winter and summer, and it is my experience that for every one that is poisoned and the bounty got for it there are two more go off and die in the woods and are lost.

In '05 I poisoned two that I got and I am sure I poisoned six or eight more and lost them through snow storms. Still I am glad I got rid of them, if I never get a skin, for two or three wolves will destroy more deer in a year than a large family of Indians. More than that a wolf will watch his chance to pick up every beaver he can. They catch them when the beaver is out at work. I say, raise the bounty. If possible get rid of the wolf instead of the deer."

# The Quebec Fish and Game Leases.

## Mr. White's Position.

**T**HIS subject is one of such wide interest to sportsmen that, although we have given considerable space to it in recent numbers, we are glad to publish in this issue a full statement by Mr. W. R. White, K. C., of Pembroke, Ont., explaining the position he takes up. Mr. White is recognized as the leader of the opposition to the policy adopted (and we believe rightly adopted) by the Hon. Jean Prevoist, Minister of Colonization, Mines, and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec, and endorsed by the Quebec Government and Legislature.

As to Mr. White's personal position in this matter we have nothing further to say. We think he is mistaken in his views, but he is quite capable of defending them and himself, and we need add nothing except a few words to make our position clear. We have not refused Mr. White the use of our pages as recent numbers have shown. The conductors of any Magazine, with consideration for its standing and position, cannot insert columns of newspaper reprint, and that is what Mr. White seems to have expected from us. With a full consideration for Mr. White's position we gave a fair summary of his arguments as inserted in a newspaper, though they were substantially the same as were given both at Montreal and Ottawa.

On one other point we must correct Mr. White. "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" is not an Ontario organ (though printed and published in the Province, and necessarily devoting much attention to its sporting interests) but a Canadian Sporting Magazine, giving attention to the whole of Canada, and covering the whole of the Dominion in a more effective manner every month.

Despite the fact that it is a difficult task to argue with a lawyer, and particularly one with the ability and acumen of Mr. White, whose high personal and professional position we fully recognize, we venture to point out to him that he rather inadequately deals with our strongest point in his argument to us. Had his lease been granted

by any other landlord than a Government he could not possibly have escaped the payment of the non-resident license fee; and because the Government is his landlord he has neither legal nor moral justification in expecting to be excused that fee. Mr. White tells us the privileged class will still exist in Quebec. True; but one of these privileges has been taken from them, and their continued existence is merely a question of time. Mr. White agrees that we are right in stating that all agreements are subject to the laws of the Province; he is too good a lawyer to find fault with that proposition. Those laws say that non-residents shall be subject to fish and game licenses, and to exempt lease holders from those licenses is neither fair nor just. The laws of Quebec have now been brought partly, but not wholly, in conformity with the laws of other Provinces and States, and doubtless ere long will be brought entirely in line with them. With these preliminary observations we give Mr. White's letter in full, and are glad to acknowledge the general fair tone of his arguments in response to those we have put forward:—  
Editor Rod and Gun:—

Mr. Alfred Pelland's letter, and your editorial remarks on this question in your May number, have just been brought to my notice, and I ask the privilege of replying to them.

From Mr. Pelland's opening remarks, I presume he wishes your readers to infer that I have been guilty of discourtesy to the Minister in, as he says, "attacking the Hon. Mr. Prevoist during his absence from the country." Those who know me best will acquit me, I think, of any wish to attack any one under a disadvantage. I was not aware of the Minister's absence, and I was not attacking him personally, but simply criticising a piece of Quebec Legislation for which, no doubt, he was primarily responsible, but for which the Quebec Government and Legislature are now equally responsible.

I discussed the question publicly with the Minister, both at Montreal and Ottawa, and I wrote him at least two letters

on the subject, to which he did not reply. but afterwards gave me permission to publish.

I have the highest respect for both the Hon. gentleman and his office, but where legislation, that adversely affects my private rights, is initiated and carried through by him, despite my protests, I know of no tribunal before which I can cite him to appear except before the Bar of Public Opinion, nor do I know of any Divinity that doth hedge the Minister, or prevent his actions from being publicly criticised by the meanest subject in the land. I therefore hope I may be adjudged "not guilty" of the high crime and misdemeanor of being discourteous to a Minister of the Crown. Having said this much in personal explanation, let me briefly reply to Mr. Pelland's letter, and the extracts given by him from the Minister's speech.

To the argument based upon the High Licenses charged in some of the States of the Union, and in the Provinces of the Dominion—I can only say, as I have said more than once before, that the cases are not at all analogous.

The Province of Quebec leases Rivers, Lakes, and Lands for Fishing and Hunting, and has done so for years—none of these States or Provinces do so. The Province of Quebec received as rental from these leases during 1905, \$66,030.27, according to the Minister's report, Appendix 17, Page 66. In addition, each lessee was compelled by the terms of the Lease to employ and pay a guardian to protect the Fish and Game, and when we consider that outside of individual leases, 187 Clubs are incorporated and hold leases, and that the guardian must be employed from 1st January to 31st December, each lessee cannot pay less than \$350.00 per annum for game and fish protection.

Thus, the lessees pay \$70,000 in addition to rent, which under other circumstances the Government would have to pay; and as to the Game, no sane man will say that birds and beasts protected on the 6,400,000 acres under lease, scattered over the whole Province, does not practically protect the game in the whole Province.

This is amply borne out by the fact that the salaries paid to all "Fishery",

and "Game and Fishery" overseers employed by the Government do not aggregate more than \$12,000 per annum—leaving the Government of Quebec in round figures \$54,000 of cash surplus besides \$12,000 worth of patronage.

You will easily realize therefore the great difference between the States and Provinces, quoted in Mr. Prevost's speech, and his own Province.

Briefly put, the only source of revenue for game and fish protection enjoyed by these States and Provinces is the license fees, whatever they may be, and against whoever chargeable.

In Quebec the Lessees pay \$66,030.27 for the right to hunt and fish within certain limits, and \$70,000 for protecting game and fish for the whole Province—or a total of \$136,030.27—and the Government pretends to protect the game and fish in the rest of the Province by spending \$12,000.

Surely these figures should make any honest citizen of Quebec wonder why an additional burden of \$15.00 per annum should be placed upon the non-resident lessee, a tax which should produce a revenue of from \$25,000 to \$30,000 per annum—making lessees pay annually a total of \$166,030.27. This does not take into consideration the cost of buildings, of constructing roads and bridges, (the latter of enormous value to both settlers and lumbermen) which would probably foot up to an annual outlay of \$30,000 more.

To the Minister's argument based on articles 1415, 1416 and 1417a, I have only to say that when he admits the passage of the Order-in-Council of June 1st, 1901, he admits my whole case. When my lease was obtained, that Order-in-Council was in force, and the law then was and my bargain, then made, was, that for a certain specific sum payable annually, my Club should enjoy the hunting and shooting rights pertaining to the lands leased. The facts and the law were well known to both the contracting parties, and I say that the contract was made under the law as it then existed, and I and my associates are entitled to hunt on that territory during the existence of the lease.

I never denied the power of Parliament to confiscate my property, take away my rights, or do any other arbitrary act Par-



liament may do under our constitution. But, I have surely the right to protest against Parliament doing so, and to insist that in strict justice, and with a due regard for the preservation of its own honor, the Crown should not invoke the powers of Parliament to deprive me of the rights the same Crown has granted me, so long as I faithfully observe my end of the contract.

As to the small amount received from non-resident licensees, (\$2,561.00); is it not apparent that the Government would have received much more for such licenses if it had not adopted the policy of leasing instead of licensing? And does not the Province receive actually from people who are almost wholly non-residents a total of \$138,584.00—out of which the Province expends about \$12,000? Does any other State or Province have such a revenue and give free hunting and fishing to its own citizens? The Minister admits that the Order - in - Council was based on the ground that Clubs paid a considerable revenue to the Province; does not that argument still hold good? The Minister goes on to say that owing to increased demands, better means of communication, etc., the value of the territories under lease has much increased, and therefore the payment of the license fee must be exacted, and that it is quite permissible for the Province to take advantage of the "letter of the law"; not the spirit or the principles of justice, but "the letter of the law."

Well, if the Minister is content to violate the leases made with me on the 11th August, 1905, and the 24th October, 1905, and plead such reasons as justification, all I am prepared to say is that his ideas of fair play and mine do not coincide.

The Minister cites the resolution passed by the Fish and Game Congress called by him at Montreal. I have heretofore refrained from saying much with reference to this "so-called Congress." I am now compelled to state the facts, so that your readers may judge of the value to be placed on any such resolution.

In response to an invitation generally sent out by the Minister to the lessees, at least fifty Presidents and other officers of Clubs residing in Ontario attended that Congress. Probably a dozen

were Americans, and the rest were residents of Quebec—many of whom were not Club Members or Lessees. The motion to appoint the Committee to strike the standing committee was moved by a resident of Montreal, and the name of an Ontario man did not appear on this Committee. In a few minutes this Committee brought in its report, and upon not one of the Committees did the name of one of the fifty Ontario men present appear.

I then presumed to ask the Hon. Minister, who was presiding, what our position and rights were at that Congress, and all who were present will bear me out in saying that I had to ask the question three times before I obtained any answer from the Minister.

The Committee on Big Game subsequently brought in a recommendation to charge non-residents \$25.00 License Fee for hunting deer on their leased territories, and as it became evident to all that the Congress was under control of residents of Quebec, and agents of the Transportation Companies, many of us—after protesting as strongly as we were allowed—left the meeting in disgust. Even then the resolution was only carried by a few votes, and indeed some who were present claimed that the Chairman's adding machine slipped a cog when the votes against the resolution were being counted.

It must have been apparent to everyone that the Lessees, as a body, were opposed to the resolution, and I can only wonder at the Minister quoting it in his justification under the circumstances.

As to his election to the Presidency of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association, which he quotes as evidence of the Americans' approval of the measure—the Hon. Minister must remember that this honor was conferred upon him while he was only meditating upon this breach of contract, and before he had actually committed it. May it not have been that this great honor was thrust upon him in the hope that it might dull the keen edge of his enthusiasm to destroy our rights? It is well known that people of a certain type adopt such methods. I regret that I can neither understand nor practice them.

The contention of the Minister, that, if Governments could not break their solemn

contracts, or alter them, all Government would be at an end, can only elicit the reply, "Perish all Governments that deliberately break their contracts." I never held that my lease was forever—it is only for a specific term of years; as soon as that term expires, my contract is at an end; all the duty the Government owes to me then is to allow me to renew on such terms as to price and other conditions as the Government may fairly impose. If I find the price too high, or the conditions too onerous, I would probably decline the renewal, and the Government could then lease to any other person who, under the law, and my arrangement with the Minister would pay for my permanent improvements, and take my place. There is no "forever" about it. I only ask that for the period my leases are in force, the bargains therein set out should be respected, both by the Crown and the Lessee.

The Minister says I have not read my Lease. That statement is not true. I have read it carefully, and with a view to find a justification for the Minister's position, and I am unable to find it.

He cites Clause 2 of the Lease, compelling the Lessee, in the exercise of his rights, to conform to the provisions of present and future Game Laws. Does that justify the Minister or Parliament in altering the Leases which allow my Club to hunt and fish on paying \$120.00 per year, changing the contract by Act of Parliament and making our Club pay \$225.00 additional per annum? If \$225.00, why not, when the Province needs the money, make it \$2250.00? It is only going a cipher more at the right end of the Bill. I cannot conceive that the Minister is serious when he sets up this pretension.

Is this law not a law for revenue only? Wherein is it a Game Law? unless he refers to one game in which I believe they sometimes raise the "Limit"—but even then it must be a matter of agreement between the high contracting parties.

Does not this clause mean only that I shall observe the laws and regulations made from time to time for the protection of fish and game—observe close seasons, limitations of catch of fish, or number of heads of game to be taken, or any other law or regulation passed for the reasonable pro-

tection of game and fish? I give the Minister credit for not being quite serious in setting up this argument.

As to the Clause permitting the Government to cancel the Lease on one month's notice—I beg to state most emphatically that the Hunting Lease to my Club contains no such clause, and I will give \$100.00 to any charity the Minister may name, if he will find such a clause in the Lease of Hunting rights to the Neka-bong Club, dated 24th Oct., 1905. Even if such a clause existed, no Government worthy of the name would exercise its right without good reasons and in the public interest.

I never pretended that even if there were no restrictions in the Lease, the Legislature had not the power to wholly cancel it by Act of Parliament.

What I have argued, and what neither the Minister nor his apologists have successfully combatted is that the Crown has for certain money payments and the performance of certain covenants and agreements by him granted the lessee certain rights, and I say that it is highly improper, unjust, and dishonorable on the part of the Crown to take away these rights, or prevent the lessee from exercising them, unless he pays twice or three times the original consideration agreed upon; for no better reasons than that the Crown wants money, and that the privileges granted have become (in the opinion of the Crown) more valuable.

And just here let me say that in my case, less than a year ago my Club agreed to pay \$120.00 per annum for Hunting and Fishing rights—today our fees payable to the Crown will be \$345.00, and our assessment to pay guardian, and for protection of game and fish is \$425.00—a considerable increase in less than a year.

Coming now to my own particular case. It is not true that I obtained a transfer of Hunting Lease from Mr. Poupore, "a former member for Pontiac," but from another Poupore, a nephew of that gentleman. I obtained it in 1904. The Minister accepted the transfer, and so notified me.

My Club expended about \$500.00 in cutting roads and building a Hunting Lodge and other improvements. When these were completed I was notified that a fishing

lease held by one Emerson (an American) for Calumet Lake in said hunting territory, was in arrear. I replied that I was not the Assignee of this Lease, that we did not want it, and did not feel disposed to pay \$40.00 annually for the right to fish in a Lake where I knew there were no fish, and never was any and proved the latter fact by several statutory declarations.

The Minister replied that the one lease went with the other and that he would withdraw the consent to the transfer of the Hunting Lease unless we paid arrears on the Fishing Lease.

I went personally to Quebec and settled the matter with the Department by ignoring the old Leases and taking out new Leases for Hunting and Fishing, covering all the new property as well as the property in which my Club had been interested for over fifteen years, and agreed to pay—and did pay—the rental demanded, \$120, and I say that I did so agree on the distinct understanding that our rights to the fishing were good for nine years, and to the hunting for ten years from the dates of the respective leases.

It never entered the minds of either party to the bargain that any change was contemplated, or would be made, and I submit that having for over fifteen years had certain rights over part of the property, I was entitled to expect and believe that the forms of leases being the same, I should have the same rights during the pendency of the new Leases.

I may say that the amount of the rental was fixed by the Minister and agreed to by me. We have since put several hundred bass fry into Calumet Lake, and no doubt when the Lease falls in there will be good bass fishing. The Government of that day will probably forget, however, that we have made a valuable asset of what was worthless when it came into our hands.

The Honorable Minister's threat that at the expiration of my Leases he will raise the rental sufficiently to afford me complete satisfaction, is, to say the least, unworthy both of the Minister personally, and of his position as representing the Crown. It would be most unfair if the Minister would, to personally punish me for daring to question his public invasion of my private rights, punish fifteen or twen-

ty other gentlemen members of the same Club, who may not all share my views, as certainly some of them think I am unwise in so openly expressing them. But I am a man, free-born, and of mature age, and have strong opinions, and believe I have the right in this free country to express them. Anyway, I shall express them, notwithstanding the Minister's threat. I can only assure him that I alone am responsible for my opinions, and for the language in which I voice them, and no man living—whether Minister of the Crown, or member of my Club, can dictate to me when I shall speak or be silent.

Perhaps by the time the Lease falls in, the Minister and myself may have settled our little differences of opinion, or he will have lost his memorandum, or for that matter both of us may be where there is neither hunting nor fishing. I trust he will then be able to see with clearer vision than is now vouchsafed to him.

I would like to add a few words in reply to your editorial remarks, which on the whole are fairer than I expected, considering your former article on the same subject, and the fact that you have denied me the use of your columns heretofore.

Your view as to the weak point in my argument strikes me as somewhat peculiar, and your illustration as not applicable. The Crown is the lessor in this case, and has no more right to increase the rental during the term than a private landlord would have.

The Courts have always held, in cases against the Crown, that, while the Crown might have sovereign rights of confiscation and repudiation, it is contrary to the dignity and honour of the Crown to exercise these rights against the subject, and where the Courts were asked to interpret agreements between the Crown and the subject, have invariably held the Crown strictly to a performance of the written contract.

Take your illustration as correct, and I agree with all you say, but your illustration is not to the point: the proper way to put the case is this: If I rent a farm from B. for five years, and at the end of two years B. says to me: "You cannot plough the land, or cut the grass or the



corn without paying an additional fee by way of license" — that would be exactly Hon. Mr. Prevost's position.

You are quite right in saying that agreements are subject to the laws of the Province, but wrong in saying that the law of Quebec compelled holders of fishing leases to pay a license.

Under article 1375 properly read, and as it was always read and acted upon — persons domiciled in Quebec did not require a license to angle in waters not under lease, but persons not domiciled in the Province did require such license to angle in waters not under lease, Art. 1376 confers power on the Minister to lease or license for a term not exceeding nine years. Art. 1380 allows leases to be made in the name of a person or incorporated Club. Art. 1382 reads as follows: "The lease confers upon the Lessee for the time therein determined the right to take and retain exclusive possession of the lands therein described, subject to the restrictions and regulations which may be established, and gives him the exclusive right to fish in the waters fronting on such lands, in conformity with Provincial and Federal regulations then in force, etc."

What does the Lessee get for his money?

1.—The right to exclusive possession of the lands, subject to the restrictions, regulations, etc.

2.—The exclusive right to fish in the waters (not only the right to fish, but the exclusive right) fronting on the lands in conformity with both Provincial and Federal regulations then in force.

The Commissioner (or Minister) under the authority above cited, and I pledge myself that he has no other statutory authority, Leases to my Club. He does not License. The Act says "Lease" or "License." Mr. Prevost interprets it Lease and License. Where does the right lie, with the Lessee or the Minister?

You seem to argue strongly against what you call a "privileged class" — but you must remember that Mr. Prevost nowhere proposes to destroy the privileged class—only to bleed them—leases are still issued, and to be issued — as far as we know.

You give considerable credit to Mr. O'Connell, of the Quebec Central Railway—and Mr. Cook, ex-Mayor of Ottawa, for the compromise now agreed upon and accepted by the Minister, reducing the fees from \$25.00 to \$10.00 — and from \$10.00 to \$5.00 respectively. Mr. O'Connell evidently worked for his Railway interests, as the higher fee would doubtless have kept many visitors out of the hunting and fishing preserves served by his Rail. He is to be congratulated upon his success. Mr. Cook had no brief—as far as I know from the Ottawa sportsmen. He made no suggestion of a flat rate at Ottawa, and I took occasion to say then what I now repeat: That, as far as I am concerned, I have no quarrel with the Minister as to the amount of the License fee. If it is conceded that the Minister has the right to impose this fee then, in my judgment, no sportsman can find fault with whatever fee the Minister may, in the interests of his Province, impose. There is no issue on this point between the Minister and myself.

In conclusion, I ask for the 4th or 5th time this question, in the hope that, as the Minister has selected you as his official Ontario organ, he may deign to reply to it.

If the law always was that non-resident lessees of Hunting and Fishing Territories were compelled to pay a License Fee before hunting or fishing, why did Mr. Prevost go to the Legislature to pass a law already in force, and why does he now in renewing old leases specifically and distinctly make them subject to the payment of these License Fees?

I must apologize for the length of this letter, but I find it impossible to keep these gentlemen to the narrow issue I submitted to them, and I must perforce follow them and meet the side issues they raise with such skill as to make many not familiar with the subject believe they were dealing with the real question under discussion.

Yours truly,

WM. R. WHITE.

Pembroke, Ont., May 30th, 1906.



EMERALD LAKE, FROM YOH0 PASS

Photo M. P. Bridgland

## The Alpine Club of Canada's First Camp.

### Description of the Arrangements.

BY A. O. WHEELER.

**T**HE question of the hour in Alpine circles is: Are you going to the Yoho Camp?

According to a circular recently published by the Alpine Club of Canada, the Camp will be in operation from the 9th to the 16th of July; that is will last eight days, and accommodation will be provided for one hundred persons.

Let us consider for a moment what it means to place one hundred persons in camp at the summit of a mountain pass, situated in one of Canada's wildest and most beautiful spots, nine miles from the nearest railway station on the Canadian Pacific Railway. It means an accumulation of fifty mountain ponies, a number of waggons, forty roomy tents, a staff of twenty-five including outfitters, guide-packers, cooks and other assistants, four

large mess tents, provided with cook stoves, the construction of tables, benches and other necessities of camp headquarters; riding saddles, pack saddles, one hundred plates, knives, forks, spoons, etc., and all necessary cooking outfit; beds of balsam boughs and the collection of fuel ad libitum for bonfires. All this has to be got together beforehand and the most of it transported on the backs of ponies from the railway to the camp ground.

The Club's members and guests will assemble on the evening of the 8th July at Mount Stephen House, situated in the little village of Field at the base of the snow crowned monarchs that has given the name to the hotel. Early on the morning of the 9th a start will be made for the camp on the Pass.

The difficulties of transit are much re-

duced by the fact that the Railway Company has in operation a delightful little chalet, built upon a tiny peninsula at the south end of Emerald Lake. This lake, a sheet of glacial water, magnetic green in color, lies directly below the Yoho Pass. Between Mt. Stephen House and the Chalet, the Dominion Government has constructed a good driving road, cut from the forests clothing the steep slopes of Mt. Burgess. It winds between walls of tall pines and presents glimpses of snowy peaks,

Camp is a training school and does not encourage laziness. Ponies will be ready for the ladies and those of more mature years will be seated in carriages.

Arrived at Emerald Lake, lunch will be found ready in the woods along its shores, and will be served in the most approved camp style. On all sides rise snowy heights overhanging their rippling reflections in the green water of the lake.

The baggage having come up, a move will be made for the camp ground, a mile



MTS. DALY AND NILES

Photo M. P. Bridgland

hazy blue valleys and shining waterways through vistas of woodland green. The first stage of the journey will be over this road.

Having deposited the baggage in charge of that past master of mountain craft, the genial Tom Wilson, of Banff, oldest and best known of all the guides, to whom the mysteries of the diamond hitch are an A. B. C., the more enthusiastic of the neophytes and the tough old warriors will be started forward on foot, for the

and a half farther on. The path follows the western shore through the forest, then crosses the moranian delta at the north end. The scenery here is magnificent. On the right is the isolated mass of Mount Wapta, one of the pillars of the Gateway to the Yoho Pass. On the left the Emerald range sends numerous ice cascades tumbling in wildest of crystal confusion down deep cut gorges from the snow-clad heights of the President and Vice-President; while a little to the south the sharp



spire of Mt. McMullen rises a stately pinnacle in the thin air.

Following the pony trail, the first test of mountaineering is had in the climb from the lake to the summit of the Pass, about 1000 feet. A short tramp through the primeval forest clothing the Pass and Summit Lake opens to the view, giving promise of a well earned rest. Here is a pretty little tarn, beyond whose margin of emerald sward graceful spruce trees wave their hoary limbs, festooned with moss draperies, in stately welcome to the members of Canada's Alpine Club, and seem to ask in mute inquiry "why so long in coming?"

Beneath their shade are ranged, in symmetrical rows, lines of white tents, denoting the headquarters of the Camp. The square is gay with bunting and at the door of several of the larger tents stand white-clad cooks ready to sound the tocsin that calls to supper, a joyful sound for the now hungry and weary travellers.

Let us approach and investigate. On one side of the square are the ladies' quarters; on the other the gentlemen's. Each tent bears a number to enable the occupants to find their respective dwelling places. At one end are the official quarters, where neat placards show the offices of the President, the Secretary, the Treasurer, the Guides and the Mountaineering Bureau. Here, also, a bulletin board proclaims the orders of the day and sets forth the official programme. At the opposite end are the quarters of the packers and their assistants, where are kept the ponies, saddles and other paraphernalia for the exploration, climbing and sight-seeing that is to be done.

The visitors now register with the Secretary of the Camp and are promptly assigned quarters, to which, with their baggage, they are quickly shown by scouts appointed for the purpose. The tents are filled with fragrant balsam boughs providing beds of a softness and aroma unknown to civilization.

The gong sounds for supper and the visitors are quickly seated around rustic tables, with a meal before them that is camp fare from the word "go." After supper the crowd gathers round a huge bonfire and the members flit back and forth through the shadows while the sparks fly

upwards into the starlit night and it is gradually realised that the Alpine Club's first camp is a thing of fact.

While many wish to linger round the fire, it may not be, for there is work for the morrow, when the first official climb will be made of the Vice-President, and the first round trip of the most beautiful of all Alpine valleys in the world begun; moreover, lights out at ten p.m. is a rule of the Camp.

It would fill more space than is now available to enter into a description of all it is planned to do. This will appear in good time when it has been done, but it may be said that there will be found a programme sufficient to satiate the wildest dreams, and when the week of camping is over, there will be so much to tell and so many to tell it, that it is doubtful if it can all be told before the next year's camp is on.

There is no doubt but that the fame of this first camp of the Alpine Club will go forth the world over and that the people of Canada will quickly realise that right here in our own Dominion there are sights of scenic splendour to be seen and things to be learned concerning the wonders of Nature that cannot be equalled in any other quarter of the globe.

## The Mountain Ideal.

BY MRS. E. PARKER.

Six months ago the Alpine Club of Canada was a dream; today it is a very tangible reality with a membership, including members-elect, of one hundred and fifty odd. From the beginning of the vision, the ideal of its founders was a popular mountaineering club whose enthusiasm would, in the sequel, give to the lusty young Canadian nation the ethical uplift that comes from nature's "grand uplift of mountain line." Always, from the first, the feeling has been national and moral. No movement in Canada since Strathcona's Horse went to South Africa, has so appealed to the feeling of Empire. Shall we organize a national club or shall we form a section, in affiliation with the American Club? was the gist of the appeal that went out; and without one dissentient voice the answer came for a purely

Canadian Club. But ever was kept in mind the splendid services done for our mountains by our American friends.

The mountaineering influence cannot be overestimated. It is acknowledged to be the hardest and noblest of all the sports of a sporting age. It is the sport which calls out the best of a man, and annihilates the worst of him. It carries him to the mighty solitudes of Nature and gives him the most extended physical vision on earth; if he has within him as a

light to the spirit. These men, who have adopted the highland life of the Rockies and who live in the very heart of Nature, are more than picturesque mountaineers and outfitters. They are men who scorn the littleness of complex conventional life, and are lost and lonely and unhappy among the throngs that thread the busy streets of the metropolis. They can teach us, who must perforce live in cities, many things. All men who live in the wilderness absorb what is beyond the ken of the



ICE TONGUE OF VOHO GLACIER

Photo M. P. Bridgland.

grain of mustard seed, feeling for the unseen, it feeds that feeling, and sends him back to the commerce and the commonplace of the plains with a new hope in his heart, even for the best in life which is not temporal and is not seen. It is by ideals, by large spiritual vision, that men live.

Then again the strenuous exercise of climbing and the reversion to the simplicities of life in the camp by mountain tarn or torrent is health to the body and de-

man who lives to make money. No one with a head on his shoulders and a heart in his bosom will deny that the palpable peril of western Canada is that men will be well nigh choked with wheat and real estate, and that women will be enervated with the hot pursuit of afternoon tea. The preachers are making a brave protest against the materialism of commerce and the inanity of a large section of social life. The Alpine Club of Canada has it in its heart to turn men's faces to a strenuous-

ness that is of another sort and that leavens the life with the leaven of good.

Canadians ought to take a national pride in their mountains. A snow field 10,000 feet above sea level, whose area is 200 square miles, pushing down glaciers to every point of the compass, is an item in the Alpine catalogue. But of description, more in future numbers.

I have spoken only of popular mountaineering, and there is no reason why the Club should not grow like compound interest. The Appalachian Club of Boston has 2000 members.

Attention will be paid to the scientific and the art sections of the Alpine Club of Canada. Much is to be done. Some of our honorary and active members have made valuable contributions to a scientific knowledge of the Canadian Alps, and to their flora; and some have done highly artistic photographic work. These sections will be smaller than the other but they will keep pace with the Club. We are delighted with our American membership, notably the Messrs. and Miss Vaux, who have been such ardent climbers. We are pleased to receive, too, Miss Tuzo, a splendid English mountaineer, who has climbed five difficult Canadian peaks. We hope for a further infusion of British blood. The Canadian Alpine Club extends a highland welcome to British holiday makers to turn their steps westward with the star of Empire.

One word more. Our nucleus of a library grows slowly. Sir Sandford Fleming, our good and wise friend from the beginning, sent his valuable book, "From Old to New Westminster" which covers an important period in the history of the Canadian Rockies. We will be very grateful for Alpine literature of any sort—old journals or books about any mountain region or mountaineering in the world. If any good Canadian whose eye falls on these lines, has it in his heart to send a cheque, I know how to invest the same for the library of the Alpine Club of Canada.

### Club Notes and News.

Sir Sandford Fleming has donated to the Library a copy of his valuable work, "From Old to New Westminster." This makes the fourth book in the young Libra-

ry. Exchanges from other Clubs and Alpine books will be added as speedily as possible. The Librarian will be grateful for the literature itself, or for the cheques with which to procure it.

The Department of the Interior has placed in the hands of Mr. E. F. Stephenson, Dominion Lands Agent, Winnipeg, fifty copies of Mr. Wheeler's book on the Selkirk Range (two vols.) which may be had by members of the Alpine Club at \$1 per copy.

The Club is to be reinforced by such Alpinists as the Messrs. Wm. S. and George Vaux, and Miss M. M. Vaux, of Philadelphia, who have for the last eight years climbed and explored in the Rockies. These three are among the members-elect. The total membership will be about one hundred and fifty if all graduate in July.

Mr. Wheeler has spared no pains to make the Yoho Camp a success. He and Mr. Herdman propose to ascend Mt. Vice President on or about July 5th, and mark the upward route, and so make the climbing easier for the graduates. Too much cannot be said for the abundant labours of Mr. Wheeler for the success of the First Camp, and for the progress of the Club generally.

It is expected that there will be a full attendance at Yoho. There is much to be done in the way of mountaineering and visiting neighbouring districts in the interests of the Club, and there is the business of the annual meeting which will take place in the Pass by the side of the Lake.

The Club is to be greatly strengthened by the membership of Miss Hemiesta L. Tuzo, of Surrey, England. Miss Tuzo's qualifications bespeak the spirit of the old Vikings. She has conquered Mts. Victoria, Bonney, Rogers, Swiss Peaks and Sir Donald in the Canadian Alps, all over 10,000 feet, and some over 11,000 feet above sea level. This lady mountaineer has reached an altitude in the Swiss Alps of over 12,000 feet.



# The Ontario Fisheries.

**T**HE Seventh Annual Report of the Department of Fisheries of the Province of Ontario for 1905 has just been issued. The most important portions of this report will be found included in that of the Deputy Commissioner (Mr. S. T. Bastedo.)

While there were more storms, he says, on the great lakes and apparently fewer fish caught, prices were higher, and the outcome for the fishermen nearly as good as the previous year. The total product of the fisheries indeed amounted to 22,572,300 lbs. and the estimated value \$1,708,963.

There were decreases in the North Channel of Lake Huron, the Georgian Bay, Lake and River St. Clair, and Thames River, Lake Ontario and Nipissing district; while there were increases in the Lake of the Woods, Lake Superior, Lake Huron proper, and Lake Erie.

The overseers employed under the Department now number 185. Two boats in the Georgian Bay, and one on the Rideau Lakes have maintained their usual patrols. In addition there has been a gasoline launch on the St. Lawrence between Prescott and Kingston, and a steam yacht on Lake Temagami. A gasoline launch, fifty feet long and very fast, equipped with an eighteen horse power engine, is to be placed on the Detroit River and Lake Erie, and Lake and River St. Clair, where the need of such a boat is stated to have long been felt. A boat of shallow draught is recommended for the Georgian Bay where the conditions have entirely changed since the patrol work was entered upon, and owing to the many channels a boat of light draught is absolutely necessary if efficient work is to be done.

During the season ten pound nets, 45 trap nets, nine seines, 106 gill nets, three hoop-nets, one tug, one sail boat, one row boat, one skiff, seven boxes of carp, six boxes of pike, one box of perch, and 2,570 lbs. of other kinds of fish, illegally used or taken, were confiscated; 77 persons were prosecuted for offences against the fishery laws, and all save one convicted; and no less than \$1,453 were imposed in fines.

Mr. Bastedo expresses the opinion that

under the circumstances the fishery overseers are performing their duties as efficiently as can be reasonably expected—"in fact have been, with few exceptions, extremely faithful."

The growing public sentiment in favor of preserving our inland fisheries (with which this Magazine has had much to do) is noted with approval, and the enforcement of the law by the officials of the Department insisted upon.

Breeding ponds for bass are recommended, and while it is believed the outlay would not be great, there would be a bountiful return and overflowing benefits to many people.

In the opinion of Mr. Bastedo the time has arrived when the Province should charge non-residents a rod license for angling in Ontario waters. The vast increase of visitors, and the consequent drain on the game fish, render closer inspection imperative, and the Deputy Commissioner argues that those who contribute nothing to the cost of maintaining our institutions should make a contribution towards this expense, as they share in the benefits, and this can only be done by means of an angling fee.

Regret is expressed that no progress was made during the year in laying down a uniform policy, and insisting upon uniform rules and regulations governing the great lakes fisheries. Eight States are concerned in this matter and it seems hopeless to expect their several legislatures to come to an identical agreement. Under these circumstances the Federal Government, it is anticipated, will take the matter up, and carry it to a successful conclusion, by means of a joint conference with the Dominion Government. While urging prompt and vigorous action, Mr. Bastedo does not see the necessity for Ontario giving up powers to the Dominion, inasmuch as only one Province is concerned in Canada, and an agreement with Ontario would be kept as rigorously as one with the Dominion. "Every possible step for a speedy conference should be taken. The business interests of the great lakes may be valued at several millions of dollars, the fishermen are acquiring greater

skill in operating their nets, this valuable source of food supply is steadily and rapidly declining, improved fishing apparatus is being introduced, more powerful tugs are being employed, gas engines are being installed in sail boats which multiply their effectiveness, the fishermen are acquiring greater skill in setting their nets and better knowledge of the habits of fish—all with a view to increasing the returns to the fishermen. To meet this increased attack, radical measures must at once be adopted—artificial propagation must be increased, the taking of gravid and immature fish must be stopped, a size limit must be specified, and a close season during which no fishing of any kind is to be carried on, must be established, or the lakes will be depleted beyond restitution."

A good deal of attention is paid to the supply of Canadian fish to the home market. The Department is prepared to see that such a supply is made, and they might even ask the Dominion Government to consider whether the fishermen should not be required to find a home market for all their whitefish. This it is believed would very considerably relieve the situation. "The time will no doubt come when there will be a home market for the whole fish, but that time is not yet, so that total prohibition of export is for the present out of the question. And the same may be said of Government ownership which has also been suggested as a solution of the problem of home supply and cheaper fish." Mr. Bastedo recommends a Commission of inquiry into the ownership of fishing vessels, gear, etc. The licenses have been applied for and issued in the names of Canadians though the fishing industry is stated to be largely controlled by Americans. The facts can only be positively ascertained by a Commission taking evidence under oath. It might be found that Canadian license holders are only numerous enough to supply the home market, and in that case Canadians who are operating American plants could find remunerative occupation by themselves fishing to supply that market.

With the exception of one case of alleged pollution on the Grand River, into which personal inquiry was made and a remedy suggested, which was at once carried out, no complaint of a serious char-

acter reached the Department throughout the year.

Applications to net fish in inland lakes in New Ontario were received during the year, but Mr. Bastedo is opposed to such a policy for any lakes containing speckled trout or game fish. There may be lakes for which net fishing licenses might be issued and a revenue derived therefrom, but there should be a full inspection and report before anything of the kind is allowed.

Attention is drawn to the successful experiments in the State of Wisconsin for fertilizing the eggs of lake trout. By law the fishermen of that State during the spawning period "take the eggs from the female trout while alive, and the milt from the male trout while alive, and after mixing them together in a pail or pan immediately cast them into the water from whence such fish were taken." The expense of placing a few experienced men upon the tugs of fishermen operating in Lake Superior, where the trout spawn nearly a month before the season closes, would not be great, and this course is recommended to the Dominion Department, as they have the sole charge of the work of artificial propagation in Canada. With only three hatcheries in the Province everything possible to be done to supplement their good work should of course be done.

In six weeks no less than 7,632 pike, 2,282 suckers, 228 pickerel, and 145 white fish were destroyed, or disposed of in some other way, in the River Nepigon. Coarse fish are clearly becoming a menace to the trout of that famous river.

A good deal of attention is given to the "dominating carp." It has multiplied most rapidly in Lakes Erie and St. Clair, while it has also invaded Lake Huron, being found both in the Georgian Bay and the North Channel. From several experiments made it appears impossible to exterminate the carp from waters in which it has already become established, but it is not too late to protect the more or less isolated waters that have not yet been invaded. Mr. Bastedo advises the discouraging of fishways, and stocking isolated waters with bass, trout, and other game fish, trusting that in this way many waters will be kept free from carp. There seems to be a general concensus of opinion

that a mistake was made when the carp was introduced into American waters, but as the fish is here to stay, the best way to keep it down is to make it profitable to fish for it. There is an increasing demand for it in the States, and the Department should afford every facility that it is proper to afford, and authorize the use of every implement the use of which will not be a detriment to or assist in the destruction of better species.

The officers in charge of the biological station on the Georgian Bay strongly recommend the establishment of a fish hatchery in the southern section of the Georgian Bay, where bass and whitefish hatching could be profitably combined. "There could be no mistake in establishing bass hatching ponds in various parts of the Province."

The gross revenue for the year from all sources amounted to \$47,765, and the expenditure to \$31,137, leaving a surplus of \$16,617.

With two exceptions the reports of the fishery overseers are not notable. Those exceptions are the reports of Overseer Leitch, of Nepigon, and Captain Hill, of the cruiser *Gilphie*. In the former case

the overseer reports the reckless destruction by the Indians of many fish, and those of the best kinds, in Lake Nepigon. As there is no other Nepigon in the world, the Department cannot move too promptly or too forcibly in this matter. One of the Overseer's suggestions is to the effect that a bounty should be placed upon coarse fish, which would induce the Indians to catch them in preference to the better fish, is worthy of consideration as effecting a double purpose—giving the Indians profitable employment and thus keeping them out of mischief, and improving the fishing by the destruction of the coarse fish.

The statement of Captain Hill of the *Gilphie* contains the record of the long summer cruise, and of the various nets, etc., destroyed. One feels in reading this narrative that though clothed in matter of fact and dry official language there is much romance about it, and that excellent work was done by the patrol boat. The Department would also do well to give attention to the recommendation made for a new and shallow craft in order that more effective work can be accomplished among the islands of the Georgian Bay, where according to all accounts an efficient patrol is much needed.

## The Haunt of the Trout.

BY C. W. YOUNG.

**O**N both sides of the River Ottawa, westward to the prairies, and northward to Hudson Bay, is the Canadian region of the small lakes. When the big flood subsided, ever so many thousand years ago, and the St. Lawrence took a new course to the sea, innumerable depressions were left, filled no doubt, with sea water and sea fish. Gradually the water became fresh, and the fittest of the fish survived. The salmon changed their nature and their habits, being unable to get to salt water, and became salmon trout and speckled trout, with numerous sub-varieties, but all with a strong family resemblance. In a few places, notably Lake St. John and tributary waters, the salmon retained their

scales, grew smaller, and are now called ouananiche, but as a rule these parts of their anatomy disappeared, or became so small as to be invisible. *Salmo Salar* is a gentleman among fishes, and so are most of his relations, but none so dainty and well-bred as the speckled trout, *Salmo Fontinalis*, or as some latter-day naturalists, dub him, *Salvelinus*. This is not fish gospel, but a guess, and possibly a good one, at how things happened in the marine world in past ages. The descendants of the sea salmon are not the only fish in these lakes, but with them only this story is concerned; the rest may look for another historian, or wait for a more convenient season.



To preserve the forests and the fish in at least a portion of Ontario, to prevent the drying up of the head waters of the rivers, and to provide a snug harbor where game of all kinds could increase and multiply with no fear of man, the Government of the Province some years ago set aside Algonquin Park, comprising about two million acres of land and water, some 60 miles long and about the same in depth. The killing of game of all kinds is prohibited at all seasons within this reservation, and no one is allowed to carry fire-

The Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk cuts across the southwestern corner of this lakeland, and is at present the only highway by which it can be reached. The Park is about 200 miles north of Toronto and 170 west of Ottawa.

If, as the poet says, the fancy of the young man is of love in the spring-time, surely the old fellows' thoughts turn to fishing, and he is a poor follower of the gentle craft who, when the days begin to lengthen sensibly, does not overhaul his tackle and get things ready generally for



SUPPER ON THE SHORE OF WHITE'S LAKE BEFORE THE EVENING FISHING.—ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK OF ONTARIO.

arms, except a revolver, into the Park, though there is no restriction upon fishing at the proper time. There is quite a force of park police or rangers, who see that the game is not molested, look to the prevention of fires, and in the winter poison the wolves, which are numerous. Shelter houses are built at many points, for the accommodation of the rangers, and also used by visitors. No timber except pine is cut, and it is intended that with this exception the whole region shall remain as nearly as possible in a state of nature forever.

the joys of sport to come. When the buds swell and the warm showers bring out the first touches of green, the fever gets higher until he simply has to go a-fishing; the disease he suffers from can be cured in no other way.

So it came about that the spinner of this yarn heard the woods a calling, the spring fret came over him about the middle of the May month, and in company with a railway man and an artist, no less ardent anglers than himself, left Ottawa for the promised land. It was a glorious day, the temperature summerlike, and after 50 or

60 miles of journeying westward, settlements were mostly left behind, and we reached the region of the blackened timber and the racing stream. The call of the red gods grew stronger, and our faces were glued to the windows as we saw the Madawaska, with its tawny water, its log jams, and its bars of sun-warmed shingle. We knew if there were not trout in those pools there ought to be, and fancied ourselves standing on one of those rocks and casting the flies over the rippling surface.

As evening approached we left the train at Cache Lake, in the heart of Algonquin

taking of photographs, with a little fishing on the side and though it was early in the season, we satisfied ourselves in both directions.

A tramp of a couple of miles through the woods in the early morning brought us to Cranberry Lake, a lovely little sheet of water. On the way thither we scared up several deer and not a few partridges, which seemed somewhat tamer than usual. Everywhere could be seen traces of beaver, in the shape of newly-peeled drift wood on the lake, fresh-cut trees and numerous dams. Evergreens clothed the shores to



A STRUGGLE WITH A TWO POUND SPECKLED BEAUTY.—ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK

Park, and found there a comfortable resting place in the building erected for the park rangers, but used for visitors during the summer season.

There is no settlement, with the exception of the home of the Superintendent, the range house and a few shacks, with a cottage or two across the lake. The station is called Algonquin Park, and it is a good point of departure, as visitors must come there to comply with a few formalities before starting out. A small fee is charged but it is not irksome, and no one was ever heard to complain of it.

We were concerned mostly with the

the water's edge, and rarely beautiful was the foliage of the deciduous trees on the mountain-sides, the delicate purple of the buds about to burgeon forth lightened with a touch of yellow-green here and there.

It is not every fisherman who will acknowledge poor luck, but truth compels the admission that our first day was not the brilliant success we anticipated. From the time we left Ottawa our artist had buoyed us up with hope, and pictured the loveliness of Cranberry Lake, which he assured us was chuck-full of fish, waiting to be caught. Possibly he was stronger



on art than fish lore, for while the loveliness was there all right, the trout declined the dainties we offered them in the shape of artificial flies, minnows, old-fashioned fish worms, and spoons and phantoms in infinite variety, and our string was disappointingly small as we gave it up for a bad job early in the afternoon. If we had only waited till dusk, who can tell what would have happened, but we had no fancy to stumble over a woods trail after dark.

The Madawaska (Hidden River) flows out of Cache Lake, and for a mile or more below the outlet the shores are marshy

coch-y-bondu tailing off, with Parmacheene for a dropper, brought a flash of black and gold to the surface and a struggle began, which will ever remain one of the most vivid recollections of a lifetime of angling. Not that he was such a big fellow, perhaps an ounce or two over a couple of pounds, but it was probably the first fly he had seen this season, and he gulped it down for keeps. There was room aplenty, and it took a preliminary rush of twenty-five or thirty yards to satisfy the captive that the brown bug he had jumped at had a string to it. Leaping across a



A GOOD FISHING STORY AFTER LUNCHEON, MADAWASKA RIVER.—ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK OF ONTARIO

and the water flat, and not where one would look for trout

Timber slides have been thrown across the stream in places, however, and below them are rapid stretches, where trout are plenty, and it took little time to satisfy the greediest of us. Just above an iron bridge there is quite a widening of the stream, and a lively pitch, with deep water below. A large spruce tree has fallen from the north bank, and rippling down to it is the black water. An ideal spot for trout it looked, and so it was.

A cast of the flies, the old reliable

narrow place to the shingle gave a better point for the play, but it was at the expense of a bath in the icy water, which, however, was forgotten in the excitement of the moment. Nearly lost him, too, but when I had shaken myself a couple of times I found the pull still there and as lively as ever. I was afraid of that spruce tree, and when the trout made for it was prepared for trouble and checked him as hard as was safe, turning his head in time. The strain was telling, I saw a white belly uppermost, and reeling him in a dip of the landing net settled the business, and left



the speckled beauty flopping in the tall grass.

A smoke and a hooker of Seagram was necessary to restore equilibrium, and a second or third cast brought a mate to the first. Others followed quickly, but we began to think of the miles we had to tramp homeward on the railway track and concluded we had all we wanted to carry.

Next to catching fish is the pleasure of eating them, and all of us can vouch that the cook at Cache Lake is an expert in the manipulation of a frying pan. At breakfast a huge platter of trout waited on our appetites, and nothing but heads and tails were left when the meal was over.

There were plenty of other things to do besides fish at the Park, and we were well content to loaf through the woods for nearly a whole day, seeing game in abundance and getting many beautiful pictures. Chatting in his cosy office with Mr. Bartlett, superintendent of the Park, he showed us among other things a pair of capercailzies, a mammoth representative of the grouse family, and told us that two or three years ago several pairs of these magnificent birds had been imported from Scotland and set at liberty in the Park. He believed they had been become perfectly acclimatized and increased considerably in numbers, as specimens had been seen 40 or 50 miles from where they had been put in. There seems no reason why these birds should not do well, as they feed on buds and such like, and are not going to starve when snow is on the ground, as did some pheasants placed in the Park before the capercailzie. The cock bird would weigh ten or twelve pounds, and his plumage is very brilliant, recalling that of an English cock pheasant. The female is somewhat smaller, and clad in quiet colors, in which

respect birds generally reverse the manner of mankind.

Your true fisherman always wants to show up some of his catch at home, or who will believe he got any, and in the late afternoon we decided to go to a sure spot, which we were told we would find at White's Lake. This is another of the innumerable assortment one has to choose from, and has the additional advantage of being connected by an open channel with Cache Lake, no portage being necessary. Here there are only salmon or grey trout, which, though red in flesh and delicate in flavor, are less active than their speckled cousins. They take the bait quietly after the manner of a wall-eyed pike, rarely make the reel sing, and the only fight they put up is to hang back. After a jolly supper around the camp fire, we pulled out into the lake, and found the grey fellows quite in the humor, and so enticing was the sport that we only desisted when it became too dark to see the line in the water. The size of these particular salmon trout was about two or three pounds each, but they are often caught larger, one being brought into the house which scaled over nine pounds. At White Lake the railway man had a peculiar experience. He was fishing with a live minnow of large size and hauled a good-sized grey trout to the surface. Just as he was about to swing it into the boat, the fish and the bait parted company. The line was dropped in again and taken by the same fish almost on the surface, and this happened several times when he made his escape for good and all.

We live in hopes of returning to Algonquin Park later, when trouble may be expected among the black bass.

## The Canvas Covered Canoe and Its Repairs.

**T**HIS subject continues to interest our readers, and in addition to the experiences of Mr. C. F. Paul, as related in our June number, we have received the following communications, which we are sure will be perused with more than

ordinary interest by all our readers who are canoeists.

Miss Helen M. Merrill writes from Toronto:—

"A few years ago a canvas canoe which the writer had used constantly for several

seasons, had become so ornamented ( ? ) with patches of all sizes, that nothing short of a new cover could make it look respectable again. But how to get it recovered—there was the difficulty, when the men to be had, who were used to building only wooden boats, would not venture to do it. It was then, only on account of that happy attachment which springs out of very many joyous hours afloat, that the owner decided to try her hand at the problem.

"First, canvas of the required size was procured, then the keel, or properly speaking, the false keel, and the gunwales were carefully removed. The canoe was a Rob Roy, with a short gunwale on either side. These, and particularly a false keel, or thin, narrow strip running the entire length and well up at stem and stern, are a great protection. A stripe, four or five inches wide, of white lead was then applied with a brush not too stiff, to the old canvas along the keel, as little oil as possible being used. The freshest white lead is required, and from a can newly opened. The canvas was then fastened in position by tacking it with flat-headed tacks to the keel. That accomplished, the stretching and laying down of the new cover in white lead was a very easy matter. Along the top edge of the canoe the canvas may be folded under or not, and tacked, still with flat-headed tacks which are eventually covered by the gunwale in the ordinary style of canoe. The two important things are to apply the lead with little or almost no oil, and after the canvas is laid, allow it to dry thoroughly before painting. Covers put on in this way will not wrinkle.

"Before re-covering, all leakages should be closed with pieces of canvas laid on in white lead and well dried. Patches at any time should be cut four-sided, and frayed at least half-an-inch. Beside looking neater, they in this way present thinner edges and are not so likely to rub off. The second cover adds not a little to the weight of the canoe, and for this reason a light weight canvas is advised. First covers give better satisfaction when soaked with oil after being put on the frame, before being painted, than when treated in other way:

"A very good emergency patch is bley-

cle tape or rubber applied with rubber cement. The writer has used this and put her canoe in the water ten minutes, and less, after patching. Only small patches, however, were called for."

Mr. S. S. Humphrey, counselor-at-law, North Tonawanda, N.Y., writes as follows as to his personal experiences:— "I have never had any serious accidents while on any of my trips, but always carry a bottle of shelac with me, and after the day is over I apply a coat of it to any place where I may have scraped the paint off. As a result of this precaution I used my canvas covered canoe for a month at Honey Harbor on the Georgian Bay last year, and the canoe is now in as good a condition as when I sent it up there from here. I shipped it both ways, and only had it sewed up in burlap. I have heard that for quick repairs while on a cruise a good thing to use is a piece of silk covered with shelac. All you have to do is simply to stick the silk over the hole and apply the shelac. For permanent repairs—in one instance I smashed the planking of the canoe — I simply put the canvas back in place, first giving it a coat of white lead. This accident happened two years ago, and since I made these repairs the canoe has never leaked a drop."

"J. F." writes from Portland, Que.:— "We covered an old canoe with canvas ten years ago, and it is still good today although the canvas is rather light. I had two canoes covered with heavier canvas about six years ago and they are in good shape today. One of these canoes is now about twenty years old. The age of the other is uncertain. I send you a sample of the canvas. It was put on by myself and an ordinary "wood butcher." We made no gores or folds in the canvas, and it fits better than a glove. We then painted them with a mixture of white lead, red lead, red ochre, linseed oil, and turpentine. We have had to put in ribs and slats now and then to stiffen them as they grew old and rotten so that they are considerably heavier than when new. As for patching. The canvas has not been torn yet, although the canoes have had many adventures. The canvas has been worn through at the bow. I just sewed a piece of new canvas on the place and painted it."

# A Right and Left on Snipe.

BY THOS. JOHNSON.

**I**N one of Rider Haggard's novels two young Englishmen are depicted discussing a very interesting subject. The one seeking the advice of his companion is one of the slow, methodical yet happy-go-lucky Britishers who evidently think it a crime to do anything hurriedly, or say anything until after a painful deliberation, and also one of those unfortunate individuals born in the lap of luxury, at a period when commissions could be purchased in the army and civil service, or have bestowed upon them, by a wealthy patron, an easy "living" in the national church.

One of a later generation of these young bloods, when visiting Winnipeg a few years ago, was bewailing his fate, and informed me that his father insisted on his touring the globe so that he would know the world and its ways better. His one great regret was that the purchasing power of English wealth and the patronage of English aristocracy had been eliminated from the English Statutes by the low fellows, who first earned their living by the sweat of their brow. "I would have joined the army," he said, "but it is so deuced inconvenient, don't you know, to first have to undergo that tiresome qualifying examination."

Our English friend, after his globe trot, knows less of how to earn his own living than ever, and lapses into a lethargic life of laziness; his tutor and daily companion now being the game keeper on the paternal estates, and who imparts to his pupil all the ethics of game shooting. Haggard's hero had acquired an insane desire to pay the board of another man's daughter for the balance of her life, and, telling his friend the quandry he is in, his companion puts this query. "If you propose and she accepts, tell me, my dear fellow, how you think you would feel?" After gazing at the fire in the grate for an indefinite time, he at last slowly replied, "Like a right and left on snipe and killing 'em both." "But suppose she refuses your proposal, what would that make you feel like?" After the usual dreamy pause, and evidently being lifted on his feet by a long

drawn sigh, he in a tremulous whisper said, "Like missing 'em both."

No one but an old snipe shooter can grasp the full meaning of this brief reply, it being the ambition of all lovers of snipe shooting to kill a right and left. It requires extreme quickness to pull down these corkscrew twisters, even in single shots, but to double up a brace at extreme angles creates a most pleasant feeling, and the one accomplishing the feat is apt to give himself credit for accuracy and skill, and never give a thought that perhaps there was an element of luck associated with the shooting. I can vouch for the thrill of pleasure a right and left on snipe creates. I have many times killed a brace, one going straightaway, and the other a left or right quarterer, but a few years ago, Mr. W. G-s-n, and Mr. T. K-l-y, and myself were snipe shooting at a point less than a dozen miles from Winnipeg, and which at certain seasons is in their line of flight when they are migrating south.

Mr. G. had a new gun which did not fit him. I will digress here by saying that to shoot well, and look well, both your gun and suit must fit well. After firing a number of shots, he concluded that something was the matter with, either the shooter, the gun, or the cartridges, and requested that I should try the weapon.

I consented, and had only walked a short distance when I heard the familiar "scaip," "scaip" on each side of me. The bird to the right, being a greater distance away, I shot at first, then wheeled quickly and fired at the left one; both were killed stone dead about forty yards away. My shooting partners each retrieved a bird, and heartily complimented me on doing something we had often talked of, but never seen.

My first snipe shooting was inside the limits of the City of Winnipeg upwards of a quarter of a century ago, and I have shot every season since, but this was the first time I had accomplished the ambition of all snipe shooters. It will always be a delightful reminiscence amongst the many enjoyable experiences I have had afield.





## Leaping Salmon in a New Brunswick River.

The above picture represents one of the most interesting natural photographs ever taken. It is the work of Mr. D. G. Smith, Fishery Commissioner for New Brunswick, who tells the story of how he obtained it in a manner that must convince every one of its genuineness, though some doubts have been thrown upon its accuracy.

One day in early August five years ago, Mr. Smith was visiting the Big Sevogle, a tributary of the Northwest Miramichi. He observed a large number of salmon attempting to leap over the nine feet perpendicular fall, a short distance above the Square Forks. He timed the leaps and counted thirty-three in forty-five minutes. The scene remained with him and suggested a unique photograph. The following week he attempted the task with a live by-eye camera and sixteen plates. He made a raft of three cedar sleeper logs, by battening them together with short boards

nailed to their upper sides; and by means of heavy lines two of his assistants drew the raft, with Mr. Smith seated on it, as near the fall as he dared approach and fastened it there. Of course the Fishery Commissioner had his camera on its tripod in front of him. The first afternoon he snapped nine plates, and the remaining seven on the following day. On developing them he found that he had only one perfect picture (the representation of which appears above) out of the sixteen plates. This was so good however that he felt the result was worth going forty miles to accomplish, and the added difficulties of making the raft and towing it to the falls.

The picture has obtained several prizes, and the Intercolonial Railway have had it enlarged, and included it in their famous bromide series. It has attracted much attention and doubtless every one of our readers will be interested in the fine view of the photograph we are here enabled to reproduce.

# Salmon Fishing on the Restigouche.

The Memories of Thirty Years Ago.

BY JAMES S. MACDONALD.

**P**REVIOUS to my visit to this renowned stream, I had had most varied experience in capturing salmon in Nova Scotia. On the Medway River I had been fortunate enough to take newly run fish as early as the fifteenth of February—the earliest run of well conditioned salmon in the world. At the head of St. Margaret's Bay, twenty miles from Halifax, I have often had good sport in May; in the Margaree, Cape Breton, good luck in June; at Cole Harbor, Tor Bay, Guysborough County, for many years I accounted for successful bags of the enormous Arctic salmon, which there strike in from the cold current, which provides Nova Scotia with her tardy spring weather; and on the St. Mary Stillwater. I have had excellent salmon fishing up to the first of August. At North River, Victoria County, in Aspey Bay, one of the most romantic and sylvan spots on this continent, under the shadow of the Sugar Loaf—that lofty peak of the Cape North range of hills, which first in 1497 attracted the gaze of the discoverer Cabot—I have on that river captured both salmon and sea trout (Arctic) remarkable for their weight and beauty.

As an enthusiastic angler I was satisfied in any locality, north or east, in Nova Scotia—anywhere rock, sky, sea and forest presented their varied charms. Moderate success was all that was hoped for. It was the exhilarating sea air, blended with the forest balm; the breezy banks of the wild river stands; the dangers of the stream wind jams; the break of day experiences; the glorious sunshine; the bush whacking, bringing muscles and lungs and sinews into partnership and play; all furnishing enchanting visions and sensations of enjoyment and beauty, unfading each recurring day in which they were indulged.

The opening of railway communications between Halifax and Metapedia enabled me to venture upon new rivers, and to compare experiences in angling, which as far as Nova Scotia was concerned, had not

been by any means unsatisfactory. On June 20th, 1877, I started from Halifax on the Intercolonial evening express, the cars being crowded. Many people were taking advantage of the holiday provided by the anniversary of the settlement of Halifax (June 21st) for a summer outing, and in consequence the cars were crowded. By the time we reached Truro, sixty-two miles away, many had dropped off at stations contiguous to good trout streams. As a rule Nova Scotians are born anglers. The numbers of rivers, lakes and streams stocked with trout and salmon brings the pleasures of angling constantly to mind. No other Province of the Dominion presents the same facilities for indulgence in the sport; hence the popularity of angling with our blue noses.

Moncton, one hundred and seventy miles from Halifax, proved to be the destination of the greater number of our passengers, and after that point but few of those who started with the train were left to finish the trip to Metapedia, one of the most famous stations on the Intercolonial as the best point for the salmon-haunted Restigouche.

After a sound sleep in the Pullman I awakened about four a.m., and not feeling disposed to dress at so early an hour drew up the blind of the berth to enjoy the ever shifting scene. The day was breaking magnificently, giving promise of alternate cloud and brightness. In a few minutes the sun burst over the waters, and almost at the same instant our train began rolling over the Miramichi. The beauty of the wide expanse of water, the glorious stillness and shadowed splendour of the shore, the grandeur of the great mirror presented by the river, altogether presented a picture of enchanting beauty.

So much for the outside. Inside the car there was one horrible chorus of snores from tired sleepers. One worthy clergyman returning from the Presbyterian General Assembly at Halifax, who had, poor

fellow, been terribly agitated over the Macdonnell heresy case, appeared to lead in this unpleasant noise. After all, however, it was but a small drawback. The river, beautiful as a vision, was soon left behind, and then came glimpses of the Bay Chaleur. The rapid travelling of the train over this section claimed our attention. The road is magnificently built, and the greatest speed on any railway line on the continent here attained with wonderfully little vibration. From Chatham junction north the character of the scenery rapidly changes. The hills are higher and bolder and the land looks fertile and capable of cultivation. The broad Bay Chaleur with its magnificent headlands and grand expanse is seldom lost sight of and every mile presents features at once novel, attractive and beautiful. By six a.m. the cars were alive with passengers admiring the scenery. At 8.40 Campbellton was reached and a grand breakfast enjoyed. The sea trout provided were superb in size, and the cooking was of the best.

After Campbellton is left every mile grows more interesting. The train runs in the midst of hills. By nine o'clock Metapedia viaduct was reached and we slowly rolled over the waters we had so often sighed to look upon—the famous Restigouche.

In about a quarter of an hour both we and our traps were inside Fraser's hotel, now the headquarters of the New York Salmon Club, on the Quebec side of the river. We began to realize that we had in the course of a single night passed through two Provinces, and had run over 386 miles of the finest railroad on this continent.

At Fraser's we found all that was required for the comfort of the visitor. We had heard of Metapedia as a lone station near Rimouski, and had no idea of finding a well equipped and luxurious hotel with all the appliances of modern civilisation.

Numbers of fishermen from Montreal, Quebec, St. John, New York, and as far south as Baltimore had already arrived, and appeared happy in the prospect of sport on a river which never failed them, and which most of them had come so far to enjoy. Without delay our host procured me two Indian (Malicites) guides, and as

my tackle was in order I was soon afloat in their large new canoe.

Joe Paul was at one end and Peter Joe at the other. Seated on an inverted tub in the centre I proceeded to adjust a fly. Here I may, for the information of future fishermen give a list of salmon flies which must be taken:—Silver Doctor, Durham Ranger, Jock Scott, Nigger and Fairy. These will do, but you cannot do without them, and no fly book can be considered complete without these essentials. They fill the bill for all kinds of weather.

As we moved noiselessly out from the little landing to a deep pool indicated by Joe we noticed no less than nine canoes on the river, between the junction of the Metapedia and the bridge, all at work, the occupants as solemn as mutes. The tremendous importance of silence at this particular sport was well recognized and strictly observed, and there was not a sound to indicate life.

A turn in the canoe and we shot out to the centre of the stream. A scene of mingled grandeur and beauty met the eye. Lofty hills, covered to their summits with dark pines, rose sheer and abrupt from the New Brunswick side of the river. Far up the stream above the junction of the Metapedia with the Restigouche, grandly rounded peaks stood clear out in the background. Below, the splendidly built bridge spanning the stream was before us, and further down a grand view of the river could be had, closed by the Sugar Loaf Mountain near Campbellton. It was altogether a scene of unparalleled natural beauty, and for a time enchanted me so much that I forgot the errand on which I had come.

An hour passed, and although I angled carefully and skillfully, success did not come my way. Below the bridge a friend was struggling with a glorious fish, and we went to see the end of the struggle. Then my turn came. I had a rise to a well played Durham Ranger. Here for the benefit of fishermen in this stream I would say that angling on the Restigouche and Metapedia differs materially from most styles of angling anywhere else known. The fish in this locality rise first, nine times out of ten, for observation only, and will not readily take the bait until



ten minutes have elapsed when they will rise again to the fly. If at the time the fish rises to inspect the fly the fisherman follows with a second cast the chances are all against his success in striking the salmon.

Knowing this, when the first fish rose to our fly we were in our cast, and contentedly smoked for fully fifteen minutes, and then casting well above the pool it proved all right, as the next instant a glorious leap of fully four feet out of the water, a flash of glittering silver told we had struck a splendid fish and would have to look after our laurels in landing him. The Indians were as exultant as we were. Like all the world they admire success, and consider it good luck to strike a good fish within the first hour's fishing. After three or four smart leaps our hooked friend settled down to business. A desperate effort to run down stream, in which over eighty yards of line rolled like lightning off the reel, was happily checked in time to save us running the rapids below the bridge. Here the dexterity of the Indians came into play. They turned and twisted up stream and down, with the salmon constantly making lightning like darts, and were ready for the happy instant when it was time to gaff.

At length, after half an hour's grand struggle, we were landed on a small spit of land, on which my friend Pierce had about tired out his prize. Though both fish were nearly exhausted they were still ready for some final jumps, and with all our care one of these jumps nearly proved fatal to our hopes of landing our fish. By some strange coincidence the two salmon made a final jump together, and only by the merest chance escaped crossing lines in plunging back into the pool.

A moment afterwards the fish Pierce had hooked was fortunately gaffed, but mine had lots of life in him and still appeared determined to make a good fight of it. Another spin out of the line and we were reluctantly compelled to again take to the canoe. By steadily checking and keeping his head up stream we slowly reeled up to the first stand, and again landing we had the satisfaction, in about five minutes, of winding up to striking distance. Like a flash the gaff was under

him, and a noble salmon of twenty - six pounds was in the bottom of the canoe.

A glance up stream told us we were not the only occupied ones. During the struggle with our fish, other fortunate ones had secured four salmon. One gentleman had a magnificent capture of a monster weighing forty-three pounds. That capture however was slow work. The gigantic fish appeared to know his power and sulked in the pool where he was first hooked. When he was dislodged by the plan of letting pebbles fall on him, he made a rush for another pool. Had he adopted any other tactics he could have carried all before him, as no tackle made could resist such weight as he could bring to bear. Fortunately he continued to sulk, and while making a rush through shallow water to another pool was gaffed.

During the day eighteen fish were secured and sixteen lost, one gentleman, through extreme nervousness, having the misfortune to lose three grand fish. A Birmingham (England) man who had come across the ocean solely to have some fishing at Restigouche, stated that for the previous fifteen years he had been fishing in the North of Scotland, in Norway and in Sweden, but had never seen anything like that morning's work. At one time no less than eight rods were all occupied within a space of a few hundred yards.

On landing, our fish were taken to the refrigerator, duly weighed, tagged, and shipped by train that evening to various points as far away as Montreal, Boston, New York and Halifax.

We captured four fish that day weighing respectively twenty-six, twenty-two, nineteen, and twenty-five pounds; and returned rich in the possession of memories dear to every sportsman's heart.

Before four o'clock next morning we were awakened by the Indians who had been instructed to give us an early call. A cloudy sky, betokening wind did not look encouraging, but when salmon are about, fishermen do not stick at trifles. The wind increased so much that in an hour canoe work became ticklish indeed. During a lull we struck a noble fish. This time we found a Jock Scott the favorite fly. The fish gave us hard, steady and close work. Good handling, too, was re-

quired and there was no doubt from his rapid and convulsive leaps that he was fresh run from the sea. Finally he settled down to a steady resistance, and to the last he showed unabated energy. It was all to no purpose however, and when we had this twenty-seven pound fish extended in the canoe he made a splendid picture that will always live in my memory.

Engaged in the close work of this struggle, we had not noticed in our intense excitement the desperate squall that had been gathering. There was an ominous lull while we were admiring our prize. Then one of the Indians spoke out sharply: "Big roar in the hill! Quick! Quick!" The other immediately grappled with the mooring, but it had a long line to it as we were in the very centre of the pool. As soon as we were clear the paddles of the Indians cleaved the water like lightning, but we had not quite reached the shore when the squall struck us. The first effect was to send us up on the beach like a shot. The water, which up to that moment had been but partially ruffled, was now churned into a whirlpool, the tops of the short, sharp, angry waves being carried in seething foam hundreds of yards before the blast. Reflecting the black clouds overhead, the river was like ink, and the roar of the wind was deafening.

As soon as we could we looked around to see the fate of our friends. All but one canoe had succeeded in reaching the land safely. Those in this unfortunate canoe were caught and overturned in the hurricane as they were drawing up their mooring. Fortunately the occupant, an enthusiastic disciple of Isaac Walton and a venerated wearer of the cloth, was an excellent swimmer, and floating and swimming for over a hundred yards, he was overtaken by his Indians, who had managed to right the canoe and paddled after him.

In about ten minutes the squall had passed over, leaving all Nature smiling again. Luckily its path was unmarked by disaster, though one had very nearly occurred before our eyes.

During the day Sheriff Harding, of St. John, N. B., heard of the great fire which destroyed the city on that day, and in which he lost his home and property. Finding he could not leave for several hours,

there being no train available, he continued fishing in one pool and in less than two hours landed five salmon weighing in all one hundred and forty-two pounds. Standing in the ice house we saw them scaled and took memos of their weights, which were these:—thirty-five, twenty-seven, twenty-two, twenty-six, and thirty-two pounds respectively.

Such was the Restigouche River in 1877. It was a magnificent River of Success, and helped to divert the Sheriff's thoughts from his dreadful loss at home. Fourteen fish, independent of the above, were taken that day. While the majority were more than satisfied with their delightful experiences, and the fish caught, there were those who growled deeply at their luck. Never was the proverb that "the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift," better exemplified than in the fortune which fell to the lot of some of these gentlemen.

Here was one from Toronto, a skilful fisherman and generally fortunate, returning with a solitary fish. There was an actor from New York who, up to the previous day had never angled in his life, going home with four grand fish. Another from Baltimore, only in his first season, had secured three. Then again an old sportsman, always so lucky that his experience became proverbial, this time only captured two. Their grumbling was only a temporary annoyance, as every fisherman knows that if it rains today it will shine tomorrow.

On Saturday morning five o'clock found us in our canoe. The day looked promising, the sunlight tinging the high hills whose broad shadows were cast upon the river, which reflected every shade like a polished mirror. On dropping the mooring from the canoe a magnificent salmon scooted away, being startled by the falling iron. Owing to the lay of the river and the height of the hills, the sun's rays in the early morning had a most singular effect. First the tops were touched, then slowly the moving glory crept down the sides, the river still like burnished steel, cold and bright. In about two hours the sun's rays struck the water and all was brilliant and smiling.

Several splendid salmon were taken

during the morning, though we had the bad fortune to lose a grand prize. Everything right up to the time of the loss appeared to be going well, when a sudden leap of more than usual energy, and a taut line did the work.

A number of tremendous jumps in the pool during the morning showed us that the salmon would be more likely to play than take through the day. This judgment proved correct, and though all Nature appeared favorable for fishing the fish themselves were in no humor for indulging us. Nine or ten were however taken through the day. At six o'clock the Warden appeared on the banks and closed the fishing to anglers until six o'clock on Monday morning—a wise arrangement vig-

orously carried out for the preservation of the streams in this locality.

The above describes the Restigouche of thirty years ago. At that time it was the Queen of salmon rivers, and old Donald Fraser was the controller of its destinies. Since then great changes have taken place. The pools I have described have become the property of the New York Salmon Club. The genial Host Fraser has gone over to the great majority. The River however flows on as usual, and good fishing can still be had in portions of the great stream. Some of the charms of a generation ago have gone. The changes at Metapedia are perhaps only what might naturally be expected in the great march of events and the rush of change around us.

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The following information from a reliable man will probably be of interest to some of our readers. He writes of townships due north and northwest from Desbarats, Ont., 28 miles east of Sault Ste Marie, on the north shore of Lake Huron. He says, "I can land your party by two trails. The best is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length. This could be made into a good waggon road. Of Morin and McMahon townships, the Thessalon from Poplar Dale bridge to Carpenter Lake is good trout fishing, some three pounds, but from one-half to one pound average. Woods Creek from Sheldon Lake to Lot 11 (my place) is good fine camping ground. On lot 7, 1st concession, is good trout fishing, but the northeast corner of Warren is the spot for trout. There is a trail from Copper Queen, and not far from Sheldon Lake is a genuine trout lake, deep and clear, and fine camping place. Now look up Morin and McMahon townships and you will find a fine trout river, known to me as the Echo." We know the District that Mr. Ross mentions. It is easily reached from Desbarats; but says Mr. Ross (and we rather fancy that he would be a pretty good guide for this region.) "The canoe route from where you leave the waggon road to the Echo River is a very wild one. One needs to have a guide for the first part anyway, and a man not accustomed to pretty hard

work had better have a guide always. Good trout and bass fishing; also moose, caribou, and red deer, partridge and duck are plentiful, with a few bear."

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Another reliable man is Thomas B. Dunn, of Dunn's Valley, northwest from Desbarats, who writes about Otter Township. He says, "I have been fire ranger in and for the Township of Otter and know a little about it. The Missaqua River flows through a corner of the Township of Otter near to the Mississaga. There is trout fishing in some of the creeks. There is a trout lake north and west from the river in the township of Otter, but it is not very large. The outlet flows to the river. On the north and west side of the Township there is a large lake, partly in the Township of Otter and partly in Morin, with good brook trout fishing. The name is Sheldon Lake. It drains south to the big Thessalon River. Moose and red deer are quite numerous, and some caribou. To drive from Desbarats to Dunn's Valley the road would be fairly good; to within about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles of the Township of Otter. I think you would like the Township if you were once in it, because of its stern natural grandeur. From the bluffs on the north side of the Township you can look right into Clear Lake. In Township 188 bears are somewhat plentiful."



# VISCOUNT JOHN



## CHAPTER IX The Competition in Casting.

By  
DR. J. M. HARPER

**C**OMPETITION is the keystone to progress. It has been represented as another phase of the law of compensation that is well or poorly illustrated in the childish game of "beggar your neighbour." Whatever it be, it rouses a man to a sense of the fullness of his own powers and the desire to give them their fullest exercise, while it excites in the spectator of that exercise the impulse to vie sides with the winner or loser as just and not merely friendship dictates.

And so it was agreed that there should be an angling contest between the two veterans of the Tavistock. There were hundreds of fine big fellows in the Big Pool and since the keen biting of the season had ceased, there was now to be a match, in such a match, nothing of the achievements of the battue so common in the game protected in the older countries of the world. Thousands of fish, big and little, lay in wait within the recesses of the lake, there are of a population of millions of mankind, that had been reared from the giddy enthusiasm upwards, only to be the victim of an incautious angler as been known to have been taken on his own gill, but by the loss of a small fish in the hands of the hundreds of stored gluttony of the fact that there was the Big Pool for the loss of appetite. The count had said, escape from

adding to the commissariat below with his own lusty person,— that the community had been put on the qui vive against the seductive dangers that had been bobbing for them on the boundary-line between air and water. The contest therefore had in it the right element of the true sportsmanship. There was in it no taking of an undue advantage of the game to be killed, —no massacre for the mere sake of killing. The community below had been awakened to the true state of affairs by seeing so many of their kindred disappear into the world beyond their own, simply because it had become a craze for the moment to seize what was not worth seizing, even if it had been the luscious morsel it pretended to be. The fool that is caught by his own folly has only himself to blame. What a community of trout the great world is!

"If there are only to be two of us," said Tom, "I would suggest that all the fly-books be placed at our disposal." And taking up my rod he began feeling along the whole length of it much as a fencer proves his weapon. "You three gents as umpires can keep track of the number of rises and the number of takes, each take to count for six rises, with a change of fly or bait not oftener than every five minutes."

"And what about the handicap?" asked Viscount John.

"Oh, you may select your own place, and, if you like give me mine."

"That's a' very weel, my gallant lad, but ye surely dinna forget that I hae been slip-sloshin' wi' this rod o' mine for some

time, while your biceps has been havin' a holiday. Na, na, I maun hae a handicap."

"But if you win, you'll have as many other kind of caps as you can wish," cried Dan. "King George will be in your own hands."

"Give me twenty bites ahead o' Tom and I'll promise ye a' a nightcap in time." And the handicap of course was agreed upon by a majority vote.

Meantime Tom was busy among the flybooks, selecting and rejecting specimens, and pinning the favourites to the ribbon of his hat.

The Viscount went one better and put all the fly books in his fish basket as soon as Tom was done with them.

"We'll surely get somethin' oot o' some o' them," he said.

"With little left for anybody else," retorted Tom. "You've seen the best of your books, gents."

The Viscount selected the other side of the stream, leaving Tom with us on the sloping beach of pebbles.

"There's the way of an honest man's handicap. He picks the best ground for himself and chooses the fished-out places for his poor relation."

"Ye had the wale o' the books, and surely I may hae the wale o' somethin'. Ye may beat me in the castin' but I would rather ye shouldna in the catch. Sae stop your blethers and get at it, before the sun gets the better o' baith o' us."

And both did get at it.

Tom was fishing with but one fly on the gut.

The Viscount did not dispense with his bob.

When the first five minutes were up, Tom had had three bites, the Viscount four.

Then while the Viscount was selecting new flies, Tom hooked a four pounder; and, while watching the magnificent run of the fish with a leap and an indignant flop at the end of it, we nearly forgot all about the Viscount.

"I've caught the fellow on the outside," cried Tom, "and he may carry everything away with him, before I get through with him."

The Viscount had therefore time to change his flies and move up stream away

from the nearer turmoil Tom's four-pounder was making.

"There's one for the Viscount!" we were all soon crying out. "Good, old man, you'll have him the next cast."

But he didn't; nor for the next five minutes did he move a thing, though he waded even higher up and changed his bob.

"Try a Ginger-ale with a green body," shouted Tom across the stream. "That is what did the business for this chap."

The Viscount accepted the advice, and had a bite the very first cast, but missed the strike.

And he missed the strike twice again, though thereby bringing up his score to eight against Tom's nine, that is if the latter should succeed in landing his fish, which was still problematic after a ten minutes' fight.

Then the Viscount again in imitation of Tom dispensed with his bob, and had the feather of a Ginger-ale alone touching the water, with a gentleness of cast that none of the three of us had ever seen before, and never expected to be gifted with.

"A trout that can resist temptations of that kind must be far up, among the far-seeing of his kind," I said to Dan and Doctor Jim sitting near the canoe with me and keeping tally of the score.

"That's so," said Dan, with his eyes, like my own, running from the one line to the other.

"Man isn't this fine?" said Doctor Jim. "Do you know, I believe I could sit here all day and watch the Viscount throwing that line of his, if my attention were not drawn off by the deftness of the Mariner in his way of managing that big fellow he has hooked between the fins."

"Hallo, there goes the Viscount at last!"

"By the ginger-ale of Belfast, the score is even now."

"The Viscount has got his bite."

"Hurrah!"

And after the next cast, which counted one, he had his fish running up stream like mad, with the score standing at sixteen for the Viscount and nine for Tom.

Tom was now showing the least little bit of uneasiness. Then, turning round, he begged one of us to go to his assistance with the landing-net.

"All right," he cried, "you may give the Viscount a lift too, by one of you, going over to him. I don't mind; but I don't like being made a fool of a whole morning by this chap, as if I had a fifty pound salmon on a seven ounce rod."

As soon as Tom was clear of his four pounder—what a splendid specimen that fish was, the biggest of the whole catch—he was, up and at it again. But for the minutes he had his labour for his pains. Not a rise could his Ginger-ale provoke.

Then he changed to a Jock Scott but it was evidently too well known to the community below, and led only to a waste of time. The Viscount had his Ginger-Ale again at work with a chance of changing during the time Tom was busy with his Jock Scott.

When the limit of time had been duly respected, the two rivals were again both busy at work, the one with a Thunder and Lightning, and the Viscount with the brightest Fairy in his collection.

But never a rise did either get.

And the score was still against Tom.

Then the Mariner sat down on the pebbles to consider every specimen on his hat.

"There's nae mair fish, I'm afraid, to be caught here, the day," cried the Viscount fixing a Change-in-color on the gut for a bob, and a brilliant Silver Doctor for the tail. "Here goes for yin more trial and then guid-bye to the luck."

In his next cast, Tom had three flies on his caster and had one bite, which gave him ten points against sixteen.

Then he stripped his line, leaving the favoured fly as the tail; and throwing a full line well out, with the chance of a good long sweep, he had a second bite.

"Faith, Tom is in luck again; that makes him eleven," said Dan.

"And that makes him seventeen," said I as the reel gave out its sweet startling music, with the Mariner hastening along the beach.

The Viscount had within the next few minutes two bites which placed him ahead with a point to spare. There was no heed now given to the time limit for changing flies.

"Try a Plymouth Rock," shouted Tom never taking his eye off his line. "This beggar must have a brother and there's

no use of leaving him to think too long over his loss. Try a Plym Viscount, by all means."

How Tom's behaviour warmed all our hearts!

"Isn't he a brick?" said Dan. "Not a bit jealous nor afraid of being beaten as I would be."

"I wonder if Viscount John would show the same open-mindedness under such circumstances?" chimed in Doctor Jim.

"Of course he would," I exclaimed with a spice of indignation at the innuendo. "There's no better comrade on a trip like this than the Master of Bervie Lodge. Why, look there, he's got another bite, and another; by Jove, and he's got his fish too: Hurrah there, old man, you're doing well, twenty-four to the Mariner's seventeen! Don't lose him, for the life of you!"

And he didn't lose him.

Nor did Tom lose his fish either.

But there were no more fish to be had.

Tom had tried every fly on his hat, and when after half an hour the Viscount came across with his two fish, weighing about three and a half pounds each, Tom set to work to rummage the books for a new fly.

"I wonder," said he, holding up a combination of feather and hackle of which no one knew the name, and which Dan, its owner, knew nothing of as to its origin.

"It looks like a home-made specimen," said Tom.

"And if ye mak' use o't in there, ye'll gi'e the whole community an attack o' night-mare, or a's done."

"Nevertheless I must try it, since there's nothing much else to try; and since I'm not going to let any brother-in-law of mine give me the night-mare, I'll lighten the thing up with a morsel of salmo flesh and blood. What's the score, gentlemen."

And we told him seventeen to twenty-four.

Then here goes for the seven odd points that's to make things even."

"What, and start me on your track again!" cried the Viscount stretching himself out on the pebbles as an inclined plane with his head and shoulders supported upwards by his arms.

"You don't look much like going after anybody for some time," said Tom with



a smile. "I'm thinking you've got to the end of your tether; so just lie still until I even things up, if only with a bite or two."

"But I say, gents, hadn't we better christen this thing with a thimblefu', as this brother-in-law of mine would say. It's not a beauty of a fly, but for all that it deserves to have a name."

And a name it did get, though there have never been many specimens of it exposed for sale.

By the casting vote of King George, it has remained known in the Tavistock region as the Viscount's Nightmare, though it has never been guilty of taking a trout but once.

And it was Tom the Mariner that prepared it specially for that ordeal.

With a little black wax and thread, a tender part of the upper breast of one of the smaller fish was fastened within the brown body of the thing, and its wings stiffened out into the shape of a water spider.

"What's the score did you say gents?"

"Seventeen to twenty-four."

"Then here goes for the do or die."

Tom's first cast was a trial one, well up the stream.

Then he worked his way down along the far-away side where the Viscount had been, and drew the Nightmare towards him with a nicety of skill that excited us all.

"There ne'er was castin' like that nor cunnin' either," said Viscount John, still lying back on his arms as props. "Try the peak o' that bit bush yonder, Tom."

And Tom obeyed to within half an inch of the mark.

"That's a bull's eye for sure," continued the Viscount, "though it disna add to the score."

"So much the better for you," murmured the Mariner, making another of the same towards the bush.

"I believe he's there, though."

Tom began his creeping finesse again, from up-stream towards the Viscount's "bit bush", every cast being as skilfully made as if success was to be the greeting to each.

"Did ye no see the line o' his body?" cried the Viscount sitting up on the beach with excitement in his face, "I saw the

streak o' his back as plain as a sunbeam."

"Then count me one, gents," said Tom.

"Na, na; it wasna a bite."

"What do you call it then?"

"Oh naethin' it was only a trail."

And we all had to laugh.

"What do you call that, then?"

"Ay, that's an honest bite, and nae mistak' count him yin mair, my gallant lads."

"And that?"

"Anither for Tom the Mariner, guidmen."

"An' that?"

"Guidness me, the man has got him."

And the scream of the reel told us that it was so.

"Oddsakes, this becomes kind o' painful."

"For the fish?" asked Dan.

"No, for me" answered the Viscount, "I'll ne'er hear the end o' it, as a family matter. I maun at it again. The score is even, isn't it? This beats a'. Whaur's my rod?"

"Where's my watch?" I cried.

"Where's my rifle?" shouted Tom as he fought with his fish, amid the burst of laughter that followed, in which the Viscount joined as loud as any.

"It's a guid thing I hae my handicap to fa' back upon, though a handicap is a mean kind o' thing to accept frae onybody. Still I may as weel wait events after he gets that chap in. Man, but he's a fine fish, bigger I believe than the biggest, and spunky in his resistance as a salmon!"

When Tom had landed his fish, which dragged the spring balance down to the four and a half pound mark, the score stood twenty-four to twenty-four.

And there the competition had, to rest, with the handicap in the Viscount's favor. For though Tom the Mariner whipped the stream for another half-hour, not the semblance of a fish came to the surface, though we continued to watch with the closest care and attention the manner of his teaching us through our own powers of observation—the kind of teaching that one never forgets.

(To be Continued.)

# BOOKS OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN

"Bob and the Guides," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons) is a collection of stories, some of which have previously appeared in magazines, relating to camping and exploration in Canada. Bob and his elder brother find, as many others do, that no vacation anywhere else can equal those spent in the Canadian woods. They are wedded to the beauties of eastern Canada, and find the company of their French-Canadian guides not the least attractive feature of their holidays. Bob is an irrepressible youngster, and whether the story is told by himself or his elder brother, Walter, he forms the central figure. The stories told by him and of him are all the more enjoyable because he is represented as simply a healthy boy, with overflowing animal spirits, and full of good impulses, with a fine sense of humor and no vices. In consequence his frolics are all of the harmless, good natured kind. Probably the story that will appeal most to readers is the *Lost Caravel*, which may be described as an exploration treasure hunt, while Bill the Trapper shows how romance and adventure can be encountered even in New York. The *Camp of the Good Fairy* is an interesting bit of backwoods study, while the *Big Bateese*, illustrates the simplicity of the backwoodsman, who knows more about Nature than the ways of the cities, and in this instance narrowly escaped missing the value of a cheque through this want of knowledge. The whole is redolent of backwoods life, and every sportsman can pass several pleasant half hours in company of the entertaining Bob, and his no less interesting guides.

The Department of Colonization, Mines, and Fisheries of the Province of Quebec has just published the speech delivered by the Hon. Jean Prevost in the Legislative Assembly on Feb. 22nd last in introducing his proposals for amending and improving

the fish and game laws of the Province, and which were unanimously agreed to by the Legislature. Included in the booklet is the speech given by the Minister at the Fish and Game Congress at Montreal, and a summary of the proceedings at that important Conference. Both the Conference and the speech in the Legislature have been so largely dealt with in our pages that no further reference to them is necessary here, with the exception of one or two points. M. Prevost expressed to the House his emphatic opinion, as the result of his personal experience and inquiries, that the Province of Quebec is still able to offer "the very best fishing and hunting of the continent, if not of the entire world." An energetic campaign to make this fact known is about to be entered upon, and every thing practical done to popularize the Province. Further emphasis is given to the statement that the fur trade of the Province furnishes incalculable wealth to foreign countries without contributing one cent of revenue to Quebec. The Hon. gentleman quoted an American authority as follows, and the spirit of the quotation will find an echo in the heart of every sportsman:—"Animal, bird, and fish life has a right to exist, and if man has any Divine right beyond that which accords to all living things, that of protecting himself and his belongings from undue molestation and destruction, he has not received from the Creator the authority to relentlessly pursue and destroy the lives of birds and dumb creatures regardless of their utter extinction. And though he be the King of Creation, he is not warranted in abusing the authority with which he has been invested by the Divinity." Sportsmen who would like a copy of this pamphlet should send a request to the Department at Quebec city.

A seventh and revised popular edition of the *Art of Shooting* by Charles Lan-

caster, and published by him at his new address, 11 Panton St., Haymarket, London, S.W., England, has been issued at a price equivalent to sixty cents. The mere fact that a seventh edition has been called for is a strong proof of the success which has attended the work, and the demand there has been for it in many quarters. It needs no more than a cursory examination to learn the secret of its success. Mr. Lancaster is an expert, with thorough technical knowledge, and a wide personal experience. In addition he possesses an interesting style of his own, and manages to turn what might easily prove a dry subject into one exciting the deep interest of his readers even if they belong to a wider circle than shooters. No sportsman, whatever may be his particular field, can take up this treatise without receiving both pleasure and profit in return; while shooters, however wide may be their experience, cannot fail to learn something from it. Although nothing can surpass personal experience this treatise enables every one to use that experience intelligently, to overcome many little preliminary difficulties, and to avoid mistakes which might result seriously. With the revisions that have taken place, and the experience thus gained in book production, as well as in shooting, this treatise makes a close approach to perfection, and may be warmly commended to the attention of every sportsman, with the confident prediction that none who consult its pages will be disappointed.

Just at the present time when motor boats are having such a run in Canada, and appearances betoken a still wider appreciation of their many merits, it is interesting to turn to "The Book of Boats," by Raymond Cavanagh, and learn much of the curious prototypes of the modern launch. The author dilates in an interesting style upon the many curiously fashioned boats in use in various parts of the world, showing a familiarity with their history and construction which must be the result of wide personal experience or extensive study. Rafts, dug-outs, bark boats, skin boats, built-up boats, and mod-

ern types are his classifications, and under each head the amount of information given, and the wide fields covered, are as surprising as the matter is interesting. Every North American sportsman will appreciate this extract: — "For beauty of lines, adaptability to its purpose, gracefulness of its construction, ease of handling, capacity for carrying, there is no type among the boats of the world which can in any degree approach the birch-bark canoe of the North American Indian at its best." The last chapter, dealing with modern types, is necessarily and rightly devoted to the motor boat, to whose wonderfully rapid progress in popular esteem, as shown by its almost universal adoption, full justice is done. While a century has intervened between the first steamer crossing the Atlantic, and the latest ocean greyhound, less than a score of years has been given up to the motor boat. In that short time marvellous progress has been made towards perfection, and the public are commended for generous support and early recognition of the possibilities of this form of power. The book, which can be conveniently carried in camp and on pleasure trips, can be obtained from the Truscott Boat Manufacturing Co., of St. Joseph, Mich., prepaid, for fifty cents.

Messrs. Kynoch, Limited, of Birmingham, England, who are large manufacturers of guns, powder and military stores publish a quarterly journal called after the name of the firm, and dealing with subjects referring to guns, ammunition, and sporting topics in general. The last number includes "The History of the Cartridge"; "Breech fastenings for Drop-down Arms"; "Guns, Loads, and Patterns for Game Shooting"; "The North American Bison"; "The Velocity of Shot Charges"; "Notes on the Ball and Shot Gun"; "Powder in 8-bore Wildfowl Guns," etc. As will be seen the papers are largely technical, but they are well and popularly written, and most sportsmen cannot fail to take an interest in them. There are many points that are applicable to subjects discussed in the Dominion and the States, and both the journal and the firm's



many manufacturers might with advantage to all be better known in Canada.

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The New Brunswick Tourist Association of St. John, N. B., have recently issued a neatly gotten up folder, thoroughly well illustrated, dealing with the attractions of the Province to both sportsmen and tourists and drawing particular attention to the advantages afforded by St. John as a holiday center. In addition to its many pretty pictures, the folder contains an account of a run through New Brunswick, a short historical sketch of the Province, gives some particulars of chances for investment, describes possible hunting, fishing and canoeing trips, has a fine colored map of the Maritime provinces, with special prominence given to St. John, a summary of the game laws, where to go for different game and fish, addresses of guides, and hotel list. For a folder the amount of information conveyed by both pictures and letterpress is considerable, and a request to the Association will bring a copy to any sportsman or tourist. New Brunswick, although one of the oldest settled portions of Canada, still contains much of its primeval forests, while in addition to its scenic attractions and its marvellous waterways, has fish and big game in abundance. Its nearness to the great centers of population of the New England States make it the ideal resort of the rapidly growing army of American tourists, and great though the exodus is to New Brunswick every year, the traffic is but in its infancy and promises to reach mammoth proportions in the not far distant future.

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We have received a copy of a fine catalogue of fishing rods, reels, lines, flies, etc., issued by Mr. P. D. Malloch, of Scott Street, Perth, Scotland. The excellent illustrations which abound throughout the book renders it of extreme interest to every fisherman. These illustrations, in addition to pages of beautiful flies, are largely given up to fishing scenes in Scotland, and views of fish caught by the author and publisher of the catalogue. Canadian and American fishermen will be interested in noting the pictures of the fine salmon and trout for which Scotland is

famous, and will pay a tribute of admiration to Mr. Malloch for his successful encounters with the finny tribe. It is scarcely a wonder to find his catalogue so full and complete of just what the fisherman requires when we learn that Mr. Malloch himself caught autumn salmon weighing 200 lbs. in the Tay in March, and salmon weighing 123 lbs. caught in the Tay by Mr. Malloch in April, show fishermen on this side of the ocean how much earlier the season is there than here. The view of a basket of trout caught at Scourie, Sutherland, will make fishermen think that regulations as to numbers taken need enforcement in Scotland as well as in Canada. The only view outside of Scotland is one from the States, and considering the importance of Canadian fishing, and its certain and indefinite development in the future. Mr. Malloch will be well advised to give some attention to this land of magnificent waterways in future issues. Mr. Malloch is also something more than a good fisherman. The illustrations of fish modelling, painting and casting, the mounting of deer heads, and the setting up of birds show some very fine work. It is however to the fisherman that this catalogue will appeal with irresistible force, and with good reason. It is a complete collection of all that the angler and fisherman can possibly require, and even the most experienced hand may well find profit and instruction from a perusal of it. Rods, reels, lines, and flies, together with all the etceteras so dear to a fisherman's heart, are here given all the prominence such important matters deserve; and their numbers and varieties, together with the many specialities for which Mr. Malloch is well known, render the catalogue itself nothing less than fascinating to fishermen. The fine fishing tackle dealt in by Mr. Malloch is suitable for use in all parts of the world, and the excellence of the designs, and the extent and variety offered must please every choice, and render the fisherman who is able to outfit with Mr. Malloch at least happy in the knowledge that nothing but his own skill is needed to make him a good fisherman. All that equipment can do, and it can effect a good deal, is certain to be on the side of the fisherman who studies this catalogue and selects his outfit therefrom.



## 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

LOU. E.  
MARSH



The H. F. Darrell Shield, given to the Lake Sailing Skiff Association for a dinghy championship emblem. The competition is

limited to the two fastest dinghies from each Club in the Association and the race will be sailed at Toronto on civic holiday.

### The Crawl Stroke

All last summer I was bothered by people who thought that because I could paddle about long enough to keep myself afloat, with all my clothes on, every time I fell or was thrown over board, off Pa-

poose of Toronto, I was an expert swimmer and therefore should know all about trudgeon, crawl and other speed and fancy swimming strokes. I usually bluffed out of the predicament but this summer when these knowledge-hunters got after me again about the crawl stroke I went over

to the Toronto Swimming Club, donned a bathing suit, and had some of the boys show me how. This new crawl stroke is the speediest stroke in the modern swimmer's category and is utilized up to half a mile. Up to that distance all the record marks have gone by the board to crawl stroke swimmers. It is a new stroke and but little known.

"Come on Marsh" shouted one of my instructors when I had donned my bathing suit. He plunged in, and I followed.

"Now turn over on your stomach," he said, "Perfectly flat, and do not roll. Now bend your arms a little at the elbow, flatten out your palms and dig in just at the top of your head. Then pull the arm quickly back until it is stretched out alongside your body. Now then do it with your other—like this."

"I watched him closely. He was dipping his hands in alternately with a sort of a grab motion just at his head and pulling them back. At the end of each arm stroke he swung his hands forward with a swing over like in the trudgeon stroke, only instead of reaching away out he poked his hand in right close to his head. He did not swing his arm as high, either, in the recovery. He swam, 'too, with his head submerged, only turning every second or third stroke to get a whiff of air.

"Now for the legs" he said, when I had mastered the arm stroke. "Don't kick with them. Work them up and down like this."

He was holding his legs rigidly outstretched and beating them up and down on the water near the surface, the left leg keeping pace with the right arm.

"Now watch me," he said, and away he went with hands and legs going as fast as he could work them, and he surged along with a movement that absolutely lacked any side roll. The crawl stroke is a perfectly balanced stroke, and is easily acquired. It is a cross between the trudgeon and the beginners "dog-fashion." Give it a go

### The Fisher Cup Rivalry

The rivalry at the Royal Canadian Club, Toronto, for the honor of upholding the club's challenge for the Fisher Cup is even keener than the contest last year for

the credit of backing up the defiance for Canada's Cup. Never have races been so keenly contested and neither side is sparing either energy or money in the healthy struggle for supremacy. There are only two contestants on the Canadian side, Temeraire, the defeated Canada's Cup challenger, and Zoraya, her rival for that honor.

Zoraya's supporters all declare that had she been the challenger, and not the Temeraire, she would have brought the silverware back home, and the Rochestrians would not now be crowing that they were the only club that ever successfully defended that emblem of the Great Lakes supremacy. They point out that while Temeraire beat Iroquois hands down in a breeze and a seaway, she was never able to beat Zoraya by any such margin under similar conditions, though she was in such weather undoubtedly her superior. So much admitted, they proceed to say that in light weather, properly handled, Zoraya was even more superior to Temeraire, than the Yankee craft proved herself. Therefore Zoraya supporters are taking a keen interest in the series of races which will decide which craft will be sent after the Fisher Cup, for Iroquois will undoubtedly defend the silverware. On the other side Vice Commodore Nicholls, the owner of Temeraire, is determined to prove that, not only did the committee which selected her to go after the Canada's Cup make no mistake, but that she can, with a few alterations, even beat the slippery Iroquois.

The non-partisans want the Fisher Cup brought back across the water and there you have the nucleus of the hottest kind of a yachting controversy—if you can call anything which is going to be settled by real practical demonstration a controversy.

James Worts, the youthful owner of Zoraya, has had her put in the best of shape for the season's racing and chasing, and is hot on Temeraire's trail. Upon Temeraire, Vice Commodore Nicholls is leaving nothing undone that experience can suggest to improve her speed. That she can trim Zoraya he is sure, and if she were to beat her Yankee conqueror for the Fisher Cup, his cup of sporting joy would be filled to overflowing.

Temeraire this year has undergone some radical changes. Her mast has been step-



ped farther aft, her horn lengthened two feet, and she has been given double headsails, and a new Ratsey mainsail. Last year she wore a simple sloop rig like Zoraya. Skipper Eddie Wedd likes her under her new rig and though he was beaten in the opening race of the season he is still confident that victory will ultimately perch at Temeraire's mast head.

The initial race was sailed in Zoraya's weather, something just above a zephyr. Zoraya was in perfect trim, while Temeraire had a new unstretched suit of canvas, and her crew were unfamiliar with her new head rig. At that Zoraya only beat her fifty-seven seconds in ten miles.

Zoraya won all her advantage in a thresh to weather, in light airs, just where Temeraire's wrinkled and unstretched mainsail was the greatest disadvantage to her. Temeraire, however, had the best of a couple of stray slants of wind and in addition she was handled by Skipper Eddie Wedd who is one of the best in the business, while Zoraya had at her helm her owner. Worts has the ear marks of a good man but he is not quite in Wedd's class yet as a racing skipper. If he sticks to his place at Zoraya's helm all summer he should be able to handle his own craft with anybody around the club, except of course the king pin of them all, Amilius Jarvis.

Beaver, the Canada's Cup defender of 1899 is sailing in the class races, but she hasn't a chance unless it blows a living gale, and the other crews get cold feet. The class has outgrown her, and the new boats beat her every way they have a mind to send them. A year or two ago we used to think the 30-footer that could out-thresh Beaver in a breeze of wind would never materialize.

By the way, this new double headsail rig is becoming very popular around the lake since Iroquois with her jib and staysail trimmed up our clean looking cup challenger. Temeraire's change in head dress was made because Designer Fife, who watched the races off Charlotte last August, came to the conclusion that Iroquois' split head canvas had much to do with her good windward qualities in light and moderate airs. She seemed to climb right away from the Canuck craft. Over across the water where Rochester and Iroquois

are lighting it out for the honor of defending the Fisher Cup, Rochester has adopted split head canvas and is doing well under it. Kee Lox II., the other candidate for the Canada Cup defence of last year, has also adopted the split-up forward triangle, but it has not proven a success on her, and Pembroke Bros. are reverting to the big single jib of 1905. Kee Lox is, however, not in the running for the Fisher Cup defence. She is rigged out for cruising this year.

The Rochester men are predicting failure for Temeraire's new jib and staysail rig because of her small forward triangle last season. They are not yet, however, aware of the fact that Temeraire's horn has been lengthened and her mast stepped further aft. That gives her ample room forward for the staysail.

### Some Fancy Races

Why seamanship races have declined in Toronto is beyond me. To my mind they are well worthy of a place on any club's programme, yet, after a couple of seasons here, they were abandoned. The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club has taken them up, and, though the events were pulled off with 16 foot dinghies, reports from up Ambitious City way are to the effect that they were "bully" fun. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club used to hold them with the larger boats of the fleet, but for some inexplicable reason have abandoned them. Those they did hold were decidedly interesting, both for the spectators and the participants. For clubs of all sizes and descriptions they should provide excellent sport, while as an item on the programme of aquatic events at a summer resort regatta I cannot recall anything which should produce more excitement for everybody concerned, except perhaps it be a lively tilting match from canoes.

One day I was a contestant in a seamanship race, at the National Yacht and Skiff Club, Toronto. The conditions compelled us to start from the club float, land our crews on the yachts which lay at anchor in a line with canvas made down, raise canvas, pick up break anchor, sail to a short buoy, reef and return to the us-

nal starting buoy of the club races, go once around the course either with or without the reef, reefing again when we rounded the home buoy, cover the course a second time, reach the mooring we started from, make down canvas, and bring the entire crew ashore. Points were given for every bit of work from reefing to making down canvas and picking up the moorings.

Now for the race—

At the five minute gun we were all lined up on the club dock with our dinghies high and dry, their bows pointing lake wards. We had been practicing getting into that dinghy all the previous afternoon, and had it down to a science. At the starting gun there was a wild scramble. Five dinghies were shunted into the water and twenty young men threw themselves at the dinghies. Some of them made good throws. About one-third of the entire score got wet, but somehow or other all managed to clamber in, and then a wild race for the anchored yachts ensued. If the entire outfit had been rowing for the Diamond Sculls they couldn't have put more energy into it.

Style ? Lots of it. Lou Scholes couldn't have imitated any of those strokes if he had tried. Each crew had put its sturdiest man at the oars, and the way in which those dinghies loaded almost to the gunwales, were hustled along was an eyeopener. In nearly every boat every other stroke drove her bow down until she shipped water, but those in the bow only cheered on their oarsmen. Those who were not rowing were cheering, and the excited shouts of the balcony crowd as they urged on their favorites created something akin to pandemonium around the club front.

One boat dropped a bit astern in the short pull to the yachts. One of the lads in the stern leaned forward, seized hold of the oars, and by throwing his weight on aided the perspiring oarsmen, and the craft pulled up into the bunch again. This additional aid promised to carry that dinghy to the front but there's many a slip ! The oarsmen caught a crab, and both toppled over, upsetting the over-loaded craft. The cheers on the balcony broke into hysterical shrieks, as the feminine

contingent grasped the humor of the situation.

"Swim for it, boys !" spluttered the skipper of the overturned dinghy, and swim for it they did, leaving one man to tow the dinghy to the yacht. Once aboard we whisked off the sail covers, and the foresail and mainsail, of the little schooner-rigged mackinaw, shot aloft so fast that the skipper thought the gaffs were going clean over the masthead.

I grabbed the big jib, and shaking it free from the bag, did a tight wire act out over the ten foot horn, and only saved myself a bath by making a wild dive for the forestay. I grabbed it, but the man on the halliard sent the sail aloft so fast that the snaps running up the forestay broke my grip again, and I did some more gymnastics around the forestay and bobstay, much to the delight of the balcony, and the intense disgust of my skipper. However, we got away about as fast as the rest of the bunch, and made for the first buoy. There we tossed in our reef, in record time, mainly because the foxy skipper had attached snaps to the reef outhauls and downhauls, and rings to the booms at the exact points where the leach and luff of the reefed sails would come. As soon as the outhauls and downhauls were fast, we made sail again, and tied in the points as we ran up to the mark. At the flag a keen eyed official caught us with an outboard reef-point in the mainsail untied, and sent us back. Once we crossed the mark we shook out the reefs and set to work to catch a couple of boats ahead. Well ! any way we finished the course in fourth place, but pulled up to third when the craft ahead missed its moorings, and then there was a wild scramble to make down canvas and get ashore. We got ashore without a mishap, but we were hard chased all the way. In fact we were beaten ashore by the fourth crew's dinghy, but the skipper of that craft, in his haste to get ashore, left one of his crew aboard. That individual promptly leaped overboard, and swam ashore, but we had a full crew on the float before they did, and got third place. The fifth crew to the mooring all but beat the swimmer, handicapped as he was by his clothing, ashore, but the other fellows sent

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out their dinghy and towed the swimmer ashore astern of the craft.

It certainly was, great sport!

To add variety to the event I would suggest that at a given signal during the sailing over the course a member of the crew should throw himself overboard, and the yacht be required to pick him up. He should be equipped with a life preserver to prevent accidents. Another signal gun, too, might require every boat to gybe over mainsails. The contest admits of many variations which will occur to alert minds. Speed alone should not obtain the award. Methods of handling, reefing, gybing, deftness in making a pickup and other qualities should be rated in the award. The only difficulty is in securing enough competent men to judge such an event.

Try it some one, and then write me and between us we will tell the "Rod and Gun" family of sportsmen all about it.

There is another style of contest which appeals to me, too. That is the seaman-ship contest between clubs, suggested by Harry Darrell, secretary of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, a year ago. His idea was to have two clubs, like the Queen City Yacht Club of Toronto and the Victoria Yacht Club of Hamilton, send delegations of sailors to each others courses on alternate Saturdays and, after giving the visitors their choice of the boats in any certain classes pit them against the home sailors in the remaining boats, the club making the best average in the two days racing to take home a silver shield. Darrell's idea was to utilize the sixteen-foot skiff class and dinghies with which both clubs were familiar, but there is no reason why such a contest should not be successfully pulled off between clubs whose fleets were entirely dissimilar. The visitors would undoubtedly get the best of the deal as far as boats are concerned but the homesters would have it on them in being more familiar with the remaining craft and water. Do you think such an idea is worth working out?

#### Still Alive

Somehow or other, that speedy demise of the 16-foot skiff class of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, I predicted so freely

last season has not taken place. The class is this season showing some signs of vigor. However those who are on the inside say that it is but the last dying kick. Only two clubs have new sixteen footers for the F. E. Walker Cup race on Dominion Day—the Sunnyside Yacht Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto. Up at Sunnyside the enterprising amateurs have designed and built four new ones upon the usual lines, and some of them are showing excellent speed, so much so that the S.Y.C. burgee will be flown in the Cup race at Hamilton. The new R.C.Y.C. sixteens are professionally designed and built, and are radical departures. They are bilge board craft designed by Robertson of Montreal, a young Scotchman who has been designing half raters for the Seawanhaka Cup contests. He has evolved what is only one remove from the square bowed side-walk of the western lakes. They are very full forward with long straight sides and flat floors.

How these new craft compare with the speedy Ackroyd boats of two years ago is still unknown, but, from a casual examination, I should say that the old boats would beat them out, especially going to weather in choppy water. Reaching, the new boats should be wonders, but dead before it I would again wager my money on the old boats. The day on which they come together I shall be an interested spectator.

#### Some Brotherly Love

The Canadian Canoeing Association, the premier organization of the eastern Canadian blade wielders, is not such an obstinate organization, as some of the western men have considered them to be. To western eyes, it seemed as if the Canadian Canoeing Association was bound to be the dog in the manger, or at least determined to play a lone hand, when they decided to hold their championship regatta on Aug. 4 at Ottawa, the same date the Canadian Henley had set aside as Canoeists' Day at the St. Catharines rowing meet, and for which the Canadian Henley people had generously put up prizes hoping to draw Canadian racing canoe men together and decided the much disputed war canoe and other championships

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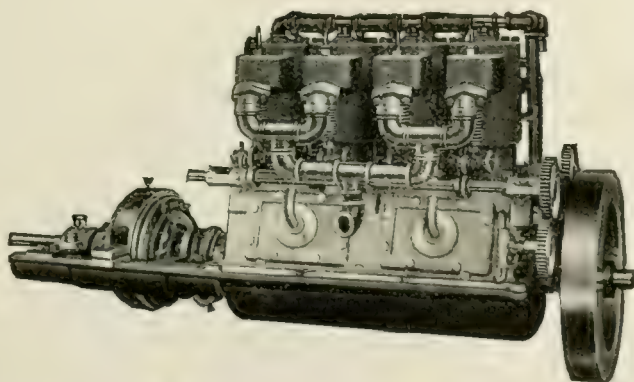


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R. E. Moody, the Toronto enthusiast, who proposed the championship meet at the Canadian Henley, was keenly disappointed, and so were the Henley people, but Sun-ny Robert from the Queen City didn't sit down and sulk over it. Not a bit, he just clambered around to see those who were vitally interested, and the result was that Mr. H. Gerald Wade, of Toronto, was sent toward the rising sun to see what he could do with the flinty-hearted Easterners. Wade thought he was up against a brick wall, but when he met the C.C.A. men in Montreal he was delighted to find that they were reasonable chaps. He made his little talk, and in just about half an hour the Easterners came around and said: "Well! We won't spoil your show! If we shift our meet on a week, and send down our champion war canoe crew, and some real good handy men with the maple, what'll you do for us?"

"Do!" I can just about hear Wade saying it. "Why we'll ship down the Island Aquatic War Canoe crew and guarantee a few chaps who will make some of your best men extend themselves to keep their championships east."

And there you have the story of how the two divisions of Canoeists shook hands with each other over the line fence, and why the Grand Trunks of Montreal, the best war canoe crew in the east, will be over at St. Kitts to give the Western Ontario men a run for their money on Aug. 4 and why the Island Aquatics are putting in a few extra licks in the training line, and whetting up their knives in the hope of lifting the scalps of the speedy Easterners right in their own neck of the woods on Aug. 11.

My! but there will be something doing around here in the war canoe line this summer. There are even indications that the Toronto Canoe Club will wake up long enough to send down a fifteen that will be worthy of the "Red Totem."

### Another Launch Club

Brockville has jumped into line with a Motor Boat Club. That is the second one organized this year in Ontario—the other being the Toronto Motor Boat Club. Brockville has 20 charter members and the officers are:—Commodore, G. G. Lafayette;

rear-commodore, C. T. Wilkinson; secretary treasurer, H. B. White; executive committee, Dr. Bowe, C. A. McNaughton, C. A. Donaldson and Dr. Robertson.

### Rights of Way

There are a few things that the man who sails any kind of a craft from a dinghy to a forty footer should keep on the handiest shelf of his brain locker. He must have the rules of the road down pat. In pleasure sailing, as often as in racing, exigencies arise which call for the strict observance of the rules of the road in order that accidents may not arise.

The ordinary rule of the road is that the man on the starboard tack has the right of way and that a boat sailing free must keep away from one sailing close hauled on the wind. If both boats are sailing free with the wind on the same side the boat to windward must keep clear. A yacht squared away dead before the wind with her boom off to starboard must give way to a boat sailing on the same course but with her boom off to port, for the latter is reckoned as having the starboard tack aboard and may claim the right of way under that clause.

If you overtake another yacht you must keep clear of him until no overlap exists, and an overlap exists as long as you, as the skipper of the boat overtaking the other, have no choice as to whether you will go to leeward or weather of the craft you are passing or as long as you are in danger of fouling the other fellow if you luff or bear away or if he does either. In other words it is up to you to keep clear of him until you are so far past him that both may alter their helms at once without fouling.

The only right an overtaking yacht has is the right of unobstructed passage to leeward. If you attempt to go to windward the vessel you are passing may luff you provided the manoeuvre is started before you establish an overlap. If an overlap exists before he commences to luff, you may keep steadily on your course and he is responsible for the foul and of course for any damage that may occur.

If you are on the port tack and come about on the other stretch you are not en-



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titled to the rights of the starboard tack until your canvas has filled away.

If both boats are closehauled on either tack but come together because the leeward boat holds the better wind the leeward craft must keep away to avoid a collision. Neither can claim the rights of a yacht being overtaken.

All the above rules apply to conduct on the racing course as well as to general sailing. In addition the racing rules add two more rules dealing explicitly with conditions which arise on a racing course.

These rules are:—

## PASSING AND ROUNDING MARKS

If an overlap exists between two yachts when both of them without tacking are about to pass a mark on the required side, then the outside yacht must give the inside yacht room to pass clear of the mark. A yacht shall not, however, be justified in attempting to establish an overlap, and thus force a passage between another yacht and the mark, after the latter has altered her helm for the purpose of rounding.

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# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## The New Law

There is no more stringent automobile act in force on the continent than that passed by the last session of the Ontario Legislature. Other Provinces and States have speed regulations that are enough to drive a man crazy, but it remained for the Ontario Legislature to enact a law which embodies in its provisions fines of from \$10 and costs to \$50 and costs for such a trivial offence as a light out, or any one of the other score of minor regulations. It does not matter whether or not the infraction of the regulation involves anything serious, the magistrate must upon conviction fine the unfortunate motorist at least \$10 and costs. The new regulations of the Act are severe enough but the average motorist would not have put up a very strong kick against them because they aimed at the protection of life and limb, but the imposition of such a heavy series of fines for the trivial mistakes and neglects of the motorist is what makes him hot under the collar. The new act boiled down to hard pan compels every owner to have numbers on both the back and front of his machine, prohibits the use of moving searchlights, prohibits racing on the highways, and compels stopping upon signal from the driver of a horse drawn vehicle. In case of a frightened horse the motorist is supposed to lend his assistance. In case of an accident by reason of the presence of the motor car the motorist must turn back, and upon request give in writing, to any one who demands it, his name and address together with that of the owner of the car. The penalties are severe. The first offence brings with it a fine up to \$50 and costs, the second up to \$100 and costs, while for a third offence there is no alternative but imprisonment

not exceeding one month, in addition a third conviction for any one offence in one year entails the revoking of the motoring license and another cannot be obtained for two years. There is no objection among motorists to any of these regulations providing they are reasonably enforced. The clause which imposes a fine upon a motorist who does not return at once to the scene of an accident has loopholes for injustice. Accidents sometimes happen after a car has gone by. How unjust it would be to fine a man for not returning to the scene of an accident he knew nothing about. Then again it is rather unfair to give a police officer the power of summarily arresting a man for an infringement of any one of the three offences enumerated. The new act does that. To offset this what does the motorist get?—Nothing. He doesn't even get a speed concession. If the Legislature had raised the limit for clear country roads to 20 miles an hour your autoist would have been at least mollified. As it is now he is very much disgruntled, but at the same time the motorists are counselling one another to patience. When the novelty of the motor car wears off like that of the bicycle then they expect more rational treatment at the hands of the Provincial legislators.

## The Glidden Trip

The projected trip of the Glidden tourists through Canada is off. When the Toronto Automobile Club found how determined and extreme the opposition to motor cars was throughout Ontario it requested the Glidden party to circumvent Ontario in order that the two or three hundred jaunting cars might not further arouse opposition to motor cars. Therefore the Glidden party will give Ontario the go by this summer



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Instead of crossing into Ontario at Niagara Falls the Glidden group will move from Buffalo to Albany, skirt Lake Champlain and Lake George and enter Canada at Rouse Point. They will be entertained at Montreal by the Montreal Automobile Club and after a tour through Quebec by way of Three Rivers, Quebec City, St. Levis, St. Henri, St. Joseph, the Chaudiere Valley, St. Clume, thence into Maine and back via Portland.

Many Toronto motorists are much disappointed at the elimination of Ontario from the Glidden programme. The Quebec portion of the trip, however, should enamour the Glidden people of Canada and the Toronto enthusiasts are building upon another trip when the sentiment against motor cars is not so strong in the rural district.

### A Sample of Heroism

The talk of the Toronto automobiling fraternity during the past month has been of the heroism of Dr. Perry Doolittle, one

of the pioneers of the game in Canada. He deliberately risked his life and those of three persons with him to save that of a cyclist. The incident occurred in Toronto Junction. The opening of a sewer on one side of Dundas street threw all the traffic on the other. While driving on the street a cyclist in endeavoring to turn out of the way of the motor car fell prostrate in the roadway within fifteen feet of the car. To avoid the fallen man Dr. Doolittle had only one alternative, and that was to turn upon the street car tracks. Though a car was right beside him and going at a good clip Dr. Doolittle took the odd chance. He threw in the high gear and leaped his auto in front of the street car. The street car collided with the motor car at almost right angles and pitched the occupants into the street. Fortunately they fell clear of the rails. Two of the motoring party were women. Though all were shaken up no one was seriously injured. Dr. Doolittle's Yale car was seriously damaged and the street car did not escape scathless. Those who witnessed the accident cannot praise too highly Dr.

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Doolittle's heroism. Practically he deliberately ran in front of the street car. There wasn't more than one chance in a hundred that the motorman would see his action in time to reverse and throw on the brakes.

That the days of romance and adventure are not ended is proved by the experience of Messrs. Percy F. Megargel, and David F. Fassett, who reached New York on Saturday, June 9th, twice crossing the continent in an automobile. They left New York on the outward journey, on August 19th last, and on their return the car had traversed 11,742 miles. On the outward journey they went from New York to Buffalo, and through the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska to Omaha, from whence they proceeded to Portland through Wyoming, Idaho, and Oregon. From Portland they went down the Pacific coast to San Francisco, and returned through California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado to Omaha, from which place they came home by the same route as they took on the outward journey. Their adventures would fill a volume. Rain, snow, mountains, ravines, Indians, dense woods, and other obstructions stayed them not. With a windlass they hauled their car up the perpendicular sides of clay gulches; with axes they chopped a road through trees and fallen timber, built make shift bridges, crossed the great American desert, hitherto unconquered by the automobile, and overcame other obstacles which rendered their journey a notable one in the history of the new vehicle. Nothing indeed stopped them but the want of gasoline and

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that commodity even at a dollar a gallon, and when long journeys had to be taken to procure it, was found somewhere and somehow, and the ten months hard trip ended with complete success. Once they were three days without food but held stoutly on, and their pluck and perseverance, which were more or less severely tried during the whole trip, were finally rewarded by the successful completion of the most trying journey any auto or autoist have accomplished up to date.

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We understand from the Ontario Fisheries Department that it is the intention of the Department to charge fees this year to all non-residents angling in the waters of the Province—the scale of fees being \$2 for a single angler, and \$5 for a family not exceeding five persons. Notices of this change are to be scattered throughout the Province.

Fishing with a philosopher is enjoyable if the philosopher is really a fisherman,\*as every reader of our "Viscount John" will admit. A writer in a recent issue of a British Columbia journal recounts the story of a day's fishing experience at Cowichan Lake, in company with the local philosopher. He found the fishing and philosophy so pleasantly intermixed that his experience proved the time of his life, and in addition to his fine fishing he gained much from his companion's philosophical discourse. Happy and hungry they were able to return at the close of the day with ten fish weighing twenty-two pounds, and the writer concluded the account of his experiences with the following sentence:—"George Forbes, you are a great philosopher, you theorize a good deal, but you certainly can fish."—No bad compliment to the varied powers of a valued friend.

In the February number of "Rod and Gun in Canada" we described the departure of Master Fred Shaughnessy, son of President Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and his tutor, on a round-the-world trip, during the whole of which time they used tickets issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and remained under the British and Canadian Pacific flags. So successful has been this trip that it is contemplated to repeat the tour every year, and an annual excursion, encircling the entire globe, likely to be inaugurated by this enterprising company. Without doubt there are

large numbers of people who would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to see something of countries other than their own if they could do so with comfort, and remain under the well-known flag all the time. It is not given to every one to love adventure, and yet travel and sight seeing is what most of us long for at times. The discomforts and inconveniences of a foreign tour frighten many people who would benefit in many ways by such a trip, and with everything arranged for them in the most comfortable way, and the British flag flying over them the whole of the time everyone even if timid could extract enjoyment that would well repay the cost (estimated at about \$1000) many times over. The pioneers enjoyed themselves so greatly, saw so much that was of interest, traversed 30,000 miles without mishap of any kind, and were so successful in every way that if enthusiastic reports can lead to the inauguration of the new service it is as good as started.

To see thirteen bears in one short holiday is not given to every party of hunters, but such was the recent experience of Mr. L. McAdam, of Vancouver, who spent a few days hunting close to the south fork of the Bridge River, less than sixty miles from Lillooet, B.C. He started from Lytton, taking the stage from Lillooet, about fifty miles. Engaging Guide Schwartz they had four miles travel over difficult country, the chief obstacle to their progress consisting of fallen timber. On their way they saw plenty of goat and big horn. Four bears, including two cubs, were seen on the first evening in camp, but one was too far off, and in the other cases the light was not good enough to risk a shot. Next day five bears, including two cubs, were sighted, but no shot fired. On the following day Mr. McAdam had his first chance and fired five shots at a big bear, the rough dippy country making it very difficult to gauge distances. He was satis-



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fied however that he had hit, and followed the trail till dark, resuming it at day-break. The bear was sighted and took to the water—a sure sign of a bad hit. Finding it impossible to cross, the party returned to the first camp. That evening a she bear with cub was seen, but too late to be followed. A big brown bear was sighted, and Mr. McAdam getting a good shot broke the brute's back. Several more shots were sent after him and one hit. In the darkness the bear escaped, but was followed next day, and finished by one shot in the neck. A fine grizzly was also obtained. The bear was seen when they were looking for the horses, and it took nine shots to finish her, one ball breaking through her chest, and cutting away the top of her heart. The return journey was very difficult and unpleasant, but the success of the trip more than repaid the hunter for all his hard work and discomforts.

Guns, and the advantages of particular makes, form a subject of perpetual interest to sportsman, and they will be glad to have details of the latest production in this line of the J. Stevens Arms' and Tool Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass. This is the new No. 325 double barrel hammerless shot gun, in which the action is of the Anson and Deeley type, with the Stevens checkhook, relieving the forearm of all strain—an invention which has proved highly popular. The barrels are made of specially prepared high pressure steel, and are choke bored for nitro powder. The new gun has the extension matted rib with reinforced breach, oiled American walnut stock, with pistol grip checked, and patent snap forearm checked. The regular length of the stock is fourteen inches with 2½ inch drop. The gun can be supplied in 12-gauge, with 28, 30, and 32 inch barrels; and in 16-gauge with 28 and 30 inch barrels only. The weight is 7½ to 8½ lbs., and the list price is \$20.

Efficient performance of duties has its penalties as well as inefficiency, and the recent activities of Inspector Shelley, of Niagara Falls, Ont., has resulted in a depopulation of Lake Erie fishermen carrying their grievances to the Department at To-

ronto. They stated that they were prepared to prove that the fish seized were of the proper size—a rather large order considering that the fish were not then in existence. Mr. Bastedo, the Deputy Commissioner of Fisheries, promised them an investigation into the circumstances. Surely the Department might back up the Inspector when he is performing his duty, and an inquiry of the kind mentioned seems to be unnecessary.

There is no comfort on a trip of any kind unless one's footgear is irreproachable, and for the hard testing which boots receive on an outing the best is none too good. That the sporting and special footwear turned out by the Witchell-Sheill Company of Detroit, Mich., the sole manufacturers of the "Witch-Elk" brand, is appreciated by sportsmen to an increasing extent is shown by the fact that the Company has been reorganised for the purpose of enlarging the factory's output, owing to the rapidly increasing demands for their goods. Sportsmen and tourists know a good thing when they use it, and use it hardly, and the fact that they are taking more of these boots every year testify to the satisfaction given. Boots for athletes and sportsmen, who pursue any branch of athletics or sport, are specially made to suit the hard requirements of those who follow such strenuous occupations, and for this reason, and the fact that the footgear is made on scientific principles and with the best of materials, the success of the firm and its goods are due. Under the new arrangements effected their success appears likely to be greater than ever, and their footgear to be used in larger numbers by more satisfied athletes and sportsmen.

"The best trout fishing in the Province of Ontario" is what we all want, and that is to be obtained in one day's hard journey from the pleasant town of Orillia, if we are to accept the experiences of Messrs. J. B. Tudhope, M. P. P., M. B. Tudhope, H. R. Tudhope, Thos. Haywood, and Dr. A. R. Harvie. These gentlemen found the fishing in some lakes in Longford township, which lakes owing to their inaccessibility are said never to have been fished in by sportsmen before. They succeeded in

# Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

A tonic laxative, pleasant, mild and effective, invaluable for stomach, liver, kidney and bowel disorders.

It makes the stomach healthy, the liver active, the digestion good and the blood pure. That means health.

Nothing so bad for your health as a lazy liver—nothing so good for a lazy liver as ABBEY'S SALT.

*"After all a Happy Life is a Good Digestion."*

(QUIDA)

Take ABBEY'S SALT and be happy.

**25c. and 60c. per Bottle.**



getting 120 trout in all, and another party Messrs. J. O. Perry, S. D. McPhee, and H. Lloyd obtained sixty in four days. The local branch of the Fish and Game Protective Association should see that these lakes are strictly kept for rod and line fishing in the season, and then they will not deteriorate.

There appears to be no end to the numerous but effective inventions made in the interests of sportsmen and all who go into the woods by Mr. Marble, of the Marble Patent Safety Axe Company, of Gladstone, Mich. Mr. Marble's latest inventions include a safety carver which it is claimed is safe, strong, sanitary, and sensible—strong recommendations, every one of which it is believed can be thoroughly substantiated. It is described as an "eight inch pocket knife," and when folded occupies a space of only 5-16 inches thick by eight inches long, weighing only four ounces. The blade is of razor steel. The U shaped handle sections are of German silver heavily reinforced at the end where the blade bears on them. When open the knife is as rigid as a one-piece knife. Boiling water cannot injure this handle. The knife may be quickly and easily closed by pushing back the clasp, grasping the sides of the blade with one hand, and with the other pulling the outer handle down and back. The blade is then folded and the clasp pushed over it. Many guides have seen this knife, and all hold that it fills to perfection a long felt want. The same firm also make a safety saw with 8-inch blade, on the same principle as the carver. It is invaluable to all who go into the woods, and more particularly so to students of forestry and botany. Another most useful article, especially to fishermen is Marble's Safety Fish Knife. The blade, when folded, is entirely protected by the unique but simply constructed and operated German silver handle, and when open is as safe and as rigid as a one-piece knife. The knife is made sharp at the back of the point for ripping, and the back is an excellent fish sealer. No fisherman's outfit can be considered complete without this, one of the latest, and best devices for his convenience. A catalogue describing all these inventions will be sent free

to sportsmen who mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

The Hastings County branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association is, like its parent, very much alive, and as an illustration of this fact crowded the City Hall at Belleville on the last evening in May for an educational meeting in favor of its well known and meritorious objects. Mr. A. Kelly, Evans and Mr. Oliver Adams, who are untiring in this good work, delivered addresses, which were well supplemented by local speakers including Mr. Thomas Ritchie, Judge Fraleck, and the Rev. A. M. Hubby. Particular attention was paid to the question of net fishing in the Bay of Quinte, and the necessity of having efficient wardens insisted upon. The enforcement of the laws formed the theme of several of the addresses, and the educational value of the meeting and its after results should be very great.

A correspondent, who writes from Peterboro, Ont., wishes to say a word about the automatic shot gun, the prohibition of which is strongly recommended by the Ontario Game Commission. He says:—"I cannot find any reason why this gun should be prohibited, especially when the Government draws the duties upon its importation. It is not the gun that is to blame but the man behind the gun, and any man with a double barrel gun can do as much butchering, if he so wills, as he can with the automatic. The latter are made for two shots, and they are not quicker than a double barrel with a single trigger. I myself use an automatic, and as I am a mechanic in gun making, I admire the ingenious working of this gun. I am however no butcher, and when in camp kill only what I need for my living."

We are informed that owing to the great increase in their business, the Sonne Awning, Tent, and Tarpaulin Co., of 320 West Craig street, Montreal, will open a new office and show rooms at 327 St. James' St., in that city, where they will have launches, canoes, and boats of every description, and tents, awnings, and camp outfits of all kinds. This is the sort of

progress we like to record on behalf of our clients, and believe that the Magazine has no small share in the credit due for such extensions.

Considerable improvements in the train service have been made by the Grand Trunk System since they took over the Canada Atlantic, and now the Toronto sportsman is able to take the night train and find himself on his fishing grounds early on the following morning, having had the advantage of a good night's rest, and feeling ready to make use of every minute of his hastily snatched and all too limited vacation. From almost every station on this line, and more particularly from those within and on the borders of the Algonquin National Park, the fisherman may be sure of good sport and a quiet restful holiday. If the vacation is to be of any length of course arrangements should be made beforehand in order to secure canoes, guides, etc., but for a day or two, and unaccompanied by ladies or children, the fisherman is sure to find a place for himself and to enjoy his experiences both with the fish, and amid the haunts of Nature. If the fishery regulations are obeyed there will be plenty of rod and line fishing for all, and the fishing will not soon be depleted. From Orrville, Edington, Sprucedale, Otter Lake Station, and others the same stories of good fishing grounds come and the Toronto fishermen find almost at their own doors a vast area where fishing is of the best, and should improve rather than deteriorate. Bass, trout, and pike are the fish to be obtained, and these give sport enough to satisfy the most exacting; and canoe trips of any length, and taking one through beautiful country, can be made from any of these points. The Algonquin National Park should prove a source of delight to fishermen for many generations yet to come.

Every lover of outdoor life must be interested in photography. Many of them add materially to their enjoyment of the places they visit, and the scenes they witness, by obtaining pictures which give them untold delight in pleasant remembrances and enable them to live those memorable experiences over again. The

pleasures of an outing are three fold:—anticipation, realization, and recollection. The first is often the best; the second sometimes fail to come up to expectation, but the third is always enjoyable. Discomforts are softened, and pleasures heightened by the lapse of time. When to these can be added pictures of the scenes, which one lives over again in remembrance, the delights are enhanced, and no one should willingly forego them. The amateur photographer has now every kind of assistance available to enable him to achieve success in this work. Messrs. Lee & Sargent, 675 St. Catherine St., West, Montreal, have recently opened a photographic supply depot, and make a specialty of developing and printing. All films sent to them will receive the best of care, and their charges are reasonable. They have a fine assortment both of kodaks and supplies, and through the mail outsiders can obtain the same terms and have their work attended to just as well as if they were in Montreal. They offer a particular invitation to tourists visiting Montreal to inspect their stock. Their store is just "round the corner" from the Corona Hotel, a house that is growing in reputation with travellers and tourists every month, owing to the excellence of its accommodation, and the attention paid to the comforts of guests.

We are in receipt of a folder containing excellent maps, of the Nipigon District, gotten out by the Revillon Bros., Nipigon, Ont., established in 1723. They can supply guides, supplies, camping outfits, and everything for a fishing or hunting trip. They have taken a wise way of advertising by furnishing a good map free.

The latest Stevens hanger is a gem, and will make a fine addition to the decorations of any sportsman's den. It is a ten color lithograph, 15 inches by 20 inches, designed by a well known artist and executed with pleasing effect. A young couple in shooting costumes, each having one of the well known and reliable double barrel rifles, are in the act of crossing a stream by stepping stones. The lady looks well in her slouch hat jauntily set on her gold-





# CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

## WHEN FISH- ING

Angling is such a fascinating sport that while you are at it you don't want to quit. But—the excitement and exhilaration and exercise of handling a rod and line creates an appetite—strong and insistent.

Now, Clark's Pork and Beans—real Boston baked—tender and tasty, put up in *germ proof* tins, provides a tempting, delicious and substantial meal that satisfies for hours. In three appetising flavors—the delicate, rich, "beany" flavour, plain, or with genuine tomato and Chili sauce, which adds a touch of spiciness that is irresistible. 5c. and 10c. tins.

**WM. CLARK, Mfr.** - - - **Montreal**

en hair, and her red jersey, covert coat, stout boots, and serviceable frock all bespeak a knowledge of the woods, her whole appearance denoting the healthfulness of outdoor physical exercise. For all this however her ladyship is evidently not averse to the assistance her male companion, who is as sensibly dressed as herself, is pressing to offer, as he displays his brace of ducks, and is telling her how he obtained them. The red glow of the western sun lights up the scene, and the boat, which has brought them on this expedition, and will take them back, is also plain in the background, run ashore to await their convenience. Any sportsman, sending six cents in stamps, and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" can by addressing the Company at Chicopee Falls, Mass., receive a copy of this hanger, to which the Company desire to give the widest possible distribution.

an outing than an ability and the means to make the best of records of the same by a camera. Sportsmen and tourists are appreciating this fact in larger numbers every day, and this accounts for the increasing numbers of supply houses, and the completeness of the outfits they furnish. Amongst the very best of these is the well-known and old established house of Messrs. George Barrat & Son of Montreal. They have a fine store in Peel street, near the Windsor Hotel, where so many sportsmen and tourists make their headquarters; and having a large and complete stock throughout are able to supply every requirement with promptitude and satisfaction. They issue a good illustrated catalogue, and by means of the mails place those who live in any part of Canada on an equality with the residents of the commercial capital of the Dominion. Through this catalogue alone the amateur photographer (and the professional too) may learn much, and if he will secure his supplies with Messrs. Barrat he may be certain of no failures, and a wonderful addition to

Nothing adds more to the pleasures of

When writing advertisers kindly mention ROD AND GUN IN CANADA



his pleasures in his outings that will give him in future memories and going over again by sight and thoughts the value of his expenditure many times repeated. There is nothing like living past pleasures over again, and in no way can this be better or more thoroughly done than through photography.

To kill five deer with ten shots at a distance of four hundred yards is by no means a bad performance as every hunter will readily admit. This is the record recently made by three Mexican gentlemen armed with Savage rifles, and shooting in their own country. It is little wonder that in writing to the firm at Utica, N. Y., they describe themselves as Savage enthusiasts, and declare that their performance with these weapons has stirred all the deer hunters of the vicinity to attempt to emulate their feats. They don't think these can be equalled, far less surpassed, with any other than Savage rifles.

The Solid Comfort Fishing Club of Western Penna., has located a camp for

this year near the head of French River, Ontario, and expect to go into camp about the end of this month. This Club has had a camp at Beaumaris on Muskoka Lake since 1880. It has twenty four members and is composed of active business men. Since 1880 it has always made Toronto its base of supplies. The Club will go by way of the Grand Trunk R. R. to North Bay.

Certainly next to your own enjoyment is the joy of sharing your pleasure and your best experiences with others. Such a plan a good deal more than doubles your own pleasures and if once tried is never abandoned. By no better method can this be effected than by having lantern slides made from your own photographs or films taken on your outings or in any other way, and then by their means go over your experiences again in company with your friends and neighbours. These slides, either plain or colored, will give untold joy to many people, if skilfully prepared. Such an expert, willing to make the very best of your material, can be found by ad-

## Live Angle Worms

Packed carefully and shipped to any address.



### We Defy Competition in Our Manufacturing Department

Bamboo Jointed Poles, 3-piece, at 65c, 15c, 25c, 20c, 15c, 10c  
Split Bamboo Rods, 3-piece and extra tip, on wood  
form, at \$3.25, \$3, \$2.50, \$1.75, \$1.25, and \$1.  
Lancewood Rods, all kinds at \$4, \$3.25, \$2.75, \$2.25,  
\$1.75, and \$1.50  
Steel Rods, for trout, bass or lunge, at \$3.00, \$4.95,  
\$5.75, and \$6.75  
Fishing Reels, best assortment in the city, from 12c,  
15c, and 25c to \$7 each.  
Trolling Spoons, all the latest inventions, from 9c  
up to \$1 each  
Preserved Bait, minnows, etc., 35c. bottle  
Best Hollow Point Gut Hooks, single, per dozen, 15c  
Plain Gut Hooks, single, per dozen, 10c  
**All other tackle at proportionately low prices.**  
**We guarantee better prices than any other store.**  
10x12 tents, complete with poles and pegs, \$12.50  
Camp Cots, 95c. each, Camp Stools, 35c. each  
Tourists can write us for catalogues, maps, guides, etc., or place your order for supplies of all kinds, including groceries, etc., ahead, and we will have them packed ready for you or shipped to any point  
Toronto's Exclusive Sporting Goods store, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Ammunition, Gun Repairing

**Warren Sporting Goods Co.**

10 King Street East  
**TORONTO**

dressing G. R. G. Legge, Granby, Que., whose customers include the leading railways and well known lecturers, and who would not be trusted with such work if he could not also give you satisfaction.

It appears to be an undoubted fact that big game in the Algonquin National Park is now more numerous than at any period since its establishment. The animals appreciate the guarantee of protection afforded them, and are gathering and increasing in great numbers. The beavers in particular are multiplying and affording tourists and sportsmen opportunities of witnessing the skilled work of one of the most interesting of Canadian animals. The protection thus given is only rendered effective by constant vigilance on the part of the Superintendent and his staff. Early last month they heard of a trapper working at the west of the park, and as near the boundary as to take advantage of the

animals that had gathered within the protected area of the Park. One fine morning, without the slightest intimation that anything out of the ordinary was afoot, the Superintendent, accompanied by a ranger, left headquarters at the break of day. They walked eight miles across country and paddled thirty two miles, making forty in all, and caught their man within a mile of the boundary. The offender had a beaver recently trapped in his hand at the time, and also a goodly store of furs which were all seized. The whole party returned to headquarters the same night—a pretty long and hard day's work, but one which shows the illegitimate trapper how swift and sure the authorities can strike when occasion calls for it.

It seemed hardly necessary for Mr. Jos. Templeton, Secretary of the Hastings county branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, to address a



JAEGER



Sleeping Bag.



United Garment

## Your Outing Outfit

Can be made up much more **completely, economically and satisfactorily** with articles of "Jaeger" Pure Wool—Underwear, Sweaters, Stockings, Negligee Shirts, Caps, and the famous Sleeping Bag of Camelhair Fleece. Such articles are the most appropriate things for an outdoor life, and will stand the rough wear as nothing else can. "Jaeger" Pure Wool will keep you cool in the hot days and warm during the cool evenings without the necessity of increasing or diminishing the quantity of your clothing. Obtainable by leading dealers in all principal cities. You will save yourself needless worry and expense if you consult our catalogue No. 1 before making up your kit. Write for it



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## "Hammer the Hammer"

WITHOUT FEAR OF DISCHARGE, IF THE

Owl's Head trade-mark is on the stock, because the revolver hammer never touches the firing pin. This safety principle, found only in the Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver, is due to the fact that the lever which transmits the blow from the hammer to the firing pin is never in position to do so except when the trigger is pulled all the way back.

### SEND FOR BOOKLET "SHOTS"

It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver**  
3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 328 center fire cartridge - \$6.50

**Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver**  
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 328 center fire cartridge - \$7.50

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS**  
157 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers St. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co., 280 Alameda Ave., Alameda, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.

local paper in order to deny that he and other members of the local branch had refused to sign a petition circulated in Belleville, asking for the privileges of net fishing in the Bay of Quinte. The members of the local association are too loyal for any statement of the kind to possess a shadow of truth. There are few net fishermen left on the Bay of Quinte. (Mr. Templeton estimates them at six only) and as he points out the result of their work is to benefit great fish companies in Buffalo and New York. Naturally Mr. Templeton is for prohibiting net fishing in the Bay, and then there will be rod and line fishing for every one and abundance for all. The water is a public domain, and the whole of the public, and not a mere handful of monopolists, have the rights to the fishing. Mr. Templeton gives one most significant hint which may not be without its effects at headquarters. As he says, a few fishermen's votes no longer control the situation; for on the question of fish protection hundreds are now awake and they mean to make their position

clearly understood, and their power and influence felt. He emphasizes the fact that he is for stopping net fishing and enforcing the law.

Inventive genius is one of the marks of the age, and thousands of dollars are spent in procuring patents for articles which at the time appear likely to the enthusiastic promoter to live as long as the world lasts and to prove of untold benefit to mankind. Many flourish for a brief period and then sink into oblivion. A different fate seems likely to be the fortune of the Matchless Cigar Lighter, manufactured by the Matchless Cigar Lighter Manufacturing Company, of 16 St. John St. (Dept. 12) New York City. This novel invention is a boon to the man who smokes. While it takes us back to our grandfather's time, being "flintlock" in principle, it is wonderfully effective and useful, and bids fair to be highly successful. In appearance it resembles a match box and can be conveniently and easily carried in the pocket. In construction it is strong and durable and



If you anticipate a Western Hunting & Fishing Trip

## Bear in Mind

that you can outfit to better advantage here than you can at home and also save yourself a deal of trouble and some money. We are known by every sportsman from the Lakes westward and sellevything the hunter needs.

**The Hingston Smith Arms Co., Ltd.,**

**WINNIPEG**



fitted with a series of wheels, which, upon lifting the lever forming the top of the case, revolve on a tiny tube of flint, which in turn throws a spark on a chemically prepared wick, thus igniting it to light. a cigar, cigarette or pipe. The strongest wind cannot blow it out, and carrying a guarantee of two years' effective use it is remarkable that such a useful article can be sold for fifty cents.

During the greater portion of last month the Ontario Fisheries Department had a busy time stocking public waters with black bass. The Muskoka Lakes, Kawartha Lakes, Lake Simcoe, Lake Couchiching, Lake of Bays, and Grand River, were included in the waters that received attention, and applications were received by the Department for many others. The adult fish were taken from Inner Bay, Lake Erie, off the county of Norfolk. They were placed in cars specially fitted with tanks, and taken to their destinations. The results of this work, and of the Dominion hatcheries, if accompanied by effective protection, should soon be apparent.

In nothing is the pursuit of economy more foolish than in the purchase of firearms. So much may depend at a critical

moment upon the trustworthiness of a weapon that it is indeed tempting Providence to purchase a cheap revolver. What is saved by cheapness must come out of the quality of the weapon. It is impossible to have absolute safety, accuracy, and the best of materials and workmanship at a bargain counter price; and unless a weapon is as nearly perfect as human skill can make it (which must mean paying a good price for the article) it may prove more destructive to the owner than to anyone else. What does a dollar saved on the price count as against the loss of a hand or an eye? If you want a revolver that can be depended upon in any emergency; one made of the best material, and constructed by the most skilled mechanics; is accurate to the thousandth of an inch, with no rattle or shake about it, and as flawless as the most rigid inspection can ensure; quick acting and yet cannot be fired when on safety half cock except by pulling the trigger—you will find all this and more in the "H. & R." Double Action Model, 1905, Revolver. If you will mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" the H. & R. Co., of Worcester, Mass., will send you a catalogue containing full particulars of this famous weapon.

John Reid, guide, has left Desbarats, Ont., to take a position as a railway brakeman. All letters about guides for the Desbarats country should be sent to Mr. Y. D. Rose, manager of the Hiawatha Camp hotel, Desbarats. Fortunately several good new guides will take his place there.

**Alfred J.C. Robertson**

A. M. I. N. A. A. M. I. E.

**NAVAL ARCHITECT**

(Formerly on the Design Staff of Messrs. Denny, Dumbarton.)

Designs prepared for all kinds of Power and Sailing Yachts, 601 St. Catherine St. West, MONTREAL.

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## Life Saving FOLDING CANVAS BOATS

LATEST PATENT,  
SAFEST AND BEST

Air Chambers furnished with every boat. Cannot sink, and will not tip. Folds the most compact of any boat made. Puncture proof. Galvanized tempered steel frame, no bolts to remove, can be shipped as baggage, costing nothing for transportation. Satisfaction guaranteed.

We received the highest reward at St. Louis World's Fair.

**LIFE SAVING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.,**  
WINDSOR, CANADA.



## Fishing Tackle

Split Bamboo Rods \$1.00 to \$25.00.  
Steel Rods, Rainbow, \$3.50.  
Steel Rods, Bristol, \$4.00 to \$8.00.  
Silk Lines, 15c, 35c, 50c, 75c.  
Gut Hooks 15c dozen to 50c.  
Reels 15c, 25c, 50c, to \$5.00.

Minnows, Spoons, Baskets, and Every-  
thing for the Fisherman's Outfit.

American sportsmen visiting Montreal invited to call.  
PRICES LOW, QUALITY HIGH.

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48 WEST NOTRE DAME ST.  
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Established 1888

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Why the WITCH-ELK  
Hunting Boots are best

For  
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They are the  
lightest boot on  
the market, qual-  
ity and material  
considered.

They are made to fit, and wear. They are practically  
waterproof—if properly taken care of. There are no  
nails or anything to gall the feet. They will not harden.

**THEY WILL PLEASE YOU**

Ask your dealer to order you a pair or write for cat-  
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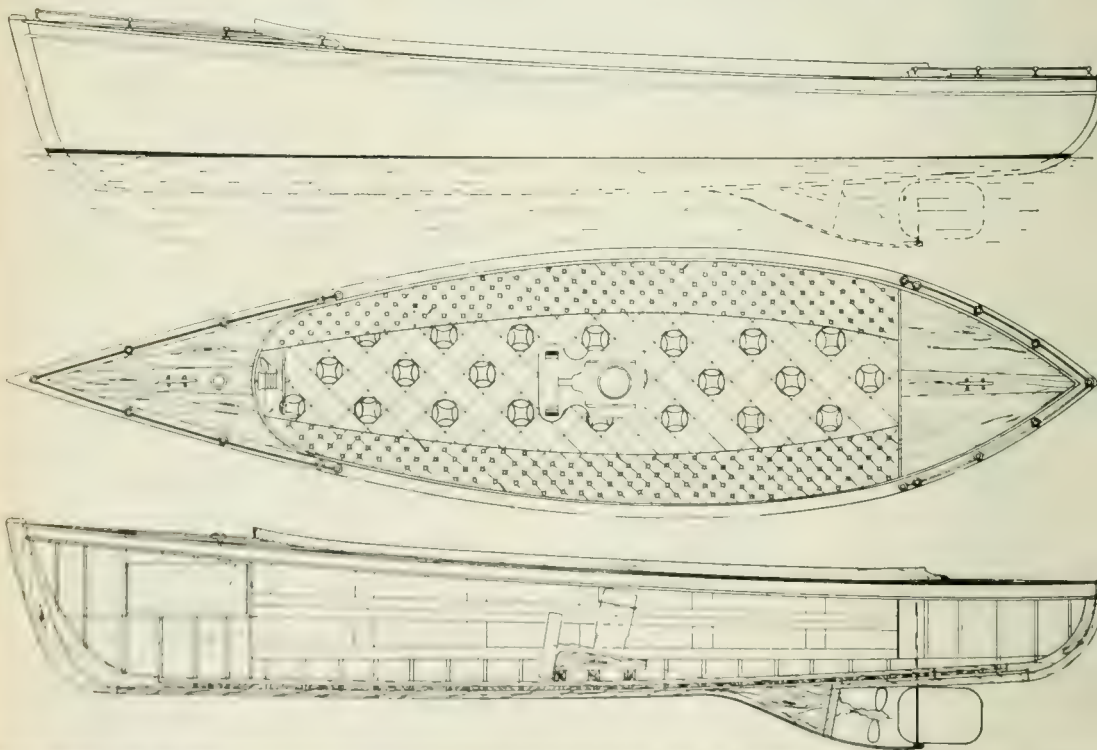
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Manufacturers of Sporting and Athletic Footwear.

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SHIP YARD AND LAUNCH WORKS  
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A variety of styles and  
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Any Size Motor Boat Built to Order, from our design or  
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## IGNITION SPECIALTIES



Trade 'SYNTIC' Mark

(Made in Canada)  
Extra fast vibrator  
A spark that FIRES  
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Jump Spark Coils  
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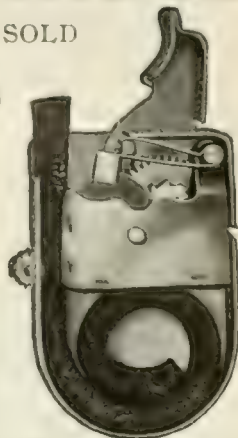
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ONE MILLION SOLD

## Matchless Cigar Lighter

A NECESSITY  
TO EVERY SMOKER



Lights cigar, cigarette and pipe anywhere, at any time—in wind rain or snow—on land or sea. Practically indestructible and never fails to light. It is not a novelty but a useful article, which fits the vest pocket nicely.

*1-3 Actual size—with side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe.*

**"The Harder it Blows, the Brighter it Glows"**

Your dealer has, (or can get) "The Matchless Cigar Lighter"—if he won't, we will mail you one postpaid with instructions for use and our two year guarantee—on receipt of price. **50 cts.**

**The Matchless Cigar Lighter Mfg. Co.**

Dept. 12.

16 JOHN ST.,

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

## The celebrated "Clabrough Gun"

You will be wanting a new trap or game gun, if you do not know where to buy a "Clabrough", mail us a few lines, we will send you the name and address of the nearest Wholesale House carrying a stock of our guns, and any other information you ask for.

Order early, and give your dealer a chance! Lists from dealers or direct from us. Get one and get it quickly.



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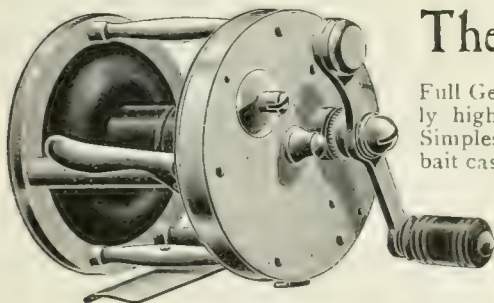
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### Wines, Spirits and Cigars

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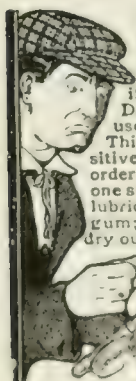
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The Chamberlin Cartridge Target Co.  
CLEVELAND, OHIO.



## DON'T BLAME THE REEL

if it fails you at a critical moment. Don't give it a chance to fail you—use "3-in-One" and it *never* will! This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out.

Contains no acid. It absolutely prevents rust. Apply it to rod joints, they will come apart easily. Use on rod, —it's good for wood—promotes pliability. Rub on line, prevents rotting. Trial bottle sent FREE by G. W. COLE CO., 19 Washington Life Building New York City.



## GLOVER'S IMPERIAL

### DOG REMEDIES.

The result of twenty-five years' experience in the treatment of

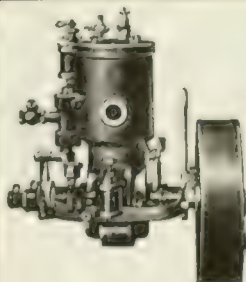
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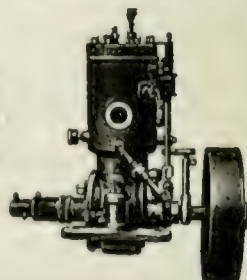
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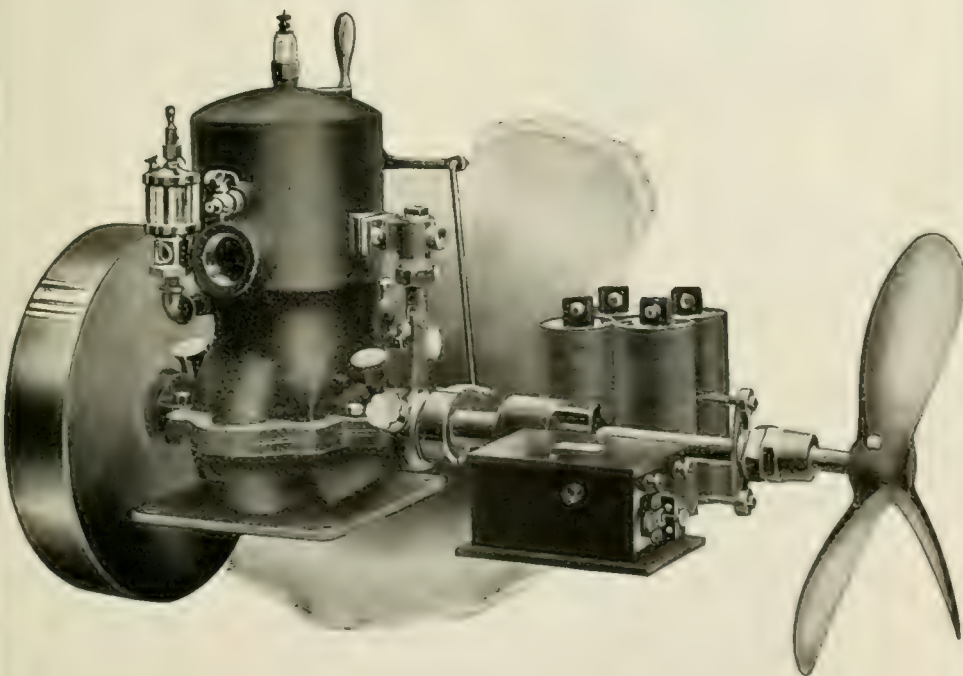
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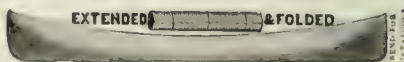
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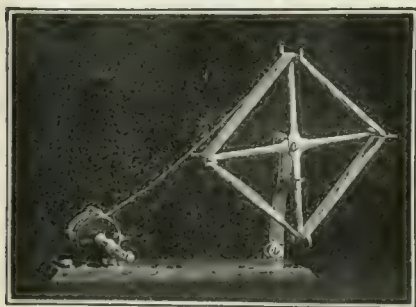
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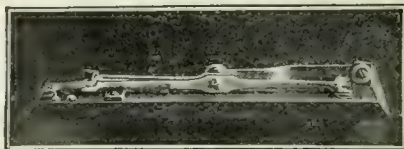
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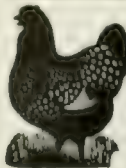
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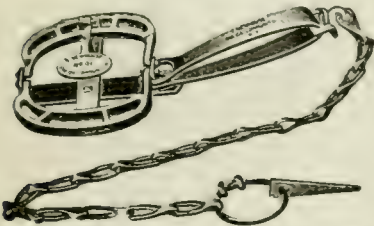
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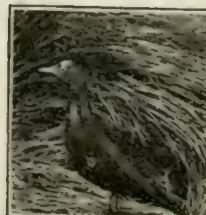
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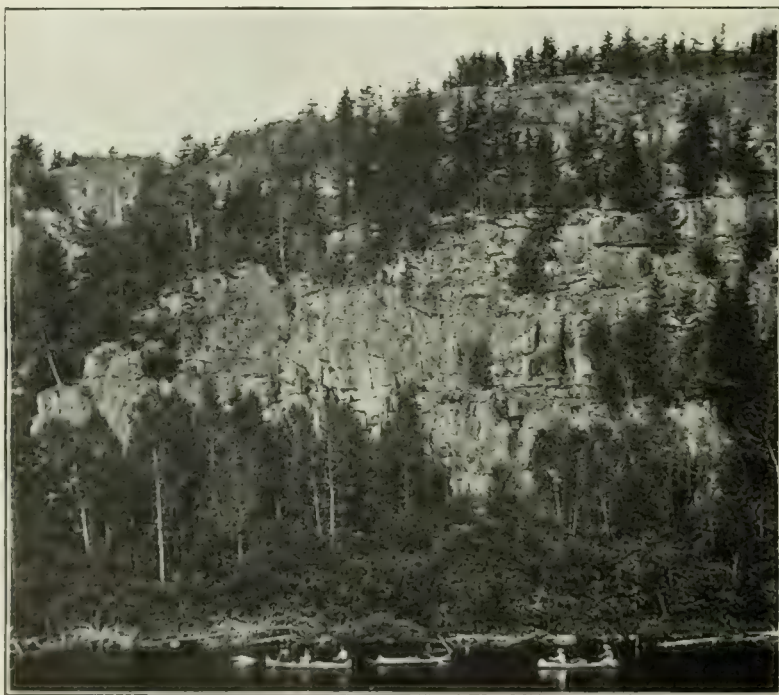
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# THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

## Tournament Dates

August 8, 9 and 10—Dominion Trap Shooting Association, Hamilton, W. P. Thomson, Hamilton, Ont., Sec.-Treas.  
July 20—Clifford, Ont. John A. Gray, Sec.

## Dominion Tournament Programme.

The Tournament of the Dominion Trapshooters Association begins already to loom up large on the trapshooting horizon. The tournament will be held at Hamilton, August 8th, 9th and 10th, on the new Club grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club. It promises to be the greatest summer shoot ever held in Canada. Over 200 marksmen from different parts of Canada and the United States are expected to take part. The events and prizes will be open to Canadians only, but many professionals as well as outside amateurs are expected to be present. The former to display the excellence of the goods of the companies they represent. There will be ten 20-target events each day besides the individual championship, Grand Canadian Handicap, two-man team, five-man team and eight man team championships. \$12,000 to \$15,000, with \$1500 added money and trophies will be distributed among the winners.

Thomas Upton is president of the Association and Walter P. Thomson is Secretary.

At the last meeting of the Hamilton Gun Club committees were appointed to make all local arrangements for the big events and August 8, 9 and 10 promise to be three big days for Hamilton.

Trap Shooting in Canada is becoming more popular each year, as is evidenced by the increase in membership every year, and many new faces and clubs will be seen at the forthcoming tournament.

The Hamilton Gun Club has been of great assistance to the Association in promoting the gentlemanly pastime in Ontario, and it has endeavored to make the 1906 programme an attractive one in every way, and hopes to have its efforts appreciated by the largest attendance in the history of the Association.

The new grounds of the Club are second to none, the backgrounds being perfect and the accommodation for four sets of traps, tents for the members and space for the spectators is all that could be desired.

It is the intention of the Association to offer a programme similar to the one introduced at Ottawa in 1905, which gave such universal satisfaction.

All of the events will be the usual sweepstakes, but instead of offering trophies for each individual event, the corresponding events of each day will be taken, and trophies and prizes will be given for the aggregate of sixty birds for three events, 20 birds each event each day.

The usual prizes will be given for high average each day and for the high average for the tournament. His Excellency, Earl Grey, has donated a beautiful silver cup.

The following have also donated prizes at time of publication of this issue:—Thomas Union Company, Hamilton, Royal Distillery, Hamilton; Hotel Royal, Hamilton; Hilda Cigar Co., Hamilton; Hamilton Brewing Association, of Hamilton; Wood Vengeance Co., Hamilton; Ky-

noch Limited, Birmingham, Eng.; Isaac Hollis Gun Co., Birmingham, Eng.; Claborough Johnson Gun Co., Birmingham, Eng.; Montreal Rolling Mills, Montreal; Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal; Geo. W. McGill, Toronto; Thomas A. Duff, Toronto; Gurney-Tilden Co., Hamilton; A. Zimmerman & Co., Hamilton; Lefever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y.; Canadian Indians; W. H. Ewing, Montreal; Hamilton Gun Club, Hamilton; Mail and Empire, Toronto; Brewers and Maltsters, Toronto.

The Hamilton Gun Club promises that everything will be done to make the Sixth Annual Tournament of the Bir Association the "Banner Shoot" of its history. The programme will be sent to members about July 20th.

Further particulars may be had by addressing W. P. Thomson, Esq., Spectator Building, Hamilton, Secretary of the Association.

## Stray Pellets.

A 50-man team match between Buffalo and Toronto, is on the tapis.

John A. Gray, secretary Clifford Gun Club, writes that this club will give their annual tournament, July 20th. The system of handicapping will be something new at tournaments. All shooting will be from 16 yards. Shooters will be classified according to their records at the trap as published in Rod and Gun from July, 1905, to June, 1906. The handicap will be by added birds to shoot at. 65 per cent to 95 per cent men will receive no allowance. 75 per cent to 85 per cent shooters will be allowed one extra target and 65 per cent to 70 per cent shooters will be allowed two extra birds, to shoot at in every ten. The object of this system of handicapping is to put every shooter on an equal footing and encourage the poorer shot. \$30.00 will be given for average money. A committee of three will do the handicapping.

As we go to press we are in receipt of the scores of Sarnia tournament held June 20 and 21. High average each day was won by Mr. Houghton, Sarnia, and second average each day by Mr. Chamberlain, Columbus, Ohio. Third average first day was won by B. W. Glover, London, and third average, second day, by Roy Luck, Sarnia. The scores are as follows, the number of targets shot at being in brackets:—First day—Cox (200) 153, Houghton (200) 166, Renicke (200) 154, Chamberlain (200) 165, Luck (200) 155, Glover (200) 158, Barney (200) 153, Forest (200) 142, Red Head (200) 108, Blue Bill (180) 124, Mitchell (120) 92, Tippitt (120) 77. Second day—Houghton (180) 155, Chamberlain (180) 164, Luck (180) 147, Renicke (180) 146, Barney (180) 143, Forest (180) 139, Cox (180) 128, McNeil (180) 124, Redhead (180) 121, McDonald (140) 96, A. Brown (60) 32, F. Mitchell (40) 26, Tippitt (20) 14, Parker (20) 20. High winds accounted for the low scores.

June 18th Fort Garry Gun Club commenced shooting for the Hamilton Powder Co.'s medal. To qualify each member must shoot at least ten nights during the summer. The person





CHIEF BE-WAH-BA-QUING (IRON-FACE.)



CHIEF JAM-JAM.

making the highest average will win the medal and will be entitled to shoot for a silver plate valued at \$150. The shoot for the plate will take place next summer and each club in Manitoba will be entitled to one entry.

#### Heap Big Indian Shoot.

Fine weather and a large crowd greeted the first annual tournament at Montreal, May 21 and 25. Notwithstanding predictions freely offered to the contrary by many who thought that Montreal was too far from the centre of the trapshooting world to ensure a successful tournament there, the gathering proved an undoubted success. These pessimists, over-looked the fact that Montreal is the centre of a circle of as enthusiastic and thorough sportsmen as can be found anywhere on the continent of America. The generosity of Walter H. Ewing Esq., Montreal, and the splendid work of himself and other local shooters, ably seconded the work of the High Scribe, Thomas A. Duff, Esq., Toronto, who devoted months of his time and energy in preparing a most attractive programme and to whose fine executive abilities, the success of the tournament can be largely attributed. The result was one of the most successful tournaments ever held anywhere in Canada and not only assured the permanent success of the Canadian Indians as a trapshooting organization but will, no doubt, give a tremendous impetus to the sport in Eastern Canada.

The shooting took place on the grounds of the Montreal Gun Club, near the Waterworks at Point St. Charles, and was over three sets of Bowron traps, set Sergeant system. Bowron traps were also used. Mr. Bowron, himself, was also present to give his personal attention to the traps, which were worked so satisfactorily

that his services were seldom required.

The first day, being Victoria Day, brought out a large number of spectators, including as we were pleased to see many ladies, who seemed to view with great interest the work of the target smashers. About 1500 neat aluminum souvenirs of the shoot in the form of an Indian in full costume, were distributed freely as a memento of the occasion. In addition a handsome badge in the shape of an oxidized medallion embossed with Indian head and words commemorative of the occasion was provided for each competitor, official, guest and "squaw" and were much appreciated.

The trade was represented by Messrs. J. H. Cameron, J. A. R. Elliott, and J. M. Hawkins, representing the Winchester R. A. Co.; T. A. Marshall and J. S. Cole, Jr., of the U. M. C. Co.; A. H. Durston of the Lefever Arms Co. E. G. White and F. H. Conover, Canadian representatives of the Dupont Powder Co., and F. L. Halford, Montreal, representing the Dominion Cartridge Co. The presence of the "hired men" always add to the pleasure of a tournament and was much appreciated by all the shooters in this instance.

The office was in charge of Mr. J. Mowall Hawkins who performed the onerous work of handling the books and shooting through the programme as well. He did exceedingly well in both places and both Mr. Hawkins and his Company are entitled to the thanks of the Canadian Indians for his valuable services. Mr. Hawkins was ably assisted in his office work by the well known Canadian experts, Messrs. George Cashmore and Alex. Dey and it goes without saying that this important end of the tournament was handled with entire satisfaction to every one.

The handicap adopted was the fixed handicap by distance, 16 to 20 yards, and proved much more satisfactory in every way to the





1- Forest H. Conover, "Chief Dave Hawk"; 2. D. McMackon, "Chief Level Head"; 3. Thomas A. Duff, "Chief King Pin"; 4. George W. McGill, "Chief Holy Smoke"; 5. Thomas Up-ton, "Chief Jam Jam"; 6. F. A. Heney, "Chief Eagle Eye"; 7. J. B. Goodhue, "Chief Memphramagog"; 8. Edw. G. White, "Chief Sah-aw-ko-kin-ap-i"; 9. Walter H. Ewing, "Chief Long Buffalo Horn."

sliding handicap commonly used. The professionals were allowed to fix their own handicap and shot from 18 yards throughout the tournament.

Professional high average, the first day, was won by J. M. Hawkins, with 194 out of 200; J. A. R. Elliott was second with 192, A. H. Durston third with 190 and T. A. Marshall fourth with 188.

Amateur high average, first day, was won by Walter H. Ewing, Montreal, with the splend-



Jam Jam. Long Buffalo Horn. Level Head. Short Wing

id score of 189. He received the handsome Clarendon cup offered as first prize. Second amateur high average and the sterling silver Bailey Cup was won by D. McMackon, Highgate, Ont., with the good score of 186. Duff, Jennings, Wakefield and Paine were close behind with 185.

Professional average the second day was won by Elliott with 196 out of 200. Hawkins was second with 195 and Marshall and Durston third with 188.

Amateur average the second day was won by Mr. A. W. Westover, Sutton Junction, P.Q., with 193 out of 200. In doing so he broke 98 out of his last 100 which was certainly a fine performance. Second average was won by Mr. A. W. Throop, Ottawa, with 191, who thereby confirmed the high reputation this well known target smasher has been making for himself this season. Mr. Westover received the handsome Ithaca gun offered as high average prize and Mr. Throop the handsome silver cup donated by Dr. W. J. C. Tomalin, Deloraine, Man.. W. H. Ewing and E. G. White were third with 189.

Professional high average for the tournament was won by J. Mowall Hawkins with 39 out of 400. Elliott was second with 388 and Durston third with 378.

Amateur average for both days was won by Walter H. Ewing with 378 out of 400. Mr. Ewing thereby became the holder of the very handsome and valuable solid gold and silver cup donated by the Toronto Indians and their friends, an honor which Canadian amateurs may well aspire to. A. W. Westover was second with 378.

The contest for the Ewing Cup excited a great deal of keen competition among the Indians to whom it was limited, and considerable amusement to the spectators. Each contestant was required to shoot in full Indian costume. The cup itself was a very handsome one on a large base embellished with a facsimile of a black bird target, and was the generous gift of Mr. Walter H. Ewing, Montreal. The contest was at 25 birds each day or 50 in all from the 16 yard mark. E. G. White, the popular Dupont representative, won out with

49, breaking his last 25 straight. The scores were White (Sah-aw-ko-kin-ap-i), 49; G. C. Thompson (Tasu-kamend), 48; G. M. Howard (Link-we-kinuk), 48; A. W. Westover (Black Hawk), 48; Thos. Upton, (Jam-Jam) 48; Geo. McCall (Eye-opener), 48; Walter H. Ewing (Long Buffalo Horn), 47; P. Wakefield (Powder Monkey) 46; Thos. A. Duff (King Pin) 45; E. C. Eaton (Manitou) 45; W. P. Thompson (Iron Face) 45; D. McMackon (Level Head) 45; W. A. Smith (Long Bill) 45; R. Fleming (Big Duck) 44; G. L. Vivian (Short Wing) 44; T. M. Craig (Ah-meek), 44; G. W. McGill (Holy Smoke) 43; F. H. Conover (Dave Hawk) 42; G. L. Wolf (Poundmaker) 42; J. Dodds (Pop 'em) 41

#### ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the tribe took place in the council hall at the Place Viger Hotel, on Victoria Day, at 8.45 p.m. Every member present at the shoot was on his log. High Chief Dave Hawk (Forest H. Conover) was on the big log. The pipe of peace was smoked by all the members, and then Dave rose to the occasion and opened the pow-wow with "heap plenty talk," in which he congratulated the members on the success of the first tournament, as well as upon the good attendance.

At the close of his "talk" a fleet footed runner from the camp, who had been out scouting announced that Chief Long Talk (Hon. Tom A. Marshall) and Chief Brook Trout (J. A. R. Elliott), two chiefs from a tribe of friendly Indians, were approaching the council hall bearing glad tidings from Our brothers to the south. Chief King Pin was at once sent out to find



Big Duck King Pin, Holy Smoke, Short Wing.

them and he located them in the camp holding conversation with our squaws. They were at once disturbed, taken to the council hall and formally presented to the tribe in due and ancient form. Loud were the grunts of approval. Noses were rubbed and the pipe smoked whereupon they were escorted to two logs of honor which had hastily been prepared for them.

High Chief Dave Hawk called upon Chief Level Head to present the address of welcome, which he did to the great satisfaction of all.

High Chief Long Talk was first to reply. On rising he was greeted with war whoops, grunts and other marks of approval. He made an eloquent, cordial and friendly reply and assured the Canadian tribe that his band was at all times ready to help us in peace or in war. He expressed his pleasure at being present, his surprise at the perfect arrangements for the shoot as well as at the magnificence of the cups and souvenirs and assured us that with one year over our heads we had made as much progress as his tribe had in five years.

Chief Brook Trout ("dear old Jim") he is affectionately called in Canada) next rose to speak and was boisterously received. Brook Trout said he was too full (lump in throat) to speak, but wished to say how pleased he at-





10. W. A. Smith, "Chief Long Bill," 11. Dr. J. E. Overholt, "Chief Kill-em-quick"; 12. Harry Marlatt, "Chief Long Point"; 13. T. M. Craig, "Chief Ah-meek"; 14. John Dodds, "Chief Pop 'em"; 15. J. H. Thompson, "Chief Bald Pate"; 16. Geo. T. Wolf, "Chief Poundmaker"; 17. W. P. Thompson, "Chief Iron Face"; 18. G. M. Howard, "Chief Link-we-kinuk."



ways was to come to Canada. The oftener he came the better he liked to come. He also congratulated the tribe upon the progress it had made.

These two noted chiefs were then returned to the squaws for safe keeping until the council should adjourn, when they would again be taken in hand by the braves.

Considerable business was disposed of. Sixteen new members were elected as follows:—



TOM A. MARSHALL

U. M. C., EXPERT HIGH CHIEF OF AMERICAN INDIANS

Messrs. J. H. Rainville and R. B. Hutchinson, Montreal; M. E. Fletcher, F. B. Vallance, and H. A. Horning, Hamilton; George M. Donk, A. Dev, Dr. George G. Jordan and C. D. Ten Eyck, Toronto; H. Scane, Ridgetown; H. des Riveries, Quebec; Roy Luck, Point Edward; Dr. H. P. Stockwell, Sherbrooke; W. G. Doherty, Dr. J. Gunn and Dr. C. E. Holmes, Clinton.

The Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association was presented with a silver cup for competition at its annual tournament in August next, the cup to be known as "The Canadian Indians Trophy."

No decision was arrived at as to the date or the place of holding the next annual tournament.

FIRST DAY, MAY 24TH.—

		Events:—
		Targets : —
J. M. Hawkins, Baltimore, Md.	18	19 19 20 20 19 20 19 20 19 19 — 194
J. A. R. Elliott, New York	18	20 19 20 18 18 20 20 19 18 — 192
A. H. Durston, Syracuse, N. Y.	18	19 19 18 20 19 19 19 19 19 — 190
W. H. Ewing, Montreal	18	19 17 19 18 18 19 20 20 19 — 189
D. McMackon, Highgate, Ont.	18	19 18 18 18 18 19 19 19 20 19 — 186
Thos. A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill.	18	19 19 20 19 18 19 19 17 18 18 — 186
E. G. White, Ottawa	19	18 18 18 16 17 20 20 20 18 — 185
T. A. Duff, Toronto	18	19 16 19 20 20 18 18 18 20 17 — 185
J. E. Jennings, Toronto	18	19 18 17 18 17 20 19 19 19 — 185
B. F. Paine, Champlain	16	19 19 20 17 16 18 18 19 20 — 185
P. Wakelield, Toronto	18	19 20 17 18 17 19 20 18 19 — 185
Geo. Dumont, Montreal	18	17 17 18 20 17 18 20 18 20 19 — 184
J. H. Rainville, Montreal	17	16 20 18 18 19 17 19 16 20 50 — 183
H. Scane, Ridgetown	19	18 17 18 19 18 20 18 18 19 — 183
Geo. McCall, St. Thomas	16	18 18 17 19 19 20 19 18 19 — 183
Geo. Beattie, Hamilton	17	20 18 20 17 20 19 18 18 17 16 — 183
A. W. Westover, Sutton, Ont.	18	18 20 19 18 15 17 18 18 19 20 — 182
C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke	18	19 17 16 19 17 20 16 18 20 19 — 181
Chas. Aubin, Montreal	17	16 16 16 18 19 19 19 18 19 — 181
G. L. Vivian, Toronto	17	18 18 16 18 17 18 19 20 18 18 — 180
E. C. Eaton, Montreal	18	16 18 17 19 18 18 18 18 19 19 — 180
T. Upton, Hamilton	18	16 19 16 16 19 20 18 19 18 19 — 180
W. H. Candlish, Montreal	16	18 16 20 18 17 19 19 17 19 17 — 179

namement, but it will go to the city or town whose club offers the best inducements. The date and place will be decided at a meeting of all Indians present at the Dominion tournament on August 8, 9, and 10, in Hamilton.

The election of officers resulted as follows:— High Chief, D. McMackon, Highgate, Ont.; High vice-chief, T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, P.Q.; high scribe and chief of wampum, Thos. A. Duff, Toronto; council chiefs, Thomas Upton, Hamilton; George W. McGill, Toronto; H. des Riveries, Quebec; F. A. Heney, Ottawa; C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke, Walter H. Ewing, Montreal, and W. A. Smith, Kingsville.

Votes of thanks were passed to the donors of cups and money prizes as well as to the retiring officers.

PRESENTATION OF PRIZES.

On Friday evening the small supper room of the Place Viger was a blaze of glory. The braves and many of the competitors were in evening dress, while the squaws and papposes were handsomely gowned. Mr. Thomas A. Duff was requested to act as toastmaster and opened the proceedings with an address of welcome. The first cup was presented by him to Edward G. White, Ottawa. This was the Walter H. Ewing Cup, open to Canadian Indians only. It was immediately filled with stuff out of bottles that makes a noise when the cork is pulled like a three-dram load of DuPont. Mr. P. H. Conover presented the Clarendon Hotel cup to Walter H. Ewing. More popping. Then Hon. Tom A. Marshall, high chief of the American Indians, presented to Mr. D. McMackon, high chief Canadian Indians, the Bailey Cup. In the course of Mr. Marshall's remarks he referred in glowing terms to our success, and expressed the hope that in the very near future the American and Canadian tribes would hold a joint tournament and pow-wow. The Ithaca gun was presented to Mr. A. W. Westover by Mr. F. H. Conover, the Dr. Tomlin cup to Mr. A. W. Throop by Mr. J. A. R. Elliott and the Toronto Cup to Mr. Walter Ewing by Thos. Upton, president of the Dominion Trap Shooting Association. Mr. Upton invited all to the tournament in August and thanked the tribe for the cup donated to the association. The ladies and children retired and the entertainment proceeded with speeches, songs and stories from every one present. During the course of the evening Mr. Thomas A. Duff on behalf of the Canadian Indians, presented to Hon. Tom A. Marshall, for the American Indians, a silver cup to be competed for at their annual tournament in Virginia in August next. Chiefs Long Talk and Brook Trout technically and eloquently replied.

From social and sporting points of view this tournament was a magnificent success, and all are looking forward to the 1907 meet.

The scores:—

Y'cp.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Bk
Yds.	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	—
18	19	19	20	20	19	20	19	20	19	19	— 194
18	20	19	20	18	18	20	20	19	18	—	192
18	19	19	18	20	19	19	19	19	19	—	190
18	19	17	19	18	18	19	20	20	19	—	189
18	19	18	18	18	19	17	19	19	20	19	— 186
18	19	19	20	19	18	19	19	17	18	18	— 186
19	18	18	18	16	17	20	20	20	20	18	— 185
18	19	16	19	20	20	18	18	18	20	17	— 185
18	19	18	17	18	17	20	19	19	19	19	— 185
16	19	19	20	17	16	18	18	19	19	20	— 185
18	19	20	17	18	17	19	20	18	18	19	— 185
18	17	17	18	20	17	18	20	18	20	19	— 184
17	16	20	18	18	19	17	19	16	20	20	— 183
19	18	17	18	19	18	20	18	18	18	19	— 183
16	18	18	17	19	19	20	19	18	19	16	— 183
17	20	18	20	17	20	19	18	18	17	16	— 183
18	18	20	19	18	15	17	18	18	19	20	— 182
18	19	17	16	19	17	20	16	18	20	19	— 181
17	16	16	16	18	19	19	19	18	19	19	— 181
17	18	18	16	18	17	18	19	20	18	18	— 180
18	16	18	17	19	18	18	18	18	19	19	— 180
18	16	19	16	16	19	20	18	19	18	19	— 180
16	18	16	20	18	17	19	19	17	19	17	— 179



19. C. J. Mitchell, "Chief Thayendanega" ; 20. T. D. McGaw, "Chief Occaneeche" ; 21. C. G. Thompson, "Chief Tasu-kamend" ; 22. Alex. Wolf, "Chief Two Moons" ; 23. H. A. Mallory, "Chief Conestogo" ; 24. Geo. S. McCall, "Chief Eye Opener" ; 25. John Hunter, "Chief Kut-en-ai" ; 26. E. C. Eaton, "Chief Manitou" ; 27. J. E. Cantelon, "Chief Loose Rib."

G. M. Howard, Sherbrooke	18	17	17	17	18	18	19	20	17	18	18	—	179
G. M. Dunk, Toronto	19	15	18	20	15	19	19	17	18	19	17	—	177
W. A. Smith, Kingsville	18	19	14	17	18	18	17	20	18	18	17	—	176
W. L. Cameron, Ottawa	17	17	18	18	18	15	17	19	18	20	16	—	175
T. M. Crair, Sherbrooke	19	16	17	19	16	17	17	18	19	16	20	—	175
A. W. Throop, Ottawa	18	17	17	18	18	15	15	19	20	18	18	—	174
F. H. Conover, Leamington	18	18	18	19	14	16	17	18	15	20	19	—	174
J. Dodds, Clinton	16	16	16	18	14	17	18	19	19	18	19	—	174
Geo. W. McGill, Toronto	18	13	18	15	16	19	19	20	18	17	18	—	173
W. P. Thompson, Hamilton	16	19	19	19	16	16	19	18	14	17	16	—	173
J. H. Ingham, Toronto	16	15	19	17	18	17	17	16	17	18	18	—	172
H. des Rivieres, Quebec	17	17	18	17	19	15	18	17	17	19	19	—	172
J. Holcombe, Rouses Point	16	18	18	17	15	17	16	18	18	19	16	—	172
C. Kenyon, Montreal	17	17	19	17	17	17	17	19	16	18	14	—	171
R. R. Hutcheson, Montreal	17	19	16	15	17	15	16	19	15	18	20	—	170
E. J. Marsh, Toronto	16	18	12	20	17	18	15	19	17	19	19	—	170
E. R. Pepin, Quebec	17	19	15	18	14	17	18	17	18	17	16	—	169
W. Bradannaz, Toronto	17	16	17	18	17	13	12	18	20	19	19	—	169
G. T. Wolf, Toronto	17	17	16	19	16	13	18	17	20	16	16	—	168
Geo. Cline, Hamilton	16	15	15	18	17	16	20	15	16	16	18	—	167
F. Westlake, Montreal	18	14	16	18	17	14	17	13	18	18	18	—	163
A. Montambault, Quebec	17	15	17	15	16	16	15	17	17	19	15	—	163
J. A. Morrow, St. Hyacinthe	16	16	16	17	14	14	17	16	18	17	17	—	162
R. Fleming, Toronto	17	12	17	16	15	18	18	16	15	16	16	—	159
F. A. Henry, Ottawa	16	17	13	18	14	17	17	17	16	13	16	—	158
J. H. Morin, St. Hyacinthe	16	16	17	16	15	12	18	13	16	17	16	—	156
Dr. Eastman, Barrie	18	13	19	17	15	14	16	18	17	13	13	—	155
Br. Stockwell, Sherbrooke	17	17	16	16	15	10	19	13	13	17	18	—	154
M. B. Downs, Montreal	16	16	14	19	14	17	13	16	14	13	18	—	154
Roy Luck, Sarnia	15	13	18	11	14	13	17	17	15	15	16	—	151
N. Lewis, Montreal	17	120	56										
J. Parsons, Montreal	18	120	132										
A. Landriault, Montreal	17	120	97										
O. C. Casgrain, Quebec	16	160	136										
W. Slaney, Ottawa	16	140	105										
A. Beaupre, Quebec	16	60	35										
J. Dubois, Quebec	16	80	56										
J. Muir, Montreal	16	20	15										
W. Cantrig, Montreal	16	20	16										
J. Tonsett, Montreal	16	20	17										
A. J. Caufry, Montreal	16	20	19										

## SECOND DAY, MAY 25TH:—

		Events:—	H'cp.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Bk	
	Yds.	Targets:—	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	200	
Elliott	18		20	20	20	19	20	20	20	20	19	18	—	196	
Hawkins	18		19	20	20	19	18	20	20	20	20	19	—	195	
Westover	18		18	20	20	19	18	20	18	20	20	20	—	193	
Throop	17		18	18	20	19	20	19	20	18	19	20	—	191	
Ewing	19		18	20	19	18	19	18	19	19	20	19	—	189	
White	18		20	18	18	20	20	20	18	20	16	19	—	189	
Paine	18		18	19	19	17	20	19	19	20	19	19	—	189	
Dumont	18		19	20	18	18	17	20	20	20	18	20	—	188	
Marshall	18		20	18	20	20	17	19	17	19	19	19	—	188	
Beattie	17		18	20	18	19	17	19	20	19	18	20	—	188	
Durston	18		19	18	19	19	20	20	18	17	19	19	—	188	
Seane	18		19	19	18	18	18	18	20	20	19	18	—	187	
Rainville	17		17	18	19	19	20	19	20	18	17	18	—	185	
McGill	17		17	18	18	19	19	18	20	17	20	18	—	184	
Vivian	17		19	18	20	18	20	16	18	17	19	18	—	183	
C. G. Thompson	17		19	17	18	19	19	18	18	17	17	19	—	183	
Wakefield	18		19	19	18	18	18	15	19	18	19	20	—	183	
Conover	17		19	19	17	19	17	19	19	19	18	17	19	—	183
Craig	18		20	17	18	20	17	20	17	16	19	18	—	182	
Howard	17		18	19	17	17	18	18	18	19	19	19	—	182	
Upton	18		19	17	16	19	18	18	20	18	19	18	—	182	
McCall	17		14	18	19	19	19	16	20	18	19	20	—	182	
W. A. Smith	17		20	18	16	20	19	19	17	15	17	19	—	180	
Marsh	16		17	18	19	17	16	17	17	20	19	20	—	180	
Fleming	16		15	18	17	19	18	17	18	18	19	20	—	179	
Duff	16		18	17	18	18	18	18	19	17	18	18	—	179	
Dunk	18		16	17	18	17	17	16	19	18	20	20	—	178	
W. P. Thompson	16		18	17	18	16	17	19	16	19	18	20	—	178	
Hutcheson	16		18	19	18	17	16	18	18	19	19	18	—	178	
Eaton	17		18	18	18	18	17	18	18	18	16	18	—	177	
Cline	16		16	18	18	20	18	18	16	20	17	18	16	—	177
Jennings	18		16	19	19	19	19	18	18	16	14	19	—	177	
Candlish	16		19	18	17	17	18	16	18	17	18	19	—	177	
Stockwell	16		19	18	19	15	15	20	15	19	17	19	—	176	
McMackon	18		18	19	16	17	18	16	19	17	20	16	—	176	
Kenyon	16		19	16	18	14	17	18	15	18	17	20	—	172	
Holcombe	16		14	18	17	18	17	16	18	16	19	19	—	172	
Wolf	16		14	20	18	15	14	19	18	18	18	18	—	172	
Dodds	16		16	17	15	16	17	18	17	19	17	19	—	171	
Pepin	16		16	17	17	17	16	20	17	16	18	18	—	171	
Downs	16		20	18	19	17	12	17	18	14	19	17	—	171	
Westlake	16		18	17	17	17	14	16	20	15	17	19	—	170	
Hedman	17		20	16	16	16	15	16	17	16	17	19	—	168	
Haney	16		18	13	18	17	15	16	20	19	16	16	—	167	
Luck	16		14	19	14	16	17	16	16	17	19	17	—	165	
Cameron	16		16	17	19	20	17	13	14	18	9	19	—	162	
Ingham	16		15	13	18	20	16	17	13	16	17	15	—	159	
McCall	16		18	17	19	14	16	15	13	15	17	17	—	159	
Des Rivieres	16		17	15	18	13	15	17	15	15	15	17	—	157	
Bradannaz	16		15	14	17	14	12	16	16	16	16	17	—	153	





28. Geo. L. Vivian, "Chief Short Wing" ; 29. Philip Wakfield, "Chief Powder Monkey" ; 30. F. W. Matthews, "Chief Lay-em-out" ; 31. Dr. R. W. Hunt, "Chief Kicking Horse" ; 32. Robert Fleming, "Chief Big Duck" ; 33. Chas. H. Harrison, "Chief Stowaway" ; 34. William Lewis, "Chief Big Buck" ; 35. A. W. Westover, "Chief Black Hawk" ; 36. B. W. Glover "Chief Red Cloud."

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	Yds.	S. A.	Broke
A. W. Ross .....	16	180	127
A. E. Ross .....	16	60	45
Senecal .....	16	60	32
Morrow .....	16	40	34

AVERAGES BOTH DAYS.

	1st Day		2nd Day		Grand Total
	Shot at.	Bk.	Shot at.	Bk.	
Amateurs:—					
Ewing .....	200	189	200	189	400 378
Westover .....	200	182	200	193	400 375
White .....	200	185	200	189	400 374
Paine .....	200	185	200	189	400 374
Dumont .....	200	184	200	188	400 372
Beattie .....	200	183	200	188	400 371
Scane .....	200	183	200	187	400 370
Rainville .....	200	183	200	185	400 368
Wakefield .....	200	185	200	183	400 368
Throop .....	200	178	200	191	400 366
McCall .....	200	183	200	182	400 365
Duff .....	200	185	200	179	400 364
C. G. Thompson .....	200	181	200	183	400 364
Vivian .....	200	180	200	183	400 363
McMackon .....	200	186	200	176	400 362
Upton .....	200	180	200	182	400 362
Jennings .....	200	181	200	177	400 362
Howard .....	200	179	200	182	400 361
McGill .....	200	173	200	184	400 357
Craig .....	200	176	200	182	400 357
Eaton .....	200	180	200	177	400 357
Conover .....	200	174	200	185	400 357
Smith .....	200	176	200	180	400 356
Candlish .....	200	179	200	177	400 356
Dunk .....	200	177	200	178	400 355
W. P. Thompson .....	200	173	200	174	400 351
Marsh .....	200	170	200	180	400 350
Redman .....	200	181	200	168	400 349
Hutcheson .....	200	170	200	178	400 348
Dodds .....	200	174	200	171	400 345
Cline .....	200	167	200	174	400 344
Holcombe .....	200	172	200	172	400 344
Kenyon .....	200	171	200	172	400 343
Pepin .....	200	169	200	171	400 340
Wolf .....	200	168	200	172	400 340
Fleming .....	200	169	200	179	400 338
Cameron .....	200	176	200	162	400 338
Westlake .....	200	163	200	170	400 333
Ingham .....	200	172	200	159	400 331
Stockwell .....	200	154	200	176	400 330
Des Rivieres .....	200	172	200	157	400 329
Heney .....	200	168	200	167	400 325
Downs .....	200	154	200	171	400 325
Montambault .....	200	163	200	159	400 322
Bradennaz .....	200	169	200	165	400 322
Luck .....	200	151	200	165	400 316
Professionals					
Hawkins .....	200	194	200	195	400 389
Elliott .....	200	192	200	196	400 388
Durston .....	200	190	200	188	400 378
Marshall .....	200	186	200	188	400 374

REFLECTIONS.

In the opinion of the Canadian Indians, Place Viger means uniform courtesy, polite attention, unexcelled cuisine and splendid accommodation. King Pin made no mistake when he selected this fine hotel as headquarters for the Tribe.

x x x

A squad composed of D. McMackon, Thos. Upton, H. Scane, A. W. Throop and F. A. Heney broke 99 out of 100. But then what would you expect from such a squad? It is not surprising to know that the lost target was badly dusted.

x x x

Twenty one Montreal shooters took part in the Tournament which is a bright example some other local shooters don't always follow.

x x x

The Sherbrooke sound composed of Messrs. Thompson, Craig, Howard, Westover and Stockwell was hot enough to make one's wig-wag.

x x x

Mr. H. W. Brainerd, treasurer of the Dominion





ST. LAMBERT GUN CLUB, MONTREAL.

ion Cartridge Co., was a welcome visitor to the grounds both days.

x x x

Dave Hawk was unfortunate in the Ewing cup contest, his gun taking a bucking fit that cost him several birds.

x x x

Several shooters took the opportunity to make a long run by shooting the Lachine Rapids.

x x x

Quebec backed up their generous contribution in money to the committee with a generous contribution of good shooters to the tournament.

x x x

Short Wing took the opportunity of his visit to improve his already excellent French.

x x x

Sunny Jim's ear protector got out of place in the last event, last day, otherwise he would have landed professional average. However, it was a fight between the Winchester colors all the way.

#### Quebec Tournament.

The second annual tournament of the Quebec Gun Club was held at the Kent House grounds on Saturday, June 16th, and was an unqualified success. The high average for the day was won by Mr. W. H. Ewing of Montreal, while Messrs. H. des Rivières of Quebec, and G. M. Howard of Sherbrooke tied for second place. The team race was an interesting event, Sherbrooke won it, defeating Quebec by two and Montreal by three birds. The Foy Cup, open to Quebec members only, was won by Mr. des Rivières with Mr. Boswell second.

The scores:—

Targets —		20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	25	205	
Events —		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	T
T. M. Craig	.....	20	19	18	16	17	15	17	15	16	23	175
M. B. Downs	.....	18	12	12	14	14	13	14	16	16	20	146
G. M. Howard	.....	15	18	17	17	17	20	16	18	20	23	181
C. G. Thompson	.....	20	16	15	19	20	16	15	17	15	19	172
J. K. Boswell	.....	17	17	15	16	18	19	18	15	16	19	171
H. des Rivières	.....	19	19	14	18	17	17	18	19	19	22	181
A. E. Ross	.....	15	13	13	16	18	11	15	14	17	20	162
E. R. Pepin	.....	18	16	13	16	18	13	14	15	16	19	158
Capt. Panet	.....	15	13	13	15	16	15	17	12	12	13	141
W. H. Ewing	.....	18	16	19	15	18	18	18	18	20	24	184

J. Rainville	.....	18	16	15	13	19	18	17	17	21	171
G. Dumont	.....	18	17	16	15	18	16	17	18	15	171
M. Marsh	.....	16	15	14	11	17	15	18	16	14	151
F. Turcotte	.....	11	10	12	15	14	12	12	11	13	127
L.P.J. Turcotte	.....	17	15	11	11	15	15	22			



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Ayton Tournament.

The Ayton tournament was held near this pretty little village in Grey County on June



G. M. DUNK (Right) and H. A. MALLORY (Left) High Average Winners.

6th and 7th. G. B. Smith, Ayton, who in trap shooting matters is the "whole thing" in that locality, had got out a very attractive pro-

FIRST DAY.

Targets :-	Hdcp.
G. M. Dunk .....	16-21
T. A. Duff .....	17-20
H. A. Mallory .....	17-20
W. A. Smith .....	16-21
R. A. Day .....	16-21
A. Mahler .....	18-21
G. B. Smith .....	18-21
R. Cull .....	16-19
W. Singular.....	16-19
P. G. Doersam .....	16-19
Dr. Cook .....	16-19
J. Storer .....	16-19
John Smith .....	16-19
Fred Smith .....	16-19
Dr. Perdue .....	16-19
C. Baetz.....	16-19
J. Steinmiller .....	16-19
John Werner .....	16-19
Beetsche .....	16-19

SECOND DAY.

Targets :-	Hdcp.
H. A. Mallory .....	17-20
G. M. Dunk .....	18-21
G. B. Smith .....	17-20
R. A. Day .....	17-20
W. A. Smith .....	17-20
A. Mahler .....	18-21
C. Harris .....	17-20
Thos. A. Duff .....	17-20
Dr. Cook .....	16-19
Doersam .....	16-19
Lewis .....	16-19
Jarvis .....	17-19
Huehner .....	16-19
Steinmiller .....	16-19
Dr. Perdue .....	16-19
Willets.....	16-19
Beetsche .....	16-19

gramme designed to give the medium as well as the expert shot a fair chance for the average prizes offered, which in cash and trophies, were valued at \$87.00. The shooting was over Bowron traps with Bowron targets and both gave entire satisfaction.

G. M. Dunk, Toronto, won the high average in the 85-95 per cent. class, first day, for which \$5 was offered and won the high average for both days and the \$25 silver trophy. H. A. Mallory, Drayton, won high average for the second day and the prize \$5, and second high average for both days and the \$10 prize. W. A. Smith, Kingsville, won third high average and the \$5 prize for both days.

In the 75-85 per cent. class, A. Mahler, Ailsa Craig, won the average and \$5 first day and he and C. Harris, Owen Sound, tied for the average second day and divided the \$5.

In the 65-75 per cent. class, Dr. Cook, Elmwood, landed the \$5 prize, each day. J. Storer got the silver sugar bowl for low average first day and P. G. Doersam the silver sugar bowl for low average the second day. Mr. Doersam, also landed the silver trophy for low average both days.

The prizes in the merchandise event were won by Dunk, Mallory, G. B. Smith, Mahler, Harris, Duff and Dr. Cook. The principal prize a case of Sovereign loads, was hotly contested for by the 18's, and developed into a battle royal between Dunk and Mallory who had to shoot off several ties before either got an advantage. Finally Dunk won out by one bird.

The scores:—

10	15	15	20	15	20	10	15	15	15	20	15	—	185	
9	13	19	18	14	19	10	13	13	13	18	14	—	169	
10	13	14	16	14	17	10	12	14	15	17	12	—	164	
10	14	13	17	13	17	8	13	11	14	19	15	—	164	
8	14	13	18	13	20	9	12	12	13	18	12	—	162	
9	14	13	18	11	18	8	13	10	12	19	13	—	158	
10	12	13	19	14	17	7	14	12	10	16	13	—	157	
7	14	12	18	13	18	8	12	11	11	19	12	—	155	
9	8	9	18	12	16	7	12	14	11	11	12	—	141	
6	12	11	17	9	15	8	15	8	11	17	11	—	140	
10	9	13	12	10	15	8	10	9	13	15	12	—	134	
9	10	11	17	10	14	8	10	10	12	15	11	—	128	
6	11	10	13	9	12	6	5	13	10	15	12	—	122	
8	4				7							—	19	
9	13	12	16	9				12	12		13	—	96	
7	15	13	16	11	17							—	79	
6	11				12	6						—	29	
3	10	11	7	7			6	7	5	5	10	7	—	78
					11								—	11
					7								—	7

REFLECTIONS.


Mr. Dr. Smith did good service as referee both days.

The hotel kept by Mein Herr Pete Doersam was shooter's headquarters and for a good meal for a hungry shooter, we recommend Pete's.

Mr. Jacob Steinmiller was the oldest shooter on the ground, and, also, the most jovial. A shoot in that neighborhood is not complete without Jacob.

Dr. Perdue, Messrs. Willets and Beetsche

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came over from Clifford, each day, and made some good scores. Clifford boys will hold a shoot next month with something new in the way of a handicap.

During both days of the shoot several meadow larks flew back and forth within easy range of the guns, carrying food to their young. It was a creditable thing that no attempt was made to disturb them and the only concern of the shooters was that some of them might be accidentally hit. I wonder how many men outside the ranks of the trap shooter would have stood around for two days with loaded guns within easy reach and not taken a shot at such a tempting mark? Trap shooting is intended to and does teach one better things than the useless sacrifice of bird life.

Ayton is beautifully situated on high land commanding an extensive view of as rich and picturesque a country as the writer has ever seen. It is on a branch of the Saugeen River which furnishes splendid trout fishing. It would well repay a visit from the tourist and angler.

It is worth noting that all the average prizes were won with Dominion shells. Last year there was not a Dominion shell used in this locality. This year, with one or two exceptions, all used either the Sovereign, Imperial or Regal.

#### Jordan Station Tournament.

The Winchester Gun Club of Jordan Station held the most successful shoot since its formation on their grounds Victoria Day. A large number of shooters were present from Hamilton, Beamsville and other points and all went home more than pleased with the way they were treated by the club. The weather was all that could be desired and some very fine scores were made. The ladies of the club are to be congratulated on the fine dinner which they served to everybody at the club house.

#### Dartmouth Doings.

The monthly shoot of the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club took place June 6th. A large number of members were present and the scores made were high. The fourth event, for the Laffin and Rand Cup, 25 targets, handicap, resulted—1st, Jas. Egan, 25; 2nd H. D. Romans, 24; 3rd, A. Edwards and J. Henneberry, 23.

A special meeting of the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club was held at the club house June 1st for the purpose of discussing the advisability of purchasing a lake for fishing purposes. A committee was appointed to look into the matter and it is proposed to buy or lease a lake not at present a resort of sportsmen, and stock it with fish. The lake will be for the use of members only.

As illustrating to what perfection Winchester factory loaded shells have been brought by modern and scientific methods of manufacture, the recent score of Mr. J. A. Flick, a simon-pure amateur of Ravenna, O., is pertinent. At the tournament of the Tuscarawas Gun Club held in Canal Dover, O., May 25-26, he made a straight run of 235 targets, his score for the second day being a perfect one of 200 out of 200. That this is very remarkable shooting is indicated by the fact that it is the world's record for an amateur. In making this score Mr. Flick used Winchester factory loaded "Lead er" shells, which hold all the world's championship trophies, won the last and biggest Grand American Handicap at live birds and the last two Grand American handicaps at targets. Besides this, they hold the world's record long run of 419 targets, which was made by W. R. Crosby, one of the greatest trap shots in the country. All of which suggests the reason for the popularity of Winchester factory loaded shells.

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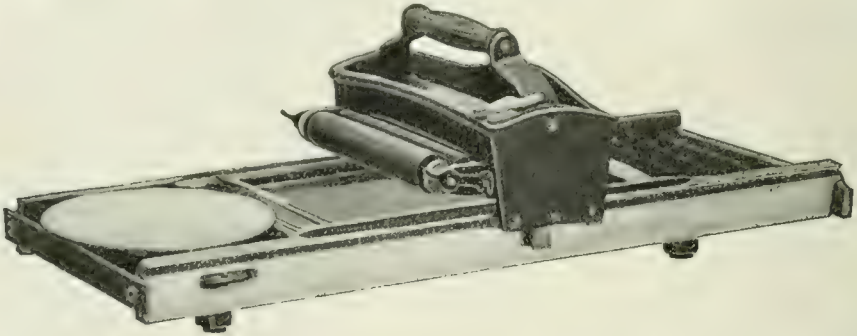
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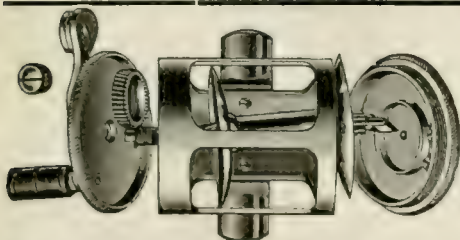
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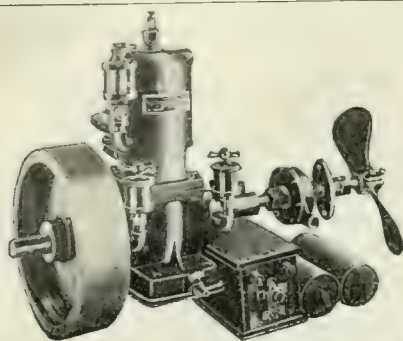
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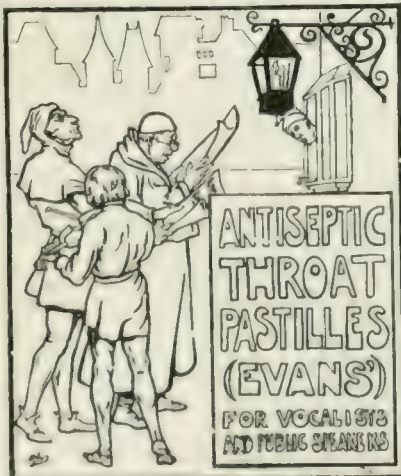
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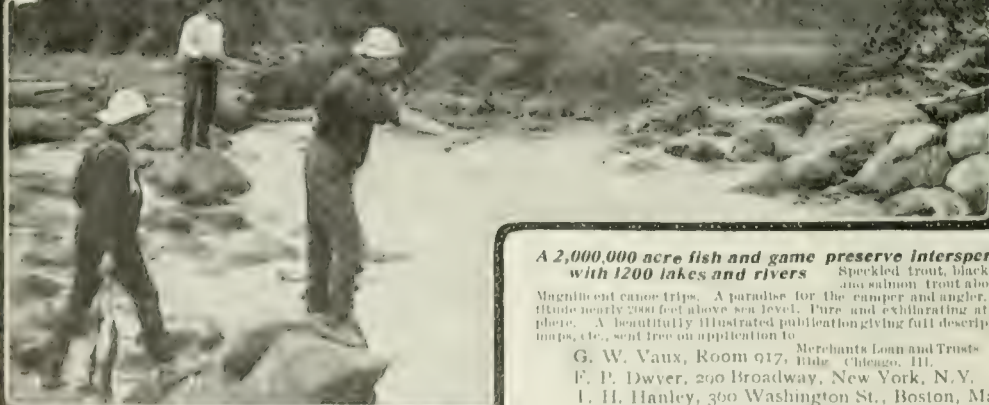
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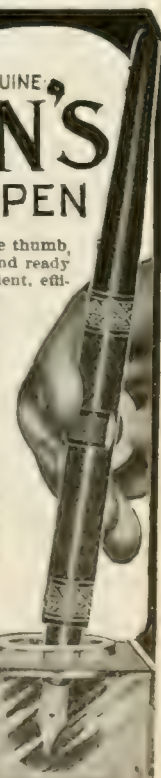
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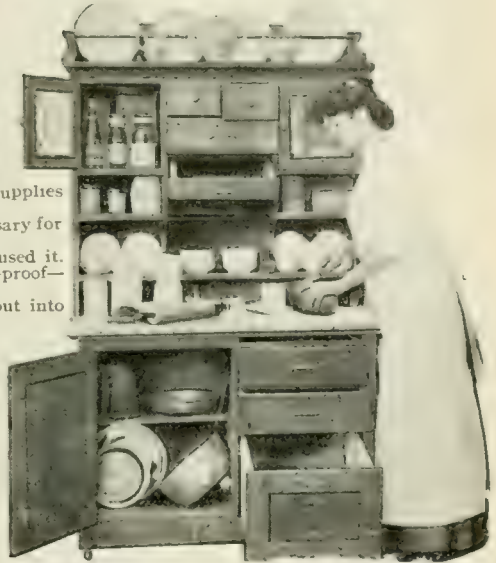
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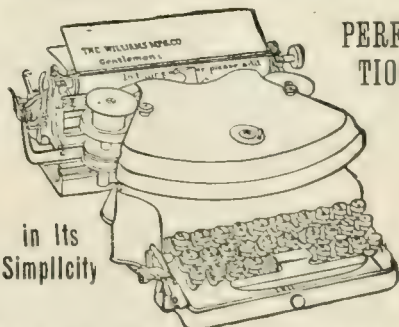
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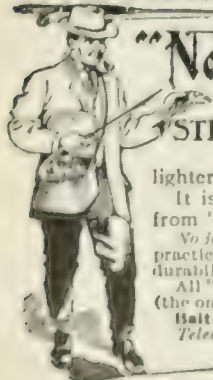
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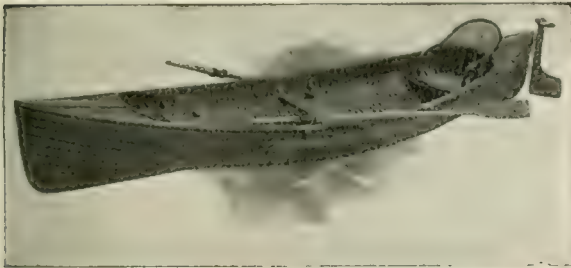


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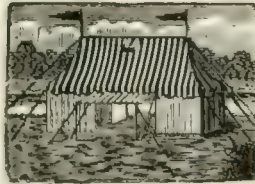
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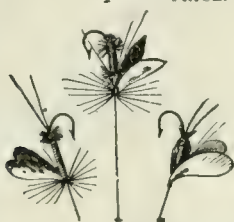


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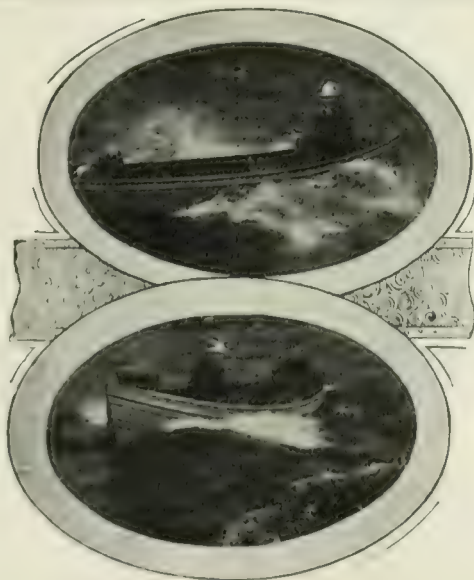
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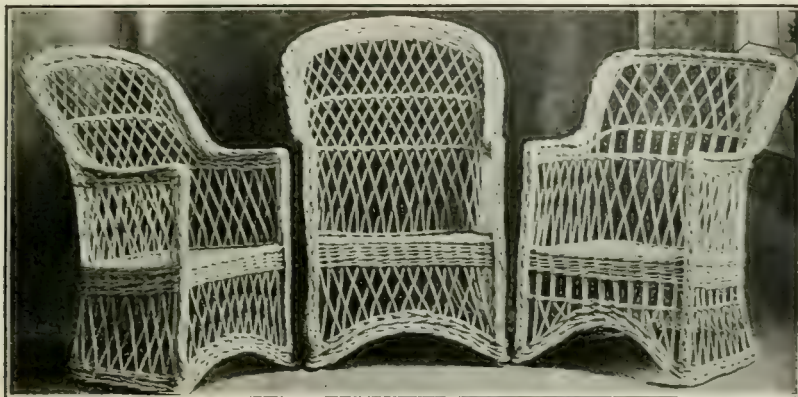
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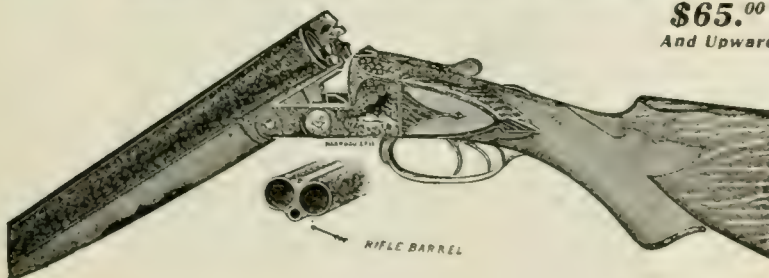
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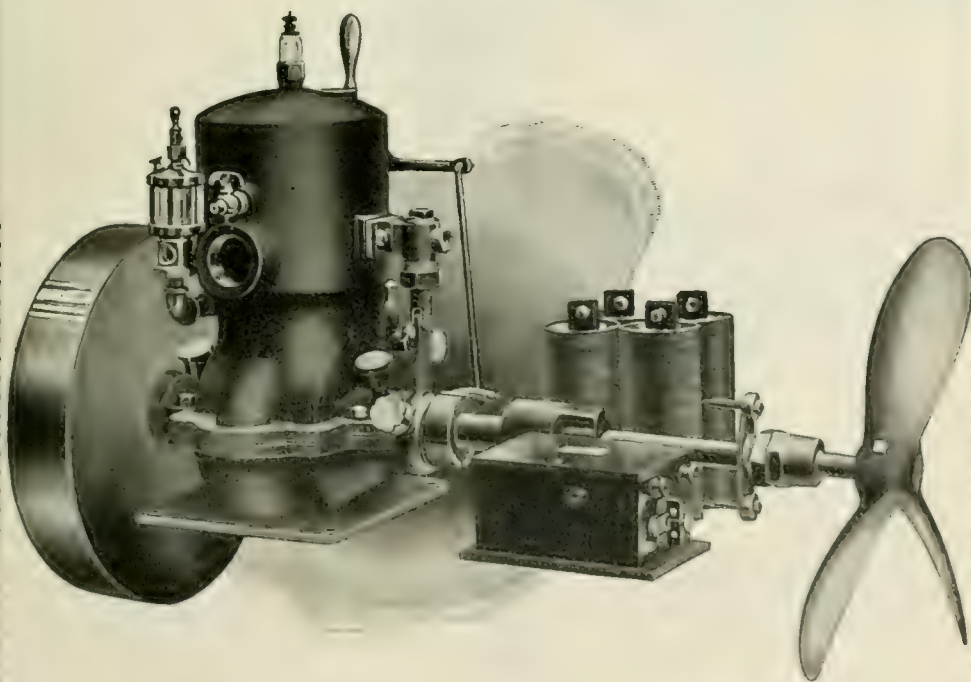
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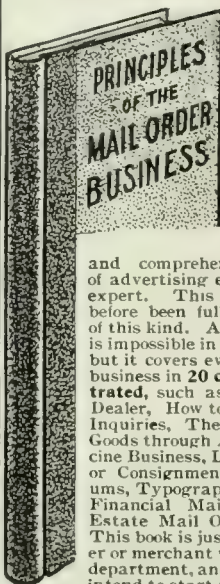
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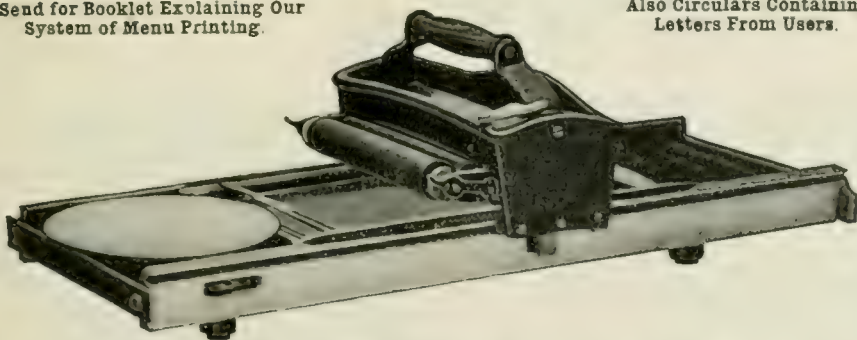
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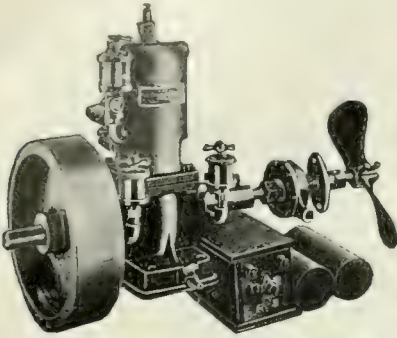
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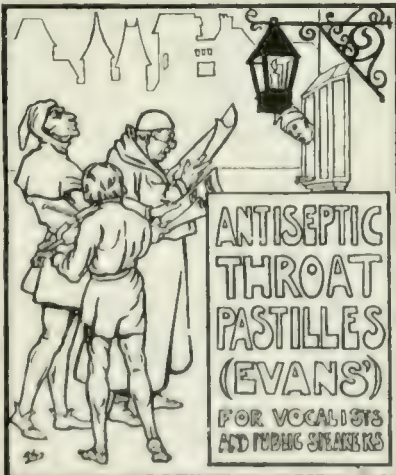
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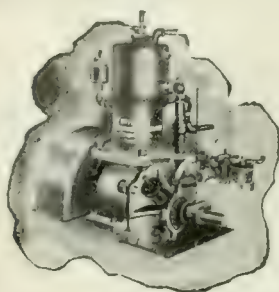
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The Man Behind the Gun  
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Camp Cooking  
What to Do if Lost in the Woods  
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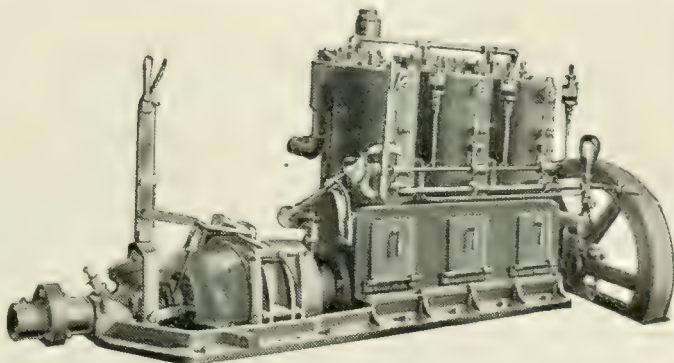
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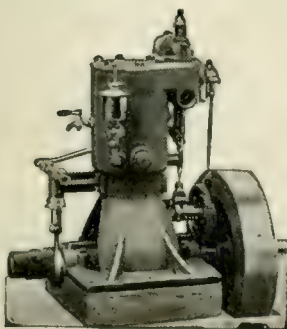
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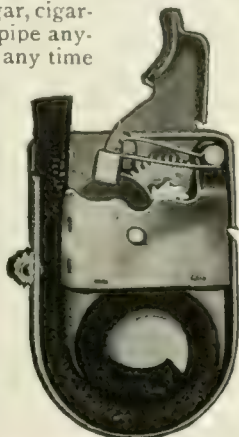
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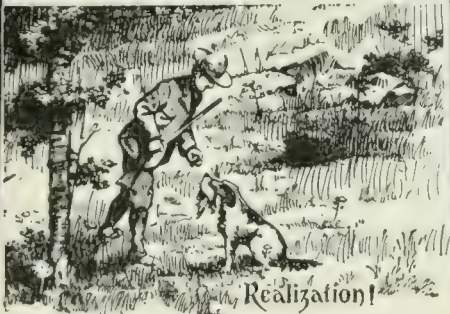


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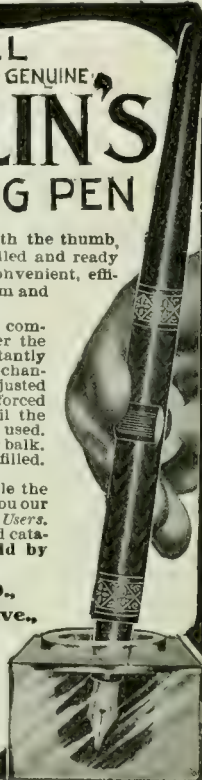
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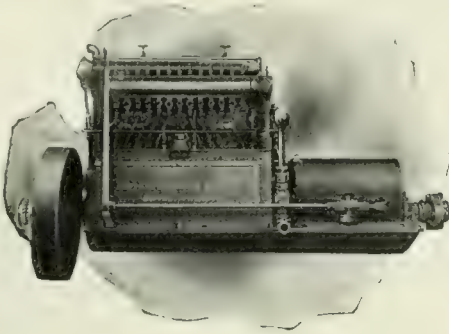
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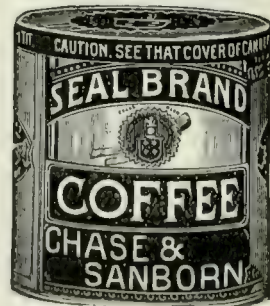
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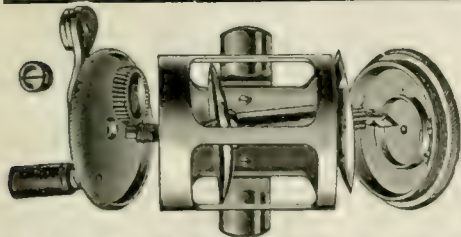
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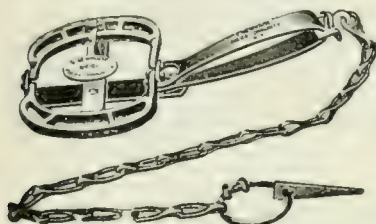
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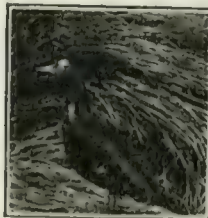
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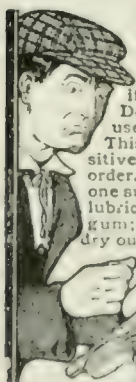
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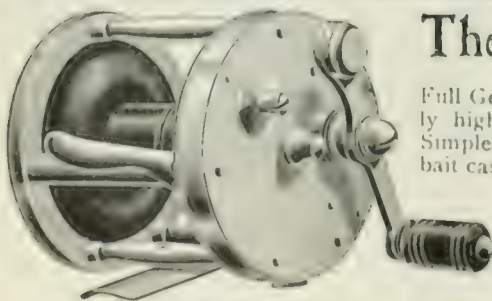
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# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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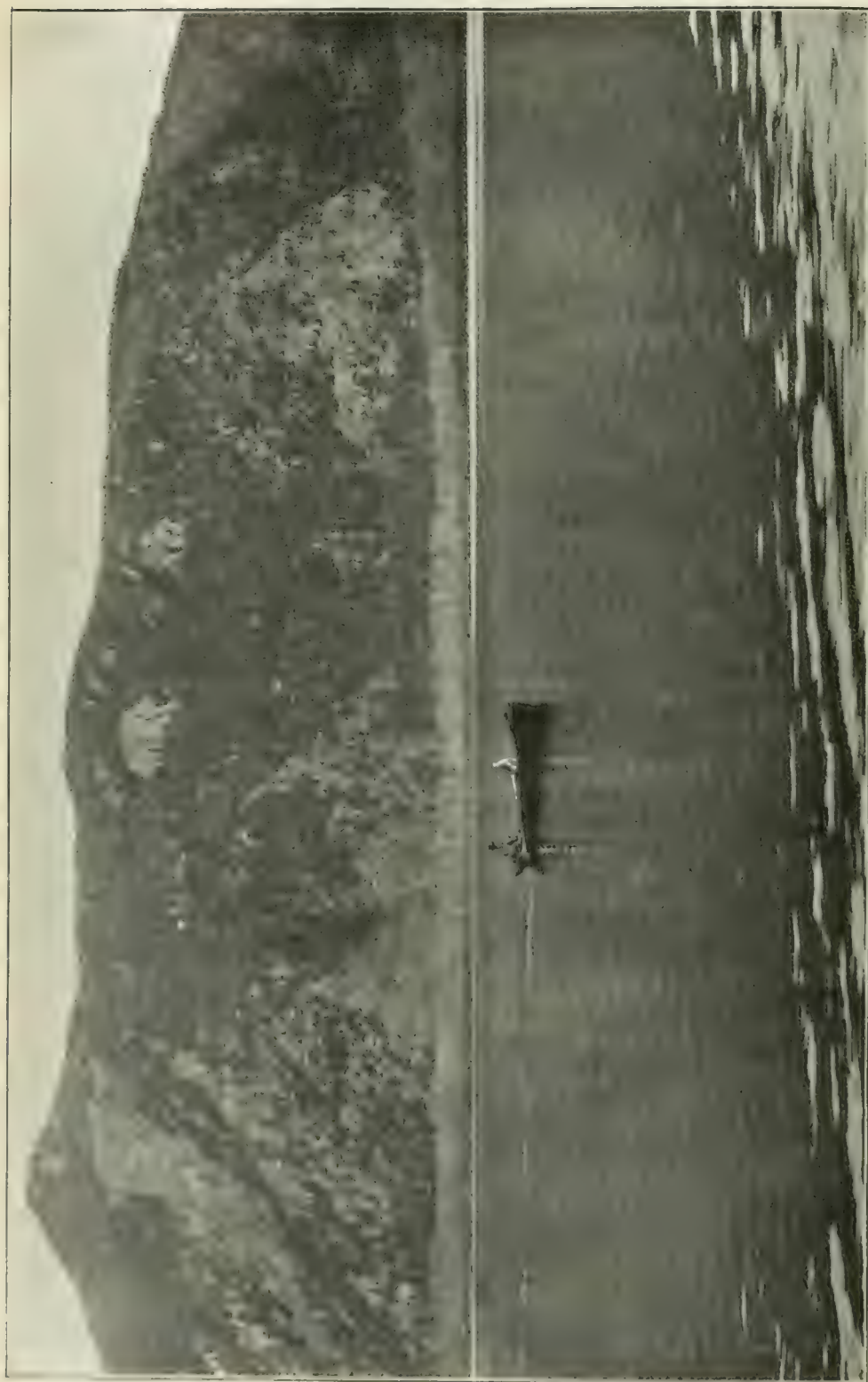
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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ARTHUR ROWING HOME FROM FISHING IN THE EARLY MORNING ON SICAMOUS LAKE, B. C.

# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

SEPTEMBER 1906

NO. 4

### A Royal Fisherman in Canada.

**W**HEN it became known that Prince Arthur of Connaught had been selected by his Majesty, King Edward the VII, to convey to his distinguished ally, the Mikado of Japan, the highest mark of his Royal favor, the Knighthood of the Garter, hopes were freely expressed that the Prince might be induced to return home via Canada. It was felt very strongly that this young Prince—standing in such close relationship as he does to the Throne of Great Britain—should be afforded an opportunity of seeing for himself as much as possible of the great Dominion—the chief of that wonderful galaxy of young nations in the making which gives such a world reputation and weight to the British Empire.

The wishes so generally and heartily expressed were graciously acceded to, and after his successful visit to Japan, in the course of which his important errand was discharged with soldierly efficiency, the Prince crossed the Pacific and landed on Canadian soil.

It may be well to remind our readers that Prince Arthur of Connaught is the eldest of the King's two fraternal nephews—the son of his only surviving brother, and the lives of his cousins and his cousins' children alone stand between him and the Heirship to the Throne. In addition to his membership of the Royal House, and his position in the British army, Prince Arthur has another claim upon the consideration of all Empire loyalists.

When King Edward, through his father the late Prince Consort, became entitled to select between the Kingdom of Great Britain and the German princi-

pality of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha—and of course chose the former—his brother, the late Duke of Edinburgh, became the reigning Grand Duke. On his death and the death of his only son, the Grand Duchy devolved upon the Duke of Connaught, who preferred to retain his position as a member of the British House of Lords, and an officer in the British army rather than become a German reigning Grand Duke. Prince Arthur expressed the same preference and passed on the title to his young cousin, the Duke of Albany, the only son of the late Prince Leopold, Queen Victoria's youngest son. This incident has endeared the Prince to all who are Britons first, in whatever part of the Empire they may dwell, and commended the pleasant young Prince to the generous good will of the Canadian people.

For some time before the Prince was due at Victoria, the Canadian Pacific Railway, who always worthily represents the great Dominion on such occasions, had its preparations well in hand. The Royal train, which carried the present Prince of Wales across the continent, was overhauled, and was run to Vancouver to await the arrival of the Prince and his suite, having been made in every detail a fitting home for Royalty during what meant a triumphant progress across a continent.

Remembering that all the members of the Royal House of Great Britain are sportsmen, and more particularly anglers—the Duchess of Fife, the King's eldest daughter, is particularly notable for her skill with the rod—it was arranged to give the Prince some fishing trips.



The trout fishing in British Columbia could not be overlooked. Accordingly two days were spent in fishing in the Cowichan River. This stream empties into the Gulf of Georgia on the eastern side of Vancouver Island. It is very swift at its head but grows deeper and broader as the contributions from numerous tributaries flow in on its way to its mouth.

The Prince's party arrived at Duncan about noon on March twenty-ninth, and remote though the district is

with the Prince, who unmistakably, showed his inclination on this occasion. Accompanied by Mr. W. F. Burton, one of the best fly fishermen of the Province who knows the holes and eddies of the lake, the Prince had fine sport. He speedily demonstrated that in capturing trout he required no tutor, and wisely, Mr. Burton confined himself to pointing out the likely places. The Prince continued until darkness compelled him to desist by which time he had hooked about a dozen fine trout.



PRINCE ARTHUR'S FISHING PARTY AT COWICHAN LAKE, VANCOUVER ISLAND

there were ample evidences of loyalty in bunting galore, and the welcoming songs and shouts of school children.

After lunch half the party, including the Prince, drove to Cowichan Lake in autos, and through the big trees they had a continuous succession of fine vistas. The logging operations seen on their way proved of great interest to them. The journey of twenty-five miles was completed between four and five in the afternoon.

Fishing was the immediate business

By the time the sport gave out the fishermen realized that they were hungry, and even Royalty could not guard against such a human frailty. To the general dismay, when they returned to camp it was found that the wagons containing the provisions and cooking outfits had not arrived. Ten minutes later however they appeared upon the scene and within forty minutes a most appetizing repast was spread. The dinner which would have done honor to the Astor Hotel, tasted all the better by



H. R. H. PRINCE ARTHUR AND PARTY ON HAND CAR AT CASTLE MOUNTAIN

reason of the keen appetites gained by the drive, the fishing, and the waiting in camp. Of course the principal dish was the fish so skilfully caught by the Prince himself, and upon which the chef had bestowed his best efforts. This chef did credit to the dining car system of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Diners, and chef were alike satisfied and expressed themselves to that effect with a freedom that alone must have convinced the Prince that he was amidst new and less trammelled surroundings than is generally the lot of Princes.

Although it was raining the next morning the Prince was not to be denied a further indulgence in Canadian fishing and the casting went on until he had added several more fine trout to his score.

The return journey was made by some of the party by canoes with expert Indian guide and every one enjoyed the beautiful scenery through which they glided. They had the experience of swift water which made the journey exciting and a little dangerous—the said dangers being minimised by the excel-

lence of their guides. To taste the full height of enjoyment there must be a spice of danger.

There was neither loyalty or royalty in the weather for it rained the whole of the time, but despite this drawback all the members of the party had a pleasant trip and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The flies used by the Royal Fisherman were the March Brown and a Cowichan Coachman. The latter is a local fly but little known outside of Vancouver Island. It has a scarlet back and dark feathering and is good for early fishing. On the occasion of the Royal visit it was the favorite.

The members of the party who remained at Duncans had also plenty of good sport, General Kenny-Kenny obtaining a magnificent steelhead.

After this fine outing the whole party returned to Victoria and next day made a special trip to Vancouver on the "Princess Victoria."

Quite a number of stops were made after the transcontinental was taken. At Sicamous the Prince left the train and





WAITING TO CROSS THE GATINEAU

had a row and some good fishing on the beautiful lake of the same name. He proved an expert oarsman, putting plenty of muscle into every stroke, and apparently enjoyed this quite as much as any other of his Canadian experiences—perhaps even a little more so. He was able to take some quiet enjoyment away from all the bustle and fuss of official life, and enjoyed it to the full.

At one stop at Castle Mountain, a photograph was taken of the Prince on a handcar.

Through the mountains to the prairies went the train, and the Capital of the West, the fine City of Winnipeg, was reached. Here there were official reception and functions after which the journey was resumed. Mountains, prairies, the bold rugged grandeur of the North Shore of Lake Superior, and the beauties of the Ottawa Valley, were all seen to great advantage, and the Royal motor and every member of his suite, were duly impressed with the vastness and the wonderful progress seen on every hand. The Prince expressed himself as unable to describe in adequate language his feelings of admiration for the won-

ders he had seen and the wealth and variety of the charms of the beautiful Canadian country.

As relief and a pleasant change from the round of official receptions which were crowded into the visit to Ottawa, it was felt that another fishing trip would give the Prince a chance of testing the sporting advantages of the beautiful Province of Quebec. Matters were soon arranged, and the Prince received an invitation from the Denholm Angling Club to visit their preserve on Lake St. Germain, some miles back from the Gatineau River. The visit necessitated a train ride, country drives in wagons, and all the sights and scenes of the backwoods under the most pleasant and enjoyable conditions. The Prince entered into the spirit of the whole proceedings with delightful enthusiasm and it was clearly evident that this part of the programme gave him complete satisfaction.

The party lived at the Clubhouse, and during intervals some shooting at a target was indulged in (in the course of which the Prince showed that he was a crack shot,) and fishing on the Lake followed. On this occasion, Mr. W. L. Marler accompanied the Prince in the boat, and pointed out the likely places. Mr. W. R. Baker and Mr. W. A. Allan, the President of the Club, were in another boat. They all had splendid fishing and



H. R. H. AND PARTY DRIVING TO LAKE ST. GERMAIN





PRINCE ARTHUR AND MR POPE, DENHOLM CLUB HOUSE, LAKE ST. GERMAIN, GATINEAU RIVER, QUE.



PRINCE AKTHUR RIFLE PRACTISING, DENHOLM ANGLING CLUB, LAKE ST. GERMAIN

the Prince is not likely to forget his experiences in Quebec waters.

The stay was not long but the whole party caught upwards of 200 trout, and proved that the Gatineau country is a good trout region. The same may be said for several hundreds of miles along the Laurentian range, and all the members of the Royal party expressed themselves as delighted with the varied experience afforded them and the fine fishing to be obtained in Canada. They repeated that in a lifetime they were not

likely to forget the pleasant experiences the Dominion had provided for them.

The commercial capital of the Dominion, the fine City of Montreal, was next visited and more official receptions were undergone. Ontario could not be neglected, and Toronto saw the Prince and made much of him. It is to be regretted that time did not allow some of the sporting advantages of Ontario to be tested as well as seen. But others were waiting and the Maritime Provinces had likewise a big programme. This



READY TO START—LAKE ST. GERMAIN



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AFTER THE DAY'S FISHING - DENHOLM ANGLING CLUB HOUSE, LAKE ST. GERMAIN,  
GATINEAU RIVER, QUE.

included further fishing, and the Prince added to his successes, and was further impressed with the variety and extent of the Dominion's sporting resources.

While Prince Arthur had the advantages of official arrangements and choice of good territories it should not be forgotten that time did not allow him to see anything more than a few samples of country. It is certain however that both himself and every member of his suite were not merely delighted with all they saw in Canada but convinced of the wonderful advantages of the Dominion in the way of sport of the best and highest kind as well as its material progress.

All the railway arrangements for conducting the Royal train across the continent were in the able and experienced hands of Mr. Baker who directly represented the President of the Canadian

Pacific Railway Company, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy. The Prince himself and all the members of his suite expressed their personal gratitude for the never ceasing attentions paid to their comfort and pleasure, and their certainty that the future of the Dominion from all they had been able to see—and they saw a great deal,—was bright and contained all the elements of permanence.

The Prince has safely reached England and in public addresses since his return has shown both in matter and manner how deep and abiding are the favorable impressions made upon him during his visit to Canada, and how pleasant were his experiences of the Dominion—not the least of the crowd of pleasant recollections called up by memory whenever he thinks of Canada being those in which he played the part of the Royal Fisherman.

# In Camp at Rosedale.

Kawartha Lakes District of Ontario.

BY MISS LOTTIE MACNIVEN.

**T**HE morning sun shone brightly down as the "Manita" steamed up Fenelon River, and the jolly party of campers on board enjoyed, to the utmost, their first view of the lovely scenery. They had come up on the Grand Trunk Railway System and taken the steamer at Lindsay and all the way along Sturgeon Lake had kept up a fire of admiring ejaculations. They were a typical crowd. There was Smith from Toronto, the globe-trotter who had visited half the civilized world and could tell fish stories; Jones, the rising young lawyer, of Ham-

cigars. That the same receptacles now contained a hammock and a dozen of the latest magazines they never suspected. Had they known about the hammock he might have enjoyed an unexpected bath at Fenelon Falls, but the magazines were a reserve stock to be produced on the first wet day.

The man of the party however to whom all bowed in reverence, and who was unanimously acknowledged their uncrowned king, was Sterling, the physician who could cook. In comparison with this accomplishment all others dwindled to insignificance. He could dictate his



ON THE BURNT RIVER NEAR ROSEDALE, ONT.

ilton, who could catch fish; McIntyre, of Toronto, the naturalist who always knew where frogs and worms were to be found; Brown, the clever electrician, of Kingston, who knew how to build a fire; and Ross, the musician, also of Kingston, who thought even fishing an exertion and desired only to lie by the lake shore and smoke and dream. Each year the others threatened to leave him at home, but relented on each occasion when their thoughts wandered to the handsome suit-case with its many boxes of finest

own terms without fear of mutiny. No matter how many fish Jones caught, they could not be eaten unless they were cooked and Sterling reigned supreme. The six members of the party were college men of the same year, all claiming Queen's as their Alma Mater. They had camped together many times enjoying the beauties of Muskoka and the Thousand Islands, but this was their first trip to the Kawartha Lakes. Remembering Sterling's tyranny of former years, Ross suggested before starting that they take





G. W. BURNS OF CINCINNATI, OHIO, AND GUIDE MERRIMAN OF FENELON FALLS, WITH TWO HOURS CATCH ON FENELON RIVER

a cook along this time but Sterling scouted the idea. "I can do the cooking," he informed Ross. "Each of the other fellows is of some use. Smith is the best all-round worker we have, if he does like to yarn a little, and you," (with ineffable disdain), "can wash the dishes." Ross thought of the cigars and fine tobacco concealed in the precious suit case and inwardly chuckling, added some carefully packed, slender necked bottles to his hidden treasures. Perhaps someone else could dictate terms before the trip was over. The party landed at Fenelon Falls and were being piloted up the steps of the cliff to "Hotel Kawartha" for refreshments, when there was a shout from Jones. "Look at those fellows," and the six bore down bodily upon two men who were coming from their canoe with four splendid maskinonge. One man was unmistakably a guide, while the yachting cap and outing shirt of the other seemed to proclaim him a tourist. "How long were you out?" "Where did you get them? What bait

do you use for trolling? Are there any like that up at Rosedale?" were a few of the questions hurled at them. The guide smiled indulgently. "We were out an hour or two," he said. "It's quite a common thing to bring in half a dozen 'lunge' or a dozen fine bass in a couple of hours and they are thick all the way up to Coboconk." "Nearly as large as the ones I caught at Georgian Bay," began Smith when Ross saw his chance and started again for the hotel. Rather than listen to one of Smith's stories this early in the day, the crowd followed willingly. The "Manita's" whistle found Ross on the piazza of the "Kawartha," his heels higher than his head, and wrapped in a cloud of fragrant smoke. "Let's stay here. This is good enough for me and they caught those fish down in the river." "Come along," the others shouted. "We came out to camp. We will leave you home next year, for certain," and they hurried him unwillingly down to the boat. They reached Rosedale at half-past eleven, and almost as the steamer touched the wharf, Brown sprang ashore and disappeared. The steamer sailed on and the party were left standing amid their tents, canoes and bales when Ross began to enumerate their belongings. "Three tents, two canoes, four bales, a suit case, five grips, a guitar, and six passengers. One, two, three—twenty-one. One short. Count again. One, two, three—twenty-one. What is missing? The stuff is all here, but where is Brown? He is the missing link. You must have left him at Fenelon Falls when you were



NEAR FENELON FALLS—KAWARTHA LAKES DISTRICT



A PORTAGE IN KAWARTHA LAKES DISTRICT

kicking up such a dust about me. But lo! the lost returns," as a figure came hurrying down the road to the wharf. "The most lovely spot on earth just on the lake shore. Magnificent oak grove, splendid camping ground and bathing. It was not overrated. Tumble the stuff into the canoes and paddle round." They were soon at the camping ground where Jones busied himself with his fishing tackle while the others unpacked the cooking out-fit. If he only had some bait he would steal down to the canoe and surprise those fellows with some fish for dinner. His meditations were interrupted by a touch on the elbow. "Come on," whispered McIntyre in a sepulchral voice. "I have the worms and we can dodge behind the trees, down to the canoe." Just as the fire crackled brightly and the provender was being inspected, the noise of paddling was heard, and the two deserters were seen rapidly approaching with three fine black bass, plenty for their first dinner. The afternoon was spent in pitching tents and

getting settled, and in the early evening the fishing parties started out, Brown and Ross being, by mutual consent, left to guard the camp. The fishers returned in a couple of hours with eleven bass, guided home by the splendid camp fire which Brown had built. At one side of the fire Ross lay stretched in a gorgeous red hammock, just touching the strings of his guitar while Brown reclined on a brilliant rug at his feet. Other rugs were carelessly but picturesquely scattered on the grass and on a rustic table, which Brown had manufactured while Ross swung the hammock, stood a box of cigars and a slender necked bottle. As the canoes came in sight the music of the guitar strings increased in volume, while Ross' magnificent tenor and Brown's rich baritone mingled in the strains of "Lo, the conquering heroes come." "It takes those two fellows to make an effective picture," muttered Sterling as they glided swiftly and silently towards the shore. "And champagne, by Jove! No wonder that suit case was heavy"! They rose next morning at daybreak and went fish-

ing immediately after breakfast, returning with two maskinonge and ten bass. Almost similar success attended them on their various fishing expeditions, during the month they remained in camp. Only upon three days were they prevented by pouring rain from going fishing. Then Ross became the hero of the hour by producing the magazines in which Brown and he had been revelling while the remainder of the party fished. They attended service each Sunday in the quaint little village church, and heard some very clever speakers. Men who were, like themselves, exotics, enjoying the beauties of Rosedale. One day they paddled up to Coboconk and on another occasion down to Fenelon Falls, while some of their best fishing was done in Burnt River. They also visited most of the islands of Balsam Lake, always discovering some new beauty.

Returning from their sails they witnessed many of the beautiful sunsets for which the Kawartha Lakes are famous. The most beautiful was on the evening before

they broke up camp. They had been fishing all day in Burnt River and passed under Rosedale bridge just as the sun was setting. Coming quickly around the curving shore, the beauty of the scene burst upon them. The sun was sinking behind the trees of Grand Island and the colors of the sky, ranging from palest amber to deepest crimson, defied description. The reflected colors upon the still waters made the canoes appear to be floating through a lake of gold and fire. They rested silently upon their paddles. It seemed sacrilegious even to speak. The almost intense silence was broken by Brown. "I never saw it equalled in Switzerland," and the party felt that words could go no farther. "I am coming back here this fall," said Jones, as on the following day the "Manita" bore them down the lake. "That guide down at Fenelon Falls says the ducks are bagged every day, in dozens, in Goose Lake during the season and that some of the finest deer in the country are found along Gull River, north of Coboconk."

## Mr. Aubrey White.

Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests for Ontario.

**I**N all that concerns the higher interests of outdoor life in the premier Province of Canada, Mr. Aubrey White, Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests for Ontario, has been such a conspicuous figure for so long a time that readers of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," who are not personally acquainted with this estimable civil servant will be glad to be introduced to him through our pages, and learn some of the interesting particulars of a long and useful official career in the course of which Mr. White has left his mark upon both the public life and the history of Ontario.

Mr. White came to Canada in 1862 from Ireland where he had been educated at the Royal Schools of Raphoe and Dungannon, and at Dunbar's in Dublin.

Making his way to Muskoka, he first entered into business by fur trading with the Indians in the Lake of Bays district ;

passing from that to the lumber business, the details of which he mastered from the ground—and tree—up.

During his many years residence in the North country, which was then comparatively unpopulated, Mr. White passed through all the experiences of an explorer, timber estimator, and wood ranger, thus acquiring a practical knowledge of woodcraft that pre-eminently fitted him for his later official positions.

In 1878 he was appointed Crown Lands agent at Bracebridge ; in 1882 promotion came to a clerkship in the Woods and Forests Branch of the Crown Lands Department ; and in 1887 he was appointed Assistant Commissioner, his official title being changed in 1906 to Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests.

Thus for nearly twenty years Mr. White has occupied one of the most important positions in the civil service, and worked under a long list of Commis-





MR. AUBREY WHITE

sioners and Ministers viz. the Hon. T. B. Pardee, Hon. Arthur S. Hardy, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. E. J. Davis, Hon. A. G. MacKay, Hon. J. J. Foy, and Hon. Frank Cochrane.

Mr. White has performed the duties of his post with singular ability and with a high sense of its importance. To Mr. White is due the inception of the excellent fire ranging system of Ontario under which over five hundred rangers are now employed in protecting our forests from their greatest enemy. This system has been so highly appreciated as to have been copied, in whole or in part, by many of the other Provinces, as well as by the Dominion, and its main features are being adopted by the United States Government.

During the nineteen years of his occupancy of the post of Assistant Commissioner and Deputy Minister no less a sum than thirty millions has been received from this great revenue producing Department. The receipts for 1905 alone totalled \$2,119,404. The expansion of the department's activities, and the opening up of New Ontario, have also been in keeping with the growth of the Province.

As a lover of the tree and forest, Mr.

White is naturally a valuable supporter of the Canadian Forestry Association, having been a member of its Executive, and filled the highest offices in its gift—those of President and Honorary President. He was also a delegate to the meeting of the American Forestry Association held in Washington in 1905.

Mr. White further had the honor of assisting in the setting aside of the Algonquin National Park as a great Game, Fish and Forest Reserve, being a member of the Royal Commission along with Alexander Kirkwood, Archibald Blue, and Thomas W. Gibson appointed to consider the original proposition and to work out its details. In this great natural reserve of a million acres, the people of Ontario have a possession in perpetuity the full benefits of which can never be overestimated.

It will be the universal wish of his many friends, in which the readers of the Magazine will heartily join, that Mr. Aubrey White may live many years yet to give the Province the benefits of his ripened experience, and matured judgment on the many problems constantly arising, and in which the Department in which he has rendered such signal service is so deeply concerned.



REV. MR. BALDINGER (PITTSBURG), C. L. STOKES (NEW YORK), GUS BALDINGER (PITTSBURG)  
MR. HARVES (PITTSBURG)

## Fishing in Lake Nipissing.

BY W. F. SHAW, M. D.

**L**AKE Nipissing is one of the grandest of the many matchless sporting resorts to be found in the richly endowed Province of Ontario. There are many portions of it easy of access from the Grand Trunk Railway System. From its very nearness to civilization it is comparatively overlooked by the lover of fish and game. They imagine it is too near settlements to give them all the solitude they wish. With its five hundred miles of coast line, its deep bays and projecting points, shallow and stony reefs, innumerable islands, and unsurpassed scenery, there is nowhere within the confines of the Dominion a better combination of unlimited scope for sport, with convenience of access for the business or professional man who must keep in touch with civilization even upon his vacation.

In the west arm alone of this beautiful lake a canoeist might spend a couple of pleasant weeks amid the maze of islands and bays, each day taking a fresh route, and enjoying new and unrivalled scenery, yet never going beyond a few hours'

sailing of a post or telegraph office though enjoying absolute solitude all the time.

There is the best of fishing in these bays, and last year Mrs. E. A. Jacques, of Auburn, N. Y. landed a 'lunge' weighing forty-six pounds. There is also good duck shooting to be had in season, and along the finely wooded shores partridge shooting can be obtained, and indulgence had in deer hunting.

The one drawback is in the existence of fishing licenses from which the Ontario Government derives a revenue of some six thousands of dollars per annum. If the policy of allowing these licenses is continued, this admirable sporting resort will be robbed of one of its greatest charms. Practically no other benefit than the money one is derived by the Province from the fishery, as most of the fish are exported to the United States.

No one who has spent a week on these waters can fail to cherish a store of pleasant memories of incidents and experiences which must have fallen to them if



they have had any good weather at all on Lake Nipissing.

The writer recalls a half day's visit to one of these bays with special pleasure. The host was a popular bachelor, of Callander, Ont., as noted for his largeness of heart as for his generous physical proportions ; and the guest an old and esteemed mutual friend, Mr. John Stephenson, of the Bremner Bros. lumber firm, Hamilton. Mr. Stephenson had often expressed a wish to experience for once in his life the sensation of catching a fish, and we resolved to try and indulge him.

We left Callander shortly after noon, and proceeded direct to a noted bass fishing ground, an ideal spot, about three or four miles distant, amongst a cluster of low banked, reef bound islands, where we disembarked and got to work as quickly as possible. In addition to a basket of refreshments, hastily provided, our host very thoughtfully took along his kit bag, which had doubtless done duty many times before, and which on investigation was found to contain, on a small scale, something like the outfit that Noah must have taken into the ark.



CAUGHT BY C. L. STOKES, NEW YORK, WEIGHT 32 LBS.



JUST COME IN AND HUNGRY FOR BREAKFAST

Our host's collection was not well kept but he assured us that rust was not unwholesome—in fact that it is a form of iron in a reduced state, and good for the system—and accepting this statement we duly appreciated his foresight. No explanation was vouchsafed for the presence of the sand with the salt and other cooking requisites, but we took it for granted that our good host, being a man who knew something about everything, and apparently everything about some things, had some good and useful purpose in view for this also. If that kit bag could only have spoken it might have told of occasions in its experience when a little sand was more necessary than some of those who formed the parties when it was carried would care to admit. Without casting any reflections on his religious propensities our host was one who did not believe in trusting too much to Providence, and



accordingly his supplies were ample for all occasions.

In less than half an hour from landing we were all settled down to business within a distance of thirty or forty yards of each other. A quarter of an hour had not gone by when there was a shout, a struggle, a scramble over the rocks, and finally dazed, bewildered, and with an indescribable expression of countenance our mutual friend, with a three pound bass dangling from his line, stood before us, only able to say "Tom! Tom! Tom!"

It was pretty clear to both of us that he had at last experienced the sensation of catching a fish, and that in ample measure.

We were each so pleased with our friend's good fortune that for some minutes we all lost our equilibrium, and it was quite a time before the thought occurred

to us to continue our fishing. Eventually however we resumed our occupation, and succeeded in capturing two more fish, when time was called, and also the kit bag and the camp fire.

Tom, for such is the unpretentious cognomen of our host, amongst other good qualities, is an admirable cook, and soon had an appetizing meal ready. Whether it was due to the skill of our cook, the invigorating atmosphere in which we found ourselves, the tonic iron in the salt, the fact that we were eating the fresh fish we ourselves had caught; or a combination of all these, we never enjoyed a meal better, and it was astonishing to see the suddenness with which those fish disappeared.

The return trip was made without mishap, and it would be impossible to conceive a more delightful and satisfactory half day's outing.

## How Our Fishing Trip Was Spoiled.

BY F. F. COATES.

In this narrative is given an account of a fishing experience at a series of lakes known as Three Mile, Red Trout and Fry-ing Pan, which are situated about ten miles east of Halifax, N. S. The method of catching fish herein referred to, and which is practiced to a large extent by the colored people of that vicinity, is against the laws of the Nova Scotia Game Society, and although it was at first confined to lakes in the immediate vicinity of their settlements, it has of late extended to other fishing grounds at greater distances from their homes. Some sympathy may be felt for the negroes, as they make this the bulk of their means of livelihood but on the other hand there is no doubt that if they expended as much energy and time in following up lawful pursuits as they do on this one that is unlawful, and fast destroying the fish-

ing sport in that section of the country, they would find them far more remunerative.

My friend and I had again started on another fishing trip. On this occasion it was considerably shortened on account of lack of time, and we therefore had to content ourselves with a short run out of town to a lumber camp some ten miles distant, situated near a number of lakes, which once could be depended upon to furnish excellent sport to the fisherman. We had turned off the main road on to a trail leading along the foot of Granite Mountain, and were walking beside the team, that carried among other things our provisions for the inner man,—the nature of which would have won the approbation of the most ardent member of the W.C.T.U.

It was a lovely evening in early May. The sun, which was now setting, had shone brightly the whole day as if bent upon removing all remaining traces of the departed winter, and appeared as if loth to leave the scene of its day's activity.

We had arrived about midway between the main road and the camp, when all at once the diminishing wind carried to our ears the distant confused sounds of voices, so confused, as seemingly to have no relation to each other. My friend and I immediately began to speculate as to the source of these sounds, but had hardly come to a conclusion when there appeared around a bend in the road about a dozen negroes, some tall, others short, but all of which were characteristically lean. As soon as they saw us they immediately became silent, but after a short pause again resumed their conversation in low tones as if concocting excuses as to why they were there, and were afraid of being overheard.

From appearances this band of colored gentry may have been going on an impromptu picnic, as nearly all of them carried a large basket, but nothing else by which to denote their errand. The circumstances, however, of our meeting conveyed to us without making inquiries the fact that we should have rivals in the angling field the next day. We did not question them as to their destination, as they no doubt expected judging from their actions, and they therefore passed us continuing on their way, with the sounds of their voices and laughter increasing as the distance between us lengthened. These sounds, however, soon died away, and the incident passed out of our minds as we neared the sought for goal.

We found the camp deserted, but by the time we had put the horse up for the night and got settled the lumbermen arrived, having worked until the last streak of daylight had disappeared. There were six of us all told in the camp. We retired about 9.30 p. m. all in the one bunk; 3 at each end with feet to feet. All of the men were soon asleep with the exception of our host and myself, and the former possessing all of the characteristics of a recently converted Baptist immediately took up with the writer in a vigorous style the relative meanings of "into and unto," which lasted until the wee hours of the morning. At times our conversation became very enthusiastic, and our bed mates being awakened by the sound of our voices, gave vent to their feelings by protesting kicks,

which for a short time always had the desired effect.

The next day we started out at day-break with high spirits and fully armed to the scene of action. The next evening we returned with three small fish, and our spirits somewhat strained, if not broken. We had fished on three different lakes, had but little sport, and saw nothing of our colored rivals. As to the latter, we had hardly got back to camp when we again heard the sound of their voices, and rushing out to the road-way met the same Sons of Ham returning, not empty handed as we did, but each had a large fare of trout and some with their capacious baskets taxed to their limit. We immediately tried to get information from them as to where they got their great haul. They named the three different lakes we had visited, but we plainly and promptly informed them in words well suited for the occasion, that they had not been to either of the places they mentioned that day. They soon saw that they had been "Caught in the act," and not wishing to commit themselves again, moved off without further argument.

On the return of the lumbermen we recited this little incident to them, and they were surprised as to the number of fish these darkies had caught. They informed us that they had seen them that day lying on the banks of Three Mile Lake nearly all day, but apparently not fishing. They noticed further, however, that several times during the day the darkies would paddle around the lake on a roughly constructed raft, and then return to the shore for another sleep. Our hosts invited us to go with them the next day and try our luck there, and we jumped at the chance with the hope of still getting some sport out of our trip.

The next morning we were again up at daybreak. The weather had changed decidedly for the worse from a fisherman's point of view. The bright sun which had been shining the last few days failed to put in its appearance, and we were now experiencing one of the late snow storms which sometimes visits that part of the country during May. It was very cold, and a strong wind blew from the north. At the foot of the lake we all got into a large boat, which the lumber-

men had for towing logs, they taking charge of the oars. My friend located himself at the stern of the boat, while I perched myself up at the bow. The wind was blowing dead against us and our progress was slow. We had got about half-way up the lake and near the centre, when all at once a large fish jumped out of the water just ahead of us, several times in succession. We were surprised and unable to account for the actions of this fish, as it was still cold and blowing very hard. We cautiously rowed near the spot, getting out tackle ready for operation in the meantime, but when we arrived within about thirty feet or so of the spot, saw it was a large speckled trout secured by hook and line, and at the same time noticed the end of a pole near by. This told the whole story of our rivals' success. We immediately secured the fish, which proved to be a fine trout weighing about three pounds, and then continued on our investigations.

Following up the pole, the end of which was at the surface of the water, we found it to be about thirty feet long, and to it was spliced another of about the same length. To one end was attached a heavy stone weight, sufficient to sink it and keep it stationary, while the other end was allowed to float around as the wind might take it. Attached to the poles were a sufficient number of short lines, hooked and baited, set about four feet apart, so as not to get entangled with each other. From this one set we got about ten fish, all of which were dead with the exception of the first, and had apparently been caught the previous evening, as the skins of the fish were

becoming bleached in color. After taking the fish off the hooks we detached the lines, cut the poles from their moorings and set them adrift. On searching further we found six such contrivances, which we destroyed the same as the first, after having taken in all about thirty fish from them. On landing accidentally at a small island near the shore we found a further supply of lines, hooks, etc., and in addition found a large quantity of rope of about a half an inch in diameter, a sufficient length we should judge to stretch across that portion of the lake,—about a half a mile. My friend and I were eager to destroy this also, but the lumbermen persuaded us not to do this, stating that if we interfered further with the gear the negroes would no doubt take revenge upon their camp and boat.

Situated about three miles from these lakes is a settlement of negroes who dispose of a considerable number of trout at the Halifax market during the spring. I have often wondered at the bleached appearance the fish would sometimes present, but in view of the fact that the darkies referred to would have left the fish caught on their lines on Friday night until at least Sunday or possibly Monday, that is not to be wondered at.

Thus ended our fishing trip on this occasion: A fair number of fish, little sport, but a greater knowledge than we had heretofore possessed of the strategy resorted to by our dusky brethren. These methods have been carried on for some time resulting disastrously to the fishing sport, and it is to be hoped that proper steps will be taken to prevent their continuance.

## The Indians and Big Game in the West.

**T**HE Government Indian Agent at Morley, Alta., in his annual report on the condition of the Stony Indians, states that they are generally in a prosperous way, and to some extent self-supporting. As evidence of this he says that last year three hundred sacks of flour and 55,000 lbs. of beef less than the previous year were distributed amongst them.

Messrs. Brewster Bros., the well known guides of Banff, write to "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" throwing a very different light upon the real condition of affairs. They feel constrained to do this in the interests of the country which in that and other large sections are bound up in no small degree with those of the tourists. Cutting off the rations, which look so attractive in print,



simply means that the Indians left the Reservation on a hunt to the north. A number remained on the Reserve to finish their haymaking by Treaty Day, in order to enable them to draw their Treaty pay. Then all who could go joined in the rush, and three hundred odd hunters round the Saskatchewan made such a clearance that nothing was left for anyone who might come after them.

The Stoneys, we are told, are most magnificent hunters, and their methods are thorough ones. They surround a mountain and climbing slowly up will drive everything to the top, where, on the open stretches of shale, or amongst the rocks, they kill everything—mountain rams, ewes, and even lambs falling before their rifles. Instances are given of one Indian who killed 26 sheep in one hunt on the Saskatchewan, and of others who killed ten and eighteen each. It is the same story with goat, deer, or any four legged or winged creature that crosses their path. A low average they calculate would be thirty animals to each tepee per season.

Each year the Government attempts further restrictions, and have prohibited the sale of sheep and goat heads. The rule is a good one, but it does no good so long as the Indians are left uncontrolled. The animals are slaughtered just the same, but the heads instead of giving work to the taxidermist are left rotting on the mountain sides. A large proportion of the meat goes to waste as the Indians are the least provident of mankind.

The game laws seem to be all directed against the tourist as the chief destroying agent. Now few of the tourists are fitted by nature or training to climb and shoot. To tour in western Canada a man has to be blessed with sufficient of this world's goods to pay for travelling a few thousand of miles to the "hunter's paradise," as the people are so fond of calling it, (Query : How long will it remain a "hunter's paradise" if the slaughter is allowed to continue ?) The tourist must spend an average of \$500 for a three weeks' trip, and many of them a good deal more. The money thus spent gives employment to many guides, adds to the income of stores and hotels, to the revenue of the railroads, and to the

Government, as well as proving the best advertisement the country can have. To satisfy the tourists should therefore be the great aim, and to give this satisfaction it must be arranged that they shall at least see game. This is impossible after the Indians have been through a valley.

Imagine the result if you can, say our correspondents, upon the tourist traffic of western Canada, for two or three hunters to get up at a dinner of the Canadian Camp in New York and saying : "Don't go to the Canadian Rockies ; there is no game there ; on our visit we did not even see a fresh track." Five hundred hunters listen to this statement, damaging in the extreme, and the results upon the traffic, and those dependent upon it, are deplorable. The men who make such a statement may be good hunters, and speak the entire truth—but unfortunately they followed the Indians.

At present the Rockies are really and truly "The only big horn country in America." It all depends upon the people to say how long this shall remain the truth.

Sofar as the agricultural work done by the Indians is concerned the results are certainly not startling, and cattle raising which sounds attractive, and which is work in which the Indians could really engage with success, is not greatly followed by them. Rather are they living on the small stocks they now possess, and the saving of 55,000 lbs. of beef will soon disappear in the larger expenditure which will speedily be forced upon the Government in replenishing the Indians' stocks of cattle.

If agriculture is spreading amongst the Stoneys then the Reserve should be moved to a farming district and away from the mountains. The present location is merely a temptation to the Indians to fish and hunt whenever they feel inclined, and in defiance of the laws or the seasons.

In conclusion, Messrs. Brewster point out that we owe the Indians something, and if we take from them the freedom of the mountains, the least we can do is to give them rations. Move the Reserve onto the prairie, and supply them with rations which will keep them on

the Reserve. By this means the Rockies may be maintained indefinitely as a big game country, and the tourist traffic, now only in its infancy, developed to very large proportions. This would be the best and most effective method, and prove the kindest in the end. By ad-

opting such a plan the Indian would be given a chance of settling down to some useful occupation, and the game would be saved and perpetuated; and one of the greatest delights of a wonderful country preserved for future generations.

## What Our Neighbors are Doing in Game and Bird Protection.

**L**IVE issues in Canada are or have been in a similar condition in the States, and questions of deep interest on one side of the border have a tendency to defy the international line and become common to both peoples. In no particular perhaps is this seen more strongly than in matters of game and bird protection. Experience in the States may well teach us much in Canada, and we may learn considerably from the manner in which our neighbours deal with problems similar to those which confront our people.

Recklessness marks the early history of dealings with game in the States, and the early Canadians followed the bad example thus set them. Excuses may be found in the fact that while men were few, and game most abundant, it did appear to the early settlers as though the supply was quite inexhaustible. With the increase in population, and the immense strides made in arms of precision, nothing less than indiscriminate slaughter resulted, and men began to see their folly when it was almost too late to remedy the fruits of the excesses in which they had indulged.

Once aroused however, the Americans, with that characteristic energy which has ever distinguished them, have made wonderful efforts to offset the pernicious results of their past inaction, and a pamphlet, compiled by Mr. T. S. Palmer, assistant in charge of Game Preservation in the Biological Survey, contains facts and figures showing the progress made in game and bird preservation throughout that country which will astonish many of our readers.

It is only a five years' retrospect—

a review of the work done in the few years of the twentieth century, and yet it shows a remarkable amount of accomplishment, and is rich in promise of future and more wonderful results.

One feature in which our neighbours excel is in regulating the importation of foreign birds and mammals, and the boast that in this work the "United States has undertaken a task of greater magnitude than that attempted by any other nation" would appear to be fully justified. Many countries have suffered for lack of such restrictions, and now both in South Africa and Australasia efforts are being made in this direction; but in the States the answer to the problem appears to have been worked out almost to perfection. It is surprising to learn that one consignment of foreign birds arrives on an average every day in New York, that in busy seasons as many as 10,000 have come on one steamer; while in the course of a year the importations aggregate more than 200,000 canaries and 40,000 miscellaneous birds. During five years ending June 30th, 1905, 1,563 permits were issued covering the entry of 2,841 mammals, 819,970 canaries, and 185,765 miscellaneous birds, of which 30,837 were game birds. In addition 19 permits were issued for the entry of 7128 eggs of game birds imported for propagation.

In the same period entry was denied to seven specimens of the mongoose, fifty-four flying foxes, one kohlemeise, fifteen blaumeisen, and two European starlings. In the case of the mongoose three examples arrived at San Francisco, three at Philadelphia, and the

seventh at Los Angeles. The first six were promptly destroyed and the seventh died. Two of the flying foxes were killed, and the remainder shipped back to the port from whence they came. It is pointed out that if the mongoose once obtained a footing in the South it would probably become the worst pest that could be introduced into the country. In a strict enforcement of the law lies the protection of the States from a repetition of such a costly experiment as the introduction of the English sparrow.

The right of the State to prohibit the exportation of game having been established, the various States have taken action, and now all the States of the Union, except Mississippi, prohibit export, and several of them have stopped the sale of all or certain kinds of game. As a necessity for these laws it is pointed out that in 1900 the number of prairie chicken killed in Nebraska was estimated at five millions, of which one million were killed for local consumption, and four millions for shipment beyond the State.

No less than 36 States require non-residents to take out hunting licenses, and 16 States insist upon resident hunters doing the same. In nine States the fees pay all the cost of protection; in Missouri the game protection fund has a balance in its favor of \$40,000 while that of Illinois was nearly \$100,000.

The Wichita game refuge bill approved in January, 1905, was the first step on the part of the States to utilize their forest reserves as game refuges. The extent was left to the President, who showed his hearty concurrence by setting aside the whole reserve of 57,000 acres for this purpose.

Birds are the special care of the Audubon Societies, local societies being organized in 36 of the States, and the movement given a permanency by the incorporation of the National Association. In no less than 34 of the States non-game birds are protected by law. Six Federal reservations have been set aside for the protection of sea birds, and successes have attended each one of these efforts. One of the far reaching results of the movement is said to have been the elimination of the plumage of native species from the millinery trade. "This

has been accomplished partly by legislation prohibiting possession and sale of such plumage; and partly by co-operation between the Audubon Societies and the principal wholesale milliners of the country." The restriction of the traffic in native cage birds has also been a further result of the educational work thus accomplished. Formerly these were trapped almost to extinction, but these conditions are now altered. "No other country at present extends such complete protection to its non-game birds or has restricted the traffic in native birds more effectively than the United States."

Prior to 1890 the Federal Government had set aside only three reservations for the protection of its animals and birds, but eight additional ones have since been established. Some of these are small islands of little or no agricultural value, but occupied as breeding grounds by large colonies of birds, and of far greater value than the acreage would imply.

The effort to protect and increase the herd of elk in the Sequoia National Park, California, is described, twenty being caught and transferred to a place where it is hoped that, free from molestation, they will increase in numbers, and thus ensure the preservation of this interesting species.

In the Yellowstone National Park, where the animals are under the protection of the Federal law, and have the further safety guard of a military patrol, bison, deer, elk, black bear, etc., are described as abundant; while beaver are increasing, mountain sheep number about 100, and antelope 1,500. So numerous are the elk that it is difficult to tell their numbers even approximately. So tame has the big game, thus protected, become that they visit the buildings, and sometimes even appear upon the parade ground at Fort Yellowstone.

These experiences demonstrate, the writer holds, how readily the big game of the West may be saved from extinction by proper protection when Congress shall authorize the utilization of certain areas of the forest reserves as game refuges.



# A Caribou Hunt in Cape Breton.

BY A HUNTER'S SON.

**S**OME of the highest and most extensive mountains of eastern Canada are found in the counties of Inverness and Victoria in Cape Breton. These mountains are all connected by ridges, and form but one range. Even now they make a vast wilderness, and really form the watershed for the whole island. In the early days of immigration from Europe great herds of moose wandered over these hills, though at present not a solitary specimen is to be found. Another animal, however not so much inferior to the moose in many ways, still roams the hills and ridges in abundance and supplies sport and venison to the hunter and the lover of adventure.

A caribou hunt is indeed prime sport and a distinguishing feature of the island. Everyone who can enjoys such a hunt at least once in his life. A good time is the month of February, and on a bright morning of that month in the valley of the Pond River preparations were being made for such a hunt. An hour before sunrise on this particular morning a party of five men started for the "barrens."

They climbed the mountains which sloped from the south, in the usual track or blazed path which, since it had always been the one used, was considered the best to travel on all occasions. The moon was still shining from the west, and casting long fantastic shadows on the snow. The snow, which during the earlier part of the winter had been clinging to the branches of the softwood, had by late storm been blown off. This is considered an important fact in connection with caribou hunting, and the men noting the fact thought themselves fortunate in their selection of a day for their hunt.

They reached the mountain summit just as the sun was appearing over the eastern hills. Having now reached a better path they moved along at a smarter pace than the one with which they had ascended the slope. In another hour the sun was having quite a pleasing effect upon the landscape, and the spirits of the hunters rose accordingly. The sparkling hoar frost, the glittering

crystals, and withal the blinding whiteness of the snow, made a scene upon which only strong eyes could look, but which thrilled the hunters with an indescribable rapture, causing them to quicken their footsteps, and feeling a supreme satisfaction in the mere fact of being alive.

About ten miles from the summit of the mountain they reached their "camp." The building was but a small log cabin, with bunks and of course a stove, the latter renowned for its great heating qualities. In such a camp the hunters enjoy the long winter evenings to the utmost. On the way to the camp nothing of particular note had occurred. Two tracks had been seen, but evidently they had been imprinted a day before. It was noon when camp was reached and the men immediately set about the preparation of dinner. They had brought with them most healthy appetites, stimulated by their long and toilsome march.

Seated round the table the hunters all appeared to be as fine fellows as could be found anywhere. They were hale and hearty, and used to a life of toil and endurance. One man, Angus Burk, seemed to be their leader by natural selection rather than by any appointment as such. He was by all means worthy of that distinction. He had hunted the barrens for twenty years, and knew every "trick of the trail". A good shot, he scarcely ever aimed at a caribou with his favorite Marlin without success attending his aim. He was a "Deerslayer" in reality. The other men, whose names respectively were John McGrath, Archie McLean, Willie Mombroquette, and Isaac Fortune, were all hunters in the true sense of the word, but they instinctively looked to Angus for guidance on all occasions.

The afternoon was spent in hunting around the camp, but without success, and the men returned and spent a pleasant evening, retiring early so as to be afoot with the break of day meaning on the morrow to hunt the barrens beyond the McKenzie River.

Starting before daybreak, they were miles on their journey when the dawn appeared. The morning broke fine and suitable for hunting. Tramping on snowshoes, they were on the "Everlasting Barren" before noon. As they looked across they could see moving objects. Perhaps they were caribou! Angus speedily directed a movement by which they might be approached undisturbed. The hunters marched round the edge of the barren in the eye of the wind, and before long were regaling their sight by watching a herd of caribou some distance away. Evidently the creatures were enjoying themselves, basking in the sun which was now shining brightly. The distance was however too great to admit of a successful shot. So another manoeuvre had to be brought into play.

Near to where the hunters stood watching was a ravine or gulch in the bottom of which ran a brook. The caribou often filed down this way, and had indeed worn a path. By Angus' directions, Archie and Willie were sent round to the left with instructions to sneak out in a thicket, and send the caribou down to the rest of the hunters.

At that time this appeared the only practicable scheme, and it was acted upon immediately. Angus and his two companions waited anxiously to see the result of this manoeuvre, and prepared for the anticipated and hoped for rush. The report of a rifle rang out across the barren, and immediately afterwards there came the rushing and the snorting sound of caribou, and a dozen came tearing in their direction. A few more leaps and that big bull leading will be opposite Angus. Now he is almost opposite! With head and antlers elevated he bounds along all unconscious of the lurking foe. Bang! three rifles go off almost simultaneously, and almost in the next instant speak again. The herd break up and disappear in the woods, leaving two of their number on the ground.

As quickly as possible the hunters gather round and celebrate their success. They admire the graceful heads and antlers, and the long athletic legs of the animals killed, and congratulate themselves on the reward of their long tramp. Having dressed their game they bind it on

their toboggans and start on their return journey. It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when all was finished and one and all knew that the short amount of daylight left them to return to camp made it doubtful if they could reach it before darkness set in. Moreover now they had time to look at the sky, they saw it was hazy, and clouds were flying from the south-west. Winds and squalls come from that quarter, and it was easy for the hunters to prophesy a speedy and a strong "south-easter."

Hardened hunters, they resolved to leave nothing useful behind them, and exulting in their success they started their homeward march. They were sufficiently awake to their possible danger to make all speed in the direction of the camp, though they did not think any serious ill could befall them.

At four-thirty however it grew prematurely dark, the wind came in great squalls, causing drifts to fly over the barrens, and through the open parts of the woods. McKenzie River gulch had just been left behind when the storm broke in all its fury. Exhaustion was stealing over the men after the exertions of coming up the river bank with heavy loads. It had not been possible to drag the full loads up the steep bank at once and the repetition of the climbing had been of itself an exhausting piece of work.

On they plod, and with all their efforts to keep up their courage the jokes became less in number and more feeble in character. Perspiration was flowing freely, night was settling down, and exhaustion made every step a painful operation. Still there appeared nothing before them but the dreary wilderness, and the southeaster shrieking through the tree tops followed them. To crown all, snow began to fall thickly and the track was speedily covered.

Thanks for experience at such a moment! Angus revived their drooping spirits once again. He declared that though the snow should fall six feet deep he would find the track—if indeed the night was not altogether too dark. This added danger now confronted them. Night settled her wings over the tree tops, and it threatened to be very dark indeed. In fact it would not have been



a Cape Breton south-easter if such had not been the effect produced.

Still they travelled on with a dogged perseverance that deserved the reward of camp and supper and bed. None of them knew that little Archie McLean was counting his steps. Brave little Archie! He dared not confess that he is about to give up and lay down in the snow. He was counting until only two or three more steps seemed to be within his utmost power. He knew that to lie down was fatal, and yet he felt that he must do it. Just then a voice ahead cries out "All right boys!" It was Angus shouting through the storm to the others who had fallen back and were straggling.

"All right, boys! We're there!" "Thank God!" involuntarily returned little Archie. He was just giving up all hope—hope of what he dared not now enquire. A few more steps and they all drew up at the camp, each having strangely intermingled feelings, and thoughts of the dangers now safely passed and the testing experiences they had undergone.

The warmth of a good fire soon made new men of them, and a hearty meal,

and a long rest restored them completely. While the south-easter roared and played his pranks outside, the sleepers knew nothing whatever of his proceedings.

In the morning the men awoke to a fine sight. There was snow everywhere, trees were buried, and drifts formed ten feet high! The camp was standing in a sort of "dug out!" The air however was warm and the wind had almost died away. Even now drops of rain were falling. Through all that day the rain fell in torrents, and the wind again sprang up towards the southward, only to haul gradually round to the westward, and change the falling rain to snow flakes. Soon the snow flakes ceased, the wind went round to the north and the frost began its work before dusk.

Next morning the hunters were able to travel over the surface of the snow in any direction, the crust having formed to a sufficient hardness. They set out and soon reached Pond River Valley again, every man thankful that he could tell round his own fireside to wondering friends the marvellous. (and yet after all common) experience of the hunters of Cape Breton.

## Bear Hunting in the Canadian Rockies.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE.

**A**T the time the discovery was made—some few years ago—that the Mountains encircling Kootenay and Slocan Lakes in British Columbia were rich in galena ore, there was—in my opinion—no better bear country to be found South of the C. P. R., and North of the international boundary line, which is saying a good deal—for I had already hunted the same stretch of country West to the Fraser River, including well known bear countries in the States of Idaho, Montana, the Big Horn Range in Wyoming, and the Blue Mountains in Oregon.

In none of the above countries did I see as many bears, or markings of bears, and of a large size, in such a short time or small extent of country, as I did in the West Kootenay.

There was also a fair amount of caribou and deer, and plenty of goat, and it was not necessary, either, to climb up over the snow line to discover this fact. Their deep cut and well worn trails down the mountain sides—generally to a salt-lick—over the creeks, and up the other, proved conclusively that they were there, and could be got by men sound enough of wind and limb to climb after them, or patience enough to lie in wait for them on a moonlight night at their salt-licks.

The caribou kept high up, while the deer kept low down, following the snow up as it melted away. But the greatest enemy of the big game in the West, were waiting in their thousands for spring to open up to rush in and change the face of these quiet, heavy timbered, rugged mountains into a beehive of wild life.



cited struggling prospectors, straining every nerve to be one of the lucky half dozen ONLY, out of the many thousands, who would get rich with a few strokes of the pick. Though all prospectors don't pack rifles, they do dynamite—that curse to all lakes and rivers, and a curse it proved to be here, while the crack of the rifle could be heard incessantly.

What caribou, deer and other game escaped the rifle, went further back. The active, surefooted little goats deserted their salt-licks, seeking out still higher peaks to watch the strange scenes below, knowing they were quite safe. Down below them, among the alder bushes under the snowline, were to be found all summer a couple of sturdy animals of a different caliber, who were also quite safe, not because they were too high up, but because they bore a very bad reputation—whether deserved or otherwise, is not for me to say. At any rate they refused to go because a lot of two-legged animals had invaded their country, and the majority of the said two legged animals were apparently in no hurry to molest these sturdy rascals—the Silver-tip and Cinnamon—better known as grizzlies. Not only did they refuse to go, but they didn't even change their old quarters or habits—at least these two didn't to my certain knowledge, retiring as usual at daybreak to the alder patches under the snowline, and coming down after dark to look for their supper. Sometimes it happened that one of them paid a visit on the way down to some prospector's tent. Being a sort of surprise visit, the occupant of the tent generally made himself scarce, leaving the intruder to root out and eat up all his bacon and sugar—Bruin's favorite tid-bits—tearing down the tent in the process. Sometimes a bear has the misfortune to interview the wrong tent, getting lead instead of sugar. I have had surprise visits from these gentry more than once, and I can assure the reader that I didn't stay round to entertain them. Neither would you on a dark night! Now when one remembers the amount of blasting, tree cutting, smoke from innumerable camp fires, to say nothing of the hundreds of men swarming all over the country, one would naturally suppose that a shy animal like the bear, would leave such noisy quart-

ers and seek for quieter ones; no doubt some did, but a good many certainly did not, as I received good proofs through the summer months.

One morning at daybreak, early in April, a man with a pack horse left Kasto on Kootenay Lake for Bear Lake on the divide (20 miles). Ten miles on the other side is New Denver, on Slocan Lake. The trail was a very rough one, winding round the mountain sides, amongst rocks and fallen timber. About a mile out the trail made a dip down for about 20 feet, turned sharply round under a gutting spur of rock, then up again. As the horse went down from one side, a silver-tip came down the other, both meeting under the rock. Now, there are always two surprises when you meet a bear you have one, and he has the other. Both barred each other's way. The driver—who was walking behind the horse, and therefore, couldn't see past him on the narrow trail—struck the horse on the quarters to make him go forward. The horse snorted, and tried to turn round, instantly the bear rose on his hind legs, and struck the horse a blow that tore his neck to ribbons from ear to shoulder, knocking him backwards into the surprised man behind. Before the horse had time to get up, the bear made a lunge at the pack saddle, breaking the cinch, and tearing the horse's side and flank in the process. The horse, freed from his pack, lost no time on the trail back to town, neither did the man!

I and my pardner (Jim Ballantyne) were camped beside the Divide trail, on the outskirts of Kasto, we had heard a horse go by our tent before daybreak. Falling asleep again we were wakened by a snorting horse going by at full gallop. A few minutes afterwards the driver came along and told the above story, adding that the pack consisted of one hundred pounds of bacon, and two fifty pound bags of flour. "That Ba'r 'ill stop to eat that bacon and if you fellers get a move on back to that rock you'll get that mangy cuss!" Here followed a string of oaths that would surprise old "cloven foot," had he heard them.

Now Jim and I had trapped through the Kootenay the previous Fall and

Winter, and knowing there was plenty of Bear, we had decided to have a try for some in the spring. Here was a chance for the first! We took the trail without loss of time. Arriving near the rock, we separated, Jim going above, and I below, the trail for two reasons. The first was to get him between us if still there and the second to keep him from winding us—for a slight breeze was blowing towards the rock. A bear's weak point is his eyes, but his nose and ears are very keen, and make up for this deficiency—a point no bear hunter ever wants to forget. Working my way very cautiously forward, I reached the edge of the green timber. Beyond this, towards the rock, the ground had been burnt over some years before, only burnt stumps being left standing. When nearly under the rock, I worked up towards it, Jim working down. Being under the rock I was able to see him first, and a curious sight I witnessed. Apparently he had wiped up the bacon, and had then turned his attention to the flour bags, these he had ripped open, scattering the contents all round, and over his head, neck and shoulders.

He was still rooting the bags about, raising his head up to blow the dry flour out of his nostrils. I hadn't been watching him more than half a minute when he suddenly sat up, his great flour covered head flying round to all points of the compass. He had winded one of us. Once a bear winds you there is no time to lose. Drawing a bead on his shoulder I sent a 370 grain patch bullet through it from my 40-90- single shot Winchester. Through the smoke I saw a cloud of dry flour fly from his coat. Down he fell, rolled over, scrambled up again, dashed up the trail a piece, turned and faced up the mountain—making the dirt and dry sticks fly—towards Jim. They met all right. Jim was using a repeater—40-82-260, and old bacon eater met with a warm reception, getting three bullets through him, which sent him rolling down to the trail again, where he died in a few seconds. Except that the cinch was broken the pack saddle was none the worse. His fur—it was a male—was in prime condition, netting \$25. The meat we left for those who cared to take it. Cub bear is good eating, I never

tried an old timer. The next day we struck camp and hiked it up to the Divide. Here we found a considerable body of men camped waiting for the snow to disappear from the higher ranges above the Divide. Indeed, some had already staked off rich claims—so they said—on top of the snow.

Now, it doesn't follow that because a man is born and raised among bear, that he is a bear slayer. On the contrary, it is astonishing the number of men one will run onto in the west, who will tell you "they haven't lost any bear," and live up to it. Neither does it follow that because a man is fond of slaughtering mountain game, he is going round looking for bear. I could cite many cases to prove the above assertions, as could others.

A great many of these prospectors were old timers in the mountains; yet they were the very men who left the grizzlies alone. According to them a grizzly was never of the warpath. The bear, like the dog, has got a bad name—and it sticks to him east and west. We were sitting in our tent one evening eating supper—a few days after we struck the Divide, when two men rushed in both in a terrible state of excitement. "We want to buy a rifle," shouted one, "the price don't matter!" Jim, a very quiet man—looked at them in surprise—"Why, what's the matter?" he asked. "Matter!" excitedly—"matter, why the mountains are full of bear, and here we are like two darned fools without rifles of any kind!" "Where did you see the bear?" we inquired. "Bear!" in a surprised tone to me—why, we saw three!" "come here"—he added, stepping outside the tent and pointing to a ravine some few hundred feet above where we stood.

"My pard and I allowed we'd prospect above that ravine, where its clear—to-day. So this morning early we packed our blankets and some grub in case we had to camp out. Well, when we got to that ravine you see up there, we commenced to work our way through it—and hard work it was—for it is full of fallen timber and underbrush. We were nearly through when a small brown bear rushed out in front, and to one side of us. He hadn't gone twenty feet before an-



other followed him. Scrambling and grunting they made up the mountain side, towards a patch of underbrush. Before they reached that patch another bear came out as big as a bullock, and snorting like a steam engine came straight for us—"Well: What then?"—as neither seemed inclined to finish the story. "Well! there's no well about it"—mournfully—"all our outfits lying somewhere between here and that ravine." But—said Jim laughing,—“you'll find your outfit all right to-morrow!” “and meet those three bear again with only our bare hands?” “Nonsense,” said my pardner quietly—"the old bear was merely coming to see what her cubs were making such a fuss about. It's more than likely she's on the other side of the mountain now looking for a safe place to stow them, for it is doubtful which of you got the biggest fright." Nevertheless, they refused to go without a rifle. A twenty dollar gold piece was offered for the repeater—and refused. Twenty more followed—ten at a time—also refused. Then Jim spoke his mind. "If you'll take my advice"—sharply—"You won't buy one, for if youse got as excited in front of a Cinnamon with two cubs—has youse must have done to throw your packs away, — you'd be a dam site safer without a rifle,"—which explains all there is to explain about bear. As I have said, bears are very shy animals, too shy, as those who have ever tried to still hunt them, know. When cornered and wounded, or taken by surprise—as in the case of the horse and silver-tip above—they will fight, especially a she bear with cubs. If you wound her or her cubs, you have the most dangerous animal on the American continent to deal with. No true sportsman would have it otherwise.

We kept a close watch—late and early—on both sides, and above the Divide, on the open spans, which look like furrows down the mountain sides—caused by snowslides. Here—as the snow melted away—sprouted up grass, skunk cabbage, and other herbage in rank luxuriance. On every slide around that we saw there were signs of bear. Being disturbed so much by prospectors, they were very shy, and hard to see in daylight. Several times we heard them

smashing through the alder bushes,—they are very fond of alder tags—without however, getting a glimpse of them. I was sitting one evening alone at the head of a slide, just under the snow. This slide was one of three, it being the center one. Jim was at the head of the one on my right, a high ridge separating us. Some 800 feet below me grew a large patch of alder, the only patch on the slide. Presently I thought I saw something black moving through the herbage to one side of it. Keeping my eyes on it a few minutes showed I was right. It was a black bear, crawling over the ridge on my left. I worked my way down until opposite the tree I had marked, taking off my boots and cap, and placing a couple of cartridges between the fingers of my left hand. I peeped over the ridge, what do you think that bear was doing? Why sitting bolt upright and looking in my direction! He had winded me, though he was fully 120 yards below, and on the far side of the slide. Close behind him was a big rotten log. Through the smoke I saw chips fly from this log, and I made sure I had missed him, especially as the bear ran across the slide to some more bushes on my side and that much faster than a man could go. Jim came over the ridge a few minutes afterwards. I explained matters to him and we went and examined the log. No blood anywhere around! Next we followed the trail, and found blood on the edge of the bushes. Moving cautiously in, we found him—stone dead. The bullet had entered the chest between the forelegs, through the heart—and out! My only reason for mentioning this is that though fatally hit, he had run fully a hundred yards, and that faster than a man. The vitality of the bear is enormous.

Being near the end of April, we decided to move down to Slocan Lake. Here we found bear markings in all likely places, but the animals very shy, from constant contact with prospectors. As all fur was now losing its prime we went back to the Divide, intending to stop shooting. But the fates were against us. We were in the act of pitching our tent, close to the trail, when a packer came by with a string of horses, (one of Bill's outfit), and stopped to inform us



that a few days before one of his horses had fallen on the trail at Three Fork's and died. "I have just come over the trail—" he added—"and I noticed that some animal is visiting the horse. Now, from the size of the tracks where the animal crossed the creek, I should say it is a bear, for the tracks are as big round as the bottom of a bucket." "Shouldn't wonder"—remarked Jim grimly, after the packer had passed on—"but them tracks 'll be as big as waggon wheels before night." As is well known, bear are "meat hungry" in the Spring, and can generally be relied on at that time to visit a dead animal. On going down—some 400 yards or so, to where the horse lay, we found that a bear of large size was certainly visiting the horse. The horse was lying in an open valley about two hundred feet across, at the edge of the timber, and near the aforesaid small creek. As the moon was nearly at the full, with an open valley to shoot across, why not try for him? Agreed! Saying nothing to any of the prospectors—we got to the position we had selected, about 8.30 p.m., lay down, and kept quiet. Nine o'clock came and went, then ten! still no sign! The night was calm and still, except when a hearty guffaw from some miner's throat above floated down to us, or the dismal hoot of a night owl. Eleven came and went! Still no sign. Overhead the moon was floating in a cloudless sky, making the only Peak visible to us, stand out in clear relief, its snow-covered top and sides looking very cold and silvery under the bright moon. Now and again the pine tops swished mournfully, as a slight breeze passed through them. Eleven thirty! musn't smoke! Musn't do anything! but lie still with eyes wide open! The valley is as bright as day! Suddenly Jim pinched my arm and pointed across and above the horse! Ah! Bruin at last!! He was standing partly in the shade of the timber, perfectly motionless. How long had the cautious rascal been there? Now he is moving slowly along towards the bait. What a size he looks in the moonlight! half as big again as he really is!—He is still moving slowly along. Now he is out of the shadow! I feel another pinch on my arm, and see Jim push his

rifle forward. My heart is going like a sledge hammer; I will wait till Jim shoots. Then I'll be steady again! The report of Jim's rifle sounded like a clap of thunder! The bear fell—gave a snort—which sounded like woo-HUFF long drawn out, got on his feet again in a second, and lumbered up, and across the open span. "I've only wounded him,"—shouted Jim, jumping to his feet,— "shoot quick or we'll loose him". I fired and heard the bullet thud plainly. All it did was to make him turn and come down towards us. Jim pumped in two shots head on—always an ugly position.—The first missed, the next took his foreleg above the knee, sending him forward on his head. Staggering up on his three legs—not twenty yards away—he turned half round, and away back diagonally to where we had first seen him. Then we both raked him from the right flank to left shoulder. He dropped like a log, got up again, staggered round in a circle, then fell for good, tearing up the earth around him with his great claws, and sobbing up blood and foam from his badly wounded lungs. He was a male Cinnamon, in not over good condition, weight—guessed roughly—between 800 and 900 pounds. From the camp above came a succession of whoops, our shots had woke the boys up; they were coming along to see what the D—l all the row was about! "Whoop," yelled the first comer, "a ba'r boy's, lots of fresh meat!" "Hunt blanket—town (bed) you fellers!" yelled another—"we'll pull the skin of this Ba'r for ye!" and they did with a vengeance, for except the skin—we never saw a pound of the bear again; Fresh meat was a luxury on the Divide. Now, it will occur to the least experienced reader, that the missive addressed to a grizzly must be emphatic. Of course a man will use the weapon he likes best, and a fool is beyond all guidance. Excitable men should take a Maxim Machine Gun along, or stay at home, for such men—with the help of the fool and his popgun—have given the grizzly a reputation he doesn't deserve, as I have tried to show in these pages. The grizzly of the Sierra Nevada Range, I have never met. Sensible men going into the mountains for the first time should not listen to campfire talk. Re'

member practical men are always QUIET and RESERVED. Take a rifle with plenty of smashing power, and hold it straight for bruin's neck or shoulder, if below you break its back in the region of the kidneys. Let other parts of its body alone—if possible. Engage only guides who have a reputation, and want to keep it. Treat them well and rely on their judgment, and when you stand over a grizz-

ly for the first time you will feel that thrill of satisfaction run through you from head to toe, that only a true sportsman can appreciate.

Good old grizzly! I would like to see you protected in the summer months, by a stringent law, that would insure your being found in your Rocky Mountain home for all time.

## The Upper Steel, Lake Superior.

BY C. J. REED.

**T**HERE are many fine fishing streams all along the north shore of Lake Superior, but the one I like best is the Steel River, which is without doubt one of the best trout streams in Ontario, if not in all Canada. The fisherman who would fish the Steel River must be one who loves the wilderness, and then if he is a good fisherman he can obtain some splendid trout fishing in that river.

The tourist who would fish the Steel should make for Jackfish, a station on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway going west. He can obtain an outfit and guide in that small settlement, though it is well to arrange these matters beforehand, and then he can confidently make for the wilderness. From Jackfish to Mountain Lake it is three and a half miles to Clearwater—a beautiful lake of about one mile in length. A portage of one mile from Clearwater to Mountain Lake follows, and a paddle of two and a half miles brings one to the outlet into the Lower Steel, where most of the fishing is done. In this water I have caught ten trout, averaging three pounds dressed, two of them weighing six pounds each when taken.

On my last trip, accompanied by my friend, Mr. H. B. White, I fished in these lower waters with varying success for three days, and then we decided to make a visit to the upper waters. We wanted to reach the upper falls, and as our guide (Tom Geddes) had never been so far up the river we endeavoured to obtain information as to the distance. Accounts

varied all the way from ten to twenty-five miles, and so we took two days' provisions and started.

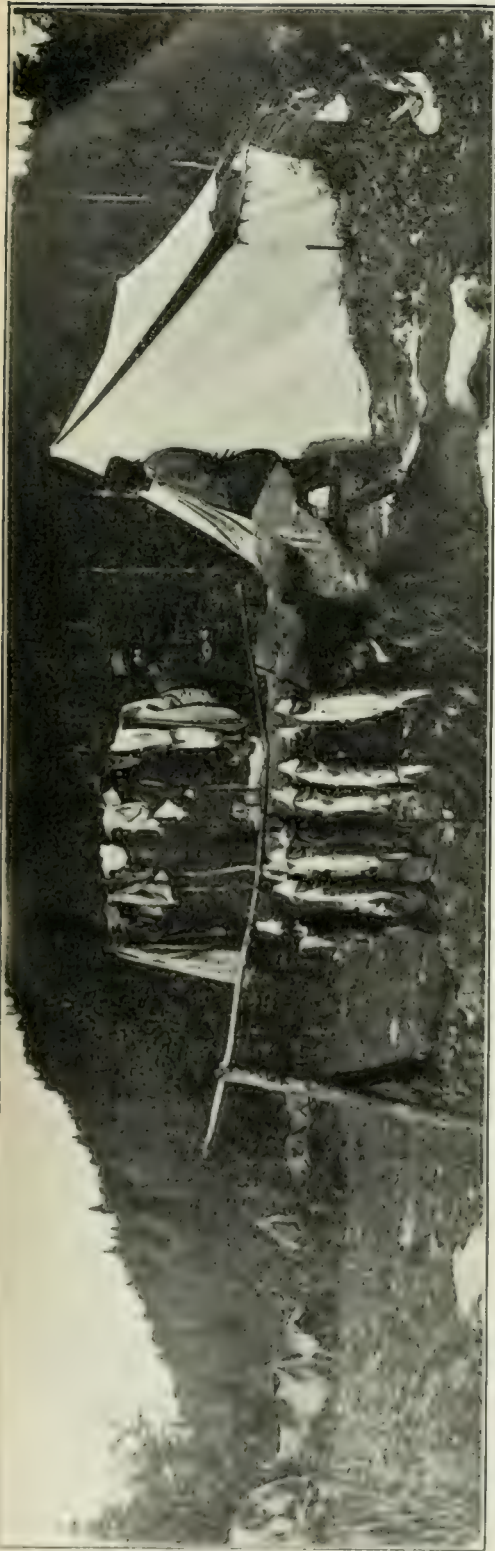
A paddle of five miles up the lake brought us to the stream, and after a short rest, we commenced our upward journey. For five miles we had a quiet paddle, and then met our first log jam, which necessitated a carry of about ten rods.

Fifteen miles with an occasional stretch of swift water, which we got over with just a pleasant experience, brought us to the second jam, which was three quarters of a mile around, and we had to cut a trail to get the canoe through.

We found no evidence of anyone having travelled that way for years, and we were glad of it, for trout fishermen learn to beware of beaten paths. Here we did our first fishing on the upper waters, taking the most beautiful specimens I have ever seen. The fish are darker on the back than those in the lower river, and the spots and mottling much more brilliant. In size they were from four and a half to five pounds and very plentiful.

A few miles above this point we made our first camp and in the morning resumed our journey, paddling that day over a succession of pools with moderately swift water that furnishes the fishermen the finest kind of sport. Night found us still looking for the falls, although we were fully twenty-five miles above Mountain Lake.

We were now indeed in the wilderness!



CAMP AT STEEL RIVER, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



HEAD OF MOUNTAIN LAKE, NORTH SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



On our right was a range of rocky hills from one hundred to seven hundred feet high ; on the left sand hills, some bare and some covered with a dense growth of birch and evergreens.

There were signs of big game everywhere—moose, caribou, deer, and bear tracks, covering every step of sandy beach; and signs of beaver, otter, and other fur bearers were in abundance. The red deer is a new comer to that part of Ontario, being driven in no doubt by the clearing of their old haunts. To us it appeared a grand place for hunting for there was an abundance of game, and their natural enemy, man, was absent.

Owing to lack of provisions and signs of bad weather, we finished our third day's journey at noon, though when we were at Jackfish, on our return, a Long Lake Indian told us that had we pressed on two miles further we should have

seen the Falls. Of course had we known we were so near we should certainly have covered those two miles.

As it was we made the return in half the time, and had one of the most pleasant trips I have ever taken. We stopped three days on the lower river and took out twelve trout, weighing from three and a half to five pounds each which we took home.

The only inconvenience we had on the whole trip was owing to damage done to our canoe by an Indian. We had to leave this canoe on Clearwater Lake, being obliged to wade round the shore, the forest at that point being too dense for carrying.

Trout fishermen who are willing to rough it can find no better stream for fishing than the Upper Steel, and they can enjoy backwoods' experience with some work, which will make their fish all the better eating.

## An Afternoon With The Grouse.

BY A. W. WESTOVER.

**I**T was a raw November day in our section of the Province of Quebec, and the wind blew half a gale. Wig was coaxing me to go hunting, and though she is only a dog the excuse was sufficient, and I drew on a heavy sweater, put my canvass coat over it, and with gun under my arm went down along the railway track, trying to take some credit for self sacrifice in venturing out on such a dirty day. By the time we arrived at our first cover I had thoroughly convinced myself that I deserved success. This cover was an alder patch with thorns in the centre, not much larger than a good sized house ; but I had in previous seasons sometimes found birds there. I clucked to Wig and she was off like a shot. She took a cast down the near edge, then back round the thorns, when two birds jumped, and came as left quarterers with the gale. It was crack ! crack ! and a blur of feathers disappearing in the woods to the left ! I marked them down, and as I drew near brought Wig to heel as I thought her a trifle too eager for careful

work. We had advanced in this way perhaps thirty yards when glancing back I found her pointing in my direction. As the cover was very dense I could not see the bird when he jumped. I then let the dog go, and a little further along found her pointing the other one in a bunch of cedars. I got a fleeting glimpse when he flushed, and as I pulled saw the air fill with feathers, but could find no other trace, though we spent considerable time in the search.

We then crossed the fence to an alder run where a bird flushed wild, and I marked it down and killed it on the rise ; Wig pointing and retrieving very nicely. We found no more in this cover, and went on over the track to the old copper mine hill, where I knew of a wily old cock, who had outwitted us all more than once.

After working the cover several times very carefully we found him at the lower end behind a big brush fence, Wig pointing from the opposite side. I gathered him in, and we went down a ravine, and around the hill to a further cover where

we flushed from the trees. I did not get a single shot, and so worked round the west end of the hill to a clump of hawes. There was still nothing doing.

I put my gun under my arm and walked along the outer edge of a fringe of fir trees at the base of the hill, and had passed a solitary hawthorn standing in the open to my right when I heard one jump from beneath this tree and start for the timber. He had about fifteen feet to go to reach the firs, but I got two barrels after him without any apparent discomfort. I marked him down, followed, and flushed him near the top of the hill. He went away strong without giving me a chance to shoot, and settled in the firs where he first went in. When I got near the bottom Wig met me with the bird in her mouth—stone dead but still warm.

We then crossed a field and went down an old brush fence where Wig pointed one which I missed, and as he flew to a wet nasty swamp, where it was hard to locate him, and harder still to shoot, I did not follow. It was now getting dusk, and we had a hawthorn cover yet to work. We therefore made for this place in the most direct way. As we neared the lower edge and climbed the fence, a bird flushed which I did not see. Wig then went in and pointed under a clump of balsams, the branches on which grew very near the ground, forming an umbrella-like canopy. In the half light I distinguished an object that looked something like a bird standing very straight and still, and also like a knot sticking up from the ground. Now there is no close season on hemlock knots

in this section, but there is a roasting coming to the wing shooter who kills a bird on the ground. If this was a bird there was no chance to shoot on the rise, so I called it a knot, cast loose, and Wig retrieved. As a pup Wig was taught to retrieve sticks, and never forgets a well earned lesson—so figure it out for yourself. She found and pointed again at the upper end of the cover, but before I could get to her the bird started, and I got glimpses of him passing the tree trunks low down to the right. I threw in ahead, pulled, and thought I saw him go down, but was not at all certain till Wig brought him up with a sort of twinkle in her eye that seemed to say:—

He flew where you shot that time, didn't he?"

This ended the hunt, and we had before us a three mile tramp in the gathering dusk. Bulging game pockets however made the distance seem short. The two following days I worked the cover where I feathered the bird so badly, and as I could find but one bird on each occasion, I concluded the other one must have been hit just sufficiently hard to enable him to get out of range of the dog before going down. I have often seen them go away apparently unharmed, and suddenly collapse at a distance of two hundred yards from where they were shot.

This was the first time I had ever tried grouse on a very windy day. I have however since found the wild ones lay better, and as they must always raise against the wind there is an instant when they offer comparatively easy shot.

## Exploring Hudson's Bay.

### An Alternative Route to Europe.

**T**HE great inland sea known as Hudson's Bay has long fascinated those connected with Canadian exploration, and its possibilities as an alternative route to Europe has loomed large in the imagination of those who believe in the development of our great North land. As the tide of immigra-

tion grows in strength, and as the stream of tourists become ever wider and wider, the exploration to the North becomes a matter of constantly increasing importance to the Dominion. Long ago the great Hudson Bay Company dotted its forts in the far interior even to the shores and around Hudson's Bay. Some of

their Factors have passed their lives at lonely Posts outside the confines of civilization, and have proved the possibility of making some use of the immense territory that stretches away to the Arctic circle. The numbers of furs annually collected by the Company has been an eloquent testimony of the hunting and sporting capabilities of the country, and reports received of the fishing have been uniformly good.

In the popular imagination however the region was one vast area of snow and ice, and until the last few years little has been done to dissipate that notion.

At length however lovers of sport and outdoor life have vied with trappers and settlers, and become pioneers in exploration to the North. Many of the trappers and settlers could not write, and knew not how to publish their stories if they could, and consequently kept their good things to themselves. It has been different with the hardy sportsmen who have pushed on ever further and further north, and who will never be satisfied until the whole country is known, and its resources tested. The stories of these hardy adventurers have entranced their readers, and caused many to follow where they have pointed the way. The old idea is still widely prevalent though much has been done to kill it, and in this work we are entitled to take some credit for "Rod and Gun in Canada." The Government and the great transportation Companies have likewise rendered excellent service, and it seems not unlikely that the race to the North may be accelerated by recent occurrences.

Two railways—those pioneers of civilization—are pushing their iron roads along the northern trail. The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is going ahead with great rapidity, and the discoveries at Cobalt have but whetted the appetites of those who believe that greater discoveries are awaiting those who penetrate still further north. Then the James' Bay Railway is making for the Bay whose name it bears, and which is a great part of that wonderful inland sea—Hudson's Bay, whose

area is estimated at 350,000 square miles

In carrying on the work of Northern exploration the Mounted Police and the Marine Departments sent out a joint expedition in the spring of 1904. Major Moodie was in command, and for practically two years the expedition was at work. They succeeded in reaching Cape Fullerton, on the Northwest coast of Hudson Bay, and there they spent the first winter. In spring the steamer Arctic began a cruise around the Bay which lasted well into the summer. In the fall her head was turned to Hudson's Straits, and late in September, on the Labrador coast, the relief steamer Neptune was met. A return was made in the Neptune, and renewed supplies carried to newly established police posts. The voyage out was an exceedingly stormy one. It was late in the season, and the boat struck one of the numerous uncharted rocks in the Bay sustaining serious damages.

In July Major Moodie found no ice in Hudson's Straits, and there was none in October. These facts, joined with his previous experience, leads Major Moodie to conclude that for one third of the year the Hudson's Bay route is open to ordinary navigation. Of course for commercial shipping coal depots, wharves, and light houses will have to be established. The idea of shipping wheat to Europe by this route is quite feasible, and this must mean much to the future of Western Canada. As the prairies fill up even three transcontinentals, with all the assistance of the great lakes, will fail to cope with the immense work of moving the wheat crop, and advantage will be taken of this alternative route. It would mean a comparatively short land haul, and a long water carriage, and if the route were made safe, would enable exporters to land wheat in Europe at less cost than at present. The precise effects any such developments may have, not merely upon Western Canada, but upon the Dominion as a whole, must be left for the future to determine.



# Game and Fur Preservation in Northwestern Canada.

**O**NE of the papers read before the eighth International Geographic Congress by Dr. Townsend W. Thorndike, of Boston, has been reprinted, and as it deals entirely with Canada and is of deep interest to sportsmen, some references to it in our columns is justifiable. Dr. Thorndike entitles his paper "A plea for the establishment of a commercial game and fur preserve in the North West." He first draws attention to that mighty region known as the land of the "muskeg", or in other words, swamp land. Much of this land is wooded, though the wood is small and it is nearly all outside the fertile belt. It extends from Rainy Lake and Lake of the Woods, in a north and north westerly direction to the Athabasca and Peace Rivers. Here is a great territory where such a preserve as Dr. Thorndike has in mind could be created by the Dominion Government, and made of commercial and economic advantage as well as of considerable national service. Dr. Thorndike points out the enormous value of the fur trade and argues that fur bearing animals are tending to decrease though the number of furs taken may not have fallen off. This latter he attributes to the increased demand for furs, and the fact that of recent years furs, which formerly were not considered of any value, have in consequence of this greater demand been taken for commercial purposes. The Doctor puts forward a strong plea for preservation while the species are yet numerous, and before the slaughter has been so great as to make the chances for recuperation less than they should be. He points out the further advantage of having a large area for the preservation of fur bearing animals. Even when left in a state of nature they tend to become weakly and decrease by reason of inbreeding if their grounds are at all circumscribed, but with such a area as the Dominion Government could put aside for this purpose, this possibility could not arise. There would be some vested interests to deal with but if attention were given to the matter at once these would be but slight in comparison with the vast future good accom-

plished. Dr. Thorndike has also a further proposal. He would find employment for Indians as caretakers and hunters for this immense district. The Indians would be taught scientific methods of thinning out the animals instead of indiscriminate slaughter, with the result that this land would constitute a vast game and fur preserve for all time. Instead of the aimless life of the Reservations, the Indians would be given work that they like, and for which they are best fitted, which would give them a new interest in life, and would preserve for the country the great fur trade of the world. The Doctor pays a tribute to Canadian methods of managing the Indians, which is far in advance of anything accomplished in the States, but points out that even here something is wanting, and that something he believes would be supplied by the adoption of the policy we have outlined. Canada is better suited than any other part of the world, with the possible exception of Siberia, for such a large animal preserve. It is the natural place for such work, for the higher the altitude the better is the quality of the fur. Doctor Thorndike believes that it is not colonization which hurts and destroys the game, but the indiscriminate slaughter that goes on while colonization is progressing. Few people have an idea of the vastness of this fur trade. The figures are enormous, and the values immense. It is one that specially lends itself to Government supervision, and the time is ripe for the Dominion Government to adopt a broad and far seeing policy on this subject. Under official guidance and control this great work could be accomplished with untold benefit to Canada, to all lovers of animals and outdoor life, and with particular benefit to sportsmen, whose unanimous approval is a foregone conclusion. They all know that even if such a reserve is strictly preserved, the overflow will be considerable, and provide hunting grounds for all time. In the concluding words of Dr. Thorndike:-"The Indian is worth saving, the animal is worth saving, the land is worth saving—let them be preserved."

## A Sail Through the Lake of Bays.

**T**HE attention of the great mass of the travelling public has never been properly drawn to this ideal spot for sportsmen and Summer tourists. A large number are under the impression that Muskoka consists of the Lakes Joseph, Rosseau and Muskoka only. These lakes are doubtless very beautiful but they have become so thickly populated that they have lost much of their natural charm to the person or persons desiring to get in closer touch with nature.

Lake of Bays—(the name is very descriptive of the Lake itself—) is at the head of a chain of Lakes, namely: Mary, Vernon, Fairy and Peninsular and is reached from the town of Huntsville, Ont., on the Grand Trunk Ry. System after a delightful sail through the Huntsville River and the lakes Fairy and Peninsular. A short portage of one mile on the small railway (one of the shortest railways in the world) and you are in the Lake of Bays, which has the highest altitude of all Muskoka Lakes, being some 1100 feet above sea level. Entering the Lake through what are called the "Narrows", you enter the first or main bay of the lake. Directly ahead of the steamer is Haystack Bay but we do not enter the same, though its attractiveness is a strong inducement to do so. We pass on up the main Bay to the famous Bigwin Island, named after an Indian Chieftain whose remains are buried there. Straight ahead is a bold promontory known as Black Point, wooded and practically inaccessible but most majestic in appearance—the Gibraltar of the Lake. To the right is the beautiful property of Mr. W. J. Green, Toronto, known as "Wahawin," to the left, the cottage village of Norway Point, the summer home of many Clergymen, Doctors, Lawyers and other professional men recuperating from brain fag, etc. The steamer has turned east after leaving Wahawin making a call at Norway Point where numerous cottagers meet the boat. She then passes up another Bay making many short calls until the pretty

little town of Dorset is reached. This is the end of the trip in this direction. Disembarking at this point small boats are taken up through the river to Hollow Lake, through this Lake into another river a few miles, and Algonquin Park is reached. This Park is the Government Game preserve and has an area of thirty square miles, fish being the only thing it is permissible to take. You are then in the heart of Nature. Animals of all descriptions abound with practically no fear of man, appearing to understand that no one can harm them. This affords the naturalist, etc., a rare opportunity to see game in its natural haunts.

Travelling back again to Dorset we again take the steamer, proceed through the same Bay westward again passing Wahawin down into another Bay and reach the Muskoka River; a most picturesque river it is too, with its green banks and winding stream. Traversing it for a distance of two miles, we reach the town of Baysville. This is the end of navigation though the river continues its course through to the town of Bracebridge and then empties into the lower lakes. It is not accessible for steamers but is used for conveying logs into that town, huge booms of which are to be seen on the Lake of Bays. We pass back to the sentinel "Black Point" and turn North into the main Bay, and from this point proceeding North we run into Haystack Bay, from there to the Ox-tongue River, thence back by Dwight to the portage. The shore line of this lake following all indentations is some 365 miles and affords great opportunity for many delightful trips to different points to campers and cottagers sojourning there.

Fish abound, black bass, speckled trout and salmon trout being most plentiful. The water is very clear and beautiful for bathing purposes. On the whole it is one of the most delightful trips and locations to be found in Northern Ontario.

# TERRY

MRS H. L. LEONARD



TERRY.

I am gazing now with tearful eye  
 On the little mound, where Terry lies  
 Under the trees, where the drifting snow  
 Eddying and whirling to an fro  
 Weaves a blanket white, 'bove the faithful  
 breast  
 Of my little dog, who did his best  
 The best he knew— Could you, or I  
 In the summing up make the same reply,  
 When we cross the stream of the great Divide  
 To the Summer Land, on the other side ?

Only a dog ! whose eyes of brown  
 Looked up with faith into my own ;  
 Although to a lower life assigned,  
 Yet still with a spark of the Master mind  
 That reasoned and loved, was fond and true,  
 And did what duty told him to.  
 Do you call him soulless, deem him dead,  
 And only dust, when the breath has fled ?  
 Ah no ! Of life divine no ray  
 Can ever die, but lives for aye.

A tale I will tell and prove it true,  
 How a dog would die for love of you.  
 My Father, Terry and I together  
 Were travelling through the South, wherever  
 Our fancy led. This fateful night  
 We entered Hotel Grand, whose light  
 With welcoming glow, shone out afar,  
 As in the East gleamed the evening star.  
 We'd reached the haven of our quest,  
 Where we could find sweet sleep and rest.

Ah me !—Our eyes in slumber closed  
 And midnight passed, and our repose  
 Was undisturbed—a bless-ed calm—  
 'Till a shrill bark of dire alarm  
 Came ringing to my startled ears,  
 Dispelling sleep and waking fears.  
 I brushed the dream mists from my eyes  
 And gazing 'round, saw with surprise  
 My little Terry on the bed  
 One tiny paw upon my head ;

His teeth were clutching my night dress,  
 His speaking eyes wild with distress.  
 I heard without a frenzied cry  
 A roar like fierce wind sweeping by ;  
 I rushed and opened wide the door,  
 As smoke and flames burst through the floor  
 And safely gained the open air,  
 But my dear Father was not there.  
 Your Master, Terry, where is he ?  
 I wildly cried—bring him to me !



He knew his master slept above  
 And risking life, and all for love  
 He upward rushed in a mad race  
 Over the burning-hot stair-case  
 Until he reached his master's room!;  
 Alas in vain!—The awful doom  
 Of death by fire, had been his fate  
 And Terry's call had come too late.  
 Then through the smoke and fiery rain  
 Came Terry crawling back again.

All scorched and burnt, his bright eyes dim,  
 Quivering with pain, I rushed to him  
 And caught him to my aching breast,  
 My little dog, that did his best!—  
 My stricken heart was faint with pain;  
 Such dauntless courage used in vain,  
 Yet life he saved, fearless—despite  
 The raging flames. No white plumed  
 knight  
 Could better prove his bravery  
 Than wee Fox Terrier, Terry—

Oh not for him, the cruel shot!  
 Too human to have such a lot—  
 No wooden box—no unmarked grave,  
 For friend so faithful and so brave.  
 For when old age came creeping on,  
 And lustre from his eyes was gone  
 His muzzle grey—weak—crippled—lame,  
 So deaf, he hardly heard his name—  
 We tended him with loving care  
 Of all good things he had his share.

On velvet cushions he reposed  
 As peacefully he dreamed and dozed  
 And when to him came Death's surprise  
 He raised his honest faithful eyes  
 Unto my own, as if to say  
 Mistress, good bye! I've had my day.  
 And just as parted life's last strand,  
 He feebly licked my outstretched hand,  
 Then o'er his true eyes darkness fell—  
 He'd given to me his last farewell.

Think you that death could be the end  
 Of this brave hero, I called friend?  
 The wind may blow—the rain may fall  
 And though he comes not at my call,  
 I know he's safe from stones and cold.  
 Somewhere, within Love's sheltering fold.  
 And when "Life's fitful dream is o'er"  
 And I have reached the other shore,  
 I know not vain will be my quest,  
 I'll find my dog, who did his best.!



MRS. H. L. LEONARD.

Readers who are interested in the foregoing poem will be glad to learn something of the authoress. Mrs. Leonard, who as she herself says, "has turned the corner of three score years and ten," writes to "Rod and Gun in Canada:" "I have studied dogs and dog nature all my life, noted their intelligence, reasoning powers and faithfulness unto death, and believe such qualities cannot die. The poem I enclose is a true incident in all but a few minor details. The little dog passed on during the past winter.

"I should feel honored to have my poem appear in 'Rod and Gun in Canada' which I consider the best publication of the kind in the country in every respect; and we take quite a number of Magazines dealing with outdoor life. I read with pleasure all the articles, and the illustrations are fine.

"For many years, commencing in 1859, when I was married, I have spent with my husband from two to four months in the woods, camping out in New Brunswick, Maine, and of late years in the Adirondacks. I have camped in the snow, travelled on snow shoes, killed big game, moose, bear, etc. and have had quite a long experience in that line. Now however that I am nearing the Border Land my heart has grown tender towards all living creatures—and the rifle is unused, and the rod only occasionally. My husband's poor health also has shut us out very largely from our old time sports."

# The Alpine Club of Canada.

## First Summer Camp.

**F**OR a lusty infant of four months old to organize a Summer Camp in the very heart of the Canadian mountains, to gather together from all parts of the Dominion no less than one hundred people, including visitors from the States, England, South Africa, etc., to transport all their baggage and supplies on ponies over rough mountain trails, to conduct official climbs to peaks 10,000 ft. above sea level, to take trips of two days' duration away from the base of supplies, to do exploration, scientific, and art work, to take people over glaciers, raging torrents, ice and snow fields, up and down through mountain, valley, pass and level stretches—to do all this for a week without a single accident, and without a single person missing a meal partakes of the miraculous, and is a record of which every one connected with the Alpine Club of Canada may well boast, for it is indeed the story in brief of the Yoho Camp.

The Yoho valley is in the very heart of the Selkirks. Only discovered a few years ago it is one of those beautiful places which cannot be adequately described. Even those privileged to spend a whole week amid its marvellous surroundings failed to realize—and every one was painfully conscious of the fact—one thousandth part of its wonders. At the very summit of the Pass, on the borders of a lake whose marvellous coloring of emerald was a constant source of wonder and delight to the visitors, five miles higher than Emerald Lake and Chalet, was the Camp. On all sides it was overshadowed by giant peaks and the dark trees of the forest enclosed it in completely. It was easy to imagine that once inside there was no way out. The delusion was complete and it was not far from being a reality. Only half a dozen trails led into the valley and by no other means could one pass in or out.

The visitors had a fine breaking in on Monday, July 9th, when the great body started from Mount Stephen House, the fine hotel built by the Canadian Pacific

Railway under the shadow of Mount Stephen, and opposite Mount Field, at the little wayside station of Field in British Columbia. For the first nine miles there is now a good wagon road up to Emerald Lake and Chalet. Conveyances met the trains, and so far everything seemed on a par with civilization itself. The road is wildly romantic and beautiful. It lies entirely through a portion of the Canadian National Park and one of the many wonders seen, even on this initial trip, was the natural bridge, a never failing source of interest to all visitors. The great bulk of the party started out in high spirits and it seemed as if the trip were indeed a picnic until the Chalet was reached. Here luncheon was served and the second portion of the journey commenced. The trail leads round the lake and then across what are known in the mountain regions as flats. Rushing along these places are numerous brawling streams fed by the glaciers above, and on occasions they are swelled beyond negotiating by any other means than on horseback. On this particular occasion all the streams were easily and successfully crossed by means of fallen logs—two placed side by side make a good foot bridge—until the main stream was reached. Here there was no alternative but to take the ice cold water, and the visitors were at once broken in to the truth that if you go mountaineering you must not expect to remain dry shod. As the ice melts more rapidly during the day time when the sun overhead swelters every one, the little stream of the morning becomes a raging torrent in the evening, and those who formed the second party had perforce to remain on the banks of this stream until rescued by the pack-horse train and forded across on one of the guide's horses. This little incident impressed the visitors on the first day with the fact that the Camp was meant for work and not merely for play. A number of the party proceeded to the Camp over the Burgess trail—a severe climb, and a good breaking in for



Photo M. P. Bridgland.

TAKAKKAW FALLS AND GLACIER



them also as no place is passed on the way, and though water is avoided a few more streams on a hot day would not be amiss.

On arrival at the Camp, however, all the little preliminary difficulties were forgotten. A good meal awaited everyone and fine appetites had been raised by the hard work of climbing the Passes. The Camp-fire was alight, and during the whole of the gathering was never allowed to go out. The President—whose duties must have commenced long before for matters to run as smoothly as they did—was on duty and welcomed everyone. He also undertook the difficult task of assigning visitors to their respective tents, and did this with so much tact and discrimination that not a single unpleasant incident occurred to mar the proceedings of the week. For so many strangers to dwell together in the close quarters of tents for a whole week, and to have harmony and brotherly feeling prevailing the whole time is little short of a miracle and this is one of the accomplishments of which the Club officials may well be proud. The baggage did not arrive until after dark but no one minded at all. There were many jokes round the Camp fire as to what would happen if it did not come at all—and even that would not have materially damped the high spirits of the visitors, intent as they were upon the enjoyment of new experiences amid such beautiful and awe-inspiring surroundings. It was ten o'clock before the pack train arrived, and baggage was then speedily found, beds made, and the first night passed peacefully and pleasantly.

On Tuesday morning the real work of the Camp started in earnest. Interest centred on the official climb up Mt. Vice President for which two ladies and ten gentlemen had entered. Others tried less difficult but scarcely less exciting feats. It was reported that the party ascending Mt. Burgess had a particularly exciting time. Both morning and afternoon the Rev. Dr. Herdman headed parties to the Emerald Glacier, and this combination of ascending over shale, boulders, rock, ice and snow gave most of those trying it quite enough occupation for the day. The weather was unpropitious in the morning but cleared

up later on, and in the afternoon some beautiful views were enjoyed. Amongst the numerous curious phenomenon observed were beautiful rainbows, which, seen from the clouds above and shining in all their marvellous colors below was indeed a sight never to be forgotten.

Each of the several trips was productive of something of special interest, but particular mention must be made of what was known as the Yoho round trip. This took two days, one to go and one to return. On the outward trip the famous Takkakaw Falls were seen in all their wondrous majesty. Every member of the party was willing to sit for hours admiring these falls. From every point of view they presented a sight calculated to awe and impress the observers. It seemed impossible to escape from them. Soon after striking the trail for the head of the valley the thunders of the Falls were heard and as one got above the timber line the main fall—900 feet long—was seen dashing down to the river below. The glacial water appears to have forced its way right through the solid rock and falls in great leaps to the rock below and into the boiling swirling waters of the river. The whole fall is said to be 1,200 ft., and the thundering descent of hundreds of tons of water every minute without any apparent effect upon the glacier above may enable readers who have not seen the mountains to have some faint conception of the immense masses of ice that form these glaciers. To add to our knowledge of the glaciers will be one of the most important portions of the future work of the Club.

The Look Out from which these Falls could be well seen was a favorite resort and only time and hunger—the outdoor mountain hunger—drove people away. It is impossible to describe in adequate language the fascinations of these Falls, and a journey across the continent to see them alone is well worth while. The distant camp was fixed on a small plateau near to Laughing Falls. This trip was so popular that tent accommodation could not be provided for all, and the novelty of sleeping out was added to the other camp experiences. At the time the writer took the trip there were so

many volunteers for this novelty that not half the tent accommodation was used and ladies and gentlemen alike volunteered for the sky parlour. We had penetrated right to the head of the Yoho Valley and sleeping on a bed of balsam, beneath a perfect sky, with the thunder of the Falls on one side and the noise of the rushing waters of the Yoho River on the other, we had a splendid night—it would have been perfection had the porcupines only let us alone. On retiring we found one of these strange creatures settled comfortably on the bed chewing at a bath towel that had been carelessly left outside the canvas cover. When disturbed in this appetising meal the way he scuttled up a tree was remarkable. No sooner however were we comfortably between the blankets—and between two ice fed waters it was cold and blankets were comfortable—than he came into Camp again and got far too familiar to allow us to rest. At intervals, during the night first one and then the other would awake the echoes of the night with a blood curdling yell as a porcupine would attempt to chew up our bed covering and seek to deprive us of the warmth which it was absolutely essential for us to retain. The writer's companion—a Rev Doctor, developed a remarkable strength of lung in yelling, and he showed his aim was true by hitting one porcupine with his boots. Notwithstanding our exertions in keeping our little camp alive—the noise of the Falls prevented a single yell from reaching our companions—the porcupines succeeded in badly chewing up the Doctor's boots and in eating the edges of our blankets. The morning was bitterly cold and to dress and wash under such conditions was trying. A short time however and the healthy glow was running through us. The Camp fire was welcome and we packed up our bedding to save the remainder from our marauders.

A hearty breakfast of hot coffee and camp fare enabled us to face with pleasure the further experience of crossing the head of this rushing stream on saddle horses. The gallant little animals breasted the stream nobly, but it was a curious sensation to feel that just for a moment—which appeared an hour—the

horse lost its foothold and the banks and the waters appeared to be going past with the speed of an express train. Then the noble little animal recovered its footing, breasted the water again, and soon landed the writer on the further bank. It was a little bit of personal experience that gave one an added respect for these mountain ponies whose intelligence in overcoming difficulties of a special character caused a never ceasing admiration for their cleverness.

The Yoho Glacier was the first objective and the President and several members engaged in scientific measurements. They cut steps with ice axes and to the onlookers appeared to be crawling over a mere fraction of the visible surface of this mighty glacier—mighty, though by no means the largest of the series which make British Columbia so remarkable. It was only the tongue of the glacier upon which they worked and at the extreme edge of this tongue is a cave so large that a man looks like an insect as he inspects this wonderful work of nature. The water of the Yoho River comes from underneath this ice and rushes down the valley being joined on the way by numerous ice fed tributaries until it becomes a mighty rushing stream and eventually joins the Kicking Horse and finds its way to the Pacific Ocean. A short distance below our Yoho Camp it rushes along with a speed of thirty miles per hour and finding itself enclosed in a rocky gorge with a steep descent foams and boils in such a way as to cause a deafening roar. The manner in which trees, rocks, and every obstruction is carried down testifies to the strength of the water and there would be no hope for the unfortunate individual who took a wrong step and found himself in it.

On the way back to the main camp another of these remarkable falls, known as the Twin Falls, was seen. One of the Twins we were told, had lately run in an attenuated fashion, but we were fortunate in seeing all these falls at their best. The great heat of the sun during the daytime swelled the immense bodies of waters feeding these falls, and though the Twins as we saw them, were unequal in force and power, they were near enough in volume and might to justify

their names. There were many lesser falls, and every minute was rich in ever changing views. The trail, like all these trails, led up and down round what are called shoulders of hills, across rocks, green stretches, through timber, boulders and shale and gave every variety of experience. We lunched at a camp placed in this wilderness by the Canadian Pacific, and the cups of hot coffee supplied were indeed grateful and will cause this oasis in the desert to be long remembered. The man in charge said he had been six days without seeing a human being and the invasion of camp visitors was as welcome to him as his thoughtful kindness was to those who were, through him, the recipients of the Company's bounty. A ten mile tramp over the trail rendered one very fit for the supper that followed arrival in camp. By the way one of the tid bits provided at the camp in question was cooked porcupine, and the writer had his revenge upon one of the relatives of the disturbers of his night's rest.

The following is the official list of those who succeeded in making the qualifying climb of Mt. Vice President, and it is a remarkable fact (and a wonderful testimonial to the efficiency and ability of the guides) that not one lady or gentleman who set out to perform this difficult task failed to achieve success :—

Tuesday, July 10th.

M. P. Bridgland,	Francis Feuz,
(Leader.)	Swiss Guide.
T. Kilpatrick.	J. D. Patterson.
R. Haggen.	Stanley L. Jones
C. R. Merrill.	A.M.Campbell, M.D.
H. W. McLean.	Rev. G. R. Kinney.
D. N. McTavish.	P. D. McTavish.
	Miss K. McLennan.
	Miss E. R. Hobbes.

Wednesday, July 11th.

M. P. Bridgland,	Edward Feuz,
(Leader.)	Swiss Guide.
Rev. J. B. Robertson.	P. D. McTavish.
S. H. Mitchell.	T.A.Hornibrook.
Rev. J. H. Miller.	Miss Marshall.
W. Nicholson.	Mrs. Stanley Jones.
J. W. Kelly.	Miss Power.
	Miss Stewart.

Thursday, July 12th.

Edward Feuz,	H. G. Wheeler,
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(Swiss Guide, Leader.)	(Leader.)
Rev. Dr. A.O. McRea.	E. O. Wheeler.
H. G. Langlois.	Dr. P.M. Campbell
J. A. Campbell.	F. C. Brown.
H. M. Snell.	Miss Jean Parker.
Geo. Hanover.	Miss F. Pearce.
C. B. Sissons	Miss E. R. Smith.
D. Warner.	Miss M.T. Durham.
Rev. A. M. Gordon.	

Friday, July 13th.

M. P. Bridgland,	H. G. Wheeler,
(in charge.)	(Leader.)
D. H. Laird.	Dr.A.M.Campbell.
A. H. Smith.	D. N. McTavish.
Rev. Alex. Dunn.	Miss Laird.
B. Harmon.	Miss Sutherland.
Rev. G.R. Kinney.	Miss Griffith.

Saturday, July 14th.

M. P. Bridgland,	G. Feuz,
(in charge.)	Swiss Guide.
J. S. Graham.	Miss J.L. Sherwin.
G. H. Neville	Miss J. M. Port

It must not be conceived from this that the task set the graduating members was at all an easy one. On the contrary it was sufficient to try the endurance of any man, and was particularly severe upon beginners. Unearned honors however are never worth much and it is gratifying to the new active members who can now call themselves mountain climbers to know that pluck, perseverance and endurance were shown by each and everyone of them before winning the position they now hold. It was a pleasure to hear from Mr. Patterson, himself an expert and a conqueror of a virgin peak, that although he looked upon it as a condescension when asked to take the end of the rope to do so, he found the climb one worthy of his powers, and needing all his experience to achieve success. If Mr. Patterson was tried, what about the tenderfeet? Well they found it hard enough. Most of them were exhausted by the exertions undergone, but the mountain air, good food, sound sleep, and the exhilarating surroundings caused a rapid recovery. Nearly every one joined in the proceedings round the Camp-fire the same evening as they climbed, and considering that they were called at four in the morning, had a strenuous day of twelve hours continual and trying exertion is a strong testimony



to the efficiency of the mountain air and to the recuperating qualities of camp fare accompanied by a short rest.

There of course remains many stories of individual climbs and the whole week was rich in personal experiences.

The Camp fire evenings were most enjoyable and by general consent the Sunday evening service was most appropriate, held amid surroundings that were calculated to impress and fit all to a reverent worship.

Everyone regretted the arrival of Monday morning when aces had to be set to business again and the cares of the world taken up once more. There was a pleasant gathering at Mt. Stephen House on Monday evening and Tuesday and with the evening train very few were left, nearly everyone departing their several ways filled with pleasant recollections of the past Camp and high anticipations for those to be held in the future.

### The Annual Meeting.

One of the features of the Camp was the annual meeting held round the Camp fire, the members sitting on logs, and hugely enjoying the novelty of such a gathering. Every now and then the flames would leap up and enable those assembled in the rapidly gathering darkness to watch the speakers or see the enclosing background of forest trees. While the reports were adopted with enthusiasm, there were, as is only right with individuals possessing the sturdy independence of mountaineers, differences of opinion upon details, although all were as one in the desire to advance the interests of the Club and by such means to do national work 'or Canada.

The President (Mr. A. O. Wheeler), expressed the feelings of all in declaring that week as a proud and happy one in their lives. Less than four months ago they had no existence beyond that of an experiment, the issue of which was quite uncertain. Now with a membership of one hundred and forty they were met from all parts of the Dominion on the summit of a mountain pass, the axial point of an Alpine district that for snow-covered grandeur and variety of the highest type of mountain scenery, has

not its peer throughout the entire Rocky Mountain region. Their Camps would be one of the most tangible, outward and visible signs of the Alpine Club of Canada. It was from these that the "Canadian School of Mountaineering" would send forth its graduates to make their mark in our mountain centres and in those of other parts of the world. Their first Camp was almost entirely due to the loyal patriotism and keen love of the mountains of a number of the most prominent outfitters. Both their personal services and their resources had been freely placed at the disposal of the members in order that those present might see the glories of the mountain world and spread the fame thereof through the length and breadth of Canada, and make known to their fellow citizens the superb birthright of which we are all in possession. In the science and art sections good work it was hoped would be done, and during the coming winter it was hoped to publish a Year Book.

Mrs. Parker submitted the first annual report as follows :—

"The first annual report of the Alpine Club of Canada, coming close upon its inception in March, is presented in gratitude for the Club's very promising and stable beginnings—gratitude enhanced with faith in achievements to come.

It is twenty-three years since Sir Sanford Fleming, his son (S. Hall Fleming), and the late Principal Grant of Queen's University, pushing their way through the Selkirks, halted on the summit of Roger's Pass and resolved themselves into a "Canadian Alpine Club", with Sir Sanford as President, his son as Treasurer; and the Rev. G. M. Grant as Secretary. Officers once elected the transactions were as follows :—A resolution of thanks to Major Rogers, discoverer of the Pass; a proposition to conquer, as speedily as possible, Mount Sir Donald (then "Syndicate Peak"); and a toast to the health of the Club, drunk from the stream sparkling at their feet. Though but the common sudden impulse of an hour of exaltation, this ceremony, long since passed into a picturesque bit of Rocky Mountain history, was touched with prophecy; and we of the Alpine Club of Canada, here met on

a similar beautiful Pass, are fulfilling that prophecy.

Since that day of enthusiasm on Roger's Pass the Alpine idea has been stirring in the Canadian mind, faintly and slowly at first but gradually increasing until finally it gathered enough momentum to be called by that potential word, a movement. Appeals were sent out

derland of Canada" by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, assisted by Dr. Herdman. On March 28th Mr. Wheeler addressed the Canadian Club on the Canadian Alps and Canadian Mountaineering. In the afternoon of the same day the Club formally organized with seventy-eight members. The inaugural dinner followed in the evening, when some stirring speeches,



A sea of mountain peaks covered with perpetual snow, as viewed from the summit of Mount Dawson, the highest peak yet climbed in the Canadian Rockies.

through the press, and privately to persons proper to the project—appeals which won a response justifying the calling of a Convention in March, when delegates to the number of twenty-eight from every Province but one in the Dominion, foregathered in Winnipeg with a view to organize mountaineering. On March 27th the Convention began with an illustrated lecture on the "Won-

derland of Canada" by Mr. A. O. Wheeler, assisted by Dr. Herdman. On March 28th Mr. Wheeler addressed the Canadian Club on the Canadian Alps and Canadian Mountaineering. In the afternoon of the same day the Club formally organized with seventy-eight members. The inaugural dinner followed in the evening, when some stirring speeches,

born of experiences in rare altitudes, were made, and the healths of the King, the Club and its officers drunk with the enthusiasm of the heights. Sir Sanford Fleming, K. C. M. G., was chosen patron, and Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., President, both with acc'amation. The following were unanimously elected honorary members:—Mrs. H. J. Parker, Winnipeg; Profes-



sor Charles E. Fay, President of the American Alpine Club ; Dr. J. Norman Collie, F. R. G. S., London ; and the Rev. Wm. Spotswood Green, Dublin. The President telegraphed that he was "Proud to be associated with the new Alpine Club of Canada". Acknowledgements of warm appreciation were received from the last three named honorary members; and the first takes eager leave to record her unworthiness, gratitude and pride in the unexpected honour given her by making her the first honorary member of the Alpine Club of Canada.

The following gentlemen voluntarily joined the new organization as associate members by paying the annual fee of \$25 according to a clause of the Constitution : Sir Sanford Fleming, K. C. M. G.; William White, Esq., Second Vice-President of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company; J.D. Patterson, Esq.; the Rev. C.W. Gordon, D. D.; and E. L. Drewry, Esq. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Patterson, was qualified for active membership by the ascent of Mount Ball, a maiden summit, Mount Lefroy and others. Mr. Patterson's material contributions did not stop with the Associate fee, while his sober though quick enthusiasm has been and is a support of the moral sort.

Circulars containing a brief notice of the Club's inception with its aims and purposes were sent out immediately, and applications for additional membership to the number of sixty-one have been received, so that, when their election is declared, the Club will number 140.

The personnel deserves a word. We have enrolled a large number whose vocation is teaching, either from the pulpit, the University and College chair, or that most important of all, the desk of the public school. We have physicians, nurses, lawyers, and men of commerce ; altogether an important representative contingent of the people, those whose business in the world is to mould character or touch the national life on some important side.

The President, whose conception it was and whose generalship with a patient faculty for detail, has made the large venture so successful, established this school of mountaineering in the

heart of the ancient forest, 6,000 ft. above sea. And a point to be noted is : its absolute remoteness in Nature, and its nearness of communications with the busy world—eleven miles only from the railway and five from a telephone. Through Mr. Wheeler's sleepless energy the equipment has been secured and the first summer session inaugurated. Hearty thanks are due to all who came to Mr. Wheeler's help ; to the Department of the Interior, the Alberta Legislature, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the generous but modest private contributors; lastly and notably to the Outfitters, whose contributions in the name and for the love of mountaineering is munificent.

The nucleus of a library has been formed on the basis of four gifts: "The Selkirk Range" by our President, the author ; Dent's "Mountaineering" by Mr. S. H. Mitchell ; "From Old to New Westminster" by its author Sir Sanford Fleming ; and "Among the Selkirk Glaciers" by Wm. Spotswood Green, the gift of Mr. Meinecke of Milwaukee. The Hon. Secretary of the Alpine Club of London has written to say that their Librarian will exchange literature with ours. We hope to accumulate Alpine literature of value by exchange and by gifts, and ere long to find a roof tree for a library worthy of the club.

Correspondence has been directed to the Motherland, telling a true Alpine tale of Canada and bidding British holiday seekers come to climb in their own territory with promises of virgin peaks and valleys for a century yet, and rare mountain solitudes uninvaded by the ubiquitous tourist. The Alpine Club will forward, in every way possible, British mountaineering in Canada. We welcome two English members, Misses Tuzo and Benham, who have attained so many Canadian summits. We welcome too, our American friends, some of whom have done steady scientific service. A true mountaineer is "blood brother" to every other mountaineer under any flag.

Much of the Club's activities are to be devoted to glacier work, flora and fauna; but the popular mountaineering element is to be fostered in the interests of young Canada. Mountaineering is the most



ethical, aesthetical, and strenuous of all the nobler sports. Its influence is national. A mountaineering people is a patriotic, a valiant people. Now that the Alpine Club of Canada has achieved visibility it is destined to take no mean part in helping to mould the lusty young nation. Growing from within its membership will reach into the thousands, like the Appalachian Club of Boston; and ultimately will be ours to accomplish some wider service in helping to bind closer the great Empire, whose westward star shines clear over the wide rich land for which our hearts beat true. This will we do if, as we expect every member of this Camp and this Club is an Alpine missionary."

### Camp Notes and News.

One of the greatest successes of the Camp was the catering. It was no light task to satisfy so many appetites sharpened by the keen mountain air and the daily exercise, but it was performed and there was no shortage of a single article. The fare was plain but substantial and there was no stint. Every one had plenty both in quantity and variety, and there was enough and to spare in the way of provisions of all kinds. When it is borne in mind where the Camp was and how much this meant in pack train work, the regularity and abundance of the meals was remarkable, and is the best testimony that could be given to the organizing ability of the President under whose personal supervision the whole was carried out.

The Outfitters who gave their personal services and the whole of their resources to make the first Summer Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada the success it undoubtedly was, deserve a paragraph all to themselves. Mr. R. E. Campbell, of Laggan and Field, who has cut out many of these mountain trails and done much exploring work himself was on hand the whole week and did valuable service. Mr. Tom Martin and Mr. Jack Otto, of Field, and Leancoil were also present and proved themselves capable guides as did also Mr. S. H. Baker, of Glacier, and Mr. E. C. Barnes of Banff. They will have their reward in the future as

the Club grows in members, fame and influence and bring many from all parts of the world to view Canadian wonders which none of us can fully appreciate so vast and so numerous are they.

In allowing Mr. Wheeler to give his whole services to the Camp for a week, and by placing at the disposal of the members the whole of their men, horses and outfit, it is estimated that the Dominion Government contributed fully \$500.00 to the expenses of the Camp. The Alberta Legislature gave a grant of \$250. What with Dominion, Provincial, and local help the Camp was made a possibility on a large scale and the mountaineering wonders of Canada brought home to people who should spread abroad its name and fame in a wider manner than has hitherto been possible.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has done much to aid the Club. In addition to generous treatment in the matter of transportation at the time of organization, liberal rates were given from all parts of the Dominion to those attending the Camp. The C. P. R. Hotel Department likewise gave hearty co-operation and valuable assistance which was much appreciated by those upon whom fell the burden of the work of the Camp.

In one case as much as \$100.00 was given as a personal subscription to the expenses of the Camp, and several smaller subscriptions were likewise received and proved very acceptable.

The cost of the Camp was estimated at between \$1,500 and \$2,000—no light undertaking for a youthful organization and one it would not have been possible to undertake but for the patriotism and enthusiasm shown on all sides.

The tents and bunting which rendered the Camp so fine amid its picturesque surroundings were loaned by Mr. H. Douglas, Superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Park; Mr. A. W. Dufus, commanding the Royal North West Mounted Police at Calgary; Mr. A. O. Wheeler, the President of the Club; Mr. R. E. Campbell; Mr. S. H. Baker and the

Hotel Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Amateur Photographers were in evidence throughout the Camp and one result should be a series of photographs illustrating the many beautiful and wonderful sights that rewarded those who gave time and trouble to attend the Camp.

Mr. S. H. Mitchell, of Winnipeg, has been appointed Recording Secretary. The work is so rapidly increasing that it was felt Mrs. Parker needed assistance, and although not provided for in the Constitution, the new office is a logical outcome of the growth of the Club.

The next Camp is to be held in Paradise Valley, Alberta. This is said in some respects to even surpass the Yoho Valley. The mountains are higher, closer, and there are more of them than in the Yoho. Altogether the Paradise Valley is worthy of its name and what more can be said? Surely the members of the Club who are able to attend the next Camp are in for a good time.

Mr. R. Stuart Solomon, of Capetown, has joined the Club as an Associate member. This recent recruit to the ranks causes the Club membership to be extended over four countries, viz.:—Canada, England, the United States, and South Africa.

It may be mentioned that Mr. Solomon, whose sense of humour was one of the enjoyable features of the Camp, and whose good nature extended to enjoying a laugh against himself—a rare virtue—distinguished himself during the late war by the manner in which he threw open his own house free to every wounded colonial whom he could possibly help. His assistance extended to many Canadians, and his interest in Canada, developed by several visits, assumed this most practical form. Everyone in Camp will be interested to know this excellent feature of Mr. Solomon's career, and no one who was brought in contact with him will be surprised to learn about it. Mr. Solomon proved himself a good fellow all round.

Miss Tuzo, a lady mountain climber who has achieved a number of good climbs on two continents was present in Camp, and much enjoyed her visit, as well as gave pleasure to those who had the honor of meeting her. Accompanied by her one guide, Miss Tuzo made a successful ascent of Mt. Collie on Thursday, July 12th, and succeeded in reaching the highest peak. The start was made from the Laughing Falls Camp and an hour's walk brought the party to the Wapta. A charming alp succeeded, followed by a great snowfield, crossing which brought the party to the pass at the summit of Mt. Collie. A few hidden crevasses were the only danger, and it was necessary to use the rope in crossing the snow. The ascent was long and trying rather than difficult, though there was some interesting and not easy rock work to be negotiated. While a hard test of endurance the view from the top amply repaid the exertions made and Miss Tuzo, with her practical experience, considers that no other views she has seen can come up to and far less surpass those to be obtained from Mt. Collie. In fact, in her own words, one has only to name the mountains to fill up the names of those to be seen from Collie. The views of the Freshfield Glacier, Mt. Forbes, and several peaks in the Selkirks were particularly fine. The descent presented several features of interest. Passing behind the Yoho Peak some rather difficult ice work was done and Miss Tuzo was glad to know that she was in such able and experienced hands as those of Christian Kaufman, who has twenty-six climbs of maiden peaks to his credit, all achieved in the Canadian Alps. After a glissade came the snowfield above the Twin Falls and several hours were occupied in crossing this. The party had the uncomfortable experience of walking for hours through slush above their ankles, but this is a part of mountaineering. They saw a perfectly formed middle moraine between Collie and Marpole. This steep pass under station 18 was crossed which brought them to the Little Yoho where the interesting sight of goat close upon them was witnessed. A few miles further walk took the party to camp on the Little Yoho, the day having proved a

hard one, not altogether devoid of interest, but meaning hard work and not giving the fame of a maiden peak, though the work was as arduous, and in some respects even harder than would otherwise have been the case.

Amongst the many other features of the Camp was an auction sale at which the ice axes imported from Switzerland were sold. Mr. Solomon made a witty auctioneer and good prices were realized. The alpenstock used by Miss K. McLennan and the ice axe used by Miss E. R. Hobbes were brought in by Mr. J. D. Patterson and by him presented, through the President to the two ladies who made the first official climb.

Mr. J. D. Patterson made an ascent of Mt. Collie on the same day as Miss Tuzo and met with very similar experiences.

The President remained on duty from long before the opening of the Camp till Saturday morning when he reluctantly drew himself away for his scientific work on the glacier and left affairs in the capable hands of Mr. Patterson.

Mr. Freeborn, another member of the Appalachian Club of Boston, and a member of the Alpine Club of Canada, was a quiet, unassuming but most earnest worker in the Camp, and proved a most interesting member.

Mr. George Vaux, accompanied by Miss Vaux, of Philadelphia, well known members of the American Alpine Club who have joined the ranks of the Canadian Alpine Club, visited the Camp on the Yoho Pass, and attended one of the evening Camp fires. They left on the following morning for a trip up the Yoho Valley under the guidance of Tom Martin.

Three enthusiastic members of the Club—the Rev. Dr. McRae, principal of the Western Canada College, Calgary; the Rev. Alexander Dunn of Calgary and Mr. Don McTavish, accompanied by the two Swiss guides, Edward and Godfrey Feuz, made an ascent of Mt. Marpole on Monday, July 16th. They

had a long and arduous day, but were successful in making the peak. Edward Feuz described the climb as "better" than Mt. Vice President, stating that at one point they had a sheer climb of thirty feet up the perpendicular face of the rock—as pretty a piece of rock work as he had seen, and the rope was in constant use. In addition they had plenty of snow and ice, and the glacier work necessitated the constant use of the ice axes. By this time, however, the men were in fair training and notwithstanding all the difficulties in their way accomplished the feat without excessive fatigue. The guides declared the climb to be one of the best in the series, and the views obtained were such as to repay the climbers for their exertions.

Captain F. P. Armstrong, of Golden, B. C., has made an excellent suggestion with regard to the naming of the mountain-peaks in both the Rockies and the Selkirks. He points out the haphazard and often incongruous way in which names are given and the unhappy and inappropriate selections that sometimes result. He would like the Dominion Government to make a standing offer to the mountaineers of the world to name peaks after those who first succeed in climbing them and to include such names in the next Government maps and official publications. This would be the best stimulus that could be given to mountaineering in Canada, would lead to much and valuable exploration work on the part of ambitious individuals, and would substitute a regular system for a makeshift one. The Captain's suggestion is well worth the consideration of the authorities at Ottawa, and there are strong reasons in favor of its adoption.

A poetic member who made the official climb on the opening day composed the following as the Club cry:—

Yoho ! Yoho ! Yoho !  
We are the people who climb you know,  
Up to the regions of ice and snow ;  
On our return from the land of cloud,  
We all unite to shout aloud  
Yoho ! Yoho ! Yoho !



## How to Smoke.

**M**R. Valatin Nalbasse a medical man of the Persian Embassy in France has just published in the *Levant Herald* an amusing study on tobacco.

Sportsmen the world over think they know how to smoke, but possibly they may have something to learn, or they may at least learn here, what others think and have thought of tobacco.

We all know that Christopher Columbus' sailors were the first of the Europeans to see people burn dry leaves, drawing the smoke into their mouths and blowing it out again. This was on what is now the Island of Tobago, hence the name, tobacco; and it was the Great Columbus who first brought tobacco to Europe. Twenty-five years later Cortez sent some to Charles V., but it took fifty years to establish the use of tobacco at the Court.

John Nicot, a French Ambassador at the Court of Portugal in Francis the Second's time brought into notice in his native country, (where it was considered a medical drug) the nico herb or nicotine. At that time it cured many maladies—as do all new medicines. Nevertheless the smoking habit had begun, and it was fast becoming not a past-time only, but a habit or mania, in spite of the interdictions placed upon it by several of the Sovereigns. Louis XIV had a horror of tobacco and a formal command against smoking in his apartments was issued. Only Jean-Bart the great sailor had permission to smoke a pipe before His Majesty. We quote from Dr. Valantin Nalbasse about this sailor:

"The illustrious French sailor had obtained an audience from the King; but he had arrived long before Louis XIV could receive him. Tired of waiting and of the monotony of looking at the guard before the Royal door, he takes his pipe from his pocket, fills it conscientiously, lights it, and begins to draw and blow out enormous puffs of smoke under the noses of the terrified courtiers. The odor of the tobacco reached the Royal cabinet; Louis XIV asks the name of the audacious one who dared to smoke in his apartment, and was told that it was a sailor who pretended to have been

granted an audience by His Majesty. 'There is only Jean - Bart,' said His Majesty, 'who is capable of this,' and he ordered him to enter. In England King James the First forbade the use of tobacco in 1604."

Pope Urbain the Eighth excommunicated those who took snuff in Church and interdicted several priests who in spite of this made use of tobacco. The Sovereigns of Japan were in accord with those of Europe, and tried to put down the use of tobacco, but were unsuccessful. The Japanese had brought the habit with them from America, from which country they had originally come. Very little smoking was done in the time of Louis XIV on account of his pronounced antipathy to the pipe, but on the contrary much snuff was taken. It was one of the fashionable gestures of the eighteenth century to allow snuff to fall on coats, corsets, and lace work, that it might be shaken off with a stylish little movement of the fingers. It is a mistake to think that Europeans did not smoke before they found tobacco in America. Humanity has always smoked.

The Romans owned iron pipes in which they burned aromatic herbs, inhaling the smoke, and to this day in Europe tobacco is not the only vegetable product which various populations chew, snuff or smoke. As well as tobacco the betel root, cocoa, menthol, marjolaine, sage, lavender, thyme, absinthe, opium and hasheesh are smoked.

Since the days of Walter Raleigh tobacco has been indispensable to multitudes. George Sand could not write a line, Napoleon the Third could hardly speak; both were plunged into a sort of somnolence as soon as they stopped smoking.

In a letter to a doctor asking his advice about tobacco Francois Coppee wrote as follows: "I am prejudiced. I have been a great smoker since I was eighteen years of age. I burn cigarettes daily and all day—only cigarettes. I throw away each one after two or three puffs. I am not very strong, it is true, but I have no reason to attribute my poor health to tobacco, which I shall consider,

until proved to the contrary, as an excitant stimulating one to work and to dream, and for the poet these two things are synonymous."

There are on the surface of the globe many smokers ; but the number of those who know how to smoke is very restricted. "What an abominable thing is your tobacco !" said an Oriental some time since ;" and then you European people, you do not know how to smoke." Everybody knows of the prodigious variety of Oriental tobaccos, from the most simple leaves to the most varied mixtures of different qualities, to which are sometimes added perfumes, or they are exposed to the steamings of pine gum, which produces a kind called "latakiah."

It is those tobaccos, mild and insinuating, which are mixed more or less with "tombekou" rank and strong, to be smoked in the "narghile." In this strange and complicated apparatus, (hygienic nevertheless) the tobacco is burned in a little metal furnace; the smoke conducted by a pipe traverses a vase full of ordinary water, or better still, rose water, and reaches the lips of the smoker by a second tube. Let us leave to Theophile Gauthier the description of his impressions on this subject : "Nothing is more favorable to poetic reveries than to inhale in small doses, seated on the cushions of a divan, this odorless smoke refreshed with water, which is circulated through tubes in red or green morocco wound around the arm ; you smoke through a pipe, which is a work of art, a tobacco metamorphosed into perfumes and dreams."

Dr. Nalbasse, who is evidently a worshipping at the shrine of Madame Nicotine, recognizes that tobacco is mischievous when its use is abused and enjoins above everything that children

should not be allowed to smoke at any cost ; but when one is full grown and experiences some pleasure in smoking there is much to say in favor of tobacco. From the hygienic point of view, he says : "Tobacco has undoubtedly a favorable action for many upon the intestinal tube." "The story is well known of that historical woman with whom all treatment had failed to stop the continual throwing up to which she was subjected. Dr. Dujardin-Beaumetz advised her to smoke a cigarette after each meal ; and in this way only could her stomach be strengthened to retain food, and the throwing up began again as soon as the cigarettes were stopped."

Let us then be just and admit that tobacco never made as many victims as alcohol or opium.

"To conclude we advise that no one should smoke fasting, never in a bedroom, nor to exceed three or four cigars, or their equivalent in pipes or cigarettes, per day ; never to smoke a pipe to the bottom nor to smoke a pipe impregnated with nicotine, as so many smokers do and always to throw away a cigar when three-quarters done ; this advice is founded on the consideration that the nicotine is drawn towards the bottom of the pipe or to the end of the cigar. All old smokers know how very much better the first part of a pipe or cigar is than the last when smoked too long."

If so much could be written about tobacco by men who never sat around a Canadian camp fire at the end of a good day's work, after the consumption of moose steaks or baked maskinonge and camp accessories, what extravagance of language would have been theirs, had they had this camping experience so familiar to many of our readers.

## Half a Century in the Wilds.

### A Return to Civilization.

**I**MAGINATION has often been hard at work fancying what must be a man's emotions if, after half a century of sleep or banishment, he

could make a return to civilization, and find all modern improvements, of which he had no previous conception, in full play. As usual truth has again outrun

fiction. The famous Arctic exploring vessel *Discovery*, now one of the Hudson Bay traders, recently made her appearance at the West India Docks, London, England, having made the voyage by way of Hudson Strait ; and while an object of great interest and curiosity to the people, one of her passengers, a returned Hudson Bay Factor, who has spent half a century in the Far North, proved of even greater and wider interest than the vessel itself.

William Miller was born at Stromness in the Orkney Islands, which stand out in the North Atlantic beyond Scotland, and are pretty nearly as much wind and storm swept as the Far North of Canada, where he spent the major portion of his life. When quite young he emigrated to the Dominion, and took service with the Hudson Bay Company. He was at once initiated into frontier life, and took to it so well, and proved his trustworthiness so thoroughly, that thirty years ago he was promoted to the position of Factor at Misstassinny, a remote station in the very North of the Province of Quebec, and far from all vestiges of civilization. A Scotch lassie was found willing to share his exile, which after all was not very greatly different from his own homeland.

Here he remained for thirty years, brought up a family of several daughters, and was practically a king in his settlement. Rarely was another white man seen at his Post, and no white ladies ever visited at his station. He received letters and papers twice a year—by water in summer, and by dog train in winter.

Annually he made a journey down the Rupert's River to Rupert's House, another Hudson Bay Post on Hudson Bay, taking with him the piles of furs secured during the winter and brought in by Indian hunters and trappers ; while on the return journey he filled up with supplies destined to last him and his Indian traders until the next year. On these journeys quite a number of canoes formed the flotilla, and the journeys were never without interest.

As may well be imagined Mr. Miller

had some thrilling experiences and adventures. On one journey he walked four hundred miles on snowshoes, hauling his food by sledge, and pitching his tent by night with a stove to keep him warm. He was never short of supplies, being a clever and practised hunter and fisherman himself, and was able, had he so wished, to keep his station supplied by his own skill. His was a healthy and vigorous life, and nothing but age—he has seen three score years and ten—and failing eyesight made him give up his charge. He was the Chief in a settlement of fifty souls, all Indians except his own family, and it was not without regret that he parted from them.

A longing to re-visit the scenes of his boyhood, and to show his family the old home, conquered his love of the backwoods, and finally the family moved to the only home some of them had ever known. They went in canoes by Rupert's River to Rupert's House, and then crossed to Charlton Island, where is situated another Hudson Bay Post. At this point they managed to board the *Discovery*, which had been fast in the ice for five weeks, and made the voyage to England.

With the exception of one visit to Montreal, Mr. Miller had seen nothing of the wonders that science has wrought in the streets of modern cities, and one of his daughters, until the voyage to England had commenced, had never left the backwoods. Their feelings of mingled wonder, astonishment, and incredulity at sights which are so familiar to the residents of modern cities as to any longer arouse curiosity, were beyond expression, and can only be left to those of quick and vivid imaginations to faintly realize.

In his retirement after half a century of service, Mr. Miller might well spend some of his time in recounting his experiences, much of which would be both interesting and instructive, for the benefit of those whose lives are cast amid the storm and stress of modern overcrowded cities, and who look upon such a career as one after all to be envied.



# Fishing on the Georgian Bay.

BY THOMAS A. DUFF.

**T**HE small mouth Black Bass is, in my judgment, the king of Ontario's game fish, and is enthusiastically angled for by all lovers of the rod. An ample share of the splendid sport afforded in the quest for his elusive majesty has certainly fallen to my lot.

My business takes me from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in many different waters of our broad and fertile Dominion have I wet my line and dipped my rod in the health-giving and pleasant recreation of fishing.

For several years my mind has been bent on having a home where the heated days of summer, cooled by the breezes of the lake, the air laden only with the aroma of the pine, cedar, tamarac and birch, could be passed in contentment and idleness, save for the boating, bathing and fishing, and where one, like the phoenix rising from its ashes, could return renewed to the strenuous life which follows for the balance of the year.

After careful consideration and much examination, forty-one acres, situated at Honey Harbor in the Township of Baxter and District of Muskoka, were purchased, and in the spring of 1905 was built after my own notions, and from my own plans, a convenient cottage which has been named "Bide-a-wee." It is very prettily situated and nicely laid out, being built on a rocky peninsula which juts out into a narrow channel through which a current constantly flows, thus assuring pure and cool water.

My object in selecting the Georgian Bay instead of one of the small inland lakes which abound in the locality was two-fold; firstly, because the air is fresher and cooler and mosquitoes do not make life miserable; secondly, because the fishing in the open waters of the Bay is much better than in the lakes, and with the entire chain of Great Lakes to draw from, it should, with the fishery laws duly observed, prove excellent ground for years to come. In the smaller lakes of Muskoka, where thousands of tourists from all parts of the world have been going for years,

the fishing is poor. In days gone by fish without number have been caught merely for the sake of killing and left on the shores to decay. The net too has done its dirty work.

Honey Harbor is situated in the district known as "the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay," and is very easy of access, being about four hours ride from Toronto, via Grand Trunk Railway to Midland or Penetanguishene, from where steamers convey one to the different hotels or resorts, of which there are four, whose rates range from \$1.00 to \$2.00 per day. At present there are about fifty cottages, but as there has been a wonderful demand for building sites many new ones will be erected this spring. During July and August there is a mail twice daily.

My experience with bass is that they have different habits in different waters. From June 16th (the opening of our season) until about July 12th they are to be found close to shore in places where there is a gravel or rock bottom with water from four to eight feet deep, and apparently they are there for the purpose of protecting the fry, because should another fish come anywhere near, it is at once attacked and driven off. The bass then has apparently no fear of the boat and I have watched their antics, with much pleasure, for half an hour at a time. When they are found thus engaged no effort should be made to lure them from their duty, because it might mean the loss of a thousand young fish. The question has often come to my mind when watching their movements, should not our close season be extended to July 1st. In fishing at White Fish Lake, near Gracefield, P.Q., through the courtesy of the Abbitibi Fishing Club, early in July, 1905, the same state of affairs existed and the members or myself made no effort to take any bass.

From about July 12th to September 1st they will be found out in the open water on the deep sides of rocky shoals. From that on they seem to frequent the channels separating the Islands, especially

those through which there is a strong current.

On account of the extent of the Georgian Bay and the facts that nearly all of the best fishing places are about shoals which usually do not show above the water a guide for the first few days is an almost indispensable adjunct for a stranger,

Last year, up to July 12th, we met with very indifferent success, some days very good, others the reverse; but after this date I can only recall one day when we failed to catch the limit of beauties ranging from one and a quarter to four and three-quarter pounds.

The favorite method of enjoying the



AN HOUR'S CATCH AT HONEY HARBOR

and these can be secured for not more than \$2.00 per day, or, if engaged by the month, the rate is about \$35.00. For two years I have had a very good Indian boy who is known as the "Commodore" on account of his interest in my little fleet. He has always lived in the neighborhood and is familiar with the locality.

sport at Honey Harbor is to take a motor boat, tow the skiffs, and proceed as rapidly as possible to the fishing grounds, usually arriving there between 8 and 8.30 a. m. The motor is dismissed to return at 7 o'clock; all likely places had by then been carefully fished, and it was no uncommon thing to have the ladies of the party come



out victorious. At noon an adjournment would be made to the shade of some of the magnificent trees found on a pretty island where the "Commodore" would build a stove of stones and light the fire, then the fish would be cleaned and fried, tables laid and full justice done to the repast; and how the party would eat. I pity those who may read these rambling sentences that have never enjoyed a meal beneath the friendly shade of a mammoth tree, the beauties of nature on every side, and fresh-

to the friendly neighbors who would be at the docks watching for our home coming and to share with them the prizes of the day. They, too, could have as much success as falls to my lot if only they would study the habits of the fish, observe that they run in schools and travel from shoal to shoal, and follow them with the same interest and zeal which characterizes all disciples of Isaac Walton.

Returning one beautiful August evening, with eight beautiful bass averaging



HIDE-A-WEE, A SUMMER HOME—HONEY HARBOR

ly caught black bass and thin rashers of Canadian bacon as the chief article of diet. What glorious fun it is!

After "washing up" a rest until 3.30, then to the boats again to listen to the singing of the reel and to watch the magnificent fight which the inhabitants of these waters can put up when the fisherman is armed with nothing heavier than six or eight oz. rod. The motor boat would return only too soon, but it was almost as much pleasure to exhibit our creel of fish

over two pounds and a twenty pound maskinonge, daintily arranged, myself in the stern of the boat with a troll playing behind, my favorite pointer "Bang" in the bow, and the guide lazily rowing, we were met by three or four boatloads of guests from one of the resorts who gazed with wonder upon the result of the day's outing.

After the usual exclamations to which the fair sex are prone, one lively maiden remarked, "Oh, where do you get such

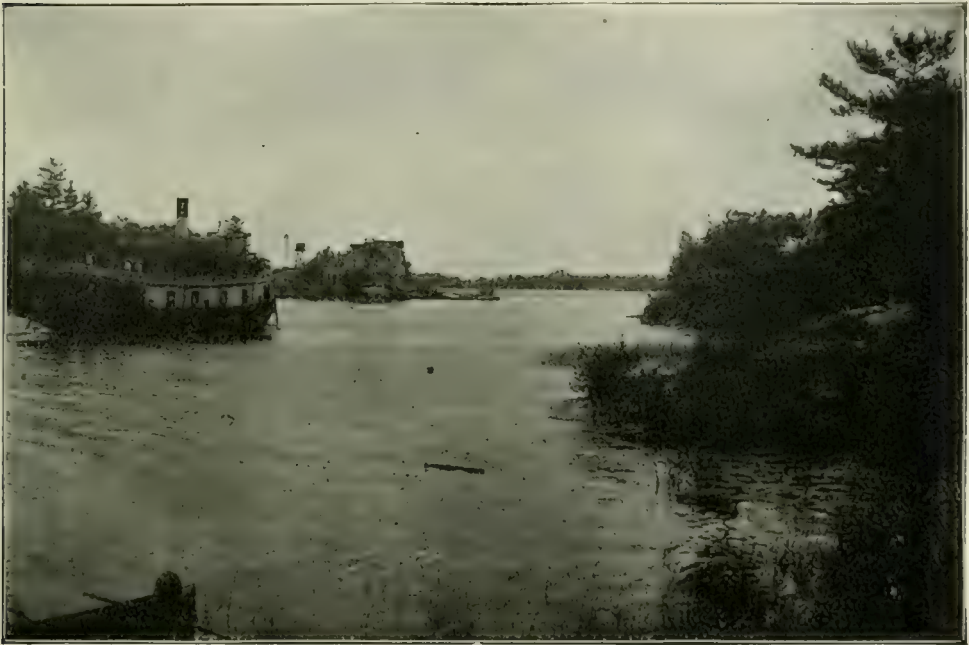


lovely fish? Why cannot we catch them? How do you get them?" Ignoring the first two questions I answered the last by saying, "You see that pointer dog in the bow." The reply, of course, was in the affirmative. "Well," I said, "he is a dog that points game of all kinds and when there is a game fish near where the boat is he just stands up, sniffs at the water and looks at me." The people in the other boats looked at one another, the guide was nearly in convulsions and I looked wise.

We had not proceeded one hundred yards

and in the truth of my little pleasantry. The ladies were presented with the fish as an evidence of the incident and all went on their way rejoicing.

Another somewhat amusing occurrence happened later on at Gloucester Pool. company with my friend Harry Matthews, of Toronto, and Messrs. Andrews and Moore of Buffalo, N. Y., who were my guests for the day, we anchored on a favorite shoal and soon the occupants of both boats were very actively engaged in ascertaining who was master—the fish or the man. Mr. Andrews



STEAMBOAT CHANNEL AT HONEY HARBOR

when "Bang" stood up in plain sight of all, looked into the water, sniffed the air and looked at me. All saw the movement but I took special pains to draw their attention to his actions, and by a strange coincidence in about the exact spot where he had gone through the aforesaid performance there was a strike, and after a few minutes battle a six pound pickerel was landed. No one was more surprised than myself and had it not been for the laughter of the guide I honestly believe that some of my lady visitors would have gone away believing in the dog's prowess

lost his, and Mr. Matthews was also defeated, his line parting just above the lead. Of course the usual banter was indulged in and I jocularly remarked, "Oh never mind, I'll catch them for you."

A moment later there was a strike and a "swish" as the line rapidly paid out to the music of the reel. In an instant the fish jumped from the water shaking his head and returned to his abode with a splash, coming straight for the boat with me shouting "I've got him for you, I've got him!" After a glorious ten minutes he lay conquered in the landing net,

and on the guide going to remove the hook lo and behold: there was the hook, lead and part of the line that had once done duty for Mr. Matthews. True enough I had caught his bass for him and with all the dignity at my command presented it to him amid the applause of my friends. This fish weighed exactly four and three-quarter pounds and was taken by Mr. Andrews to Buffalo. I had never met with or heard of a similar case, but have since been told it is not uncommon to land a fish with broken tackle in its mouth.

As soon as the raft is tied up and the current from the propellers stops, the maskinonge go out in the search for food and usually locate themselves well out in the lake but around shoals where there are weed beds below the surface of the water. The method we adopted was to let out about 80 feet of line and row around these beds, and on only one occasion on which we went after these giants of the lake did we fail to get a strike. Then the fun commenced; the first performance was a tug and then a leap out of the



AMONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF THE GEORGIAN BAY

About August 10th the maskinonge begin to come down from the North. Millions of feet of logs are towed down the Bay by powerful tugs to Midland, Penetanguishene and Victoria Harbor, and it is said that these fish, attracted by the current caused by the wheels of the tugs, will follow under the rafts from the head of the lakes and remain there until the logs reach their destination. It is no uncommon thing to see residents of the above named places come out to meet the rafts, troll around them while in motion and rarely go home without a fish.

water the full length of the fish, and how he would fight! First he would run with the line and when stopped rush from side to side, finally going to the bottom when he got the butt and the fight started again. Fortunately my fish were always well hooked, my tackle strong and my skill sufficient to bring him to the boat near enough for the gaff, always dexterously handled by the "Commodore." Once in the boat the safety valve would open and my pent up feelings escape with two or three terrific shouts and a hearty shake of my guide's hand. None but a thorough



sportsman can thoroughly appreciate the pleasure to be derived from the skillful handling of a large musky !

I also had a very pleasant outing in October after lake trout and landed several beauties.

Honey Harbor is in my judgment an ideal place to spend the summer. There are enough fish to satisfy the most exacting; and should one tire of the open lake, grand sport may be had in Gloucester Pool, Six Mile Lake, or the Musquosh Riv-

er. The two former are quite large bodies of water and to get to them a portage is necessary, but this only adds to the pleasure and novelty of the trip, while the crowning result is a few hours' splendid sport with the finny inhabitants of the beautiful deep waters of these lakes.

On the point of rock in front of the house there is a blue rock trap located and thus I am able to keep in practice for the shooting tournaments and make the boys "go some."

## Game Protection in Nova Scotia.

**T**HE Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society of Nova Scotia have issued their report for last year, and included in it are reports from Agents in every county of the Province. The general opinion seems to be that moose are decreasing, and the Provincial Legislature is urged to shorten the open season, to limit the number of moose allowed to each hunter to one instead of two as at present; to prohibit the killing of any moose without horns; and to prohibit the sale of moose meat. It is also recommended that native hunters should pay a license fee.

Mr. Pritchard, the Agent for Pictou County, even goes so far as to recommend a close season for three years for moose, and argues that the breed is deteriorating owing to the old bulls being killed off. "The fine old bull is a thing of the past in these woods."

It is worth noting that Mr. Jenner, of Digby, reports that in his district the Indians respect the law far more than some white men.

Mr. Tufts, Agent at Kentville, mentions a case where a guide kills a moose for every man he takes into the woods, giving the credit of course to the tourist. He would like a law making it an offence for a guide to carry a gun or receive any portion of the meat—rather hard on the guide, and not at all a reasonable proposal.

One Agent went so far as to work in a lumber camp for three weeks in order to be in a position to see exactly what did take place, but his efforts were not marked by success.

In several counties the Agents express

the opinion that the moose are increasing, and so far as regards the Island of Cape Breton there appears, from the reports, to be no doubt on the point, though from some districts Agents report to the effect that moose are extinct in their particular neighborhoods.

Caribou are reported as scarce throughout Nova Scotia, but they are plentiful in the Island of Cape Breton. Mr. John Dalley, Agent at Digby, thinks that caribou are not now seen because the hunters do not have to go to the barrens for moose, and that is where the caribou would be found. A small herd was seen near the head of Bear River, Digby County, the first for several years. In Annapolis county they are reported to be increasing. After reporting them as extinct the previous year, the Agent in St. Mary's district, Guysborough County, was surprised to learn that a herd was seen in his district, and as a fact a man was charged with shooting one of them. The Agents in Cape Breton report them as increasing every year. Mr. G. Brewer, Agent at South Bay, Ingonish, Victoria County, "wonders if it would be too much to ask for the season to be opened for one month for the sake of the poor fishermen to whom a few deer would be a great help in providing for their families."

Red deer is imported game in Nova Scotia, is at present protected all the year round, and are reported as fast increasing in quite a number of districts. One Agent advocates a penalty as high as \$500 for killing a deer, with a minimum fine of \$200—an extreme course which ought not to be necessary, and which is not likely to



be taken. None are reported in Cape Breton.

Fur bearing animals appear to abound and wildcats particularly are stated to be increasing. Mr. Selig of Prospect is strongly against protecting the otter, arguing that its destruction of fresh water fish far outweighs its fur bearing qualities. The same gentleman is in a quandry over traps. He destroyed seven which he thought were set for mink though the owners claimed that they were set for muskrats only. In Yarmouth County beaver are said to be practically extinct, though there are some in Digby County. Mink are not plentiful generally and strict watch have to be kept on the trappers as mink skins are growing in value and demand. From one district—Baddeck Bay, Victoria County,—mink and otter were reported as "exceedingly plentiful"; and the Agent at North River, Victoria County, says "mink are abundant." In Digby County raccoons were described as a pest. From Hants County it is reported that one man lost twelve sheep by bears. Foxes are increasing in the same locality, and one man caught sixteen last fall.

The Secretary of the Society states that never within his memory were partridges so scarce as at present. The only reason he could assign for it was the marvellous increase in the number of wild cats, though many country people told him that numbers were killed off owing to the crust last winter forming so rapidly that after burrowing in the snow for the night the birds were unable to extricate themselves in the morning. If ruffed grouse are not further protected by stopping their sale, or giving them another close season for several years, they will soon become extinct throughout the Province. They are however increasing on the island of Cape Breton. With five exceptions every Agent reported these birds as scarce; whereas throughout Cape Breton the reports were just the contrary. In the five instances county, they were said to be plentiful. "fairly plentiful," "scarce, but on the increase," while the last one was not definite in either direction.

Woodcock were generally reported as scarce though at Mahone Bay, Lunenburg county, they were said to be plentiful. Mr. Jenner, of Digby, says the broods

seemed numerous and hatched out well, but six weeks of drought in the fall baked the swamps as hard as the highway. The cutting down of favorite covers continues and cause the birds to go elsewhere. In King's County they were said to be more plentiful than for some years past. Two agents in Hants County reported them as numerous though two others in the same county described them as scarce. They were fairly plentiful in Colchester County.

Snipe were also scarce, only one Agent on Cape Breton Island reporting them as "very plentiful"; and this is generally attributed to the fact that the upland swamps were baked hard and dry by the drought.

Ducks were generally reported as scarce, but the explanation given was that owing to the low state of the inland lakes an ample food supply was afforded them, rendering it unnecessary for the ducks to go to the seaboard for food. Their non-appearance at their usual haunts is not held therefore to mean any decrease in their numbers. These conclusions are borne out by the reports of the Agents throughout the Province, one stating that the ducks are rapidly on the increase, even some of the best sportsmen finding it no easy matter to shoot them.

In most of the counties hares were reported as numerous. In some places where they became overcrowded disease carried off a good many. As their pelts are worth only one cent each there is no inducement for the people to shoot them.

With regard to the fisheries the Society has endeavored to arrange with the Dominion Government for local control. Up to the present their efforts have not been very successful, but they are hopeful their renewed application will be favorably regarded by the new Minister of Marine and Fisheries. They report that salmon and trout suffered severely last year; they were netted and dynamited, owing to the low water caused by the drought, worse than ever; and the Society holds, with others, that it is high time better protection was afforded to the fish.

The report throughout bears abundant evidence of the efforts made by the Society and its Agents to carry on, and make as effective as possible under the circumstances, their most important work.

# Alaskan Cave Dwellers and Their Lives.

BY CAPTAIN DICK CRAINE.

**T**HE Esquimaux of Alaska appear to be an entirely different race from their fellows of Labrador or Greenland, and they have many peculiar customs of their own. Most people imagine the cliff and cave dwellers to be extinct—dead and gone ages ago, but they exist today on the islands off the Alaskan coast. I have made several trips amongst these people who are to be found on the Kings and Diomed Islands in the Behrings Straits. When I was there I traded amongst these people, giving them ammunition, provisions, etc., for their ivories, curios, and dogs.

At various World's Fair villages, as well as at the late Sportsmen's Show at Boston, I have had some of these dogs on exhibition, which, horrible as it may seem to the ordinary reader, were raised on human flesh. It was in 1899 that I got the puppy shown at Boston from them, and in that year, in consequence of an epidemic, about one third of the population died, the bodies being simply thrown on the cliffs for the dogs to eat. There is room as will be seen, for some good missionary work there.

It was in August of that year I was on King's Island, and had ocular demonstration of what I state. At that time there were about thirty-five dogs in the Island, and all were fat on human flesh.

King's Island rises precipitously out of the water to a height of 600 feet. There is only one place where it is possible to make a landing, and from that place a very steep rocky path, probably at an angle of forty-five degrees, leads up to their cave dwellings. These are all over the side of the rock, of which the whole island consists, and are made by prying out the shaly rock. This work is done a little at a time until gradually a room about sixteen feet in diameter is excavated. A ledge is left all round the sides and this is the place on which they sleep. Sometimes there are two, or even three shelves, and when this is the case they eat on the lower and sleep on the higher ones. The sanitary condition of these places is nothing less than frightful.

Here you find the historic seal oil lamps kept burning. The lamps are made out of a large stone hollowed out and filled with seal oil, either moss or old rags being used as a wick. They have no ideas of ventilation, and the heat and stench are indescribable.

The tropical temperature of the living room perhaps accounts for the airy costume assumed by the women towards evening when they are often to be found with no further clothing on than strings of beads, which are wound round their bodies in various fantastic designs.

Physically the natives are a short stolid people. Some of the women are almost pretty, having a kind of Japanese face with coarse black hair hanging in two platts, with complexions so florid as to suggest rouge. They are somewhat undersized, and are clumsy little creatures, clad in deerskin, and wear pants tucked into the tops of their sealskin boots. They wear a parka or shirt made of birds breasts with the feathers next to their skin, and another loose parka, with a hood on, over the other one. Some have combination suits, similar to those worn by the natives of the Siberian coast. By this I mean that they wear coat and pants in one garment on the principle of a union suit of underwear; in such cases the trousers are made very full like bloomers, and they have thus a waddling appearance when they walk. Nearly all wear gaudy beads, and most of them have copper coins or trouser buttons fastened in their hair. It is the fashion to have large holes in their lips, with a button or stone inserted in them, and others tatoo their chins.

Their marriage customs are simple and peculiar. When a young man takes a fancy to a girl, he delegates one of his friends to take a pair of new fur trousers round to her. If she accepts him she puts on the trousers, and wears them before the whole village for a week. At the end of that time he goes to live with her family.

After visiting one of their cave dwellings no one can wonder that during the last few years these people have been dying off like sheep. Whenever they can they

make a change from their own food to that of the white men, and then when necessity compels them they go back again to their own diet of walrus, seal, fish and oil. If they kept to their own food it would be better for them, but they are perfectly crazy after tea, sugar, molasses, tobacco, and whiskey. They take equal parts of tea and sugar, boil it all together until it is a sickening mess, and then, with only ship's biscuits to eat, they will drink cupful after cupful of this tea until it opens all their pores. After this mild debauch they go to sleep in their damp, dirty, evil smelling caves, and naturally contract disease. These sudden and complete changes of diet are bad for them, and to add to these evils they have a strong taste for liquor, and have learnt to make a drink which they know, as hootchinoo.

To make this liquid they take equal parts of flour and molasses, with four times the amount of water, and mix together. It is allowed to stand until it becomes sour, when it is put into an old five gallon kerosene can, and placed over the fire. An old gun barrel or a piece of seaweed is inserted in the top of the can, and passed through a large wooden bowl, as the vapour from the can comes in contact with the cold tube, it condenses and forms into drops of liquid dropping into a little wooden bowl. I know from experience that it has not a very pleasant taste, but it has intoxicating qualities, and that is what the natives want. The making of this stuff has given the Government a lot of trouble, and the revenue cutters are constantly finding these rude distilleries and destroying them.

Another of their strange customs is death by consent. When an Esquimaux gets too old to be of any further use, they are either thrust out to die, or deliberately left behind when the tribe sets off on one of its periodical travels. If, as is sometimes the case, their uselessness becomes apparent while the individual is still in possession of some worldly goods, a meeting is called, and after a feast, the goods are divided by the owner, who in the end places a slip noose round his own neck. It is etiquette for all those who have partaken of the feast, or received anything in the way of goods, to take hold of the rope, and help pull round the un-

fortunate host until life is extinct. This is distinctly one of the customs that none of us would wish to see imported into civilization.

They possess two kinds of boats — a kyak and an omeade. The former is a small canoe made of sea-lions' skins stretched over a light frame work made from drift wood or bone, leaving only a small hole in the centre in which a man can just sit. The other style is much larger and is left open. It is often of a size sufficient to carry two or three tons, and sometimes has a sail made of seals' intestines. Large as it is this boat is also made of sea-lions' or walrus skins, with a wooden or bone frame work.

For winter travel they have the typical Esquimaux dogs which are used all over Alaska. These dogs have been bred by the natives for generations, and are practically half bred wolves. The harness is made of seal or reindeer skins; while the sleds are often unique, being half composed of bone or any piece of drift wood they can find. The sled shoes are porous being made of bone. When it is very cold they will stop and roll the sled over, and after taking a mouthful of water from a bladder suspended round their neck, they spit it along the runner. This glazes over the runner so that the sled draws much easier for the next hour.

When I visited these people for the first time I was quite a novelty to them, for among the few white men they had ever seen none of them had a poll of red hair. As I had the good or bad fortune to be born with red hair, and had a plentiful supply of the same, my appearance amongst them created something of a sensation. There were many comments upon it, and some holder than the others wanted to know how I did it. They were ambitious of coloring theirs in the same way and refused to believe me when I told them it was natural.

When everything is considered these people do not live enviable lives. Indeed they often have a hard time of it to get a living of any kind. The Government has been doing a great deal for the natives on the mainland, and on St. Lawrence Island. They have introduced the reindeer there, and in these efforts have been very successful.



# Canoeing Experiences in Canada.

BY A. S. GREGG CLARKE.

**T**EN of us, all members of the Keewaydin Camps, had just started on our trip down the Montreal River. We had left Latchford and many of us were having our first experience in taking a canoe through a rapid by going down the three or four dashes that the river takes just below that place. Old Paul, his Indian blood apparently the coolest in the swirl of a rapid, puffing calmly at his pipe, had led us safely in a zig-zag course over two bad rapids, so that when we came to Willow Rapid, we thought we were capable of anything. This rapid is a very bad one:—a steep pitch, big rocks, and whopping swells at the bottom. Some of us followed close enough behind Paul to get down without mishap, although we danced precariously on the swells and shipped much water.

Paul, however, was nervous and ran to the other end of the portage where Heine and Mike, in command of the last canoe, were just shoving off for their dash down the rapid. He hailed them with a wave of the arms and cried out "you can't shoot him! You can't shoot him!" They failed to hear him, however, and started down full of confidence. Half way down their canoe struck the corner of a submerged rock and capsized in an instant. The next thing we saw was Mike with saucer eyes striking down the rapid with his famous overhand racing stroke in a mad effort, as he afterwards explained, to catch up to his feet, which had got a good head start. He was more frightened than he needed to be, and let out a few ridiculous panting cries of "Help, help!" We below the rapid, full of laughter, paddled out, caught Mike as he came down, and towed him to shore. Heine, in the meantime, had caught hold of the overturned canoe and floated down to quiet water, as placidly as a man could in a rushing rapid.

We had lost two bags of provisions and banged up the canoe a little, but the clothes, in water-proof bags, had been rescued, so that around the roaring fire we built to dry Heine and Mike out, we soon forgot everything, but the funny side of the upset. Beginners are sure to upset once

or twice in a rapid, but if a man keeps his head enough to stick to his canoe, there is possible danger only to the provisions and to the canoe.

Our experience on the Montreal River in this and subsequent rapids, made us believe that the canvas canoe is superior to all other for quick water. They not only respond to a touch, but they stand all manner of hard usage. The same canoe that met disaster in Willow Rapid had two serious encounters with rocks further down the river. The frame-work of the canoe in places was broken to pieces, yet the canvas remained uncut, so that Heine and Mike were able to take the long trip down to Temiskaming and then all the rough carrying and hard poling up the Matabitchuan River in this battered canoe without making a single halt for repairs. A cedar or birch bark canoe would have had to be abandoned.

Travellers by canoe in Canada who haven't carried over the Clay Hill or Devil's Portage (every canoe route in Canada has two or three Devil's Portages on it) from the Matabitchuan River to Fourth Bass Lake, can safely be said to have missed much of the excitement of portaging. Before the railway was built from North Bay to the lower end of Lake Temagami, every one bound for the Keewaydin Camps on Lake Temagami had to get there via Lake Temiskaming and the Matabitchuan River. This Devil's portage, therefore, was the first carry that the tenderfoot struck;—one of the hardest in all Canada.

At the beginning of the portage he meets a very steep clay hill up the side of which he has to mount by 100 steps cut into the hillside. Each step is at least two feet high, so that when a man has a hundred pound canoe on his head, the mere effort of lifting his load so far up into the air is tremendous even when the footing is good. But the day that our crowd of Keewaydinites first struck the portage, a rain had made it a sea of slippery mud. Sometimes our feet sunk to the ankles in mud; sometimes they slipped and

we fell. More than once after we had got almost to the top of the steps, the canoes slipped from our shoulders, when we fell and slid back to the bottom of the steps. Even when we reached the top of the steps, our troubles were by no means over, for the unbroken surface of the slope beyond was as smooth as ice. Here two of the fellows after repeated falls, decided to apply ingenuity to their problem. They fastened ropes to the bow of their canvas and pulled them along like sleds over the

smooth surface of the mud, while old Paul grunted with silent and contemptuous laughter. Despite these difficulties everyone not only kept his temper, but most of the time roared with laughter at the mishaps of someone else, and when we reached the summit of the hill not only did the long walk through the woods to Fourth Bass Lake seem child's play, but every other portage on the way to Temagami, seemed neither worthy of our strength nor of our ingenuity.

## BOOKS OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN

"Camp Kits and Camp Life," by Charles Stedman Hanks (Niblick) author of "Hints to Golfers" (New York, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons) is a book which every man going in to the Canadian backwoods ought to possess and study. It is an elaborate treatise upon all that concerns life spent amid the Saints of Nature, and forms a complete guide for the requirements and conduct of those who seek sport or health in a more simple and natural life than it is possible to spend in the hurry and bustle of the cities. The author rightly dedicates his work to his guides—those who know the Book of Nature by heart and who do so much in a quiet way to make a vacation perfect. Without their efficient aid in opening up the Book and enabling the city man to learn something of its contents, many a holiday, fraught with blessings to those who can take them in this way, would be altogether spoiled; and at best only a tithe of the pleasures possible would be enjoyed. The author commences by giving his readers the most elaborate instructions as to effi-

cient preparations necessary if they are to enjoy their holidays away from civilization. He then describes the best preparations for camps and camp fires and gives many useful hints the results of live and varied experiences which are likely to prove of the highest practical value to those who pay attention to them. They are well and clearly expressed, and even the man who knows most of the subjects dealt with in the book may learn something from it that he did not know before. Fishing, shooting, hunting and trapping are all written about in an interesting style that will commend itself to all classes of readers, and the last chapters or suggestions about camping out and some remedies for sickness or accidents in camp (and such things will happen with all possible care in the world) are particularly valuable. The book itself would be profitably taken on any trip, and its practical lessons studied on the ground. Any sportsman can obtain a copy of this book by sending the price \$1.50 to "ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA," Woodstock, Ont.

# VISCOUNT JOHN



## CHAPTER IX

### The Way Homeward.

By

DR. J. M. HARPER

**O**UR outing was not yet over when we had everything in the canoe ready for starting up the river. The after-piece had in it something for us all, though our readers may not find in it anything for them.

The sun was with us again, bringing the waters down to their normal summer level. Every turn the canoe made in the numerous windings, brought us into the presence of an old friend,—some tree standing as an exception-mark, old and gnarled and gaunt perhaps, stalwart or widespreading, dissociate from its neighbours through its eccentricities of form or bearing,—some bed of the wild gilly-flower or fire-weed with its pink-purple umbels, or of the gentle marguerites with their staring solemn eyes, that silently told us of a meadow near by.

Nature-study is not to be had from book or teacher, but from Nature herself. She has something for us all,—a botany of her own, a zoology, a mineralogy, a full cosmology, concerning which he who runs may read.

And now that the angling habit had been appeased in Viscount John, the more sedate side of his character,—the more intellectual perhaps, but none the less entertaining,—came into fuller view. There was a fulness of knowledge in his diagnoses of the winsomeness of the mother of us all. He knew something of the habits of beast, bird, and plant, and what he knew had a folk-lore of its own. As with his fly-book in hand, he had some anecdote of origin or adventure to tell of every old battered pool-stained specimen in it, not excepting tragic

pieces of gut line and articles of angling gear, from the horrible "spoon," to the imitation minnow and worm; to help out his wonderful pocket museum; so with his experiences of things seen and unseen by him in the course of his woodland peregrinations, his mind had eventually become a living current from which the disappointed sportsman, weary and disheartened, perhaps, could always find some mind interest and some refreshment as well. If his humour was broad and personal at times, while on an excursion such as I have been describing, there was no loss of native dignity,—nothing vulgar in his appreciations of how a man should act, or what he might say or should not say. If there were two sides to his manner, there was no element of make-believe in either.

On the way up, there was in his conversation very little of the fishing flavour after he was once done with the rearrangement of his fly-book, and his series of running comments on the same.

"What's in the name o' a thing like that, to kill a fish wi'," he said, as he held up a Fiery Brown for us to examine "if a man does not know the particulars of his make-up, in its co-relation to the times and seasons in which it is to be wisely used. You noticed how Tom there made his selection of the best that were to be found in a' oor books, though in doin' so I'll wager he had in his mind the weather, the sky and the water as much as the colours o' the buskit bits o' things he put in his hat. It's the knowledge o' sic relationships that lies at the bottom o' a' skill: and a man, wha



ne'er bothers with such, is no much better than a quack at his trade."

"Noo, there's Robbie Burns!"

"Ay, now we're in for it?" said Tom with a whiff from his pipe and a satirical movement of his whip towards the off horse.

"And what for no? Are we to sit here, and look on at the wonderfu' fascinations o' the banks and braes o' this Tavistock o' oors, and no think o' the master o' them a' wha wove the mind-threads that nature had bestowed on him into the fortunes or misfortunes o' human love. Listen to sic lines as thae, Mr. Brither-in-law, and then get rid o' some o' your prosaic notions about this bonnie stream on which you were reared."

And here the Viscount gave a full recitation of Burn's "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon."

"Ay, Tom, my man," said he when he was done; "gin God had gi'en ye the option, which would ye hae ta'en,—the skill to tak' the dourst fish oot o' the Tavistock or to write lines with the pathos o' thae two bits o' stanzas,—which would you mak' the maist o'? Ye hae the skill to catch a trout, my man; we can a' bear testimony to that, and are no jealous o' ye for havin' that skill either. But there's nae choice atween a hundred fish like thae at your end o' the canoe,—and a bonnie catch it is that the folks at hame 'ill be prood of,—my what a welcome the mither 'll gie ye!—there's nae choice, I say, atween sic prize and the twa stanzas I hae just recited. Solomon had bestowed on him wordly-gear and wisdom; but the tane without the tither would no hae been o' much account. And sae let nane o' us think little o' either."

"And yet you have a prize of wordly-gear and wisdom at your end of the canoe," murmured Tom, "that is seldom despised on the homeward run, when the right kind of guardianship has it in hand. Didn't your handicap place you in charge of King George?"

"Count one for the handicap," cried Dan.

"And a half one for me," returned Doctor Jim.

"Not to mention" I said not wishing to be left out in the fun "the fine illustration it is to us all how even the wisest

of men sometimes handle wordly-gear sparingly when it gets into their hands."

"We are under a Conservative government on our way up that, was Liberal on the way down," said Tom.

"Ye maun just abide, then, wi' the ups and downs o' life philosophically, my gallant lads, not a drop 'ill yin o' ye get until we come to hae a rest at the Beaver Dam. There's enough o' spirit in the air for all o' us. Besides that fox o' yours, Tom made a dreadfu' drain on oor resources, last night, and I don't want to hae to explain to my mither-in-law whaur it has a' gane. She's a keen-witted woman is my mither-in-law, eh, Tom?"

"But as I was saying,—and ye needna interrupt me, Tom, unless ye hae something to say,—I hae sic a love and admiration for this bonnie bit ribbon o' watter that I believe, if my machinery had been properly fitted up for it, I micht hae been a bit o' a poet myself."

"Get up there old Sugar-Loaf," cried the Mariner to the near horse, "and be thankful we are not worse than we are."

"And ye would hae been yin tae, Tom under the circumstances o' a proper outfit."

"Just think of the misfortune, gents, two poets in one family,—what a team! Gee up there, Sugar-Loaf, or something may happen yet."

"Every man is a poet in his ain richt. What chiel is there that hasna a yaumer-in' for the vale that gied him birth. The burn that rins by our mither's door, or the nearest to it, is the first o' a' poems we listen to, and there has been nae rhymster livin' or dead that hasna found in its rhythm a lilt for his first sang. The rinnin' brook lies at the bottom o' mair things in our composition than are dreamed of in our philosophy. It is, next to the mother's knee, the altar o' oor sympathies' sacrifice. Gie me the land, whase sons and dochters never feel better than when they are reading or writin' or recitin' some bit o' literature that lichtens and brichtens up its hills and dales, and I'll gie ye a people that are sure o' the best o' everythin' here and hereafter. Just try another deep draught o' that caller air,—a pure blend o' the scent o' forest, stream and mea-

dow-land,—and tell me if ye don't feel a better man.

"We must put up with what we can get, in the shape of a draught, when somebody has hold of the resources, eh, Sugar-Loaf ? Get up there Dandy : plenty of time to droop your head for a drink at the Beaver Dam.

"Ay, ye may mak' folks laugh at your irony, Tom ; but its true what I'm tellin' ye Just fill your lungs wi' the blend, my gallant lads ; isn't it fine ? I believe there's a sneezin' o' the sea itsel' in it."

And there really was truth in the Viscount's rhapsody,—there was exhilaration in the air of the Tavistock,—stimulant enough for all of us. The mid-summer's sun was hot, but the hottest day inland is easily endured by the angler at the side of a running stream. All things had been freshened by the rain,—all things save the mosquitoes, perhaps, that had possibly not had time to dry their wings to be in evidence a million-fold as of yesterday.

"The mosquito is a marvel o' the insect tribe," was what the Viscount told us when he had the chance. "The name just means a little fly, though some o' the Tavistockers are big enough for a' ordinary and extraordinary purposes o' blood drainin'. The entomologic gentry, of course, hae classified them under big names, and tell us that its only the females that bite while gossipin' wi' their wings around our heads. But a mosquito is a mosquito to us, male or female, whether its richt name be *CULEX PIPIENS* or no ; and the painful swellin' it mak's on the cuticle is a source o' profanity whether the beast means it or no. They say that the larvae hae their cradle on the surface o' still water, and that a' kind o' fish bolt them wi' zest, cradle and a'. Some folk, that haena had a trial o' them, declare that there's nae *MALICE PREPENSE* about the beggars, seein' that they carry nae pushion aboot their hurdies ; yet the ocular demonstration on the back o' oor necks this mornin' hardly bears that oot."

And so it was that the remotest hint from any of us or from the surroundings was sufficient to open the knowledge-bag of the worthy Viscount, as the canoe went swinging from turning to turning.

For instance while Dan was amusing himself by weighing a dozen of the largest fish we had taken, and spreading them out on a heap made by the smaller ones, the Viscount, with Tom's assistance made us familiar with the right name, anatomy, habitat, and habits of the famous Tavistock trout.

"Its no for me or any sic relation o' mine as my gallant brither-in-law there to say that the Tavistock trout are the finest to be angled for and eaten in the world. But, comrades mine, ye hae ne'er, I'm sure, seen a' mair luscious sicht a' your born days, than that up in the prow yonder,—a precious sliddery hillock o' silver and gray, stoddin wi' spots o' vermillion and yellow and black. Its easier for the maist o' folk to say "salmo" than "salvelinus," yet ye have to keep them baith in mind when you distinguish the sea-trout frae the brook trout. The scientific name for theae victims o' yours gentlemen, is 'Salmo trutta,' thus distinguishing them from the 'Salvelinus fontinalis,' found in our lakes and ponds. These denizens o' the sea, were up on their honeymoon when ye fell foul o' them revellin' to the burstin' on worms and mosquito oil, wi' an odd smelt or twa for their dinner and a watermoth or spider for their desert. They're the deil's ain kimmers to eat, as Tom there 'ill tell ye, on their way up or doon, and hae been found a hundred miles frae the sea on their summer's retreat wi' their kindred the salmon."

And thus did Viscount John discourse, with a song or an anecdote thrown between, of the marvels of the stream ; and when we reached the Beaver Dam, the pause in his converse came to us like the regretful first breaking-up of a house party when the crack is good.

After baiting his horses, Tom said that he would try to reduce the handicap by making a cast or two, while we were at our lunch.

"Na, na, my man," exclaimed Viscount John, "that match is done wi'. Ye maun fecht against mischance and no against superior skill this time and that's gamblin'. I hae had my fill o' this hole for a while ; and I don't think ony o' oor frien's here want to mak' a rival o' ye, Tom. They seem to hae had their fill o' things tae."





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And so we had, though we were all willing enough to sit, and smoke and look on, while Tom was giving us a second lesson by sight in the act of throwing a fly.

"Ye needna gang oot as far as I did, unless your life is insured," cried the Viscount. "The monument o' my folly still stands yonder; wi' the fragment o' yin o' my coat-tails or somethin' lower down still on it, as a pennon o' danger."

But Tom did not need to go from low-wading distance before the handicap was wiped out, with a great balance standing in his favour; for he was able to take a fish at nearly every cast, as I helped him with the landing-net.

As fish after fish was brought out, neither Dan nor Doctor Jim could get a move on them. They had had their first surfeit. They were sick of angling, as the boy is made sick of his first cigarette or pipe, though with no prospect of any after check to the habit, as things proved in their after career.

"I never saw the Viscount in the mood of idleness before, when there were trout to catch," whispered Tom to me, as he stooped to help me to relieve his casting-line from the landing-net. "What has come over him?"

"He must be tired after that morning's bout with you," I answered.

"Or does not wish to be beat."

"Perhaps, that's it."

"And your friends?"

"Oh, its laziness with them."

"They have had enough of it."

"It looks like that."

"And you? Will you have a cast or two?"

"I think we have all done very well, with more fish than we can carry home."

"Then we stop right here, though the sport is still at its best. Do you see that bit of cloth on the Viscount's late judgment-seat, a remnant from his own seat?"

"Then here goes for my last cast; watch."

And I did watch.



"That's one," said Tom.

"Yes", said I.

"And that's two."

A pause.

"And that's three."

But Tom's fly did not strike the water this time.

The master of the Tavistock had deliberately fixed his hook in the morsel of cloth that hung and fluttered from the eminence of poor Viscount John's late judgment-seat, as it had been called and probably as it is called to the present day.

It was the supreme joke of superior skill.

"I did it on purpose," said Tom a little flushed at his success.

"I know you did."

"And I'm going to bring it ashore now."

"If you can," said I.

"There's no IF about it: watch!"

And he did bring the bit of cloth ashore, and taking it from the hook asked me to keep it as a souvenir of my first angling trip on his native stream.

"What's this ye've got?" asked Viscount John as I approached the group of three.

"A souvenir," I answered.

"Of what?" asked Dan.

"Of Tom, the mariner's prowess as an angler, and of our friend the Viscount's judgment-seat."

And such a souvenir I still possess; and when the Tavistock and its glories come up for conversation among my friends when I am entertaining them, the humble little bit of striped Scottish tweed has its share in the merriment.

\* \* \* \*

We had a right royal welcome when we arrived at Tavistock Camp. The whole family were out on the little jetty to see the canoe come in with its splendid load. The mother of the establishment was there to receive from the Viscount's own hands the far from depleted King George.

"Ye aye bring plenty of fish back with you, John, and the jumble of the jar shows that you have been eydent and sparing. Bring me the biggest and ye'll have it boiled just out of the water for your tea. There's nothing so sweet as a boiled Tavistock just out of the water."

And Dan and Doctor Jim and myself have never forgotten the flavour of that trout.

THE END.



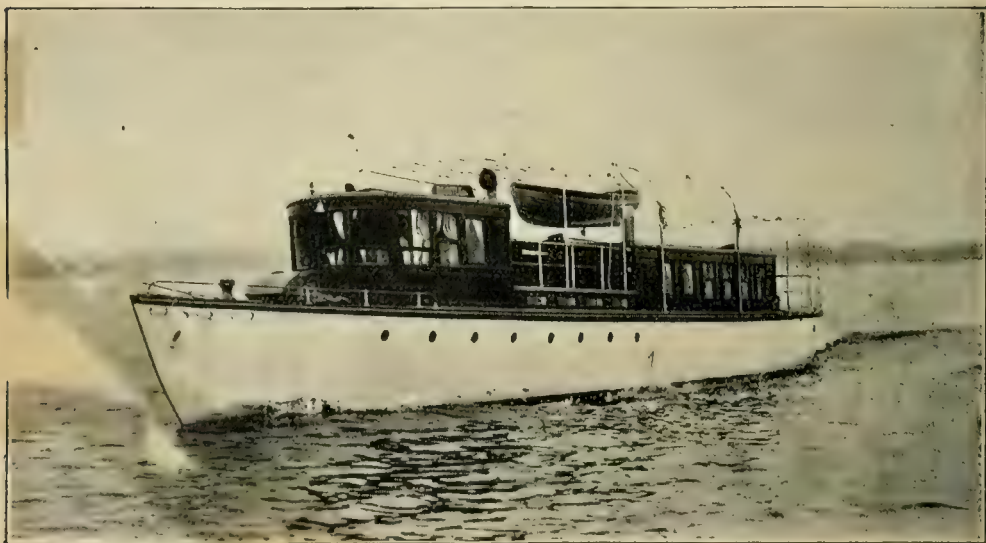


## SPORTS AFLOAT!

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

LOU. E.  
MARSH



Dauntless, the new 100 foot gasoline yacht of Vice Commodore Nicholls, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto.

### THE BIG SKIFF REGATTA.

For keenness of competition and good fellowship commend me to a Lake Sailing Skiff Ass'n. regatta, such as the organization pulled off at Hamilton, June 30, July 2, with the able assistance of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club. It was practically an inter-city meet, and, while the rivalry between Toronto and Hamilton sporting men is not always of the most peaceful variety, the session of the skiff sailors passed off without a hitch. On the floats and in the clubhouses the rivals were blood brothers. No matter how hard fought the struggle outside on the racing course the strife was forgotten—or drowned when the competitors reached terra firma again. Out on the course it was, no

quarter given or asked—ashore it was share and share alike. When the Hamilton boys missed their last cars back from Burlington Beach to the city, they turned in and slept with the Toronto lads at the clubhouse or on the boats. If the Toronto boys grew weary in town the Hamilton lads piloted them to places of rest—or refreshment. Around the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club Rear Commodore George T. Tuckett, Guy Judd and Ex-President Birely of the L. S. S. A., looked after the boys royally. The Rear Commodore was a whole host in himself and, if the others slept, it was after all the visitors had retired. They tended to the boys from Friday midnight until daybreak on Tuesday morning.

They set such a pace for hospitality that the Toronto men are despairing of

being able to properly reciprocate when the meets go to the Queen City next year.

As I have already remarked, the racing was of the keenest. The interest centered in the fourteen foot dinghy and the sixteen foot skiff races. Hamilton only had one entry in the fourteen foot dinghy race, but in the skiff events the contestants were about evenly divided. Honors, too, were pretty well shared. Joe Humphrey, in Cygnet, of the Victoria Yacht Club, of Hamilton, won the much coveted Walker Cup, while Acushla, of the National Yacht Club, Toronto, with Bert Archer at the stick, won the Cakewalk Cup for the same class.

Acushla won the Cakewalk Cup handily and chased Cygnet hard in the Walker Cup. In the Cakewalk Cup race Acushla got away in the first flight and soon worked to the front. Triple of Hamilton was hard after her, with Cygnet of Hamilton and Ewing Bros. Trial of the Queen City Yacht Club well up. The first thresh up thinned out the fleet and these four were left to fight it out on the second round. Acushla, however, was superbly handled and held Triple safe under her lee all the way. Trial and Cygnet had a hot scrap for the show money, but the Toronto boat won out on the last leg. On the finish, too, Skirmisher, of the Nationals of Toronto, twice winner of the Walker Cup, came up strong and just about nipped Cygnet on the home mark. She showed unexpected speed in the quartering run and was first at the finish buoy in both cup races.

In the Walker Cup race, Cygnet got away in front while Acushla, Trial and Skirmisher were buried back in the bunch. Archer and his crew worked like beavers to get to the front but every boat they tried to pass luffed them up to the limit and they did not get out into the first flight until the second round. On the second trip around the Acushla did some surprising work on the weather leg and won into second place. Coming home Cygnet only had twenty yards on the Toronto boat, but try as they might, they could not catch the slippery Cygnet. It was a hard race for the Toronto contingent to lose, and the Hamiltonians were naturally jubilant.

It was a good thing for the sport too that the silverware was divided up. In the dinghy races there was only one Hamilton starter, and that boat was smothered in the speed of the Toronto dozen. The first race was sailed in half a gale of wind, and the way in which the little fellows went at the rough work was a revelation to Hamiltonians. The second race on the holiday was sailed in a moderate breeze. Both races resolved themselves into contests between Frank Howard and George P. Beswick of the Queen City Yacht Club, Toronto, and Turrell Bros. of the National Yacht Club, Toronto. Beswick got away with the lead in both races, but Howard beat him in the first and captured the Birely Cup with the Turrells in third place. In the Commford Cup race Turrell did great work on the windward leg and caught Beswick who was leading at halfway. Howard, too, out bucked Beswick. Turrell Bros. won first place from Howard handily and Beswick nursed along safely into the show money. W. H. Sparrow of the Toronto Canoe Club, and Roy Edwards of the Lakeside Cove Sailing Club, were up near the front in both events, but they were never in a position to give the leaders a fight for it on the finishing leg.

Only one eighteen foot dinghy showed up from Toronto for that class, and, so the trophy was put up for a race between Hamilton sixteen foot dinghies. Guy Judd won handily but at that the Toronto fourteen footers beat his time over the course. Though they started ten minutes astern of the Hamilton sixteen foot dinghies four or five of the Toronto fourteens beat the third boat to the finishing flag, and the distance was only four miles.

In the knockabout cabin class Little Nell, owned by George E. Gooderham of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto, won hands down. "Cully" Robertson's La Souris, of the same club, and Rev. Father Whitcombe's Go, of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, had a pretty struggle for second place. Hugh Weir, the veteran, sailed Go but La Souris worried him all the way. Twice the Toronto boat forced Weir to go about, and three times she was in the lead. Once she had a two hundred yard lead on Go but, on the



last thresh to weather, Weir nursed Go into the lead, and she won the place by a hundred yards.

The Toronto boats had an interesting time in getting up to Hamilton for the races. Twenty-two dinghies, sixteen ft. skiffs and knockabouts started up in tow of a tug Friday night but a wicked southwest storm broke up the tow three different times, and the tug put back to the harbor. Then the sixteen footers set out to sail up, while the dinghies were placed aboard the Hamilton steamers. Only one sixteen footer, Acushla, made the journey under canvas. She came romping in, rail under, in a heavy westerly squall Saturday afternoon, June 30th, and was given a rousing reception. The others were picked up en route by motor boats and steam launches proceeding to the races and were towed in, arriving at all hours.

The next L. S. S. A. regatta will be held in Toronto Bay.

#### SAYS ARGO'S STARTED TOO FAST.

The defeat of the Argonauts at Henley is a sad blow to Canadian rowing, if you would believe a lot of croakers, who are going around saying that the Canadian style of rowing is away behind the demands of such a competition.

Don't you believe what they say. Now that the race is over, and the crew is back, and the situation has been analyzed, the Argos are just as eager as ever to go back at it again. The club has confidence in the ability of the crew and the worth of the real Argo stroke.

What was wrong at Henley?

Well! I'll never tell you, because I am not a rowing expert but I will tell you what a veteran top notcher told me a week after the race.

"Hard luck about the Argos, isn't it?" I remarked.

"Yes. But say, that crew should have won, and won easily," said the veteran earnestly. "They beat themselves."

"How is that?" I queried.

"Well! who ever heard of a crew starting out a race at a 40 or 41 stroke clip as they did," he replied. "Joe Wright never did that in any of his races here. Why he always got away at 34

or 35, and then hit up the pace to 38 or so in a sprint to the finish. Why, it is folly to think of jumping out at a 40 stroke clip right at the outset, with such a big crew. Why those fellows wouldn't have a chance to get their arms straightened out, with such a fast stroke, and their slide—he looked volumes—why I'll bet they weren't sliding three inches. They simply chopped their oars up and down. The boat wouldn't move worth a continental. Do you know what that crew wanted? They wanted decent coaching. Instead of starting off like that, those big fellows should have got away at about 34 and after they got swinging well together and got the boat going, then hit up the pace. Why all last winter when they were on the rowing machines, all they used to do was to squat down and see how many strokes a minute they could pull. Joe Wright had 'em all skinned at it. No one tried to teach them how to pull properly or to give them any style. There was some talk this spring about Joe Wright being too old to stroke another crew. Well! for one race there is no better than the same Joe but I tell you that at 42, no man is in shape to stand three gruelling races three days in succession. I know. I've been there myself. Give the same crew good coaching and they will lift that Grand Challenge Cup yet. They've got the stuff in them."

#### TORONTOS BEAT GRAND TRUNKS.

This war canoe "controversy" is getting to be the warmest sort of a proposition. What with the Toronto Canoe Clubs "No. 1" crew cleaning up the redoubtable Island Aquatics at the Toronto Canoe Club Summer Regatta and then trimming both the Aquatics and the Canadian Canoe Assn. Champion Grand Trunks of Montreal, at the Dominion Day Regatta at Toronto, the "dope" sheets have gone all awry. On form, at the Regatta, it looked like a struggle between the Aquatics and the Grand Trunks. The Grand Trunks cleaned up everything in the east last season, and the Aquatics had 'em all astern in the west. The Islanders were young and husky and this year, with a couple of



Some racing members of the Toronto Swimming Club.

sturdy young fellows to fill up weak gaps, looked to have the Canadian championship at their mercy. But championships are not won on paper. The first time the T. C. C. and the Islanders came together the "Red Ring" crew under the handling of Reg Blomfield just about toyed with their rivals from over the bay. They met their sprint without flinching, and then, set up such a pace, two hundred yards from home, that the Islanders had to drop back beaten and exhausted. The Islanders trained faithfully during the intervening week and were in great shape for the big event. The race was however between the Montreal crew and the T. C. C. outfit. The Grand Trunks paddled a nice race. They got away in the lead, were half a length to the good halfway, but when Blomfield hit up the pace in the final quarter of a mile, of the three quarters, the Grand Trunks came back hastily. They came on again and drew even but could not stand the gruelling grind of the awful sprint, and the Torontos swept on to victory with a length to the good. The Island Acquatics were third, with the Toronto Canoe Club seconds fourth, and the new Parkdale Canoe Club representatives right on their heels and going

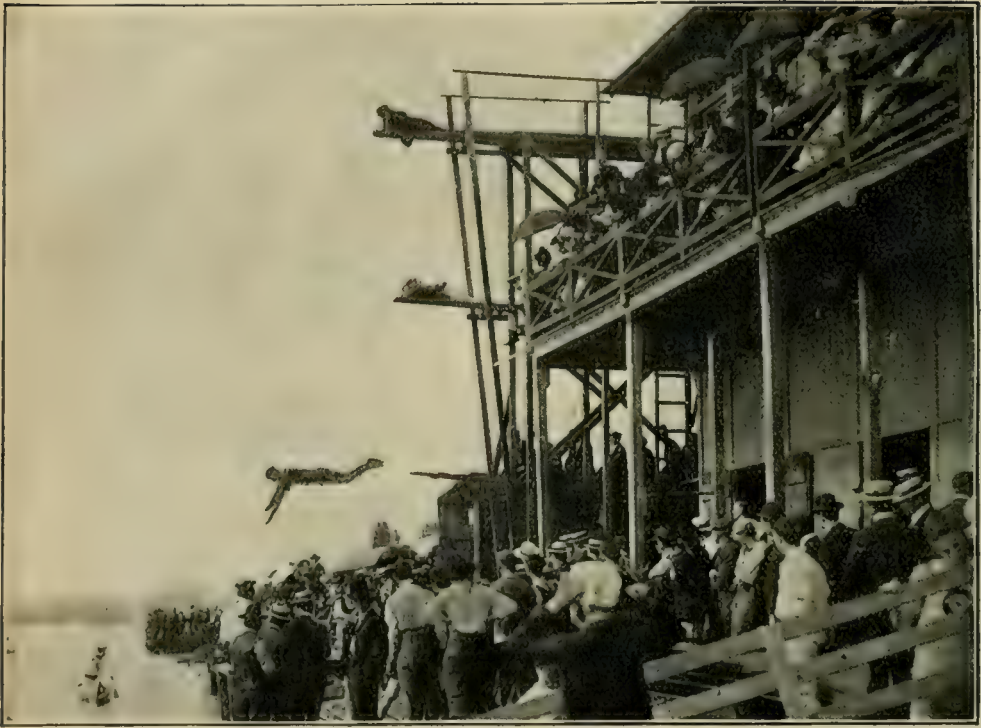
strong. The Parkdalian's pulled up a lot in the final sprint, and it looked as if another quarter of a mile would have made them contenders with the Acquatics.

The Grand Trunks paddle with a slow jerky stroke. They do not get their blade aft of their bodies at all. It is a choppy stroke, good on the get away but it looks a little short for a mile. However, the Grand Trunks won with it last year. The T. C. C. stroke is just a bit longer but when the man with the big paddle kicks the throttle wide open the stroke gets shorter and closely resembles the Grand Trunk's style.

The Toronto Canoe Club's racing revival is quite unexpected.

In the open singles at the Dominion Day regatta, Reg Blomfield just about met his Waterloo. W. Brownrigg and Boaz, the Montrealers, gave him a stiff argument and Brownrigg was lapping him at the finish. Blomfield had not trained faithfully for the race and his lack of condition almost beat him. Huckoale Bros., the Island Acquatics double blade tandem, beat Blomfield and Bruce Redpath in that event after a good race. The Grand Trunk's four withdrew from the double blade four where they





C. Morris diving in the competition at the big Dominion Day Regatta at Toronto.

would have met Blomfield's crack crew, in order to save themselves for the war canoe race and Blomfield & Co. had a walk over. In the fours single blade, the Toronto quartette did the same thing and put in a second four, consisting of the Nichols, Nasmith, Livingstone and Tripp, which gave the Easterners a surprising hustle.

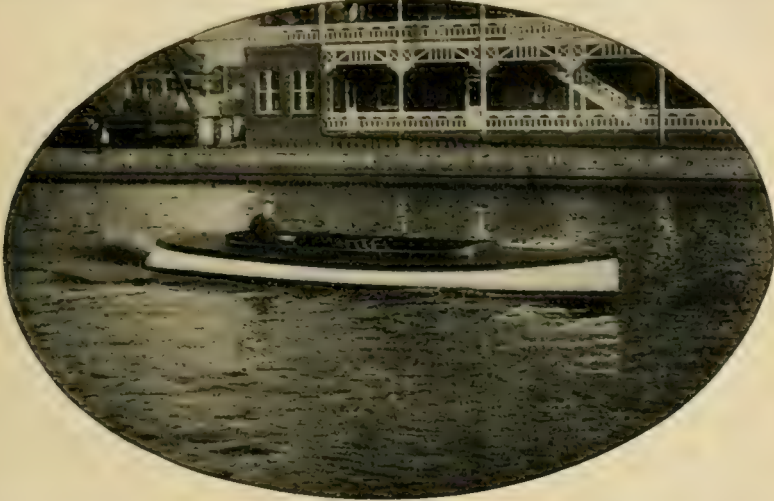
The war canoe crews get together twice more this season. The Grand Trunks and Britannias, of Ottawa are scheduled to appear at the Canadian Henley canoe events on Saturday, Aug. 5th, where they will meet the Torontos, Acquatics and Parkdales and the Acquatics have promised to send their crew down to the Canadian Canoe Assn. regatta at Aylmer, Quebec, on the following Saturday. The Britannias of Ottawa have ordered a new Dean war canoe and are looked upon as promising contenders for the C. C. A. championship.

#### SOME RACING CANOE STYLES.

In these days of red hot competition in canoe races the question of model racing craft is of paramount importance. That Walter Dean of Toronto builds the fastest four model in America cannot be denied. His fours are in use by all the foremost crews of America and they hold all the championships. In war canoes too, unless the one Dey Bros. of Ottawa are building now turns out to be a wonder. Dean has the call—all the four war canoe crews paddle his boats—Grand Trunks and Lachines of Montreal, St. Johns, Island Acquatics, Parkdales, Torontos of Toronto—and what is better still are ordering new ones. Years ago they used to paddle war canoes built by other Canuck canoe building firms. They built them in the plank-on-edge style, deep narrow craft, and when Dean came along with a good beam boat with lots of flow he was laughed to scorn. He



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could hardly persuade a Toronto crew to man it. When they did they trimmed the deep boat to a stand still. The Torontos took the Dean boat to the races and just everlastingly skinned the Eastern crews, and the Orientals commenced to buy occidental boats.

In singles the palm may not be awarded. Dean builds a nice racing single, but, he has nothing on Dey of Ottawa, when it comes down to speed. Dey turns out a little sliver of a craft that is fast but — — — — — crankey. Dean builds a boat a man can paddle, comfortably. A canoeist with his bumps of balance developed like a high-wire artist can just everlastingly make a Dey canoe hustle, but a mistake means a bother. The Dean is more steady and by reason of its steadiness wins races. In a bit of a chop it is ideal and sometimes it brings its paddler home when the other fellow is doing a swimming stunt. Both racing singles have their merits.

### ZORAYA FOR FISHER CUP.

Like Minota, the unsuccessful Canada's Cup Candidate for 1899, Zoraya, the defeated cup boat of 1905, will go to Rochester after the Fisher Cup. While the selection has not yet been made officially, and the trial races for the selection of the challenger are still in progress, Zoraya will undoubtedly back up the challenger. She won the first five races right off the reel, defeating Temeraire badly every time they came together. Of course the Temeraire adherents will tell you that Zoraya was favored with her own particular brand of weather, a light breeze—but granting that she was, there is every reason why Zoraya should go after the trophy. Temeraire had her chance at Iroquois in the Canadas Cup races, and failed to trim the Herreshoff boat in light airs. Zoraya should get a chance to show what she can do with the successful cup defender, for Iroquois will be the Rochester representative in the Fisher Cup race. She not only deserves a chance to show what she can do because of last season's results, but she is fairly earning it by her work this season. As she stands now she is far superior to Temeraire in light airs. Last season Temeraire only beat

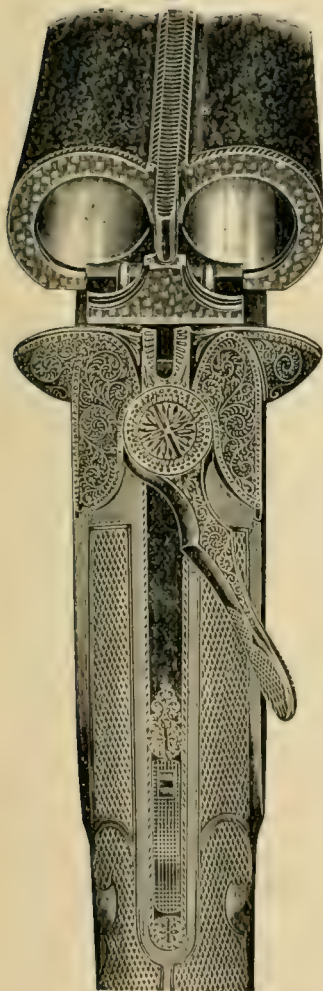
her out by the narrowest of margins in zephyrs, and those who know say that Zoraya, even in last year's form, was the better boat, in soft winds, but that she was never sailed to get her true value out. That is undoubtedly true for last year, James Worts, her owner, let everybody sail her. She hardly ever had the same skipper twice. No man can jump right at the helm of a boat like Zoraya—or any other craft for that matter—and get her best pace. This year Worts himself has sailed her in every race, and he is doing remarkably well. How Zoraya will do with Temeraire in stronger breezes is still unknown. They have not met in anything above a six knot breeze, and Zoraya always had the heels of her rival in that sort of going.

But why this great difference this year? Has Zoraya improved, or is it her skipper?

Zoraya is practically in her last season's form. No changes have been made in her. She is in superb shape. On the other hand Temeraire is wearing a new rig—a big mainsail with staysail and jib instead of a simple sloop rig, with its single jib—and in addition her mast has been stepped farther aft, and her horn lengthened, giving her a much larger forward triangle. That this rig does not suit her in light airs, at least, and that she is slower does not admit of argument. Every time Temeraire and Zoraya got together on the wind in the first five races Zoraya simply made a show of her rival. She not only outpointed but outfooted her rival in an astounding way. It was just like stacking a racing power boat up against a canal boat. It was on the wind that Zoraya won all the races. In four races the wind was flukey, and, Temeraire's supporters hoped against hope that luck had beaten her, but when the pair got together in a true wind of six miles strength, and Zoraya simply smothered her and all but lost her, the Temeraire men admitted that Zoraya had it on the ex-cup challenger.

While Temeraire in her new rig is a disappointment, Rear Commodore Nicholls, her owner, is not at all downhearted. As a matter of fact, though he does not tell everybody, Temeraire is being used as a Fife experiment this year, and the knowledge which the Scotch designer

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obtains from her performances this summer, under the new rig and other changes, will be brought to bear upon the Canadas Cup boat he designs for Vice-Commodore Nicholls next winter. Canadas Cup is the paramount interest of the Vice-Commodore, and the Fisher Cup race but an incident, therefore Temeraire's Fisher Cup chances are being willingly sacrificed for the purpose of obtaining valuable data for the great cup race of 1907. Fife wanted to know how Temeraire would act with double headsails and a larger forward triangle, therefore the craft was altered and given a new suit. He knows now that whereas last year she could outpoint Zoraya at all times, that this year the Mylne craft can just clean her up to the King's taste. After the two 30 footers get together in a strong breeze it will be up to Fife to rig out the new Candidate for the Canadas Cup challenger as he thinks best. He has absolutely carte blanche. As next year's racing craft must be built under the new universal rule we may expect to see a much different style of boat.

### RACES FOR WOMEN.

Another contest which helps keep up the interest around the smaller racing clubs is a race for lady skippers. In nearly every club in Canada there are young women who have been taught the fine points of small boat sailing by fathers, brothers and sweethearts. Arrange a race in boats of one class with the fair Corinthians at the helm. Let them have crews of men who can take charge if things go awry but make it a condition of the race that the ladies are to handle the tillers from preparatory gun to finishing signal. Such races will quicken the interest among the ladies. If the club and anything that will do that will put life into a sailing organization—there is no better influence in club life than that exerted by the "good fellows" in skirts. The first race or two is likely to produce some burlesque sailing but once you put a healthy, hearty young woman into a competition where she feels she has a fighting chance it is a revelation how quickly she will settle down to mastery of the intricacies of the game. A race will

teach them more about a boat and sailing than a season of knocking about. In aimless sailing the boys are too apt to put the girls at the helm when the wind is abeam or astern and they are seldom taught how to work a boat to weather. In these days of athletic womanhood it is surprising how many women can handle a small boat fairly well. In both Kingston and Belleville I have seen women sailing boats up to 30 feet, while around Toronto there are at least half a hundred women who can sail dinghies and skiffs well. The Hamilton women are not backward either in the game. On Dominion Day there I saw three Mackinaws with girls at the helm. They were brown as berries too from exposure to wind and sun and handled these unworldly crafts as if they had known them all their lives. Hang up a nice flag for a trophy and let the girls have a go at the sport.

### A GOOD PADDLER GONE WEST.

Toronto has lost, and Edmonton gained, Reg. Blomfield, Canada's greatest paddler. Blomfield left Toronto for the West early in July. He was one of the finest sporting men in the Queen City and his loss is a heavy one to the Toronto Canoe Club. Blomfield is a most versatile young man. He could do anything in a canoe any man ever did in Eastern Canada, was a first rank hockeyist and played a fair game of rugby.

Canoeing was Blomfield's forte. In a racing single he has only been beaten once. That was at Orillia last year where Anderson in a racing machine which was many pounds underweight—it was a section of a rowing shell—beat him after a desperate race. Boat and poor Anderson never were in Blomfield's class. Blomfield won all the singles he ever paddled in, in 1904 winning 31 prizes, and in fours and doubles both single and double blades in the war canoes his crew almost invariably won. He was captain of the Toronto Canoe Club and steered its No. 1 war canoe crew.

In canoe acrobatics he was a wonder. He holds the record for the upset stunt of two and two-fifths seconds and has

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been timed in practice as doing the busts in one and four-fifths seconds. The flip consists in upsetting a canoe and clambering back into it. Blomfield standing on one gunwale, grasps the other and by throwing himself backwards and kicking strongly with his feet turns his canoe completely over in the air while he himself disappears in the water to reappear a second later and fairly bounce right out of the water into his canoe.

Blomfield is the originator of the most unique canoe stunt in the world. It is performed on Toronto Bay in the wake of a side wheel ferryboat and consists of riding the crew over a wave from one side of the bay to the other. Blomfield was the first man to do the trick in Toronto, but now at least a score of expert paddlers emulate the stunt.

To ride the swells requires a light canoe, much paddling ability, steady nerves and the balance of a tight rope astern. Commencing, the canoist dashes at the swell just astern of the steamer with a tremendous spurt and places his canoe just on the forward side of the third or fourth swell. There he paddles like a demon for an instant until the pull of the wave grasps his canoe and ahead he shoots. Then he ceases paddling and devotes all his attention to steering for the canoe in the curve of the moving wall of water shows a vigorous desire to shoot off at a tangent. Once let the canoe start on a side rip and it is all over but the swimming, for he will turn over like a flash.

Blomfield has gone West for the Dominion Bank. He was presented with a Greener Gun by the T.C.C. boys

## HAMILTON SEAMANSHIP RACES.

Last month I devoted a paragraph to the worth of Seamanship races for developing interest in the races in sailing clubs of all kinds. The other day when I was up in Hamilton I discovered that the Royal Hamilton Yacht club have a series in sailing canoes. These canoes are left in the boat house. At the gun they must be taken down, put in, the spars and canoes shipped and hoisted, leeboards strapped on and then they sail to a quarter mile buoy and back, dismantle and stow in the boat house. The contests arouse much interest and are as popular with the contestants as they are with the spectators. They have seamanship races with the 16 foot dinghies too.

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# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## The Glidden Tourists in Canada.

The Glidden tourists have visited Canada, done no harm and much good to the country and departed for their homes, charmed with the beauties of the Dominion, and deeply interested with its vast possibilities for development. In accordance with their programme as announced, they avoided Ontario entirely, and devoted almost their whole time to Quebec where the authorities, less prejudiced against the new form of locomotion, gave them hearty welcomes. The party was a large one with well equipped and handsome cars of the best makes, and to watch the procession as they went by with their skilled drivers, having the fine machines under perfect control was alone an education in automobile matters. With the exception of Montreal and Quebec there were difficulties in finding accommodation for so many people, but these were overcome by chartering steamers, etc., and pressing other means of accommodation into the service. Any little "roughing" was taken in the best of humor, and the whole trip was one enjoyable in the highest degree. The autos behaved well, though on such a tour they found difficult pieces of road to negotiate, and met with obstructions and irregularities that under other circumstances might have brought some to grief. With skilled assistance always at hand nothing stayed the triumphant progress, and the tourists professed themselves so charmed with their Canadian experiences that a return visit to the Dominion may be confidently anticipated next season. Perhaps by that time the Ontario authorities may see the unwisdom of attempting to stay the progress of a form of locomotion as certain to advance as the tides are to flow. If not, Canada is sufficiently wide to give the tourists plenty of choice, and the other Provinces are not likely to adopt the policy of On-

tario in this particular. The Ontario authorities may hinder but they cannot stay the progress of automobiling.

## A Cheaper Form of Energy.

Canada is bound to follow the example of the United States in permitting the sale of denatured alcohol, and thus place the industries of the Dominion on an equality with those of our great neighbor. This will mean much for automobiling, even if Mr. Edison's interesting experiments with cobalt do not turn out the success some enthusiasts predict. It appears to be quite certain that with denatured alcohol a cheaper and more efficient form of energy can be found, and this cannot fail to mean great things for the automobile industry. The time when every worker will have his automobile and live in the country, or at least in the suburbs, may not be quite at hand, but he would be a bold man, and would have to shut his eyes to many modern developments if he ventured to dispute the probabilities, and still more the possibilities, of this outcome of a movement which has made wonderful strides and is still going ahead in a fashion to astonish all who take note of modern industries. This new form of securing power may go very far. It will benefit the farmer who will find an immediate and profitable sale for products that were previously no good to him, and it will give a stimulus to many industries, including that of automobiles, some of which it is impossible to foresee.

## Autoists in Trouble.

The man who goes touring during the worst of the Southern California rains goes looking for trouble. E. R. Thomas, the Buffalo maker of the Thomas car, in his journey from San Diego to Los Angeles, found his trouble



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At the time, it was no laughing matter for Mr. Thomas, but when he was once more comfortably housed at the California Club he only laughed and said it was all in the game. "I came west for winter amusements; I am surely getting plenty of it. This was my first season in the sunny clime, and we all have to learn certain things. I wired east yesterday for a motor boat for my tours next year."

Mr. Thomas, in company with Mr. H. J. Haas, superintendent of the Thomas factory, and the driver, started for Los Angeles. There were many wet places in the road but the "Flyer" made good progress until it arrived at the little creeks near the Pala Mission. These creeks had become swollen rivers and a rushing torrent came down through the mountain. When the automobile chugged by the little mission the word spread rapidly among the Indians at the reservation that it was going to swim the river, and there were soon several hundred wildly curious braves lined up along the bank. An Indian on horseback went across to locate the ford and came back with the information that the car could get through. With power on the machine plunged in, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Haas crouching low in the tonneau to avoid the splash of water. The car seemed to be going all right until just in mid-stream, where it ran into a bed of quicksand and held firm. There was water on all sides and to the alarm of the occupants the car began to sink slowly. First the wheels went down, and then the hood began to fade from view under the water. Water began rising along the sides of the car and the occupants perched themselves on the top of the rear of the tonneau. "Come on with that horse and take me out of here," yelled Haas to a red man on the bank. The Indian came and with more or less trouble the Buffalo man got aboard the pony. They started for the shore and suddenly without warning the Indian stuck his spurs into the pony's flank. The animal gave a lunge and Mr. Haas made a beautiful dive into the stream. He was rescued and Mr. Thomas was then brought to shore.

#### Stopping Runaways From An Automobile.

One of the most thrilling feats in which an automobile has ever figured was wit-

nessed in Buffalo a short time ago when Harry Tate, a tester in the employ of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company, stopped a team of runaway horses from an automobile. The horses, which were hitched to a huge mineral water delivery wagon had been left standing in the street several blocks from the Thomas factory, when they were frightened by a bit of flying paper. They bolted and tore down the street at a gallop. Tate had been testing his car out. As the team sped by him he jumped into his car and, throwing on all the power, started in chase. He drew alongside within two blocks and guiding the automobile alongside grasped the flying reins. The driver then put on his foot-brake, but more than a block had been covered before the frantic animals could be quieted down. Even then it was only by running the automobile up over a low curb and pulling the horses into a tree. Neither one had been hurt in the least. Tate made them secure to a tree and then coolly drove away. About a year ago Tate stopped another runaway, but with not such good luck. He saw the rig coming behind him while in a test car, ran it ahead of the horse, dismounted from his machine and grasped the runaway by the bridle as it came by. He was dragged almost one hundred yards before he brought it to a standstill and was painfully bruised. That was one of the reasons why he decided to stick to his car in stopping the next one.

#### A New Carburetor.

The carburetor used on this year's Columbia cars presents some unique features, which the makers claim are of great practical value. It is of the float feed aspirating type but has no springs to break nor needle to get out of adjustment or become inoperative through the introduction of dirt. The primary air supply is received through a round port opening directly between the cylinders, the temperature of the air admitted being equalized whatever the outside temperature. The auxiliary air supply is taken in through a series of ports in the bottom of the carburetor, opened and closed by the barrel, having corresponding ports which moves up or down as the engine demands more or less gas. The barrel is made of just the size and weight to

# Automobile Insurance

To guard against trouble is to ensure comfort by using

**The Celebrated Split-dorf Vibrating Coils,  
The High Grade Porcelain Spark Plugs  
AND The Ever Ready Style J Dry Battery**

You have a triple-alliance working for comfort with your Automobile or Motor-Boat.

Battery, Meters, Switches, Cutouts, Coils, etc., carried in stock.  
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In connection with the hotel is a Private Hospital, under the directorship of Dr. R. G. BRETT. Also a complete Bathing Establishment, with water from the springs

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.



effect the proper resistance to the suction of the engine and rises slowly and drops back of its own weight against the air cushion formed in the bottom of the containing chamber. The throttle is set horizontally in the mixing chamber at the point where the gas intake pipe leaves the carburetor. The throttle is not connected with the governor but is actuated by a foot-pedal in the tow-board, the governor speed being determined by a hand lever mounted in the steering wheel. The governor controls a by-pass valve which is mechanically operated as the governor balls throw in or out. It is claimed that use of this carburetor effects a larger saving in fuel consumption than any device previously used, that there is absolutely no place nor need of adjustments of any kind and that beyond occasional cleaning it requires practically no attention.

#### **An Auto on Railway Tracks.**

A new field of activity has been opened for the automobile in connection with interurban trolley systems as is shown by the purchase of an automobile by Mr. Adams D. Claflin, of Newton, Mass. Mr. Claflin is the head of several electric railway systems in Massachusetts, and recently he closed a contract with C. S. Henshaw of Boston for a Thomas "Flyer" which he will use for inspecting the various lines in which he is interested. The advantages of the automobile over the private car are, that the former can be stopped at any point on the line without interfering with traffic, and, that its course is not confined to the rails on the line, a fact which enables the inspectors to make side excursions for the purpose of examining "feeding" territory.

#### **Sensible Method for Speed Regulation.**

The neatest and most effective auto-trap yet devised is that in use in the park district of New York. Three sentry-boxes are stationed a quarter of a mile apart on Broadway and a policeman is located in each. When an auto passes the One Hundred and Ninety-seventh street post the sentry telephones its number and time of passing to post No. 2, and the latter times it for the quarter-mile between the two stations. If the chauffeur has been

driving faster than the law allows, the fact is telephoned to sentry box No. 3 and the policeman is out in the road to stop the auto by the time it arrives. The occupants are made to answer detailed questions and their replies are filed away as a formal notice of a first warning. The system aims at prevention rather than punishment. The drivers and owners do not view the system as a device for trapping them unawares. They are so friendly disposed toward it that many use the contrivance as a means of testing the speed of their machines so that many use the contrivance as a means of testing the speed of their machines so that they may know how to gauge their rate of progress on any road.

#### **Undergoing Severe Tests.**

The new Pope-Tribune Model V. has recently been put to several severe tests, fully meeting the expectations of the builders. It was recently driven for six miles on the low gear, over mud roads without overheating the engine. Rather drastic treatment, but essential to the successful perfection of the car.

#### **Indeed a Veteran.**

The following interesting account from "The Automobile" concerning a veteran mechanic is worthy of notice:

At four-score years "Daddy" Barnes, employed at the Pope Motor Car Company's factory in Indianapolis, asserts that he is the oldest mechanic employed in the automobile business and declares that he is not nearly ready to quit active work. Although his life has been one of hard toil time has dealt kindly with him, and his form is still robust, his hand steady and blue eyes keen.

Among all of the 600 employees of the company, because of his bright, philosophic mind and ever-ready kind words to those about him, he is affectionately known as "Daddy," and whatever else his name may be, it has been lost in the more familiar cognomen.

The tools he uses daily at his bench were made by himself, some of them as much as half a century ago. The brace was made fifty-five years ago and the breast drill forty-nine years and the hack saw an even half century. He has been

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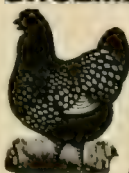
associated with the manufacture of bicycles and automobiles since their inception and sixteen years ago made the patterns for the first bicycle built by the Indiana Bicycle Company. He has been a close observer of the development of the automobile since the first Waverley electric was built.

### Automobiles 75 Years Ago.

"Automobilists who have been fired for fast running, stoned by irate farmers, pestered by officious constables and lampooned by newspapers, may take comfort in the knowledge that their original, some seventy-five years ago, passed through the same experiences—only more of them," says Malcolm McDowell in an interesting and timely article, "Anti-Auto-Riots in 1830" in the Technical World Magazine.

"The first quarter of the last century developed an automobile craze fully as vir-

### SHOEMAKER'S BOOK ON POULTRY



and **ALMANAC** for 1906 contains 224 pages, with many fine colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about chickens, their care, diseases and remedies. All about **INCUBATORS** and how to operate them. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's really an encyclopedia of chickendom, and no one can afford to be without it. Price only 15c.

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ulent as the fad of today. In the 1820's and 1830's steam wagons to run on common roads, turnpikes and toll roads, became so popular with the higher classes in England that the directors of stage coach companies and breeders of horses took alarm. They used their influence to slip a number of little bills through parliament, permitting toll roads to levy tolls designed to be prohibitive on steam carriages and wagons. The steamers were compelled to pay five and ten times as much toll as was charged for the largest six-horse stage coach."

When writing advertisers kindly mention Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada.

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Two Orders-in-council have just been issued by the British Columbia Government which have given rise to much misunderstanding on the part of guides and sportsmen in the Province. The first provides a close season for mountain sheep for three years "in that part of the Province situated to the south of the Canadian Pacific Railway between the coast and the Columbia River on the east and the international boundary line on the south." The second proclaims a close season for moose in the county of Kootenay for three years.

Complaints of the slaughter of black bass at Long Point on Lake Erie by American visitors was one of the regrettable incidents of the month. The men who are guilty of this foolish conduct are responsible for the prejudices often heard and sometimes expressed (as was recently the case in our pages) against American sportsmen in Canada. No one wishes to confound them with American sportsmen in general, but general approval will follow any severe example that is made of men who coming to a neighboring and friendly country break our laws with apparent impunity, and destroy our fishing without any material gain to themselves and to the great loss of the public. Our protection is becoming more efficient and our protective associations now cover the ground so well that those who witness any misconduct of this kind have only to report the matter for proceedings to be promptly taken. Our fisheries are well worth preserving and it is the duty of all to assist in the work by at once notifying the proper official when any offence against our game and fishery laws is seen by them.

Mr. G. D. Smith, the Fishery Commissioner for New Brunswick, has kindly supplemented the account we gave in the June number of his experience in fish cultivation by further particulars which we are sure

will be of particular interest to the great body of our readers. He says:—"There is no question as to the advantages of planting wall eyed ova either salmon or trout instead of keeping them in the hatchery to develop to the fry stage before distributing. In May I placed nearly 200,000 trout ova in natural waters where I would have, later, placed the resultant fry, 15,000 of them being put where Mr. Alex. Johnston, the well known Loch Lomond Fishery Guardian, could daily note their development. These eggs were packed at the New Brunswick Government's hatchery, Barti bog, in boxes designed and made by myself, the whole lot, including their envelope of moss and snow, weighing only 160 lbs. I transported them 200 miles—twenty-six by highway in a buckboard wagon, and 174 by railway. The loss in transit was less than one-tenth of one per cent. and between the time of planting and hatching the mortality was even less than that. Mr. Johnston's weekly reports to me until the fry had absorbed their sacs, and scattered in the spring brook where hatched, showed that the experiment was an unqualified success. If this quantity of ova, which was not half a load for a single horse buckboard wagon, had been kept in the troughs until hatched out, the resulting fry would have required at least forty cans for their transportation to the planting places, and these cans, with the necessary water, ice, etc., would be carried in at least five double express wagons. The experiment has therefore demonstrated that the loss by this method of planting is very much less than when the work is done in the fry stage, while the expense is, comparatively, only nominal."

The present season promises to be the record one for salmon in Northern New Brunswick for both anglers and netters. A number of the latter have taken more in a single night than during the whole of last season. All the rivers—the Restigouche,



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## When You Visit the Golden West Drop in at EATON'S



You'll find us right at the gateway of the West—at Winnipeg. Think you were back in New York, Philadelphia or Toronto once inside this great Store. The same immense stocks and unsurpassed varieties that you have been used to seeing in the large cities of the east. The same store service too, and the same conveniences in shopping, and money has equal shopping value here that it has in any of the large Eastern centres.

If you are a tourist, hunter or homesteader you can save yourself a lot of bother in not bringing supplies across the continent. You can outfit at this great store just as satisfactorily as you can at home—and may be more so. We make the outfitting of tourists, &c., as convenient as it can be made—greatest care given to packing supplies which will be delivered to hotel, station, or shipped direct to destination. If you are interested, write us about it.

# THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

PORTAGE AVE. WINNIPEG

Upsalquitch, Jacquet, Nepisquit, Miramichi and smaller ones share in the great catches being made and which will no doubt exceed those of 1896, which has heretofore held the angling record.

The run of sea trout in New Brunswick has on the other hand been a failure. It is stated that for some years the wholesale fish dealers have been carrying on an illicit traffic in the young of this valuable game fish. The shipments have been quite heavy to Canadian as well as to United States centres. The principal guilty parties—those who induce the poor hand-to-mouth fishermen of out-of-the-way places to scoop the fingerlings with bag nets—are persons of influence, some of them in Parliament, and these men obtain transportation certificates to the effect that the contraband fish have been legally taken. A crusade was made against this traffic last winter, and it is hoped it will have a repressive effect. Prominent citizens ought to be ashamed to be detected in promoting and profiting from illegal traffic in baby fish, but those in the wholesale fish business are said to entertain no such sentiments.

The importance of the Miramichi, N.B., as a fresh fish shipping centre is strikingly illustrated by the railway returns of two stations in the parish of Chatham alone for three months of last winter. There was in the shipments about one car load of frozen salmon. With that exception the fish were the catch of the winter months named and consisted of smelts, tomcods (frost fish), flounders and eels. In December 619½ tons were sent from Loggieville, and 252½ tons from Chatham; in January 476½ tons from Loggieville, and 267½ from Chatham; in February 436½ tons from Loggieville, and 205½ from Chatham, making a total of 1532½ tons from Loggieville, and 725½ from Chatham, a grand total of 2257½ from both stations.

What sportsman has not experienced the difficulty of lighting his pipe or cigar in the open wind? This trouble can now be avoided by taking into the woods a "Matchless Cigar Lighter", which has recently become very popular among sportsmen, and by means of which a light is produced

by quickly lifting a ratchet, which rapidly revolves a steel wheel against a small piece of flint, the sparks lighting the charred end of the wick; therefore "the harder it blows the brighter it glows." The makers claim there is nothing to wear out in this device except the wick and flint cube will last for years. Dealers supply the "Matchless Cigar Lighter" at fifty cents and they are guaranteed for two years by the manufacturers, The Matchless Cigar Lighter Manufacturing Co., 16 John street, New York City.

Despite the many excellencies of our Fishing Number, we omitted the championship story which comes from New Brunswick, and threatens to put every other fisherman out of business. This story which easily takes the championship is a combination of a fish and game narrative. A man armed with a gun, but having only one bullet for the same, was out hunting and reached the edge of a lake where he encountered a bear and a moose. He was only disconcerted for a moment, and then with the quick tuition which comes from life in the backwoods he aimed at a sharp point of rock between the animals, split the bullet in two, killed the bear with one half and the moose with the other. The recoil of the gun knocked him into the lake, but when he came to the surface he had a mink in one hand and a muskrat in the other, while his rubber boots were full of trout. It need only be added that the hero of the story is known to the narrator—at least he says so. It is well if a man must exaggerate that the exaggeration should be such that no possible mistake can be made, and that not even with the veriest greenhorn can it pass muster as the semblance of truth.

Marble Safety Axe Co., of Gladstone, Mich., is out with another new invention for the sportsmen. This time it is a Safety Lolding Saw. This tool is folded and constructed the same as Marble Safety Carver, which was described in these columns last month. On account of being so safe, light and easy to carry, this saw is invaluable to all people going to the woods, and especially so to the student of forestry. It has an eight inch blade, and weighs only four ounces.



# CLARK'S

## Canned Meats

In camp you cannot pay too much attention to your food supply. Clark's Canned Meats—noted for their high quality and absolute purity as well as their appetizing tasty flavor, provide ideal foods for camp.

Cannot become spoiled by the heat or damp—always ready-to-serve in many delightful ways.

Clark's Veal Loaf is a splendid sandwich maker. More tasty and wholesome than ordinary veal. Clark's Corned Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef, Clark's Pork & Beans are a necessity to all campers, etc. Ask your dealer for Clark's Meats.

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**MONTREAL.**



The north shore of Lake Superior is probably one of the wildest and at the same time most attractive to those in search of beauty as Nature made it. There are fishing streams all along the 200 miles to Port Arthur, Nepigon being the most famous. This is a very fine river, containing an abundance of large fish, and affording the best of sport in capturing them. The country round Thunder Bay is particularly rich in game of all kinds especially moose and caribou. Port Arthur is favored by a good many fishing parties, it being centrally and conveniently located, and the fisherman or hunter can easily go from there to any point he may favor. The indications for a fine summer season are most favorable.

Long canoe trips are proving immensely popular in Canada of late years, says Mr. L. O. Armstrong, Tourist Agent of the C. P. R., and they would be immensely more popular now but for the great scarcity of guides. The Mississauga River is a great centre of attraction, on the whole route

from the Height of Land to its mouth in Lake Huron. During the whole of this distance the river runs through one of the most romantically beautiful countries in Canada. Two large parties are now on their way to explore this region. Dr. Howard Kelly of John Hopkins University, Baltimore, with a large party of friends, is on his way to Wakami Station to make the same trip. The holiday-makers will spend a full month studying the side streams of the Mississauga, and will subsequently publish a report covering a number of lakes and trout streams which have been frequently spoken of by Indians, but which, it appears, have not yet been explored by white men.

Several other parties would take the same trip, if guides could only be obtained. But such is the demand for labor in the outlying districts of Canada that the men who are qualified to act as guides are at present doing work which almost any ordinary laborer could do, and getting good wages for it. But their loss is keeping many people out of the country, which



means a serious diminution in the sums spent by tourists.

It is time the Government, in the interests of the greatest number, revised some of their alien labor laws. When we have no one here qualified to do certain work, those who can do it should be encouraged to come here, whether born in Canada or not, so that they can work for the greater good of the whole country. Maine and Michigan could furnish us with a number of excellent guides, whose presence would mean a great deal of money for the northern country, but they are all kept out by the alien labor laws.

A new Expert Hunting Knife, particularly designed to meet the requirements of the professional hunter, trapper and guide, who require a thin edge for dressing skins and furs, has recently been placed in the market by The Marble Safety Axe Co. of Gladstone, Mich. The back of the blade is designed for scraping skins while on the forms. These knives are made with five or six inch blades—razor ground—with handle of cocobola made in the same manner as the famous Marble Ideal Hunting Knife. Readers of this magazine can procure one of their new 56 page catalogue "U" by mentioning this magazine.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Agent at Rideout, which is the next station west of Wakami, formerly called Winnebago writes: "Guides readily procured at Hudson Bay Co. post, fifty to sixty miles north of here. All one has to do is to follow the river to get there. Three carries owing to rapids — trifling however— only a few rods each. All parties require is an all-round handy man with them to help handle canoes, baggage, etc. None here; has been no demand yet."

Sometimes parties have had to wait a few days for guides at the H. B. C. Post and this might happen again but we are inclined to believe that better preparations have been made at the Hudson Bay Post this year.

Two rotten carcasses of moose were found near the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec and a little further in, the woods were on fire. It was the work they say of two Ontario men, who are be-

ing looked for. The fool killers should be sent after the moose killers and forest burners. There is work for Rod and Gun for a long while yet before our people will be educated. Our Government is trying to do something but it has not yet done what it should do. Imprisonment in addition to being fined is the punishment which should be allotted to those who light fires in the woods and kill moose out of season, letting them rot on the ground where they fall.

Mr. Fred W. Heath, the well-known photographer of Montreal, in writing to Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada says: "Your magazine is a creditable publication and I sincerely hope it has the patronage it deserves."


We are indebted to the Montreal Standard, Canada's best illustrated weekly paper, for the two illustrations of the Great Gorge at the Selkirks Cave, and the Sea of Mountain Peaks, appearing in this issue.

Moose and deer are reported to be more numerous in the northern districts of Ontario than ever before, and this has added to the task of the Provincial game branch in protecting them during the close season. A striking evidence as to the growth in numbers of the moose is afforded by a report of Fire Ranger Murray of the Thunder Bay district to the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines. He says that during one of his trips over the territory south and east of the Mattawin River and south of the base line of Marquis and Strange townships he counted 101 moose and seventeen moose calves.

Quite recently Mr. Harley Crouse dug out a fox den in New Brunswick, and seven young foxes fell victims to his grasp. They have been secured and mounted by Mr. Avery Moorehouse, of Zealand Station, N. B.

Efforts are now being made to clear out the pirate fish from Lake Simcoe, and with that object in view the Ontario Government has given permission for a limited number of night lines to be set. Fourteen

ON THE GRIP



**Hammer  
the  
Hammer**

Accidental  
Discharge  
Impossible

drop it, kick it, or if you can think of a more severe test of safety, please make it—we accept any challenge. Our exclusive patent safety lever is the reason why accidental discharge is impossible, and it lifts the

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## SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

out of the "went-off-by-accident" class. This lever must be in place before the revolver hammer can touch the firing pin and can only be raised when you purposely pull the trigger. Depend on it to fire when you want it. There is nothing to adjust, no springs, latches or catches. Pull the trigger and it fires—nothing else can fire it. We make and sell more revolvers than all other American makers combined—sufficient evidence of Iver Johnson reliability, accuracy and perfection in every detail of finish, material and workmanship.

### Our Booklet "Shots" Mailed Free

It's full of firearm lore; gives important facts that every owner of firearms should know, and goes into the details and illustrates by sectional views the peculiar construction of the Iver Johnson.

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER** | 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge **\$6.50**

**IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMERLESS REVOLVER** | 3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge **\$7.50**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 157 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.**

New York Office: 99 Chambers Street. Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Beckert Co., 2330 Alameda Avenue, Alameda, Cal.  
European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany. Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns

licenses have been issued each containing 200 hooks. The fishermen, whose licenses cost \$2 each, are permitted to retain the white fish and trout that may be caught, but not bass or maskinonge. When the pirate fish have been destroyed it is intended to restock the lake with good fish.

One of the most effective advertisements for Canada and its infinite attractions of forests, fish and game was devised by the authorities of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and carried out with all the effectiveness that marks the advertising policy of that enterprising Company. One of their cars was elaborately fitted up as a travelling picture gallery, the whole of the scenes in enlarged bromides being framed and displayed the entire length of each side of the car. Temagami, Muskoka, Algonquin National Park, etc., furnished the beautiful scenic effects, while the finely mounted fish and game heads, all Canadian, proved to demonstration the wonderful wealth of Canada in these two respects. The car, after touring the States thus edu-

cating the people through their eyes, visited many towns in Ontario, and by this means enabled numerous Canadians, who do not know all they should of their own country, to increase their store of knowledge, while it opened the eyes of some thousands of our neighbors across the border to the mighty possibilities of Canada as the tourist centre of the world. Without doubt, this method of carrying Canada to the people enabled multitudes to make some acquaintance with our infinite resources and proved advantageous to both our friends of the States and Canadians as well, and likewise prove beneficial to the entire Dominion.

The Ontario Government have issued an Order-in-Council applying to both the Nipigon and Mississagua Forest Reserves, and also the Algonquin National Park, the same regulations in respect to firearms as those which now apply to the Temagami Forest Reserve. This means that no firearms of any kind, except small pistols, can be taken into these Reserves during the close



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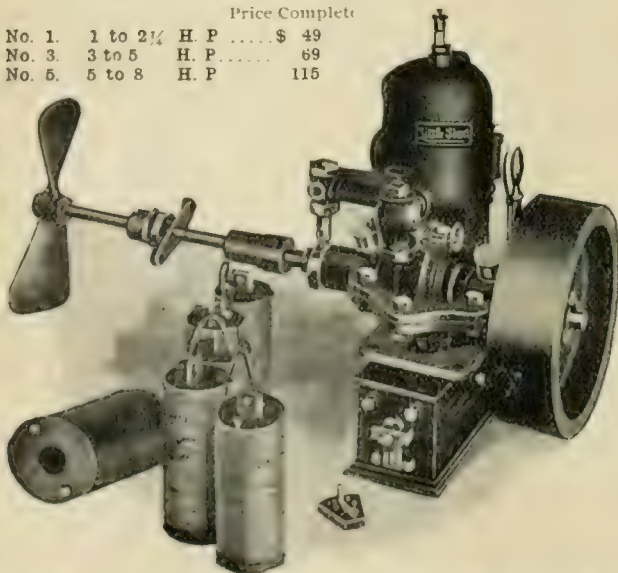
Simple and easy to operate, only three moving parts, no gears, valves or springs—nothing to get out of order. Built for service. Main Bearings Babbitted. Workmanship and material of the highest order, and guaranteed. Jump Spark Ignition.

BUILT IN MULTI-CYLINDER TYPES

### THREE PORT TYPE

Price Complete

No. 1.	1 to 2½	H. P.	\$ 49
No. 3.	3 to 5	H. P.	69
No. 5.	5 to 8	H. P.	115



### TWO PORT, WATER SPRAYED, EXPANSION MUFLER TYPE

1½ to 2 H.P. Price, complete outfit, \$49.

3 H.P. Price, complete outfit \$69.

6 H.P. Double Cylinder \$150.

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171-175 West Woodbridge St., DETROIT, MICH.



# H & R

## Famous Safety REVOLVERS ARE BUILT FOR BUSINESS.

The **H**arrington & **R**ichardson  
Hammerless Revolver



season. Game will certainly multiply in these Reserves when this regulation is enforced, and its efficient carrying out ensures the perpetuation of big game in the Province of Ontario.

In our two last issues we have recorded the activity in fish seizures at Niagara Falls, Ont. Inspector Shelley, who was stationed at that important point, appeared to be doing his work well, with the natural result that complaints from those who profited by the illegal traffic followed. A few minutes after he had seized a consignment of undersized whitefish from Midland to New York he was dismissed by telegraph, and the statement is made that this was the result of an imprudent letter which he sent to the Department when requests were made for explanations of his work. In any event this action on the part of the Department does not appear to outsiders to make for efficiency.

is not a toy intended for children, but a safe, durable and accurate weapon for the man or woman who needs a revolver for purposes of offense or defense, or for the huntsman, army officer or policeman.

In the H. & R. Hammerless Revolver there is no hammer to catch in the clothing and cause accidental discharge in drawing it from the pocket. The only way possible to discharge it, is to pull the trigger.

All H. & R. Revolvers are made of the very best obtainable materials in a factory equipped with the most improved machinery operated by skilled mechanics. It is a marvel. Small and light in proportion to its effectiveness. Perfect in balance and finish, and extremely durable. The automatic device for ejecting the empty shells, makes reloading easy. The handle is so shaped as to insure a sure grip.

Every revolver bearing our name passes the most rigid inspection and is thoroughly tested before leaving the factory. We could not afford to risk our reputation by permitting an H. & R. Revolver to be sold unless it is without a single flaw. Our guarantee goes with every one.

H. & R. Revolvers are made in many styles and sizes. Blue and nickel finish. Prices from \$2.50 to \$8.00. The Hammerless illustrated in this ad., finest nickel finish, is \$6.00. Our catalogue gives full particulars.

A postal card will bring it. H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.

**Harrington & Richardson Arms Co.**  
291 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Makers of H. & R. Single Gun.

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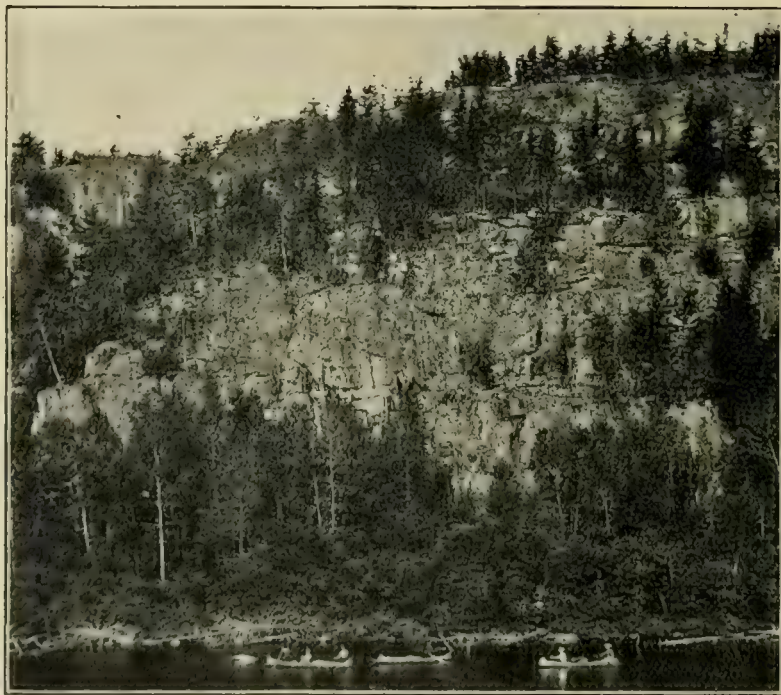
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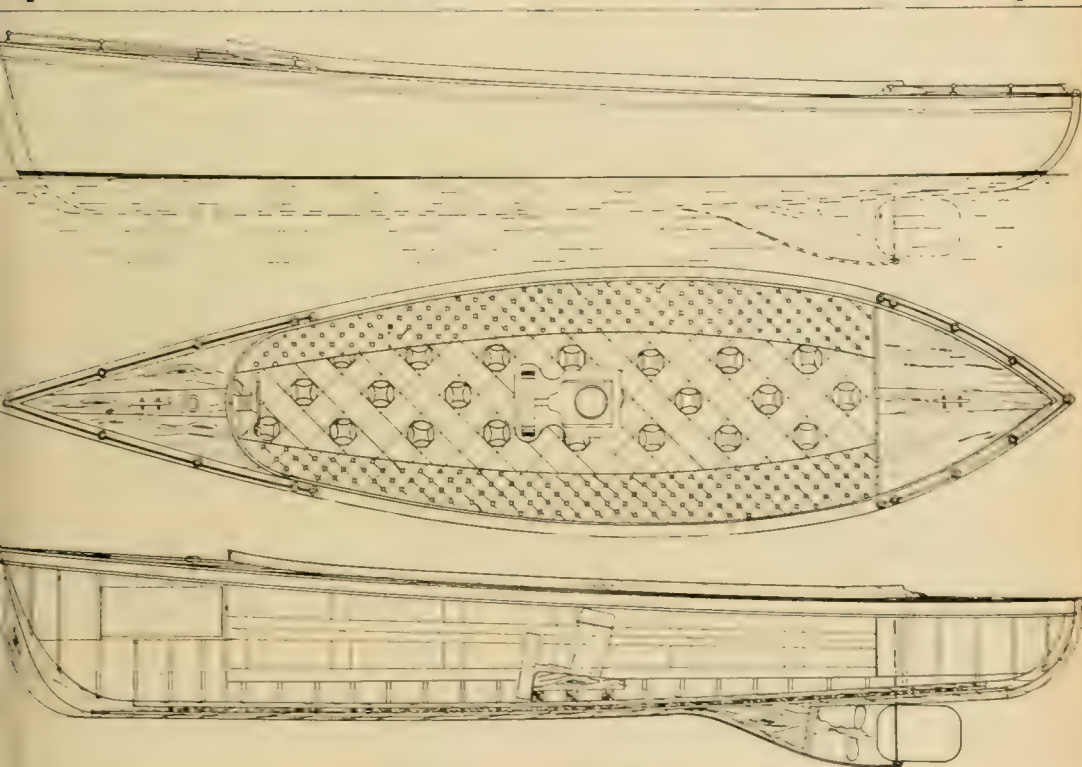
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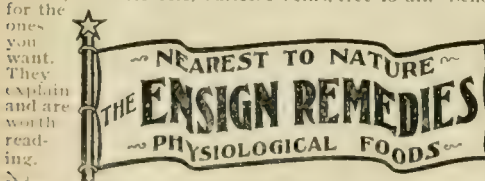
The Ensign Remedies contain twenty-nine tissue salts in combination. These include the twelve salts ordinarily used and seventeen of our own. All physiological chemists support our claim that there are twenty-nine or more salts necessary to normal bodily functions. The secret of the seventeen different salts and the many combinations we have discovered, remains the exclusive property of this Company.

For many years multitudes of cures have been wrought through the sole use of the original twelve salts known to all. These cures would not be possible through any other agency. But frequently, diseases arise that cannot be affected by any one of these twelve salts. Granting that the principle of the curative value of tissue salts is correct, the explanation for these failures to cure must be that there are more than the twelve salts discovered by Schuessler.

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As an explanation of our system we will say in short that our remedies are foods known as tissue salts. These tissue salts are inorganic elements of the human body. The lack of these elements in the body in the proper proportions subjects the individual to disease. An unusual exposure or a heavy strain on some set of tissues or organ of the body is often the cause of this condition. Our remedies supply these tissue building elements when nature is unable to do so.

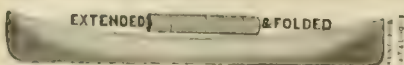
For more minute information send for our booklets on General Diseases; on Private Disease; on Women's Diseases; on Varicocele, Varicose Veins, free to all. Send for the ones you want. They explain and are worth reading.



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I want you to know about this—I want you to have our booklet, which tells you about our various styles and prices. This book is FREE.

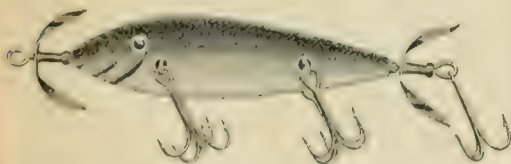
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My Free Book will tell you all about my many styles and sizes of Chatham Kitchen Cabinets. It will tell you how I pay freight on any Cabinet you order, direct to your station, selling it to you at factory price. You should get this book at once. Write today while you think of it.

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**FRANKLIN HAWLEY & COMPANY** Austin Station  
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# THE TRAP

*ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.*

## Stray Pellets.

The Grand American Handicap this year was won by F. E. Rogers, St. Louis, from 17 yards, with 94 out of 100. C. M. Powers from 20 yards, won the Preliminary Handicap, with 93. The amateur championship, all at 18 yards was won by Guy Ward of Walnut Log, Tenn., with 144 out of 150 and the professional championship by Walter Huff with 145. Eight Canadians attended the meet, namely, Messrs. Duff, Dunk, Vivian and McGill, Toronto; Upton, Hamilton; Ewing, Montreal; H. Scane, of Ridgetown; and E. G. White, Ottawa. All took part in the G.A. H. with the following result out of 100 targets:—H. Scane (19) 85, Thomas Upton (19) 79, E. G. White (19) 80, Thos. A. Duff (18) 79, G. M. Dunk (18) 76, W. H. Ewing (18) 81, G. L. Vivian (18) 66. In the amateur championship at 150 targets, Ewing scored 134, Upton 113 and Scane 131. In the professional championship White scored 126.

The St. Catharines Gun Club held the opening shoot on their new grounds on Dominion Day with a good number of shooters present. Over 2000 targets were shot at during the day. D. Konkle of the Beamsville Gun Club carried off the honors by breaking 81 out of 85. The target shooting of the members was exceedingly good for beginners. The members of the Jordan and Beamsville Gun Clubs are past masters in the art of target smashing and their presence made the day more enjoyable. The officers of the club are: Dr. Chas. O. Beam, president; F. E. Cov, vice-president; Dr. W. Buchanan, secretary-treasurer.

The Dartmouth, N. S., Rod and Gun Club held an informal shoot at their grounds, July 16th. A large number of members were in attendance. Among the visitors were F. L. Hallford, agent of the Dominion Cartridge Co. Montreal and E. J. Marsh, of Toronto, a prominent member of the Parkdale Gun Club of that city. The visitors were highly pleased with the location of the grounds and with the electric system of pulling the traps. The Dartmouth club is the only one in Canada possessing the electric system.

## Winnipeg Tournament.

The annual tournament in connection with the Exhibition was held at Winnipeg on July 25th and 26th, under the management of Mr. Paul Johnson.

In the international team shoot, the American twelve wrested the international flag trophy from the Canadians who have held it since the tournament of 1906.

H. W. Lightcap, Winnipeg, won the International championship with 47 out of 50.

The main events of the second day were the Dominion of Canada championship and the team shoot. The first of these proved to be full of interest. The event was one of fifty birds, and the tally sheet at the close showed Williamson of Brandon and Lightcap of Winnipeg, tied for first place, with 46 out of a possible 50. Johnson of Winnipeg was third, and F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg, fourth, with 44. A

shoot off of 25 birds was arranged, and in this event Williamson and Lightcap tied again at 22. In the second shoot off of 25 birds, Williamson finally won by a narrow margin.

The team shoot was a contest between the Winnipeg and Fort Garry gun clubs, four men to the side, 25 targets Paul Johnson, F. G. Simpson, G. A. Britton and J. P. Turner, the representatives of the Fort Garry club, were successful in winning the honors of the day for their club, scoring 5 points in excess of their opponents from the Winnipeg club, and received the cup and medals.

The Americans led in the high average for the first day, the honor going to Sprague of Grafton, N. D. who missed twelve birds out of a total of 125, making a trifle over 90 per cent. Paul Johnson, of Winnipeg, was second, breaking 100, and T. N. Williamson of Brandon 3rd, with a score of 107. Other high averages were as follows: J. P. Turner, F. G. Simpson, W. R. McKinnon 106, W. E. Rowe 104, U. Lightcap 103, L. L. Widmar 103, Tom Brodie and E. G. White 102, J. H. Stair, Crookston, 101; E. K. Cavalier 99, R. J. McKay 98, W. J. Sanders 97, George G. Johnston 97.

Averages for the second day were as follows the possible being 125, T. Bernard Grafton, 110, T. N. Williamson, Brandon, 109; E. G. White (professional) 109; H. W. Lightcap 108, Paul Johnson 107; J. D. Neal 107, W. E. Rowe 106, F. H. Sprague 106, J. H. Stair 105, Mr. Newall 103, E. K. Cavalier 101, Fred Bailey 100, F. G. Simpson 99, Tom Brodie 95.

For the two days high averages were as follows, the possible being 250: F. H. Sprague Grafton, 219; T. N. Williamson, Brandon, 217; Paul Johnson, Winnipeg, 216; H. W. Lightcap Winnipeg, 211; E. G. White (professional) 211; W. E. Rowe 209, J. H. Stair, Crookston, 206; F. G. Simpson, Winnipeg, 203; E. K. Cavalier 200, Tom Brodie 197.

E. G. White, Ottawa, of Dupont Powder Co. W. A. Ferguson, Grand Forks, N. D., of the Peters Cartridge Co. and R. Watson, Montreal, of the Dominion Cartridge Co. were the trade representatives present.

## Toronto Traps.

The Stanley Gun Club of Toronto held the fourth shoot of their handicap series on their grounds on Saturday, July 7th, for the Gleason Cup, Laffin Rand Cup, Ellis Medal, Bailey Shield, and Ward trophy. The Gleason Cup, a handsome sterling silver trophy valued at \$100, was presented to the Stanley Gun Club by Dr. Gleason of Boston, and is being shot for at 400 targets divided into a series of eight events of 50 targets each handicap ranging from 16 to 21 yards, members being allowed 10 weeks to complete their scores, thus allowing any member who may be indisposed or out of town a chance to complete his score. No member is allowed to shoot more than two scores in one day, the one making the highest score in the Cup event of the day has his name inscribed thereon, and the one making the highest score in the eight events winning the Cup. In the



first shoot for the Gleason Cup Robert Fleming 18 yards was high with 45. In the second series P. Wakefield 21 yards and J. Massingham were high with 41. The scores on this day were low, it being one of those bright sunshiny days with no wind and a peculiar haze in the air which made the steadiest shots in the club miss their targets in an unaccountable manner. The third event of the series was won by Mr. Elv. 18 yards, with 42. The same weather conditions prevailed on this day as on the previous one. The fourth event being won by Mr. McGill from 20 yards with 45. The following is the result to date:—

	Hdcp.	1	2	3	4
Schofield .....	17	43	38	32	
Vivian .....	19	42	43		44
Thompson .....	18	41	31	32	
Edkins .....	18	37	36	32	42
Dorf .....	16	35	38	28	
Fleming .....	16	45	36	38	
Townson .....	18	39			
Massingham .....	18	41	41	37	37
Dey .....	19	40	38	32	42
Wakefield W. ....	18	40	36	34	
Ely .....	18	41	33	42	41
Jennings .....	20	44	31	37	
Matthews .....	18	43	37		38
Jordan .....	17	34			
Buck .....	18	33			
Kemp .....	16	37	37	29	
Mason .....	17	39	35	39	
Duff .....	20	44			
Dunk .....	21	42	46		44
Wakefield P. ....	21	42	41	44	41
Joselin .....	20	40	40	37	38
Hooley .....	18	35	33	38	
Sawdon Jr. ....	18	40	29		
Williamson .....	18	33			
McGill .....	20	46			45
Wolfe .....	18	41			42
Harrison .....	18	41			

Team Shoot at London.

At the Springwood Gun Club grounds, London, Dominion Day, team matches were shot by teams representing Ingersoll, Hyde Park, and the Springwood club. The first match was between Ingersoll and the Springwood club, 12 men in each, 25 birds each man in which the Springwoods won by nine shots. In the second match a three-cornered one the Springwood club again won. The following are the scores:—

Team match, 25 birds each—  
Ingersoll—F. McMulklin 19, W. Staples 17, H. McMulklin 17, J. Winders 23, W. J. Ross 19, R. B. Harris 16, J. Williamson 10, J. Staples 22, W. J. Kirbyson 20, A. R. Walker 21, G. Nicols 22, G. James 16, total 222.

London—B. W. Glover 24, R. Day 24, D. A. Breckon 23, S. A. Webb, R. B. Walker 16, C. Marsh 14, G. Bowman 16, A. W. Bryce 15, Remington 21, Parker 23, W. A. Brock 18, Rutledge 15—total 231.

Team match, 25 birds each—  
Ingersoll—F. McMulklin 14, W. Staples 17, J. Staples 20, W. J. Ross 15, R. B. Harris 16, Kirbyson 20, Nicholls 15, James 14, Total 131.

Springwood—B. W. Glover 25, R. Day 21, Breckon 22, Webb 21, Walker 20, Marsh 18, Remington 22, Parker 24, Total 173.

Hyde Park—Dr. Ross 19, A. Steinhoff 19, K. Routledge 22, S. Lewis 15, J. Fowler 16, F. Harrison 22, J. Harrison 13, W. G. Brown 21—total 141.

Sweep, 10 birds  
Webb 9, Day 9, Glover 8, W. Staples 4, Winders 5, McMulklin 7, J. Staples 8, Breckon 10, Brown 6, Routledge 8, Ross 6, Fowler 8, Marsh 5, Nicholls 10.

Sweep 10 birds—Webb 9, Day 9, Glover 8, W. Staples 4, Winders 5, McMulklin 7, J. Staples 8, Breckon 10, Brown 6, Routledge 8, Ross 6, Fowler 8, Marsh 5, Nicholls 10.

Sweep 10 birds—Webb 8, Routledge 8, Fowler 6, Brown 7, Breckon 8, Day 9, Glover 9, Nicholls 10, Staples 7, Winders 8, McMulklin 3.

Essex Tournament.

A tournament was held July 27th at Essex, Ont., under the management of F. H. Conover, Dupont representative, Leamington. The shoot was in celebration of the 35th birthday of Frank Stotts, the popular proprietor of the Aberdeen, and was well attended by Frank's many



FRANK STOTTS

friends in Essex county and Detroit. About twenty shooters took part altogether. A very enjoyable chicken supper at the Aberdeen wound up the day's proceedings.

High amateur average was won by "Jim." McAuley, Woodslee, who did some good work under difficult conditions and especially as he had done no tournament work for two years. Second average was won by W. A. Smith of Kingsville, and third by J. Marcon, Sandwich. "Injun" Conover struck his old time winning gait and topped the list with 112 out of 135.

Targets	10	20	20	20	20	20	25	
W. A. Smith .....	6	16	14	18	16	18	20	108
W. Rennie .....	7	14	13	15	14	11	17	91
J. Marcon .....	6	14	14	12	13	17	20	96
J. Ford .....	7	16	12	16	14	7	12	83
Conover .....	7	15	20	17	17	16	23	112
W. F. Stotts .....	6	17	14	14	18	11	15	95
H. O'Neill .....	9	15	15	15	13	10	14	91
C. June .....	5	13	9	9	8	11	14	69
J. McAuley .....	10	17	17	13	18	16	23	113
T. Rogers .....	6	11	7	9	12	12	14	71
These shot at 30—B. Wigle 23, W. Neville 19, E. Marks 12, Alex. O'Neil 20, Ted Graham 17, F. Stenlake 9.								

Hamilton Happenings.

The new grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club were formally opened on Saturday June 30th, by Mayor Biggar, who, after a short speech, in which he congratulated the club on its prosperity, shot the first target. The new grounds are situated at Ghent's Crossing at the beach, and it is doubtful if any gun club on the continent has grounds that are as nicely situated.

Names	20	20	20	20	20	Tot.
A. J. Hunt .....	16	13	13	14	16	73
Horning .....	17	19	19	16	13	84
R. Day .....	18	17	18	18	18	89
Beattie .....	17	15	16	20	15	83
Wark .....	17	16	16	16	15	80
Bouron .....	16	17	17	15	16	79
C. Smith .....	15	15	15	18	16	79
D. Fletcher .....	11	17	16	17	15	79
W. J. Thomson .....	19	17	19	18	17	90
M. E. Fletcher .....	18	19	16	18	19	90
Ben It .....	13	14	18	16	14	77
Karr .....	16	15	16	16	15	78
McGill .....	18	20	13	20	18	89
Unton .....	20	49	19	19	20	97
Dr. Hunt .....	14	14	18	15	18	79
Duff .....	15	18	16	17	17	83
G. Clibe .....	16	16	17	18	11	81
Barnard .....	5	12	9	8	7	41

Maxwell .....	16	15	17	17	15	81
Friend .....	13	14	12	15	12	66
Dr. Beam .....	11	11	9	14	14	59
H. Dynes .....	16	9	17	13		69
Tindill .....	2	7	3	6	5	23
Cantelon .....	19	16	16	18		69
Konkle .....	20	17	14	18	16	85
Hunter .....	19	20	19	19	18	95
Green .....	18	18	18	18	20	92
B. Smyth .....	16	18	14	10	12	76
Curno .....	10	11	9	19	8	57
G. Lee .....	13	15	14	14	14	70
Bates .....	14	15	15	14	15	73
Blue Bill .....	19	14	12	14		59
Popp .....	16	18	18	16	17	85
Edkins .....	17	18	16	17	20	88
G. Day .....	19	16	17	17	17	86
P. Wakefield .....	19	18	15	18	20	90
B. W. Glover .....	17	17	18	19		71
Jennings .....	19	18	19	20	20	96
Dean .....	15	9	5	16	19	64
Dr. Wilson .....	19	17	17	20	19	92
Marshall .....	16	16	14	12	12	71
J. Cline .....	15	11	11			37
D. Glover .....	9	14	12	15		50
Jocelyn .....	17	17	20	16	13	83
A. King .....	19				12	31
Cuba .....	17					17
Wolfenden .....	10					10
Sawden, sr. ....	17	16				33

#### Sandwich Tournament.

With Jack Marcon as manager, a very successful one day shoot was held at Lagoon Park at Sandwich, July 12th. The grounds are pleasantly situated on the north side of the Park, overlooking Detroit River and with a panorama of the City of Detroit as a back ground.

Fifteen shooters took part. F. H. Conover was present in the interest of the Dupont Powder Co. George McIntosh, Windsor, very efficiently performed the duties of cashier.

The chief event of the day was the contest for a very handsome gold medal donated by the Corby Co., the well known distillers of Belleville, Ont., and known as the "Corby I. X. L. Medal" and represented the amateur championship of Western Ontario. The contest brought out fifteen shooters and a large number of interested spectators who took the keenest interest in the struggle for the handsome emblem. The winner was W. A. Smith, Kingsville, with Messrs. Marcon, Reid and Stuart a very close second.

High average for the day was won by W. A. Smith. The scores:

T. Weir .....	9	15	11	15	16	15	9	5	95
J. Marcon .....		7	6	5	16	19	11	8	42
W. A. Smith .....	8	15	14	13	14	20	40	12	106
W. F. Stotts .....	6	10	10	5	10	11			52
A. Reid .....	9	14	13	12	14	19			81
Injun .....	8		6	14	11	16	12	9	76
Wilson .....				13	17	18	11	12	71
De Forest .....				11	8	17	9	10	58
La Fond .....			3						3
L'Heraux .....			14	9	6				29
Bradshaw .....			6	13					19
Wm. Smith .....				16	11	13	40		
Schultz .....				6		5	11		
Dorch .....				8		5	13		
Stuart .....				19					19

\*Medal contest.

#### REFLECTIONS.

Jack Marcon, the manager of the shoot, is one of the most popular hotel men on either side of the River. Lagoon Park is a pleasant retreat in the dog days.

The splendid gift of the Corbys was much admired and appreciated by all the shooters. Such acts as these do much to stimulate interest in one of the finest outdoor sports.

It was like a letter from home to see such old timers as Andy Reid and Tom Weir back on the firing line again.

Marcon's chicken dinner was voted the finest that has been. Both the American and Canadian lawyer picked the bones with as great

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The "NEW CENTURY" is made of seamless steel tubing; extends instantly to any desired length, automatically locks in any position; guides outside; all joints telescope into the handle joint (17½ to 30 inches).

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gusto as if it were a rich and deserving client. "Injun" Conover got away from his tobacco field long enough to give Dupont a little push forward.

This is about the only trap shooting Andy Reid has done since an automobile alienated his affections some three years ago. He has not forgotten how.

Stuart was the last man to give up the medal race and he kept the winner on the anxious seat until the last round.

The Detroit bunch are as fine a lot of sportsmen as one will find. "Grandpa" Wilson is a "Foxy Grandpa" and not a really "Grandpa," you know. He is a good shot, a pleasant companion and an all-round jolly boy.

#### Cutler Tournament.

The Cutler, Ont., Gun Club's first trap shooting tournament held July the 2nd, was and everything going off nicely.

declared a success, everyone being well pleased.

The Soo West Gun Club was represented by Messrs. R. Ellis, G. Ellis and Kitcher. The Espanola Gun Club by Messrs. Millington, Blair, Hussy, Gorbey and Renshey. The Little Current Gun Club by Messrs. Jackson and Sims and the Cutler Gun Club by Messrs. Bois, Landriau, Moquin, Turgeon and Gignac.

On account of Dominion celebration many shooters could not attend and that accounts for the small attendance. Gignac and Bois who made the high scores used Dominion Sovereign shells. The score by events was as follows, 20 birds each event:—

	1	2	3	4	5
Millington .....	14	13	15	14	18 74 p.c.
Turgeon .....	5	9	11		
Hussey .....	10	9	10	10	12 51 p.c.
Blair .....	13	11	10	12	
Kitcher .....	13	18	13	17	
Gignac .....	14	12	15	17	18 76 p.c.
Moquin .....	13	8			
Landriau .....	8	15	8		
Gorbey .....	7	13	7	10	11 48 p.c.
Jackson .....	12	9	11	12	10 54 p.c.
R. Ellis .....	10	12	17	15	
Renshey .....	7	9	11	8	12 46 p.c.
Ellis, Geo. ....	15	18	17	17	
Cook .....	10	11	9	8	
Bois .....	16	16	11	17	16 76 p.c.
Sims .....					13

#### Elmwood Tournament.

The Elmwood tournament, gotten up and managed by Dr. Cook, was held July 6th at Elmwood, a small but thriving little village in Bruce county. The grounds for the shoot had been selected by the Doctor with more consideration for the comfort of the shooters than is usually the case. The traps were set at the north side of a pleasant little grove and faced the north east. The light and back ground were good and when not at the score the shooter had a cool and shady place to retire to. The traps were on high land affording an extensive view of as fine a farming community as will be seen anywhere. Again, with his usual thoughtfulness, the Doctor had arranged to have luncheon on the grounds, thus saving a long walk on a hot day to the hotel. The Doctor's charming wife, herself an enthusiast in trap shooting, though not yet brave enough to shoot in public, assisted by Mrs. Goodfellow personally presided over the repast, which was exactly the kind to best please a hungry trap shooter on a hot day. In fact, the shoot developed into a summer picnic with the Dr. and Mrs. Cook as host and hostess and the shooters as guests. Needless to say the enjoyment of everyone was complete.

The Doctor had offered a very generous programme and had anticipated a much larger crowd than turned up, but the attendance at the smaller shoots are "most generally, always, sometimes" less than anticipated. The Toronto and Hamilton shooters had, evidently,





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not recovered from the Indianapolis cyclone, or were resting up for something bigger. At any rate, their jolly faces were much missed. Those however who did attend enjoyed every minute of the day.

High averages were as follows: 1st. H. A. Mallory, Drayton, 140; 2nd G. B. Smith, Ayton, 139; 3rd. W. A. Smith, Kingsville, 132; 4th, Dr Cook, Elmwood, 128; 5th, Dr. Perdue, Clifford, 124.

Targets		The scoresj—																Ttl	
		Hd.	10	15	20	10	20	15	15	20	10	20	Ttl						
H. A. Mallory	.....	28	10	13	17	10	18	13	15	19	6	17	—	140					
G. B. Smith	.....	18	9	14	18	9	18	13	12	18	9	17	—	137					
W. A. Smith	.....	18	8	14	17	9	16	13	14	16	8	17	—	132					
Dr. Cook	.....	16	6	12	16	4	19	12	13	17	9	20	—	128					
Dr. Perdue	.....	16	9	13	16	7	17	15	11	17	7	12	—	121					
W. Lewis	.....	16	6	11	16	9	16	13	14	16	8	17	—	112					
W. Huether	.....	16	8	11	13	8	14	11	9	15	8	14	—	109					
J. Storrer	.....	18	5	12	11	7	16	9	13	9	6	12	—	100					
F. Smith	.....	16	6	9						12	12	6							
Wm. Smith	.....	16	6							9									
R. Breuls	.....	16	6	10	11	7	14			11	16	9	11						
W. Biemann	.....	16	6	8							8	10	—						
J. K. Goodfellow	.....	16	6	9		6	12												
John Smith	.....	16	6	8				8											
H. Ruppenthal	.....	16	5																

### REFLECTIONS.

H. A. Mallory is certainly the great grand "daddy of them all." That is he is a grand dad and his shooting is certainly great.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Goodfellow, Elmwood, gave valuable assistance. They might in fact be called aide-de-camp. Their company was much appreciated.

G. B. Smith struck his old winning gait. Dr. Cook broke 90 out of his last 100. The prognosis in his case is favorable to early development into a first class shot. He has alarming symptoms already.

Dr. Perdue, Clifford, is also showing signs of being a pretty speedy colt. He has the right strain for good shooting.

### Clifford Tournamennt.

Clifford Gun Club held their annual tournament at that place on July 20th. To enquiring friends we might say that Clifford is a lively little town of some 1200 inhabitants, picturesquely situated at the Northwest corner of Wellington County and in the center of a rich farming district.

The Club grounds are conveniently situated not more than a block from the centre of the town in the town park. Bowron traps and targets were used.

The system of handicapping adopted was something entirely new in Canadian tournaments. It was intended to give the local amateurs a fair chance as against the outside expert and the result was a surprise to everyone. It proved a severe "killing" to the better shooter and made the shoot the 65 per cent. man's race all the way. The programme consisted of 140 targets. The 85-95 per cent. shooters were "scratched" the 75-80 per cent. men were allowed 14 extra targets to shoot at and the 65-75 per cent. men 28 extra targets. All the shooting was from 16 yards. Easy targets,

a clouded sky, entire absence of wind and a good back ground were all favorable to good scores. Under harder conditions the handicap might not have worked so badly, but as it was few of the shooters made more than one or two misses in every ten and then the extra allowance of one or two targets enabled him to fill up the holes in his score.

G. B. Smith, Ayton, and W. A. Smith, Kingsville, were the only 85-95 per cent. shooters present and although both shot well, averaging 91 per cent. and 93 per cent. respectively, neither shared in any of the six high average monies. Hone Hillhouse, Clifford, with 28 extra birds, scored 136 and won high average money, \$9.00. Dr. Cook, Elmwood, with 14; Beetsche, Clifford, with 28 and "Billy" Huether of Neustadt with 28 extra birds, tied for 2nd, 3rd and 4th average with 133, and divided \$16. Dr. Perdue, Clifford, with 14 and Taylor, Clifford, with 14 extra birds, tied with 131 for 5th and 6th average and divided \$8.

In adopting this system of handicapping we must give the Clifford boys due credit for an honest attempt to solve the problem of so equalizing the shooters as to encourage the poorer shots to shoot through the programme, and it is possible that some modification of this plan would work fairly well for purely local tournaments, but the system must be modified to be a success even locally.

Mr. John A. Gray, principal of the public school, Clifford, the efficient secretary of the Gun Club, was in charge of the office and did this part of the work well.

The Clifford Club has the material in it for good shooting. We hope to see them keep on "climbing" until they reach the top. Good target shots are not made in a day and only constant practice and lots of "stick-to-it-iveness" will do the trick.

The scores: —  
W. A. Smith ..... 0 140 130

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G. B. Smith .....	0	140	127
Dr. Cook .....	14	154	133
Dr. Perdue .....	14	154	131
J. Steinmiller .....	22	132	66
W. Huether .....	28	168	133
P. Doersam .....	14	154	110
J. Smith .....	24	144	97
T. Johnson .....	28	163	107
Beetsche .....	28	166	133
Taylor .....	28	168	136
Hillhouse .....	28	168	136
C. Willets .....	28	168	121
Eckenswiller .....	6	36	12
Bienann .....	4	24	10
Weiner .....	6	48	36
Dr. Campbell .....	4	24	19
Lemon .....	6	48	34
Shield .....	2	12	6

## Drayton Tournament.

Drayton Gun Club held its annual tournament July 27th. Drayton Gun Club is another name for H. A. Mallory, the genial manager of the Traders' Bank at Drayton, who in trap shooting matters there, is the foundation, side walls and roof of the edifice.

The programme called for 12 events of 15 birds each, entrance \$1.50 and money divided Rose system 6, 5, 3, 2. Only one cent was charged for targets, just enough to cover the cost of the rocks and the expenses of the shoot, so that each purse was as rich as possible. The result was very satisfactory to the shooters. The shooting was of a high order and some of the young colts got a new mark. Dr. Perdue's average of over 92 per cent. was a fine performance in view of the fact that he has not shot very long at the traps.

High average was won by H. A. Mallory with 166 out of 180 with Dr. Perdue, Clifford a close second with 165. H. Cull of Guelph and G. B. Smith, Ayton, tied for third place with 161.

One squad composed of Perdue, Cull, Doersam and Lewis, broke 59 out of 60, which was certainly "go in' some."

Dominion, Sovereign and Imperial shells were used by all the shooters except G. B. Smith, who used his old reliable Winchester Leader. Dupont, Mullerite, Empire and S.S. (Smith's Smokeless) were the powders used. Mallory's Smith shot from 18 yards, the rest from 16.

The scores:—

Events .....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	S. A.	Brke	P.C.
No targets .....	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15			
Ham .....	15	14	14	14	13	13	15	13	13	13	15	14	180	166	92 p. c.
Dr. Perdue .....	14	14	12	13	12	15	14	14	14	14	14	15	180	176	91 p. c.
H. Cull .....	14	15	12	14	14	16	14	13	14	13	13	10	180	161	87 p. c.
G. B. Smith .....	14	15	14	14	13	12	13	13	14	12	14	13	180	161	87 p. c.
Dr. W. R. Cook .....	12	13	7	13	13	13	14	12	12	14	10	13	180	146	81 p. c.
L. Singular .....	13	11	13	10	13	12	12	13	12	13	11	11	180	144	80 p. c.
P. Doersam .....	11	13	14	11	12	15	9	12	12	13	14	7	180	143	79 p. c.
J. E. Harrison .....	10	10	12	13	13	12	14	14	10	14	12	9	180	143	79 p. c.
W. Lewis .....	11	13	12	13	9	14	12	10	14	9	9	11	180	137	76 p. c.
W. G. Mitchell .....									12	11	15	13	75	61	61 p. c.

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### Picton Points.

On July 6th the Picton Club were pleased to receive a visit from several members of the Napanee Gun Club to shoot a return match. The Napanee shooters are thorough sportsmen and their visit was very much appreciated. This match was won by Picton and as each team has a win to its credit the next match will be at Napanee. The scores, 25 birds per man, are as follows:—

Napanee—W. C. Smith 12, G. Van Luvan 16, A. Kennedy 17, C. Maybee 11, S. Parks 10, C. H. Edwards 23. Dr. Stratton 15. Total 104.

Picton—H. S. Noxon 14, J. Hepburn 15, K. Hepburn 12, W. Keoch 19, B. Crandall 22, A. Sullivan 12, M. Tierney 17. Total 110.

### Guelph Visits Stratford.

On invitation a team of the Royal City Gun Club, consisting of twelve men, headed by their president and secretary-treasurer, H. Harris and F. Sweetman—journeyed to Stratford on Dominion Day to participate in a friendly match of 25 artificial birds per man. After the match, which came off in the early part of the day, the shooters entered into 10 bird sweeps, and thus finished out the day's sport. Following are the scores:—

Guelph—L. Singular 20, D. Clark 15, W. G. Mitchell 19, H. Rhodes 21, T. Spalding 19, W. Sleeman 20, F. Sweetman 16, A. Burnett 16, W. Singular 20, H. Harris 23, J. Vogt 21, T. Russell 10. Total 226.

Stratford—K. C. Turnbull 22, A. W. Usher 22, W. Boles 24, G. Rutherford 17, J. J. B. Meyers 25, T. Savage 17, D. Hayes 17, W. Geddie 10, W. Mills 21, F. Nash 23, W. Gillow 14, P. Russell 20. Total 232.

### Rogers Wins the Grand American Handicap.

Two hundred and sixty eight of the best shots in the country took part in the Grand American Handicap Tournament held in Indianapolis, Ind., June 19-22. This event was attended by shooters from all over the country.

The great event of the week was the Grand American MHandicap, which was won by Mr. F. E. Rogers, of St. Louis, who broke 94 out of 100 targets from the 17-yard mark in a gale of wind, shooting Winchester Factory loaded Shells. In each of the other three events on the programme, Winchester Factory Loaded Shells or Winchester Repeating Shotguns landed in first place, making a clean sweep for these justly popular and reliable goods.

### How Cartridges are Made.

Through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. H. W. Brainerd, treasurer of the Dominion Cartridge Co., Limited, Montreal, the writer accompanied by Messrs. G. M. Dunk and G. W. McGill, Toronto, while attending the recent Canadian Indian Tournament at Montreal, were given an opportunity of inspecting the Company's extensive factory and of seeing the interesting process of the manufacture of metallic rifle and shot gun shells and ammunition.

The Company's plant is situated at Brownsburg, Province of Quebec, an isolated hamlet a few miles from Lachute on the C. P. R. and about sixty miles from Montreal. The situation is a picturesque one and its isolation, of necessity, is one of precaution by reason of the explosives used.

A large stream of spring water tumbling down from the high hills surrounding the plant, furnishes ample water power to run the factory, an important item in the current expenses.

The factory, itself, is made up of a number of isolated buildings, the dangerous explosives being kept at a safe distance and every precaution taken to reduce the dangers of having them to a minimum.

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At the factory we were introduced to the gentlemanly superintendent, Mr. McDonald, and were, by him, shown the different operations of manufacture. These proved intense interest and we viewed with great curiosity the evolution of those green and purple shells so plentifully used on every trap shooting ground, from the raw material of tough paper and shining brass to the handsome finished product.

First of all we saw the sheets of paper being pasted, rolled into long tubes, dipped, ironed, and trimmed to proper lengths. We saw the brass battery cups and primers being stamped out of solid sheets of metal and then paper tubes with base was pressed into the brass head and finally completed with primer cup and primer. Then the operation of the loading machines by which the empty shells was supplied with powder, wads and shot and finally crimped and finished with automatic exactness proved most interesting.

We also saw the manufacture of the rifle ammunition for which the Dominion cartridge has such an enviable reputation.

These cartridges are made from sheet metal, which must be rolled with the greatest accuracy and made from special grades of copper, spelter, etc., in most exact proportions. Circular disks are punched from these sheets and at the same time formed into shallow cups, which are drawn out to the required length and diameter by being forced through smaller dies. There are from two to six drawings in the ordinary sizes. Between each drawing, the shells must be annealed, pickled and dried. Great care must be taken in every operation not to strain the brass as any weakness would be disastrous when the cartridge is subjected to the excessive pressure of firing. The shells are then trimmed at the mouth and if for rim fire cartridges, are then ready for heading: in centre fire, a hole is first inserted in the end to start the primer pocket. They are then trimmed on the sides of the head and underneath, and again at the mouth, as the heading slightly alters the length. If the cartridge is "bottle necked" the metal of the shell is then annealed and reduced. After this, the shells are put through a final verifying operation: the primer pocket is sized, the flash hole punched and the primer inserted. The primer cup is formed like the cartridge cup, the charge inserted and covered with a disk of tin foil and then compressed. The charge in an ordinary primer is only 1-10 grain, and is composed of a number of different ingredients. The slightest difference in the proportion of these, size of grain, purity, etc., will affect the quality of the primer, so that it can be seen that this process is a very delicate one. Great attention must be paid also to the uniformity of the metal for the primer cup, temper, etc. Where millions of these are being turned out the uniformly good quality is surprising.

Rim fire cartridges are primed by spinning the mixture into the rim. Many users of rim fire cartridges do not understand that the priming is only in the rim and frequently blame the cartridge when the firing pin strikes too far in the centre. In a similar way, centre fire cartridges are often blamed when the blow is struck on the edge of the primer, the anvil only giving resistance to the blow if it is struck well in the centre.

All operations having to do with fulminate of mercury, primers, etc., are very hazardous, and the greatest pains must be taken to ensure safety, as well as accuracy. Both primers and rim fire cartridges have to be dried very carefully.

The ordinary bullets are either cast in slugs, a number at a time, or cut from wire. The slugs are then swedged to exact shape and weight, securing uniform texture. Different combinations of lead, tin, etc., are used. After swedging the bullets must be cannellured and greased. The quality of the lubricant is most essential, as shooting qualities, fouling, etc., are largely governed thereby. In jacketed bullets, the outside shell is made by a number of

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operations similar to the cartridge shell, the core is swedged similarly to the ordinary bullet, inserted, and then a number of additional swedgings are required to complete it.

There are a number of separate operations in the loading, after which the cartridges are crimped, cleaned and packed.

During all the above operations, frequent inspections have to be made, and tools have to be looked after regularly and gauged in case they show any signs of wear or breakage. The work throughout is most accurate. In some operations, not more than one-tenth of an inch variation is allowed. Much of the machinery runs at a very quick rate and means must be devised to discover promptly any imperfection to prevent waste. In most cases there is no way of detecting an imperfection after the cartridge is finished, so that the operations all through must be carefully watched. A few imperfect cartridges mixed in with a lot of good ones, would spoil the whole batch.

In addition to tests made during the manufacture and when finished, all material must be subjected to most careful scrutiny.

It is interesting to note the different parts of the world which are represented in a single cartridge. For instance, in the brass, the copper comes from the States, mainly and the spelter from Spain. In the powder, the saltpetre from Chili sulphur from Sicily or Java. In the primer, mercury from Spain, shellac from India or South America; in the bullet, lead from Canada, Spain or England, and tin from the Straits Settlements; in the lubricant, wax from Japan or Russia.

The company now turn out a very high grade of shot gun cartridges, the demand for which has so largely increased in Canada with the growth of the sport of trap shooting. The old Vulcan and Trap shells have been entirely superseded by the Sovereign, Regal, Imperial and Crown brands. The first three are for smokeless and the last for black powder only. The excellent quality of these shells are making them very popular in Canada and the sales have increased enormously.

The company was established in 1887 and so have had nineteen years experience. They have over half a million invested in the business and are constantly extending their plant by the erection of new buildings and installation of new machinery,—extensions made necessary by the rapid increase in their business.

The superior quality of their output has created a large demand for Dominion ammunition in every quarter of the globe. It is a curious fact that the company sell more in the United States in competition with established makers there than they do in Canada. They also have a very large market in England and supplied all cartridges, over a million, used in the recent Glasgow exhibition. They have agencies in England, Australia, New



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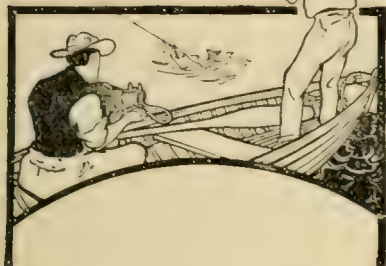
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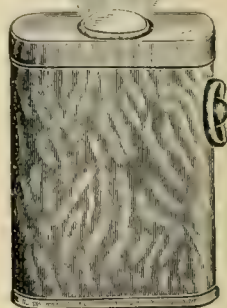
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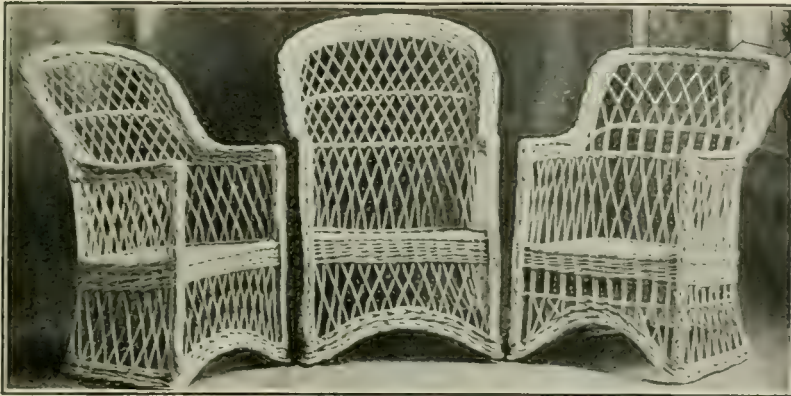
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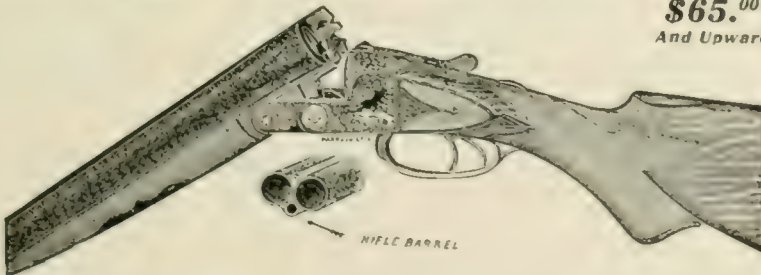
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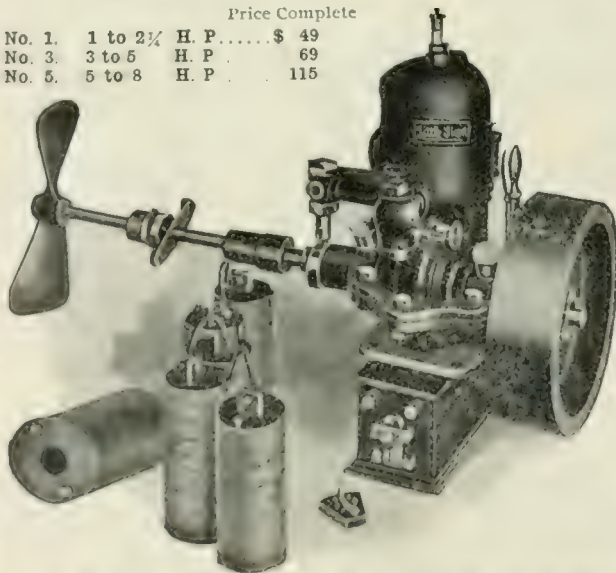
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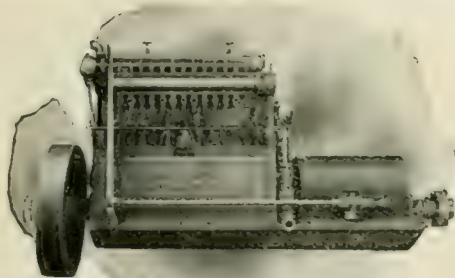
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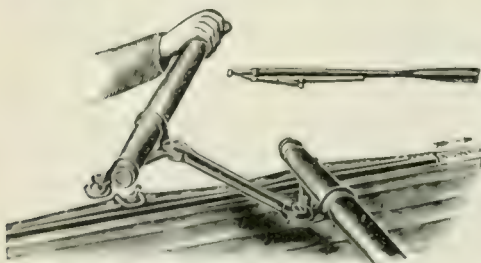
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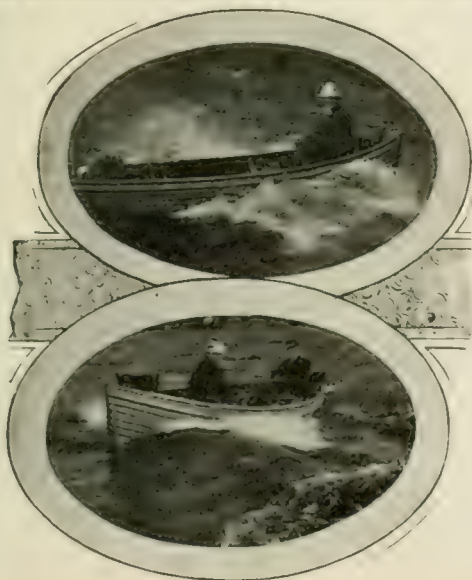
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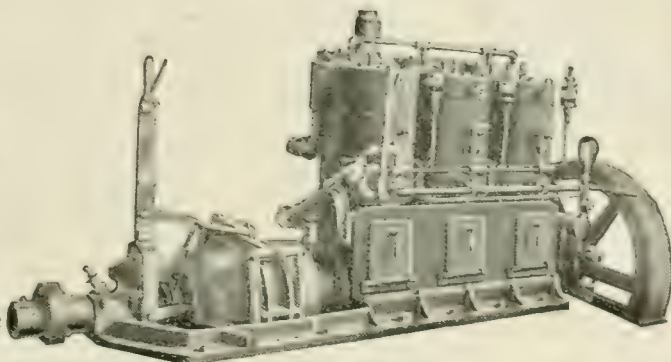


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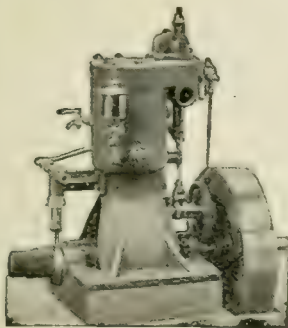
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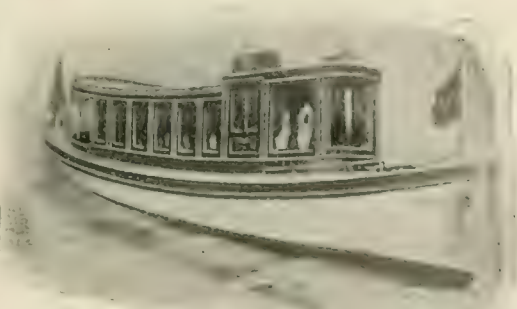
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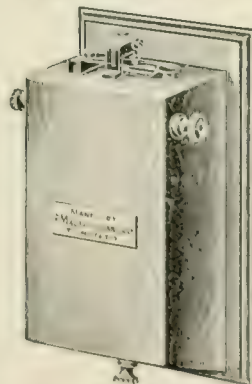
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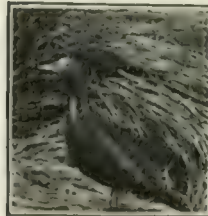
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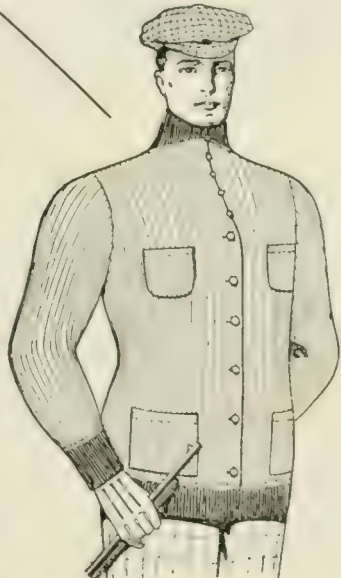


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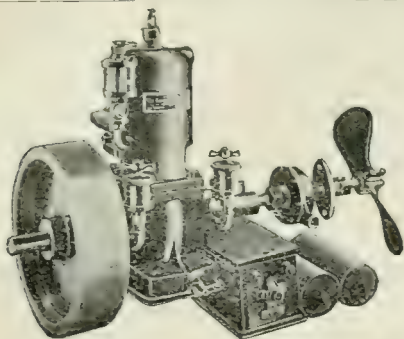
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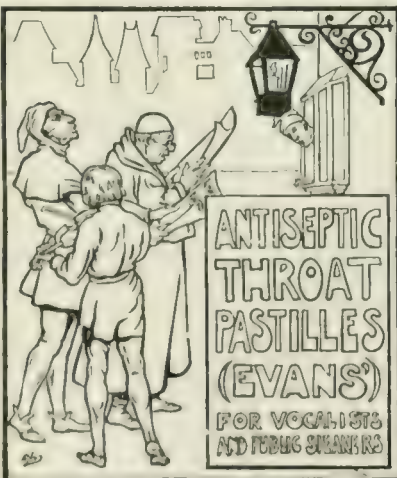
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# *The Province of Quebec*

## *From the Sportsman's View Point.*



No country in the world possesses a greater variety or more attractions in the line of sport than historic Quebec. When a little better known it will surely become the "Mecca" of devotees of sport; the angler is very much in evidence now even, from 1st May to 30th September, putting forth his best efforts to secure the silvery salmon, the beautiful speckled or sea trout, or yet again the pugnacious bass.

Autumn sees the sportsman again around with rifle or shot-gun, tracking the fleet Caribou or Red Deer or snugly ensconced on the shores of a lake, waiting for an opportunity to lay low the king of the forest, the mighty Moose. Others are content to frequent the hardwood ridges or beaches, in quest of the ruffed grouse, or wild fowl. Few, if any, return unrewarded for their efforts.

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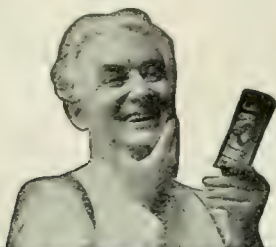
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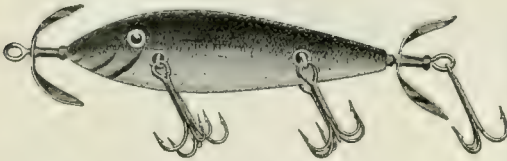
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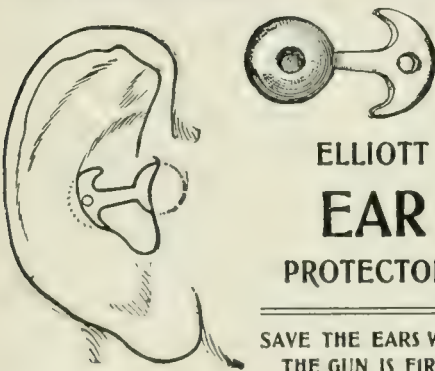
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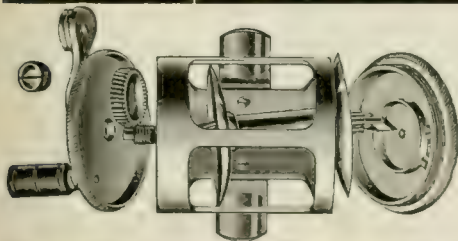
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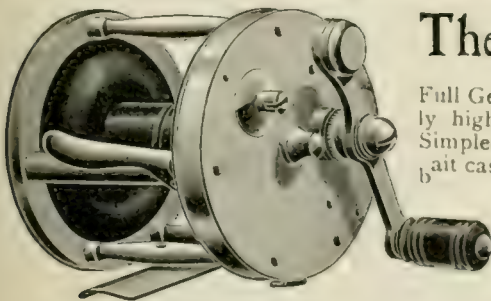
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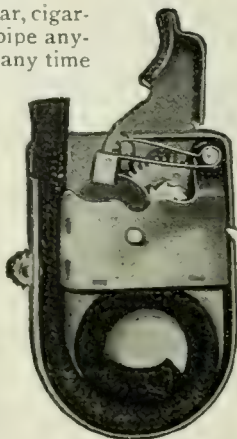
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# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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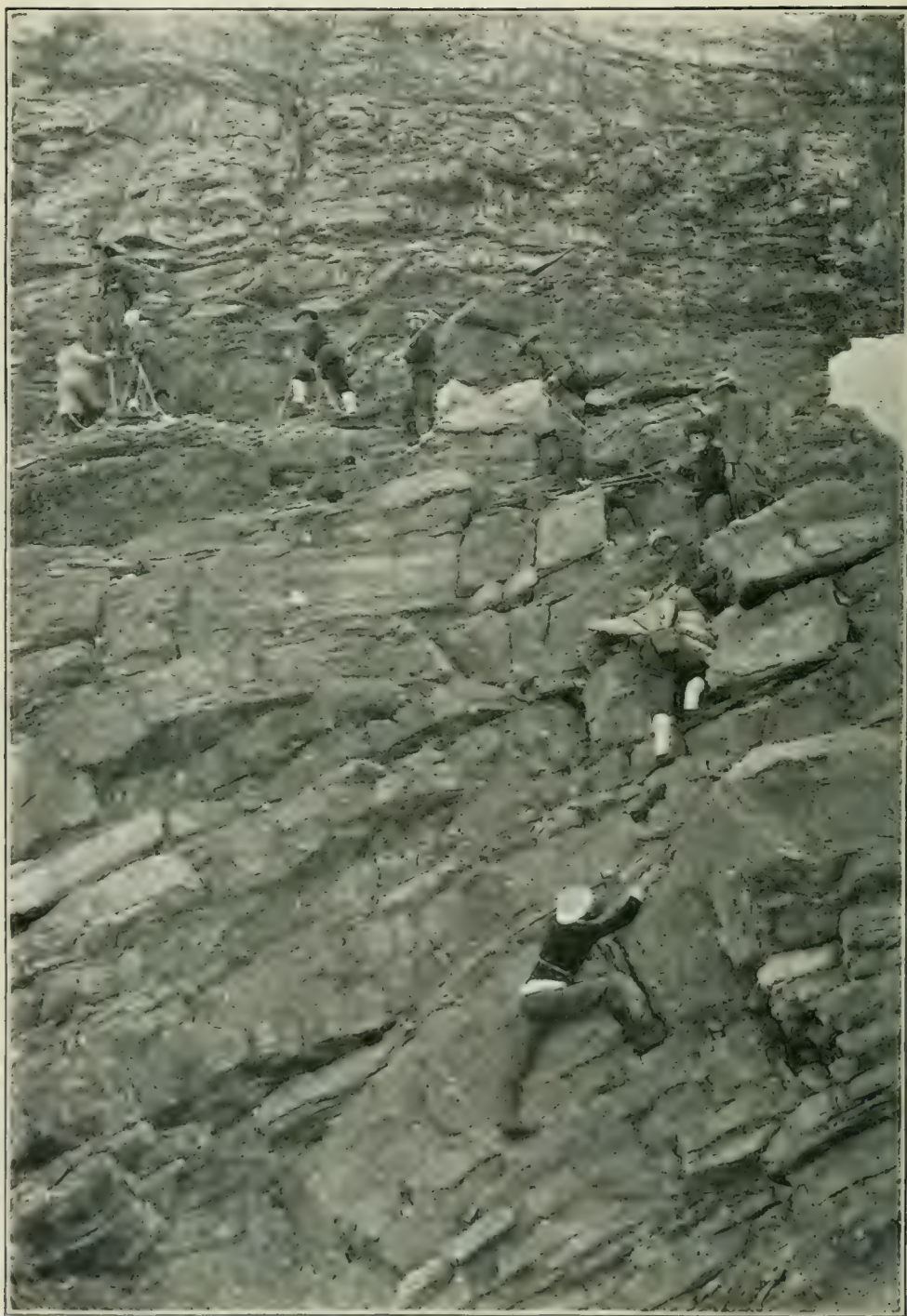
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### A DIFFICULT PIECE OF ROCK WORK

Members of the Alpine Club of Canada making the qualification climb.

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# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

OCTOBER, 1906

NO. 5



HOW THE MOOSE WAS TAKEN OUT FOR THE QUEEN CITY HUNT CLUB

### With the Queen City Hunt Club.

BY W. D. ALLEN.

**O**N the evening of October 30, 1905, the G.T.R. Station at North Parkdale, Toronto, was much more lively than usual. Several hunting parties were busily engaged in "checking out" for the annual trip to the Highlands of Ontario after game of all kinds.

One of the largest parties embarking at this point was the main body of the Queen City Hunt Club, composed principally of Toronto men, who were starting out for their camp on the shores of Morgan Lake near Ravensworth on the old Canada Atlantic, the advance guard



having preceded them by two days in order to have the camp clean and ready for occupation. About noon next day Ravensworth was reached, and here wagons were loaded and the final march to quarters began. The trail is without doubt one of the worst in the country. Block and tackle is required to haul a load up the hills, and a skillful teamster is indispensable. A city teamster would refuse to put his horses over the best portion of the trail. However after a

and horses, and also a blacksmith's forge.

The members of the Queen City Hunt Club are consistent supporters of the hound hunting system. In fact our experience has convinced us of the superiority of this system over that of still hunting.

The Club has been in existence for the last ten years and in all that time has not had a single accident from the misuse of fire arms. One of the principal regulations is that no loaded rifle is permitted



SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF THE QUEEN CITY HUNT CLUB ON BEAR CREEK

weary time the camp was reached and all were soon enjoying a hard earned meal. The advance guard had done good work. Boats and canoes were found to have been repaired, and best of all, a good supply of cut wood had been stacked under cover.

The camp is situated near the upper end of Morgan Lake, and is one of the most commodious in the land. Comfortable living quarters are supplemented by a large storehouse, stables for dogs

in the living quarters under a penalty of a fine of \$1 per round found in the chamber or magazine.

Last year we were favored with the most unpleasant weather it is possible to imagine. Snow, sleet, and rain accompanied by high winds, and frequent low temperature tell the story of nearly every day. In fact the two Sundays were the only fine days of the hunt. However the bad weather did not prevent the devotees from following their sport, and it

only enhanced the charm of the camp at night after the day's bag had been brought in. Luck was very fair, and one member of the club, Jack Sanderson, was fortunate enough to secure the largest bull moose ever taken from our district. This was a seven year old bull moose with a spread of antlers of 54 inches, and when dressed weighed 1030 pounds.

The kill occurred on November second when the "Government Road" district was being run. Things had been very slow until late in the day, when suddenly a threshing and breaking of branches was heard near Bear Creek, and all at once there broke into the brule a splendid bull moose! Jack Sanderson was looking after this opening, and of course got busy. The bull was about 250 yards distant and slanting away, when up went Jack's trusty 30.30 Winchester and a pressing invitation in the shape of a "soft nose" went after the speeding guest. Mr. Bull stopped to take notice. Catching sight of Jack, he wheeled and prepared to acknowledge reception in person. After charging about 50 yards, Bang! Bang! spoke the rifle and two more pressing invitations were received in the bull's shoulder. With a last effort to reach the enemy the gallant moose sprang into the air and fell dead into the river where he sank!

A very funny incident occurred when assistance was being summoned to secure the prize. One who shall be nameless, was stationed at the cadge crossing, and was sent back to camp for rope. After arriving at camp he was so excited that he left his rifle and returned with all speed.

When he reached his old post, he was met by a nice nine prong buck! This caused more excitement, and the gallant nameless one attempted to drive the buck away. But Mr. Buck would not be denied and returning to the attack reared up and endeavoured to embrace the bashful one. Now nameless can stand many things but this endearment was too much for him, so hastily seizing a small club from the ground he dealt the amorous buck a mighty blow on the neck which was so discouraging a reception that it turned sadly away and disappeared into the forest, while nameless

made a very hurried trip to camp after his rifle.

Getting the moose into camp was most arduous work. Fortunately we possessed a boat which just carried it, and with canoes to tow and follow up, and a liberal use of the axe in clearing away snags &c from the river bed the job was completed. The kill was fitly celebrated in Camp and everyone was much encourag-



J. W. SANDERSON, MOOSE KILLER TO THE  
QUEEN CITY HUNT CLUB

ed at the magnificent start to the season.

Notwithstanding the bad weather, all were very sorry to break camp on the 16th., and are now anticipating an even better time next season.

The members of the club are:

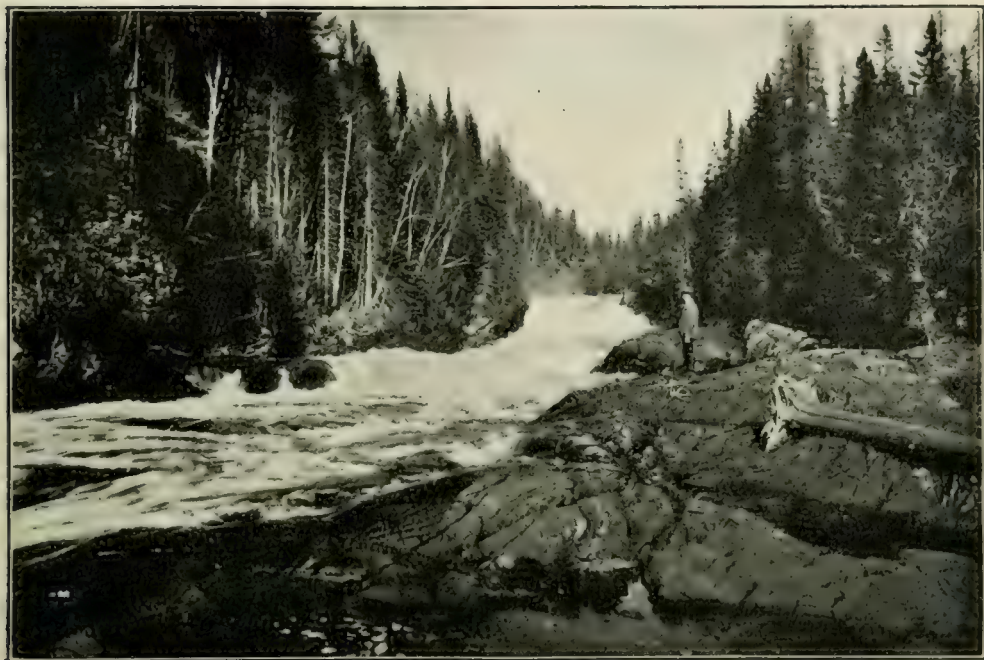
Walter Laidlaw, President	
John Sanderson, Treasurer	
W. A. Bannon, Hunt Captain	
W. D. Allan, Scribe	
H. M. Mulholland	Ed. Lockie
E. Patton	J. Bolton
W. E. Erwood	J. Monkman
J. Loughlin	R. Miller
E. Lutterell	D. J. O'Holloran
W. J. Sykes	J. Dempster
J. A. McLarty	A. V. Bradley.



A FINE MOOSE.

Shot by Manuel Dainard, a Guide of Golden, B. C.





GRAVEL RIVER, WHERE THE SPECKLED BEAUTIES ARE FOUND

## Our Hunt North of Lake Superior.

BY HAWK-EYE.

**I** knew something of the fine hunting and fishing country north of Lake Superior, and had made my friends so eager to themselves enjoy a trip there that arrangements came to a head last year for me to guide a hunting party to that region. We laid our plans carefully and completed all our arrangements. As the seasoned veteran of the party many of these matters were left to me, and I gave my friends the benefit of my knowledge and experience of these things with the result that we had a fine outing, and no drawbacks that we are not able to make light of now, serious as one of them appeared to us at the time. This one drawback however it may be mentioned was not owing to the fault of

any one of us. The party consisted of myself, M. B. Squire, better known as Hawk-Eye, Messrs. Joe Jones, Alex. O'Neill, and Herbert O'Neill.

Everything that we could possibly require having been packed—and some of our tenderfoots would persist in carrying more than we wanted—we were at last able to set out on Oct. 14th from Windsor, in high spirits and full of anticipations of a pleasant and successful outing. We went Canadian Pacific to Toronto, Grand Trunk to North Bay, and then on the main line of the Canadian Pacific west to Gravel Station on the north shore of Lake Superior. We all enjoyed this journey and the grand rugged scenery about Lake Superior much.

impressed my companions. No sooner were we dropped off on the 16th than we fixed on a camping site, pitching our tent alongside the railway track where wood and water were plentiful and speedily had things comfortable. Being tired out with our journey, and our exertions in making camp and getting supper, we did not linger long over the camp-fire but retired early.

A good night's rest restored our vitality, and with the peep of dawn we were stirring. Breakfast was a lively meal, and by seven o'clock all things had been fixed up and we were off to the north

and all of us hastily scrutinised the surrounding bush for more. I saw another among the pines and pointed him out to my companions, but the trees were too thick for any of us to get a shot.

While we were performing the necessary operations on the caribou, a cow came towards us. We watched it for a time, but she speedily took the alarm and disappeared. I knew there must be a bull somewhere about, so I advised my companions to wait where they were, go on with their work, and keep a sharp look out. Meantime I went to the hills on a bear hunt but met with no success.



OUR CAMP

pool where the year before I had had good success. About two and a half miles from the camp, just as we were approaching the jack pines, and I was quietly telling the boys that this was the place where the scene of which I had before told them was enacted, Joe Jones, who was walking ahead, saw a caribou.

With coolness and judgment he took deliberate aim and fired, the animal falling dead at the first shot. This was the first intimation to those of us who were behind that the game was about

On my return I was informed that they had had better luck than was vouchsafed to me. The boy of the crowd—Mr. Alex. O'Neill—had shot the bull, and we were all delighted a few days later to celebrate Mr. O'Neill's prowess and his sixty-third birthday at the same time.

The first day's hunt was thus extremely successful and we made a plentiful supper on the hearts and tongues. That night the camp-fire was particularly good and the experiences of the day were told over again.



All the following day was occupied with getting our game to camp and taking photos of the scene. We worked with ropes and found our task no light one.

On the 19th Mr. Herbert O'Neill was successful in securing a three year old with antlers as fine as the other one. As I was not particularly anxious for cari-

were packed and the tent taken down it commenced to rain and snow, and for six long hours we waited in discomfort for that train. Things were said that would not look well in print. All things, however, even discomforts, end in time, and so the train came at last, and moved us to the neighbourhood of our new hunting ground.

We reached Trout Lake on the 27th inst., fished, lived on caribou steaks, partridges and rabbits, and enjoyed ourselves generally in the open air till Nov. 1st., when we were joined by Mr. D. A. Banwell of Windsor, and William Brundage, of Harrow, but now of Kingsville.

Deer hunting started the following day, and Brundage, Herbert O'Neill, and Jones each secured one before evening. I allowed two does to pass me, and more than one fawn.

In subsequent hunts we were all successful managing to secure our legal limit. The last deer was killed on the tenth and on the 13th we left for home reaching Windsor on the 15th.

The news of our success had spread and we found every one ready to congratulate us on our fine outing. As the game appetite seemed pretty general in Windsor at that time I gave a game dinner at my house at which one hundred and two hunters and friends sat down, and the venison of Northern Ontario furnished the bulk of the dinner. Here we fought our battles over again with sympathetic and kind friends, forgot any little discomforts, and rejoiced together in the stores of health and rich experiences we had gained from one of the most pleasant holidays any men can take, and all agreed that no other outing can compare with one in our beautiful Canadian woods.



M. B. SQUIRE, WINDSOR, ONT.

bou we hunted for bear, broke camp on the 26th, and left for the moose and deer country one hundred miles east of Chapeau. It was on this occasion that the one unpleasant incident of the trip occurred. There was no way of finding out whether the train was on time, and so we broke up camp to be ready at the scheduled time. As soon as the boxes





# Scientific Deer Hunting.

BY DR. FRANKLIN HAWLEY.

"Soon as the glazed and gleaming snow  
Reflects the day dawn cold and clear,  
The hunter of the West must go  
In depth of woods to hunt the deer".

**T**HERE is a class of men who hunt with their feet. Their plan is to walk at random through the woods from morning to night, in the hope that they may accidentally "jump" a deer, and accidentally hit it, by shooting as fast as possible as long as they "can see a hair".

Many gentlemen hunt in this way, because they know no better method. Experienced hunters are usually reticent; masters in wood craft are seldom given to instructing amateurs in the mysticism of the wilds.

In this article, the writer proposes to afford a glimpse of the occult side of Nature, and to give a few practical hints as to how to hunt deer with the brain instead of the legs.

A deer is a "located" animal. If not constantly molested, he will remain all his life within a few miles of the spot where he was born, and can always be found in the same locality, his home being only a few square miles of country. If chased off his range by wolves or hounds, he will return the moment danger is past. He knows every path of this range, every tree and shrub, every hill and hollow, for this is his home. Before attempting to describe what he does in this home, and why he does it, let us examine the deer himself, and try to understand his nature, and his limitations, for there is a reason for every act of his life, and if we know these reasons, we can predict with tolerable certainty what he will do under any given circumstances, and where he may be found at any time; for, with the exception of the veteran deer which has grown wise by long experience and contact with men, all deer are alike and will act the same under similar circumstances.

Unlike the domestic animals, which are further developed, our deer has not

reason, but only its germ, which we call "instinct". By borrowing a report of an experiment made by another writer, we will try to illustrate clearly what is meant by the word "instinct."

An aquarium was constructed, with two compartments, divided from each other by a glass partition. On one side was put a pike, and in the other compartment were minnows. The pike rushed for the minnows, and bumped his nose against the invisible partition. Hour after hour, day after day, for weeks and months, he continued to bump his nose, until at last his dim consciousness became impressed with the fact that beyond a certain point he could not go. He would still continue to dash at the minnows, but would turn before striking the partition. The glass was then removed, but he continued to sheer off as before. Repeated blows on his nose had erected for him an ideal barrier. Had he been possessed of mind, ability to reason, he would have been able to connect the removal of the barrier with the possibility of entering the other tank; but it had required thousands of blows to impress the fact of the barrier upon him, and thousands more repetitions of experience would have been necessary to remove the barrier from his consciousness. So, we say, "Inherited knowledge learned by animals from repeated experience we call instinct." Why does a deer run from a wolf or a man, and not from a cow? Because for ages deer have perished by the former and not by the latter. Why does the chick just out of the shell, scuttle for cover when a large bird appears flying above him, or when its shadow passes rapidly by him? Because, for ages chickens have been the prey of the birds of the air. This is instinctive fear, with which the chick was endowed when he was hatched. We say he "inherited it", but we know that he did not inherit this knowledge from his immediate ancestors, for chicks hatched from eggs secured in city yards where the fowls have not seen a hawk

for many years, will display the same knowledge. At the risk of being tedious, let me explain the East Indian theory of this inheritance.

Let us suppose that whereas man has an individual soul, and after death continues his evolution as a conscious individual, animals are imbued with a general soul a part of which animates each one of a certain specie, and returns after the death of the individual to the general store. Thus we will say that a soul matter of a certain kind animates all deer. This is called a "group soul". Let us use the illustration of this idea which has come down to us through the ages, and been used by many writers.

We imagine a tank of water as the soul matter which animates all deer. Each one has a cup of that water as his soul, which at his death returns to the tank, slightly colored by his experience. Myriads of other deer pour back their cup, colored the same by similar experiences. These cups of water, all tinted the same, gradually color all the water in the tank, and other animals subsequently receiving their cup of water, receive it already tinted; that is, from the central common soul, an individual is born possessed of a certain knowledge (instinct) which is the result of the sum total of all the experience of his kind. Think awhile before you reject this theory as visionary or far fetched. It explains why a deer, turned loose in a foreign country, will avoid new (to him) dangers, because they are within the experience of his kind. He has, as it were, an unconscious memory. It explains why wild animals of the same kind are so wonderfully alike as though they were in fact all animated by a single soul. This theory is "more ancient than the Roman Eagle", and is believed by millions.

Having explained as well as I can what the instinct of animals is, and how they come by it, we say, that having only this germ of mind, a deer does not reason; he does not initiate thought; he is moved solely and entirely by external objects, by his fears and desires, and not from any controlling force from within. He never thinks ahead, never plans what he will do the next hour or day, but is moved from moment to moment and hour to hour as his fears or desires impel. He

is the creature of circumstances, endowed with innate tendencies and acting entirely on impulse. For him the world divides itself into two parts, one which he desires and seeks, the other which he fears and avoids. He desires food, water, shelter. He fears man, and the carnivorous animals.

To avoid his enemies, he depends on eye, ear and nose. His eyes are not good. If the hunter will stand motionless, a deer only a few yards distant will sometimes gaze at him several minutes without realizing the exact nature of what he sees. His ears are marvels of acuteness, but his nose is his chief reliance. A deer may scent a man at the distance of at least a mile, to my certain knowledge; he has as fine a nose as the best hound ever bred, and yet men will go still hunting, smoking a pipe!

Having glanced at the nature of the deer, let us consider his daily program. He feeds all night, travelling freely over his range. No matter how inky dark the night, he can see perfectly, enabling him to run at full speed in thick timber. This is the reason why his eyes are poor by day, as compared with those of a turkey or goose, whose eyes are useless at night, but marvelous in their perfection by day.

Towards dawn he retires from fields or open country in which he may have been feeding, and retires to the deeper woods for the day. His appetite being satisfied for the time, he now desires rest, and will lie down, his favorite place being in a thicket at the top of a knoll, in such a situation that he can see to leeward, while his nose warns of danger to windward, his sensitive ears standing ceaseless guard in all directions. In fly time, he may choose a more exposed position if there is a breeze, or go into a very dense thicket if there is none, where he can brush off the flies against the brush or he may take to the water to drown them off. If neither insect or a more dangerous enemy disturbs him, he may lie there until the afternoon, when he will begin to feel hungry, and may travel about in a desultory fashion, nibbling here and there. As night approaches, he will go and drink his fill, unless there is snow on the ground for him to eat, and



then away to the feeding grounds once more.

If, during the day, his nose gives him warning of danger, he usually gets away at once, because the information supplied by his nose is definite and complete. If, on the other hand, he hears or sees something suspicious, he may wait to ascertain its exact nature; especially is this true if he only sees the approach of something, without accompanying noise. This is the reason why a leg hunter may sometimes see a deer, or get a dissolving view of a vanishing tail, but deer are as sly as a fox, and often slip most cunningly and noiselessly out of the way of an approaching hunter, so that for each one that he sees, probably ten see him. When running from danger, he will usually run to windward, and if the danger be to windward, he will run to right or left and circle around it. He seldom runs down the wind, unless to take a back track he has just come over, and that in an open country where he can see pretty well. Having made a little run, he will usually stop in a clump of bushes, or behind a big stump, preferably on high ground, and look back to see whether he is pursued. If pursued, he will run at speed across open bits of country, and stop in good cover. For a fine account of the cunning he will display, when pursued, read "The Trail of the Sand Hill Stag", by Seaton. By a consideration of such facts, to be added to by the experience of each hunter, a rational plan for a hunt may be formed. The fact that a thousand circumstances vary the result, only make it the more interesting. However much the attendant circumstances vary, the underlying principles never do, and we confidently assert that ordinary deer, under the same circumstances, will always act the same.

It at once becomes apparent that it is of the utmost importance for a hunter to know the country, in order to play the game intelligently. Upon going to a new district, do not be in a hurry to begin hunting. Spend a day or two, in making a scout of the country, noting the land marks, the water supply, the distribution of timber, hills and valleys, thickets, runways, the amount of "sign" and where most plentiful; and try to judge what the principal feed is, and where.

Having gained a general idea of such matters, and it is far pleasanter to do so for one's self, than to employ a "guide" to do it, we rise early in the morning, ascertain the direction of the wind, the state of the weather, and the temperature and while we eat our breakfast, we try to judge where a deer should be found this morning.

We will start alone and approach the locality which we think a likely one, hunting across the wind because the deer will watch closest up and down the wind. We walk at the rate of about one mile an hour, when we are really hunting, looking where we set our foot at each step, maintaining absolute silence, making as little noise as though we knew a deer was within ten rods, and we were trying to stalk him.

Keeping our eyes alert to detect the slightest movement, we make no quick motions ourselves, but move with deliberate slowness, stopping every time a new view presents itself, to examine minutely every tree and bush, and item of the landscape, but especially those parts of it where cover is best, and which afford the deer the best lookout.

Although the eye is the organ of sight, it is not the eye that sees, but the mind, which is proved by the fact that during a "fit of absentmindedness" the eyes see nothing. The eyes see what the mind has trained them to see. An Indian, looking at a tree covered knoll, sees at a glance, every single tree. His eye has been trained to see detail. A white man, viewing the same hill, sees the trees, en masse.

Inexperienced people would probably suppose that a man, passing through a wood, looking for deer, would be certain to see one that stood motionless, in plain sight, within a hundred yards. On the contrary, he would not see one in ten, if they would stand still.

This opinion is the result of an experiment I once made with three friends all experienced hunters, and one of them the best white hunter I ever knew, with a single exception. A logging road led from our cabin to where our hunt naturally began, and along this road we all passed several times daily. The first morning, I had the fortune to kill a buck near this road, and I cut off the head



and fastened it carefully to a small tree, so that it was in plain sight from the road, and distant about fifty yards, at which distance it looked exactly like a buck looking out from a clump of bushes. I told my friends that I had killed a buck near this road, and advised them to be on the alert in walking that mile, as it was desirable to get our deer near camp. When a week had passed, I told them of the sham. Not a man had seen it and they found it hard to believe that it was as I told them. We passed up and down the road all together, and still not a man saw it! Their chagrin was great when I pointed it out, and my statement that a good Indian hunter would have seen it the first time he passed was received with such scorn, and the matter led to such a discussion, and offers of wagers at such very long odds, that I finally sent an invitation for my friend Na-Kop-A-Toppie (blossoms on a blackberry bush) to join us. The experiment was not quite fair, as illustrating Indian hunting because he was not an average hunter but the best one, white or red that I ever saw.

One evening he walked quietly in, set his rifle in a corner, then said "how", took my hand, and we gazed a long minute into each others eyes. Being introduced to the others, he said "how" to each one, and lighted his pipe. Not another word was spoken to him, or by him, until we had started our hunt the next morning. I knew that what he might say to me would be in a moment of rare confidence, when the others were not present; and there was little that I could tell him, that his powers of observation would fail to detect.

The instant that we made the turn in the road that brought the buck head into view, he stopped like a pointer on a scent, and raised his rifle like a flash, but instantly lowered it with a smile, saying "Eye shut"! In the very act of pulling the trigger, he had seen that the eyes were closed! He felt chagrined that he had ever raised his rifle at it, and abruptly left us. When I returned late that evening, I found him already in camp, and also two bucks that he had killed and carried in that day, both shot through the neck, just at the angle of the jaw.

I have told this incident to impress upon the reader the importance of learning to see in detail, and the difficulty of discerning still objects. If it is so hard for us to see a motionless object, it is also as difficult for our deer to see us if we are still, so we stand and examine each new vista of the forest, searching it inch by inch, and seeing as far away among the trees as possible. If we turn our head, we turn it slowly. We will not be in a hurry to pass on, if the place be a likely one. I once made out two deer standing in plain view not forty yards distant, after I had been standing there fully ten minutes, all the time looking my best.

In this patient use of the eyes lies one of the secrets of good hunting. Most men are impatient to keep going.

If the country is an open one, a glass is a good thing to carry. I have more than once sat down on the edge of a canon, and located a deer by patient study with a field glass.

In very thick timber, when you suspect that a deer is near, kneel down and look with the eye close to the ground. One can see farthest that way, and very often one will meet the eye of a deer with his head close to the ground, trying to locate the danger.

We will suppose now, that we see our deer, within range, and looking at us curiously. You raise your rifle slowly, slowly, and aim at his neck, if you are a good shot. At his neck because a bullet through any part of the neck will knock him down and keep him down until you can deliver the mercy shot, and because a neck shot does not spoil meat, nor the head for the taxidermy. If he is too distant for a sure neck shot, try the shoulder, either high up, to break both shoulders, or low down, to get the heart. If you have overcome the natural tendency to overshoot, the high shot is the best, because the deer falls where he stands, while he may run miles with a shot near the heart. In all cases, choose the exact spot you mean to hit, aiming at an imaginary bulls eye on the deer's hide, and pull the trigger without flinching. Having fired, we try to see the bullet strike. Sometimes a flash of red is visible. We also listen to hear the bullet spat. The sound of the impact on flesh is different from that af-

forded by striking anything else. If he fall, and his head sinks to the ground, there is no need of haste. He will rise no more. If, after falling, he hold his head erect, shoot him again through the neck, without moving. A step forward on your part may cause him to jump up and run, which he may do as long as he can hold up his head. If he falls nose down first, he is hit through the neck or shoulders. If he falls tail first, he will probably also bleat and his back is broken. Run, then, and give the mercy shot, for he cannot rise, but will make desperate efforts with his fore legs. If he kicks up when hit, he is shot through the paunch.

If he gives no sign, but simply runs away, the question is, was he hit at all? If he carries his tail down, he is hit, but if he carries it jauntily upright, that is not sure evidence that he is NOT hit. In all cases, GO AND EXAMINE THE GROUND. No matter how small the chance that he is hurt, GO AND MAKE SURE. Thousands of deer have been left to die a lingering death, or to become the prey of wolves, because the hunter turned away in disgust, taking it for granted that he had missed. A professor once told a class in surgery, in dressing a fracture, to use "too much cotton". After repeating this to a tiresome extent, he told them he entertained the wild hope that he had so impressed them, that POSSIBLY they might use enough cotton. I am purposely tiresome on this point; many things will tempt you NOT to look; always go and examine the ground. It is a duty. Go and look for blood and hair. If there is a breeze, look ten yards down the wind for hairs. If neither is to be found, follow the trail two hundred yards. If the deer kept running, with tracks evenly and naturally placed without faltering, and no blood, it is safe to conclude that he is probably not hurt.

If there is a little blood, sit down and wait an hour before following the trail a step. If there is much blood, wait a half hour. This is to allow time for the sickness and weakness, the "shock" that follows a wound, to make itself felt. As the deer has no memory beyond an instinctive one, he forgets the hunter the moment he is out of sight, his attention

being attracted by his wound. If not followed at once, for which he will instinctively watch, he will soon seek the thickest cover to be found, and lie down. If fatally hurt, the hunter will likely find him either dead, or unable to rise. If able to rise, he will not be able to run as he would have done immediately after the shot; and further, after an interval, he having forgotten the hunter, may be more easily approached. If hotly chased at once after being shot, a deer will often run miles, and finally drop, and the hunter then has to carry him back.

Having waited then, from thirty to sixty minutes, which to the novice will seem an age, we will endeavor to follow the trail.

If there is blood on both sides of the trail, the bullet passed through, and he is bleeding from two wounds. If the bleeding is profuse, and especially if the blood contain bubbles, probably the lungs are punctured. Facial matter will show if the stomach or bowels are hurt. Follow the trail slowly, and so carefully that the deer will not hear you, even though he be lying near. Within a few rods, you will almost always find where the deer stopped, and watched and listened for pursuit. The amount and character of the blood found here, will give valuable information. If he resumed running after leaving this spot, he is not likely to be badly hurt. If he walked away, look ahead for a dense thicket. When one can be located, mark the spot where you leave the trail, so that you can come back to it again, then make a detour and enter the thicket from another direction, and against the wind. If there are thickets on both high and low grounds, he will choose the high, if he have strength to get there.

Should you jump him, shoot "as long as you can see a hair." Take every possible chance to get a deer already wounded. There will sometimes be others with him when he breaks cover. Shoot at the wounded one, no matter how much better shot the others may offer. That is duty again. Having wounded a deer, the sportsman must get him if it be possible, without taking into account how much hardship it may cost. I have



known hunters to quit a trail, saying "Pshaw! I can kill another one, before I can find this fellow!" "This is not right. We must eliminate from our hunting, all cruelty, wantonness, and waste of life.

This is the one place where the writer advocates the use of a dog. Get him, even if you have to use a hound.

Having found our deer, despatched him, dressed him, and hung him up; or, if not practicable to hang him up, having tied our handkerchief or vest, or some other article of clothing to the carcass, to keep wolves or other marauders away we start to find another deer.

We may jump one from a thicket not a hundred yards from where we have made a great deal of noise. A deer is not alarmed by noise which DOES NOT APPROACH HIM. Shouts, gun shots, the sound of an axe, may startle him and put him on the alert for a moment, but if the sounds do not approach, he soon forgets them.

One may often shoot repeatedly at a standing deer, before he will take to flight: The report of the gun confuses him, but will not make him run as would a single foot step.

Approaching foot falls, the creak of oars on a row boat, the lapping sound of wavelets on a paddled canoe, leaves rustling, sticks cracking, these are the sounds that admonish him to fly.

Having jumped another, shall we take a running shot?

I imagine my reader exclaiming, "Of course! Nearly all the deer I ever killed were running." No doubt; and thought on the points brought out in this article will show many reasons why.

I expect many hunters to disagree with my theories about hunting, and probably the majority of my readers will dissent when I say, that in my opinion, TO FAIL TO GET A STANDING SHOT, NEAR ENOUGH FOR A SURE KILL, IS BAD HUNTING. To be able to do it is good hunting, is it not? I believe that is the ideal towards which sportsmen, gentlemen hunters, should strive. If we take life, let it be done mercifully. Many fine woodmen, lovers of nature, condemn all hunting as cruelty, contending that beneath feathers and fur is

part of the same life that animates ourselves, and that the commandment "Thou shalt not kill" does not apply to human life only.

As to the running shot, here is the argument. No gentleman would intentionally wound a deer, and leave him to die slowly. May he so act in following the sport that the probabilities are that he will wound many deer which he will not get? HE MAY NOT.

If one is an expert shot; if the range is short; if the chances are in favor of success, the trial may be justifiable. If the hunter feels sure of hitting the deer, only, without being able to choose the spot with fair certainty, he should refrain. He should not PRACTICE AT LIVING THINGS. I practiced at a beer keg, rolled down a steep bank by an assistant to learn shooting at a moving target. If the shot be hazarded, and the deer run across the field or "quartering" away, hold on the tip of his nose. If he run straight away, his head and neck will come into view each jump, as he rises. Shoot on the rise. Shoot at the head and neck, always, in running shooting, because you are likely to miss outright, or make a killing hit in neck or shoulder.

When a deer starts to run, if he jump high and look back he will probably stop. A whistle, or bleat, will help to stop him. If he run in long steady leaps, he has fully made you out, and is going somewhere.

Do not fancy that you renounce any of the pleasure of the hunt, by refraining from random shooting. As the deer runs away, try to hold on his neck. Not intending to fire, you are not excited, and may be able to get a certain aim. I believe that enough deer will stop that otherwise would not, so that a man will get as many in the long run. But if you allow him to vanish, then the real pleasure of the game begins. When a waving white flag bobs out of sight, I feel the same thrill that inspires the angler, when he has a strike. The contest is about to begin, the preliminaries having now been settled.

Note where he jumped from. What was he doing there? Resting, feeding, or hiding? Did he run against the wind, and toward what kind of country?



Where will he probably stop? Where is he going, and why? Na-Kop-A-Toppie would not follow him at all. He would form a judgment as to where the deer had gone, by an instinct as sure as the deer's own, and go there by a round about way, and kill him where he stands. Bearing steadily in mind, that the deer is a creature of circumstances, impelled by desires and fears, and not by a will of his own, the reasons for all the incidents of the chase will form a most engaging study. The circumstances will never be the same; but the underlying principles will never vary. Therefore, hunt with your mind, instead of with your legs, and as youth passes away, and you lose the blood lust natural to youth, you will find your pleasure in following the deer, and gaining a vantage point from which you MIGHT SLAY, but DO NOT. The real sport lies in the conquest, not in the killing, for who would like to shoot a deer that was tied to a tree? The real hunter can go after them, and have them at his mercy as surely as though they were tied.

This article is written in pure love of true sport, and true sportsmen, in the hope that it may prove helpful. To learn sportsmanship, one must study the book of Nature, and study himself. And he must have Love, and Faith, and Hope, and Patience, and all these will not avail without MEDITATION.

A hunter should enter the woods, as

a temple, feeling himself not an alien, but an integral part of nature. The voices of the silent places are not for the ear of an "outsider." The man who is in harmony with nature feels himself truly "a brother to the insensible rock," and every living thing. His soul is filled with an infinite peace.

In the still twilight reigning at noon-day among those hoary tree trunks, the song of birds among the branches, the sigh of the wind in the tops far overhead, the rustle of leaves, waving of limbs, the hum of insects, the chatter of squirrel, are all the accompaniment to the song of praise in his soul.

A perfumed air, cool and damp, kisses his brow. In the breathing silence he feels the pulsing of eager, crowding growth. He divines the secrets of the pondering oaks, and joins the pines in revery; the joy of the flowers is his; he shares the hope of the seeds, feels the longing and the gladness of the swift waters, the yearning sadness of the brooding shade, and love of the sunlight.

From him dropping away like foul garments fall Selfishness and Malice. He dons the dress of calmness and sympathy. Irritation and strife, all petty cares, are distant as a dream. With heart at rest, and the eye of the soul no longer clouded, he sees the smile and beckoning hand of the Lords of the Solitudes, and hears a thousand voices, the patter of unseen feet, the rustle of invisible wings.

## Touring in Temagami Land.

BY FRANK YEIGH.

**O**H, the thrill of it! the thrill of Temagami at the sight of the wondrous nature picture the mighty World-Maker has produced in Ontario's North land.

The thrill of the eye at the sight of the dancing waters, whipped into wave crests, carrying the diamond sparkle of the sunlight.

The thrill of the senses as the island trees exhale their resinous perfume.

The thrill of life and good red blood

tingling in the veins as the pure wind of heaven caresses one's face.

Oh, the thrill of it all!

Temagami is all arms, and he who reaches it by the luxurious Grand Trunk train must needs utilize the North East Arm as the Gateway. It is that first glimpse of the Lake-of-the-1300-Isles that so stirs the blood and sets the nerves a-tingling with the joy of existence.

For it would seem to the cramped City-dweller that the real world in

which to live the real life is the world of the open air, where the eye can look unobstructed on God's dome and sweep the circle of the sky, where there is a breadth of vision forbidden to the man of the crowded centres.

And when, after an hour's sailing the main basin of Temagami's waters is entered, another sensation is added to all the others: that of being in a corner of the world with elbow room to spare. True it is, for here is a body of water with a circumference sufficient to include over a thousand islands, each crowned with its forest of trees, unseared by the rust of fire.

And if the tourist would qualify as a wise man too, he will close a contract with one of the Friday boys to be his guide, philosopher, friend, fisherman, canoeist, cook and tentmate.

I captured Bill Friday, a swarthy young giant, full-chested and big-boned, who made all the more entertaining a companion because he was charged with being in love, a charge that brought to his face a blush even deeper than its nature hue. And the same charge brought with it a smile of such expansiveness and so instinct with happiness

And if the tourist would qualify as a wise man too, he will close a contract with one of the Friday boys to be his guide, philosopher, friend, fisherman, canoeist, cook and tentmate.



CAMPING ON THE MONTREAL RIVER, TEMAGAMI DISTRICT

An assorted lot of islands they are, moreover, to suit every whim and fancy, from the little fellows that, at a distance, look like flower vases filled with greenery, to many-acred areas notched with deep bays and marked by shining beaches.

An integral part of Lake Temagami—Canada's newest and greatest and loveliest holiday land—is the Friday family. Not the descendants of the other Friday of Crusoe's Isle, but a worthy family with Indian blood, who were wise enough to make Temagami and their home long before the paler

and good-nature as to make of Big Bill<sup>1</sup> a charming fellow-voyageur.

Bill it was who guided me into endless intricacies of channels with the aid of a little brig, over whose wheel he presided. Thus the arms of Temagami were made to yield up their secrets, to reveal their beauty haunts hidden betwixt isles and mainland.

Here we saw the deer runs, where many an antlered beauty had made its way to the Lake of Deep Waters to dine off waterlily roots. We startled beaver and muskrat; we wooded up off a wild shore where our snub-nosed craft



hid its prow in a maze of vines. We also ran aground in a narrow channel, the keel grating on jagged rocks greatly to the discomfiture of Mr. Friday Jr. With what poling and engine backing we struggled with the situation the reader must imagine.

Yet it was royal fun. We had the whole visible world to ourselves, with a stray eagle sailing high in the air and a lonely loon shrieking its maniac cry.

The return journey to the Inn was made in the cool of the evening; as the glory of a northern twilight reflected itself on fleecy cloud and in the placid waters.

Post stands for exploration, fur trading, pay, commerce, romance and tragedy. It stands too for powder, pemmican and produce.

Bear Island stood for the centre of Indian Life in Temagami land, and it happened to be the red-letter day in the Redman's year, viz.: treaty-paying day, when a paternal government gave its wards their annual four-dollar bill.

So it was that from many a distance long and less long, the children of the wild had foregathered.

As I remarked before, Bill was there and so was SHE, and others. Two dusky maidens, shy as fawns, were busy



THE INDIAN BELLE OF TEMAGAMI, LAKE TEMAGAMI

Few other signs of life were manifest beyond the outstanding whiteness of a Camper's tented home sheltered in a cove and backed by a line of protecting pines. And when all was still in earth and sky, there came stealing over the waters the echoes of the camp fire songs.

Such a day it was on fair Temagami, such a day as never was. One in a lifetime is worth hoarding as a precious memory. May kind Fate give me just one more—and one more.

Bill chanced to be at Bear Island next night. Bear Island, you must know, is a Hudson Bay Post, and a Hudson Bay

carrying in hay in big cotton sheets and so perturbed were they at the sight of a kodak that their load became jammed in the barn door whereupon the photographer gallantly came to their rescue.

Old man McLean was also there, and older man Moore, his doughty crony of fifty-seven years' standing, and the two talked to the summer tourist of the brave days of old in these Northern wilds.

Gallant copper-tinted swains were present in plenty, swells in ready-made H. B. garments and flowing red ties.

But SHE was there, with Bill, and in





THE NEW LADY EVELYN HOTEL, DEER-ISLAND, LAKE TEMAGAMI

the evening when the dance was on all the rumors regarding William were fully justified.

Other journeys were made to other arms of Temagami, up the North Arm, for example, past Devil's Island and Kokomis Rock, with their superstitions that make very real his Satanic Majesty;

journeys to the different camps of college boys, and trips to the original and now ruined Hudson Bay Post on Temagami Island, but these and many more must await another place of record.

It is time to say *Finis*, and *Finis* it shall be, and hereby is, without another word.

## In the Woods With Indian Guides.

BY C. C. FARR.

**I** was obliged, for the sake of business, to take a trip north, not by the steel, but by the good old reliable, the birch bark canoe. I had two as good Indians as the country can produce, as my guides, and here is something worthy of a note. This 'guide' business is so profitable to the pseudo guide, that a number of men, who should stay at home, and hoe potatoes, pass themselves off as guides, when many of them do not know as much about woodcraft, as the very men whom they are pretending to guide. They are 'odd job Jerrys', and are worthy of the treatment accorded to that humorous creation, of Bradfords, name-

ly the everlasting, and perpetual bounce. My guides however were of the real H. B. Co. stamp, men whose natural habitat was the bush, and it was a revelation, even to me, to see how spontaneously and unconsciously, their knowledge would peep out, so much so, that when they overcame a difficulty that would completely confound the tyro, it was done without effort, instinctively, and they did not know that they did it.

In the town, while awaiting my pleasure to start, they appeared somewhat ungainly, and incongruous, so that I was obliged to extend a kind of protectional aegis over their ignorance of surrounding conditions, but immediately

that they had struck their native 'environment' and had their canoe, again in use, the relative positions were changed. It was I who was at sea, and they were completely at home. I let them manage everything, and by so doing, showed my common sense.

I watched them while they were cleaning the fish for supper. An ordinary man would have been stuck for a plate. They, naturally, and as a matter of course, stripped the bark from a young birch tree, and lo, there was a plate. I took note of one thing about their method of fish cleaning, which was interesting to me and that was that they invariably skinned the fish, instead of scaling. I asked them why they did this, and they told me that Indians usually skinned such fish as bass or pickerel as the fish, when thus cooked was 'awisamis menopikun'—far better tasting and the result corroborated their assertion. In putting up my camp, they selected a spot that gave me such great comfort, and prepared the ground so well, that I inwardly resolved, that in future, I would not only leave to them the selection of the spot for my tent, but that I would leave the erection thereof entirely in their hands which resolution, put into practice, gave me much comfort upon my whole journey. I am writing this at my camp fire, and they are watching me curiously, as my pencil flies over the paper. 'Egoan tush wendjie kit ushibe i gayn.' They have just asked me 'Why do you write so much?' for writing with them, is usually confined to a letter from a love-sick swain, to his girl, or a letter of instruction regarding the proposed future movements of the writer.

As I had my wife with me, they probably acquitted me of the first excuse and as to the latter, they knew that I had no one to whom to send any communication regarding my future movements. I explained to them that many men who lived in large cities, in case that they could not go to the bush, loved to read about it, enjoying that, which they could not actually experience themselves, by proxy. This seemed to meet with their approval, and many a little fact they told me, facts that they, and those like them, only know, and which should interest the readers of a Magazine, like

"Rod and Gun in Canada." The weather, in consideration of the time of year which is October, has been perfect, and even now, the heavens are bespangled with stars, but there have not been lacking signs of a change, signs of rain and cold, which are the natural conditions of this country, at date. The Mohomisi one of the large horned owls, is hooting lugubriously sure indication, my Indians tell me, that meteorological inclemency is not far away. We shall see.

The owl was right. The storm god was on the way from the north. We were paddling up Montreal River, and we had to cross the wide, but shallow Round Lake, and cross it before Boreas swept down upon us, otherwise, perhaps camp until the wind went down, which, in these latitudes, at this season, might mean three days chafing at enforced inactivity, the hardest work on earth for a busy man, even if he does not happen to be Irish, as the statement might imply. To see how those men worked would give the regular hired man a fit. They acted rhythmically, in unison, like clockwork, each anticipating the other, without words, so that not a minute was lost, and all done as silently as clockwork, bringing us across the dreaded stretch of water, so that we reached the other shore, simultaneously with the first blast of the tempest. We incidentally, learned from our Indians that this lake was a splendid place for duck shooting, during the last weeks of this month, that ducks congregate here, in large numbers, but why so I could not ascertain, as there is no wild rice in the lake, though there are any quantities of rushes, and, as I have said before the lake is very shallow, the weeds growing far out into the centre, which fact probably makes it a good feeding place for the south bound flocks to fill themselves with food, and temporarily to recuperate, from the exertions incidental to a long flight.

I must not forget to mention the wonderful colouring of the trees upon the shore. It was something gorgeous, and though I have lived amongst such sights, for the best part of my life, I do not think that I ever remember witnessing such a wonderful panorama of colour, so varied,



and yet so continuous. There was one thing that struck me regarding this autumn garb of nature, and that was how it happened that the frost seemed to touch trees, of the same species, and leave others, apparently, as exposed to frost, still in the full glory of their summer green. I thought that it might be just possible, that the flow of sap, was greater in some than in others, and this was the only solution that presented itself to my mind.

I am sitting within the sound of rushing water, idly watching Weenisikahbi, as he prepares our noonday meal. He is frying fish, and his whole soul seems to be concentrated upon the operation. His son William, the other guide, has started to pole the canoe, containing all our outfit, except the eatables, up the rapid. He started with enthusiasm, but has met with repulse. The boiling water was too much for him, and had he not been to the manner born, we would probably have lost our outfit, and his father a son. Again he has tried, and, again, he has failed. I called the attention of the older man, to the predicament which his son was in. He cast an indolent eye, in the direction, remarking in pure Ojibway, "The canoe is too heavy for the boy" and returned to his fish. I became very interested, for I saw that the boy was going to try again. "This is something like Bruce and the spider, I thought." The third time may win' but it did not, and back came the lad, through that seething water, in which, any other tyro, would have been most hopelessly, and ignominiously upset. Then the lad changed his course, and his father, seeing where he was making for, shouted out to him that it was bad there. Of course the boy owing to the roar of the rapid, did not hear him, so the old man, resignedly, went back to his fish, leaving the matter to God and the boy. They won out, and with a face beaming with pride and satisfaction, the boy came to the eating place, and punished enough comestibles to last an idle person a whole day.

The way seems to be somewhat barren of life, excepting a few belated summer birds, which being graminivorous, probably have not to hurry down south after insects. I noticed a small hawk,

that was attending to these birds, and by so doing, attending to its own wants. When I said 'barren of life' I should have added, 'so far as I could see for the bush might have been fairly teeming with life, and yet I may not have been able to see it. The ordinary tourist gets disgusted if he does not find all manner of animals, considerably waiting to be shot by him, and while I think of it, we have been very close to a moose.

I heard the Indians, almost simultaneously, exclaim. "What is it?" I asked. "A moose has just crossed the river." "How do you know that?" "You see the muddy water close to the bank, and the wet on the grass, where the moose has shaken itself." Of course I saw it when it was pointed out to me. Again as we paddled along the shore of the grass-bordered lake, William turned to me and said. "Do you see the muskrat in the trap, over there?" I looked, and sure enough there was a little brown form in the grass. "Is that it?" I asked pointing to it, "Yes" "Is it dead?" "No." And then I was sorry, cursing in my heart the steel trap, by which that poor little thing was held in pain, and had to wait there simply for its death. I saw a "Pipoonisic," the large hawk that winters here, one that eats rabbits and partridges, also squirrels, things that live by death, and being in a contemplative mood, I wondered why nature could not have managed without so much cruelty. I wondered at her invention of predatory animals, at man's necessity for fur, and even at "Sport."

One thing is sure, and that is that the bears are going to have an easy time this Fall, especially closer to the precincts of civilization than where I am writing this for the Indians dare not set bear traps, owing to the fact of there being so many mining prospectors in the bush, and as they say, that seeing they are no good to eat, it would be a pity to kill them. When we had surmounted the 'Kay kah be kayguan' the largest rapid on the river, or rather fall, I saw a little house built upon an island at the head of the chute. "What is that for?" I asked. "A hen house?" "No" answered William, seriously. "That is where Mechel's son is buried, who was



drowned in these rapids". I recall the circumstance, though it happened about twenty years ago. He was but a boy, fired with the ambition to imitate his seniors, and run a canoe down the last pitch of that rapid. It was not only the last pitch of that rapid, but it was the last rapid that he ever ran, and hence that little hutch upon the island. This rapid nearly claimed three more victims this passing summer. Two women, with a little child, were on their way to Temagami, to see the priest. They were 'running' the little rapid, that forms two channels around this island, about one hundred yards from the head of the dread chute. Their canoe struck a stone, swung round, and 'buckled' in the centre, against the stone by the weight of the rushing water, which held it there, in shape of an inverted V, with the stone for an apex. All the occupants were cast into the water, one woman at each end, where they had been paddling, and the child in the middle. They grabbed their respective ends of the canoe, while the mother inspired by a mother's instincts, seized the child, with one hand, as she held on to the canoe with the other and placed it upon the rock which had wrecked the canoe. Thus they hung, the women, up to their necks in water, momentarily expecting the canoe to part in two. They naturally shouted for help, and luckily for them, an Indian who was in advance of them, and who had landed at the portage of the big chute had not crossed the portage, though he had picked up his canoe, with a view of carrying it over, just as he heard them shout. He at once put it into the water instead, and went to the rescue. He first, managed to transfer the child from the rock, into the canoe, then the two women, one after another, as they succeeded in climbing on to the rock, so that they, also, were able to embark from it. Had this man not been there, the swift current would have borne them to the head of the chute, and thus to death, as soon as ever the canoe had parted in two, by the strain of the rushing water upon it, which it very nearly did, while they were clinging to it, for shortly afterwards the fragments were found upon the banks of the river, a few miles down

stream, by a party of Indians going down, to the same destination. In the meanwhile, the women had embarked with their rescuer, and gone on, leaving no word regarding the sequel of the accident. These Indians, naturally thought that somebody had been drowned, and one of the party, in hot haste, made his way, back to Matachuan, in order to give the alarm. A rescue party, or rather, a party to recover the dead, left Matachuan for the scene of the accident. When they arrived, they found a letter, set up in a conspicuous place, on the portage, explaining that all was well, and that the women had been rescued, for an Indian, named "Round Eyes" (Woiahskeesicks) had sense enough to know that much anxiety could be saved, by such information being placed in the hands of men, who might think that they had, merely the sorrowful task of taking out the bodies of the supposed drowned ones. This may not appear very exciting to the ordinary reader, but there is a strong touch of humanity in it all, that will please any lover, or student of his race. The poor women, and the child, nearly starved upon their journey, for all their earthly belongings had been swept over those awe-inspiring falls, their fish net, their axe, their twine, their trolls, and, in fact, all that makes life possible to an Indian. The charity of their fellow Indians enabled them to live, in a somewhat precarious manner, and, to-day when I met one of the women, who had such a narrow escape, she appeared to be fairly well nourished.

On this night we camped at the foot of the succession of rapids, and swift currents that make the navigation of this river so difficult. I called it 'The Camp of the Owls', for, here we heard three distinct species of the owl making night harmonious. First there was our old friend the Mohomosi, one of the biggest owls whom, on account of his owlish song, I call the vocal exponent of weirdness, but, on this occasion, he did not give forth his storm note, hence, as Boreas had practically ceased to blow, by eventide, I augured happy days, conditions of Fall ameliorated, and possibly future comfort. All it cried was 'kahg' and it cried persistently, so that, as it

was likely in search of something to eat, I wondered why it gave a note of warning to its intended prey. 'Perhaps' I thought, 'that the dread noise might have the power of intimidation or of fascination, even as the snake and the cat is supposed to fascinate its prey.' As a matter of fact, I had heard the 'patter patter' of an inquisitive bunny, outside the tent, and it, even had the impudence to scratch the tent, right at my head, but, as I heard no death-shrieks, I considered that poor bunny had escaped that time.

I heard the familiar Koo, koo, koo, hoo, the commonest owl of them all, and the noisiest, a regular plebeian, who shouts inanely, and is easily caught.

I thought that I had done with the owl family, for that night, but not so, for I heard the sound of two musical notes, as if evolved from the sweet toned flute. "What is that"? I asked of William, who would often sit up and watch me writing. "Kah kah bish" he answered, and then he went on to explain that this was the smallest owl of them all, a little fellow, no bigger than a Whiskey Jack, which fed on mice and other such small deer, and thus, on that night, I heard about the largest, the noisiest, and the smallest common owls that are found in this northern bush.

Talking about owls, reminds me that the readers of "Rod and Gun" might be interested in knowing with how many species of owls the Indians are familiar and therefore I give a description of them, their Indian names, and habits, colouring, etc., as far as Weenisikiahbie and his son could tell me, as I sit writing here by the camp fire. By the by, what a drowsy effect a good fire, in the bush has, especially at this time of year, if the night happens to be calm, though, even on a windy night, the tree-tops, with the aid of the wind, sing a very nice lullaby. The fire seems to warm up the surrounding atmosphere, and with the gentle sound of the blaze, hums one comfortably to sleep.

But to return to owls.

1. Nesa okunisi. The great owl, with horns like the ears of a dog. (So the Indian spake), leg bones almost the size of a dogs', deep brown, with black markings.

2. Waba koo koo koo hoo. The white owl (Snowy owl?).

3. Mo ho mo si, a large owl, but somewhat smaller than the first, with ears, the owl of -melancholy sounds, brown with light tips.

4. Koo koo koo hoo, or Washaykon-aysie, the common owl, light grey, in colour, with darker markings.

5. Amikopee Koo koo koo hoo. A brown owl, with darker tips, smaller than the common owl. (Perhaps the Lesser Horned Owl.)

6. Pahpanenxie, a still smaller owl, light in colour, but heavily mottled.

7. Kah kah bish, the tiny little owl. No bigger than a Whiskey Jack, feeds on mice, and having the flute-like note.

To-night the men said to me "Let us make bread." I had so far, fed them on the bestbaked variety on bacon, and potted meats, but now their souls began to hanker after the bread that they had been accustomed to, and brought up upon, namely, 'The deadly dodger'. I had eaten that extraordinary farinaceous compound, in all its diverse forms, so I consented—in fact, I had a fancy to renew old experiences, and try it again to see if my tastes had been altered, by time, or my digestive powers remained unimpaired, besides, I was three days out, and already began to feel, of the bush, bushy.

I watched the process of compounding this stuff, for these men rather fancied their culinary ability, in this particular line. The first thing that they did was to cut up a piece of pork fat, into cubes of about half an inch, put them into a frying pan, and turn them into liquid grease, over a slow fire. They opened the flour bag, rolled down the edges, and made a hole in the dry flour. They then took some luke warm water, into which they had sprinkled some bicarbonate of soda, and poured this into the hole, in the flour. Then they poured in the liquified pork, took a stick, and stirred, until the water had taken up sufficient flour to make a good stiff dough. This they transferred to the frying pan, which had already been lubricated by the frying of the pork, kneaded, and thumped it, turned it over, and with their knuckles, spread it out to the size



of the pan. Then they raked out hot ashes, or rather, live coals, piling them up to an angle of nearly forty-five. Upon this they set the pan, with its face towards the fire, and awaited the cooking, which took place in a very short time, that is, sufficient to set the dough, so that it would stand 'upon its own legs'. Then they took it out of the pan and propped it up with a little stick, set into the ground, so that the direct heat of the fire would complete the cooking process, while they requisitioned the frying pan for the purpose of frying the bacon, to act as a relish for the previous occupant of the pan. Whether the fact of having paddled thirty miles that day, against a heavy head wind, or the excellent quality of the cake, incited an appetite, I know not, but I do know that I punished, nearly as much of it, as one of the Indians, and I blessed the cook.

Our way, next morning led through a succession of swift currents, and small rapids. It was then that I fully realized what these men could do in swift water. I sat in the middle of the canoe, they were one at each end, and the use that they made of those 'iron shod' poles, was a sight worth seeing. I avoided using my paddle as a pole, for fear lest by clumsy use, I might retard them more than advance, and, besides, a canoe is very easily upset, under such conditions, so that I had plenty of time to watch them at leisure, as they poled up those irritating little rapids, mile after mile. William, who is practically but a youngster, though married, was in the bow, hence, I had a splendid opportunity of seeing exactly what he did. Even when the water would fly up, split in two by the sharp bow, he was complete master of the situation, nor did they exchange a word, for both seemed to know, intuitively, exactly what the other wanted done. It was one of the best illustrations of skill, in this branch of navigation, that it has ever been my fortune to witness, and though the sweat was pouring off both their faces, I could not help enjoying it all, and, strange to say, they seemed to enjoy it too, in spite of the hard work entailed. They were essentially cheerful, and when an especially hard piece of water had been overcome and a short stretch of deep water lay,

before us, William would take the paddle with a smile, whistling.

I reached my destination, and was able to turn back, so that, assisted by the swift water, on the return journey, we were able to reach the 'camp of owls' that evening. Again, we heard the same owl song, only, this time the Mohomosi is giving his lugubrious note, which is supposed to presage a storm. The evening is just glorious, and the stars are shining through the trees, upon us. Kah kah bish is also here, and William is calling him, so that the bird is answering, and, gradually drawing nearer. A whispered explanation from William, and he points to a small fluttering form, amongst the branches of the cedar trees that overtop our camp. I have been personally introduced to Mr. Kah kah bish, and though I would have liked a somewhat closer inspection than I got, I, at least have seen enough to make it interesting. Mohomosi is howling somewhat further off, but, still, persistently. Are we going to have bad weather? My own meteorological experience would argue to the contrary, though one can never depend upon fall weather.

I am half inclined to think that his dwelling place is close by, and that, like Tommy Tucker, he is singing for his supper.

Another night and we have reached our old camping ground upon Meenayhick-washing, known, upon the maps as Elk Lake, or rather at its outlet, at the head of Round, or Mountain Lake.

The wind developed into a hurricane, so that we heard trees crashing down in the forest. The wind was nearly against us, but sufficiently off the western shore to give us a modicum of shelter, though we had to win every mile by muscles of our arms and the sweat of our brows. The sun was shining brightly, all the while, and the wind being southwesterly, it was as warm as in August. We met some Indians, and William, with great glee, said, "Now we can get some dried moose meat, for I know that they have some." I do not hanker after dried moose meat, for my dental capacity is limited, and I have witnessed the process of drying; but my Indians loved it, and in consideration of their feelings, I procured some flakes of the stuff. They



told me that Indians, when they kill a moose, in the summer, do not attempt to carry the meat out, after the manner of white men, but they make their camp right where the moose falls, and, as the fresh meat gives them all they want to eat, while carrying out the process of drying, there is no hardship about it, for them. They set poles upon forked sticks, inserted into the ground, and beneath them they light the fire. They cut up the meat into any kind of shape, usually rather thin, and, thus, instead of having to carry a lot of water, and of bone, they only have to carry the light, dried meat, when they, finally bring it to their permanent camping ground, which is pure, practical economy provided you like the meat, which my Indians evidently did, for they cooked a huge pan of it, and ate it at the very first place that we stopped at to make a meal.

I have said that an absence of visible life was the characteristic feature of our journey, going down. We had hardly left Kay kah be kayguan, when one of the Indians pointed out a place where a moose had just swam across the river, for the grass, upon the shore, was still wet. All along the banks of the river, sunning themselves, were a number of partridges. We carried no gun, so we left them for others who did, or more probably, for some lucky Pipoonisie, the large hawk that especially affects partridges many of which, we saw on our way, seeking what they might devour. Squirrels were there by dozens, enjoying the bright sunshine, in a very noisy manner. The bushes were alive with small birds, and one could hardly realize, that in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, the place would be seized in the grip of the snow, and frost, and then become almost Arctic. As we paddled down Elk Lake, we saw a large moose, leisurely walking along the shore, to a point, jutting out into the lake. "He is going to cross," whispered one of the Indians. "Wait," and we did wait, but not only that, but the moose took to the water, and headed for the further shore. We allowed him to get some distance out before we made a move, then we gave chase. By the time that he had gone about three parts of the way, across the

lake, which is about half a mile in width, we had practically overhauled him, being about three lengths of the canoe from him. I noticed that ever and anon, he would dip his head, straight, down into the water, up to his eyes.— "What does he do that for?" I whispered to William. "Because it is rough", answered William, and afterwards he told me that the moose, unlike the caribou, swims very low down in the water, and that his head lies very flat on the surface of the water, so that a wave would lap into his nostrils, and that he did this to empty the water out.

Even yet, the moose had not seen us, so William gave a shout, and the moose turned a frightened head towards us, looked for a moment, and then swam for dear life. I felt sorry for the poor beast for suffering so much fright, and I was glad that he had happened to strike a canoe which contained no gun, nor men who desired to see such a fine animal in its death struggles. We easily caught him up, and turned him back to shore from whence he had come, we paddling quietly along side of him. Poor thing! He felt miserable, but never relaxed his energies, and thus we escorted him back to the point, where he had taken to the water. As soon as his feet touched the bottom, he ceased swimming, and walked out. When he had gained the solid shore, he, deliberately turned round to look at us, as if wondering what manner of creatures we were, in that we had not attempted to do him bodily harm. His horns were not very large, but perfect in shape, and I regretted very much that I had no camera with me. After this brief inspection he ambled for the bush, presenting a very tempting flank to one obeying the call of the 'red gods.' The last we heard of him, was a quickly diminishing sound of cracking branches, and then the episode was over.

The wind is over, or, rather dying down, and the sky is clear, so there is hope of being able to cross Round Lake, in the morning, without danger of swamping. It is worth being in the bush, on a night like this, and one feels that it is almost a shame to go to sleep, but that crackling fire, the toil of the day, and the health giving atmosphere, impel a drowsiness, that irresistibly draws me to

the blankets. This is our last night out in the woods, and though we have made strenuous efforts to get home, for sake of business, we half regret that we have succeeded so well.

As I write, there are three muskrats swimming on the placid surface of the river. Kah kah bish is sounding its sweet little note, and the atmosphere is so perfectly calm that I can hear the distant barking of a dog, in a camp of Indians nearly three miles away. The day has been everything that could be desired, and the bosom of Round Lake has been as peaceful as it was rough, and raging yesterday.

We saw many ducks, one flock, especially, gave us a slight pang of regret in that we had not brought a gun. They flew straight for our canoe, turning, when about 10 yards away. I have a weakness for stewed wild duck, hence the regret.

We saw two deer feeding in the rushes, in a bay, and several other living creatures such as I have already mentioned. At the small rapid, where William first displayed his skill, with the pole, we met two Indians on their way up. They were eating on the portage, we did the same, so, as they started before we had finished, after Weenisikahbie had given them instructions as to the best mode of surmounting the rapids, I had an opportunity of comparing their work with that of my men, and I found a great difference. They would have been upset, had they not been Indians. They barely managed the grade, although their canoe was lighter than the one that

William had poled up, single handed. The reason of this is, that they are lake Indians, that is men, who dwell on the shore of a large lake, and who have not the same opportunity for such constant practice, as these men of Matachuan, who are born within the sound of rushing water, and who can hardly move away any distance, without encountering swift and rough water.

There is one thing that I have forgotten to mention, and that is the peculiarities of the Whiskey Jack. No sooner does the pork begin to sizzle in the pan, than that slate grey form is seen gliding from tree to tree, and the familiar shrill whistle is heard. They must have wondrous powers of scent, for, I imagine that it must be this sense that enables them to find a camp. They cannot be tamed, with success, and I have been told that their nests have never been found, at least, so the Indians have told me. They also, always go in pairs, even when the nesting season is either unthought of, or forgotten. William pitched a piece of bacon rind upon a branch, once, and the Whiskey Jack swooped down upon it, and bore it away, his mate screaming after him. I felt sure that it was the male bird who did the greedy act, for the other came back shortly, and we pitched her another piece, but she had not the courage to come for it, while we were there.

This is the last evening that I shall be writing about my trip, for we are only two hours paddle from the railway and that is altogether too prosaic and incongruous a subject to allude to in an article of this kind.

## A New Brunswick Guide's Successful Hunt.

### Two Bears and a Moose.

BY ADAM MOORE.

A few years ago, towards the end of October, I was camped on Bathurst Lake at the head of the Nepisiquit River, in New Brunswick, in the company of some New York sportsmen, whom I had taken into the woods for a hunt. One of these gentlemen, a man of over sixty

years of age, was my special care. Shortly after going out he had an attack of rheumatism, and was not able to hunt, although he was most anxious to get a bear and a moose, and worried over his disabled condition a good deal. He would not consent to allow me to kill any



game for him, though of course I offered to do so. Towards the end of the trip however he came to a different frame of mind. At five o'clock one morning his knees pained him so badly that he finally gave up the idea of hunting on that trip, and commissioned me to go and try to get him a bear, or a moose. I had five days left in which to do the work and return to camp in order to take him out. My plans were laid without a moment's delay. Immediately I went to the cook and asked how long it would take him to put me up grub enough to last me five days. His reply was that he could do it in one hour. Accordingly I got my canoe ready and put in what few things I wanted—and they were not many—for I intended to travel light.

About the last of September we had killed a moose near the outlet of Upsaliquitch Lake. To reach that lake we went down the Nepisiquit River, about twenty miles to the mouth of Portage Brook, then across country about six miles to Upsaliquitch Lake. I had a camp and a canoe on that lake, knew it was a good place for game, and had gone there quite often.

A few days before this one of the boys had been down to the lake, and on his return he told us that a bear had just begun to eat off the carcase of a moose that had been killed and hung up there. Only very little of the meat had been used, and consequently there was a tempting meal for Mr. Bruin. Ever since I heard the story I had been anxious to visit the lake; but as my sportsman was not able to travel I saw no way of gratifying my desire. However as soon as the gentleman consented to my going alone this was the first place to which my thoughts turned.

By six o'clock I had had my breakfast, and all I required was in the canoe and ready for a start. Just as I was pulling off one of the sports said "I'll bet a dollar he won't get anything." "I'll take you," was the quick response of one of the boys, and he added "Any one else want to bet?" The boys all knew well enough that to turn me loose for five days meant game, and they were ready to take all bets of that kind.

When I left the landing the day had

not begun to dawn, but there were four miles of deadwater to run through, and that I could do in the dark all right. Sixteen miles of a shoal, rocky, rapid stream followed. I made that run before noon, lunched where I landed, made up my pack and hit the trail for the lake. In good time I arrived there and found my canoe all right, where it was hauled up in the woods at the head of the lake. The lake is about a mile and a half long, the moose meat that the bear was working at being at the further end, and my camp about a mile down. I stopped at the camp, left my pack, got a bear trap, and started for the meat with my 30-40 Winchester lying in the canoe, close in front of me and a little ahead, all ready for business.

It was a calm, cloudy day, and I took my paddle and started very quietly along the shore, on the alert for bear and anything else worth the shooting. A thick clump of bushes close to the water hid the meat from view until I was directly opposite to it, when there was a nice open place up the slope from the lake to the trees, on one of which the meat was hung, about ten yards back from the water and six feet above it. Close to the shore the water was quite shoal, and I was out about fifteen yards so that I had sufficient water in which to paddle quietly.

Just as I got opposite to the meat, and could see into the open, a big bear rose up from behind the bunch of bushes, close to the water, and started up the bank right into the open. Well, that paddle was laid down, and the rifle picked up just about as quickly as these things generally are done, and the ivory bead showed clear on that big glossy back. The bear was growling and appeared in no hurry at all though he was growling, and engaged in retreating. At the first shot he dropped but started up again immediately. I was ready, and gave him a second which dropped him again. Once more he rose and started up the bank when the third one hit him and he went down to stay. There was still life enough in the old fellow for him to try and crawl to me for fight, and I had to give him a fourth one behind the ear to keep him quiet.

He was a very big bear and very fat



which was probably the reason he was so slow in getting out of the way. His ears were split and his face scarred with fighting. I hauled the canoe in close against the shore, dragged the bear down the bank, and put him into it. Next I went to work and set a trap at the remnants of the meat. There was not much of it left, but I thought it possible another bear might be in the neighborhood and attracted by it. By the time I got this done it was getting dark, and I returned to camp taking the bear in the canoe. There was a cut bank at the camp about two feet high, with a little strip of beach gravel about two feet wide between the water, which was shoal and the bank. I pulled the canoe up as close to the bank as I could, but there was still about a foot of space between the canoe and the bank. I tried to get the bear out of the canoe and up the bank. He was too heavy for me and got down in the space mentioned. I could not get him up, and so I straightened him out on the little strip of beach to stiffen, and made up my mind to try again in the morning. You will know by this that he was a big one, for I possess a good portion of muscle and could easily have lifted a barrel of pork up that bank. I went to camp, got my supper, and turned in for the night, well satisfied with my day's work. I had my bear—that I hardly expected till next morning.

A short night and an early rise followed. I had breakfast long before daylight, and was out in the canoe listening for moose in the water, though it was late in the season for moose to come much in the water. The weather however had turned so mild that I thought the chances of finding one there were fairly good.

After it began to grow light I heard a moose in the water up near the inlet, and paddled in that direction. When I got near enough I saw it was a moose, and backed off so as not to scare it. Soon after this I saw another moose come out from a small marsh near the end of the lake. The light was not good enough to enable me to distinguish whether it was a bull, and I paddled in that direction. When I got within three hundred yards of it I saw it was another cow, and was about to turn back when I heard a crashing in the alders back of the marsh. I

steadied my canoe, and waited to see what was coming next. I soon saw horns shining through the alders, and moving slowly out towards the marsh where the cow was feeding. The animal crossed a little opening, and I saw it was a big bull moose. He had another point of thick alders to go through, and when he was in them I gave a few quick strokes with my paddle with all my might, steadied the canoe, sending it straight for him, laid down the paddle, picked up my rifle, and waited for him



A LOAD OF CANOES ON THE WAY TO ADAM MOORE'S HUNTING GROUNDS.

to come out as far on the marsh as he would. The cow saw me and started for the shore, but she was fully one hundred yards from the bushes and the mud was deep. Apparently she was not much scared for she moved slowly. The bull came out of the alders and walked across the marsh towards the cow, directly facing me. I saw that they would meet about the middle of the marsh, and fifty yards from the bushes. I knew that he would turn when he met the cow, and give me a broadside shot. My canoe had been steadily drifting towards them. As there was not a breath of air stirring my canoe had not lost its headway, but was within two hundred yards of the moose. I knew I had time to get in six shots before the bull could get out of sight. I had a recissor sight on my rifle, but the light was not good enough for me to use it, and therefore

pushed it up out of the way. As I expected when the moose met, the bull turned and stood fair side on with his nose stretched out towards the cow. Now was my chance! I sighted well up on his shoulder and let go. To my surprise he fell as if struck by lightning! I lost no time in getting to him when I found that the bullet had hit him high on the shoulder and broke the spinal column. I gave him another for a finisher and he was my moose.

I was feeling pretty good about that time—it was not yet sunrise; I had been away from the camp only about twenty-five hours and had a big bear and a big moose.

When I went back to camp I skinned the bear. He was very fat, and I found that the bullets had all hit him on the back, and the whole could easily be covered with one hand, but none of them had penetrated far enough to break the back bone. They had struck about the middle of the back and ranged forward. I have found that there is no animal flesh so hard to penetrate with a bullet as bear flesh and fat. It was a difficult task to skin him, but I got it done at last, leaving the skull and feet in the skin to prepare for mounting. I cut off as much fat as I could carry at one load.

Then I got lunch and went for the moose. The marsh was so wet that I had to bring out spruce brush in the canoe and lay a pile of it at his back. Taking hold of his feet I rolled him over on it, and put some more at his back. By doing this again and again I at last got him where I could skin him and cut him up. Then I took the meat in the canoe to where I wanted to hang it up. I didn't have time to skin out the head, as it was night by the time I made progress thus far. I therefore returned to camp, and had a good night's rest for I knew that there was a hard day's packing ahead of me.

Early the next morning I arose and carried out the moose head to where I had left the canoe at the mouth of Portage Brook. This proved a good first load. Next I took the bear fat, and for the third the skin with the head and feet on. These three trips with three heavy loads over a six mile carry made a long and

hard day, and I had to trot part of the time to finish the work.

One more night I spent at the little camp alone, and early in the morning I started with another load. Three days had now gone and it would take me more than one day to get back to camp at Bathurst Lake. I was up at the head of the lake and had my canoe put away by daylight. I made up my pack of the moose hide, blanket, and a lunch, and started over the trail for the last time that trip. My canoe was well loaded with the results of my four journeys, and it was hard work poling. It was dark when I reached Silver Brook, only twelve miles from the place where I had taken the canoe. At that point there were some lumbermen with whom I stayed and supped. Next morning I made an early start in the hope of reaching the camp, where I had left the sportsmen, by dinner time.

The water was shallow, and for the greater part of the distance I had to get out and tow the canoe. After four miles of this work I reached the dead water, stowed away my pole, got out the paddle, and sat down to my work. When I paddled half a mile I came to a place where there had been a moose killed, and most of the carcass left at the edge of the water. One quarter of the meat had been left out in the water, but as it was also shallow there, the meat could be seen for some distance. When I came in sight of the place I missed the quarter of meat. Next I saw that the rest of the carcass had been hauled up on the bank for some distance. Then I knew just what had happened. It was bear that had been at work! I was going very quietly, my rifle ready and within reach, and when I got to where I could see in over the bank there was the bear putting moss and leaves over the remains of the carcass. He was covering it very carefully as they often do, and was so busy with his own work that he never saw me till I was getting the rifle sight on to him. At the time he was facing me, and when he heard me he raised his head and showed his breast good, just as the sight covered it. I pulled the trigger, and he pitched forward and fell dead. It all happened so quickly that I could hardly realize it. However I ran the canoe ashore and



loaded in the bear. He was very big and very lean, an old male with good fur, as it was then November. Lean as it was; it was all I could do to put him in the canoe. As it was now easy canoeing to camp, and I could get help there, I didn't stop to skin him.

When I reached camp however there was no one there. A note on the table informed me that they had moved over the carry to Nicton Lake in order to be ready to go down the Tobique River the next day on their way home. After lunch I went up the lake two miles to the carry where I met one of my boys, who had been moving the party over and came back to meet me, and render what assistance he could as he well knew that I should have something to carry.

We skinned the second bear, and made two trips over the three mile carry that afternoon, and got to camp at Nicton,

which is my present home camp, soon after dark.

I had been away five days, and got back on time with a big load of game. It was a hard trip but I was feeling pretty happy, and had proved to my sportsmen what can be done by a good keen hunter on a trip all alone.

I have brought in many a canoe load both before and since the time I had the experience I am here relating; but I never seemed to get in at the right time at the right place so easily as I did on this particular trip. Neither before or since have I had better luck in killing game quickly and easily.

We started early next morning for the settlement which we reached in good time and without any further incident; and succeeded not only in interesting the gentlemen from New York, but also the residents with a recital of the incidents of this trip.

## My First Deer.

By J. S. MANDIGO.

**S**OME years ago I had the honor of being invited to join a party of sportsmen who were going on a deer hunting expedition in Western Ontario, and as this is the one sport that I enjoy you can understand that I accepted without hesitation. The party consisted of four men, and myself. We left the railway train, and with the assistance of teams, after covering some twelve miles of rough country, reached a point on the banks of a small mountain stream, where we found our guide waiting with three canoes, and a number of hounds. We then transferred our luggage to our frail barks, and with two men to each boat, dogs and luggage distributed between us we started up stream. I won't tire my readers in relating how many times we unloaded, portaged, and reloaded, but at high twelve we found our selves on a beautiful little lake which I was told was about seven miles long, and of various widths, dotted with islands of all sizes. We pitched camp near its

outlet, and all bunked in as best we could for our first night in camp. The next day being Sunday we spent our time in getting the camp in order, and everything ready to start for the game on Monday, that being the first day of the hunting season.

So that night it was early to bed, and early to rise. I was aroused next morning about five o'clock, and found that every one was up, and dressed, and Joe our guide was busy preparing our breakfast, which consisted of steak, boiled potatoes, bread, butter, and coffee. After doing justice to this sumptuous repast, we were all instructed to prepare for our selves, what we considered would do us for our mid-day meal. At six o'clock we started off, two men in each canoe, and were stationed at different points along the lake, this being done Joe started back inland with the dogs. I had been left on a point where the lake lay at near a right angle, and had a clear stretch of about a quarter of a mile on either side, which I was to watch. Did you



ever sit on a runway waiting for the dogs to put a deer in before you? Well any who have, will appreciate my feelings. My imagination was so affected by the stillness of the surroundings that I thought I could hear hounds in all directions. Well I waited in this way for about three hours till at last I did hear the sweet music (for it is sweet to the hunter) of dogs coming over the mountain to the north of me. The sound would come closer and closer, and then grow fainter, and then come closer again, till all at once I heard the distant report of a rifle twice in rapid succession, which I figured was too far away to be one of our party. That was all I heard that day, till about four o'clock I was aroused by the sound of voices from up the lake, and in a few seconds saw the boats coming round the bend in the lake, and when they came along side to take me in I was surprised to find a nice big doe in one canoe. Our guide told us that it was the only one he could start our way as the wind was against us, and as it was we would have lost that one had he not headed it off in the woods. However I may say that we were all well pleased with our first day's hunt. The next two days I was on the same runway, but hadn't the good luck to be favored with the sight of any game, while the rest of the party all had been given the opportunity, though some had not been successful in bagging the game. On the fourth day I was taken about half way up the lake, and placed on a good sized island, where the lake was about half a mile wide, and was to keep a canoe with me. Joe the guide assured me that the deer would swim across the lake near this island.

In front of me on either side it was quite level, but back of me there was a precipice from ten to twenty feet in height of solid rock, which made a most beautiful back ground for a picture. It was not very long before I heard the dogs, and they were apparently coming my way, and in perhaps twenty or thirty minutes I was attracted by what appeared to be the limb of a tree in the lake above me. While watching it I thought it appeared to be travelling at a pretty good rate across the stream instead of coming down my way with the current, so with as little

delay and noise as possible I pushed off in my canoe, and started after the limb of the tree, as it appeared at the distance. Instead of going straight for it I headed in the direction from which it had come, and in a short time had it between me and the rocky cliff, and as I drew nearer my object I was pleased to see a very pretty head, carrying what appeared to be a portion of a tree, but was rather a very large pair of antlers. It was then about eight o'clock, the sun was well up, and directly behind me, and shining on the rocks for which Mr. Deer was heading.

As I now write I can see the prettiest picture it has ever been my lot to witness. I was now getting close on to my game, and he in turn near the rocky bank that I knew he could not climb, and I felt that my game was before me ready to take, but some how I didn't take it.

Those who have had the sight of their first deer will understand my feelings. I was standing up in a bark canoe, and a good sea rolling, but instead of shooting I was looking at the picture that has left an everlasting impression. Well the first thing I knew the deer realized his position and made a sharp turn down the lake for the island on which I had been standing, and by the time I came to my senses the deer was out of range for the light rifle I carried. So down I went in the boat and after him, but not being a very good paddler it was all I could do to keep in the chase. Just as he struck the island I shot, and my pretty friend was then in full view, he stopped for an instant, and then with one leap he was out of sight. So I put around the island with all haste but by that time he was well out in the lake again and making for level shore, and I could see that it was marshy at the place for which he was heading. I knew that I must do something quickly or my game was gone if he once struck the rushes, as I could not follow with the canoe, and would have to give up the chase. All but exhausted I came in range just as he struck for freedom, but for him to travel here he had to go in great jumps, and at every leap his whole body came in view, and every time it did so I fired. After six or seven shots, instead of going on he came back on his haunches. He tried

several times to go on, but was unable to rise. It was now that my real labor commenced, and that was in getting my canoe in through the reeds. After some time I succeeded in reaching the carcass which lay across the trunk of an old tree, and this helped a whole lot in the work that followed. I was soon out of the canoe in cold water up to my knees, and it was in this position I bled him, which you know is a necessity to preserve the meat. I was just about done when two of the fellows came along in another canoe, and with their assistance my deer was put aboard, and when we were

settled down for our evening meal that night three of us had great adventures to relate.

That was the only deer I saw that fall, although I have shot several since. During the ten days we were in the woods we shot eleven deer, and had a most pleasant holiday. At the railway station on our way home I found that I had the prize package, my buck having dressed 218 pounds, and should you ever call on me I will be pleased to show you the limb of the tree I saw floating in the lake that beautiful November morning, which proved to be the horns of my first deer.

## Western Ontario Woods in 1830.

BY HOPKINS J. MOORHOUSE.

**H**E was a pleasant-looking old codger with a plump, rosy face in a silver frame of white, curly whiskers and he was sitting on an empty soap-box, waiting for his mail in Williams' Emporium where you can buy anything under the sun but second-hand coffins and where the post-office is kept. Shetland is to be found in Western Ontario after a ten mile drive out of Newbury or Bothwell and is situated on what used to be called "Bear Creek" but what now boasts the more dignified name of the Sydenham River. Of all the neighborhood residents, none can remember farther back into the years than Mr. William Dobbyn who spent his boyhood there and whose father was one of the first to settle in that vicinity.

That part of the country in 1836 was greatly overrun with wolves, so much so that they were a menace not only to the material welfare but also the very lives of the settlers; their attacks upon live stock were no less persistent and destructive than their boldness and audacity in haunting the shanties during a cold snap, making it none too safe for a man to be caught alone in the woods after dark.

"We had to keep the sheep penned in pretty tight" said Mr. Dobbyn or Uncle Will, as I learned to call him. "One of us boys had to be out beating a tin pan to scare away the wolves. They

got so bad, the sheep had to be brought in while we were eating our dinner even. The pens were built open enough for fresh air only and too high for a wolf to jump. But they hung around just the same and I remember one ewe that didn't know enough to mind her own business but went to smell a wolf at a small opening in the fence and the wolf caught hold of her nose and ate it off up to the eyes.

Then, there was a boy named Pat Short who was chased up a tree by the wolves and the starving brutes gnawed around the bark till they nearly felled the tree, which was only a small one. A man named Mulligan happened to hear the boy screechin' and managed to rescue him. And d'you know, that boy never spoke a word for three days."

Mr. Dobbyn's eyes have a mischievous twinkle in them and his laugh is a funny little "Te-he-he" that serves as a pop-off to his keen sense of humor.

"The Injuns roamed all through this section in them days" he continued "an' they was mighty jealous over the whites killin' off the deer. Thomas Mulligan was a great hunter and the redskins had a grudge against him. During the summer season, the cattle were always out feedin' in the woods an' one day Mulligan went out to hunt 'em up, takin' his gun along with him, of course. His wife, back in the shanty, heard two shots just



beyond the clearin' and when she ran out to the edge of the bush, she found an' Injun lyin' dead an' her husband dyin'. The redskin had waited behind a tree for him, shot him an' then rushed out with a tomahawk. But Mulligan had shot the sneak, while lyin' where he fell !"

Mr. Dobbyn tells of a man whom everybody called "Crazy Brooks" but who, in the light of advanced civilization, was "not as crazy as folks said he was." He used to go about the country saying he had had a revelation to the effect that there were people then living who would see steam-boats running over the land and people in different countries talking with one another without seeing one another and that too, without the aid of steam-boats. Brooks was a man of about sixty years of age, thin, spare and with wild, piercing eyes that looked right through one. He was terribly in earnest and it is no wonder the unsophisticated backwoodsmen of 1830 held him in some awe. He had been a settler like the rest of them until after his wonderful dream which came to him three times over. He then took to wandering about from house to house, telling what he had dreamed and receiving his board free. The lonely families in the bush allowed him to stay as long as he would, just to hear him talk. It is at least a remarkable coincidence that several of his auditors lived to see the country opened up by railroads, the Atlantic cable laid and the telegraph in general use.

Mr. Dobbyn can relate many thrilling and amusing adventures through which he passed in the days of his boyhood and early manhood. For instance there is the story of

#### The Wolf That Rose From the Dead.

The Dobbyn boys had missed no less than five valuable sheep, one after the other, and they believed the depredations to be made by a single wolf, judging by the tracks in the snow. William and his brother, Richard, who were respectively about fifteen and fourteen years of age at the time, baited a trap with part of the wolf's last kill and set it in an old slashing in the woods near by,

where a wind storm had played havoc. Next morning sure enough, they found their quarry with both forefeet in the trap. He was an immense, shaggy timber wolf, whose "natural born cussedness" was aggravated to a frantic pitch, now that he was at bay.

"Better go in easy, Richard" cautioned the elder of the two as they approached ; "he's going to show fight."

For answer, Richard threw his rifle to his shoulder and took a careless shot, but dropping the animal at once. The boys threw down their guns and ran over to the trap with whoops of satisfaction ; a dead wolf meant a scalp bounty of twelve dollars from the Government in those days.

Richard pressed down the spring of the trap with his foot and was pulling the wolf free when William fancied he caught the glint of an opening eye. He stood watching the animal while his brother went over to the basswood to strip off some bark with which to tie the legs together, preparatory to slinging the carcass on a pole and carrying it home. A sudden shout brought Richard hurrying back.

"What's up ?" he called out.

"That wolf ain't dead" cried William excitedly. Richard laughed uproariously.

"He is dead. I broke his neck, you dunderhead."

"That wolf ain't dead, I tell you. He didn't kick an' I saw him roll his eye round an' look at me just now. I bet if you grab him by the tail, he will jump up."

"Bah ! To satisfy you, I will grab him by the tail. So you ain't dead yet ain't you, old boy ? Get up here ! I'll see whether you're dead or not. GET UP HERE !" and he gave a mighty yank.

With one tremendous spring, the wolf leaped higher than his captor's head. But Richard didn't intend to lose that twelve dollars bounty and hung on like grim death, the maddened animal snapping viciously at him and flinging the foam from his chops at every snap. With a yell, Richard jumped this way and that, throwing the wolf's rump around at every leap, to keep out of reach of the fangs.

"He'll get away ! He'll get away !"



he yelled with a wild spring to the right-about. "Shoot! Shoot! you blockhead Why don't you shoot 'stead of —Whoa-oa! — SHOOT! — Confound! — Whoa! Back you! — You would, would you! — SHOOT!!"

William, who was rolling all over the ground with laughing, managed at this juncture, to catch up his gun, and a bullet through the head put an end to the farce.

And then there is the story of

### The Bear Fight

between William, his brother Thomas and two dogs on the one hand and an immense black bear on the other. It was one night when they were out on a coon hunt with nothing but the two dogs and an axe. One dog was a mongrel, a cross between a bulldog and a hound; the other was a young bull terrier.

A young moon was sinking over beyond the swamp and the light from that source together with the stars overhead was scarcely more than a twilight. They had reached a wild part of the woods and the dogs, scouring through the underbrush some distance ahead, suddenly set up a great noise of barking.

"Treed!" shouted William, and they dived through the bushes, straight for the noise of the dogs, whom they found barking up an immense tree at least six feet through. Some distance up, it forked and just at this point was a large knot.

"There's the coon!" cried Thomas, and in the dim light, the knot had that appearance. But no sooner were the words out of his mouth, as they say in the story books, than out from the hollow butt of the tree jumped a tremendous black animal, which they soon knew for the biggest bear they had ever clapped eyes on. As he rose on his hind legs, William swung the axe, missing the brute's head but cutting the jaw just above the tusks. The bear didn't seem to relish this reception and went back into the tree, followed by the little terrier who grabbed on to a hind leg and hung there for dear life. Up went the bear out of sight, taking the plucky little dog with him. Thomas ran up to save the

dog but the little critter wouldn't let go until he was kicked loose.

The young men then got a resinous torch and Thomas tried to look up the hollow trunk, only to get his eyes full of bark from the scrambling bear. Then they cut a sapling and sharpened one end for the purpose of prodding Bruin out of the hole. But he had climbed up beyond reach.

"Smoke him out!"

So they built a fire in the hollow trunk



MR. WM. DOBBYN, SHETLAND, ONT., A PIONEER OF WESTERN ONTARIO

and retired to await developments. A moment later they heard a peculiar noise. It wasn't a grunt but rather a long-drawn sigh repeated at regular intervals. They finally located it in the fork of the tree where the bear's snout protruded through the big knot-hole afore mentioned. He seemed to be quite comfortable and unconcerned in spite of the smoke that was rolling up from below; there was only one thing left to do and that was to chop the tree down.

When it fell, the trunk split at the fork and out came the bear. One dog jumped at his throat and the other fast-

ened onto a hind leg. The bear had both fore legs around the large dog and was hugging him to death when William ran in with the axe. With a swift toss the bear threw the dog clean over his head and faced his new adversaries. The young men jumped quickly out of his way but Thomas stumbled and, before he could escape, the bear's paw sent him sprawling on his back with his coat sleeve ripped completely off. The bear was quick to see his advantage but a desperate kick from the man's boot and the sudden attack of the big dog who just then rushed back into the fight, disconcerted him. The dog took a flying leap and caught hold of the skin on top of the

bear's head, toppling over in front with the impetus of his spring and dragging down the brute's snout in the fall. Then, while the bear was deliberately thrashing the plucky mongrel with his fore-paws, one after the other, standing on three legs, William stepped up with the axe and broke the bear's neck just in front of the dog's nose.

"Both dogs laid down alongside the dead bear just where he fell," said Mr. Dobbyn in conclusion. "They were so badly done out they couldn't walk, but there wasn't a whimper out of 'em. We drew the carcass over on to a dry knoll and went home. The moon had set by this time."

## A Big Fish From Lake Ontario.

**O**NE afternoon last September Mr. Geo. Guy, of Springfield, Mass., who was in Canada on business connected with the Guy Brothers' Minstrel troupe, found himself in Deseronto, Ont., with a few hours to spare. Of course he hunted up Mr. Thomas J. Naylor, the manager and secretary of the main line circuit theatres, and by him was well entertained. Amongst other treats Mr. Naylor rowed his friend over to the Forester's Island, and they made a thorough inspection of the Orphanage located there. On the way back Mr. Naylor suggested that Mr. Guy should try his luck as a fisherman. Mr. Guy professed to have no skill in this line, but just by way of passing the time threw a troll over the side and watched the spinning with interest. As the line was dragging well behind, Mr. Guy suddenly called out to his friend to cease rowing, declaring that the troll was caught on a saw log. In another minute he said it must be a raft, and unless help came he would have to go overboard.

Mr. Naylor went to the rescue and together they hauled in the line. When about ten feet away a monster fish leaped up, and Mr. Guy, who was considerably startled, cried out "Cut the line, Tom. Cut the line. It's a shark, and it will smash the boat! Don't let it get any nearer."



Maskinonge caught by Tom J. Naylor, and Geo. R. Guy, Manager of Guy Brothers Minstrels at Deseronto, Sept. 26, 1905; weight 34 lbs., length 48 in.

Mr. Naylor knew the captured one for a maskinonge, and was eager to have it on board. To this proposition however Mr. Guy would not listen for a long time, but at length, after many protests, he remained passive. He continued to mutter "If that thing gets into this boat it will either upset us, or bite a leg off one of us."

The fish was nevertheless taken on board, and when they reached the shore at Mr. Guy's earnest request (for he was now proud of his capture) it was measured, weighed, and photographed. Mr. Guy had it cleaned, packed in ice, and forwarded to his home in Springfield, Mass.





STARTING FOR TOP OF MT. VICE PRESIDENT, 5 A. M.

Courtesy of Mr. B. Harmon, photographer, Banff, Alta.



# The Alpine Club of Canada.

## How We Won Our Qualifications.

By A. H. S.

**I**T was the thirteenth day of the month and a Friday; and it needed only that thirteen answered to the roll-call for the weak minded and superstitious amongst us to declare the omens opposed to our attempt and shrink from the fight. To the consolation, however, even of the strong minded, when Mr. Wheeler read out the list only twelve, including the guides, made a response to their names and we were comforted. Some did more than smile, they even laughed, when the President wished that the "dew of Heaven" might fall upon us, and that our efforts might be crowned with success.

On that eventful day we had been called at four o'clock in the morning, had washed and dressed in the cold air to be found at that hour on the summit of the Yoho Pass, and had breakfasted in the rain. We all had a good breakfast, and persuaded ourselves that the cloudy early hours betokened a warm and clear day. On parade the guides appeared with bags of provisions and each had his ice axe. The ladies were furnished with alpenstocks and the men with ice axes, and the serious work in front of us was emphasised by the President who laid upon us the injunction of absolute obedience to the judgement of the guides, and in particular the necessity of following strictly the directions of our head guide, Mr. M. P. Bridgland.

We took the upward trail at an easy walk and chatted gaily, soon catching another and a different view from any seen before of the wonderful Takkakaw Falls. There were three ladies and nine gentlemen in the party, and from the moment of starting out we had plenty to see in the ever changing panorama of sky, clouds, and mountains before us. The brilliant color effects, ever changing and developing new beauties, elicited our warmest admiration, and it was enough to sit and gaze at the most wonderful series of Nature's own pictures any man can ever hope to see. Soon we left

the trail, which goes on to the head of the Yoho Valley, and followed our guide across one of those grassy slopes of which there are too few in the mountains. Here it began to rain again and we were allowed to rest under the shelter of some friendly trees. It appeared as if the rain was only a passing shower, but the guide, in view of the long and trying day in front of us, gave the word when he thought we had sufficiently rested, and we stepped out in defiance of the wet. By that time we had learned that no one who goes into the mountains must mind getting wet. We were sure to get wet anyhow for bodily exertion at that height is so trying that every one perspires freely, and we felt we might just as well be wet one way as another. So it was with Indian stoicism we set out again and soon we passed through the rain into brilliant sunshine.

Now the ascent became more steep and we reached a bed of shale. To go up by any other than the zig-zag method was impossible, and in this particular instance we were not so careful in following our guide. Every man who thought he saw a better way took his own course, and for three quarters of the way we each scrambled over the loose shale as best we could. Arriving breathless at the place where the guides had stopped we had a much needed rest, for the ascent had been very steep and the loose shale exceedingly trying. When they thought we had rested sufficiently the guides brought out the ropes, and knotted them in the business like manner peculiar to their fraternity. One after another we were tied on to the two ropes, and we realized that more serious work was in front of us.

Mr. Bridgland held the post of honor and two ladies were roped after him. Then followed Dr. Campbell, of the Winnipeg Hospital, and for the ascent I held the end of the rope, a rev. gentleman, an enthusiastic amateur photographer, some of whose work illustrates this article, having obtained leave to be

have as a free lance. We were fortunate also in being accompanied by a professional photographer whose fine illustrations add materially to the interest of this sketch. Both the photographers were for the greater portion of the journey free lances, and they showed themselves thorough mountaineers as well as skilled in the art of obtaining nice pictures. When on the ropes they were good helps, and on other occasions di-

although he helped me to slide when he should have checked me, and did this on more than one occasion. It is only fair however to say that he held the rope well, and although burdened with a camera, gave us a splendid example of how to descend a mountain under difficulties.

The shale gave way to rock and the climbing became more and more difficult. Rests were frequent and we



ALPINISTS AT LUNCHEON

Courtesy of Mr. B. Harmon, photographer, Banff, Alta.

rected our attention to views some of us might have missed. They contributed to our enjoyment at the time and will enable us to go over the scenes of that day with keener memories by reason of their pictures, besides enabling us to point out to our friends what feats we performed, and enjoying with them the experiences we encountered. When descending I was glad to have the amateur photographer at the end of the rope,

needed them. One of the ladies amused us by repeating and emphasizing the statement that "although she might be a beast of burden she was not a goat." It did seem to most of us that we were going where mountain goats—the most wonderful of animals for mountain climbing—alone could penetrate. We held on all the same, and wherever the guide went we were] perforce obliged to follow. The



ropes were long and allowed us to tail out nicely, and when both parties rested together the gentleman at the end of the second rope invited us to consider what a long rest he had even after we had started, as it took much time, with the considerable distances between us, before the last man needed to move. The first peak seemed a long way off, and we wound round and round, ever getting nearer but never apparently destined to reach the top. A steady persistence however brought us success, and after scaling what at first seemed inaccessible heights we reached the top and partook of an early but hard earned luncheon. We all knew this was not the finish for we had heard the tales others had told, and accordingly no one was disappointed to find after all this labor another and higher peak confronting us. We had been told that there were four such peaks, and having ascended one we braced ourselves for the labours that yet lay before us. Our guides gave us a long rest here, and we resumed our work with renewed energy.

As we neared the second peak the way seemed barred and we imagined we were going some zig-zag way round it. One of the ladies ventured to remark "Well there's one comfort ; he simply can't go up there !" The guide said nothing, he did not even smile ; guides possess that inscrutable habit, but he walked straight for the face of the rock, which appeared to be about thirty feet high, placed his ice axe in a crevice we had not perceived, put his toes in another one, and although a powerfully built man he was speeding on top. We had not time to admire this feat before it came to our turns to attempt it. Here we had the help of the rope and we needed it, for clinging on with both hands and feet and holding tight for dear life, we required the additional help to reach safety. After each of these severe and dangerous climbs we rested and saw how our companions fared. They had the advantage of our example, but once we had secured the position it was not unpleasant to see how others managed to perform feats which under any other circumstances would have been declared impossible.

We had been told by our predecessors that there were but four peaks ; we seemed to climb a dozen. They had named one Deception Peak because they were sure when they had climbed it that they had reached the last. We became stolid and simply plodded on believing that if we only continued we must in the end reach our goal. It does become a little exasperating when you have climbed peak after peak at the cost of much toil to always find a higher and more difficult one in front, and frowning down upon you in proud defiance of your puny efforts to conquer it. In the course of that day's climbs we truly found all kinds of experiences. The grassy slopes we had long left behind, but we got over the shale beds and the huge boulders, did the rock work conscientiously, and crossed fields of snow and ice. We crawled along a saw back cutting our hands and making our knees feel painful ; we stood on shelves and worked our way round shoulders, we climbed up sheer rock walls, we held on to crevices where it did not seem that a bird could find refuge ; and at length we met with our reward. Our guide, who seldom spoke except to issue warnings and directions, at length observed, after we had climbed an extra difficult peak, "Now we are next door!"

It may be well at this point to relate a little personal experience. At one of the most difficult places the two guides had gone up first, and Mr. H. G. Wheeler had taken my ice axe in order to allow me to cling to the crevices with both hands. When I reached the top, where the climbing was still difficult, I understood him to say that he would bring my ice axe on, and accordingly took my place on the rope. Mr. Bridgland speedily noted that I was without an ice axe and asked me where it was. When I told him he released himself from the rope and without a word strode down to the axe, recovered it, and handed it to me. I understood the implied rebuke and accepted it in silence. More than once or twice during the day did I have cause to feel thankful that I had such a handy little instrument in my hands. Once more I lost it on a snow slide, when it seemed as if my arms would be pulled out if I did not let go, and the rope with



the weight of four others who were slipping and sliding was pulling at me with terrific force. I shouted, and my friend, Mr. Kinney, pulled it out as he came past, and once more I secured it, not again to let it go until I returned to camp. I was much obliged to Mr. Kinney for this service as to climb the steep ascent in order to recover it would have been a task of much difficulty, and I did not wish to stand another silent rebuke from the head guide. I found the axe extremely useful all day. When slipping on the ice or going round a crevasse it gave confidence and security and with-

Now we saw the snow field. Down in the valley, and even in the Camp on the very summit of the Pass, it looked like a long streak of snow. This streak proved to be several miles across. For the most part it was still a steady climb but some portions of it were rolling and we knew that any descent meant a steady ascent later on. The snow was soft and walking was by no means easy. The highest peak of Mt. Vice President was seen in the distance, towering up in grim majesty. The snow line reached nearly to the top, but for the last few yards the rock was bare. Steadily we



CROSSING THE SNOW FIELD

Courtesy of the Rev. G. R. B. Kinney, B. A., Michel, B. C. Copyright applied for.

out it the task set would have proved impossible of achievement.

When we found ourselves "next door" our spirits rose. This time however we missed the next peak. Where was it? The last one had been steep and hard enough in all conscience to have proved the final one, and had it not been for the stories of others who had told about a snow field of enormous length we should have deceived ourselves with the assurance that we had triumphed.

crossed the field. To the amateurs the snow appeared about two feet deep, but the others knew better. Occasionally we met crevasses which yawned with uncomfortable closeness to our feet, and startled us by their depth; then again we were on the level; once more on the ascent and getting round or over rocks and other obstructions that disputed our passage, in a manner that only grit and steady perseverance could overcome. The last few yards was a stiff climb, and



ON THE HIGHEST PEAK OF MT. VICE PRESIDENT, 10,050 FT. HIGH.

Courtesy of Mr. B. Harmon, photographer, Banff, Alta.

then we all shook hands and congratulated each other that we were in very word and truth Alpine climbers and true mountaineers. We added our contribution of boulders to the cairn our predecessors had begun ; we gazed with rapture over the panorama of mountain peak, cloud, snow and glacier which was spread out before us on every side, and despite the keen and biting wind looked and looked again as though we could not withdraw from sights and scenes so wondrous and so beautiful. Even the call for luncheon was for a time unheeded. We were physically exhausted and badly needed that luncheon but the grandeur of the scene held us with irre-

sistable force, and we shivered in the wind time and again before we could persuade ourselves to take shelter under the lee side of that last peak, and stretching ourselves at full length in the sunshine rest and discuss a varied and plentiful cold luncheon. The cooks understood their business and the guides knew the appetising influence of mountain air. As a result there was plenty and to spare for the whole of us, and a small cache was made of the remainder for those who essayed the same task on the following day. All the way up we had the sustaining influences of prunes and chocolates; we had eaten one substantial luncheon, and now we discussed another



<sup>a</sup> s though we had eaten nothing since the day before. Meat sandwiches formed the basis of our meal but there were also sweets, and washing the whole down with the cold water from a glacial stream we lingered long before we made preparations to face the descent. Nearly seven hours of hard exhausting toil had been ours—to be quite accurate the climb took our party six and three quarter hours—and we had now to face what is often worse than the ascent—the descent.

As the guides again tied us on the ropes we thought with a sinking of hearts of those rock-work ascents and wondered how in the world we were to get down except by dangling at the end of a rope. As soon as we got on the snow we were startled by the rumblings of thunder, though the sun was shining brightly and there was no rain in the valley. Soon we discovered that the noise was caused by a rushing torrent beneath our feet, and we learnt how those chasms known as crevasses are formed. As we recrossed the snow field we saw Mt. President, snow covered, grim, defiant, and unconquered, and as far as we could see unconquerable, for we failed to discover any possible path, though doubtless in the time to come some one will succeed in that ascent. To the left was the last peak we had climbed and on it we discovered our amateur whom we had missed, and who but for the thoughtfulness of our guide would have lost his luncheon. He came down and we found he had met with a slight accident and cut his arm. We had another rest while he lunched and then he was tied to the end of our rope. To our relief our guide soon turned off on a different route, skirting round the peak and continuing on the snow. At places the descent was so steep that we had to turn round and go down backwards in steps cut by the guide; at others we dug our heels in and checked the descent; while again we stuck our ice axes in and held on. Despite every effort however there was much slipping and sliding, and the difficulty was to pull up, as inevitably when one man went, the extra strain on the rope was too much for his fellows, and we all went down together. More than once we were pulled up by digging our ice axes in when the guide gave the word

and found ourselves uncomfortably close to a crevasse. We had learnt to unquestioningly and unhesitatingly obey our guide, and we owed our safety to this fact.

At one place Mr. Bridgland told us all to sit down in the snow and to hold on with our axes till he gave the word "go." We obeyed, and at the word lifted the ice axes and went down that mountain side with the speed of an express train. No one but the guides had ever had such a slide in their lives. All school boy experiences of sliding fade before the memory of that lightning-like descent known in mountaineering as a glissade. Only the thrill of rushing through the air gave us an idea of the speed at which we were going. It was all over in a minute or two. We might have gone much further but Mr. Bridgland pulled us up at the edge of a crevasse. It turned out to be only a small one which we could easily have skirted round, but it was best to err on the side of safety, and we grumbled not as we resumed the descent on our feet. As soon as we regained the perpendicular we turned round and looked for the second contingent. It was then we realized a little how fast and how far we had come. Our companions looked like specks in the distance and there seemed miles in the intervening space between us. Our thrilling experiences were soon theirs, and they came down the slide with the same rapidity. Under the watchful care of Mr. H. G. Wheeler they were pulled up at the same crevasse. It looked as if the snow field would never end and we zig-zagged over it avoiding treacherous crevasses until we appeared to be stopped altogether. An immense crevasse yawned in front of us and there were others near by, which seemed to bar our passage. Between two of these however, Mr. Bridgland cut steps with his ice axe, and we went down and round one foot at a time and holding on to our ice axes which we dug into the ice before moving. Perhaps after all this was the most exciting experience of all that wonderful day's adventures as a slip would have been a serious matter. The care taken of each of us was characteristic of the guides' watchfulness, patience and skill which



was notable throughout the day. This was tedious and slow work and had to be repeated several times before that immense snow field was crossed. There was much ice to be negotiated, and when we came to a standstill the guide cut steps and we succeeded in passing all the dangerous places. It was a mighty relief to all of us when we reached the limit of the snow line, and the ropes were taken off. Here the last distribution of chocolate was made, and we knew that although there was much rough road still to be traversed to the Camp the most exhausting parts were over. A long bed of rough shale and many boulders proved trying, and at one point we had to scramble down and holding on had to step from a position on to the guide's shoulders, and reach the next stage by jumping. However with perseverance everything comes to an end at last, and to the relief of everyone (even the veterans, though they would not admit it at the time) the pony trail was reached.

A mountain trail is not much of a road, and under other circumstances we might have considered this path no easy one to traverse. When we reached it however it was as welcome as the best city road, and when once we put our feet upon it we considered our task fully accomplished. The few miles to the Camp were less wearisome than usual on these outings, for though hard enough they were easy by contrast. They were soon passed over, everyone keeping up a steady walk and no one thinking of resting until the welcome sight of the Camp, with its neat rows of white tents, the beautiful emerald green lake, the fine forest trees, and the enclosing background of high mountain peaks, appeared. We gave the usual Club yell of triumph, received the congratulations of our fellows, and while some changed their clothes, others were too much done up to wait and partook of recuperative cups of tea, the usual excellent Camp supper, and with refreshment and rest were soon restored. Not one was missing from the Camp-fire entertainment, and not a single individual would have forgone the arduous work, the pleasures far outweighing the discomforts, and the wonderful sights being

well worth all the trouble and toil, and even the dangers encountered.

The heartiest acknowledgements are due to our guides, Messrs M. P. Bridgland and H. G. Wheeler. For more than twelve long hours they bore with us, guided, guarded and assisted us in every way, and a very large share of our success was due to them. They were never irritable but bore our questionings and our foolish observations with the greatest good humor. They carried our food, they were careful not to make our exertions too long without resting, and they were always ready to hand out chocolates and prunes and other helpful refreshments just when they were needed. They erred on the side of carefulness and yet managed to give us enough thrilling experiences to form life long remembrances of our climb of Mt. Vice President. In all kinds of mountaineering work they showed themselves proficient and though some prefer Swiss guides, particularly for ice work, we all felt that when again we take to mountaineering we can wish for no better guides than the two good Canadians who were our "guides, philosophers, and friends" on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

Of all forms of strenuous outdoor work commend me to mountaineering. It is one requiring endurance and courage in no mean degree. Its rewards however are immense and no man who fails to go mountain climbing can ever hope to see the grand panorama of Nature in all its infinite beauties and varieties; to watch the marvellous play of light and shadow; to see the wonderful color effects; to note the fierce conflicts of the elements; and to see the confusion of mountain peaks as though giants had been at play. To one who has seen these things is opened some of the pages of the Book of Nature, and grand indeed are his views of them. Most of us who saw these wonders for the first time in our lives owe these marvellous experiences to the Alpine Club of Canada, for whose complete success in opening up these wonderful mountain regions of the Dominion to the tourists and mountaineers of the world we express our best hopes. The success of the first Camp must lead to an incre-

ased interest in the Canadian Alps, in many respects the most wonderful part of the Dominion and assist to keep Canada more than ever in the eyes of the world. No one who goes to the mountains can possibly forget the thrilling and marvellous experiences which will be theirs. Increased health and vigor and a storehouse of pleasant memories will be their sure and certain reward.

### Climbing a Virgin Peak.

BY THE REV. DR. McRAE.

The last day of the first Summer Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada was signalized by the successful climbing of Mt. Marpole, a virgin peak. The party consisted of the Rev. Alexander Dunn, the Rev. Dr. A. O. McRae, Calgary; and the Rev. A. M. Gordon, Lethbridge, with Edouard and Godfrey Feuz, Swiss guides.

A start was made at daybreak and the descent of a thousand feet was the first experience. A climb over shale and moraine followed till the steep and often overhanging cliffs were reached and scaling began in earnest. The two unclimber peaks were then in sight, and it was decided to "traverse" them from the West to East. The first was sufficiently difficult to give good practice for the much harder second. Between the peaks lay an immense glacier, falling steep and slippery towards the North in a fearful abyss, while the upper edge ended in a cornice of snow overhanging a gorge dizzy in depth. Here some distance was made by footholds cut in the blue ice of the glacier, but this proving too slow, the guides, after much deliberation, decided to risk crossing upon the suspended snow cornice, even although the cling of the cornice had been greatly weakened by huge holes melted by the sun and rain.

After some stiff climbing over ridges so sharp that safety depended on the sure and steady grip of both hands and feet, further progress was suddenly stopped by a wall of rock, all but perpendicular fifty feet in height, and almost perfectly smooth. One of the guides, in a fashion known only to Swiss,

bodied his way up this face. The others reached the top dangling at the end of a rope. A few moments later the "stone-man" was set up on the summit of Mt. Marpole.

Then began the descent down the perpendicular face on the west side. This descent was slow owing to the many debates by the guides at various points as to whether it were prudent to go further; and also because a terrific storm of thunder, hail and rain made descending except by falling almost impossible.

At length however the snow fields and glaciers were reached and after a number of swift glissades we stood on the green carpet of the valley. The guides were greatly relieved to reach the snow for parties carrying polished ice axes are in great danger on mountains during electric storms.

A ten mile tramp through forest and over moraine, and a hundred torrents streaming from afar up glaciers brought the party, drenched with rain and hail to the Camp to sleep the sleep of the just arrived after an absence of over fifteen stressful hours.

### First Ascent of Number Seven.

By Miss H. L. Tuzo.

A small permanent camp has been established this season by the shores of the lonely blue Moraine Lake, some eleven miles from Lake Louise in the Rockies. This is the starting point for the ascent of the greater number of the "Ten Peaks." These mountains rear gigantic cliffs from the vast moraines of the Wauchemka (?) glacier, and stand guardians of a spot whose wildness is considerably enhanced by the presence of a fine cinnamon bear who prowls round the two small tents of the Camp.

On the morning of July 21st, I rose early, and while my guide, Christian Kauffman, was packing, cooked breakfast, and we succeeded in getting off at four a. m. Our object was the climb of Number Seven, the second highest of the Ten Peaks (10,648 ft.)

A scramble over the extensive moraine led to the base of the couloir between Three and Four, where alone the ascent can be started. At nine o'clock



we stopped for a second breakfast, having reached the snowfield, whence the mountains rear their summits on the eastern side.

Behind Number Four a long snow walk was taken, then a little pass was climbed between Five and Six, and from that point the harder work begun, for Number Six is made of rock more rotten than usual even in that region of bad rock. In consequence much care had to be given to the selection of hand and footholds, whilst vast quantities of shale, balancing above precipices, gave considerable elements of danger to the climb.

Number Six has to be ascended to a very considerable height before a way over to its neighbor can be found, while its position is such that it has to be nearly circled before Seven is even seen. A steep snow field and glacier lie between the two mountains, and the summit of Number Seven is reached by a route over and up these. The final portions are rock and present no serious difficulties.

At four forty the summit was reached and the climbers could congratulate each other on the conquest of the last of the Ten Peaks. No time could be spent on the top as the remaining hours of daylight were few. A small cairn was rapidly built by Christian Kauffman and the descent begun. It really was hard, for we slid down on the moving shale and dislodged vast quantities which sullied the snow slopes far below. Thanks to this shale and the rapid travel over the snow slopes the return was made in very quick time. We had one narrow escape from an avalanche. Fortunately the rock broke off with a loud report, and we had just time to race back a few steps when the enormous boulders came tearing down in our path carrying clouds of snow with them.

By nine o'clock the head of the last couloir was reached, and by dint of strenuous exertion two thirds of it were passed before darkness fell. Then indeed the work became anxious and very slow. The last rock ledges and the vast boulders of the moraine sorely taxed our patience. We were indeed thankful when after a final scramble among fallen timber and rocks we saw the camp-fire, and by one thirty were seated round it, while the tea billy boiled up, and the

rest of the campers listened to our tale.

### Club Notes and News.

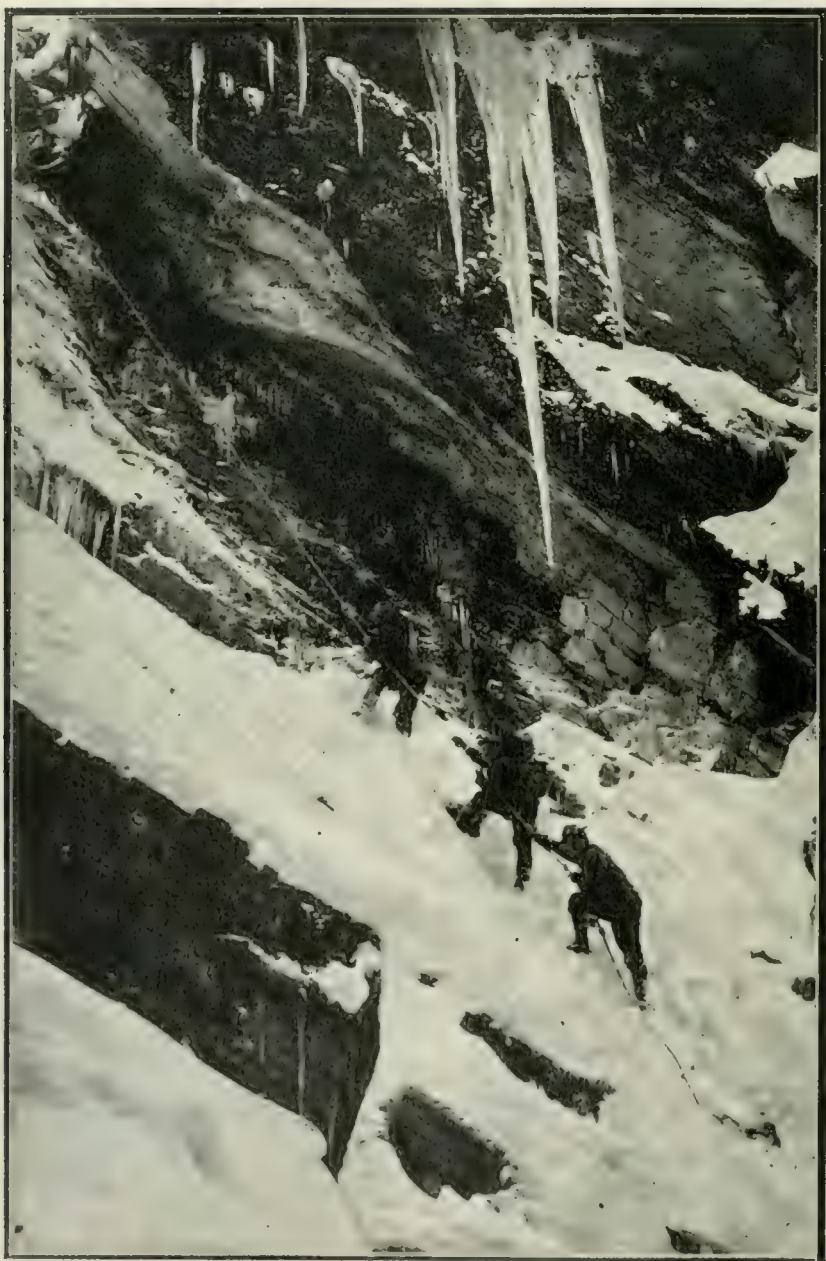
Mr. William Whyte, Second Vice President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, sent his heartiest congratulations to the Club on the success of their first Camp. Mr. Whyte adds:—"It is to be sincerely hoped that the success of the first meet is but a forerunner of what will attend future meets, and that in the end our brother mountain-lovers in the Old Country, who now go far afield in foreign lands for their pleasure grounds, will find in the Canadian Rockies, through the good offices of the Canadian Alpine Club, the Mecca of their desires."

Now a beginning has been made the work may be expected to go forward with increased vigor, because in this as in all other cases it is the preliminaries that are the hardest, and once a few of the old country mountaineers are persuaded to test the charms of the Canadian Rockies they are quite certain to find them irresistible and to act themselves as missionaries of the wonderful field of exploration now opened to the mountaineers of the world.

Professor Fay, President of the American Alpine Club, accompanied by Mr. Curtis, of Boston, was present during the closing days of the camp, and proved himself a courteous gentleman full of the true mountain spirit. Professor Fay is keenly appreciative of the charms of the Canadian Alps, and he particularly won the hearts of the members present when he assured them that though the Americans knew a good thing when they saw it—and many of them woke to the beauties and possibilities of the Canadian Alps before the Canadians themselves—there was never a thought or wish that those wonderful mountains should ever be otherwise than Canadian. Canadians can heartily welcome to their marvellous playground every American who will come in that spirit.

The suggestion made by Capt. F. P. Armstrong, of Golden, B. C. might well be taken up by the Alpine Club. To





Mountaineers climbing out of the Great Gorge at the Selkirk Cave. This cave, with its strange and wonderful formations, eclipses the great Mammoth Cave in Kentucky.

call new peaks after those who made the first authenticated ascent might not in all cases result in nomenclature that would commend itself to aesthetic tastes, but it would have the advantage of substituting a regular system for an irregular and most unsatisfactory one ; and it would give a stimulus to mountain climbing such as possibly no other means could accomplish. When it is remembered that there are many peaks within sight of the railway which have not been climbed so far as records go, it will be seen that there is good ground for the suggestion, and it might be acted upon with advantage. The Alpine Club possesses the organization to take up this question and press its consideration upon the Government.

Another thing which the officials of the Club might do almost at once is to start a Record Book. In this book all new and well authenticated climbs

could be registered, and before long that book would obtain a value which would make it one of the best assets of the Club. At present the records are so scattered that it is difficult sometimes to ascertain which is really a maiden peak. An official entry in the Alpine Club Book would soon gain a value such as would make it an object of any man's ambition to establish a record worthy of appearing in its pages. Of course all records would have to be well substantiated and their value would consist in that fact.

It is indeed impossible to place limits to the future developments of the Club in this and other directions. One can only say that there is more than ample room for its work and plenty to be done, and its membership, consisting of sturdy mountaineers, form just the people to do it.

## A Fishing Experience in Vancouver Island.

BY OSCAR C. BASS.

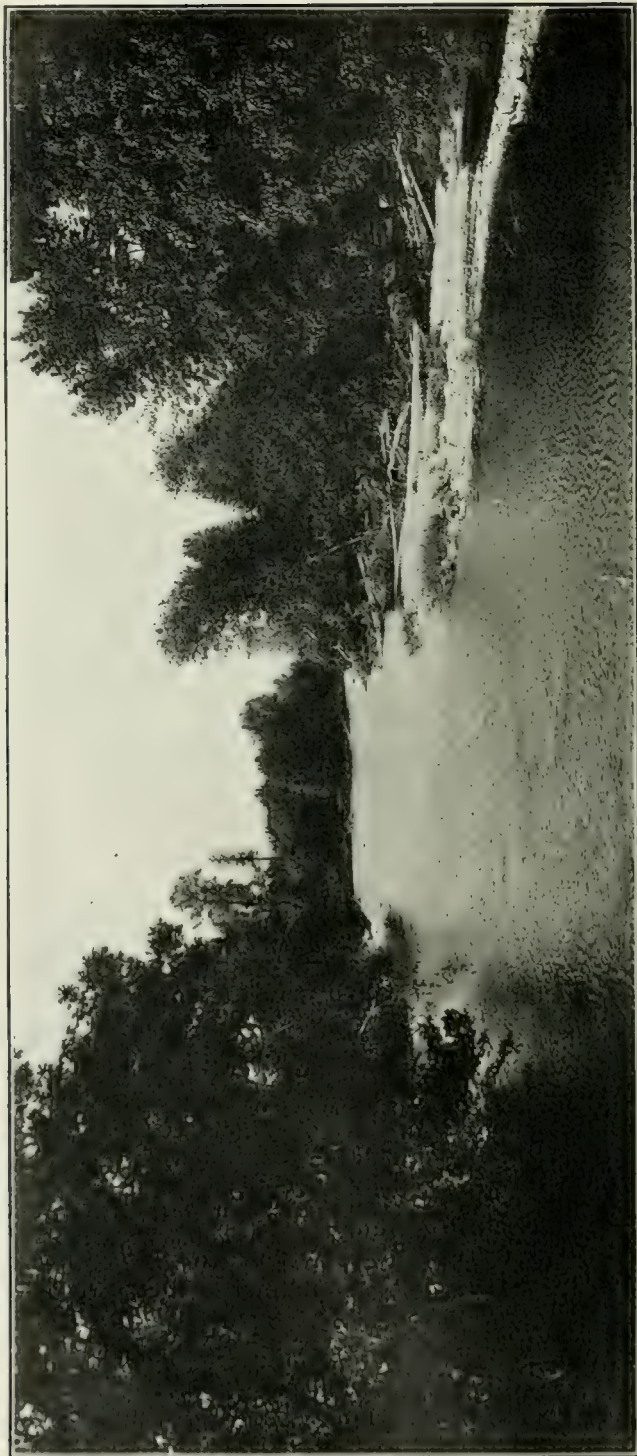
**K**OKSILAH is the name of an Indian village on the Island of Vancouver, near Victoria, the beautiful capital of British Columbia. The name has also been given to a stream which forms the subject of this article.

To the fisherman on his first visit it means a silent, forbidding - looking stream, running through narrow gorges with precipitous unscaleable sides ; the pools scattered far apart and seemingly unapproachable and when reached by the route which the uninitiated one chooses they are as black and unpromising as the dark slippery sides of the massive walls with which Nature has enclosed them.

The railway station is on the last reach of the river where it seems to emerge from nowhere out of the woods, and rejoicing in its new found freedom, dashes musically over the shingle. It is there, where the unwary, uneducated fisherman is lured to try his luck, but it is when he attempts to proceed farther

that he hastily concludes to curse, as only fishermen can, the chump who recommended him to try the fighting qualities of the finny denizens of the Koksilah. In vulgar parlance unless he is a fisherman born and trained from the cradle he is bound to get "skunked" that first time.

Jimmy Boal keeps the place where the fisherman must stop unless he camps. The house is not a pretentious one, and the bill does not stagger you by its tremendous size when you come to settle up ; but Mrs. Boal bakes the nicest bread you ever saw a fisherman with a big appetite (and they all have big ones) tear apart ; she can bake a meat pie that will hurt your nose with a delicious smell just as soon as you come inside the door, and she keeps the bedroom spotlessly clean and rather too comfortable. She will get your breakfast at any time in the morning, but if you are a good fisherman you will get it yourself and quietly slip out, letting her have her rest undisturbed, for she will

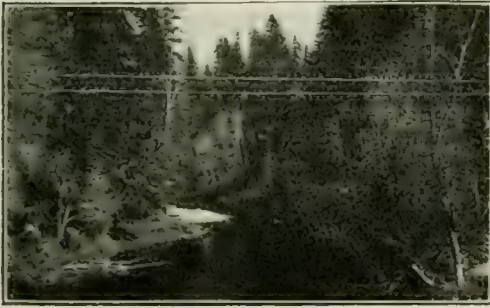


KOKSILAH RIVER.



leave you everything ready—the big jug of creamy milk, the bread, butter, tea, coffee, eggs and bacon, jam and syrup even down to a bundle of matches on the stove lid over the ready laid fire. What more luxurious attendance does a real fisherman desire? It is enough to spoil the best of us.

This however is dwelling too much on creature comforts, and departing from the discussion of the mysteries of the Koksilah, the silent and mysterious stream of Vancouver Island. It is as shy and retiring as the primitive Indian.



KOKSILAH RIVER: "A QUIET SPOT."

Langley, photo.

It steals quietly on its way over its rocky bed; it does not jump merrily, laughingly over the rocks like most mountain streams; its eddies do not play tag with each other in the corners. Where it is forced out of its silence and reticence it seems to have made an arrangement with the overhanging bluffs and the sheltering branches of the giant firs to hush its voice. At only one spot does it forget its staidness, its seeming vow of perpetual silence. That is at the falls at Gosnell's Pool. There it is betrayed into something like laughter, but it speedily becomes ashamed of its weakness at temporary frivolity, and does penance by sinking itself in an immense pool of impenetrable blackness.

The Koksilah is the grave of many reputations. Unconquered and unconquerable Isaac Waltons have gone there and come away vanquished, crestfallen, and crushed. They have gone to the great pools with magnificent, costly tackle and brilliant reputations in the piscatorial world, and they have been deprived of both tackle and reputations by

the trout of that, to some, most attractive of fishing streams.

The class of fisherman who measures his sport by the number he slaughters has no use for the Koksilah. The fisherman who will match skill, science, patience and fine tackle against a four or six pound trout that can, and what is more will, fight him to a finish, and then at times get away from him, has nothing but words of respect for every fish in those great pools. Your big gay-looking Jock Scott drops into the upper part of the pool and immediately a couple of big sober-looking trout will come like a rifle ball from the shelter of a rock. Seeing them rush you instinctively haul in your slack line and prepare to strike but when within an inch or less of Jock, they will turn disdainfully away. You try again with the same result; or perhaps a great steel-head, looking like a torpedo destroyer will come tearing from the inky mysteriousness. He, too, will size up the situation, and again your nervous and physical tension has gone for naught. You try the old reliable Royal Coachman, having crept back carefully out of sight in order to effect the change. This time one or two of the finny monsters will rush to the surface, and when almost on the fly will deliberately turn and strike it with his tail to knock the white wings off. Woe betide your tackle if the hook gets caught; you will imagine you have got in tow of a Japanese cruiser chasing a Russian man-of-war. The Coachman does not effect a junction, so you return to the Jock Scott. He floats out gaily from the beginning of the pool, and glides aside into the slack water. He is subjected to severe scrutiny by those knowing old chaps below but is not touched. You let him float down stream and into the ripple, where the water is running in a milky foam and one of two things happens. Either you get a tug that nearly yanks the rod out of your hand or you see a polished silver body jump clear out of the foaming water. Then is the time to look out for squalls. That chap has got your seventy-five cent Jock Scott, and it will take you all your time to save it. He is full of Satan himself in the matter of tricks: he will run at you



COWICHAN RIVER (SAHTLAM), VANCOUVER ISLAND. A pool full of possibilities for the fisherman.

Binns, photo.

and from you, and he will run across you ; he will keep an automatic reel with the finest spring just as busy as it can be. There is no plunging and splashing for the mere fun of the thing ; that fellow is full of method in his efforts to do you up ; he is tactful and thoughtful. If you don't know his tribe you will treat him as an ordinary trout for the first minute, endeavoring to keep a taut line on him, and hold him head on to the stream. Before the first minute of the struggle is over however you have

come to realize that he is every whit your equal, with large chances in favor of being your superior ; and you, if you are a real fisherman, will then settle down in dead earnest to the work of saving your tackle and your reputation. For perhaps the first time in your life you are forced to admit that there is a fish to whom you should take off your hat. But don't do it—at least not just then ; for if you relax a finger from the management of your rod and reel, it is all hunky-dory with you.

The situation is ideal—the towering, black, rocky bluffs overhanging the river the great British Columbia pine trees all around you ; the solitude of the woods, the river at your feet, not exactly sullen but reserved, reticent, not repellant but yet not inviting any great friendship, and withal apparently somewhat resentful at the intrusion you have made upon its privacy.

When that fish is conquered, if you succeed in conquering him, you take him up on the bank, and laying him out on the cool damp moss, you admit that he comes of a stock that is worth fighting. If you have never met his like before you conclude, unreservedly and generously, that in spite of your vast and varied experience as a fisherman, hitherto you have only been playing at fishing, and at last you have tasted something of the experience of which you have read or heard and now know—"Royal Sport!"

That is the kind of fishing the real fisherman enjoys on the Koksilah!

## The Deer Hunt of "Union Camp."

By W. HICKSON.

**I**T has been said that "The anticipation of a deer hunt far exceeds the realization of it," but such a statement as this would be a libel on our hunts for the last three seasons, in the green pines of the "Dickson Limits," in the rugged township of Anstruther, in the northern part of the county of Peterborough, Ontario.

The writer of this article had been in

this district trout fishing and was struck with the matchless beauty of the scenery of this lake region, which lies about thirty five miles north east of Bobcaygeon.

Here in the months of October and November you will always find the most delightful, clear, cool, life-giving and invigorating atmosphere, laden with the ozone wafted from the sturdy green pines whose majestic splendor rival that of the huge granite rocks which run in parallel





HOW WE TOOK OUT OUR GAME

ridges. From what could be seen here it seemed an ideal resort for deer ; in fact a veritable Paradise for them, and hence a party of ten consisting of Byron V. Covert, Jno. Marshall, Bert. Green, and Jean Fierre of Lockport, all of whom had hunted for some years in the Adirondacks, and E. Irwin, Jos. Irwin, and Jas. Irwin of Inviorlock summer resort Sandy Lake ; and Percy Reid, Jno. Reid and the writer of Bobcaygeon, who had hunted in Haliburton and Bass Lake districts, in Ontario, for several years determined to try this play ground of the red deer, for their hunt in 1903.

After we had all our hunting requisites packed in three waggons, we started out from Bobcaygeon, in high hopes, along a tortuous road, through a luxuriant growth of maple, fir and pine till we arrived on the bank of the east branch of Stony Creek, and here we pitched our tents on the last day of October.

On the first day of the hunt we kept our dogs tied, and as none of us knew

the grounds well, we started out with compasses, axes, hatchets, hunting knives and our rifles to make a reconnaissance ; we located runways, blazed trails noted landmarks, made a systematic plan for the season's hunt and succeeded in killing two deer.

What beautiful mornings we had ! They broke, bright and calm, mostly with heavy grey frosts, so that our dogs could be heard great distances, and the only thing we had to watch was the direction of the wind, which must be observed in a successful deer hunt. Every morning before old Sol had made the eastern sky aglow, we were busy, so were the dogs, so were the deer, and the tall pine woods were made alive with the music of the dogs and the "pings" of the rifles. At the end of eight days every one in the party had had that sort of electrifying pleasure which comes to hunters in killing one or two deer ; and we had a goodly number to load for home.

In 1904 we determined to try our



fortune in the same locality and "do business at the old stand", and an interesting hunt it proved with deer hunters on every side of us. Our success the previous season had caused thirty or forty amateurs in the chase, to think they had nothing to do but to come to the same vicinity, let a few dogs loose, and then sit down near their camps and kill deer. They found these to be idle dreams before a week had passed, as half of the season had elapsed before some of these

and knew game was afoot. Soon a 30-40 rang out clearly and Percy Reid stopped a large buck in his headlong career.

After we had carried this fellow about two miles, we concluded it would be better to let the next 240 lb. buck come nearer the camp, but Percy thought that was the one thing he could not do.

At the end of thirteen days we had our legal number, and were off the next



A FINE BUCK

parties had a deer. As we knew the grounds and took advantage of wind and weather we managed to hang a number up at the end of the first week.

As the first day of the second week's hunt, was clear, calm and frosty we had no choice of direction, but our guiding star led us towards the north, and it was not long before our dogs were making music, which reverberated among the lofty granite ridges, and was carried gently along on the clear, cold atmosphere. Every man was at his runaway

morning, rolling along, before the sun had gilded the eastern horizon, and reached Bobcaygeon just as he cradled himself in the western sky, all being highly pleased, as each member of the party had killed at least one deer.

As nothing succeeds like success, we drove our stakes, on the same ground on the last day of October, last year, and were out early, very early on the first day of the hunt, in good time, to be caught in a driving snow-storm, so we returned to camp and did nothing til

the third, and on that day we hung up two fine deer.

We had discovered by this time that the spruce swamps which are such splendid coverts for deer, were so full of water that neither we nor the dogs could follow them in these retreats and although we could get as many as eight or nine "starts" in a morning, not a deer came to the runways, for they well knew they were perfectly safe, in the middle of a spruce swamp, standing in a foot or two of water, although the dogs were howling around the edge of it. However on the fifth day Alf, who had been putting out the dogs came in at noon with, "Well boys I had four starts this morning and the old dog, Oscar, left a large buck in the little swamp just over the hill to the south."

A dinner fit for a king was ready, and the odor from the fried venison steak and hot coffee, whetted our already sharp appetites, so down we sat to partake of it, with a relish only peculiar to hunters; and, at the same time discussed the feasibility of driving the buck a distance of a mile and a half to the creek which was frozen over to the depth of an inch. As soon as dinner was finished five of us seized our rifles and in a few minutes Alf had us at the place the buck entered, but we soon found his track out from his hiding place. We formed in a semicircle, with two on the right, and two on the left of the one who followed the track, each being about 300 yards apart. We kept the same position as nearly as possible and drove our

game to the creek. The rattle of the ice was the first intimation of his arrival there and four of us ran to the crest of a high bluff and saw him plunging through the ice furiously. We all opened fire on him simultaneously, and kept it up till he rolled over on his right side, and made a swirl, in his dying agonies in the middle of the stream. Just at this moment Perce came up in hot haste, from the right, pale, gasping and winded and asked "What on earth was that fusilade about"! We pointed to a 210 lb. buck lying in the centre of the creek, with the sun glinting from his left antler that stood so proudly above the water. "Fine shots indeed!" exclaimed Perce, "to use forty or fifty cartridge to kill one deer." We picked up our empties and counted fifty-three. At this Perce said "Wait till I knock that horn off him," and so saying he raised his 30-40 and fired twice in quick succession, but both bullets hit a foot or so low, and one of us remarked, "You must have been shooting at the horn under the water!"

We hunted the remaining days that were fine, with varying success, and had quite a number hung up at the end of the 15th of November.

On the 16th we returned to Bobcaygeon, far more recuperated, strengthened and energized, both mentally and physically, than if we had taken several dollars' worth of liquorzone, Ferrozone or any doctor's medicine.

May we all be able to repeat these hunts!

## My First Bear.

By J. C. MORRISON.

**O**N the seventh day of the month of May, last, Mr. Dave Woolsey and myself boarded the East bound transcontinental train, both of us looking as though we were after Chief Bombaata and his Zulu warriors. "Dave" had a Martini army rifle, while I had a 30-40 Winchester. Our outfit consisted of two pairs of blankets, a light five pound tent, and

about twenty pounds of bacon, hard-tack, tea, coffee, etc.

We got off the train at "Flat Creek", a flag station, with telephone connections about twelve miles from Glacier House. After lunch we put our "ictahs" into two packs, and then, rifle in hand, we shouldered these packs and started on our seven mile walk through a cedar and pine forest. We kept on the right bank



of "Flat Creek", a roaring, foaming torrent of snow water, direct from the fields of eternal snow and ice, on the mountains which were on three sides of our route.

As we rested, at different points on the trail, Dave, who has a record of forty two bears, pointed out where he had shot different kinds of game, bears, caribou, and goat. When within half a mile of camp, we heard several sharp whistles, and looking ahead we saw several hoary marmots, "whistlers" or ground hogs, sitting on the rocks. I tried the 30-40 on them, getting two big fat fellows. The fur is an iron grey color and very pretty. We carried them to camp intending to try a steak, but hadn't the courage.

About five o'clock we reached the foot of the Pass and camped at the junction of Marmot and Flat Creeks. A supper of bacon, hard-tack and coffee, put us in good spirits, and, to the thunderous harmony of the two waterfalls nearby, we swapped yarns by a roaring fire until bed time.

Four o'clock found us awake, just as the shadows of night were creeping back into the deeper gloom of the forest. After breakfast, with packs on up we climbed to the summit of the Pass, where we found rivers of ice and snow piled in "tumultuous ruin" right across the trail, from slides that had come down the sloping sides of the towering peaks above. Dave said he was crossing here one day and saw a grizzly and her two cubs crossing a slide above him. He crept back and around to shelter, and when they came within fifty yards, he bagged all three.

We now started down towards Fish River, with a new creek on our left. We wound down the Pass over three miles of snow, from ten to twenty feet deep, in two places winding along the face of a canyon, where a misstep meant death down in the raging torrent below. Then, suddenly we burst out of the forest and snow, into a fine view of the river, and valley away below us. In front was Jeopardy Slide, half a mile across, all green and beautiful, fairly carpeted with large yellow lilies and the white Texas star flowers. Away to our left like a gigantic shield of silver, a glacier, miles in extent and a thousand feet deep gleam-

ed in the bright sunshine, while above and beyond, spire after spire in spotless white, in this great Temple of God, shone fair and beautiful.

Down across the slide we went, meeting a fresh bear track on the way, to camp, under the "Big Tree", on the river bank. It was May the eighth and yet we found a snow field from two to three feet deep stretched all around for miles up and down the river, making a high-class, cheap storage plant. After pitching camp and getting in good humor with ourselves internally, Dave led the way up Bain Creek just as the sun was setting. We climbed up along the steep bank for half a mile, watching closely the lily patches above where the bear feed, the lily bulbs being "pie" for them.

Suddenly Woolsey grabbed my arm and pointing to a dark object, standing in some heavy alder bushes, about two hundred and fifty yards away, said the magic words "a bear."

He was a whopper of a Silver Tip, standing broadside on to us and digging lilies, like a Jamaica nigger at the Panama canal. We could not see his head, and had no yearnings to ask his permission, so, both taking aim, with sights at two hundred and fifty yards, we let go. Shades of Corbett! He did a whirl on his hind pins and came down hill, to call on us, at about 52.4 miles an hour! With his head up and the hump he got on himself he looked to "yours truly" like a cyclone of the maddest meat I'd ever looked at, and he got bigger every second. All this time that "Human Icicle" alongside of me was saying, "Don't shoot! don't shoot!" By the time I'd swallowed my larynx three or four times and pushed my heart back with my tongue, his Bearship was within seventy five yards, and coming up a little sideways. Disregarding Dave's orders, (I believe he wanted to ride him to camp) I let drive at the bear's shoulders. With a roar of rage Mr. Grizzly slid backward and came about twenty-five yards further, then another 30-40 across the spine, disabled him and he lay helpless, with his great, massive head swaying from side to side. Dave took my rifle and shot him down the back, the expanding



bullet tearing the heart clean in two ; the head dropped and "my first bear" was dead.

Then I let off such whoops, that four startled mountain goats came out on the cliffs above and looked over at us, with cold disapproval at such actions. We had some fun turning that five hundred pounds of porter-house steak over in skinning him. Then taking the head and skin with about twenty pounds of tenderloin, we went back to camp. Next morning we waded the river and went down along the bank to the different slides. Going by one, near camp, we saw a fine black bruin moving along above us in the thick alders. I took a shot at him, he felt that the air didn't suit him and went, leaving no trace, and without a dog it was useless to follow.

We climbed high up the mountain side, and got a view worth the effort a thousand times over. Below us was the silver river winding through a dark pine and cedar forest ; across the valley a chain of mountain peaks with massive, frowning fronts, rearing their majestic, snow crowned heads into the "Infinite blue untrod," and nestling like jewels of emerald hue ; in the crevices, were seven glaciers in three miles from opposite our camp to where we were.

After inspecting some mining claims Dave owned, that showed a fine vein of ore carrying zinc, copper and silver, we went back to camp, passing on the way a hunter's cabin. They had a fine caribou hide with splendid fur that they had shot in season, rolled up and drying.

Next morning we went up the river saw some fine specimens of wood duck on the water, quite tame and apparently nesting near by ; found some fresh caribou tracks, a bull and two cows that had been near our camp the night before,

also a fresh bear track, a big one too, but didn't see him.

That evening we saw a large black bear across the river on a slide, so across the river we waded. What was water to the middle with a "mukwash" in sight ? We climbed up the bank and got so near in the thick alders that we could smell his Bruinship and I remarked to Dave, "Smells like a pig don't he" ? Just when we were planning how we'd dry his hide to pack over the Pass, the traitor wind changed, a gust came up over the hill, the enemy scented our plans, and "woof—woof"—he was gone, like a Scotch, down Reggie's throat. Back to the woods went we wet, mad, and making cursory remarks on the way.

We hit the back trail next day over the Pass, making record time, as we went over the Summit at noon, for though a "mukwash" might swat a man into pulp just for physical exercise, a playful slide is apt to put a hunter into cold storage for a century.

At lunch we stopped at Marmot Creek in Van Sice camp and after lunch Dave spread the remnants of our "ictahs" on a log for a fat porcupine, who was sitting watching us, from a log about forty feet away. People speak of tea strong enough to "make your hair curl". I took about a quart of Dave's brand over and tried it, on the porcupine. It certainly made him wiggle his quills, but he looked very disgusted to think that I'd waste such "amber brew."

We reached Revelstoke tired but happy and had to prove both by ocular and muscular demonstrations, that we didn't hold up a Siwash Indian for the bear, or kill him by "handicapping". My first bear measured seven feet six inches by six feet.



## Fish and Game Protection in Alberta.

**A**LTHOUGH Wheat is King in the West, there are those who do not allow the whole of their energies to be absorbed, or their interests entirely centred either on Wheat, Cattle, or Real Estate. These are highly important to the West without a doubt, but they do not make up the whole of life. There are those who like to forget them, if only for a day or two, and find some profitable change to themselves in fishing, hunting and communing with nature. Now the West is becoming settled these men are increasing in numbers, and freed from the first anxieties of getting bread for themselves and families—a task inevitable to all pioneers—they are in larger numbers seeking some relaxation from exhausting toil. The West can give them all they wish in the means of healthy recreation as well as in work. All through Canada the fish and the game have at one time been abundant, and the prairies, the foot hills, and the mountains have had their share. Recklessness has done its work in the West as well as in the East, but the West, like the East, is waking up, and means with characteristic Western energy to make up for lost time.

Enterprising Alberta is not going to be the last in the race. The people of that beautiful Province have a Government willing to lead instead of being led and in several instances have they adopted broad views of their duties, and taken steps to keep Alberta well to the front.

Throughout the Province the feeling in favor of the protection of fish and game has taken root and is bearing fruit. Already the ground work has been laid. It is proposed if possible to form a local association in every town and district. in the Province, to hold a representative Convention later on at some central point, and at such gathering to form a Provincial Association, and lay down some of the lines along which fish and game protection in Alberta shall proceed. The views of such a representative gathering will command respect anywhere, and already several members have promised that the decisions that may be arrived at shall receive careful attention from the local Legislature.

In all good work a start has to be made somewhere, and in this particular matter of forming local associations, Calgary took the lead though that go ahead city was not far in front of Wetaskiwan, Red Deer, Okotoks, High River, MacLeod, Lethbridge, etc. in all of which places active steps have been taken to form local associations. The educational effect of the formation of these associations is likely to be considerable, and at least they call attention to a pressing need of the West—the improvements of the game laws, and the organization of a special body of men to see to their enforcement. The difficulty of covering the whole ground can be largely overcome by each member of these local associations constituting himself an extra fish and game warden, and seeing that his own district is well looked after.

The usual instances were quoted at the Calgary meeting of a single individual killing from two hundred to three hundred ducks per day many of them young ones not of the slightest use to anyone, and merely gratifying a lust for slaughter. Tales were also told of immature trout caught in season and out of season, and the failure of men doing this work to even trouble to return such fish to the water. Everyone agreed as to the absolute necessity, if anything in the way of fish and game is to be saved at all, of immediate and active steps being taken to give better protection, and to educate the farmers and settlers up to the point of seeing that these matters are of deep concern to them. When the time comes that these individuals recognise their true interests in this matter the days of the pothunter and game hog will have passed. Sport is one thing and ruthless destruction quite another. The two have nothing in common between them.

The right spirit was struck at these Alberta meetings. It was admitted that rigid observance of the game laws could not perhaps be expected. They will however go nearer to it for trying and when they show every farmer and settler how the observance of these laws come home to them, and mean a continuance of fish and game for themselves,

as well as an asset of value in addition to their land they will go a long way towards hastening the day when fish and game will be properly protected throughout Alberta. Then fish, game and bird life will increase, and there will be enough for all in their seasons.

The Calgary officials of the local association are :—

Hon. President, C. A. Stuart, M.P.P.

President, Rev. G. H. Hogbin.

Vice-President, R. A. Darker.

Secretary, K. D. Johnston.

Treasurer, G. L. Peet.

Executive Committee :— Wm. Riley, Dr. Ings, W. A. Thompson, J. Mosley, Major Barwis, Geo. Hope Johnston, O. E. Brown, and the officer commanding the R. N. W. M. P. The membership fees were fixed at one dollar.

## Sport in Crows Nest.

BY A. HENEAGE FINCH.

**L**ATE last fall Sid. McCabe and I went up to Crows Nest and got a dandy "black tail" — and thereby hangs a tale. We were away two days, and if there had been a little snow we might have got all kinds of game as signs were abundant.

I would have given a dollar, mostly cash, just to see you laugh at me wrestling with that three hundred and twenty pounder. Carrying the camp kit up the mountains the previous summer was a Sunday school pic-nic compared with the work of getting out that deer.

We got a pack horse from Crows Nest—one that was all wool and a yard wide, warranted not to rip, rend or run down at heel. We went west about six miles on an old trail, then had three miles up and down ravines so steep that the pony had at times to slide down on his haunches; and ascending we had to use all kinds of suasion, moral and the other kind—I used the moral kind.

After about half an hour of rearing, snorting, bucking and cavorting, we got the carcass on and tied with two big ropes. It was nearly as big as the pony, and of all the slipping and sliding you ever saw we had it to our hearts' content.

The first steep hill we had to climb all went well till we were nearly at the top, when at a place a little steeper than the rest, the pony lost his balance and rolled heels over head to the bottom. He however brought up on his feet with the carcass still clinging to him though much awry.

Fetching the hill on an angle we made it all right. This plan we tried success-

fully both up and down, till the last steep descent as we neared the trail. This was the steepest of all, and when about a quarter of the way down we struck a deer trail running straight down hill, his Nagship concluded to follow the trail. The carcass, now much thawed out, slid forward on his neck. He snorted, bucked, and overbalanced, and with a series of somersaults he plunged into the stream at the bottom which was about two feet deep.

Such a churning and snorting, I never again wish to see. He never desisted till he freed himself from his troublesome burden, saddle and all. Well, we were on hand in time and captured him. After mending the broken girths, and with much trouble we managed to saddle him.

Would he allow us to load the quarry? Nay, verily! We had to tie him to a tree, blindfold him, hobble all four feet, and then he would throw himself. So we had to prop him up with poles across and under his belly, fore and aft, and at last got him loaded and well bound on. Such squealing, snorting, and bucking I never saw before even in breaking a new broncho.

Did we perspire? Well, I guess!

However where's the fun in such things, if you have no trouble? This is a slice of Teddy's strenuous life, and it is the part I enjoy the most! If deer stalking were but a summer pic-nic every tender foot and scented dude would soon be past master!

By moonlight we were home, happy, and as proud as kings, and with appetites the like of which Rockfeller would give a fortune to possess!



# Camping, Tramping and Fishing in Nova Scotia.

By W. D. TAUNTON.

**F**OR a solid hour and a half the rain had been coming down in torrents. It seemed as though our hut was situated directly under the falls, and the entire contents of the big lake were coming our way. The branches of the tall spruce and birch trees were lashing one another, and occasional roars of thunder would startle the occupants, and the continuous flashing of lightning told us plainly that the elements were doing their worst.

Old Josh Umlah, our guide, refilled his pipe, trimmed the greasy oil lamp and took a look without.

"We are lucky to be under kiver" he said. "It's a great forest storm, but it will be all over before the sun rises. The fishing will be good on the lakes the morrow." And then he told us hunting and fishing stories, of how he took ten "dizzen" beautiful trout out of the very lake we were to fish; how he killed his 43rd moose and his 109th bear, to say nothing of coons, partridges, foxes, and the other occupants of the forest in the heart of which we were. We could almost imagine we heard bruin sniffing at the door of the hut and the crackling of the branches brought the impression that a fine bull moose had passed close to our quarters in his mad flight to escape the storm!

We were on what is known in this part of the world, and probably nowhere else as "a walking and fishing excursion." Our hut, or the hut we were occupying, was situated fifteen miles from Halifax, partly on the main road, if you cared to take it, and partly over a beaten path through the forest primeval.

We left Halifax in the early morning. Our party consisted of five. One, a New Yorker named Purcelle, was a novice. He had heard of such excursions and gladly joined the party to satisfy his curiosity. That men could start off and walk fifteen miles through the woods, carrying their fishing gear, a gun and provisions, sleep in a hut all night, fish all the next day and after another night

resting on a bed of spruce boughs, tramp back to the city and enjoy it all, was a mystery to him. And this in the month of July, too! But July in the woods of Nova Scotia and in the City of New York are entirely different propositions, and he soon found that out.

It was 7 a. m. when we got into a row boat on the Halifax side of the beautiful North West Arm, and in a few minutes were landed on the other side and had started to climb Jollymore's Hill. This hill rather tended to discourage the New Yorker, for it was almost a perpendicular climb, and he was carrying his pack like the rest of us. But it was soon accomplished and we were on the level, jogging along at a three mile clip close by the shores of Williams Lake, an immense sheet of fresh water, studded with little islands and brush everywhere to the water's edge. Trout are here in abundance, but they are small and consequently the lake is left to the tender mercies of the small boy from the city. We were after big fish, so we viewed the lake rather contemptuously. A passing reference was made in a rather shamed face way of the time we fished there with worm or minnow, when we were boys. But we are fly fishermen now, and scorn to use bait of any kind.

We stopped at Topple's, a place where they sell ginger beer, and off we are again. Not a house in sight for three miles, and it soon passed. Only another one and we were out on the Prospect Road, and swinging along towards "Josh's", only stopping long enough to allow me to take a snap shot of my companions.

We arrive at Josh's at 9 a. m. or a few minutes later, deposit our traps on the wood pile and go inside for breakfast.

The menu was elaborate—to us. We had oatmeal porridge; bacon; eggs, boiled or fried; jam; tea; toast.

There was no printed bill of fare. It was only the humble home of a trapper, but it was clean and inviting, and there is no better cook—plain cook—in New York, than Mrs. Josh Umlah—so Pur-

celle said. Josh now joins our party. And, before starting, for the first time in his life, Josh poses for his picture.

We are off again at ten o'clock. We have a five mile tramp to the Nine Mile River Bridge, over an old post road that has not been used for over forty years, and we do not expect to see, (except for ourselves,) a human face until we return to Josh's. At the Nine Mile River we halt for refreshments and a short rest. We have only about three miles to tramp to the camp and the scenery here is delightful, while the whole place seems to breathe contentment. Josh tells us that there are Salmon in the river as well as big trout. Our fishing gear is not comeatable, but 'I was once a boy and now I am a boy again.' The New Yorker tells me he is a born photographer and uses my kodak with deadly effect. I succeeded in turning over a small trout and that was the sum total of my catch. I suppose the salmon laughed at my primitive fishing rod.

But while we have only about three miles to our destination, we have a different road to travel. We have now only a very narrow path to follow, and this path is almost through a dense growth of young birch and firs, and we find that it takes us as long to cover the three miles as it took to cover half a dozen at the other end of the journey.

Josh has gone on ahead, and when we arrive we find he has a fire lighted outside the camp and boiling water is ready for tea making.

We are at the camp and we are not sorry. The tramp has been an extremely pleasant one, but rain is "spitting" and, as Josh says, we want to get "handy kiver." One by one we are relieved of our packs and in a short time our dusty clothing is hanging on the spruce boughs and we are having a delightful plunge bath in one of the sweetest and coolest fresh water streams that ever ran across country and a blinking owl is all there is to disturb our privacy.

Then comes dinner. Such a dining room! Combination carpet, chairs and table cloth of the brightest and purest green and as soft as the finest silk. No need of electric fans. We are not very far from the Atlantic Ocean and as the sun moves down a gentle mist—some

call it fog—comes in from the sea, that is when the wind blows that way, and penetrates even the thickest woods. That is why the verdure is so sweet and green. But by this same sign the old trapper knows that rain will follow, because he says, it always rains when the wind blows up from the Southeast.

Purcelle said the dinner was the treat of his life time. But then a man who is tramping through the woods all day with a twenty pound pack on his back, is liable to work up a gigantic appetite! Here was the menu: Cock O' the North;



"NOW I AM A BOY AGAIN."

beefsteak and boiled potatoes; sardines; bread and butter; tea.

Perhaps it is necessary for me to explain that Cock O' the North is not soup. The vulgar call it Scotch Whiskey. The potatoes had their jackets on, but that did not matter.

Dinner over we all turned "slaveys" and polished up the tinware. Fishing gear was looked over and Josh started to "make up the beds." He had to gather our mattresses piecemeal, that is, the tender boughs of the spruce trees and it required a lot for five beds. He was anxious to have our beds made up before the rain came and he succeeded.

The day was fast waning and the spluttering embers told us that we had better desert our camp fire and seek the seclusion and shelter of our cabin. It was a regular log hut, the seams stuffed with moss, and the roof covered with birch



bark. But it was watertight and comfortable and as we spread ourselves on our couches, we watched old Josh as he proceeded to make his famous punch. It was a simple task we thought. A bottle of old Jamaica Rum was produced. This was emptied into a tin can holding perhaps a quart of hot water. Three lemons and some grated nutmeg were added, and then was served a drink fit for the gods. I do not know how that punch would taste at the club, but certainly it tasted well that night, and more than that it helped to loosen Josh's



JOSH UMLAH, GUIDE AND TRAPPER

tongue and we listened for several hours to stories of the hunt, wonderful in their conception and told to the accompaniment of a howling rainstorm.

"Curious how bears like rum", said Josh, as he emptied his panican down his throat. "Onst I hid a bottle of rum in a mossy bank beside this very stream. We went off in the morning and when we returned at night the rum was gone and so was all our bread. I found the empty bottle, and, as there were fresh bear tracks all about, I could have sworn bruin drank my rum. So says I to myself, some day I will get that bear drunk and catch him alive. Unbeknown to anyone I soaked a pint of strong rum into a loaf of bread and one day set off by myself, placed the loaf close to the cabin door there and went home. The next morning I started back to get my intoxicated bear."

"Did you get him?" we all inquired. "No" replied Josh, as he made a reach for the punch, "I only came a mile from the house when I decided to return home."

"Why"? we asked.

"Because," replied Josh, "I decided them fellows are bad enough to tackle when they are sober and I was not going to monkey with a drunken one."

That was his good night story.

Josh was up before the sun rose the next morning. We had planned to be on the lake at 5.30, and there was coffee to be made. Some dry birch bark stowed away inside the hut, soon solved the problem. But for the dripping trees there was no sign of the storm which raged so furiously all night, though the sun tarried behind the clouds and our guide assayed to again remark that it was "jist the day to catch fish!" It was like anything but a day in July, and the stout man in the party even donned an old reefer which he found in the hut. We were soon at the side of the Lake. Rods were brought out, casts adjusted and Josh consulted as to the proper fly. I snapped the fat man as he made a cast, but a drizzling rain prevented me from getting a picture of the New Yorker as he landed a two pound trout. Did we have luck? Some. But this is not a fish story and I do not wish to introduce anything that might throw doubt on the general truthfulness of the narrative. We had good sport. I will say that much. Further I will venture that parties have taken as many as five dozen beautiful trout out of the same lake in one day. We were sports, as I have already remarked, and not hogs, and I may in all safety venture that as an excuse for our not taking so many.

At noon we lunched. All the viands were "Made in Canada" excepting a small package, the contents of which came from the highlands of Scotland.

During the afternoon the sun came out in all its glory and the fish apparently sought the bottom of the lake. An early dinner at the hut, another evening of story and song, for this time we were able to stay out of doors. Another night of unbroken slumber and an early start on our journey homeward.



# How I Didn't Get the Bear.

Notes From the Canadian Camp Club.

By J. A. HOPE.

**I**T is only the 17th of August, yet the pothunter is at work on winged game. Although the Game Laws of Ontario have decreed that the first of September for duck and the 15th for grouse begin the open season, the pothunter is already at work. The pothunter respects neither the laws of God or man. Six months in jail without the option of a fine should be the lowest sentence imposed on game hogs in season and pothunters out of season. 'Tis the only law they will learn to respect.

Bear seem to be fairly plentiful round Lake Waquakobing and neighbourhood, judging from the number seen and killed. One came round close to the Canadian Camp Clubhouse on the first of August. I was trying for a bass under some cliffs about two hundred and fifty yards south and east of the Clubhouse about half past seven in the evening when I heard a cracking of brushwood nearly overhead. Looking up my eyes encountered a fine black bear where I had only expected to see a deer. Although in plain sight and coming towards me he failed to see me in the canoe, though he looked down at the water splashed up by a rock he dislodged with his foot, and which plunged into the lake. A bear's worst point is his eyes; a slight breeze blowing mostly from the west saved me for the time from being winded. Keeping the canoe moving parallel and behind him as he made his way towards the Clubhouse I kept him in sight for three hundred feet or more when the rocks broke off abruptly ending straight up and down. There was a small trail full of loose rock winding down its face. Down this Bruin came—tail first—the loose rock clattering to the bottom. While he was messing about

among the brushwood below I drove the canoe forward towards the Clubhouse for my rifle. I had nearly managed to pass him when he walked to the edge of the lake not sixty feet away and saw me. For fully half a minute we examined each other intently. A puff of wind soon dispelled my hopes that he might take the canoe for a floating log. Giving a snort of disgust he dashed into the bushes, making quite a racket in his hurry to get away. Knowing there was a ridge behind the Clubhouse I drove the canoe ashore with three strokes of the paddle and lost no time getting the rifle, making my way out of the house and behind it, in an effort to cut him off. Quick as I was however he was quicker still, for I was just in time to catch a glimpse of him among some raspberry bushes on top of the ridge one hundred and fifty yards away. I made a snap shot and a dull thud told me I had the range all right. There was no chance for a second shot as the smoke (black powder) hung like a blanket in front of me on the still atmosphere. This was a position in which all the advantages were with the smokeless rifle. I picked up his trail and found blood but not the owner—better luck next time! As he was heading straight for the Clubhouse, perhaps I should not have fired at him, for he might only have intended to register his name, and perhaps wished to become a member! Two more have been seen since, one at each end of the lake, while three have been shot further north, and others seen on the Mississauga River.

It is a little too early to pass an opinion on how young grouse have come through the season. Present signs point to a scarcity close by. Duck are coming in from the north, and quite a few are seen on the lake night and morning.



OUR CATCH WAS A RECORD BREAKER

## A Day's Fishing on the Shores of the Georgian Bay.

BY VINCENT S. STEVENS.

**T**IS up in the Georgian Bay district of the Great Lakes that one gets close to the heart of nature, while along its rocky isletted shores is found some of the finest fishing on the continent.

Pointe Au Baril, situated on the eastern shore midway between the rare beauty of the northern shore where the blue waters of the Bay break into crested foam on the rocky bases of the mountains rising up from the water's edge, and the quiet farming country stretching away from Georgian's southern borders, is probably the finest fishing point in that whole region. At least that is what we four noted it one September evening af-

ter the rarest day of sport in fishing we had ever had.

Mr. and Mrs. Patton, their son, Frank, and I made up the party. We were making the circuit of Georgian Bay by steamer and thought we would stop off for a day's fishing at Pointe Au Baril. Three steel rods and a hand line was our equipment.

Indian guides skilled in the knowledge of that wild region are to be found at most of the towns and fishing points. We secured two, "Bill" and "Jim", in the language of the Anglo-Saxon, but who still retain Pamajewong for their last names in remembrance of their native tribe.



We had hoped to find that our guides, when they came in the morning, would be dressed in the traditional buckskins and moccasins, but instead they wore the clothing and machine made shoes of civilization. Their high cheek bones, bronzed faces and strange reticence, though, placed them unmistakably in the ranks of the race which is fast disappearing from our American continent.

We made an early start. Mr. and Mrs. Patton had Bill, the father, for their guide, while Jim, the son, was at the oars in the boat for Frank and me.

"Um, show you good place, five mile up shore," said Bill as he headed his boat out into the bay and then started up along the shore. Jim followed his lead.

We four had our trolling spoons out, but not even a nibble did we get on the row of five miles up the shore. Then as the Patton's boat headed in between some rocky islets, we saw them get a strike, and soon land a fine fish.

"I've got a good one," soon exclaimed Frank as his pole nearly bent double and his line went out with a swish. Then followed a pretty fight until he finally landed a beautiful seven-pound grass pike.

My turn came next and mine proved to be a fine four pounder.

Back and forth we trolled over a bed of seaweed between the little islands, but the Pattons seemed to be having the best of the luck.

By the time they waved to us that it was the hour for dinner. Frank had landed three fine pike and a two-pound small mouthed black bass, while two pike was the extent of my "string".

Imagine our chagrin upon pulling up alongside of the other boat to see lying in its bottom, six fine black bass and eight pike running from three to nine pounds in weight.

Landing on a rocky islet topped by a cluster of scrubby pine trees, our guides were not long in making preparations for dinner. An interesting scene they made squatting over the fire frying the fish and boiling our coffee. At their back was the dark green of the pines, under their feet the bare rock of that primordial granite, and a pretty spray of golden-rod, lifting its beautiful golden plume from

a crevice in the rock a short distance away gave evidence of Nature's adorning hand even in this wilderness, while on every side stretched away the glistening blue waters of Georgian Bay, with a sky o'erhead rivaling their hue with its azure depth.

The exhilaration of the morning's sport in that bracing atmosphere gave an added zest to the appetites with which we dispatched our dinner. Never before had we tasted fish to compare with the black bass cooked fresh from those cold waters.

Bill and Jim must have put their heads together during the dinner hour for in



BILL AND JIM COOKING DINNER

the afternoon they took us to a still better fishing ground.

Frank and I were the lucky ones during the latter half of the day, and of us two, I had the larger string for the day, though my luck had been so poor in the morning.

My "prize" catch was a twelve and a half pound pike, half crossed with a muscalonge. What a mighty tug he gave as he grabbed my spoon, my reel ringing sharp as the line spun out! Then followed a battle royal to the death. Back and forth he raced making a gallant fight to get away with that tiny linen line which was ever drawing him closer to the boat. Once he jumped clear from the water in a vain attempt to spit out the hook. A beautiful sight he made as he leaped from the water his shining scales sparkling in the sunlight. There was little fight left in him when I finally drew him alongside the boat. We had no landing gaff, and then came a



moment of suspense while I ran my hand along his back and seizing the big fellow just behind the gills, I flung him into the boat. Even then I thought he would get away such a valiant effort did he make to regain his native element.

"My, this is the time a fellow would like to have his worst enemy watching him!" exclaimed Frank, as he landed another big fish.

Four times did beauties which we had nearly landed cut our lines with their sharp teeth and get away with our spoons in their mouths, while twice we had such heavy strikes the fish parted our lines before we had a chance to even start to reel in.

"It will be the same old story," re

marked Frank, "it's the biggest fish one never lands."

We spent the afternoon trolling in the channels between the different islets, starting for the point some time before sunset. Comparing notes as we pulled along together on our way back, we found that Mrs. Patton had landed the largest catch of the day, a thirteen and a half pound fish, one like mine, half pike and half muscalonge, while the day's catch from our four lines was ten small mouthed black bass and forty-six pike running from two pounds in weight to Mrs. Patton's thirteen-and-one-half pounder.

Our catch was declared to be a record breaker by those living at Pointe Au Baril.

## Wintering Birch Bark Canoes.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

**I** think from my personal care and supervision of Birch Bark canoes for thirty years that I am qualified to give advice as to wintering them successfully.

I may say at the outset that the larger the canoe the more danger there is of the bark splitting by contraction from frost. A canoe of twelve, or fifteen feet, providing it has been in use a season and pretty well loaded at times requires no further precaution than to see it is thoroughly dry at the end of service and placed under cover mouth down, over a couple of beams in a hay loft is as good a place as can be got.

A new canoe, however, of this size or one that has been very little used, should have all the timbers well slacked back except the first three or four in the ends which are not necessary to touch. The ribs should be so slack that they almost tumble out. The best way to loosen them is with a piece of three-quarter inch board, four inches broad, and a couple of feet long. The upper part can be edged off to accommodate the hand and the lower end left perfectly square and flat. This you guide along the edge of the rib and strike with a hammer or wooden mallet, being careful not to

knock too hard or too frequently in one place.

Commence by the timber in the middle immediately aft, or forward, of the middle bar, and work towards both ends of the craft doing two or three at each side of the centre as you go along.

Begin your first blow where the timber bulges first from the almost flat bottom and slacken up to within six inches of the gunwale and the same at the other side.

It goes much quicker and safer to have a man on each side as it avoids the necessity of reaching over or passing from side to side.

It may not be out of place while on the question of Birch Bark canoes to instruct the reader as to the proper way to bind or tighten his craft, as any violent treatment of the bark in the spring after its remaining in a dead, unelastic state all winter would surely lead to regrettable damage.

First, don't be in too much of a hurry to put the canoe into commission in the spring unless you are to give it immediate use. Often in the month of April we have some very cold nights and a canoe newly bound tight and not used would surely rend.

A favorable day in May might be chosen, preferably a day of warm showers and intermittent hot sunshine. Put the canoe out of doors, bottom up and let it undergo this wetting and drying process for half a day. The bark will then be soft and elastic. Now place her on a soft level sward or a couple of horse blankets on the barn floor, and reverse the order of knocking the timbers from what was done last autumn, i. e., commence at each END working TOWARDS the middle and try not to hurry matters. Time taken in the hammering process is time well spent.

The gum on the seams may have become cracked either from the frost or during the binding and extension of the bark. In such a case when your canoe is finished and tight-bound from end to end, turn her over and with a hot poker, or some other piece of heated iron, pass gently over the gum, rubbing the softened pitch with a wet hand behind the iron's passage.

Here again two can do better work than one, one man manipulating the hot iron while the other follows smoothing the soft gum into the cracks.

At some of the inland posts where canoe transport is carried on, as many as twenty or thirty canoes of different sizes are in use from a single man's hunting canoe of twelve feet long, up to big transport ones of thirty feet long, the latter carrying a load of fifty-five hundred pound dead weight, a crew of seven men and provisions for same for a couple of weeks, besides tent poles, cooking utensils and the personal dunnage of the men. And the large and useful vessel is made of Birch Bark, cedar lining and ribs, the only tools required in the construction are a crooked knife, awl and axe.

The safest way we found to winter all canoes longer than eighteen feet, was to slacken the timbers moderately and winter them mouth up on a prepared sandy or soil bed, with a gradient of a few inches in forty.

Each canoe as it was placed in position and the ribs slackened had some of the gum knocked off the lower end. This provided a leak or outflow for the melting snow in spring. Opposite to each bar of the canoe on both sides, stakes were driven into the ground at such an

angle that the end would just catch and engage itself under the gunwale. This kept the canoe in true shape and prevented her opening out from the pressure of winter snows for be it understood where they were placed at the end of the season of navigation, they remained until the next May, open to wind, snow and rain, and a better or safer way could not be found after years of trying different modes.

It must be further explained that at each post there was a commodious building especially for the storage of canoes, but this was only used in summer after the canoes were taken from their winter quarters.

We always had two or three new transport canoes on hand in case of loss in a rapid or some other accident, these were put into the canoe barn fresh from the builder's hands, without gum and the ribs only partially driven, and they remained there over winter suspended on poles, or beams, until required for use.

Before the final binding and gumming the bark was subjected to liberal douces of hot water to soften it up, thus imparting a safe elasticity to insure it from breaking.

The first year a transport canoe was put into commission her work was to carry out to the frontier the valuable packs of pelteries, and return laden with dry goods, guns, ammunition, etc., thereby insuring their safety from the newness and staunchness of the vessel that carried them.

Following this she transported for a couple of years flour, pork, lard, shot, hardware and other coarse portions of the trading outfit. The rest of her life was local trips or use about the post loading hay or wood to the establishment.

Each canoe had a name or number and a record of when first used, thus we knew the age of each craft and the work it had done.

As one of the secrets of having a water tight canoe is in the gumming thereof and properly prepared gum, I would refer the reader to an article in "Recreation" published in New York, January, 1906, entitled "Canoe Gum" in which he will find valuable information regarding the kind of gum to use and the process of preparation.

# Backwoods' Reminiscences.

By H. JERVIS.

**T**O some few of mankind is given the power of portraying nature in her own colours, and in many public exhibitions it is possible to see, beautiful scenes of landscape from various parts of the world ; where, guided by the artist we study with delight, those excellencies, which his good taste and careful judgement have produced. In the present condition of railroad transportation many such views are accessible at a small cost, with the still greater advantages of exercise and pure air, both so necessary to the unnerved and overworked citizen of the crowded cities of this continent.

One morning the first thing after rising, happening to glance along the road which passes the front of the house in in which I was staying in a beautiful part of Ontario, I saw a skunk dodge along. It followed the road a considerable distance, when probably hearing some strange sound took to the bush. Whilst enjoying a pipe, and looking at the various blossoms of the flowers growing in the garden, I saw a humming bird, who darting here and there gathered his sips of honey from the deep cord-loe of various plants, apparently created by nature to fertilize these plants whose funnel structured blossoms are too deep and narrow for the bee to enter. It seemed to have much pleasure in a bunch of Touch-me-not (*impatiens biflora*), a so frequently visiting some *salvia* and morning glories.

This house is situated near Lake Nipissing on the bank of a small river, commanding an excellent view of the lake toward the setting sun. To the north, east and south the view is curtailed by wooded hills, through which a wandering road connects with the more civilized districts of the south, also with other lumbering depots yet further north. The lake teams with fish. Sturgeon, great pike, large eyed pickerel, black bass and other members of the finny tribe found in dark waters, but no trout. On its shores many varieties of beautiful plant life exist.

At the mouth of a small creek on the sandy shore I came across a colony of Horned Bladderwort (*uticularia cornu-*

ta), showy yellow bonnets on naked scapes, with spicy fragrance. Under the fringe of water myrtle from whence the forest clad hills, raise from the shore were bunches of *tobelia cardinalis* which being safe from the hands of children is plentiful and touches up the landscape, nature versus Vibert. On the rock where it penetrates in the sandy shore lanced-leaved golden rods (*enthamia graminea*) spring out of the fissures, breathing a delicate perfume in the healthy atmosphere of this northern district. In the surrounding forest are many plants requiring shade, most curious of all the Indian pipe (*monotropa uniflora*), which when plucked insists on turning black, perhaps as its hanging head suggests, ashamed of itself.

As the lake teams with fish so do the forest protect and feed its numerous inhabitants, bear, wolf, lynx, moose and red deer roam, but little disturbed by man, with exception of the deer during the hunting season. Canada grouse, ruffed grouse, duck, snipe, plover and sandpiper are plentiful and large flocks of geese rest during their southern journey in the flight season.

The hunting season will soon be at hand, many adventures and much amusement will be the result with some venison. A few years ago some friends of mine were camped at the mouth of one of the large rivers flowing into the lake. They were nimrods and they had guides and dogs. Each of them watched a portion of the river for some distance up, the hounds being put out on the opposite side, driving the deer to the river. As soon as the deer attempted by swimming to cross the river, those watching were to shoot the deer.

One deer watered opposite to a huntsman armed with a repeating rifle. He saw it, and at the same time was seized with buck-fever. Shooting at the deer many times, the welkin rang with the echoes of his fusillade. The deer kept on its course, the hunter still firing. The hunter shot again and the deer walked over him, quietly trotting into the cover of the woods, behind the bewildered huntsman. Some of his bullet marks were found in neighboring pine stubs fifteen and twenty feet above the level.





BLACKSTONE HUNT CLUB—MOON RIVER—GEORGIAN BAY DISTRICT

## Hunting in the Highlands of Ontario.

BY C. R. HAMILTON.

**T**HERE is something peculiarly fascinating about deer hunting, or the thousands of sportsmen that each year penetrate the Highlands of Ontario and undergo the hardships necessarily incident in the life of the successful deer hunter would not repeat the journey annually. Bankers, lawyers, doctors, merchants, clerks, and in fact all sorts and conditions of men, early in the fall, as soon as the green forests begin to give way to their autumn hue,

take down their rifles and accoutrements, oil and grease them, sight them, and make ready for the opening season when the law allows the killing of deer. At that time the prevailing topic of conversation in all sporting circles is deer hunting.

Then, when the first frost has nipped the leaves, and the cold north winds have swept them from the trees, the deer hunter packs up his kit, gathers his party together, and hies him to some favorite hunting grounds in the districts of Northern Ontario, there to engage in his enthralling pastime.

The deer hunting season throughout the "Highlands of Ontario" resulted most satisfactorily to the hunters that went into the district during the open season of 1905 (November 1st to 15th). It is estimated that over 10,000 deer and 200 moose were killed during the open season. It is somewhat marvellous how the stock of deer keeps pace with the number killed, but it seems that each year they are becoming more numerous, and there is an increase instead of a diminution. This is accounted for by the shortness of the open season and by the strict prosecution by the Ontario Government of anyone transgressing the



RED DEER HEAD FROM THE "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"



ONE DAY'S CARGO.—MUSKOKA WHARF

laws. The wanton slaughter, which no doubt would have prevailed had hunters been allowed to kill at their pleasure, has thus been prevented to a great extent, and one of the best heritages of the public saved. During the open season of 1905 the Canadian Express Company alone carried, 2,889 deer, the total weight of these shipments amounting to 316,300 pounds. All these carcasses were shipped

ed from points located on the Grand Trunk Railway System, the largest number being taken out of the Maganetawan River Region, the Muskoka Lakes District and points on the Northern Division north of Huntsville. Of course, this is not a criterion of the numbers that are killed, as this does not include those killed by settlers, Indians and half-breeds, and by those hunters



PARTRIDGES ARE PLENTIFUL IN THE "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO"

who do not have to express their deer to their homes; nor the wounded ones that get away and die; nor those killed and eaten by the 7,000 hunters and their dogs during the two weeks they are in the woods. Taking all this into consideration it is estimated that there could not have been less than 10,000 deer killed during the season of 1905.

No person is allowed to kill more than two each open season, which extends from the first to the fifteenth of November, both days inclusive. Each license is supplied with two coupons, one of which must be attached to each deer killed, and the carrier who transports

region comprises the moose, caribou and red deer. The moose are plentiful in this district, but are a wary animal, and not a little skill is necessary to get one. During the month of June and early part of July hundreds of these "Monarchs of the Forest" are seen by the canoeist as they are forced to the waters by flies, which infest the woods until about the middle of July. After July 15th the flies and mosquitoes disappear and the moose go back into the woods and fatten up. They are, therefore, not seen so frequently during the month of August, excepting in the early morning or late evening, when they come for their



COMING INTO CAMP—MAGANETAWAN RIVER

the deer is obliged to cancel these coupons when delivered to him for transport. Non-residents are allowed two deer on each license. The license for non-residents is \$25.00.

There are immense tracts of rocky but well wooded territory in the northern districts which can never be brought under cultivation, and which, so long as the forests are not denuded, will continue to be a veritable sportsman's paradise, the haunt and home of the red deer, as well as other game animals native of the province.

#### Moose and Caribou.

The big game found in the Temagami

drink at the water's edge. During September, which is known as the running season, moose are seen in large numbers throughout the district. The open season for hunting these animals commences on October 16th and continues until November 15th, both days inclusive. Only one moose, reindeer or caribou may be taken in any one season by any one person, and no cow moose or young moose or caribou under one year of age can be killed.

Caribou is also an inhabitant of this territory. Signs of them are seen everywhere. They are a much more wary and timid animal than the moose, and are consequently harder to see, and prove





A TEMAGAMI MOOSE HEAD

much more difficult to capture. When seen, they are usually in bands or droves of various numbers. The country lying south and east of Smooth Water Lake, and northwest of the Wakenika Lake and River seems to be the best suited to these cautious animals, as it is a rough and hilly country in which the caribou dwell in greater numbers than in any other localities in the region.

The game birds found in this locality are the ruffed grouse, common willow partridge, and the pine grouse, besides geese duck and other water fowl. In the northern portion of the territory towards the head of Lady Evelyn Lake, Lady Evelyn River, Sucker Gut and

the east branch of the Montreal River, are found duck in abundance. The varieties embrace the following species: Mallard, wood duck, merganser, blue-bill, sheel drake, widgeon etc. Partridge are found almost anywhere in the forest, and are abundant. The open season for shooting ducks is from September 1st to December 1st, both days inclusive, and for partridge from September 15th to December 15th, both days inclusive.

The most numerous of the fur-bearing animals are the bear, martin, mink, otter fox, beaver and muskrat. The otter and beaver, however, are protected and are not allowed to be killed until November 1910.



A MORNING CATCH AT HUNTSVILLE, ONT

# Ontario Fish and Game Convention.

## Important Suggestions for the Government.

**N**O one who considers the past record of Ontario could doubt the position the Premier Province of Canada would take on the questions of fish and game protection. The Province has now spoken, and with a representative voice that demands and will receive consideration. Some of the propositions are of far reaching importance and it may well be that the Government will hesitate before attempting to give full effect to all of them. They will now know, however, that in any endeavors to strengthen the protection already given by the Province to its wonderful assets in fish and game, they will have behind them a large and growing body of public opinion prepared at any time to throw its whole weight in support of authorities who will make this protection a reality.

The Ontario Convention held on the last day of August in the University Buildings at Toronto was notable for the completeness of its arrangements and the consequent success that attended the gatherings. Scattered throughout the province are branch associations and each one was supplied with a carefully prepared pamphlet containing every point that has arisen in connection with the various questions brought to the front in enforcing the acts dealing with fish and game. This pamphlet was the result of consultation with the best authorities, both scientific and practical men being called into consultation and the result was a programme that embodied every possible point that has caused controversy or appeared to require further consideration, both in preparing the acts and in strengthening weak points. Each branch was asked to discuss every point at its own meetings and to send its delegates fully prepared to state the views of the members upon all the questions put forward. Through these means the Convention that assembled at Toronto was not merely representative but practical and ready at once to state their views upon the great variety of ques-

tions that came before them. In every detail the organization was complete and the business discussed and dispatched with a business-like promptness that might well be imitated elsewhere. There was no hurry; there was intelligent and well informed discussion, but there was no dawdling, with the result that the whole ground was covered in one day and the best of work done. As a preliminary a meeting of Secretaries was held in the afternoon of August 30th and the committees arranged, with the result that no time was lost in getting the Convention to work and dispatching an amount of business that was astonishing to all who knew the usual procedure at such gatherings. Of course, the wheels had been well oiled beforehand and the business ability, genius for organization, hard work and the bright cheery spirit of Mr. A. Kelly Evans was accountable for this meritorious performance. The kindly but firm manner of Chief Justice Falconbridge who presided had, also, much to do with the manner in which the time was fairly proportioned and full consideration given to every subject before the Convention pronounced upon it. The missionary work done in the province on behalf of the cause by Mr. A. Kelly Evans and Mr. Oliver Adams was seen in the manner in which the whole Province was represented at the Convention and the true spirit of sportsmanship was shown on every question when the representatives of old Ontario displayed sympathy with any special difficulties that were pointed out in dealing with the newer portion of the Province; and the representatives of New Ontario reciprocated this spirit when points arose which placed the sportsmen of Old Ontario in any similar difficulty. These are considerations which should not fail to influence the Government when they come to consider, in the light of the decisions of the Convention, what proposals shall be submitted to the Legislature next session.

Chief Justice Falconbridge defined the

policy of the Association in a quintette of pertinent paragraphs, which are well worth quoting, so thoroughly do they cover the ground and represent the whole matter to the public:—

That game fish and game, through the attraction they form to tourists, are a most valuable financial asset to the Province, and that therefore, their protection should be encouraged.

That the food fish in our waters should be conserved and regulated for the good of the masses of the people, and not wasted or used for the benefit of one small class of the community.

That certain game birds and song and insectivorous birds are an immensely valuable friend to the farmer in destroying harmful insects, weed seeds, rodents, etc., and the lack of knowledge by the public on such subjects should be combatted steadily.

That the wild lands of the Province suitable to game and the waters of the Province suitable to game fish should be ever kept the property of the public, and that the Association must always endeavour to prevent the acquisition by individuals or groups of individuals of large tracts of territory for the purposes of forming private game preserves.

That the Association should have no connection with politics or any political party.

First in importance it may be pointed out is the proposal to unite the fish and game interests of the Province in one Department with a Minister responsible to the Legislature and to the public for the proper conduct of the same. Such a proposal if carried out could at once be followed by uniting the offices of Fish and Game wardens; and it would not be asking too much of the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines to confer the additional office of Fire Warden upon the same individuals. If this were done sufficient salaries could be paid to allow the men selected for such offices to devote their whole time to the service. The further suggestion to give to every member of the Association and its branches the honorary but authoritative office of Deputy Wardens would strengthen protective work enormously and give an additional honor to membership which would give equally beneficial re-

sults to the Association and to the public service. The Association would do well to put these matters in the forefront of their demands for if they are once conceded they will form a solid foundation of improvement upon which can well be built a system of protection that should prove well nigh perfect and which should form a model for the other Provinces.

The spirit in which the members have entered upon the work and may be trusted to push these reforms, was well illustrated in the numbers of notices which adorned the walls of the hall in which the gathering was held. Conspicuous amongst these notices was one put out by the Lindsay branch offering a reward of \$10 for information of any infraction of the law such as would lead to the conviction of the offenders. The notices came in for much favorable comment and the Lindsay one received some particular words of commendation from the Chariman and others. It was stated that this particular notice had been widely posted and its effect upon law breakers had been most marked.

Another point of human interest was that of licensing of guides. The Convention was heartily in favor of such a course and suggested a fee of one dollar per head. The suggestion to give licensed guides the same powers as Fish and Game wardens and to hold them responsible for any parties whom they accompanied breaking the regulations unless they reported the same, was likewise approved. If these proposals are carried out guides will become responsible men, and the few who injure the names and destroy the confidence necessarily reposed in guides, will be driven out of business. At first sight guides may resent any attempt to regulate them, but a little consideration will speedily convince them that such regulations will be to the advantage of every genuine guide and they need not consider the inefficient ones. Considerable reliance has to be placed upon guides and it is only right that responsible men should alone be allowed in such a calling.

In fishery matters the Convention put itself on record as satisfied with the present close season for speckled trout and with the legal restriction as to size and quantity (viz: six inches long and thirty



of an aggregate weight or ten lbs.) which may be taken in one day. They were opposed to any selling within the Province of speckled trout caught outside either during the close season or any other time.

In the opinion of the practical men present bass should not be introduced into speckled trout waters and they expressed their belief that hatcheries for speckled trout could much more easily

locations in the lakes, stocking these places, and keeping them enclosed from May to November. He quoted from Jacob Reighard of the Michigan Fish Commission who says " That in pond rearing there is not twenty per cent loss from fry to fingerlings, even when left with the parent bass, and much less when the large fish are taken from them. Also that the small fish have no trouble in finding plenty of food, and that repeated



A GROUP OF THE DELEGATES TO THE FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF THE ONTARIO FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

be handled privately than by the Government.

The Convention advocated a continuance of the present regulation prohibiting the sale or exportation of black bass and were satisfied with the present limitation and size viz: eight of ten inches long in one day. They thought the open season should be from June 15th to November 30th, both days inclusive. On the question of Government hatcheries for bass Dr. Riggs spoke strongly in favor of screening ponds in suitable

examination of the stomachs of the fingerlings show plenty of nourishment. Thirty thousand pounds were marketed from one lake, which we stocked at the third year." The United States Fisheries tell us that they attain a length of four to eight inches in five to six months and that they have been known to weigh one pound nine ounces in eighteen months. If his proposals were carried out when screens were lifted they could liberate several thousand fingerlings that would come to maturity and would stock

thoroughly any lake with more fish than could be caught in any legitimate manner. This from a commercial standpoint would be a splendid investment as the original cost would be small and the returns enormous, and as the fish would reproduce it would take years to reduce the supply. The small fish might be obtained on the shores of most any of our lakes, about the first of June and could be carried in cans to the ponds that had already been prepared for them. These ponds would have to be cared for all summer and would be the principal item of expense. A thousand dollars would demonstrate the practicability of this system whereas it would take a good many thousands to build artificial ponds and not prove so beneficial in the end. He also urged that the Government should show more energy in protecting the level of our lakes instancing Muskoka where some years ago the bass were almost exterminated owing to an interference by lumbermen with the levels of the waters. A delegate from Bobcaygeon stated that similar results had followed interference with the levels in the Kawartha Lakes and they had wondered what possible reason could be the cause for the dearth of bass. In both instances the bass are recovering and becoming numerous again.

The suggestion to include silver bass in the fishery regulations and provide a limit and season for catching the same was not confirmed.

The prohibition of the sale and export of sturgeon was approved and the regulation limiting the catch to four per day and the size to twenty four inches long was agreed upon. The open season should be from June 15th to Nov. 30th. If found at all practicable the Convention was heartily in favor of steps being taken by the Government Fish Hatcheries to propagate these fish artificially.

It was decided to still leave blue pickerel outside the regulations.

An important recommendation came from the Committee on Public Domain, Parks and Forests to the effect that the northern and eastern shores of Georgian Bay from Killarney to Penetanguishene and the numerous islands and waters adjacent thereto be set aside exclusively for angling purposes. This region is the

natural spawning ground and habitat of the food and game fish of the Georgian Bay, and it is believed also to be the spawning ground of the food fish of a large portion of Lake Huron. The committee also advocated the creation of reservations from time to time, thereby protecting the fish and game and preventing the acquisition by private parties or clubs of large tracts of the private domain for exclusive hunting and fishing privileges.

Important were the recommendations coming from the Committee on Food Fish. These included the prohibition of the catching of all food fish for five years; that the smallest mesh allowed for white fish and salmon trout nets be five inches, and that all nets and net licenses be abolished except those in the great lakes. The close season for salmon trout, white fish and pickerel was recommended to be from October 1st to April 1st and herring from October 16th to April 1st.

It was reported that bull frogs were becoming scarce and the delegates agreed to urge upon the Government the prohibition of the sale or export of frogs and frog legs for five years.

Trap nets, hoop nets, and pound nets were condemned as too destructive to fish life, while in gill nets it was recommended that they be allowed in nonprohibited waters only, and that the mesh should be of such size as would have a tendency to take only the larger of the species. Power should be given to the discoverer of an illegal net to destroy the same on sight. The Convention adopted the recommendation of the committee to prohibit all netting in inland lakes and streams. In the cases of licenses being granted by the Government it was urged that numbers should be placed on the net buoys in plain figures, that the number of such licenses, the names of licensees and for what purpose granted should be issued by the Government and such particulars be obtainable by the public.

Very important indeed is the fact that the goodwill of the great transportation companies has been secured and their representatives worked in accord with delegates in devising a plan whereby the best check possible could be placed upon exports. The Committee recommended

that the Government be asked to make it illegal to accept a consignment of commercial fish for export unless accompanied by a Government Inspector's certificate and a detailed invoice showing exactly how the consignment is made up. Special officers should be appointed for inspection at important points and at others the agents of the transportation companies, be authorized to act. A

be allowed in cold storage for more than fifteen days after the close of the open season, except moose killed by an individual sportsman and being retained by him for his private use. They also were strongly in favor of a regulation prohibiting the sale of any game or game fish during the close season.

Water pollution and its effect upon the fish came in for serious discussion.



HON. W. G. FALCONBRIDGE

Chief Justice of the King's Bench, who presided at the first Conference of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association.

small fee would be charged for the certificate.

The recent decision of the Department to charge a fishing license to non-residents was supported, and the further working out of the scheme so as to include shipping companies and to arrange Government statistics was left to the head quarter's staff.

The Convention strongly supported the proposal that no game or game fish

Any interference with the great industries of the country was recognized as a serious matter but no less serious is the effect of water pollution upon the fish. Mr. Kelly Evans had some hopeful words to say on this point. Experiments in the States have shown that science may come to the rescue and that what has hitherto polluted our streams may be made useful, servicable and profitable.

The trouble that comes from the ex-



emption of settlers in unorganized districts was dwelt upon at length and the Government urged to strictly define a "settler". As a suggestion it was put forward that six months' residence might be insisted upon, a clearance of at least two acres, and a house 18 x 24. The settler to secure exemption should in all cases be a bona-fide farmer.

The Committee on Feathered Game reported in favor of the close time for ducks being fixed from Dec 15th to Sept. 15th. They were unanimously opposed to spring shooting, against gasoline or other launches or sail boats being permitted to be used for either duck shooting or routing ducks; against allowing stationary hides more than one hundred yards from any shore line; against boats or punts being permitted to be used in open water for duck shooting or decoys placed at over one hundred yards from any shore line; against power boats or sail boats being allowed to be used at all in duck shooting; against allowing plover or other shore birds being shot in spring; in favor of further protection of quail for three years; allowing the limit in ducks to remain as at present; and a strong recommendation against allowing the sale or export of ducks.

A recommendation to prohibit the shooting of ducks before 6 A. M. and after 5 P. M. was debated at length and ultimately it was decided that the present law covers the whole case.

The difficulties of the duck shooters at Long Point Bay on Lake Erie were also pointed out. Here the shore is under the control of a company and the private sportsman can only obtain a share of sport by shooting a mile off shore. While sympathising with their fellow sportsmen in their predicament the delegates felt that they could not recommend exceptional legislation even for exceptional cases. Once started on such a course there would be no end to the demands made.

Fur bearing animals and their future was the next matter for consideration. The law prohibiting the killing of beaver and otter before Nov. 1st 1910 was declared satisfactory though in the opinion of the delegates the law is not being properly enforced. It was suggested that special reserves should be created for

the propagation of these animals and that reciprocal relations should be entered into with the United States and the other Provinces for the purpose of enforcing the Law. The Convention was of the opinion that the Government should use more stringent measures for protection of these valuable animals and when killing is allowed the open season to be from Nov. 1st to Feb. 1st. The Convention went further than the Committee and asked the Government to say that any infraction of the law for the protection of fur bearing animals should for the first offence be visited with a heavy fine, and for a second offence the penalty should be imprisonment without the option of a fine.

In the cases of muskrats the open seasons recommended for Northern Ontario was Oct. 15th to May 1st; that the take be limited to 100 for each person, and that fifteen days be allowed to dispose of the furs after the season closes.

The delegates expressed the view that the Government should take steps to regulate the hunting, killing and taking of mink, marten and fisher; that the open season for these animals should be from Nov. 1st to March 1st; and that further preserves should be established for the propagation of these animals. It was further decided to recommend a close time for bear, the open season to be from Oct. 15th to May 1st.

Contrary to expectations the Convention expressed a favorable opinion of the present close season. The still hunters and dog hunters had another bout and agreed to call it a drawn battle. In other words the subject proved too contentious for the delegates to settle, and it was agreed to defer it, in the hope that as the Association grows stronger some authoritative decision may be arrived at. One delegate expressed the opinion that three quarters of the men who went into the woods had no business to handle a gun, and three quarters of the dogs found in the woods had no right to exist. In this style the wordy battle went on until peace settled over the scene by the withdrawal of the contentious item.

A law providing for the searching of lumber camps for venison, caribou, and moose meat and holding the jobber and license holder both liable in heavy fines

if any such meat is found was considered favorably. It was thought preferable to give moose and caribou protection for one year in five rather than prohibit the shooting of such animals for five years. The Convention expressed agreement with the present number of deer allowed to each person.

The prohibition of firearms in game districts was recommended, a similar

another interesting discussion. Several delegates pleaded guilty to what is generally considered unsportsmanlike conduct but also stated that they had registered vows never to repeat the offence. Others asked what greater harm there is in this practice than in allowing the deer to get away and die a lingering death. In the end this question waited over for still further consideration and is one of



MR. A. KELLY EVANS, TORONTO  
Secretary of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association.

provision having been incorporated in the law of New Brunswick last year. Another provision of the New Brunswick Game Law to the effect that every warden should pass a qualifying examination before a judge prior to appointment, was agreed to.

The Committee recommended the prohibition of the exportation of deer, moose and caribou except by licensee. Should deer be killed in the water? gave rise to

the knotty problems that will trouble future delegates.

It was decided to call the special attention of the Government to the certainty of the slaughter among big game and game fish, unless special preventive measures were taken where construction and survey camps exist or will exist in connection with new railways and the dangers from fire, etc. An exemption should be allowed the delegates thought

in the case of survey camps when ten miles from the nearest supply station, and for killing for their own provision only. It was agreed that foreign laborers &c. should be prohibited from carrying guns when engaged in railway work except in the open season.

The question of the use of poison in the woods was keenly debated. One delegate objected that fur and feathered life was injured through partaking of the poisoned carcass if left in the woods, and that foxes and wolves could

the woods and the subject was thereupon dropped.

Several delegates advocated a gun license but as they were told that they might as well attempt to "jump over the moon" as think of carrying such a proposal in the present state of public opinion, the matter was allowed to go over for another meeting.

The twenty-five cent fee for settlers killing deer was denounced as a farce, and the view was expressed that the sooner it is abolished the better for efficient game protection.

Automatic guns found one defender but the overwhelming force of opinion amongst the delegates was opposed to the use of automatic or machine shot guns and in this view they are said to reflect the general opinion throughout both Canada and the States. The Convention expressed views in favor of legislation prohibiting the possession of firearms in lumber camps.

The delegates expressed themselves as favorable to a reciprocal arrangement with the United States looking towards a restriction of the shipping of fish and game, illegally captured in the Province, into the United States or from the United States into Canada.

Another important discussion arose on the question of the license fee for non-residents for big game. There were earnest advocates for an increase of the fee from \$25 to \$100 but this was considered unreasonable and finally the fee recommended for the future was \$50, equal to that now charged in New Brunswick and British Columbia. On this point of fees Mr. Evans stated that he had found not so much objection either to the fees or to the amount on the part of visiting tourists but to the difficulty of obtaining the licenses, and he suggested that they should be on sale at Post Offices, at reputable hotels and stores and at depots in towns like Pittsburg and Buffalo from whence many tourists came. In all cases, with the exception of Post Offices, the parties entrusted with licenses should be under bond. These facilities, he believed would be much appreciated by tourists.

It was agreed to ask the Dominion Government to instruct the Postmasters throughout the Province to place con-



MR. OLIVER ADAMS, TORONTO

Vice President of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association.

be killed in other and better ways. Challenged to name these methods the delegate pointed to the system of digging out the young and shooting with the rifle. He was further asked if he had ever shot a wolf and another delegate took up the challenge replying that a year ago he had shot a wolf as it was in pursuit of a deer. Another gentleman cruelly suggested that the delegate shot at the deer and killed the wolf. Eventually it was discovered that the present law provides against the use of poison in



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spicuously in the Post Offices the game laws and fishery regulations when provided either by the Ontario Government or the Association.

The question of a distinctive badge was left for the consideration of the committee at headquarters.

A very warm tribute was paid to the energy and good work of Mr. Kelly Evans and Mr. Oliver Adams, whose constant labours alone rendered the Convention possible, and who did more than any others to secure its undoubted success. The Ontario Government and the University authorities were thanked for the use of the building and the able chairman, whose fine administrative abilities alone allowed the delegates to get through such a press of work in one day, was not forgotten. In the Chief Justice the cause of fish and game protection has "a friend in high places." and his influence is always on the side of making the protection real.

Then came the last important matter—When shall we meet again? Unanimously, Easter 1908 was fixed upon. By that time it is hoped every town and village within the Province will have an active Association and each one will be fully represented. By that time too, a trial will have been made of certain of the recommendations of the first Convention and keen men all over the Province will have watched for defects, thought of possible improvements and be ready to make new recommendations. If these forecasts prove correct the second Convention will be an improvement upon the first, successful in every way as the first one has proved.

The work of covering the whole Province by the formation of local Associations will go steadily forward, and Mr. A. Kelly Evans, Secretary at Headquarters, informs us that Mr. Adams and himself are prepared to set out on their travels just as soon as the hunting season is over. They mean to hold many public meetings during the coming winter, and stimulate activity and interest in the cause in the same manner as they did last winter. As they have already laid the foundation so well their resumed pilgrimage will probably have wider effects than last year and the Association will gain in strength and influence by the work of these active and devoted officials. In some places where a branch has not yet been formed it is hoped the people will, on their own initiative, take up the work of the formation of a branch. Any one who will write to the Headquarters of the Association, 25 Front St. East, Toronto, will be promptly supplied with all information as to the methods of organization, etc.

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Edited by

LOU. E.  
MARSH

### How Zoraya Won the Fisher Cup.

Tame to a degree were the Fisher Cup races, regarded from a purely racing standpoint. Zoraya the Mylne boat sent over by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was the superior of Iroquois in every way they went, and the contest simply proved what Zoraya's supporters have all along maintained—that had she been sent in quest of Canada's Cup instead of Temeraire, the Fife boat, the Rochester Yacht Club would not now claim the proud distinction of being the first yachting organization to successfully defend Canada's Cup.

The outstanding feature of the race, if we get away from Zoraya's all round superiority, were Commodore Frank T. Christie's able handling of Iroquois, and the confidence of the men across the lake in the ability of Iroquois to outpace anything of her inches afloat in a light wind and a moderate sea.

Christie certainly did handle Iroquois in superb fashion, and the way in which he covered Zoraya in the starting manoeuvres of the second race, and beat the redoubtable Skipper Jarvis at his own game, is the only bright spot in the cloud of disappointment which settled down over the Rochester Yacht Club when Iroquois was trimmed in two straight races. Christie blanketed Zoraya as soon as the preparatory gun was fired, and though Skipper Jarvis fought him with every trick his experience taught him, Christie always kept between his only opponent and the wind, and clearly won the start. He crossed the line ahead but leeward and bucketted the wind into Zoraya's mainsail. Her advantage was shortlived however, for Zoraya out-pointed and out-footed Iroquois, and was even up a hundred yards from the mark. Even though Christie

won one start did not run away with the idea that Skipper Jarvis did not handle Zoraya properly. He handled her in his usually masterly style. I was merely giving Christie credit for getting a bit the best of the great Canuck.

The confidence of the Americans in the ability of Iroquois to trim Zoraya, and



GLADYS, OF THE R. C. Y. C. TORONTO  
One of a class of small yachts obtaining popularity on Lake Ontario.

anything else afloat, was simply sublime. When the wind came off shore in cat-paws, and the sky was a brilliant blue, they were as cocky as game bantams, and their yellow backs, so carefully anchored before Saturday's race, came forth in rolls and bundles. They were so cock sure that all but a few of the Canucks took backwater when they waved the bank notes in the gentle breeze. The Zoraya men, who knew, bet their very last nickel on the sleek little black craft, and then exhausted their credit in the fleet. They knew what Iroquois did to Temeraire in the Canada Cup contest,

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and they also had it jogged down in their note books what Zoraya had done to Temeraire in the zephyrs, and they went down, hook, line and sinker, on her chances.

What did Zoraya do to Iroquois in light airs?

Well if you don't know I'll tell you—she simply made her look like a selling plate in a stake race. Why even the Rochester boys will tell you that Zoraya made their Herreshoff craft look as if she were tied to a barge. Iroquois never had a little bit of a look in, and Zoraya could have sailed around her at least half a dozen times, and then have beaten her to the nine mile weather mark—it was a wonderful leeward race—and even on the run she stretched out her lead.

Zoraya beat Iroquois 1.27 seconds in every mile of windward work, and even on the run home she outpaced her, though a freshening breeze enabled the discomfited Iroquois to chop down the time difference by 58 seconds on the spinnaker run, though Zoraya had actu-

ly added a quarter mile to her mile lead at the windward flag.

She won the light air race, 18 miles, by 12.09.

The initial race, sailed in a heavy breeze, she won by 1.32, but the 1.32 represented nigh half a mile. She should have won by four minutes and odd. She was that and more to the good on the buck to windward, but Skipper Jarvis overstood his mark, and lost just about all he had gained to weather of his opponent. Even at that he was 1.33 ahead and did not use Zoraya's spinnaker on a quartering run on the second leg. Iroquois used both balloon jib and spinnaker all the way on the second leg, but Skipper Jarvis decided to leave well enough alone, and contented himself with using a balloon jib only. On Iroquois' fastest point and sailing Zoraya only lost eight seconds without using her spinnaker more than a mile. On the trip home, a close reach which was sailed so that both boats were able to utilize ballooners on the final two mile spring for the finishing flag, Iroquois made her only true gain of the series—a scant four seconds on a seven mile leg. At that gait it would take Iroquois over twenty four hours to catch the fleet Zoraya.

The result shattered the Rochesterian's faith in Charles Herreshoff as a designer, and now they are actively engaged in financing a proposition to secure a Canada Cup defender for the next year from the board of "Blind Ned" Herreshoff, the American wizard.

On this side of the Lake a syndicate has already been formed to secure a Canada's Cup challenge candidate from Mylne, the young Scotchman who turned out Zoraya's lines. Of course Vice Commodore Nicholls will have a candidate, and still pins his faith to the veteran Scot, Charles Fife.

It would not then indeed be strange if we have Mylne and Herreshoff boats competing for the two great international yachting trophies, for to Mylne Sir Thomas Lipton has turned for an America's Cup challenger.

#### Port to Port Cruising.

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# Prize Medal —AND— Cup Maker.

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annual racing meet of the Lake Yacht Racing Association, the governing body for yacht racing on Lake Ontario, made a hit this year.

The peculiar situation was responsible for the innovation. The Royal Hamilton Yacht Club wanted the boats for four or five days, but the Royal Canadian Yacht Club fleet wanted to make Charlotte for the Fisher Cup races so the port to port series was arranged. The fleet left Toronto on a Saturday and raced to Hamilton, a 32 mile jump. On Monday the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club gave a day's racing, and on Tuesday the fleet was split into two classes again and sailed to Port Dalhousie, another 30 miles. From Port Dalhousie they jumped to Olcott, N.Y., and then from Olcott, N. Y. to Charlotte, N. Y. The trip was voted the best ever made. There were eighteen or twenty boats on the circuit, and the fact that each night meant a change of scene lent zest to the races, while the yachtsmen were given a grand reception at every place they landed. At Port Dalhousie they had to make their own fire, and all gathered around

a large camp fire on the beach. The song feast which followed will live long in their memories. At Charlotte the Rochester Yacht Club members treated the visitors right royally even though Zoraya did trim the great Iroquois, and their taste of the bitter draught did not make a whit of difference to the hosts of the day.

## Failed to Get Lipton Cup.

Canada's first quest after the Lipton Cup for 21 footers at Chicago was unsuccessful, but the Canadian entry, Raven, of Hamilton, though beaten was not disgraced. Seven boats started and Raven was third in points on the three races. Raven was built and sailed by Captain J. H. Fearnside, of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club. In the initial race she finished fourth. In the second race she led until the last leg when a wind shift pulled one of her rivals into the lead. The best she could do in the final race was to come out fifth.

Cherry Circle, which won the opening race, also won the cup with a score of 266.7 points. Bill Poster, which won the final race, was next with 244.4 points, and Raven third with 222.3 points. Five out of the seven entries were about on a par as far as speed is concerned. Now that we have the nucleus of a twenty-one foot class here it may flourish as it has on Lake Michigan and Huron, and give us boats fast enough to go after the Cup next year. Raven was not in good shape, and next year with better preparations may even try again.

## Gallant Conduct in Toronto.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto, has set an example which every aquatic organization in Canada might well follow. As a Club recognition of conspicuous bravery they made Bert. Barber and John W. Bartlett, two of their members, life members of the Club, and gave Harry Sinclair, a professional sailor, a gold medal and a purse. Mr. Barber and Mr. Bartlett were also given gold medals. This action upon the part of the Club as a whole is a sequel to the gallant rescue of Ernie McMurtry, of Zoraya's crew, during a Fisher Cup trial



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race on the Lake. A heavy sea was running, and Zoraya rounded a buoy all right. When squared away for the next buoy her mainsail threatened to gibe. McMurtry ran forward to shove it back when Skipper Worts checkmated the threatened gibe by swinging the boat. Now these racing 30 footers spin like tops, and answer every shift of the helm instantly. The sudden swing coming as the boat rose to the crest of the wave hurled McMurtry overboard. He couldn't swim a stroke. A life ring was thrown out to him from the Zoraya but he failed to reach it, and as the black racing craft swept on he disappeared beneath the waves. Bartlett, another member of the crew, sprang overboard as Zoraya sailed on. Temeraire, hard after Zoraya, swung round the buoy, and seeing the trouble bore down, but with the wind aft she could not get within yards of the drowning man. As she passed however, Barber, and Sinclair, the Temeraire's professional sailor, both fully clothed dove in. Sinclair was the first to reach the drowning man and held him until Barber brought the life ring. Bartlett too came up, and the three of them had a desperate struggle to keep McMurtry afloat. Both Zoraya and Temeraire came back at once. Temeraire's crew managed to reach them with ropes but they were not a moment too soon for all were fagged and McMurtry was unconscious. McMurtry is the Secretary of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association.

Too little official attention is paid to rescues of comrades by men who sail together. Many heroic acts have been passed over unrecognised and unrewarded simply because the participants were sailing comrades, and it was to be expected that one would risk all for the other.

#### Power Boat Racing.

Power boat racing has not taken hold in Canada as it should. Down around Gananoque and Montreal there have been a few races, and there has been some desultory racing and chasing at the summer resorts. Outside Toronto however there has not been much real racing, and even at that great boating centre the interest taken has not been of the

kind which brings out real racing models and racing engines. There have been some races between boats of ordinary types. The Queen City Yacht Club, of Toronto, offered a regular program of power boat races but there has been but little competition.

It remained for the Toronto Gas and Gasoline Engine Co. Ltd. to bring off the only real races of the season. The Company put up some handsome silver cups, trophies, and flags for a series of four regattas. All boats equipped with the Company's engines were eligible. The owners took a great deal of interest in these affairs, and some really hot racing resulted. The only restriction was the over all length, but even with this there was excellent racing. The entry list at each regatta varied from 26 to 35 boats. The big class was the 18 foot class where twelve boats struggled for a trophy, and a three cornered tie between Rene, Auto-Float, and Viper resulted.

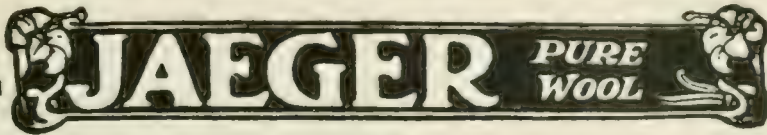
In the 22 foot class Lieblings, owned by C. S. Acton, was much more heavily powered than her rivals, and won both races in which she competed.

In the 25 foot class Francesca, Dolly Dollars, and Margaret each won one race, but Eddie English with Dolly D. cleaned up the thirty foot class, and also the unrestricted length class. She held the championship emblem all season, though Margeret gave her a hot chase in the final event.

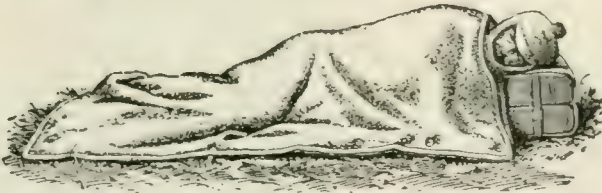
E. D. Grant's Tige had things all her own way in the 16 foot class.

#### Simple Speed Models.

When it comes right down to speed the square bilged flat bottomed scow is IT. Canadians are not going in for speed much this year. We are conservative over here and while there are not a few 16 mile an hour boats carrying Canadian burgees, there are not more than half a dozen speed models on this side of the line. We like to be able to go a bit but place comfort before speed, and the result is that we have hundreds of power boats from 25 to 40 feet which clatter along from nine to thirteen miles an hour and are built so that a bit of a seaway does not mean a drenching. Across the line it is either solid comfort or ultra



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speed—either a big husky cruising boat, with a cabin big enough to hold a lodge meeting in; or a little narrow sneak box with big motors which enable her to travel like a Whitehead torpedo.

Over the border the small speed boats are nearly all of the flatiron or dolphin models—that is a tooth pick nose, square sides, flat bottom, and a square stern. These hulls are easily driven. They skim over the water rather than drive through it, and go like scared cats, but they demand smooth water. In any sort of a sea they throw it in in buckets full. The hulls are light, and a seven horse power engine will shove a 25 foot boat along at 13½ miles per hour. When they get going one wonders how they make the speed. They climb into it, easily forward, the knife like bow splitting the water cleanly and throwing it aside with but little fuss. Along the side they take it easily, but astern they are decidedly fussy. At each quarter they drag up to a two foot wave, and the water shoots out from be-

neath the flat bottom stern like a reversed water fall. Eliminate the excessive drag aft and the same craft would add another four miles to her record.

Some of the Toronto motor boat men are so enthusiastic over the speed of these "flat iron" craft that they intend building off the same model this winter. Toronto has one already—Rochester jr., a boat modelled off the champion Durno, of Rochester, which won at the American Power Boat Association races on Chippewa Bay in the Thousand Islands last year.

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# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## Legislative Examples.

When next the Ontario Legislative Assembly undertakes the task of regulating automobiles and their speed, they might well bear in mind the examples of others who have tried their hands at similar work. The English Motor Car Act, which is the result of the most careful consideration of the subject, defines illegal driving as follows:—

"If any person drives a motor car on the public highway recklessly, or at a speed or in a manner which is dangerous to the public, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, including the nature, condition, and use of the highway, and the amount of traffic which is actually at the time or which might reasonably be expected to be on the highway."

The New York law on the subject provides that speed must always be reasonable and not exceed ten miles per hour in the business portions, fifteen miles per hour where houses average less than one hundred feet apart, and twenty miles per hour in the country.

## The Romance of Racing.

Autos have their stories of romance and one of the most thrilling is that of a race for a gold mine which took place out in Nevada. Such a mine was for sale at a sacrifice, and what is quite unusual for sacrifices was believed to be really good. Accordingly two parties, one of whom happened to be Charles M. Schwab and his confidential agent, and the other Messrs. Sullivan and Campbell, started off for a 250 mile race against each other and against time to secure the gold concession. As may be well understood both parties took chances, and Campbell stated that Death stared them in the face most of the time. They crossed Death Valley which is generally under

stood to be the best imitation of the inferno it is possible to find upon the earth. In one place they had literally to dig the wheels out of the sand dunes, and keep this up for 200 yards. After that they had cautiously to feel their way for seven miles until they struck hard ground. Through the alkali section the atmosphere was one that scorched. In another place the machine skidded and jumped, and became buried in treacherous soil. Then 80 miles of mountainous desert had to be made, and was got over in three hours. In the end Messrs. Sullivan and Campbell, who had a 40 horse power Pope-Toledo, won, and they barely concluded the purchase, for which they had made such efforts and taken great risks, than they were confronted with the second arrival. In this case the delay of a few minutes meant a fortune, and while Messrs. Sullivan and Campbell are to be congratulated on their pluck and perseverance under all sorts of difficulties, the auto that stood them in such good stead should not be forgotten.

## A New Runabout.

A runabout for which great things are predicted is being made by the Pope Manufacturing Company at their Hagerstown, Md. factory and is to be known as model X. The first of the new machines was tested over several thousands of miles of the roughest roads to be found in the Eastern States, including the sand roads of Long Island. As a sort of final test of these preliminary trials it was taken to Hagerstown from Hartford, Conn. by way of Philadelphia and Gettysburg. The distance is over 400 miles and the exact running time was twenty-three hours. There were no mishaps other than a little tire trouble on the whole trip. The engine will develop from 18 to 22 horse power, and

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is of the four cylinder vertical type. All cylinders, piston rods and piston rings are ground to a mirror finish, insuring perfect compression. The valves are located in the cylinder heads and are operated by walking beams and tappet rods. All gears are run in an oil tight case protected from dirt and mud. The transmission is ball bearing and has three speeds forward and one reverse of the gliding gear type. The drive is to the rear axle through the propeller shaft and double gears. The brakes are of the double acting type, and the springs are of the semi-elliptical type, the front ones being 40 by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches and the rear ones 38 by  $1\frac{3}{4}$  inches.

## Turning the Tide.

Apparently the turn in the tide has come, and automobile makers on this continent instead of looking to Europe for models and ideas are having their own copied by the manufacturers of the old world. The Europeans were first in the field in automobile manufacturing and it is estimated that in the infant days of the industry here the European

models were necessarily taken for guides. This state of dependency soon passed, and with the characteristic ability, progressiveness, and perseverance the Canadian and American manufacturers set themselves to the task of improving upon their predecessors and rivals. It now appears that in their 1907 models 3 European manufacturers—two French and one Italian—have adopted the triple disc clutch first brought into use by the E. R. Thomas Motor Co., on their Thomas Flyer. In all probability a close inspection of the models of the new foreign cars this fall will show a number of other things adopted from the up-to-date American makers.

## Word Coining.

With new industries and new requirements come new words showing the elasticity and wonderful adaptability of the English language. "Warmobiles" is the apt descriptive title given to armoured cars made for carrying gold in Mexico. So thoroughly does this one word convey the whole purpose of the new car that its general adoption appears certain.

### **The Skidding Difficulty.**

Skidding is the bane of the careful automobile driver. Try as he may to avoid this drawback it is not always possible to do so, and slippery streets will cause a car to slide whenever a turn is made, often with results anything but pleasant. Long experimentation has reduced skidding to a minimum, and it is scarcely perceptible on the Thomas Flyer, the designers having kept the car evenly balanced with an equal amount of weight always on each wheel. The car now, even when travelling light, seldom if ever leaves the straight track, though an inexperienced driver may be at the wheel.

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### **Extensive Auto Driving.**

Henry Ford, President of the big automobile firm of that name, believes he has driven an automobile more miles than any other man in the world. He made his first power wagon in 1891 and from that time to the present he has driven constantly. He spends little time in the factory or designing room, and ten hours out of every day, Sundays included, finds him in one of his cars. He is inordinately fond of long country drives on which he is invariably accompanied by Mrs. Ford, his little son, and frequently by Frank Kulick, his favorite tester. Mr. Ford makes it a practice to drive each new model himself for several months and his driving is what professionals call wicked. He finds the weaknesses, if any, and they are strengthened before the new model is offered to the public. Getting "the bugs out of it" is Ford's way of expressing this search for faults and correcting them. Despite the fact that most of Ford's driving is in the line of duty, he says he has never lost enthusiasm for it, and he enjoys each run as if it were his first experience. In all he believes he has driven in his various models at least 100,000 miles, and he would like to hear from any other driver who thinks he has a record to beat the one he has made.

---

### **The Baggage Truck on the Glidden Tour.**

The fact that the Knox Waterless Truck went over the whole of the Glid-

den tour, a portion of which took place in Canada, is one showing something of the value and possibilities of the commercial vehicle. The total distance covered from the time the truck left the factory until it returned was 2,007 miles, and that over roads not hitherto considered practical either for pleasure or commercial vehicles, and certainly impracticable for the latter. While on tour its daily load varied from 2,000 to 3,300 lbs. which with the weight of its passengers added gave ample demonstration of its capacity for commercial work. On the whole tour the only replacements necessary were two exhaust valve springs, one spark plug, and four dry cells. Several other trucks were entered for this competition but all were withdrawn when the route of the tour was published. Many of the roads had not been used before for motor vehicles and when the Knox started, although it carried the baggage and best wishes of the other participants in the tour, it was not anticipated that it would complete the journey or compare with the pleasure cars in efficiency. Not only did it do this, but it actually made the checking stations in equal time, in several instances before the higher powered pleasure cars, and added in no small way to the comfort of the tourists by having their baggage at the hotels by the time they arrived, and in some instances before. The truck was equipped with the regular Knox air cooled engine. This is cooled by grooved pins inserted in the outer cylinder walls upon which a forced draft is precipitated by fans situated at the outer end of the cylinders. All through the tour level roads were the exception and not the rule, and grades up to 25% were not uncommon. It might also be mentioned that another Knox, Model G, 35-40 H. P. was in the tour and did well. It ran from Springfield to Buffalo and made the same number of miles as the truck, and the total cost of replacement was 54 cents, being for two valve springs. Mr. Wright, Vice-President of the Knox Automobile Company, always carried one more passenger than any other car in the tour and generally two, was always ahead of the schedule time at the controls, and the car completed the run in absolutely perfect condition.



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# OUR MEDICINE BAG


**I**N the June number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" we gave a short account of a projected trip undertaken by Mr. C. G. Cowan, a veteran explorer in British Columbia and Alaska, whose intention it was to proceed to the headwaters of the Skeena River—the one river in that fine Province he had not at that time traversed. Letters have since been received from Mr. Cowan in the course of which he gives the interesting information that he believes he has discovered a new species of mountain sheep. He did not shoot the animal himself but secured it from an Indian who shot it in a range of mountains about half way between the headwaters of the Pelly and the Mackenzie Rivers. The animal is absolutely black all over excepting a whitepatch on the hind quarters. Its horns are very much the same as the horns of a three year old Ovis Montana, except that they are lighter and not quite so massive at the base, though they have a similar curve. The face is similar to that of the Ovis Montana, and judging by the size of the skin, Mr. Cowan is of the opinion that a full grown one would be even larger than a full grown Ovis Montana. Mr. Cowan sent the skin and head just as he received them, to the Hon. Walter Rothschild, whose fine collection at Tring, Hertfordshire, England, has acquired world wide fame. Mr. Cowan expresses his belief that this specimen will prove the first one ever seen in civilization. With the new species of bear recently discovered by Dr. Kermode, of the Provincial Museum of Victoria, and now this new mountain sheep, the appetites of explorers should be whetted to still further efforts in the study of the fauna of the rich Province of British Columbia.

The fighting qualities of the black bass are well known, but a Canadian correspondent of an American paper

relates some instances for which a Canadian paper quoting them declines to vouch. First we are told of a three quarters of a pound fish making off with half a hundred others, all of which had been caught and strung and were simply put into the water for a wash. In the second instance a four or five pound bass towed about a four oared skiff for five hours, occasionally varying the performance by indulging in a series of acrobatic leaps. Even after this experiment the man lost the fish when he attempted to land it. The correspondent further tells of a woman being pulled into the water by two bass, another bass taking a canoe which had been lightly grounded by means of one of the leaders of a rod which had been left trailing in the water; and a still further instance of a bass pulling a six year old boy into the water, his father having entrusted him with a rod. These are all "fish" if not "fishy" stories, and were apparently served up for the delectation of the guileless ones of New York.

Honey Harbor, on the Georgian Bay, is keeping up its record as a fine fishing center as described in last month's "Rod and Gun". A couple of Toronto men—Arthur McCowie, of the Dominion Bank, and William M. Clark, of the Temple and Pattison Company—spending their holidays there caught a fine black bass weighing 6 lbs. 9 oz. and had a desperate fight before they landed their prize. It is stated that the bass is the largest ever landed in those waters. Mr. W. G. Fitzgerald, of Toronto, who also spent his holidays at Honey Harbor, reports catches almost equalling the one recorded. Other successes have been noted and altogether the fishing at Honey Harbor is of the kind to delight the ardent fisherman. Though the bass are plentiful the fine game fish are hard to catch, and the fishermen have the very best of sport, in addition to the gratifi-





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cation afforded by success, when it comes to them, as it rarely fails to do when they fish as fishermen should do.

Then they turn back, only to repeat the performance later on.

A fine moose story comes from St. John, N. B. A new fog whistle was recently installed on Partridge Island, one of the principal signalling stations about two miles from the city. The whistle gives out a long drawn blow on a low note, and ends by a short sounding blow two notes lower. It is said to accurately imitate a moose call, and the effect upon the animals frequenting the neighborhood affords ample evidence of this fact. Since the new whistle was established the number of moose round about have largely increased, attracted by what they evidently believe is the call of their mates. The bulls stroll coolly through the suburbs of St. John, and calmly take to the water in their efforts to reach their fellows, though none have got so far as Partridge Island, the distance daunting them or some inner consciousness telling them all is not well.

As was only to be expected the new policy of the Ontario Government in putting on a \$2 license fee for non-residents fishing in the waters of the Province has given rise to some friction. Sportsmen naturally complain that though the fee is small they were not sooner advised of the change; and that in particular the departure from long established practice was made so suddenly that the railways were allowed to advertise free fishing, when Canadian guides were hired, at a time when this was actually misleading. Everyone is ready to recognize that fish and game protection must be paid for by those enjoying the sport, and while the Government were quite justified in exacting the fee, which is a moderate one considering the fine fishing grounds thrown open for the amount charged, they might well have given a much longer notice of the new order of

things, and thus very easily have prevented any friction whatever.

Canadian Fishermen always enjoy hearing of the success of their fellows elsewhere, and many of them will be interested in reading the following notes, written by Mr. W. Stuart Norwood, of Lower Baggott St., Dublin, to a fellow countryman at present in Canada:—

"I had only one week's fishing this year from the 18th May to 26th May. It was bitterly cold, N. and N. E. wind, then a gale from S. and rain. Durward and I fished for six days only and I fished one day after he returned from Scotland. Together we got 45 fish weighing 48 pounds; the day by myself was my best day, six fish weighing 12½ lbs. as follows:—3½, 2¾, 2, 1¾, 1½, 1. We always put back fish under ¾. This was my best day, the big one was on a blow line and a green drake, the 2 lbs. one also on a blow line and an artificial floating green drake, paraffined as there were so few flies to be caught; the others ordinary olive and clarets. Dapping is awful on the eyes, the flies are transparent, the blow line is invisible being no thicker than very fine gut, and in wild dark weather keeping your fly on the surface jigging about 12 yds. from the boat is tiring work, and my rod—the Pennell—was too heavy.

Durward and I got about 9 or 10 every day between us, some days 6. I nearly always got more than he did, biggest was 2½ got by me when fishing together. I tried trolling once or twice, got a 1¾ trout one day and a few ¾ ones—put back—Not good sport, taking it all round, but the weather was vile: casting in a constant gale is tiring. Two fellows I know later on on Lough Dery got in a fortnight's dapping 212 trout, weight 464 lbs., including one 7 lbs., a few 6 bs. and so on. I'll try Lough Mask in September, which is a very good month, I am told.

I've got a new rod, 13 foot long, Palakona cane, with steel centres in top from Hardy, 5 pounds. It weighs 18½ oz., just 11 oz. lighter than my Pennell, and is a lovely rod; you have a composite rod like it. All the same the Pennell did good work on Lough Mask. Hardy's rods are abundant there, but all of them

I saw are 11 ft. or 12 ft. I think this is too short for a boat, especially for dapping. Durward has a 16 ft. greenheart. I could outcast him any day, and I only lost one fish hooked, he lost several. I have nothing now but eyed flies. I'll never use any other, it is easy to change and you need never change the gut either for tail fly or droppers unless you have to cut it and it gets short: the half hitch jam knot opens so easily that there is no trouble and the fly lasts forever.

The Montreal Business Men's League publishes an excellent illustrated pamphlet describing the many commercial advantages of that city, together with an account of some of its important industrial undertakings national in their character, its scenes of historic interest, and its various show places which go far to make the commercial capital of the Dominion so interesting not only to every Canadian but also to every tourist and visitor. The League, which has its offices at the corner of Notre Dame St. and St. Lawrence Boulevard, offers their free use to tourists and visitors, and in addition to free information, supplies shopping lists, and will arrange side trips for them. The League and its work should do much to make the name and fame of Montreal known the world over.

In attempting to procure a flash light photograph of a Virginian deer at Cache Lake, in the Algonquin National Park, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Kellett and Miss Kellett, of Pittsburg, had an extraordinary adventure. They were on the Madawaska, and nearing the first bend of the river when a dark object was seen crossing in the water. When the deer (as it proved to be) was almost under the bow of the canoe, Mr. Kellett laid down his paddle, and turned his searchlight on. The guide, believing the deer to be some distance away gave a swift silent stroke with his paddle sending the canoe on the almost submerged shoulders of the deer which was a grand buck with a fine spread of antlers. Like a flash the animal turned and being dazzled with the light managed to secure a foothold in the narrow stream, and plunged forward into the canoe half filling it with water. Mrs. Kellett had the full weight



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of the deer's forequarters on her lap and at the same time Mr. Kellett received a downward crack on the head from a lusty pair of antlers which nearly knocked him out of the canoe. The guide drove his paddle in the mud and steadied the canoe. Miss Kellett with great presence of mind leaned forward and seized it by the nose, and Mrs. Kellett beat it back with her clenched fist. While the party missed the photograph the animal left his impression with them.

"Honker."—Your query as to the best clothing for moose hunting in winter is one that interests many readers. Allowing for the personal preferences a heavy woolen coat and pants of dark material, with woolen over socks and shoe packs is recommended. Woolen is best for a good many reasons. It keeps out the rain well, will not make any noise going through the bush, is not soon noticed by the game, and is warm. Mr. G. E. Armstrong, of Perth, N. B., a

veteran guide and hunter, now always uses this kind of clothing for winter hunting, having found from personal experiences the best kind of clothing for all round use in the woods in winter, and particularly good for hunting purposes.

Mr. G. E. Armstrong, of Perth, N. B. writes:—"I have had the biggest run of fishermen this summer that I have had since I have been in business, and they have had great fishing. I am also expecting the largest number of hunters this fall that I have ever had. The game is very plentiful, and I believe this is going to be the banner year in the Province for both hunters and game."

Humming birds have been seen at Banff this summer, and the Rev. G.H. Hogbin, of St. Dunstan's Industrial School, Calgary, writes that for several days a pair of these beautiful little birds visited his garden at the school. They were quite tame, allowing one to approach to within a yard of them, and appeared



particularly partial to the blossoms of the scarlet runner bean.

Now that the hunting season is upon us, guns and gun sundries become matters of the first importance. Make, style and other points are discussed with a keenness that do credit to the votaries of the gun, for hunters know that upon the excellencies of their weapons much may depend. The hunter who wants a gun, or anything pertaining to it, will do well to secure the special gun catalogue of the T. Eaton Co., of Toronto. It is well illustrated, has short descriptive notices of the various guns and everything connected therewith that the hunter can desire, together with much about ammunition, and the all important subject of prices. A notable feature is the summary of the Ontario Game Laws printed on the inside of the front cover, which makes the catalogue a work of reference, and should cause many sportsmen to include it in their outfit. Even when one has a favorite gun it is well to know about other guns, and to learn all there is to know of the various sundries which go so far to add to the efficiency of our weapons and the pleasures of using them. To secure this information and enjoy its consideration, one cannot do better than secure a copy of the T. Eaton catalogue, which will be sent, upon request to the Toronto offices of the company, and particularly if you will take the trouble to mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Without doubt the greatest enemy of the forest is the fire which destroys the standing timber without the slightest advantage to any one, and now that timber is becoming increasingly valuable such fires are more serious than ever. Extensive fires are reported from New Brunswick where it is said the damages from this source far exceeds the cost of the maintenance of an efficient corps of fire rangers.

British Columbia, as becomes the Province with the great wealth of timber is doing good work in this direction, though not too much considering its

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# BOVRIL



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splendid timber resources, and the meetings of the Canadian Forestry Association in Vancouver should have as one of their results the strengthening of any weak points in this work.

After much palaver the Ontario Government have made treaties with the northern Indians, the effect of which will be to give the government rights upon 80,000 miles of territory. It was necessary to secure these rights before the Grand Trunk Pacific could go through. Nearly 3,000 Indians surrendered their rights upon conditions that reserves should be established, one square mile being allowed for each family while a bounty of \$4 per head per annum will also be paid by the government. All the chiefs have signed the treaty, and the two years consumed in bringing about this result have proved time well spent.

Catching whales with a net sounds preposterous and absurd, but it is said to be quite an established industry in

the South Pacific. At one point near the North Island of New Zealand there is a jutting headland, the currents round which are thought to deceive the whales into mistaking it for a passage into the Tasman Sea. Whatever the cause schools of whales frequent that point and hug the shore. Straight out to sea the whale net is stretched between the rocks. This net is made of three-quarter inch wire rope in six foot mesh, each mesh being formed of separate sections of rope attached to iron corner rings which take the place of knots. The top edge is held close to the surface by barrels which serve as buoys. A whale cruising along the shore gets his head through a mesh and instead of attempting to back out he rushes forward and entangles himself hopelessly in the net. He might carry the whole outfit out to sea, but instead he thrashes about, and soon gets fins and flukes so intermixed with the net that escape is impossible. Meanwhile watchers have signalled the approach of whales, boats are in waiting, and harpoon and spear complete the work the net has begun.



One of the greatest sights to be seen in Newfoundland is the semi-annual caribou migration. The animals spend the summer in the northern part of the island, and in the fall collect in large herds and make their way south. They allow neither mountain ranges, deep ravines, or broad lakes to divert them from their purpose, but go steadily forward, despite all obstacles until they have achieved the end they seek. If the weather is very severe they draw near the settlements in the south for further shelter. In the spring they return to their northern homes keeping to the same paths, and always going forward without allowing difficulties to more than hinder them. Advantage is taken of these known habits to kill many animals though their numbers appear to be in no way diminished. When they approach the settlements an indiscriminate slaughter results, and it is stated that after one of these forays caribou meat has been sold in St. John as low as two cents per pound. Apart from man, the grey wolf appears to be the greatest enemy of the caribou, though the stealthy lynx is stated to have worked havoc amongst the fawns, and these wild cats are reported to be numerous in the island. The caribou takes to the water with as much unconcern as wild fowl. The enormous thickness of their dense coats of hair help to float their bodies high above the surface, giving a buoyancy almost equal to that of a cork jacket. The caribou is a strong and gallant swimmer. Each limb is like a paddle, the extended hoof answering to the blade. In the winter the frog becomes completely absorbed while very sharp shell-like edges grow well out on the margins, assisting the animals immensely in crossing frozen lakes and scaling the steep sides of slippery rocky precipices. The caribou appears likely to remain the most attractive big game in Newfoundland for generations to come.

An observant dog lover points out traits in these noble animals which must interest even those who are not great friends with them. He notes that an experienced hound coming across a fresh rabbit track knows which way the animal is running. A young dog may sometimes take the back track and an old one for a few

steps, but as a rule they speedily correct themselves. This feat can be done in the dark and a blind hound can do it. The only possible explanation appears to be that the dog's sense of smell is so acute that he detects the difference in freshness between two successive impressions of the rabbit's feet on the earth. This may appear far fetched, but no other theory seems possible. Another instance of their wonderful powers is related. In the case of the chase ending in the death of the rabbit the dog takes a whiff of the dead bunnye, and if led back and placed on his trail will not follow it. Can every rabbit, like a human being, have its own individual smell, and can the hound distinguish this amongst all others? There is also that wonderful sense of locality which even in a country new to him never allows a dog to get lost.

A correspondent writes:—The "Fishing Gazette" says that "life on a good trout stream is not everything." I quite agree with him. If one were surrounded by pools of the various game fish all the year around I venture to say that he would rarely fish. Getting there is half the enjoyment in fishing. For instance, the Chicagoan takes the steamer to the North shore of Lake Huron, then canoes or drives ten, fifteen or twenty miles inland, gets his bass fishing in one lake, and his trout fishing some miles further on. He has a little rough driving or rough paddling, a little portaging and hardship of one kind or another. He possibly dislikes some of it in the doing; (although this is not necessary), but at the end of the trip he feels that he has been through Paradise, and the older the trip is, and the larger the amount of hardship to which he has treated himself, the more pleasant will be the recollection. Moral: Don't make your fishing or your outing too easy, if you wish to enjoy it thoroughly.

Colonel Andrew P. Haggard has made his permanent home in Victoria, B. C., where he will write. He is a man with a splendid military record and a very delightful writer of novels with an out-of-door atmosphere.

Messrs. Fales and Cowans have sent us



exceedingly interesting notes about the Stikine River. This is only one among a hundred other experiences that our readers have had during the past summer. We have good stories from the Kaslo country and Fry Creek—ideal spots. Another writer speaks of Homathco Inlet and Dean and Burk's Channels. Wild fowl of all descriptions—bear, grizzly, brown, black, and salmon trout, goat and sheep are to be found there. The Indians are the right guides for all that country and while a little difficult to become acquainted with they are honest and friendly and will respond to the same qualities in others. The writer has always used Indian guides, bearing in mind that they were children and must be dealt with as such. The Indian is the natural guide and while a little more patience is required to manage him, on the whole, to a loyal employer he is rather better than the white man.

A Regina, Sask., sportsman writes saying that for over twenty years he has been bird shooting and that the promise for this year seems to be as good as any. One has to drive from three to sixteen miles from Regina Station, which is in the Saskatchewan territory. He says that the President of the Board of Trade will arrange for license fees, which are not so high as in Manitoba. The prairie chicken crop will not be as good as usual, owing to the wet weather during the hatching season.

In view of the continually increasing interest taken in fly and bait casting tournaments, the Chicago Fly Casting Club (the first of its kind to organize) will be pleased to send, free of charge, to anyone interested in this delightful adjunct to the sport of angling, a copy of its Constitution, Rules, and Events on application to Geo. A. Davis, secretary-treasurer, 24 Sherman street, Chicago. This book, which is the result of fourteen years' experience, and careful compilation and revision represents, it is believed, the best modern methods, and the events conform, as far as possible, to the most largely practised methods of scientific angling in America. Many clubs have adopted this Constitution, Rules, etc. verbatim, and the Chicago Club make this offer purely in the interests of the sport.

There are several steamboat trips that we have taken in our lives that we love to take again in imagination. One is from Vancouver, B.C., to Alaska, another up the Columbia South from Golden, B.C., to the mother lakes of that great river, another and a very pleasant one is on the Northern Navigation Co. boats from Owen Sound through the 30,000 Islands of the Georgian Bay to Sault Ste Marie and Petoskey, Mich. The trip has been lengthened to take in Petoskey and its cluster of summer resorts, to meet the wishes of the many people who wish to go and see the Hiawatha Ojibway Indian play which is given at Wawaygamang near Petoskey, Mich.

A correspondent writes to us protesting against the appearance in our pages of an advertisement of a trap on the ground that this particular trap is a "brutal device." We agree with him when he says that cruelty is not sport, and that sportsmen are not cruel. These are mere truisms. It does appear to us however to go a little too far to expect a sportsman's magazine to lead a crusade against a particular kind of trap when as a matter of fact opinions differ widely on the point. Both in America and in Europe this question has been raised again and again, and only within the last few months a very lengthy correspondence has been going on in the sporting and agricultural journals of England over the trapping of rabbits—some correspondents alleging that no merciful trap has yet been invented and that the cries of the animals when caught and subsequently are human in their agony and unbearable to the merciful people who come within their hearing. They advocated the entire abolition of trapping, a course impossible in Canada, and probably quite impossible in England. Many people will argue that trapping is not sportsmanship at all and there is a good deal to be said for that view. Trapping however will go on, and our duty, as we view it, is to educate sportsmen by every means in our power to frown down cruelty in all possible ways, and to present at every possible opportunity the highest ideal of sportsmanship. There never need be any question as to which end of the scale the weight and in

fluence of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" will be thrown in any matter of cruelty. We stand for humane methods all the time, though we decline to enter into particular condemnation of those who may be guided by sentiments as high as those which we cherish. The ethics of trapping are sufficiently wide for us to differ in opinion with regard to them and yet remain good friends. We shall hesitate long before condemning any particular method, as the trapper who follows his own course from long experience will probably have good and sound reasons for his actions, and knows more about his work than his critics. We have no wish to emulate Don Quixote who by unwise interference aggravated the ills he wished to end. Any unwise or ill considered crusade on our part against a particular trap would probably lead to greater evils than those we might attempt to remedy. We will go as far as any of our correspondents can wish in upholding high ideals of good and honest sportsmanship, but we decline to set ourselves up as judges of others who either in sport or work may not govern their actions exactly in accord with our views or those of any of our correspondents. From our standpoint if true sport teaches one thing more emphatically than anything else it is charity, and we believe that trappers generally pursue their work with as much humanity as the nature of their calling permit.

The project outlined in the January issue of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" by which it was arranged that a portion of the lands coming into the possession of the Canadian Pacific Railway by reason of their purchase of the Esquimaux and Nanaimo Railway in Vancouver Island should be set aside as a forest, fish and game preserve, has not up to the present been carried out though it now appears likely that the enlightened policy will bear fruit. The British Columbia Government had agreed to the scheme, but the settlers became frightened that this meant a prohibition of all privileges on their part, and petitioned against it with such effect that the Government withdrew. Mr. A. Bryan Williams, head game warden for British Columbia, has addressed a number of meetings in places likely to be affected if the

scheme is carried through, and explained to the people how groundless were their fears. They are a good deal more likely to gain than lose from such preservation, both personally and by reason of the visitors attracted to the Island; and as a result of the campaign of enlightenment it appears by no means improbable that should the matter again come before the Provincial Legislature it will this time be adopted. If, as we pointed out before, success attends the project it will be extended in the Island itself, and, perhaps even more important, will have a marked effect upon shaping the policy of the Government in this matter on the mainland.

A correspondent writes drawing attention to the advantages possessed by Day Mills, Algoma, Ont., as a holiday resort for those wishing a quiet and pleasant vacation. It is situated four miles north of Dayton, a little station on the Soo branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has the great advantage of being between two beautiful lakes. There is good trout, and first class bass fishing in the neighborhood. In the fall there is excellent hunting. In addition there is splendid scenery round about, and good and clear water is an important item on the health side which should appeal not be overlooked. Some American sportsmen have discovered the advantages of the place, which is likely to grow in favor the more it is known.

The trout captured in the great lakes sometimes reach gigantic proportions. For some year the Fisheries Department at Ottawa had a specimen taken from Lake Superior which weighed 81 lbs. There was another, also caught in Lake Superior, which weighed 74 lbs. There are other records of trout caught in this lake weighing from 60 to 90 lbs. Jordan and Evermann refer to specimens weighing from 60 to 125 lbs. Fishermen giving evidence before the Commission in 1893 stated that specimens in Lake Huron ran from 30 to 40 and even 45 lbs. In 1870 one was caught in Michigan waters weighing 80 lbs.

Reports say that moose and deer were never so plentiful as in the vicinity of Zealand, N. B., as this year. They have been actually seen in the streets of Fredericton,



as well as in many farmers' fields. All game appear to have wintered well, and a good crop of antlers this fall is confidently anticipated. Quite recently a large moose was caught in a wire fence and was liberated by a Douglas farmer.

Some fishermen on their return from angling in the Keswick waters in New Brunswick reported that they saw nine moose and several deer in the lake at one time.

Director of Colonization Southworth has just returned from a trip through Algonquin Park, and reports that the black bass which were introduced into these waters six years ago have flourished exceedingly, and that fish weighing three pounds are common. Up to the time they had not been heard of in that district. The beaver in the park are fast increasing in number, and deer are very plentiful.

It is reported that all fishing records have been broken in the country between Lake Nipissing and the Montreal River, far north of Cobalt, and that the waters are teeming with fish. One man caught a twenty-nine pound pike which he had to go ashore from a canoe to land.

How to catch moose is, according to one old hunter, a very easy matter if only "Old Paquette's" plan is followed, and the plan has at least the merit of simplicity. "Old Paquette" lived in North-western Quebec, and away back in the year of the deep snow in seventy-six, when any one could catch a moose if he had time enough to walk after it, he evolved his plan. In Old Paquette's shanty was more moose meat than he could eat, and after due cogitation the hunter went to Pembroke and returned with two dozen cowbells and straps. On his snow shoes he followed the moose tracks and when he caught one he put a cowbell and strap upon it. By carrying on this system all the winter he had by the return of spring fastened every bell on to some "fool moose." Then in spring and summer, whenever he wanted meat, he had only to go out, listen for the sounds of one of his bells, and carry on a hunt which invariably ended successfully. As a consequence, when other people were nearly

starving, Old Paquette got fat on moose meat. "Did he get all the bells back?" asked the wondering listener of this veracious yarn. "All but one," was the reply. "and he lost that simply because some friend caught on to the trick, and secured both the bell and the moose—and old Paquette never forgave him."

There is nothing like personal acquaintance to enable a Minister to judge fairly on the many weighty questions that daily come before him. The Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests, and Mines for Ontario, last month visited the Thunder Bay and Rainy River districts, his object being to make a first hand acquaintance with those districts which have recently been prominent and as to which there are various problems waiting for his solution.

To break a world's record is always a notable achievement and worthy of chronicling. Word comes from New Orleans that Capt. J. T. MacDonald has caught the largest black bass ever captured with a rod and line—a beauty of 8 feet 2½ inches long, and weighing 440 lbs. The previous record in bass fishing was held by E. R. Llewellyn, of Chicago, who caught a 435 lbs. bass at Catalina Island, Cal., some years ago. Capt. Macdonald was two hours in landing his fish, and he did well to accomplish such a task in that time.

Because of limited quarters the Toronto Swimming Club, the strongest national organization in Canada, has been compelled to limit new members this year to 60. The annual meeting was held a couple of weeks ago and all the "old heads" turned up. F. M. Thomas who has always been a most active and valuable member was honored by the honorary presidency. The other officers are: Hon. Vice presidents, A. C. Goode, Dr. Sheard, and A. L. Cochrane; President, C. S. Norris; vice-president, W. Lock, 70 Grenville street; Assistant Secretary, W. R. McEachren; Treasurer, E. S. Davies; Captain, Harry Cochrane; Executive Committee, J. G. Fleming, W. H. Richardson and N. G. Duffett.

The Club has a couple of men who should be up among the top notchers of the swimming, this season.



# Goin' Fishin'.

By One Who Went.

In the spring the sportsman's fancy turns lightly to thoughts of fishing and the all absorbing question of where shall I go, is at once presented for consideration.

Time was, when he who would go a-fishing, need only be an early riser and a five or ten mile drive in the bright June mornings would land him at a trout stream that was good enough to appease the desires of the most shameless trout hog, but alack; these good old days have gone forever. I speak of the fisher-folk whose habitat was in Western Ontario, Canada, within the confines of the Counties of Wellington, Perth, Grey, Huron and Bruce, good counties too for other than things piscatorial. It is not of ancient history that I write but within the last decade it has been my fortune to have had as fine trout fishing within 10 miles of my good old Perth town as ever has been the lot of any of the brethern of the rod and reel who have gone further afield and mayhap fared worse. Streams there were a plenty, though they never figured much in the Guide books, tributaries of the Maitland, Grand and Saugueen Rivers that abounded with as fine specimens of the brook trout as any properly constituted devotee of the sport would desire. Sad to relate those good days have gone I believe forever, by reason of the ruthless devastation of all timbered land, that conserved only such water supply as trout can live and under-drainage conditions which have resulted in the total drying up of the spring creeks that once were the haunts of the best of all game fish.

In the Caledon Lake, Ont., district conditions are not so bad as the topography is more rugged and not suited to cultivation but time is not far distant when the streams there will have shared the same fate.

It is useless to discuss the remedy; there is none,

Commercialism is the dominating factor of these piping times of peace and plenty. The land must be cultivated

and every vestige of forestry seems doomed which means that the supply of spring water will surely fail and with these conditions in plain view the trout will disappear from Ontario's inland streams for all time..

The trout is a prolific fish and has withstood the assault of his enemies afloat and ashore for many long years, but when the ruthless hand of man is further turned against him, deprives him of water, the very element of existence it is surely "all off." These thoughts bring me back to the question 'Where shall I go? If your readers will bear with me I would a tale unfold, that might in some measure solve the problem. I give the experience of last summer. I am up Calgary way and the denizens of that thriving bailiwick labor under the impression that they have fine trout fishing in the Bow River and many and oft were the tales told me by friends, of the glorious sport to be had with the mountain trout, but those kind are not for mine.

I have had experience and when comparison is made between our Ontario brook trout and those of the mountain streams, the latter suffer very badly in my estimation at least; However I am not quarrelling with the Western people about their trout fishing. I had a yearning for the real thing and it meant a 1000 mile hike, but what about that, I wanted to go fishing. The old stamping grounds offered no prospect of sport and recourse was had to a gaudily covered pamphlet issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway, in which the trout fishing proposition was fully set forth. I found therein a heap of information as to the places where both fish and game mostly congregated and it was a difficult matter to make a selection, as apparently the great highway was built with a view to hit all the trout streams and game resorts in British America.

They were a fine old lot of sportsmen who projected the road and carried it across the continent and it looks as if

the people who are now running the outfit have a dash of sporting blood if the facilities which they offer to all classes of sportsmen are an indication. After Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec had all been gone over, "in me mind's eye" finally I concluded that the North shore of Lake Superior would probably afford sport enough for one single handed fisherman. It is a good proposition to assert that every stream terminating in Lake Superior from "end to end" is the sure harbor of brook trout and after arriving at Fort William I soon decided where to strike for, after a little diplomatic discussion with a few of the wise ones "who had been there."

Schreiber the first division point east of Fort William was the objective where I victualled up and hit the back trail for Gravel River, by the freight train route, which was a wise move as I gained some valuable information from the Conductor who knew where the trout were sure. My equipment was not very elaborate, consisting of a tent, pair of blankets, handaxe and a gunny sack in which was stowed a loaf of bread, a hunk of sowbelly and a few odd cans of Chicago chicken and the inevitable beans, as I figured that I ought to catch enough fish anyway to do me and that was all I looked for as I could not expect to send any to my friends on account of the distance.

The important part of the outfit was the rod, and I without digressing from the subject, would say that after a good many years experience with about every device for the purpose of catching trout and bass, I have found the real thing. I had used another fellow's steel rods on one or two occasions and I determined that I wouldn't go fishing any more without one. I obtained it direct from the factory. The Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Conn., asking them to select one as described by me as nearly as possible, and I certainly was highly pleased with it, first trying it on a few 4 lb. bass in Lake Huron with the most satisfactory results but I had yet to cast for trout with it. Its advantages are many, it being practically unbreakable, either in active service or while transporting and its lightness and flexibility is a delight and pleasure.

Gravel River is a grand stream and

easily accessible from Gravel River Station, which is a regular stopping place for passenger trains. A good trail is cut to the river from the station and its an easy hike of about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. The river can be fished for the most part by wading, the average depth being about two feet. It is about such a stream as the Saugeen, which all old fishermen know so well, in Ontario or the Manitou River on Manitoulin Island. It is free from snags, jam piles and other obstructions and grand open fishing is to be had for several miles. At the mouth of the river very large fish are to be got and along the shore of Lake Superior fishing off the rocks frequently results in 5 to 7 pounders. These are the true *salmo fontinalis*, not lake trout, bear in mind my hearties, and if there is any higher class sport than those fellows afford, deponent knoweth it not. The Little Gravel is a smaller stream, about 3 miles east of the station which crosses the track and where the fish are more plentiful than in the river but less in size. The contents of the gunny sack did not suffer materially while I loitered around the Gravel River as trout with the necessary adjunct of the "Sow belly" to cook'em is good enough grub without digging into the "boughten truck" very deep, and when finished off with blueberries and raspberries picked as you want 'em and taken ad libitum, one can truly say with Sidney Smith:

"Serenely full the epicure would say,"  
Faith cannot harm me, I have dined today."

Understand I am doing the lone fisherman act and the domestic duties are not very numerous and after the usual smoke and swapping a few fish lies with the agent and other local prominent liars, I prefer to rest. Now you fellows that have sung the praises of the sweet smelling bed of cedar boughs heaped on the surface of nature take a tip from me. That old fairy story is a fraud of the purest ray serene. I have tried that for a good many years and while in duty bound to praise its luxuriousness yet I secretly hold to the opinion that the difference between the cedar bough legend and the bare earth was mighty hard to notice and I always arose from it after a sleepless experience with a pretty sore



set of bones. There's a way to make the limbs of the cheerful cedar do good service and it suits me pretty well. In my kit I have a clothes line rope and after the tent is pitched a few swipes with the aforesaid handaxe will get you a couple of poles 7 or 8 feet long, across the ends of which nail a cleat, to make the bed posts about 3 feet wide, then take your clothes line and string it across the poles and in a few minutes you have a mattress on which to lay your cedar boughs, pile 'em on thick and raise the structure a foot or so off the ground and you will have a camp bed that will make you wonder how you ever tolerated the story-book foolishness of boughs on the ground. While I am in the tipping frame of my mind, here's another one. Of course its a foregone conclusion that where you go trout fishing, you will sure banquet with the festive "skeeters or black flies," you furnish the grub on these occasions and you kill your guest if you can. They always go together as a sort of reminder to the flesh that we must take our sports sadly. You all have been up against all sorts of dope for the amelioration of the skeeter industry but most of your experience has been that they rather like the stuff. Here's a dope that they don't like and it is given to all good fishermen in the fullest spirit of brotherly love.—Take of Oil Cedar, Oil Hemlock, Oil Tansy and Eucalyptus equal parts which can be procured at any druggists, and two bits worth will last all summer. As these oils are volatile it is a good plan to rub a few drops into some vaseline and smear it on the hands, face and neck and if this tip is not a winner I am open to expulsion from the Fish Liars Association.

When satiated with the Gravel River fishing I moved on to Pearl River where conditions were not favorable owing to high water, but my wants being small were easily satisfied. I took matters very easily but it was no trouble to catch all the fish I had any use for and when not fishing, I did a good deal of talking to the natives, while they are not particularly communicative from perhaps a natural desire not to have their preserves invaded by the fish hog, the conclusion could be safely arrived at that per-

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haps in no part of Ontario is there such fishery as in this district of which I write. Of the Nepegon, nothing from my poor pen could add to its glory, as the finest brook trout stream in North America. It has been written about so much that space would be wasted in any further praise. A few words as to the way to get to the waters would be opportune. For an Ontario resident the most desirable is the Lake route from Owen Sound to Fort William on any of the Canadian Pacific Liners and thence by rail to the points I have named. The Eastern man would naturally come the all rail route, but that is more in the line of the ticket agent, and from whom all information and literature pertaining thereto can be obtained.

Fish, there are in plenty and I was tempted to say something about the big game of the Lake Superior Country, but that's another story.



# On a Runaway Car.

## An Adventurous Journey to the Fishing Grounds.

BY R. L. FORTT.

**I**T all happened several years ago, but the memories of that trip will remain with all who took part in it for the whole of their lives.

In August, 1896, it was that a party of five of us arranged to go back north, and of course trout fishing was the object of our expedition. The party consisted of my father, J. B. Knowlson, his friends Mr. Needlar and Dr. Simpson, while my brother Harry and myself also accompanied the "old boys", though neither of us I am afraid were attracted by the fishing—the outing had other charms for us.

After many preparations everything was ready and we made a start soon finding ourselves dumped off at Kinmount, Ont., with more or less of our belongings still intact. At this point we transferred to the Irondale, Bancroft, & Ottawa Railway, usually well known as the I. B. & O.

Owing to the damaged state of the roadbed we were here compelled, as a makeshift, to pile our luggage, canoes, tents, bedding, etc., on a "Lorrie." This lorrie was indeed a curious looking affair, with a low chimney, overloaded platform, and above all propelled by means of "man power". Two section men accompanied us and sat one on either side, continually pushing the car along with their feet.

We loaded only our "absolutely necessary" baggage and set off. Naturally we had included a case of whiskey—the balance to come on after repairs. We had forty miles of travel ahead of us which, with the means of locomotion at our command, appeared to be quite enough for the simple needs of the party.

For many miles the grade was "up" and the process necessarily slow and laborious, all the "passengers" taking turns to supply the power. When however we arrived at the top of the grade our labours ceased, and the balance of the run to Baptisto Lake, our destination, was all "down" grade.

The work indeed was over, but our troubles were only begun. In the floor of the car was a hole about eight inches by ten, and when the speed, as it often did, became too great, a bar of wood was placed into this hole in such a manner as to jam the wheel, thus effectively "braking" the car. Going down one particularly steep decline this bar broke, and the end flew out of the hands of the section man manipulating it.

At that moment he made one of the most appropriate little speeches which I believe could be uttered at such a time. It was short, concise, and certainly to the point. "Jump, ye devils!" he yelled, and suiting his actions to his words he took a flying leap and was quickly left behind by the now speedy lorrie. Mr. Needlar and Harry also managed to get off with more or less damages in the way of scratches and bruises.

"Your father's a dead man, Harry!" were the comforting words that greeted the latter's ears when he had scraped the sand out of his eyes and looked around. This gentle piece of information started him on the dead run after the car. Whether he ever expected to catch it is doubtful; probably he had no clear idea of what he intended, but run he did as if life depended upon his speed. He covered the whole of the two and a half miles to Baptisto station quicker proportionately than he ever ran a hundred yards at home.

In the meantime—there were four of us still on that car, and almost immediately after the jumping incident we rounded a turn and tore down an incline with terrific speed, crossed a bridge like a flash, and continued our headlong flight towards the end—whatever that might be.

There, away on ahead, but ever nearing us with too great a speed, we could see the "buckled rails," caused by a recent forest fire. It was madness to jump now, either side being strewn with broken rocks. Seeing the buckled rails

ahead we knew that "we'd get off there anyhow," as the remaining sectionman put it, and so we decided to wait.

We had not to wait long. Almost before we knew it the car struck the buckle, jumped, staggered, and in a moment—we were running along the track again past the buckle. To those readers who understand all that this meant, such a statement must seem incredible, but it nevertheless happened. We ourselves could scarcely believe what had happened as we sped on, and saw the blurred rails quickly receding from us. We had so certainly anticipated being dashed to pieces on the rough bed of the line that we could not realize we were still living.

After this Dr. Simpson got hold of a bag of flour and succeeded in getting one end of it through the hole in the platform. By pressing on it with his foot he reduced our speed to the comparatively moderate one of about twenty miles per hour. All this happened in a minute, or a very little more.

It must have looked funny to Harry—that long white line down the track, and if he had been in a mood for joking I know he would have appreciated it. But he wasn't and the leaking flour bag did not appeal to him.

Now our third and last adventure took place. Dad was sitting in front with his feet hanging over the edge, and a section man beside him. The latter now leaned over and yelled (for any speaker had to yell to make himself heard at such a time) "Pull in your feet; there's a flat car round the bluff!" He was obeyed, and in a few moments what he had said proved to be true. On rounding a curve there in front of us stood the loaded flat car.

We all made up our minds at once, and there was a hasty scramble to get off. Fortune or Providence had caused this particular place to have sandy ditches, and notwithstanding our unconsidered flight the section man was the only one hurt. Father lit off with both feet ahead of him in the soft sand and wasn't even scratched, while the rest of us escaped with practically no injury, except the section man, who for a few days, owing to the strain he had undergone, was prac-

tical y out of his mind, though he recovered in the course of a week or so.

It will be best understood at what speed we were travelling at the time by telling you what happened to the lorrie. When it struck the wheels of the flat car it drove them forward under the car as far as the forward inbeds. Our "train" was completely buried under the car.

A standing joke with us afterwards was the singular fact that the only article of baggage that was not more or less damaged was the case of whiskey. This was no doubt owing to being protected and sheltered by the bedding and tent, and perhaps being pitched off less violently than the rest of the stuff, and struck only a sliding blow in the sand. Be that as it may there was not even a crack in the case.

It was next morning before we continued our trip, and reached the camping site known as Benoire. Situated on the shores of one of the most beautiful of all our northern lakes this little old Hudson Bay Post, long since deserted, is unsurpassed for a holiday outing. The old log house constitutes an ideal sportsman's resort.

Around us in all directions stretched the immense and seemingly boundless forests into whose depths the novice should not recklessly enter. Fear of wild beasts need not daunt one, but a novice would most certainly lose his way. All who have experienced it know that a night spent in the woods, while no hardship to those accustomed to it, is anything but enjoyable to those who are unprovided with the means and the skill for making themselves comfortable.

The sun was just showing his face over the trees across the lake when Harry and I set out on an exploration trip into these woods. We were more interested in their wild inhabitants than in the trout. On all sides the ruffed grouse rose thundering from their interrupted morning meal, and would sit quite undisturbed on a low pine branch till a chip tossed mischievously at them compelled them reluctantly to "move on." Several times that morning we saw big red foxes, which on being discovered would slink noiselessly away and out of sight in no time. Once we started a

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deer, which rising from behind a huge log seemingly directly at our feet, bounded away like a shadow.

Many times since then I have re-visited Benoire, and always on passing the scene of our miraculous escape have wished to put this little incident into print. At last I have ventured to do so, and if many of my friends who have never gone through anything quite so thrilling fail to believe me,—why I cannot blame them. For I have always been doubtful about writing it, thinking that in print it would look too much like a "fish story". Does it?

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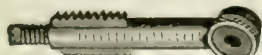
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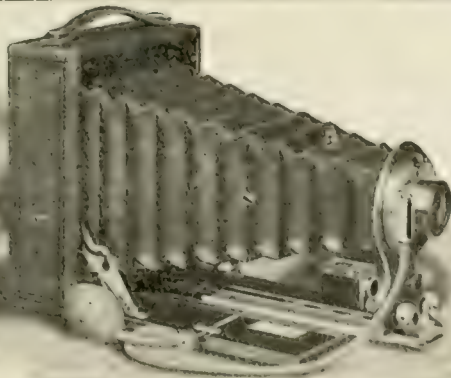
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# THE TRAP

*ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.*

## Stray Pellets.

The Clinton Gun Club have selected Oct. 9th and 10th for their 16th annual tournament. They always have a good one.

Of the gun clubs in Western Ontario none are probably characterized by more enthusiasm or are in a more prosperous condition than that at Ingersoll, Ont. Organized about two years ago, the membership has steadily increased until at the present time over fifty names are enrolled. Recently the club decided to make very important improvements at their grounds. Higher and more suitable grounds have been secured, a new trap house built and three traps installed. When all arrangements have been completed few clubs in Western Ontario will be able to show better grounds—and there is some talk of a tournament there in the near future. Mr. A. B. Walker is the efficient secretary. W. J. Kirbyson, John Staples, F. W. Staples, R. McDonald, R. B. Harris, F. McMullin, H. McMullin, W. J. Ross, W. A. Edgar, L. A. Ewald, Geo. Nichols, and A. Williamson are some of the good shots of the club.

Billy Heer was high professional at Missouri State shoot with 601 out of 615. Spencer was second with 599, Walter Huff third with 598. Harry Taylor of South Dakota was high amateur with 495.

R. O. Heikes was high professional at Wilmington, Ohio, with 394 out of 400. Le Compte and R. R. Barber tied for second place with 383. H. R. Houser was high amateur with 342.

Dr. Gleason won the Climax Cup at East Lexington, Mass., with 49 out of 50.

Wm. Kirbyson of the Ingersoll Gun Club broke 35 straight on the club grounds, Aug. 15th. It is up to some one else to break the record now, but they will have to go some to do so.

W. R. Crosby won the beautiful silver cup presented by the Canadian Indians to the American Indians at the tournament of the latter at Parkersburg, W. Va., with 583 out of 600. This was high average for the tournament. The cup is inscribed "Presented to the American Indians by the Canadian Indians as a token of brotherly regard and esteem." At this shoot D. A. Upson, Cleveland, O., won the cup in class A., 94 per cent. and over, with 47 out of 50. L. J. Squier, Cincinnati, O., won the medal in Class B., 83 to 94 per cent. class, with 46 out of 50 and Ed. Voirs, the medal in Class C., 68 per cent. and under, with 46 out of 50. The Mallory Cup was won by Kelsey (G. E. Painter) with 49 out of 50. The ten high guns out of 600 targets were: Crosby 583, W. H. Heer 570, L. B. Fleming 568, O. N. Ford 567, "Kelsey" 567, "Tryon" 566, Walter Huff 564, J. A. R. Elliott 563, Chris Gottlieb 563, L. J. Squier 563.

S. S. Smith of Souris, Man., Gun Club has been doing some remarkable shooting in the

club contest for the gold button. Aug. 2nd he broke 25 straight in the button contest, this being the first 25 straight made on the Club grounds. On the following practice night, Aug. 9th, he repeated the performance making a total of 50 straight. Since then he has broken 24 and 25, a total of 99 out of a 100. Mr. Smith is one of the most successful field shots in Manitoba, being particularly successful on and geese, and the above scores show that he knows how to shoot blue rocks, also.

The Portage LaPrairie (Man.) Gun Club's 14th annual tournament, held Aug. 20th, was a distinct success. There were a large number of entries and some of the best known trapshooters of the district were present. The contest for the Western Manitoba championship cup, created great interest and was won by W. M. Roxborough, Portage LaPrairie, after twice tying with W. R. McAlpine of Gladstone. The scores in this event were, W. M. Roxborough and W. R. McAlpine 24; W. H. Thomson and A. Singleton, 22; Dr. Keele, 21. In the shoot off between Roxborough and McAlpine each tied with 25 and on the second round Roxborough secured the title and cup with 23.

In the team shoot Winnipeg won out with a score of 73, the next highest being Gladstone with 64.

In the sweep events, Simpson, Dr. Cadham, Dr. Keele, Belcher, Brodie, Lane, McDonald, Britton, Lightcap, Bailey, Harwood, W. Boyd, and O'Reilly, made good scores. The last event, miss and out, was won by Boyd with Lightcap second and Roxborough third.

A splendid programme was shot on the Gladstone, Man., gun club grounds, Aug. 15th. The weather was fine and what was lacking in attendance from outside points was made up in enthusiasm. Gladstone has a good gun club of 18 active members and the visitor is immediately impressed with the fact that each of the eighteen is brimful of sport. While there were no brilliant scores made, the average was good, there being quite a number that broke over 80 per cent. The possible was made in almost every event. The high averages for the day were made by Messrs. Ed. Wells, A. Singleton, B. Boyd and J. White, all of Gladstone. Mr. Cox and Dr. Keele represented Portage LaPrairie and Mr. Watson did justice by Winnipeg. The day was fittingly brought to a close with a banquet tendered to the club and its visitors at the Revere hotel, by Mr. Murdock.

## Dominion Tournament.

The Sixth Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, the premier trap shooting event of the year in Canada, was held this year on the splendid new grounds of the Hamilton Gun Club at Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 8, 9 and 10. These grounds are located on the line of the Radial Street Railway on the south shore of Burlington Bay, east of the city, and are in every respect an ideal spot for the sport and for bringing off successfully such a large shoot as the Dominion tour-





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nament always is. A fine large club house and suitable outbuildings furnish ample accommodation for even the largest crowd.

As was anticipated the tournament brought together the cream of the Canadian trap shooting world. Over one hundred shooters took part, most of whom shot through the entire programme. The programme presented was a varied and rich one as can be seen by the list of trophies mentioned. The officials of the Hamilton Gun Club, headed by Thos. Upton and W. P. Thomson, President and secretary-treasurer, respectively of the Dominion Association had left nothing undone to assure the success of the tournament and are to be heartily congratulated on the result of their efforts.

Four sets of Bowron traps had been installed and worked perfectly. The flight of the targets was very even except when varied by gusts of wind from time to time. Bowron targets were used and sustained their reputation as being the best breaking and most satisfactory target on the market.

The shoot was under a fixed handicap of 16 to 20 yards. This proved to be the one unsatisfactory feature of the tournament. The difficulty of any handicap committee anticipating the shooting form of any particular shooter on any particular day was amply demonstrated and although the handicap committee were as capable, fair and careful as could have been selected their decisions caused more or less complaint and in some cases, we think, worked a hardship to the shooter. The Association have wisely decided to eliminate this style of handicap in future.

The feature event of the first day was the fifty-bird race for the *Indian* (Champion) of Canada. Here all stood on the sixteen yard mark and it was the best horse to win independent of any artificial aids or restrictions. The big Montreal Rolling Mills *Tro* representative of the championship, was landed in brilliant style by D. McMackon Hiebert, Ont. with a straight score. He did not win, however, without a final struggle with W. J. Johnstone Ottawa, who, also, had a straight score

to his credit. On the first shoot off at twenty birds both broke sixteen. On the second shoot off McMackon ran straight while Johnstone missed one bird. This is the first time the Cup has been won with a straight score. The previous winners were: D. Bain, Winnipeg 1903; F. Westbrooke, Brantford, 1904; W. A. Smith, Kingsville, 1905.

High average for the first day was won by A. W. Throop, Ottawa, and Geo. Beattie, Hamilton, who tied with 190 out of 200. Throop has been known as a cracker Jack for years, but it is only within the last year or so that Beattie has made the old heads sit up and take notice. Second average was tied for by F. Galbraith, Ridgetown and W. Slaney, Ottawa. This was a case of youth and age meeting on common ground, probably half a century marking the difference in the ages of these two contestants. F. Galbraith as will be seen did consistently good work during the whole tournament. Mr. Slaney is looked upon as the nestor of the trap shooting game in Canada and his familiar figure is looked for eagerly by every trap shooter who attends the Dominion tournament each year. Every one was delighted to see him make such a grand score of ninety-four per cent. Very few at the tournament were able to do any better.

The chief feature of the second day, by many considered the principal event, of the tournament, was the Grand Canadian Handicap at 30 targets, \$5.00 entrance, money divided high guns. In this event the shooter kept the handicap given him for the day. Walter P. Thomson, Hamilton, shooting from 18 yards, won out in brilliant style, landing the whole bunch with the splendid score of 42. "Walter P." is one of the most popular men at the traps and he was heartily congratulated on his win.

High average for the second day was won by two brilliant representatives of the East and West, W. H. Ewing, Montreal, and H. Scube, Ridgetown, who tied with 190. Dr. Stockwell, Sherbrooke, was a close second with 185.

High average for the third day was won by T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, with 192, the highest amateur score of the three days. Mr. Craig was the winner of the Grey Cup last year and can always be depended on to do good work at the traps. Dr. Green, Hamilton and J. E. Jennings were second and third with 189 and 188 respectively.

The grand aggregate for the three days was made by F. Galbraith, Ridgetown, a young shooter who has come into the spot light within the last year, as an exceptionally strong shooter both at live birds and targets. He shot a very steady race during the whole three days and his success was well deserved. Second grand aggregate was won by J. E. Jennings, Toronto, also a young shooter but nevertheless one of the best the Queen City can produce. Third aggregate went to Montreal, Ewing, who was picked by many as a possible winner and Redman of the same place, dividing the honors between them.

Professional average for the three days was won by J. R. Taylor, Newark, Ohio, the Winchester expert, with 584, using Winchester ammunition and a Winchester Repeater.

Considerable interest was taken in the team races which took place on the last day. The two-man team match was won by Ewing and Rainville of Montreal after shooting off a tie with Jennings and Best of Toronto. The five-man team match for the Mail Trophy was won by Hamilton, as was also the eight-man team match for the Dominion Cartridge Co. T. This being the third win of the latter trophy by Hamilton it becomes the property of that club.

The trade representatives in attendance at the tournament were J. R. Taylor and J. H. Cameron of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; W. H. Stevens of the U. M. C. and Remington Arms Cos.; E. G. White and F. H. Conover of the Dupont Company; Cant. Du Bray of Parker Bros.; F. L. Hallford of Dominion Cartridge Co.; W. P. Leach of the Ithaca Gun Co. and A. H. Durston of the Lefever Arms Co. Messrs. Taylor, Stevens, White, Durston and Conover did good work for their companies at the score, while Messrs. Cameron, DuBray, Hallford and Leach did equally effective, if less warlike, work behind the firing line.

The office work was in charge of George W. Burkholder, Hamilton and George Cashmore, Toronto. These gentlemen have proved their efficiency on more than one occasion and none more so than on this. The work and worry of handling such a number of shooters was considerable and that their work was so well done reflects great credit on these gentlemen. Genial James Maxwell was score sheet writer and H. Baldwin, score keeper. William Wark was the mechanical genius of the tournament and was invaluable in looking after the traps and other details of the shoot.

#### ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Association was held at the Royal Hotel, on the evening of Aug. 8th. Thos. Upton, Esq., Hamilton, president, presided. There was a good representation from affiliated clubs present. Mr. Deslaurier, Ottawa, raised the question of the distance between stakes and it was decided to have the stakes in future three yards apart. Much discussion arose over the question of handicapping. It was decided to have the handicap in future a sliding one, 16 to 20 yards. A resolution was passed allowing members of a two-man team, who are members of same club, to compete, notwithstanding the fact that they do not reside in the same town.

A resolution was introduced and unanimously passed authorizing the presentation of a gold medal to Thos. A. Duff, Esq., Toronto, to commemorate his win of high average at Ottawa in 1901.

Montreal was offered the tournament for 1907 but gracefully declined in favor of Toronto and Toronto was thereupon unanimously selected. The date of holding the shoot was left to the incoming executive and if financial reasons

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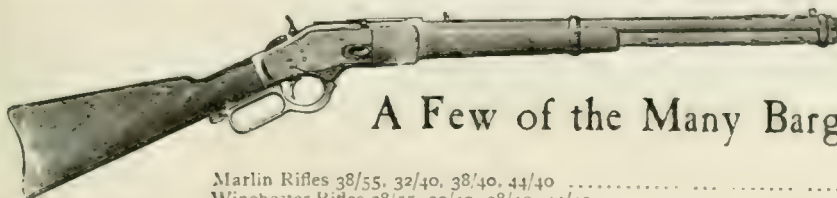
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(60) 50; Deslaurier (40) 34; A. J. Hunt (50) 25;  
S. Cline (20) 11.

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SECOND DAY.

	Hcp.	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Total.	Targets		
													G.	C.	H.
*J. R. Taylor .....	(18)	20	20	19	20	20	19	20	19	20	20	197			
*W. H. Stevens .....	(18)	20	20	19	19	20	19	19	18	20	19	193			
*E. G. White .....	(18)	23	20	12	20	18	19	23	19	20	19	191			
*A. H. Durston .....	(18)	19	17	17	19	18	17	17	19	16	18	177			
*F. H. Conover .....	(18)	14	19	15	14	17	17	17	17	18	16	164			
H. Scane .....	(19)	20	20	18	17	20	19	19	18	19	20	190	23	25	48
W. H. Ewing .....	(20)	19	19	19	19	18	20	19	18	19	20	190	23	24	47
Dr. Stockwell .....	(17)	19	19	19	19	20	20	19	18	18	18	189			
J. E. Jennings .....	(19)	19	19	19	17	20	20	19	18	18	17	186	25	21	46
M. E. Fletcher .....	(19)	19	20	20	18	19	16	19	17	19	19	166	23	25	48
R. Day .....	(19)	18	18	19	17	19	20	18	17	20	19	185	23	21	44
F. Galbraith .....	(19)	16	18	20	18	19	18	19	19	19	19	185	22	21	43
B. Smith .....	(18)	19	19	16	20	18	16	19	19	18	17	185			
Dr. Wilson .....	(19)	20	20	19	18	19	17	18	17	18	18	184	19	20	39
Geo. McGill .....	(18)	17	19	17	19	19	17	19	20	19	18	184	23	23	46
G. M. Dunk .....	(19)	18	19	18	19	16	19	20	17	20	18	184	22	21	43
T. M. Craig .....	(19)	19	18	15	16	20	18	20	18	20	20	184	21	23	44
G. M. Howard .....	(19)	20	17	20	19	18	19	18	17	18	18	184	24	24	48
Geo. Beattie .....	(20)	20	19	18	17	16	20	17	20	16	20	183	22	25	47
Geo. Cline .....	(17)	19	18	20	18	17	20	20	16	18	17	183	20	22	42
Thos. Upton .....	(19)	19	19	19	19	16	18	18	17	18	18	181	20	25	45
A. W. Westover .....	(19)	20	19	18	19	19	15	18	18	18	17	181	23	24	47
W. J. Johnstone .....	(19)	18	18	20	18	18	16	19	18	18	18	181	24	24	48
J. H. Rainville .....	(19)	19	20	20	16	19	19	18	18	17	19	180	21	23	41
J. E. Hovey .....	(18)	17	19	17	19	19	17	19	20	19	18	180			
Redman .....	(18)	18	20	16	18	17	18	19	17	18	18	179	24	22	46
W. P. Thomson .....	(18)	17	17	19	18	20	18	17	18	17	18	179	25	24	49
Geo. McCall .....	(18)	19	20	18	18	20	19	15	19	18	18	178	20	20	40
D. McMackon .....	(18)	17	18	18	18	15	20	15	20	19	18	178	23	23	45
W. Slaney .....	(17)	17	18	16	17	19	20	17	19	18	17	178			
J. Hunter .....	(17)	19	18	18	16	19	17	16	17	19	19	178			
P. Conture .....	(17)	19	18	19	19	14	17	15	16	20	19	176			
P. Wakefield .....	(18)	18	16	20	17	19	18	17	16	20	15	176	23	23	46
Horning .....	(17)	16	17	18	17	19	19	19	17	18	16	176			
W. Wakefield .....	(17)	18	18	18	16	16	17	18	16	20	19	176			
G. Dumont .....	(18)	17	19	17	18	16	19	17	15	18	19	175	22	22	44
O. E. Schell .....	(16)	16	18	19	16	14	18	17	19	18	20	175	24	24	48
J. J. Kenyon .....	(17)	19	17	17	15	15	15	16	19	19	17	172	17	22	38



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A. W. Throop	(19)	17	18	16	17	20	17	17	17	16	18	173	22	21	43
H. A. Mallory	(17)	18	16	19	17	15	20	18	16	19	15	173			
Dr. Green	(16)	16	18	16	20	15	17	20	16	19	17	174			
B. W. Glover	(18)	13	18	19	15	20	18	17	18	17	16	171	23	22	45
T. W. Logan	(17)	17	20	17	17	16	14	17	18	16	19	171			
W. A. Smith	(18)	18	17	20	17	18	17	16	15	15	17	170			
G. B. Smith	(18)	18	16	16	16	16	19	16	16	17	17	167			
N. G. Bray	(18)	16	18	17	16	19	19	16	16	17	18	168			
T. A. Duff	(17)	18	15	16	17	18	19	14	19	17	19	168			
F. Mitchell	(16)	15	18	14	17	16	18	19	19	16	14	166			
"Ben It"	(17)	17	18	16	17	14	17	16	19	19	14	167	20	21	41
E. J. Marsh	(17)	18	16	18	14	18	14	17	16	16	17	167			
Popp	(16)	17	20	18	14	16	18	16	15	17	13	162			
F. A. Heney	(17)	18	14	17	18	18	16	17	14	13	16	160			
G. Logan	(16)	18	16	17	15	17	15	19	16	16	16	189			
Dr. Cook	(16)	12	19	19	10	18	13	17	14	16	15	157			
J. Logan	(16)	20	15	14	15	17	15	17	15	13	15	175			
W. R. Fenton	(17)	16	14	16	16	17	15	17	15	13	15	154			
J. E. Cantelon	(16)	15	20	14	19	11	14	19	13	16	15	154			
C. Brodeur	(16)	15	9	17	16	18	19	13	13	17	16	133			
G. Easdale	(16)	14	15	16	17	11	13	17	15	15	18	151			
A. E. Edkins	(16)	16	16	15	12	14	13	15	17	14	14	132			
Dr. Hartlieb	(16)	14	13	15	14	14	14	15	13	18	16	146			
J. B. Goodhue	(16)	17	15	11	17	14	11	10	15	16	17	141	18	19	37
W. L. Cameron	(16)	16	14	15	15	16	11	12	14	9	17	137			

\* Professionals.

The following also shot, the number shot at being in brackets.—G. L. Vivian (100) 67; C. G. Thompson (140) 119; Foster (180) 134; R. Graham (120) 98; J. D. J. (120) 99; Marlatt (60) 43; J. Conway (140) 118; Royal (100) 123; Woodcock (100) 75; Dr. Hunt (100) 85; Dr. Call (160) 104; Alex Dey (180) 133; Jones (100) 68; D. Fletcher

(100) 72; Des Laurier (100) 77; P. Friend (100) 73; Draper (60) 56; Sawden, sr., (40) 30; Sawden, jr., (60) 51; T. B. Throop (20) 16; H. Marshall (80) 61; R. Luck (40) 32; M. Reardon (60) 64; Zimmerman (80) 46; Hawkins (60) 46; Dunham (60) 28; J. J. Cline (40) 29; Karr (40) 33; Gompf (20) 14.

THIRD DAY.

	Hcp.	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Total	Total
*J. R. Taylor	(18)	20	20	20	18	18	18	18	19	19	20	192	584
*W. H. Stevens	(18)	19	19	18	17	16	18	19	19	20	20	187	581
*E. G. White	(18)	17	19	20	16	19	15	20	20	20	19	185	576
*A. H. Durston	(18)	20	18	20	19	19	18	19	18	20	16	187	540
*F. H. Conover	(18)	15	16	18	16	17	20	19	15	17	16	168	508
T. M. Craig	(19)	20	19	20	19	19	18	19	20	20	18	192	546
Dr. Green	(18)	19	17	17	20	19	18	20	19	20	20	189	546
J. E. Jones	(19)	18	17	20	17	20	17	19	20	20	20	188	562
W. E. Fletcher	(19)	20	20	17	18	20	18	20	20	16	18	187	546
W. A. Smith	(17)	20	18	18	18	19	18	19	19	18	19	186	524
P. Wakefield	(19)	20	19	17	19	20	20	16	18	18	18	184	540
J. Hunter	(17)	19	18	20	18	17	19	17	19	18	19	184	535
Redman	(18)	19	16	20	19	18	18	19	18	20	16	183	548
H. A. Mallory	(18)	18	18	18	16	20	19	18	18	19	18	182	519
F. Galbraith	(19)	18	20	20	15	20	19	18	19	14	19	182	565
W. H. Ewing	(20)	19	17	18	15	18	20	18	16	20	20	181	548
Geo. Dumont	(18)	19	18	17	19	19	19	18	16	19	16	180	528
W. J. Johnstone	(19)	19	18	17	19	18	17	17	18	20	17	180	523
N. G. Bray	(18)	19	19	18	18	17	17	19	18	17	17	180	527
J. E. Hovey	(18)	16	17	20	16	19	19	20	17	19	17	160	512
R. Day	(19)	18	19	17	18	19	19	17	17	20	16	180	544
W. P. Thomson	(18)	18	20	16	19	18	16	19	18	18	18	180	539
W. Wakefield	(17)	15	18	19	17	18	16	20	19	20	17	179	
H. Scane	(20)	20	19	16	17	17	19	17	17	19	17	178	547
B. W. Glover	(18)	18	19	16	18	19	20	16	17	17	18	178	534
F. A. Heney	(16)	18	20	19	16	20	17	14	16	17	20	177	515
P. Canture	(17)	20	18	16	17	18	17	15	19	17	20	167	534
P. M. Howard	(19)	19	18	17	18	18	18	18	14	18	19	177	503
G. McCall	(18)	18	17	18	19	16	17	20	19	16	17	177	523
G. M. Dunk	(19)	19	14	16	16	17	15	18	18	19	17	176	501
"Ben It"	(17)	18	20	19	18	16	18	15	18	17	17	176	619

J. H. Rainville .....	(19)	17	18	17	18	17	16	18	17	18	19	175	481
A. W. Westover .....	(12)	19	16	19	17	19	19	17	17	18	14	175	479
A. W. Throop .....	(19)	16	18	15	16	17	20	18	19	17	18	174	476
W. Slaney .....	(17)	15	18	17	14	18	17	19	18	20	17	173	473
Dr. Wilson .....	(19)	17	14	19	20	19	17	18	17	13	17	173	473
Thos. Upton .....	(19)	18	17	18	14	19	19	18	19	16	15	173	473
Geo. Beattie .....	(20)	15	18	15	16	19	19	16	18	18	19	173	473
O. E. Schell .....	(17)	18	18	18	20	13	16	16	18	18	18	173	473
T. W. Logan .....	(17)	20	18	18	18	19	14	17	14	19	16	173	473
Geo. McGill .....	(18)	15	17	18	16	20	19	17	18	19	17	172	472
Dr. Cook .....	(16)	17	16	16	15	19	16	20	17	11	20	170	470
D. McMackon .....	(18)	18	19	17	17	15	16	17	18	17	15	168	468
T. A. Duff .....	(17)	18	17	17	16	18	17	17	13	17	20	166	466
J. Logan .....	(17)	17	19	16	19	17	16	17	16	16	17	166	466
E. J. Marsh .....	(17)	15	19	17	15	17	18	11	14	17	20	163	463
G. L. Vivian .....	(17)	19	14	11	16	18	17	17	13	17	20	162	462
C. G. Thompson .....	(18)	16	15	17	19	16	19	17	17	13	13	162	462
J. Kenyon .....	(17)	18	19	15	16	19	12	17	17	14	15	162	462
G. Logan .....	(16)	19	16	18	16	17	17	15	15	13	18	172	462
R. Luck .....	(17)	14	17	15	15	18	16	11	18	16	19	157	457
F. Mitchell .....	(16)	16	14	15	19	14	18	15	15	16	18	160	460
A. E. Edkins .....	(16)	15	15	15	15	16	12	17	17	13	17	157	457
W. Joselin .....	(18)	17	18	17	16	16	15	11	16	15	12	153	453
W. R. Fenton .....	(16)	16	18	18	16	12	15	15	11	16	11	148	448
Alex. Dey .....	(16)	16	16	16	14	15	15	15	9	12	16	144	444
Beck .....	(16)	8	4	11	13	6	8	11	7	6	9	83	

The following also shot, the number shot at being in brackets:—Sawden, sr., (60) 47; J. Williams (100) 73; Court Thomson (60) 39; J. E. Cantelon (160) 130; Sawden, jr., (160) 132; G. Easdale (60) 44; W. L. Cameron (40) 30; C. Brodeur (60) 38; Lyonde (60) 51; Marshall (40) 37; Gley (60) 50.

# GRAND AGGREGATE OF THOSE WHO SHOT 90 PER CENT. OR BETTER.

	1st Day.	2nd Day.	3rd Day.	Total
F. Galbraith .....	188	185	182	555
J. E. Jennings .....	178	186	183	547
W. H. Ewing .....	177	190	181	548
Redman .....	186	179	183	548
H. Scane .....	179	190	178	547
T. M. Craig .....	170	184	192	546
Dr. Green .....	183	174	189	546
Geo. Beattie .....	190	183	173	546
R. Day .....	179	185	180	544
G. M. Howard .....	182	184	177	543
J. H. Rainville .....	187	180	175	542
G. M. Dunk .....	181	184	176	541
P. Wakefield .....	180	176	184	540

## TEAM EVENTS.

Two Man Team—50 targets—Ewing and Rainville, Montreal, 49; Jennings and Best, Toronto, 49; Kenyon and Redman, Montreal, 48; Scane and Galbraith, Ridgetown, 48; Craig and Mitchell, Sherbrooke, 47; Johnson and Throop, Ottawa, 47; Green and Fletcher, Hamilton, 46; P. Wakefield and McGill, Toronto, 46; McCall and Conway, Ridgetown, 46; Beattie and Wilson, Hamilton, 46; Smith and McMackon, Ridgetown 45; Day and Glover, London, 41.

Ewing and Rainville won on shooting off tie with Jennings and Best.

Five Man Team—50 targets per man:—

Hamilton—Beattie 49, Dr. Green 48, W. P. Thomson 50, Thos. Upton 45, M. E. Fletcher 47.—239.

Montreal—Ewing 49, Aubin 48, Rainville 44, Dumont 47, Conture 47—235.

Sherbrooke—Craig 47, Howard 44, Stockwell 47, Westover 44, C. G. Thompson 50—232.

Ridgetown—McMackon 41, W. A. Smith 48

Galbraith 47, Scane 46, McCall 46—228.

Stanleys, Toronto—McGill 48, Dunk 44, P.

Wakefield 45, Duff 45, W. Wakefield—221.

Riverdale, Toronto—Jennings 46, Bradannez

38, Hiron 47, Jocelyn 45, T. Logan—219.

Ottawa—Johnstone 48, Throop 50, Slaney

28, Heney 36, Easdale 44—207.

Balmly Beach, Toronto—Booth 26, Popp 44,

Draper 39, Ross 45, Pearsall—194.

Nationals, Toronto—Harrison 38, Ross 41,

Williams 37, Granger 32, Spanner 41—189.

Eight Man Team—20 Targets per man:—

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son 19, W. P. Thomson 20, Thos. Upton 19, M.

E. Fletcher 20, Hunter 19, Ben It 17—152.

Stanleys, Toronto—McGill 15, Dunk 20, P.

Wakefield 20, Duff 17, Sawden, jr 20, Marsh 16,

Vivian 18, W. Wakefield 14—141.

Riverdale, Toronto—Jennings 20, Best 15, Hir-

ons 19, Jocelyn 16, T. Logan 18, G. Logan 16,

Bradannez 17, J. Logan 14—135.

Balmly Beach, Toronto—J. G. Shaw 16, J. A.

Shaw 18, Popp 18, Pearsall 16, Ross 18, Draper

13, Seager 16, Lyonde 16—131.

Ottawa—Johnstone 19, Throop 18, Cameron

13, Heney 19, Slaney 11, Brodeur 12, Easdale 20,

Des Laurier 15.—127

Nationals, Toronto—Harrison 18, Williams 16,

Granger 16, Ross 17, W. Spanner 15, O. Spanner

14, Lawson 15, Waterworth 13—124.



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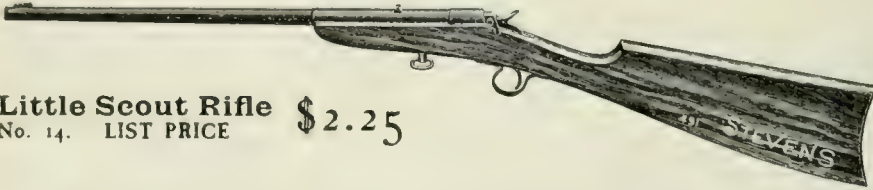
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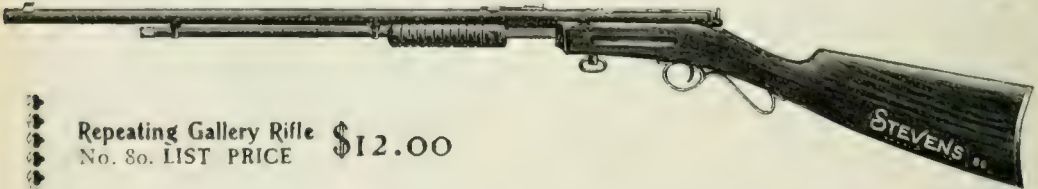
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1st, Grand Average for regular programme events for three days, 600 targets, and the "Grey Cup" donated by His Excellency, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, and Gold Medal to commemorate the win presented by the Association, Fred Galbraith, Ridgetown, Ont., with 555.

2nd Grand Average for three days and base-burner stove, donated by Gurney-Tilden Company, Limited, Hamilton, value \$50.00—J. E. Jennings, Toronto, with 552.

3rd, Grand Average for three days—Cash \$10—presented by the members of the Hamilton Gun Club, W. H. Ewing and Redman, Montreal.

High Average first day—A. W. Throop, Ottawa and George Beattie, Hamilton, tied with 190 each, out of 200, and divided first and second cash prizes, \$25 and \$15 donated by Thos. Upton, Esq., Hamilton.—F. Galbraith, Ridgetown, and W. Slaney, Ottawa, tied with 188, each and divided third prize \$10 and 4th prize \$10, donated by Mr. Upton and the Hamilton Gun Club respectively.

High Average Second Day—A handsome trophy donated by the "Canadian Indians" valued at \$50 and \$10 cash donated by Hamilton Gun Club. First and second prizes won by W. H. Ewing, Montreal, and Harry Scane, Ridgetown, with 190 out of 200 each. The trophy went to the latter.



KING PIN TELLING ONE TO TORONTO CAMP

Event No. 6, 60 targets, \$50.00, divided \$25, \$15 and \$10, donated by Ward, Vallance & Co., Hamilton—1st and 2nd, W. H. Ewing and J. E. Hovey, 58 each; 3rd, George Dumont, A. W. Throop, G. M. Howard, P. Wakefield, George Beattie, 57 each.

Event No. 7, 60 targets, \$50 divided \$25, \$15 and \$10, by Kynoch, Limited, Birmingham, Eng.—1st and 2nd Dr. Green and M. E. Fletcher, 58 each; 3rd, Dr. Cook 57.

Event No. 8, 60 targets, 1st prize, a "Clabrough" trap gun valued at \$200, donated by Messrs. Clabrough and Johnstone, gun manufacturers, Birmingham, Eng. 2nd prize, \$15 and 3rd prize \$10, donated by Thomas A. DuW, Esq., Toronto: 1st, T. M. Craig, 58; 2nd and 3rd, J. Hunter, D. MacMackon, George Beattie and F. Galbraith, 57 each.

Event No. 9, 60 targets, 1st prize, a Lefever trap gun, valued at \$72, donated by Lelever Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. 2nd prize \$15 and 3rd prize \$10, donated by G. W. McGill, Esq., Toronto: 1st, J. E. Hovey, 58; 2nd and 3rd, Redman, T. M. Craig, G. M. Dunk and P. Wakefield, 57 each.

Event No. 10, 60 targets, 1st prize a Hollis hammerless trap gun, valued at \$150, donated by Isaac Hollis & Sons, gun manufacturers, Birmingham, Eng. 2nd prize \$10 donated by Hamilton Gun Club.—1st, Geo. Beattie, 59; 2nd, W. H. Ewing 58.

M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton, won the prize, a



Ridgetown and London Camp at the Dominion Tournament. Left to right: J. Conway, W. A. Smith, F. Galbraith, S. Screaton, A. Day, D. MacMackon, B. W. Glover, Harry Scane and D. Hartlett.

High Average Third Day and a \$20 Winchester Repeating Trap Gun won by T. M. Craig, Sherbrooke, Que., with 192 out of 200. Second prize, \$10 donated by Hamilton Gun Club won by Dr. Green, Hamilton, with 189.

Event No. 1, 60 targets, \$50 in gold donated by Eley Bros., Limited, London, Eng., divided by Dr. Wilson, Harry Scane and P. Conture with 58 each.

Event No. 2, 60 targets, \$50 divided, \$25, \$15, and \$10, donated by Royal Distillery, Hamilton.—1st, M. E. Fletcher, 59; 2nd and 3rd, J. E. Jennings, Ben It, W. P. Thomson and F. Galbraith 57 each.

Event No. 3, 60 targets, \$50, divided \$25, \$15 and \$10, donated by Hotel Royal, Hamilton.—1st, F. Galbraith 60, second and third, G. M. Dunk and Dr. Stockwell, 57 each.

Event No. 4, 60 targets, \$50, divided \$25, \$15 and \$10, donated by Hilda Cigar factory, Hamilton.—1st Dr. Green 57, second and third, O. E. Schell, Dr. Wilson, George McCall and P. Conture, 57 each.

Event No. 5, 60 targets, \$50.00, divided \$25, \$15, and \$10, donated by Hamilton Brewing Association, Hamilton.—1st, J. E. Jennings, 59; 2nd and 3rd, M.E. Fletcher and P. Wakefield, 58 each.



Captain Du Bray entertaining the professionals. Left to right: Conover, Cameron, Taylor, Durston, Stevens, Du Bray and Halford (lying down) professionals; and A. Day (extreme right) and A. W. Throop (extreme rear) amateurs.





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\$40 suit of clothes donated by A. Zimmerman & Co., merchant tailors, Hamilton, for longest consecutive run in the regular events. Mr. Fletcher made the remarkable run of 120.

#### REFLECTIONS.

Messrs. Taylor and Stevens, though comparatively young in the professional class, are making fine records for themselves, as they go down the firing line.

And yet there are few more graceful or effective shooters in the ranks than our own "Teddy" White.

The Hamilton Gun Club entertained the visiting shooters who remained over to an elaborate wine supper at the Hotel Royal. Good refreshments, good speeches and good fellowship characterized the meeting which was a pleasant wind up to a pleasant outing.

M. E. Fletcher's run of 120 straight was a record breaker for Canada. No other competitor was within speaking distance.

The sectional squad style of shooting proved effective after the shooters became familiar with it. The regular programme was finished in the middle of the afternoon, the last day.

To many a warm luncheon in the middle of the day is a necessity, and to these the cold collation supplied on the grounds was a disappointment.

Everyone was glad to see the Ottawa veterans, Slaney and Deslaurier, in their place on the firing line.

W. P. Thomson didn't do a thing but hit them in the team matches running a straight 30 and 20 in the Mall Trophy and Dominion Cartridge Co. events.

The Worcester Repertoire Co. with their usual advertising enterprise, distributed handbills of their match guns to the shooters.

There was a lot of sport thrown during the tournament.

#### Dartmouth Doings.

The monthly shoot of the Dartmouth N.S., Rod and Gun Club was held Aug. 1st in the presence of a large crowd of visitors and members. In addition to trap shooting, rifle and revolver shooting was indulged in. The list of events was as follows:—

First event—10 targets, 1st, A. Edwards and J. Henneberry, tie; 2nd, G. P. Monahan; 3rd, A. M. Stewart.

Second event—10 targets, 1st, A. Edwards; 2, J. Henneberry; 3, E. Walsh and J. A. McLaughlin, tie.

Third event—10 targets, 1st, H. D. Romans, J. Henneberry and A. Edwards, tie; 2nd, E. Walsh; 3rd, J. T. Egan.

Fourth event—10 targets, handicap, 1st H. D. Romans; 2nd, J. T. Egan; 3rd, A. Edwards and J. Henneberry.

Fifth event—Lafin and Rand Cur 25 targets, handicap, 1st, A. Edwards; 2nd, J. A. McLaughlin and J. Henneberry, tie; 3rd, H. B. Romans.

Sixth event—10 targets, 1st, A. Edwards and J. Henneberry, tie; 2nd, J. A. McLaughlin, H. B. Romans and E. Walsh, tie; 3rd, J. T. Egan.

A. Edwards won the Austen-Hill badge for the best straight run having equalled the run of 34 made by L. F. Hill on May 2nd.

The members of the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club would be pleased to know of any of the trap shooting fraternity who might be in Halifax at any time and who would like to spend an afternoon at the traps. This could generally be arranged by calling on Secretary Monahan of the Club, or Mr. T. J. Egan, dealer in guns and sporting goods.

#### Tournament at Stratford.

The tournament at Stratford under the management of J. J. B. Meyers, Aug. 4, 6 and 7,



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proved quite a success notwithstanding the fact that the big Dominion shoot following immediately after no doubt kept a great many from participating. F. H. Conover of the Dupont Company, W. H. Stevens of the U. M. C. and Remington Co.'s; J. R. Taylor, the Winchester expert and F. L. Hallford of the Dominion Cartridge Co., were the trade representatives present.

The feature of the shoot were the scores of Taylor and Stevens. The former made a run of 183 and the latter a run of 135.

High average was won by A. W. Mahler, Ailsa Craig, with 178 out of 300, second, G. M. Dunk, Toronto, with 176 and third, K. C. Turnbull, Stratford, with 172. The scores second and third day, only, were counted in the average.

The scores:—

	1st Day	
	S.A.	Bke.
J. J. B. Meyers .....	150	124
F. H. Conover .....	130	145
J. R. Taylor .....	150	149
W. H. Stevens .....	150	145
A. W. Mahler .....	115	111
G. M. Dunk .....		
W. C. Turnbull .....	30	20
D. D. Hay .....	50	46
F. Rozzel .....	150	118
W. Miller .....	100	89
A. W. Fisher .....	65	54
J. Ross .....		
S. A. Webb .....		
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2nd Day		3rd Day		Total	
S.A.	Bke.	S.A.	Bke.	S.A.	Bke.
150	128	150	120	450	312
150	133	150	135	450	413
150	145	150	145	450	439
150	141	150	148	450	434
150	140	150	138	415	389
150	141	100	135	300	176
150	136	150	136	300	172
50	31	00	37		
150	115				
50	44				
150	115	20	18		
150	124				
150	121				
100	88				
50	29	20	13		
20	16	35	32		
		40	32		
		20	17		

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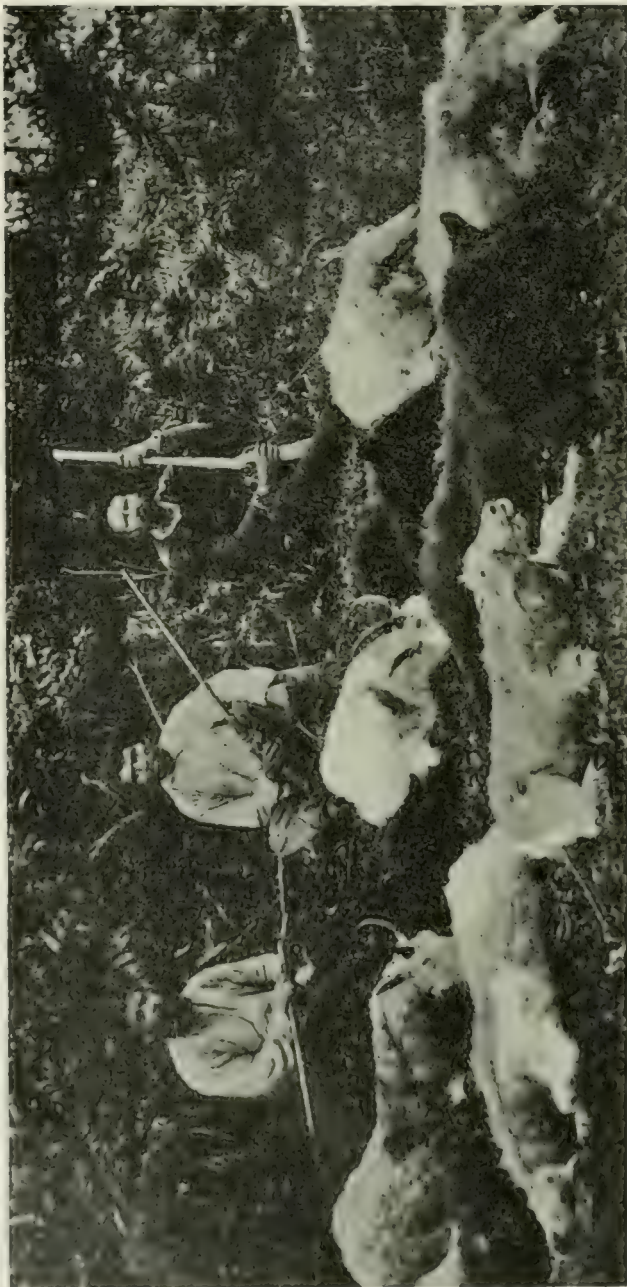
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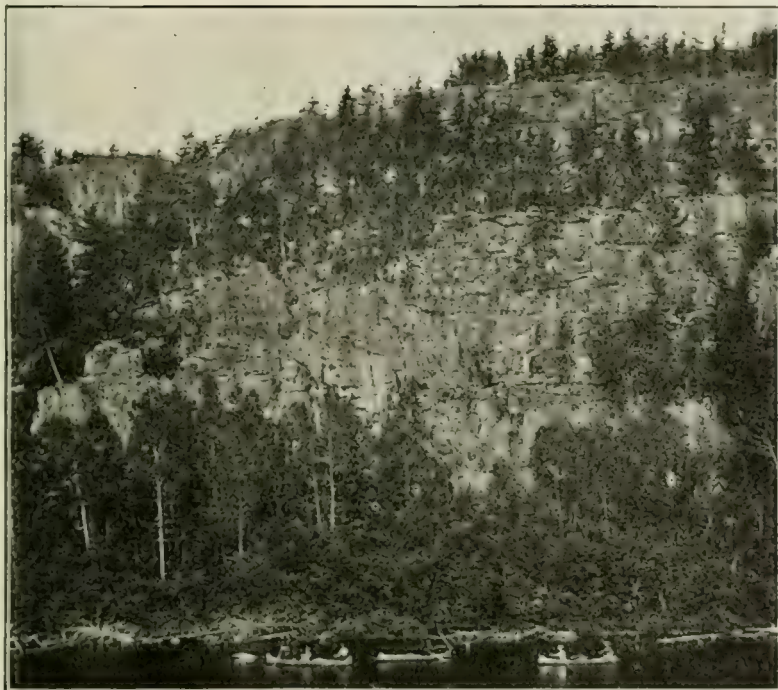


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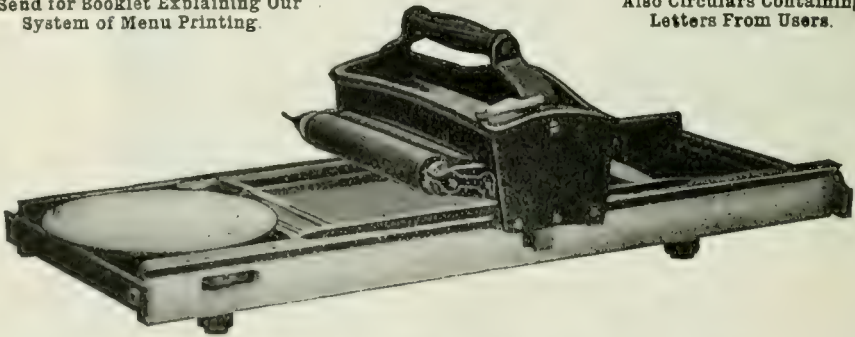
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of perfect cells, containing certain exact proportions of inorganic salts. The difference in texture, firmness, elasticity, pliability, strength and other qualities of tissues, is due to a variation in proportions of the different salts. Disease exists wherever the proportion of salts is disarranged and the equilibrium disturbed. Thus, if the proportions necessary for perfect muscle are not maintained, then the muscle will be imperfect in that degree. If a bone has too little silica it will lose its firmness and polish. If the brain lacks potassium it will work imperfectly; if the nerves need magnesia they act intermittently and painfully. The way in which an organ performs its work tells the skilled biochemist which of the salts are lacking. The cure of the diseased condition depends upon the supply of needed salts and the restoration of the equilibrium.

Ordinary food contains all these tissue salts in abundance. Healthy organisms abstract and use them. Sick people do not. That is why they are sick. In order to prepare salts for admission, what is known as molecular reduction must be performed. This is where the ailing system fails, and the salts cannot be used. The salts in our remedies are ready for immediate assimilation, the reduction of molecules having been accomplished outside of the body. They are in usable form, and are accepted gratefully, greedily by the starving system. The effect seems miraculous in many cases.

We have four booklets and some leaflets which explain our system of feeding diseased tissues and restoring them to health one on General Diseases, one on Private Diseases, one on Women's Diseases and one on Varicose Veins and Varicocle. Any or all of these are sent on receipt of a request, free. We want you to read them. If they are not rational, logical, sensible, we want you to criticize them and tell us wherein they are wrong. We claim to have the only Remedies for Disease. They are not drugs or medicines any more than any foods are medicines. They are foods in usable form. If you are not W. S. ENSIGN, Phys. Ch., perfectly well it will pay you to investigate.



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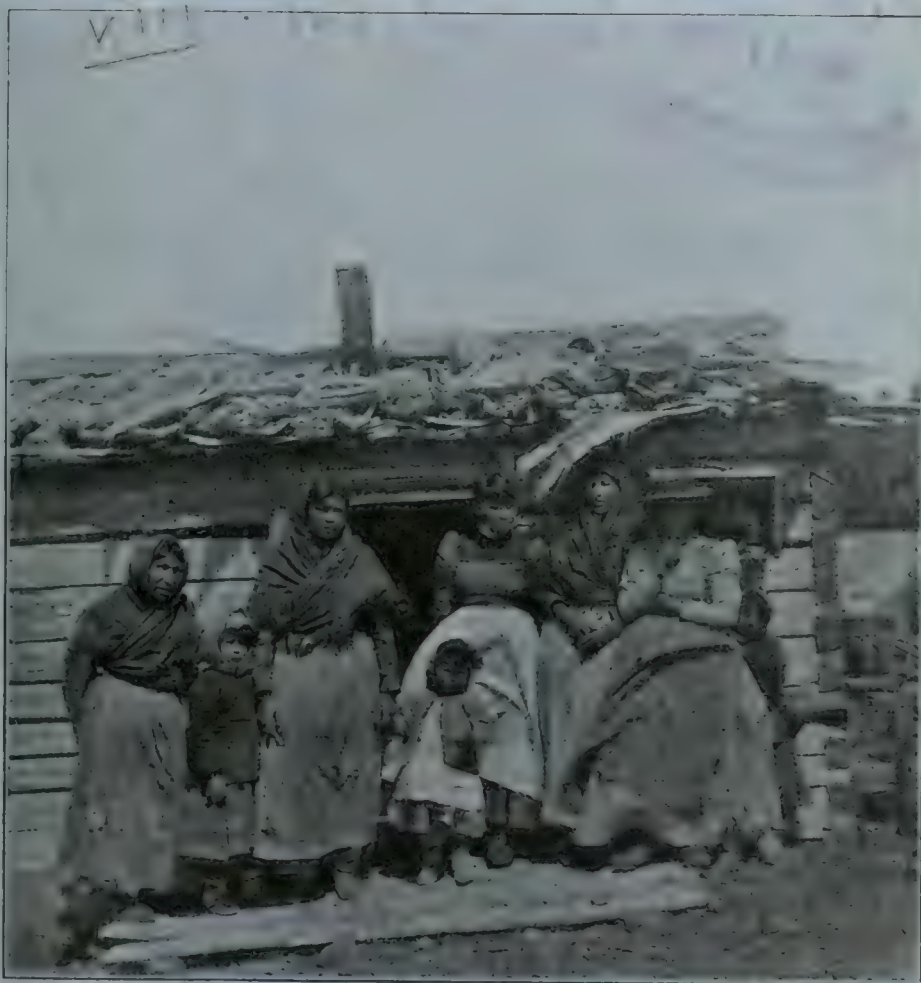
A Modern Jonah.

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## AND Motor Sports

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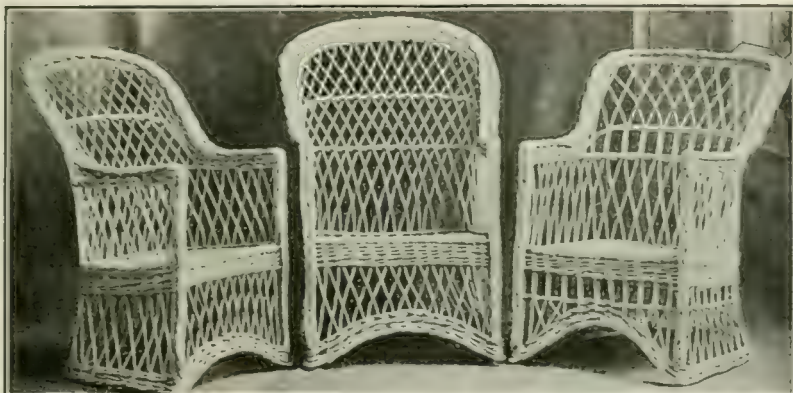
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Height of back from seat 23 in.  
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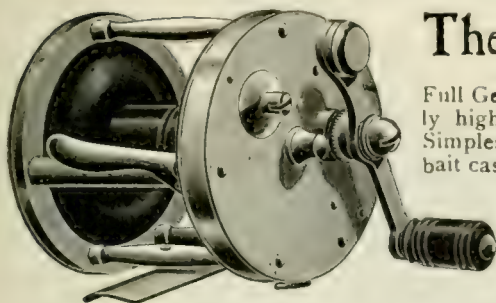
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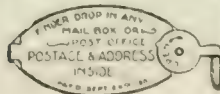
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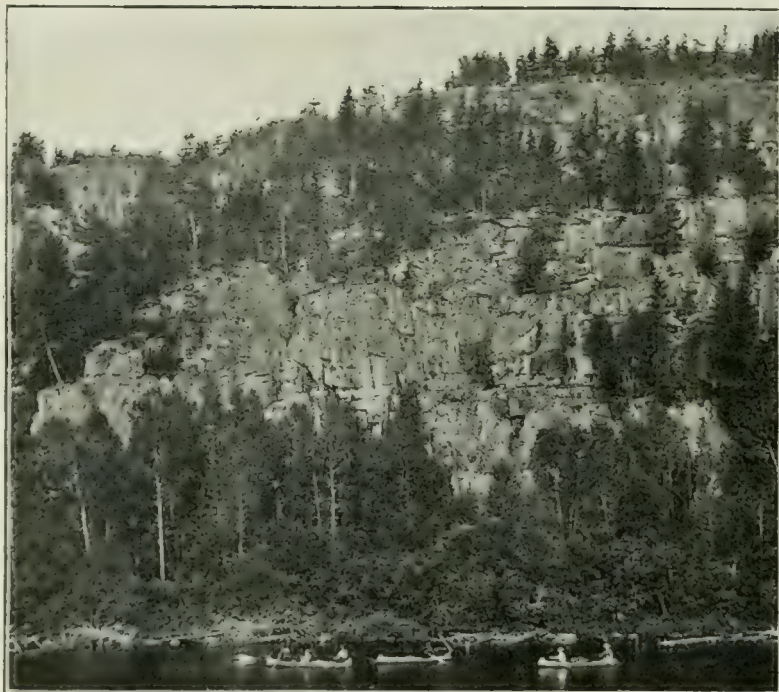
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They will  
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Good Positions at Good Salaries await you if you will but prepare for them. We can help you over all the **TOUGH PLACES** if you will but do your best and give us a chance. We have the best men in Canada employed to give instruction in our courses. Write and tell us just what you need and let us tell you of our plans to help you, or clip out the following list and mark the subjects you would like to grow strong in and send to us. We will then make the way plain and easy for you to win out.

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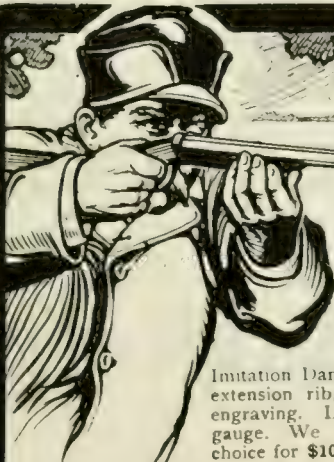
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**MAJESTIC  
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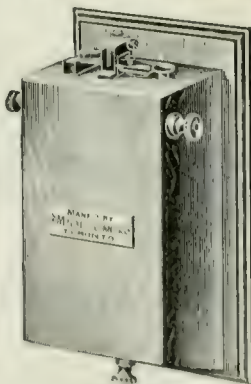
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(Made in Canada)

Extra fast vibrator

A spark that FIRES

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1 AMP.

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....OR TO....

G. T. BELL, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, MONTREAL, CANADA

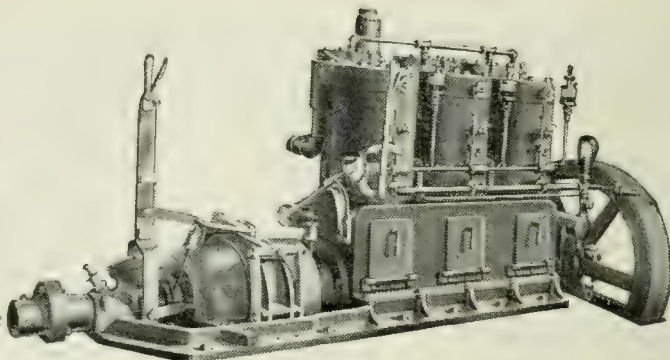
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## 4 Cycle Motor

Built in Sizes 12 to  
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Operates on Gasoline  
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Wolverine Motor Works, Grand Rapids, Mich.

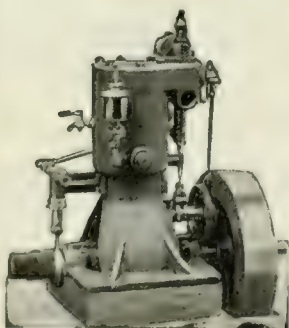
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Gentlemen: —It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the 6 H. P., 2 cylinder, 2 cycle engine, I bought from you last June has given the best of satisfaction, on the River and also on the Lake. It drives my 22½ ft. boat close to 11 miles an hour, and does it easily.

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We lived through the worst storm on Lake Winnipeg of the season '05 and would surely have been drowned had the engine stopped on us.

Respectfully yours, WM. B. MEY.



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Have stood as the standard of excellence for 20 years—the highest art in marine gasoline engine construction, 5 to 100 h. p., 2 and 4 cycle, self-starting and reversing.

**SPECIAL OFFER** How to get boat plans worth \$50.00 to \$200.00 for pleasure or working boats without cost to you. Write us at once for complete information and Catalog No. 26.

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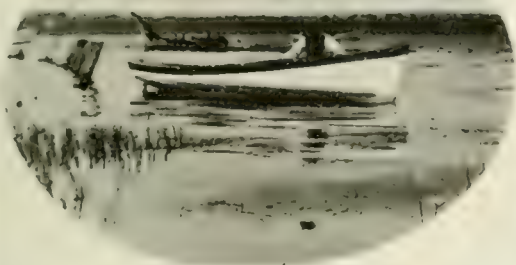
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can be seen at our yards.  
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**ROBERTSON BROS.**  
**CATALOGUE.**





# *The Province of Quebec*

*From the Sportsman's View Point.*



No country in the world possesses a greater variety or more attractions in the line of sport than historic Quebec. When a little better known it will surely become the "Mecca" of devotees of sport; the angler is very much in evidence now even, from 1st May to 30th September, putting forth his best efforts to secure the silvery salmon, the beautiful speckled or sea trout, or yet again the pugnacious bass.

Autumn sees the sportsman again around with rifle or shot-gun, tracking the fleet Caribou or Red Deer or snugly ensconced on the shores of a lake, waiting for an opportunity to lay low the king of the forest, the mighty Moose. Others are content to frequent the hardwood ridges or beaches, in quest of the ruffed grouse, or wild fowl. Few, if any, return unrewarded for their efforts.

A large area of territory is now under lease to clubs, but there is ample room for more; as for the transient sportsman, there is a wealth of territory at his disposal, e. g. in the Upper Ottawa, St. Maurice, Lake St. John and on both sides of the St. Lawrence below Quebec City. Access to all these points is easy, either by rail or water way.

Fishing licenses for the season for non-residents, cost \$10.00 for hunting \$25.00.

Fishing and hunting territories are obtainable at very reasonable rentals, in any part of the Province where crown lands exist. There are still some very desirable salmon rivers available in the Lower Gulf district.

The Government will in all probability, allot territory to Fish and Game Clubs in the recently created Reserve, in the Peninsula of Gaspé, reserving of course the interior for propogation and a limited amount of shooting and fishing.

## *"Laurentides National Park."*

This renowned hunting and fishing territory takes on increased popularity yearly. Dates for hunting and fishing may be applied for at any time. Increased accommodation will be provided for sportsmen by 1st September, 1905, in the great Caribou Barrens.

For information of any kind re Sport, address

The Hon. Minister of Lands, Mines and Fisheries,  
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BY  
ED. F. HABERLEIN.

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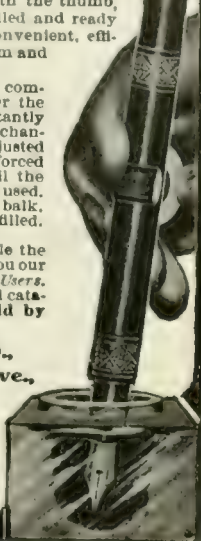
Simply dip in the ink, press with the thumb, and the CONKLIN PEN is filled and ready for instant use. It is simple, convenient, efficient, with no complex mechanism and nothing to get out of order.

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DOMINION

## Attention Sportsmen!

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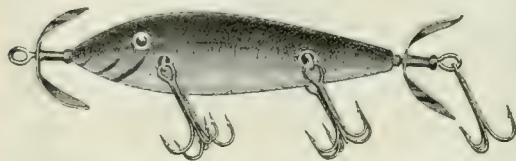
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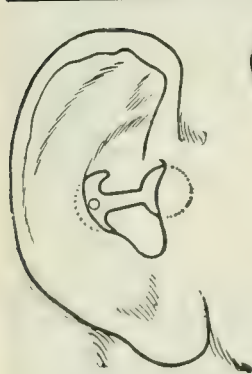
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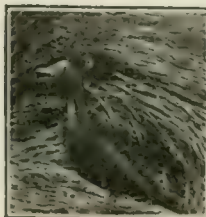
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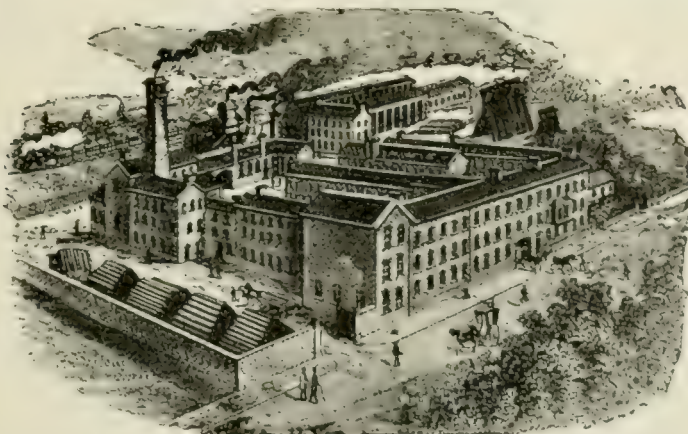
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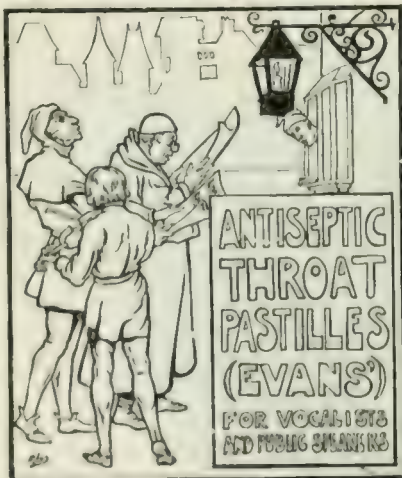
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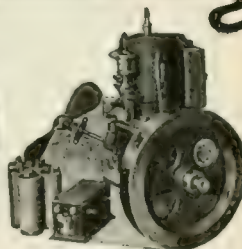
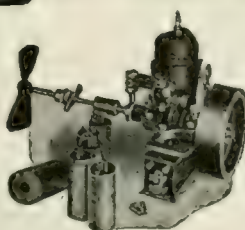
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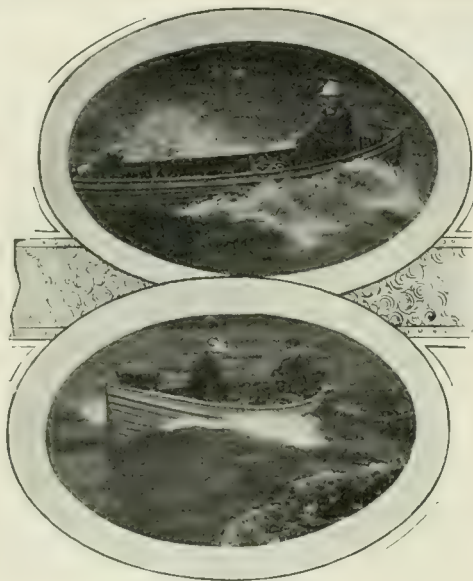
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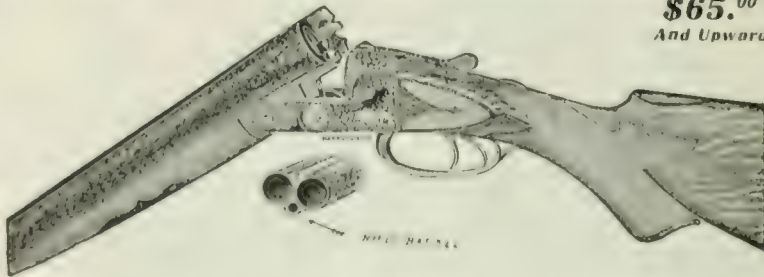
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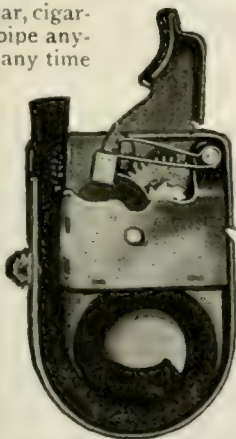
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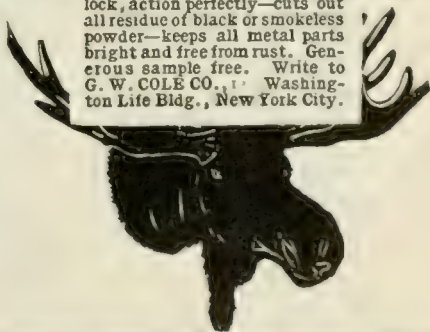
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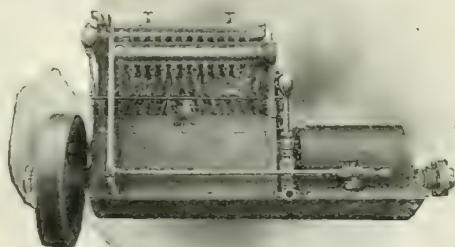
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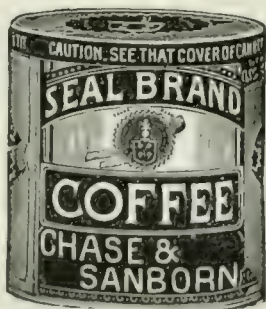
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## and Motor Sports in Canada

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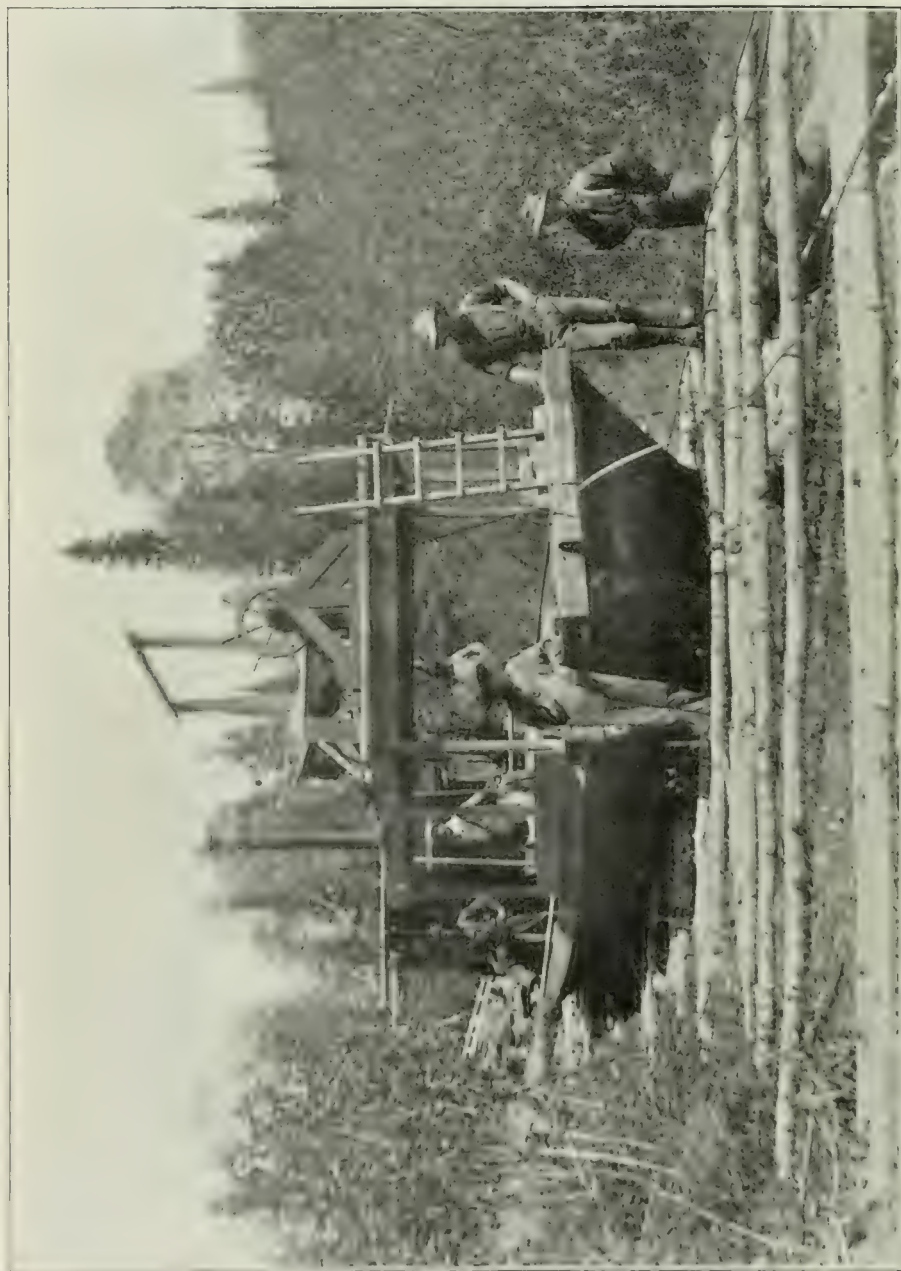
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THE ALLIGATOR ON HEIGHT OF LAND PORTAGE EN ROUTE TO ABBITIBI LAKE.



# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

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VOL. VIII

NOVEMBER 1906

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NO. 6

### To Abbitibi With the Prospectors.

BY H. R. HYNDMAN.

**A**MONG the numerous canoe trips into the Canadian woods the cruise from the head of Lake Temiskaming to Lake Abbitibi is particularly attractive, on account of its easy accessibility, beautiful scenery, excellent fishing and interesting experiences all along the route. Lake Temiskaming is located about three hundred miles north of Toronto, and is part of the boundary line between Ontario and Quebec. It lies about forty miles east of the Temagami Lake region which is so rapidly becoming popular with lovers of outdoor life, and is adjacent to the famous Cobalt silver district of Ontario. This lake, an enlargement of the Ottawa River, is almost seventy miles long and one-quarter to several miles wide. The scenery is very picturesque, the shores bounded all the way by wooded hills producing an effect very similar to a trip up the Hudson River. One of the special scenic attractions on the lake is Devil's Rock, a perpendicular cliff rising over two hundred feet above the water, on the western shore about four miles south of Haileybury. The face of this rock is covered in spots with mineral stains of different colors, and the effect produced when the eastern sun strikes it is novel and rarely beautiful. With Pullman sleepers via the Grand Trunk Railway system now landing the tourist directly on Temagami or Temiskaming Lakes this section of Canada, with its beautiful scenery and good fishing, will soon rival Muskoka as a popular summer resort.

It was a cool, bracing day in May when two of us landed in Haileybury, at the head of Lake Temiskaming, ready to leave for Lake Abbitibi as soon as we could engage guides and get our outfits together. There was no difficulty in getting food supplies, but we could not locate any guides and canoes, old or new, were nowhere to be found. It seems a spring rush of prospectors into the mineral regions had temporarily exhausted the supply of canoes, and had more or less reduced the available number of guides. Finally after running around among the different towns for almost a week we landed one guide, a young Canadian, and procured two new Peterborough canoes, one seventeen and the other sixteen feet long. The guide argued, as soon as he saw the canoes, that they were too small for use on such a rough lake as Abbitibi, but we were restless under the delayed departure, and decided to start with the small boats, hoping to rent a larger canoe or possibly a lumberman's "pointer" on Abbitibi Lake. The supplies were purchased at Haileybury, and were shipped by steamboat across the lake to North Temiskaming, the actual starting point. Here, while arranging packs, we found we were short both of sugar and beans, two important factors in the food list; but they were easily obtained from a local store. One cannot be too careful in checking up what is actually received on an order when outfitting for a trip of this kind.

The route from North Temiskaming



DEVIL'S CHUTE, QUINZE RIVER.

started with a sixteen mile wagon portage to Quinze Lake. This was to avoid the swift water and rough rapids in the Quinze River. The Quinze River is really another section of the Ottawa River, and carries into Lake Temiskaming the waters of the lakes and streams extending for several hundred miles to the east and north. It contains fifteen rough rapids or chutes, and during high water in the spring of the year resembles, in the speed of its current, size of swells and volume of water, the Niagara River.

On account of its swift current, which means strong eddies and cross currents, it is almost as difficult to go down stream as up, and consequently the guides have a strong preference for using the wagon portage around the whole river. The roughest place on the river is Devil's Chute, the third chute from the mouth of the river. Here the river narrows to almost one-half its usual width and rushes with fearful speed over a drop of about twenty feet and at an angle of about four hundred and fifty. The enormous volume of water rushing against the hid-

den rocks in the river produces ever changing swells which have the fascination of the Whirlpool Rapids of the Niagara River, and incidentally almost their size. In talking with an old guide about the river he remarked, "The Quinze River is a bugger," and after seeing the river at flood stage one is not much inclined to criticize the expression.

It was at one p. m. on Saturday, May twenty-sixth that we left North Temiskaming on our sixteen mile tramp behind the wagons to Klock's Farm on Quinze Lake. The previous night it rained, which meant a muddy road, but we were more in the humor to tramp over a bad road through the bush, than loaf any longer around the back-woods hotel. The start was made in the teeth of a half rain, half hail storm, unusually cold weather for that time of the year, and rather singular weather in which to go on a canoe cruise, but we had started and decided to take whatever came up. Our object in going so early was to do a little prospecting in the north where rich mineral indications had been said to ex-

ist, and our enthusiasm over the prospecting probably overshadowed our fear of the flies, which we knew would be in their greatest numbers before we should return. During hail storms and freezing nights there is little inclination to think about protection from mosquitoes, but we know better now.

Klock's Road is a typical Canadian lumber road,—made up of mud holes, rocks and stumps, and it is not surprising it is often called worse names than the Quinze River. After walking from twelve thirty to nine p. m. we reached Klock's Depot tired out, and also famished as we had neglected to take along anything to eat. A hearty supper of cold pork, baked beans, raisin pie and plenty of tea soon put new life in us, and later on all turned in their bunks for a night's rest which could not be anything but sound. Klock's Depot, or Farm as it is sometimes called, is a clearing of almost two hundred acres on the shores of Quinze Lake where grain and vegetables are raised for the use of the lumbermen, thus saving considerable hauling of supplies over the road from Lake Temiskaming. It is now practically the northern border of civilization in this section of Quebec, nothing extending beyond but the illimitable bush, excepting at rare intervals the hut and little farm of a half breed trapper or hunter. Instead of starting the next day we were held at the depot two days on account of high head winds. The delay proved to be a pleasant diversion rather than a monotonous loaf as we met at the Depot Mr. Klock, one of the proprietors of the lumber company, and the members of a government expedition to Abbitibi, the James Bay Treaty, Treaty Nine, in charge of Commissioner Scott, going north to establish an Indian reservation. With such genial company the time passed swiftly, but on the morning of the third day the wind had let up enough to enable us to get off. In order to have better control of the boat in the wind and enable him to keep up with the other canoes the guide made for himself a very ingenious arrangement for rowing the small canoe. It was an Indian rig consisting of outriggers, rowlocks and oars, and was made entirely out of small spruce trees with an ax, a knife and a few nails.

The first morning's paddle was through Quinze Lake to Barrier River and up the river a couple of miles to Barrier Rapids. Herewe found a drive of logs coming through the rapids, and had some difficulty in dodging logs in the swift water at the foot of the rapids to reach the portage landing. After making the portage about two hundred yards, we found the upper river blocked with logs, and were compelled to wait at the rapids until the next morning when all the logs had run through. There was also tied up that day at Barrier Portage a Hudson Bay Co. freight canoe with a load of supplies for Abbitibi Post. These canoes are about twenty-eight feet long and carry a load of four thousand pounds, but six dried up looking Indians can push them through the water at a good clip. The afternoon was spent watching the logs go through the rapids, or rather enjoying the interesting and exciting experiences of the river drivers in breaking the log jams which occurred every few minutes. Most of the jams were started with little work, but now and then they would jam so tightly it required the whole crew with their peevies and pike poles, rolling and tugging until they got started. Then there would be a wild scramble for shore as logs in a rapids are too dangerous to take any chances with. Between jams some of the lumbermen had great fun spearing fish with their pike poles; the catch amounting to a half a dozen one pound suckers and pickerel.

This method of fishing, while exciting, was not so easy as the experience we had near Cobalt a week before. Here in a small shallow creek we caught with our hands several dozen suckers from a half to a pound in weight. In the spring these fish come up from the lakes into the small streams to spawn, and are easily pulled out with the hands. At that time of the year they are not bad eating; the flesh is firm, and while without any particular flavor, they are good enough when nothing else is available.

After sundown that evening it turned considerably cooler, and before daylight all were shivering in their blankets. Consequently everybody got up shortly after daylight to try and keep warm around the campfire. We found over a quarter of an inch of ice on a pail of water, and a frost on the ground like a



light snow. Not being prepared for such weather the only way to keep warm was to hurry through breakfast and get to work with the paddles. We had met at the Barrier Portage two young Canadian prospectors bound for Abbitibi, and both parties agreed to travel together; which scheme resulted to our mutual pleasure and advantage.

A short distance up the Barrier River brought us to Barrier Lake, and after a morning's paddle we reached the mouth of the Lonely River. Barrier Lake is

miles down the lake we camped for the night.

Long Lake is about thirty miles long, and from one hundred yards to several miles wide. Here there is a marked improvement over the scenery in Quinze and Barrier Lakes, although the scenery on the lakes south of the Height of Land is not equal to that on the lakes north of it. The next morning we proceeded down the lake and stopped at Sandy Point for luncheon.

While preparing the meal a strong



CATCHING SUCKERS WITH THE HANDS.

noted for its excellent bass and pike fishing; it being common (so the Indians say) to catch the latter weighing twelve to fifteen pounds. After an early lunch we proceeded up the Lonely River. This is a small but deep stream, without rapids, connecting Long Lake with Barrier Lake. It winds through a thick bush remarkable for its absence of bird or animal life, and its generally dreary aspect is incentive enough to give it the name it bears. After paddling the ten miles up the River against the current and several

fair wind came up. The guide remarked that Indians under the same circumstances would drop the dinner, rig a sail and travel as long as they could with the wind. We could not see the wisdom of such forced marching, but after we had finished our luncheon and rigged our own sails out of blankets the wind naturally died to a dead calm. Then we had to paddle the nine miles we could have sailed without effort. This taught us a lesson, and we did not let a fair wind get away from us again.



SUPPER ON FLAT ROCK ISLAND, LONG LAKE.

From the upper end of Long Lake there is a portage of a couple of hundred yards into Summit Lake, a small lake of a few acres which lies next to the Height of Land. In Summit Lake we found the "Alligator," (a side-wheel steamboat used by lumbermen for towing logs), Wm. F. Biederman, a fur trader of Abbitibi, is taking by land and water to Abbitibi Lake. On the land journeys a wide path was cut through the bush, logs laid on the ground, and the boat pulled itself by means of a wire rope hawser fastened to a large tree. Getting this boat to Abbitibi Lake is going to be a difficult and costly undertaking, but when there it will be the first steamboat on the lake.

From Summit Lake there is a portage of a half a mile over the Height of Land into an arm of Island Lake on the northern watershed. This portage has one hill, but the trail is worn smooth and hard from years of packing the Hudson Bay Company's supplies on the way to Abbitibi Lake. There are excellent camp sites on each end, and by the time

we made three trips over it we were ready to camp on the Island Lake end. That night it rained, but shortly after starting the next morning the weather cleared up. Island Lake is a large lake literally packed with islands, and the effect produced by so many islands close together, of all shapes, sizes and character, is beautiful beyond description. As a photograph from the water would show but one continuous shore line we attempted to climb to a bare spot on a hill about one hundred feet above the lake, but found the bush too thick to penetrate and had to give it up. While crossing the lake there was a strong wind blowing, but it did not bother us here where there were so many islands to break it.

After lunching on a small island we continued on to the mouth of the Three Carrying Place River. This river, about fifteen miles long, connects Island Lake with Upper Lake, the water now flowing northward into Hudson Bay. It has an Indian name, which being interpreted means Three Carrying Place, after three portages close together. It runs through





SOME INDIAN BELLES AT ABBITIBI POST.

a thick bush with some open marshy land near the mouth at Upper Lake. The guides shot the first rapids in the empty canoes, but on account of bad rocks near the foot, went only half way through the second. It was an exciting moment when they turned in the swells of the swift and narrow rapid and dropped into an eddy. To let a canoe get broadside on in the swells of a rapid is likely to be disastrous even to the most expert. The third rapid was portaged. There is said to be very good fishing at the foot of the third rapids. How Biederman is going to get his clumsy "Alligator" down these swift and narrow rapids, not much wider than the boat, is the question

mostly discussed whenever his project is brought up.

The camp sites on the portages were not good so we had to paddle down the river several miles before we could get a clearing large enough to pitch a tent. The weather, delightfully cool and bracing during the day, continued to drop to almost freezing at night, which insured a good night's rest. How different it proved to be on the return trip! Shortly after starting the next morning we passed the Transcontinental survey line, the projected route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway south of Abbitibi Lake. It is the general impression that this route will be abandoned in favor of the



route along the north shore of Abbitibi Lake. The survey was a clean cut narrow trail through the bush like a path through a field of high corn.

When Upper Lake was reached no time was lost in getting across several open stretches as this lake is but sparsely filled with islands and the wind has a sweep of several miles in places where a bad sea can come up in no time. After an early lunch on an island we pushed on to the Abbitibi River, a larger river than The Lonely or Three Carrying Place Rivers, and a few miles down reached Dancing Portage. This portage, about one hundred yards long, is the last of the eight portages between Quinze Lake and Abbitibi Lake. The limited number of carries on this trip makes it a remarkable one as on most canoe cruises in the North country there is plenty of portaging to be done. The river widened as we approached Abbitibi Lake and a short distance from the mouth a stop was made to make tea. We were looking for a hard paddle at the mouth of the river across a bay to the Post, against a wind which was now coming up, and tied up for a rest.

It is an Indian custom when traveling, especially on hard trips, to stop every few hours to drink tea. It is wonderful the stimulating and recuperating effect of several cups of tea taken when there is particularly hard work ahead. As expected we ran into a bad side sea on the lake that gave us some trouble to reach the Post.

#### Abbitibi Post.

Abbitibi Post of the Hudson Bay Co. is situated on the south shore of Upper Abbitibi Lake at the mouth of the Abbitibi River. It consists of several houses of the Hudson Bay Co., a couple of cabins belonging to the French trading company, a church and, in summer, a camp of several hundred Indians. The Indians gather there early in the summer from their trapping and hunting grounds to trade their fur and arrange for supplies for the next winter. Our camp was pitched on a point across a small bay from the Post. After supper we first called on the Hudson Bay Co.'s representatives in charge of Mr. Driever, Manager, and later visited Mr. Zimmer-

man in charge of the French company's store. At both places we were most hospitably entertained as we were almost the first tourists of the season to call at the Post. For several days we stayed at the Post enjoying the strange and interesting sights on every hand. The Indians camp in family groups, living in small tents where they are evidently packed like sardines. The Indian dogs (called "huskies") are everywhere, and when not quarreling are nosing around for something to eat. It matters not to them whether it is a glove with a little grease on it, a pair of oil-tanned moccasins or a whole ham in the tent covered with duffle; if one gives them half a chance they will get it and soon have it chewed to pieces. Their ravenous appetites are probably due to the custom of feeding them but every other day in winter and then largely fish, and letting them shift for themselves in summer. Each Indian family has a platform supported by poles about six feet off the ground on which they keep dried fish and other food out of the reach of the dogs.

The most picturesque sight at the Post is the church service. The Indians of all ages, from old squaws down to papooses in their wooden cases, attend each service every day. The men and boys sit on benches on the left and the squaws, girls and papooses (as well as a few dogs) squat down on the floor on the right. The service is delivered in Indian, usually by one of the older men. His voice, half the time, cannot be heard on account of the violent coughing on the part of some of the congregation. This is due to the prevalence of tuberculosis among the Indians, over one-half of whom and at all ages suffer from it in one stage or another. One would think these Indians with their outdoor life and hard work should be able to withstand much disease, but their limited diet, careless eating, exposure, ignorance of and indifference to the commonest rules of health, etc., finally break down the strongest constitution. Most of the families use rabbit skin blankets, and a few of the smaller boys and girls have coats made of the same material. These rabbit skin blankets are made by twisting strips of rabbit skin into a strand or

rope, thus having the fur all the way around the rope. These short strands or ropes are fastened together until a rope is made eight or ten feet long; they are then woven diagonally through each other like a willow basket into a blanket any size desired. They are said to be the warmest blankets made; one weighing three or four pounds protecting one person in the severest weather. A large one now costs almost twenty dollars, while a couple of years ago before they were in such big demand by the tourists they could be purchased for less than ten

much salt pork at the prices asked for at the Post; most everything selling at about four hundred per cent over regular market prices. However, when one realizes that all supplies at Abbitibi Post have to be brought one hundred and fifty miles in canoes and portaged eight or nine times the charges are not much out of line. Some are willing to be photographed and some are not, but a little trinket or a piece of bacon usually lands the stubborn ones. They are always glad to trade fish for bacon.

When we arranged to start for Ghost



AN INDIAN CAMP AT ABBITIBI POST. THE MAN ON THE RIGHT IN THE FOREGROUND HAS A RABBIT SKIN BLANKET AROUND HIM.

dollars. One of the amusing sights at the Post is to see an old squaw take out for a paddle in a birch bark canoe a number of small children, the squaw sitting in the bottom of the boat at the stern, and the heads of the little tots just showing over the gunwale. Once in a while some of the men will go off to hunt moose, but they live largely on fish caught in nets. They cannot afford

River at the other end of the lake we stored our small canoes, and instead of taking a "pointer" we rented a large canoe that was not in use at the time. This boat was twenty feet long and fifty-six inches wide, with high sides, and looked like a box car with the upper half cut off. It had places for nine paddlers, and room left for a big load. It was a big proposition for the three of us to try

and paddle, but with it we knew we could sail in almost any wind that might come up. It was finally decided to use it, hoping we would get fair winds most of the time.

The morning we arranged to start a strong, fair wind came up, and it did not take us long to load up, rig our blanket sail and get off. For over two hours it was great, nothing to do but lay back and roll over the swells which would have swamped the small canoes. The guide steered the boat, one of us held the sheet and the other read aloud some paper cov-

In a sense we were disappointed in getting so much calm water, but the guide predicted we would get caught in the real thing before we got back to the Post. We had listened to his campfire stories about himself and others being windbound on this lake for days at a stretch,—once when they were tied up four days on a small rocky island where the wood was exhausted in two days necessitating cold meals, etc.—and we were skeptical about the big seas that were said to come up, but before we returned we had learned all we wanted to know



AN H. B. FREIGHT CANOE UNLOADING AT ABBITIBI POST.

ered novel the guide picked up at the Post. Finally about ten o'clock the wind died to almost nothing, and we had to take to the paddles for the balance of the day, a distance of about twenty-seven miles. The boat was hard to start, but like all Canadian factory made canoes, when once going she slid along in great shape. The several wide open stretches where we expected to find rough water were crossed during a dead calm, and with one stop for luncheon we reached the mouth of the Ghost River at five P. M.

about the rough seas on Abbitibi Lake. The scenery on Abbitibi Lake at this time of the year was particularly attractive, the islands and shores of the lake being thickly covered with fresh new green foliage, the light delicate green tints of the young birch and poplar trees standing out in strong contrast with the dark green of the spruce and cedar.

#### Ghost River.

It does not take much stretching of the imagination to realize where Ghost River gets its name. This deep and sleepy



river winds its way through a comparatively flat country thickly covered with an unbroken thick and silent forest. At the mouth of the river are the cabins of an Indian named Black, who was away when we passed, and across on the other shore is an Indian graveyard, where there is buried Alex. McDougall, an Indian after whom was named McDougall's Chute on the Black River. It was interesting to note there was a white marble tombstone with inscriptions at the head of the McDougall grave, such an evidence of civilization being most conspicuous in this isolated place. Excepting for the home of Black there are no inhabitants in any part of this section. Judging from the skins and bones around his cabins he evidently keeps traps on the river, and hunts in the bush in winter.

We pitched camp at the mouth of the river on part of Black's clearing, and the next morning started up Ghost River. The first five or six miles was not bad going as the current was slow with no rapids or swift places, but as we got into the headwaters of one of the branches the river narrowed to the size of a creek and with a swift current. Before long it was not much wider than the boat, and twisted so much we had to "cant" the big boat around the bends. Every here and there we found a jam of logs; the small ones we pushed through and shoved the boat over the large ones. Finally about eleven thirty we were stopped by heavy jams which prevented further progress, and we unloaded and prepared for our tramp through the bush. Our destination was a spot about four miles back in the bush where we intended to do some prospecting. Three packs were arranged, one for each of us, containing food for several days, blankets, some extra clothing, a 5x7 camera and outfit and prospectors picks etc., and the balance of the stuff was cached at the river. It had been threatening rain all morning so we hurried through our noonday meal anxious to finish the trip before the rain started. Our experiences so far had been at times exciting, but they proved tame compared with what we soon ran into.

The trail, so called, was made by surveyors who had used it a year or so ago, but without the blazes on the trees it

would have been difficult to follow. The first half mile was the toughest traveling one could imagine; through a windfall, a tangle of trees blown down by the wind, where it was a case of walking over the trees as much as on the ground. It is usually pretty hard work to carry a pack with a tump line any distance over a half decent trail, but when half of the time one is tramping over logs three or four feet off the ground, climbing over or under others and every now and then sinking almost over shoe-packs in a swamp there is a nervous tension that makes the work doubly exhausting. The guide got through very well, but we had to watch every step to keep from falling and breaking our necks. It took over an hour to get through this windfall, and when we thought we would have it easier the rain started. It came down in torrents and lasted the whole afternoon. For a while it did not bother us much, but after the bush got thoroughly saturated we got it from above, both sides and below. The country was low and flat and the trail soon got to be one continuous watery bog, the feet sinking at every step making the hardest kind of walking. To get a better foothold, at first we stepped on every root and log in the path, but after a few tumbles down in the puddle with a wrench in the neck from the pack, from slipping off smooth, wet roots, we stuck largely to the swampy trail. Naturally we soon had enough as our heavy wet clothing added to the weight of the packs, but there was nothing to do but keep on. It was a continual plug along the swampy trail with an occasional slip and fall in a puddle, or a slide down and up the slippery clay banks of a little gully. Frequent stops were made to empty the water out of our shoe-packs or to get our breath, but the rests could not be long on account of the liability of getting chilled. Long before we reached our destination we were pretty well "sewed up," and finally we could hardly climb over the logs. By that time we had gotten so used to the packs we would forget they were fastened over our heads until a stumble would jerk them out of place.

In the last quarter of a mile the guide ahead, and the only one going strong, sighted a moose, but in our frame of



LOADED FOR THE PORTAGE.

mind we would not have stepped off the trail for a herd of moose or even native silver; the uppermost thought in our minds was, what we had come on this trip for, anyhow. The only consoling feature ahead was the log hut where we could get under a roof and dry out before a fire, which the guide claimed was close to our destination. This empty cabin was built the year before by prospectors, but if it should have been burnt up in the meantime we would be in a nice fix not having a tent. Finally after travelling from 12:30 until 5 P. M., and covering a distance of only four miles, we reached our cabin and it seemed a tired bunch never threw down their packs. No time was lost in preparing a hot supper, and before dark all were in their bunks; the blankets, fortunately, not getting wet on the way in. The next morning we were kept close to camp until some necessary articles of clothing dried out in the sun.

Several days were spent on the spot, but soon a scarcity of food and a constantly increasing number of black flies who were breeding fast in that thick bush

under a hot sun, compelled us to leave. After an early luncheon one hot day we left with lighter packs, determined to get out as soon as possible. The trail was drier and smoother, but the flies made the journey out nearly as uncomfortable as it was in the rain. We wore towels over our heads and necks, but still had to fight them with both hands all the time. They had a habit of lighting in a bunch on one's eyelash or crawling into the ear while balancing one's self and pack on a single log over a creek or gully. Under such conditions it is needless to say there was no loafing, and in two hours we reached the river. At the water the flies were worse than ever, and after loading our canoe we started for Abbitibi Lake as fast as we could go.

For a while the stream was so narrow it took great hustling on the part of the whole crew to get the big boat around the bends in the swift current without ramming the shore. It was five P. M. when we reached Abbitibi Lake, and instead of camping at the mouth of the river we decided to try and sail with a side wind across six miles of bay after





ABBITIBI LAKE DURING A BLOW.

which we could turn with the wind. After getting about a mile out the wind increased in volume and blew us sideways towards shore. There was nothing to do but to take to the paddles and hunt a place to camp. The latter was hard to find as the shore everywhere seemed covered with thick bush. After rolling around in a heavy side swell for some time we located a small bare spot on a point about large enough for a tent and campfire. Shortly after landing along came our friends the prospectors who had come up with us to the Post, and they dropped into a little bay next to us and camped on the beach. The wind, coming from the northwest, got higher and higher until the swells broke over the rocky shore and almost into the tent. There was no let up the whole night and the next day was worse than ever.

The lake was covered in all directions with big whitecaps, and the shore line was white with spray from the big waves breaking against the rocks. The reason the swells are so large on this lake during a high wind is that it is very shallow, running in depth from ten to thirty feet. At last, we had the satisfaction of experiencing a real Abbitibi blow, and we were ready to admit the stories told about its

rough seas were not much exaggerated. The wind kept up all of the first day and was still blowing hard at daylight on the second day. However, we were so tired of being tied up in such cramped quarters we decided to try and paddle diagonally into the wind for about four miles where we could get into the lee of some islands, and several miles farther we could turn and run with it all the way to the Post. A start was made as soon after daylight as we could prepare and finish breakfast, and for two hours we had all we could do to make any progress into the wind. Our boat, while big enough, did not have a sufficient load to ride well, and bobbed and rolled in the swells like a cork. Finally after going about six miles off our course we turned with the wind, and then it was another story. The blanket sail was rigged, and it was a case of sit back, steer the boat and hold the sheet, almost all the way to the Post, about thirty miles.

At the Post there was much going on. The Indian Treaty Expedition had arrived, and what was of the greatest interest to the Indians, the doctor with them was looking after the sick. Father Ava, of North Temiskaming, who pays an annual visit to the Post for a month was also in, and religious services had



increased to three daily with crowded houses. The visit of the priest is a big event with the Indians as he is their friend and consoler, praying over the sick, hearing confession and performing marriage or burial services.

Their confidence in him is probably strengthened by his ability to address them in their own tongue. There was also at the Post that day Division Engineer Moberly of the Transcontinental Survey and most of his corps to attend the burial of the body of one of his men who was drowned in Whitefish River about a

quinto season of 1906 was on and that we were going to have the time of our lives before the trip was finished. We had spent the previous few days on and about the lake in the wind, and now on the river without any wind they came all at once. It was then decided to get through as fast as possible as we had no netting of any kind, and were in for it. After making the portage we continued up the river to Upper Lake where we stopped at ten o'clock for our first midday meal; then crossing the lake during a dead calm we got several miles up the Three



AN INDIAN FAMILY GROUP. ABBITIBI POST.

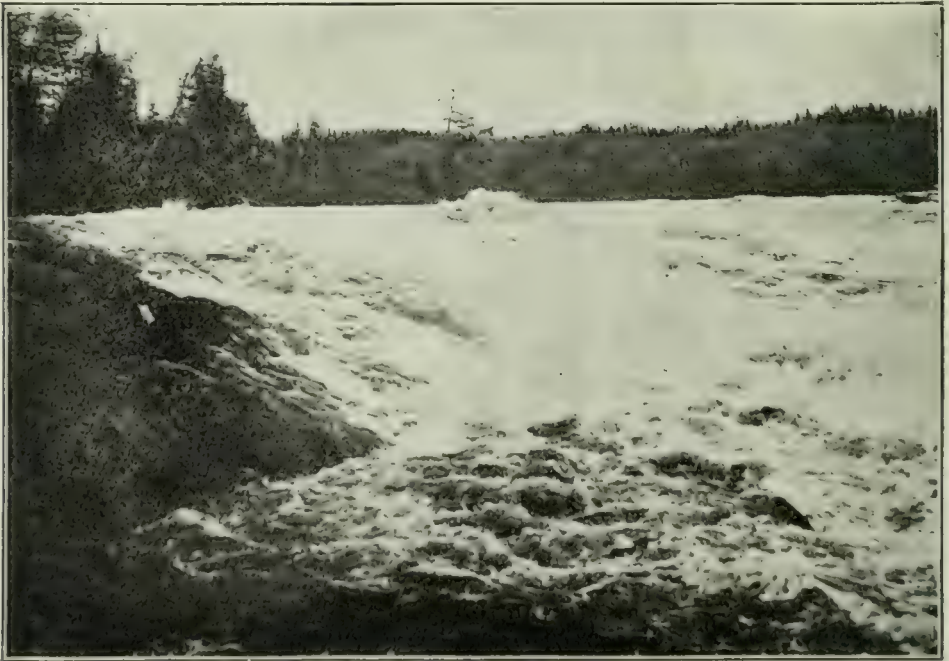
month before. Mr. Moberly's headquarters are on the upper shore of the lake where the Transcontinental has a cache for their supplies. The day we reached the Post we returned the big canoe, and got the two smaller canoes we had come up in.

Several days later an early start was made on the return trip to Klock's Depot. All went well until Dancing Portage on the Abbitibi River was reached, where we ran into mosquitoes, and in about two minutes we realized the mos-

Carrying Place River by three o'clock, when we had another luncheon. It would have been torture to have camped on the river that night so we had to get over the four portages and into Island Lake before dark. At these portages we ran into "millions" of mosquitoes, where our dope, however thick we put it on, was of little use: the greatest relief being to rush the several trips over and get out on the river as soon as possible. Of course, we carried out with us a whole boat load but that was nothing

compared with the numbers on shore. Just before dark we reached Island Lake and camped out in the lake on the most exposed point we could find. We figured we had travelled that day forty-two miles, twenty-eight of which was up two rivers against the current, and had made five portages. When it is advisable to travel fast it is wonderful the distance that can be covered by starting soon after daylight and keeping it up all day with stops for four meals, the latter washed down with plenty of tea. That night we had a few hours sleep but not nearly

selected as an ideal spot, for, we argued, even if the wind didn't blow there were no alder bushes or swamps near from which the mosquitoes could visit us. We landed on the rock with the gang that followed us out on the lake, but pretty soon there seemed to be an army buzzing around our heads. Instead of putting up the tent we spread it on the rock and laid on top of it in our blankets. Smudges of damp moss were started where we hoped the smoke would drift over us, but they did no good. The only complete relief was to put the head



FIRST CHUTE FROM THE MOUTH OF QUINZE RIVER.

a full night's rest, and consequently the next day we were not in condition to make long runs.

However, we crossed Island Lake and made the Height of Land and Summit Lake portages into Long Lake. The work on the half mile portage on a hot day is bad enough, but to fight mosquitoes at the same time is hard on one's temper. After reaching Long Lake we stopped early to locate the most exposed camp site where we should get all the wind that might blow. A small island in the middle of the lake, all flat rock, was

in the smoke until one choked, then come out for a breath and go back again.

There was little sleep for anybody that night, and all were up at four o'clock the next morning anxious to start. The trip down Long Lake and Lonely River that day with two stops for meals was not so bad as long as the canoes were in motion, but when we stopped late in the afternoon on Barrier Lake to camp we got the worst dose of all. The weather continued cloudy, hot and sticky and consequently the mosquitoes were thicker

than ever. There were no bare islands anywhere, and the best camp site we could get was partly surrounded by bush. The tent was erected in the shape of a tepee to make it easier to smudge out, but the smudge scheme did not work. They were so thick there was nothing to do but lie down and "listen to the band" overhead most of the night. It rained off and on during the night, which only drove more mosquitoes into the tent. By this time it was anything for a change, so we arranged to start at daybreak for Klock's, about sixteen miles away, no matter how it might pour. The rain didn't come, but we got off as soon as possible. By throwing green grass on the camp fire and standing in the thick smoke from it we succeeded in eating breakfast with reasonable comfort. After paddling a couple of hours we reached Barrier Rapids, where we found one of the largest and hungriest mobs of all. By packing over in fast time we did not suffer so much; the rapid motion keeping a great many of them away.

The balance of the trip down Barrier River and through Quinze Lake to Klock's Depot was without special incident. At the Depot we found much relief, and after sleeping most of the day and all of the next night we were in pretty good condition the following day for our sixteen mile tramp to North Tem-

iskaming. This trip was through the bush all the way, where we expected to suffer greatly, so we started after breakfast with a swish in one hand to fight them off. We soon found the more rapidly we walked the less they bothered us so we pushed on as fast as we could go. After covering the first eight miles in two hours even, and over a road all stones or mud holes, we had to slow up; a hearty breakfast of pork, beans and raisin pie combined with a blistering hot sun would not permit of such a Marathon pace. Therefore, it took three and one-half hours to make the second eight miles.

This finished a canoe cruise which despite the annoyance from the mosquitoes was highly enjoyable. The exhilarating life camping and cruising in the North Woods is too fine a sport to be given up on account of fear of the flies. Most of the discomfort produced by these pests can be avoided by waiting until the worst of the fly season is over, but if one knows how to protect himself there should be no actual suffering however bad they might be. The use of cheese cloth for head nets, canvas gloves for the hands, and an inner tent of fine netting at night, accompanied by expert smudging will reduce the annoyance to a minimum.

## Fishing in Northern Quebec.

BY W. H. ALLISON.

**W**HAT anticipations are those in which a man will indulge when looking forward to a few days outing, and spending the time with the speckled beauties! While overhauling the old tackle and again examining the pet fishing rod to see if it has lost any of its old time spring or graceful curves, he wonders how many beauties he will have the good fortune to land on the morrow!

Such were the reflections of the scribe when my nephew, Mr. J. A. Ferris, of White Plains, New York, (I call him Ben) walked into the hotel at Montreal on June 11th last, and wished to know when we could start for Labelle. Some weeks before that he had written to me asking where he could find good fishing, and I had given him the information which had brought him to Montreal. I was still confident in my ability to make



good my words, and my nephew was eager to test them.

We left Montreal on the afternoon of the same day, travelling via Canadian Pacific Railway, and after a delightful ride of four hours landed at Labelle, where we were pleasantly entertained by Mr. Napoleon Nantel, at the Hotel de Nord. Napoleon is one of the pioneers of that far northern country, and he entertained us with good stories of many a deer hunt. The splendid collection of mounted heads which adorn the walls of his hotel afford ample evidence of his prowess as a sportsman.

By half past seven next morning we had procured a team and light wagon and were driving fourteen miles west to Lake Desert, where a brother named Pierre Nantel entertains tourists and sportsmen arriving at his hotel. At eleven o'clock we took a boat and tried the fishing until Pierre returned from examining his bear traps on the opposite side of the lake. The day was cold and windy, and we only caught four trout of about one and a half pounds each, although Pierre assured us that in the months of May and September they catch both grey and red trout weighing five pounds in weight.

Next morning we were off to Lake Charette, which lies about a mile north of the larger lake, and which took us nearly an hour to reach from the hotel—twenty-five minutes by boat and half an hour's tramp through the woods over a blazed trail. On that little lake of eight or ten acres in extent Pierre has a good boat, and there we certainly enjoyed the best trout fishing of our lives. Ben and I kept Pierre busy landing them with the net, and when we each had a two or three pounder to land, which was frequently the case, he would say, "What you fellows doing? That's a good one!" By two o'clock in the afternoon we had forty-seven of the finest trout I ever saw

in one lot, the smallest measuring ten, and the longest sixteen inches. Our baskets and pails were filled, and having taken only a limited supply of bait we returned to the hotel well satisfied with our day's sport.

The following morning we were up and away for Lake Charette by half past eight, but we did not reach our destination till ten on account of an adventure Ben had with an old mother partridge and her brood. We were "hitting the trail" a couple of hundred yards ahead of our friend Pierre, and were about midway between the lakes, when he ran into them. For a time it looked like a fight between Ben and the old bird. She would make a rush to within a yard of us, at the same time making a peculiar noise. At length the chicks were all securely hidden, and we were allowed to proceed. Ben's deepest regret was that during the excitement he entirely forgot the camera in his pocket, and thus missed getting a snap shot at the old bird, never thinking of this until we had passed the place and cooled down.

After reaching the lake we got very busy, and by half past one had caught thirty-seven fish, even finer ones than the day before, and out of all we caught we had only to return four to the water on account of their being undersized.

During this trip we saw abundance of fresh deer signs, and many bear tracks. There are also beaver, otter, and any number of wolves in that locality.

Five miles west of Lake Desert we bid good bye to civilization and went to the vicinity of Sand Lake where I spent a few days last November. I believe this to be the most beautiful country for deer hunting I ever visited. The woods are all green, and there is very little undergrowth. We hoped to make our camp there in October, and after that you may expect to hear from us again.



# The Golden Eye.

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE.

**D**ID you ever sit shivering on a lee point on a cold November morning, and hear the Whistle-wing coming? Where is it? It sounds right overhead. You twist and turn everywhere and see nothing. Still the clear note, sharp as a schoolboy's whistle, rings out on the frosty air. The Whistle-wing is half a mile away yet; still you grasp your gun and sit tense until you are tired. At last you spy the black, green and white glossy beauty, a few hundred yards out, headed right for the decoys. The bright yellow eye has seen them, and curving to the wind the bird sweeps down to the wooden flock bobbing so naturally there. It must be a good feeding ground, he thinks, as he sees so many ducks gathered in, and with a rushing curve he turns breast full to the wind, out goes the big wings, out spread the feet—"ping" sings the smokeless and the big drake collapses. If you are an amateur you "let him kite" taking careful aim at the poor chap sitting forty yards off; "bang" goes the black powder and as soon as the smoke blows away you look for the duck—not a sign of it! A moment or two and then sixty yards out there is a little fountain of water thrown up, and out of it flies the big drake uninjured. He dived at the flash and is untouched, or at the worst only spattered about the tail!

They call the bird by many names in many places—Merry-wing in some of the New England States, Jingle further south, Conjuring Duck by the natives where it breeds in the short summer of the Arctic Circle; "Mannedoo shesheeb"—the Spirit Duck—of the Mississaugas; correctly American Golden-eye; but at all times and in all places it is the same wary clever bird, and a beauty under the camera's eye.

I made my study of this interesting web-foot on Rice Lake, Ontario. Here they can be seen as early as the last week in March, a few small flocks flying ahead of the great migration, seeking the first open water. They always come too early, and towards nightfall these flocks can be seen winging back to Lake Ontario—always open and always short of duck food. All the month of April these northern birds linger in our genial climate. Full well they know the breeding ground at Moose Factory is still unlighted by the sun; so here they stay offering us the rare sight of their love making. There are usually more males than females in the flocks, and the soberly clad lady has two attendant drakes. Without more than an occasional collision they follow her every movement. When she dives after the elusive minnow down they go, and up the three come almost together, swallow the struggling shiners, and again the males watch to see what her ladyship will do. They swim around her arching and preening, showing off their glossy plumage, and raising and lowering their heads in regular concert. "Creek, creek" they go, as scratchy as a rusty hinge, the least tuneful note I have heard in the bird kingdom. At last towards the end of the month she selects one, and together the pair fight off the discarded drake, pecking at it on the water, and swooping at it when it jumps beside them as they

fly down the lake. Luckily there is no spring shooting allowed here; so the birds are not quite so wild.

By May first, all the Whistlers have left for the far north—all but a few fat drakes. These solitary birds—for each one swims alone—remain on the lake all the month, diving and feeding as if perfectly well. As the



DECOYING FOR THE WHISTLE-WING



A DRAKE FISHING

weather gets warmer they get weaker until at last they are hardly able to swim, but continue to work in circles as long as they can. Day after day we find them dead, though no signs of any wound can be seen and they are in fair condition, while the feathers and general marks do not speak of old age. What is the cause? The Mississaugas say "menewahpenawin" consumption, and perhaps they are right, for these red men have wonderful powers of observation.

The cold clear days of October are with us before the sharp whistle of the Golden-  
— is again heard. Among the many

writers who give many reasons for this wonderful note, this whistle as clear as any school-boy's, one loses one's self in conflicting opinions. For twenty-five years I have made notes on this subject and clarified them. The bird can whistle as it flies, and can also fly without whistling. It cannot therefore be the motion of the wings alone that causes the sound. Again I have heard it approach the decoys with a very riot of clear, almost screeching whistling notes. Suddenly all the whistling ceases, the bird flying as swiftly as ever, and down it sits in the decoys. Up again it jumps, sometimes emitting the



clear notes from the instant it leaves the water, at others sailing away as silently as a teal. Both the male and the female whistle, but I have never heard either make a sound other than a deep "myamph" when sitting on the water or the shore. From this I reason that the sound is made through the wind-pipe—this is of a curious twisted bugle shape—and is assisted by the wing motion, but controlled entirely in the throat, as only when the bird is in motion does it whistle.

The skin always bears the rich yellow tint peculiar to fish feeders. When rank with fish it is almost blue; rice fed it is plump and acceptable. There are few ducks more easily fooled by decoys than this big plump duck, but a few lessons teach them and they will pass the wooden flock within a hundred yards without curving an inch.

Hawk, the Indian guide, came to my camp one cold November day and told me "Meno pauskesega"—good shooting.



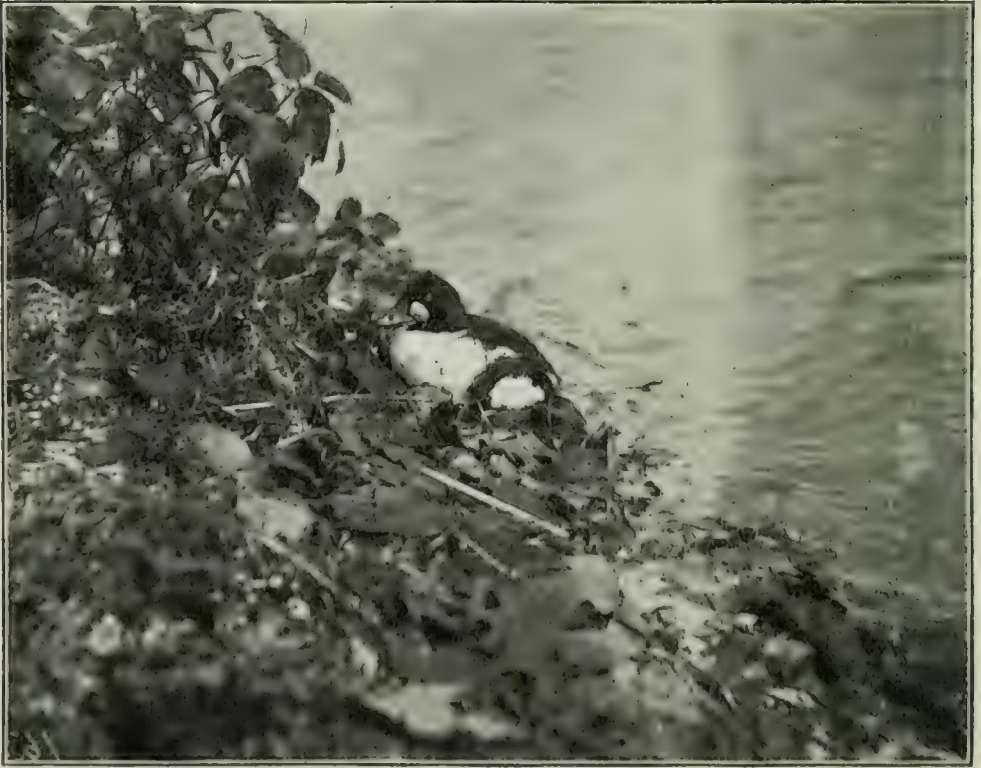
THE HIDE

It does not take long for this breed, or any other, to improve in flesh condition on a wild rice and wild celery stocked lake. The Golden-eye prefers vegetable food when it can get it. Thirty days spent amid the succulent wild rice almost clears off the last faint taint of fish, but even then it is not accounted one of our best food birds. It is however very welcome in the camp of hungry hunters.

It was a wild day if ever there was one. A low flying scud flew before a hard nor' easter, chilling one to the bone; huge dull green waves topped with flying spray that froze as it sped through the cold air rolled sullenly up the lake. We had built a fire in the stone "hide" on the south side of the point in shelter of the bank and the red man crouched over it warming his hands. A mile across the

tumbling waters, in a little bay fully exposed to the wind and swell he had the day before built a "hide" of long poles firmly driven down in the muddy bottom, had lain poles in their crotched tops, had tied scrub oak branches on these, and now it glittered in the rare gleams of the sun that broke through the flying scud, a mass of ice. Out into that stormy water the Indian launched his frail bass-wood, riding the swells like a duck, disappearing in the hollows as if amphibious,

the distant reports and streaming puffs of smoke showed that the old muzzle loader was working full time. These birds are completely fooled by a flock of decoys midway out in an open bay where they have been accustomed to feed. It was freezing work watching him with the glass; never once did he dare go out after a wounded bird. All the dead ones were drifting ashore a mile above him. His work was helping us, as the birds disturbed in their feeding ground came



FEMALE GOLDEN-EYE COMING ASHORE

paddling hard to keep her straight, backing and steering as she rode down the rollers; all the while splashed by the glittering spray until he too glistened like the distant "hide." Through the glass we watched him come about beside the "hide," throw out his decoys, and push his canoe in between the poles. The whistlers were flying well up that shore, and

back our way. Right merrily our guns rang out, and many a big white and green drake plumped dead into the decoys. One fell far out into the edge of the swell that swept past the island and lay on its back with its yellow feet pointing up. To save a heavy paddle in rough water I dashed out in the canoe, paddled up to where it lay, put my hand on



DECOYING ON THE ICE ; NOTE HOW THE DEAD BIRDS SLIDE

the yellow feet, and picked it up—not much! The moment it felt the touch down it dived, and as far as I could see hasn't come up yet. These birds when wounded are past masters in the art of diving. I have often watched one swimming away beneath the canoe. To track

the wounded ones we stand up in our craft and follow the tell tale bubbles that stream to the surface from the diving bird. Far below you can be seen the Whistler swimming away for dear life, neck stretched, wings working almost the same as if in flight except that the motion always



seems to me as if they hook the tips much as we do our fingers in swimming. Up it comes breaking through the surface of the water with wings already in motion, and flying before it is fully clear of the water.

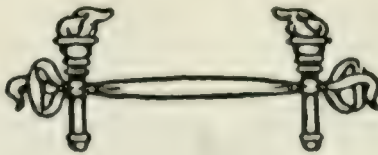
We took a good picture of a female coming ashore, a sly interesting bird. Later on we moved further back on the island, and ate our lunch beside the fragrant pine knot fire under shelter of the high bank. While thus pleasantly engaged we watched the distant Indian in the ice coated "hide" and the little plumes of smoke darting away on the wind. Then we turned our eyes on a Golden-eye drake decoying. Down he sat gently among the bobbing wooden birds, pecked himself a moment, smoothed his feathers and swam straight ashore. Our guns were beside us but we had killed enough and so we lay breathlessly watching him. Up over the slippery stones he stumbled and walked very awkwardly. I had moved the machine a few feet back in shore although it was quite calm in the lee. Along came Mr. Drake picking up a dainty bit here and there until he was right in focus. Then "clang" went the curtain and away went the bird. No stinging shot followed his swift course, no—we took off our hats and laughingly thanked him for flying a thousand miles to have his picture taken. See how handsome one of these glossy drakes looks when swimming along the surface searching the shallows below for fish. It is wonderful to see him dart along the water with bill, wings and feet throwing up great splashes, diving half beneath to frighten the darting minnows shorewards, then the swift dab with the bill, the quick capture, the throw aloft and swift swallowing of the still struggling minnow

and my friends ask me if I am not lonely in my Nature study life!

The ice coated basswood was coming over the rollers again. With a steady paddle, plunge, rise again, fall and rise he came. The game was well worth the candle, for the bow of his old "chemagn" was filled with water splashed, foam frozen covered whistlers. We had a dozen ourselves, which goes to show that the wilder the day, and the later in the season it is, the better for whistle-wing shooting.

I well remember a combination of telescope and whistler making an Indian grunt out "Yo tuhyah"—oh dear, oh my. We were on the north point of the Beaver, a mile east of the north point of Black poked out into the rice beds. Outside our decoys a drake whistler sped, an old sly bird, too wise to decoy. Along he went for the next island. Birds always fly down the calm leas just as we seek paths in the woods. I handed the red man the glass, and he watched the swift flying bird. It crossed the point of Black where to his knowledge there were no hunters. Suddenly to his intense astonishment the drake blew up. Feathers flew everywhere, the head collapsed, the wings ceased flapping and down the bird fell out of sight. The red man took down the telescope and turned to me with the most puzzled look I ever saw on an Indian's face. "Yo chahgesa." it is gone. Just then the light "tack" of smokeless shell sounded over from Black and explained the disappearance of the drake.

The end of the season was at hand, the birds were going on their long migration south, and we pictured the last pair we killed, showing how the Golden-eye fails to notice the decoys were sitting on the ice.



# Some Common Mistakes of the Deer Hunter.

BY DR. FRANKLIN HAWLEY.

**T**HE ordinary young man looks forward with lively anticipation of pleasure to the time he will kill his first deer. When he makes the attempt, the longer he fails, the more desirable and mighty the achievement appears. When he succeeds, and his first beautiful victim lies before him, it will seem to him that it was not so great a feat after all. He will then conclude that he has "learned how," and will believe that he will never again experience much difficulty. This mistake is about as universal among young hunters as is measles among children. All must pass through this stage. Additional experience teaches the young hunter that he had not learned *quite* all, when he achieved his first success; and ultimately he will know that no amount of experience will insure a man against making a mistake. When he has killed more deer than he cares to remember, he will still commit blunders that will



DR. FRANKLIN HAWLEY.

Author of "Scientific Deer Hunting,"  
"Some Common Mistakes of the Deer  
Hunter" etc.

he reviews his conduct "after it is all over."

The last deer I saw in the woods "fooled me beautifully." I was walking along an old logging road, and a buck leaped across it about thirty rods ahead, stopped behind an enormous pine stump, and faced me. I could just see his face across the stump, and at that distance it looked no larger than a lady's hand. It was a trying shot, because I realized that I was likely to overshoot, for fear of hitting the stump, which was about five feet diameter. I aimed at it, but my hand was unsteady, and I doubted my ability to hit so small a mark in the half light of the early morning. There appeared to be a good half mile of open country all about us, (the land had been "logged") and after considering a moment, I decided that I would prefer a running shot. I walked slowly forward and had advanced a surprising distance before

surprise him, when he decided to run. Sudden-

ly the head vanished, in its place I saw a flash of a white tail, and that was all! After waiting a moment in surprise, I ran to the stump. The ground sloped abruptly from it into a ravine, and my deer had leaped into it, and disappeared! After removing my hat and bowing toward the woods, where I had no doubt he was standing looking at me, I said to myself "Pooch head! Why didn't you take your shot at his head? Your chance would have been *just as good* for the running shot afterward!" The above admission looks in cold print almost like a confession of lack of common sense, but I was guilty of it. The ordinary hunting story is usually a narrative of a successful hunt. The writers do not report the shots they missed, nor the blunders they made. In the hope of making this article instructive I propose to tell of some more deer I did *not* get, and why.

I once went after deer with a borrowed rifle, an old 44-40 Colt's, It had belonged to the father of my friend, and was valued as an heirloom. I fired a couple of trial shots, found it accurately sighted, and set out afoot. About noon I entered an old "slashing" (a district which has been logged,) moving with great care, because I felt instinctively that it was a likely place, and stood for fully ten minutes, listening intently. I was rewarded by hearing the sharp snap of a breaking stick very near, and in a moment out walked a magnificent buck, and stopped at a distance of forty yards and looked straight at me.

I had not suspected that such a noble specimen existed in the woods of Wisconsin. He was as large as any black tail I ever saw. I slowly raised my rifle, aimed at his neck, and pressed the trigger. The heirloom missed fire! Not wishing to make the noise necessary to "repeat" the rifle, I cocked it, and tried the same cartridge again, with the same result. I then jerked in another cartridge, and his majesty, about satisfied that he had seen enough, turned and took a step in readiness to run. Changing my aim from his neck to his shoulder for the failure of the rifle to shoot had disconcerted me, I pulled once more and it fired. This change of aim was my first mistake, for I ought not to have expected a little old 44 to seriously damage

so huge a shoulder. The buck ran away, and there was no evidence that I had hit him at all. Not a hair! Not a drop of blood! Amazed that I should have missed so large a mark at forty yards, I followed the trail a short distance and mounted a stump to look and listen. In a minute my buck came limping by, not ten yards away! Felling sure of him now, for he dragged his left fore leg, I raised the rifle for the finishing shot. It missed fire, and the next instant he lay down behind a tree top, out of sight except for the very tips of his magnificent antlers. I succeeded in extracting the cartridge and inserting another without noise, then looked at my watch, and resolved to wait a half hour, in the hope that his head would sink, showing me that he could not rise, or that he would rise of his own accord. The long half hour passed, with no change in the situation. What should I do now? I thought of shooting at his head or neck, on my judgment as to where those parts should be, but I feared that I would be shooting through the body of the log. I needed to move only about five steps to bring him into view. I decided to attempt it, and slowly climbed from the stump, and had taken three steps without noise that I could detect when he bounded up and dashed away as though unhurt. He was nearly out of range of my heirloom, before I could get a position where I could see him, and I sent one futile shot at him. To my surprise, a doe ran from behind the same tree top! She had evidently been there the whole time, unsuspected by me, and her presence explained the return of the buck after receiving his wound. My mistake had been in the attempt to walk around to a better position. It was probable that the buck saw me through the branches of the tree top, while I could not see him. I had overlooked this point, and thought that a detour would be successful if noiseless. I should have chanced a shot at his neck, or shoulder, on my judgment as to the position, or I should have given a shrill whistle, or have made him some other abrupt sound, which would probably have brought him to his feet, without having located me, in which event he would almost certainly have paused long enough for me to have made a sure shot.



That evening I recounted the adventure to my friend, and told him that I did not care to hunt again, armed with an heirloom. He expressed surprise, said the gun had never been known to miss fire before, and stepping to the door, he fired nine consecutive shots out into the night, and set the gun down without remark, but all over his countenance the word "Liar" was written large. I was confounded at this rebuttal of my tale by circumstantial evidence, and during the uncomfortable silence which followed, my mind was busy searching for the solution. The gun had been sitting by a hot stove. I filled it with cartridges and set it out of doors for a few minutes, then stood in the door and repeated it on nine more cartridges. Only one of them exploded. I set the gun down as silently as had my friend, and he said simply, "I apologize." Out came his gun tools, and we found the firing pin and lock well gummed with ancient oil, which stiffened to such a degree when the rifle was cold, that it would not work.

I returned the next day, and found where my big buck had bedded for the night. He had been compelled to make a desperate effort to rise, but had succeeded, so I gave him up.

The next season, in the same vicinity, I heard a doe running toward me. I mounted a stump, and allowed her to pass. Behind her came a buck, which I dropped in his tracks, and a minute later along came a monster buck, *lame in his left shoulder*. I let him pass unmolested feeling sure that my errors had caused him that lameness.

On another occasion, I was hunting in heavy open timber, one dark day, when the rain was falling in torrents. The carpet of wet leaves gave forth no sound, and the splash of the rain muffled all noise, so that it was a very favorable time to hunt. Pausing to watch and listen, I was puzzled to observe a white object shaken vigorously at a distance, as though a wood nymph were waving a handkerchief at me. I moved cautiously in that direction, at a loss to account for it, but soon made out the form of a deer, scratching his ear with his hind foot. At each movement of the foot, his tail wiggled. The distance was about a hundred yards, and the light was dim, it be-

ing late in the afternoon on a very dark day. My unpardonable blunder was in not trying for closer range, the conditions for stalking him being perfect. I was using a 38-55 Marlin. I took a knee rest, and fired with the utmost care. That was in the days of black powder, and in the heavy air, the smoke fairly enveloped me. By the time it had cleared away, my deer had vanished, and I heard a snort over a ridge to my left. Jumping to the conclusion that I had missed, and that this was the deer which I had just fired at, I went over the ridge to try for another shot, but without success. "Nother deer," said my friend and teacher, Na-Kop-a-Toppie, (Blossoms-on-a-Blackberry-Bush) when I told the story in camp that evening. "Deer you shot at, no snort. Too close. Deer shot at hardly ever snort. Pobly you kill. Go see in morning."

The next morning I was saddened to find where wolves had left the bones and a few strips of hide of the deer, which had fallen only a few steps away.

At another time, I shot at a standing deer, and thought I saw him run away. I followed him without success. Late the same day, I was returning near the same spot, and was attracted by the glint of something white on the ground. I supposed it was the bleached skull of some animal, but went to see. It proved to be the tail of the deer at which I had fired in the morning. It had been instantly killed, and another had run away. At this point I swore a solemn oath that I would never again leave a spot where I had fired at big game, without making sure by an examination of the ground.

Some years afterward, I was standing on a hill by a river, and a deer walked into view on a hill across the stream, about thirty rods distant. When the smoke from my first shot had cleared away, he appeared standing in the same place, apparently unconcerned. I fired a second and third shot, with the same result, but he disappeared at the fourth report. I had no idea that I had touched him, and thought rather grimly of my vow. The river was wide, the water was ice cold snow lying on the ground, and I was far from camp; but if I were not man enough to take the consequences of the shot, I should have declined it. The water

came up to my chin, as I waded it with jaw set, to find, not one deer, but *two* lying dead within ten feet of each other, and both had been shot twice. The second shot must have laid the first one low, and without my knowledge, another one had stepped out and taken his place.

On another occasion, I took a long range shot at the shoulder of a deer, and he fell, but immediately regained his feet and ran away. The trail showed quite a copious amount of blood, so that I was satisfied that he was shot through the lungs. This was before I had gained much experience, and I pursued at once. Just over a ridge, I jumped him out of a dense thicket, but he ran in such a way that the shot was difficult, and I missed. Twice more during the afternoon, I jumped him, and missed, having chased him about five miles. In the end I lost the trail. The next day, Indians found the trail, followed it, and found the deer within a quarter mile of the point at which I had relinquished the chase. I could narrate a dozen cases within my own experience where deer have been lost by pursuit immediately after shooting. It is a mistake. One loses no advantage by waiting from a half hour to an hour after the wound is given, and there are many points gained. This is hard advice for a young hunter to follow but it is undoubtedly correct practice.

Another mistake is to take a long shot, when one at closer range can be had. An Indian will spend an hour to get a shot at twenty rods instead of thirty. The white hunter wants to shoot the instant the game is sighted. He trusts all to his marksmanship, and the excellence of his rifle. He hurries through the woods, shoots in haste at any part of a deer's body, and some times without being sure that it is a deer, then runs with all his might to ascertain the result and off on the trail at a gallop. This is to the hunting game what catching a bass with hook and line and slamming him on the rocks hard enough to mash him to flatness, "by main strength and awkwardness," is to the fishing game. Such procedure will sometimes attain the secondary object of securing meat, but it overlooks the primary joy of the acquisition and exercise of individual skill.

The young man who aspires to become

a hunter of big game, begins by choosing a rifle. It is immaterial what make he chooses, because all the standard makes are good. The important point is that he should purchase the most deadly rifle made. Greatest killing power is the prime requisite, for his ideal of hunting performance will be to kill his game instantly. For success in the hunt, and in mercy to the game, never carry a low power rifle after *big* game.

Having selected the rifle, take it home and sight it to a point blank bull's eye at thirty to fifty yards. Rifles are usually sighted for point blank range at one hundred yards. I consider this a mistake, for few men can shoot accurately enough to really test a rifle at such range, and even if perfectly sighted, it will then shoot high at any less distance, and the greater amount of effective work done by any rifle is at less than one hundred yards. This explains why most rifles have a tendency to shoot high at fifty yards, and the shooter has to allow for variations in distance *both ways*. This is an unnecessary complication, especially when we take into account that marksmen naturally overshoot. With a rifle sighted for a hundred yards, one must hold about two inches under a partridge's head, at fifty yards. It is desirable, therefore, to sight the rifle at thirty yards, and then allow for greater distance.

Having sighted the rifle accordingly, we travel to the hunting grounds. The morning we start on the hunt, we fire a couple of trial shots, to be certain our sights have not been accidentally displaced.

It is poor judgment to walk twenty or perhaps a hundred miles to get one shot, and then have the rifle out of order at the critical moment. In thick woods, we will not carry our gun on shoulder, allowing the front sight to be rubbed and pounded by overhanging branches. It might be displaced, or a piece of bark may be scraped off the limb, and adhere to the barrel just in front of the sight, or snow may fall on the barrel. Carry it in the hollow of the arm, muzzle pointing toward the ground. If thrown over the shoulder for a rest, hold it by the trigger guard, and carry it "wrong side up." Be *sure* there is a cartridge in the chamber, then if the rifle has a hammer, carry

it at half cock, and if a hammerless, carry it cocked, but with the safety catch on, and in both cases, prepare the arm to shoot as it is raised to the shoulder. Many hunters, especially when hunting alone, carry a rifle at full cock. This is at least unnecessary, for a little practice will render the act of cocking the gun automatic.

We hunt across the wind. We go slowly, not more than a mile an hour, stopping often to look and listen, and making no quick motions.

We do not smoke, because a deer can smell a pipe from one to four miles, and will run at sight of a puff of smoke from a hunter's mouth, when he would not see the hunter himself.

We will not, as a rule, shoot at small game, when deer hunting, but if we do fire a shot, we will make *no other noise*, and after picking up our small game, we will maintain absolute stillness for a few minutes. A nearby deer, hearing the

shot, would be on the alert, but if not followed by other sounds, will forget it in a few minutes. This observation holds good about other accidental sounds. Suppose you break a limb with a crash. After such mishap, keep still five minutes. Trees often fall in the woods, and such sounds do not alarm game. No situation ever arises in deer hunting, where anything can be gained by *hurry*. Act promptly in emergency, but without haste. Remember that you are handling the most deadly of weapons. Finally, the greatest mistake of all, the unpardonable sin of hunting, the inexcusable blunder, the *crime*, is to shoot before you know *for certain* at what you are shooting. The man who will not impose restraint upon himself, and act with self control, should never attempt hunting big game. There are other departments of sport which are less exacting in this direction, such as wing shooting and fly casting.

## Caring for the Buffalo.

**T**HE American Bison Society has not been long in justifying its existence. The members speedily recognised the fact that the animals, for the care of which the Society was specially founded, could not be preserved from ultimate extinction and carried through the centuries by breeding in any Zoological Gardens, however careful the attention given to them, and however great the attempts to make such confinement as far like nature as possible. For their permanent welfare a state of semi-wildness is absolutely essential, and although the herd in the Bronx Park at New York is in fine condition and breeding readily, the members set themselves to consider the problem of the future of this most interesting of American animals.

The result of much discussion and full consideration was an offer to the United States Government to hand over the herd to the care of the nation as national property provided that suitable arrangements could be made for their care and protection. The Department of Agriculture readily accepted the offer, and Mr. J. Alden Loring, representing the Society, and Supervisor Morrissey, who is in charge of the Wichita Forest Reserve in southwestern Oklahoma, selected an area of about twelve square miles of good grazing

ground, provided with permanent water and shelter, on that Reservation as the future home of the herd. Both sides being satisfied with this arrangement, the next step was to secure from Congress an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars for the erection of a fence necessary for an enclosure for the maintenance of such a herd. There was no difficulty under this head, and the grant having been carried through the work was speedily put in hand. As soon as the fence is completed the herd will be sent to Oklahoma to be turned out into the new buffalo range where the area over which they can wander, and the conditions generally, are sufficiently natural, to secure the future growth of the herd, while protection and care are likewise assured.

In this work the Canadian Government are not behind. The herd of buffaloes at Banff are increasing, and though the conditions might be improved by enlarging the area these are now fairly natural, and that they are not altogether unsuitable to the buffalo is proved by the growth and present condition of the herd. The range might be widened by increasing the fenced-in ground, and seeing that the whole is left as far as possible in a state of nature, a proposition likely to be carried out in the not far distant future.



## Spring Shooting

**A** short paper read by Mr. Edward Tinsley, Chief Game Warden for Ontario, at the annual meeting of the League of American Sportsmen at Buffalo on June 8th last, has been reprinted, and deserves a wide circulation. Mr. Tinsley, both from his wide and long personal experience and his official position, speaks with authority, and his emphatic condemnation of this so called sport should cause those who have practised or advocated it some qualms of conscience. A few sentences quoted from the opening of the paper are sufficient to show where Mr. Tinsley stands on this matter :

"The folly of continuing the unwise and barbarous practice of killing game birds or animals during the period allotted by nature for propagating their species should be apparent to those who have given the question of perpetuating this game of our respective countries the slightest consideration. Anyone stating fifty years ago that in twenty-five years the buffalo and passenger pigeon would be practically extinct would have been considered a false prophet. The same cause will produce the same results with all other species of game, and I sincerely hope that your membership, large as it is, has not an advocate of spring shooting on its roll. The Province of Ontario has the credit of leading the crusade against the foolish, and I may say cruel and wicked, practise of shooting migrating game birds en route to their breeding resorts, when unfit for food, and actually engaged in assisting Nature's plans for reproduction. I am glad to know that our efforts and self denial have not been in vain, as many of your States and our Provinces are now taking part in the good work. . . . This work of extermination has been going on, to a large extent unchecked, and it rests with the true sportsman to determine whether it shall continue. Many of us remember that a few short years ago, our woods were teeming with those grand and hardy game birds, the ruffed grouse, the prairies with untold numbers of prairie fowl, the cultivated lands with quail, the swamps with woodchuck, and the marshes with snipe. Our

lakes and marshes contained millions of ducks and other waterfowl. Where have they gone? I feel you will agree with me in saying that it should be our imperative duty to preserve and perpetuate the grand and liberal heritage left by the Grand Engineer of the Universe, a heritage left us to be used wisely and well in accordance with Nature's laws. Are we doing so? I fail to understand how men claiming to be intelligent sportsmen can be—to put it mildly—so inconsistent as to shoot birds in the spring en route to their nesting grounds or breeding resorts. To do so appears to me to be directly opposed to Nature, and stamps them as being deficient in common sense. Men who kill game birds when in the act of propagating their species or when preparing to do so must be unthinking men, or either of a low order, and too far down into the intellectual scale to have the remotest claim to the name of sportsmen or to be in any way responsible for their actions. . . . Men who desire to be called sportsmen, put your shoulders to the wheel and make an intelligent effort before it is too late, and thereby prevent the next generation having to visit museums to learn what the fauna of this great continent was."

Mr. Tinsley's remarks on fish and game preserves are likewise well worth quoting, coming as they do from a man of his position, standing, experience and knowledge :

"While there is no law to prevent rich men from acquiring large tracts of land from private parties—nor do I think there should be—I am decidedly opposed to wealthy men being allowed to obtain possession of large portions of the public domain for game preserves to the exclusion of the general public. The hunting and fishing instinct is as strongly inherent in the men who constitute the backbone and sinew of our respective countries as it is in the millionaires. This being an admitted fact is it right or is it good policy, that the men who are building up our respective countries and the men whom our countries would have to depend upon for protection and defence from the troubles resulting from international complica-

tions, should be debarred from indulging their love of field sports, for the sole benefit of the wealthy minority? No doubt game preserves have become an absolute necessity, and they should be established in the most suitable localities in our respective countries, and by our respective Governments in the interests of all, and not for the benefit of the few. God forbid that the old country systems should ever prevail on this free and manhood making continent, If we desire to increase anarchy and dissatisfaction, allow the rich men to acquire all the best hunting and fishing grounds in our countries, fence them from the roads and stick up trespass notices, and by so doing we will succeed in building up a dangerous menace to our countries that will have disastrous and lasting results. The great throbbing mass of humanity requires a safety valve and if we fail to protect the one Nature has provided, and keep it in good order, trouble will follow, and boiler explosion will occur when least expected. . . . . It is a safe policy for all Governments to legislate for the masses. The classes will look after themselves."

On license fees as well Mr. Tinsley's views are emphatic and well worth attention. On this important subject he says:—

"The license system is the only measure that will enable sportsmen of moderate means to indulge in field sports in the future . . . . Had more respect been paid to the laws of nature in the past, there would have been far less of the public domain in private preserves from which the general public are debarred. Vandals who claim to be sportsmen are largely responsible for the increase of private preserves, and also for the necessity of a stringent protective system . . . . The protection of game and fish should be self sustaining. This can only be accomplished by those doing the hunting and fishing paying the cost of the sport provided for them. This as a rule would have the beneficial effect of keeping the public lands for private preserves more difficult. In justice to those hunting on non-resident licenses they should certainly be allowed to take at least a portion of the game killed by them. I am more than ever

convinced that the general adoption of licenses for shooting game is the only means of ensuring even a moderate supply of game in the future. Those who object to paying a reasonable fee are not sportsmen, but belong to that numerous class who are always on the alert to procure something for nothing."

Mr. Tinsley points out that large portions both of Canada and the States are unfitted for any other purpose than fish and game protection, and adds :—

"We are told that good government consists in doing the greatest good to the greatest number. Then it is evidently the duty of our respective governments to introduce measures to perpetuate a valuable heritage in the interests of the majority, and wisely prevent its total destruction in a few short years to satisfy the greed and rapacity of a few. If the wild lands composing the public domain are to remain open to the public in our respective countries and the fauna protected, an equitable system of hunting licenses has become an urgent necessity, and will be found to be the only practicable solution of the problem of game protection."

The great majority of sportsmen will heartily agree with Mr. Tinsley, and thank him for such outspoken and emphatic utterances. Mr. Tinsley shows the right spirit, and his sympathetic administration of the department of which he is the head has much to do with the high and honorable position held by Ontario amongst the Provinces of Canada and the States of the Union for fish and game protection, and forest preservation. If every Province would follow suit, we should in Canada go a long way in the solution of some of the most troublesome problems which man has ever encountered. To assist in the work let us all follow Mr. Tinsley's closing injunction when he asks us to "endeavour to imbue our sons with the love of nature, educate them in nature's complete work, by taking them with us on our annual outings, teach them to do what is just and right to God and their fellow men, and become the peer of any man on earth."

# Our Hunting Trip on the Georgian Bay.

BY TAMARAC.

**I**N the season of '94 it was my good fortune to be nominated as one of the members of a party going for a trip to the famous hunting territories of Muskoka. As I had had no previous experience of deer hunting every story the older members of the party told of former trips appeared to me, to say the least, to be slightly exaggerated. However as the time fixed for starting drew nigh, I was caught in the fever of excitement at the prospect of adventures, and doubting a hunting tale, even if exaggeration went with it, was simply to be considered as treason, and everything in that line was eagerly and quickly swallowed.

boarded the Manitou, and were met with the cheerful information that our home would be in Midland until the heavy weather let up. Thanks to the kindness of Captain Cameron and Purser McQuade the best was made of the situation, and the following afternoon the voyage was continued. The same evening we were dropped outside the limits of civilization, feeling thoroughly pegged out.

However there was still work to be done, and we set about doing it. For the next fortnight a house boat was to be our home, and we speedily had things comfortably arranged inside. Shake-downs were hastily made up, and we were

soon pursuing the noble game. Our pleasant dreams were all too soon dispelled by a call to breakfast, and we all agreed that but a few moments had elapsed between bedtime and the first meal of the day.

After breakfast we held a Council of War for the consideration of the problem of how to place our cumber-

some vessel in the hunters's Mecca, and had arrived at no decision, when the knotty problem was solved for us by the appearance of the yacht Minneola, which made her appearance from behind a neighboring island — her plucky crew being greeted with an ovation such as would have delighted the heart of a politician. No time was lost in making fast and getting under way, and we now felt that we were on the last stage of our journey.

The day was perfection. There was not a cloud in the sky, scarcely a ripple on the water, and on every side our eyes were enchanted by scenery indescribable — grim rocks rising abruptly from the blue depths and crowned with the forest



NEAR PENETANG

The first damper to our dreams of unalloyed bliss was a call from our berths at a most unholy hour in the morning. When we had risen and dressed, grumbling all the time at the disturbers of our peace, we discovered that there was no visible means for our further transportation. By the great kindness and energy of a friend the means were found for enabling us to proceed a stage further on our journey via the Grand Trunk Railway. On arriving at Penetang we made the discovery that our boat had left for Midland. By this time we were beginning to thrive on adversity, and it did not take us long to determine to cart all our stuff to Midland. The day was drawing to a close when we



splendours of autumn, amid which the less brilliant plumes of the graceful pine stood out conspicuously. As we neared our destination water fowl, disturbed by our intrusion, rose in flocks and disappeared to safer quarters, and a keen eyed eagle occasionally sailed overhead, inspecting the new comers from a respectful distance.

This arcadian state of things was far too good to last, and we found that our staunch little craft, so obedient in most things, positively refused to climb over the rocky barriers for which the district is notorious. Of course when the yacht came to a sudden stop, the house boat was under no obligation to do likewise until it also had reached the scene of the trouble. Everything was done to make the meeting of the two crafts as gentle as possible, and one guileless youth discovered to his sorrow that his lower limbs were not built for fenders. The engineer (civil) rose to the occasion by making coffer dams of his boots, and carrying everything safely into deeper water.

Once more we were enabled to devote our attention to the rugged grandeur about our course, and the younger members of the party trained their guns on the fowl at impossible ranges.

When we were well within sight of our anchorage, the yacht, in passing through a narrow channel once more refused either to climb or let go. Eight different schemes were simultaneously proposed for getting the vessel off, but instead of trying any one we discussed the whole of them. In the meantime the engineer (marine) a modest youth, who had said nothing, produced a set of blocks by means of which the little steamer was finally released. We then mounted an armed guard over the skipper with instructions to blow the next opposing rock

to—one side. With the help of this stern precaution our destination was reached without further mishap.

A sheltered nook within half a gunshot of the Blackstone Falls afforded our floating home splendid shelter, and things were so speedily made snug that we had an opportunity of making a survey of our surroundings before dark. That evening was passed most pleasantly in card games and making preparations for an early start in the morning. John, the veteran deed slayer, made a most careful examination of the map, and arranged where each expectant hunter should be placed on the following day. We retired full of confidence that before the next roosting time we should have dined off the fleet footed deer.

In the morning we snatched a hasty breakfast and in heavy marching order



ONE OF THE NORTHERN NAVIGATION CO'S BOATS.

were soon scattered through the woods. Everyone settled himself on the runways in the best possible position for seeing and shooting his deer. The dogs were scarcely free when they found game, and the woods were filled with canine music. We waited anxiously for the sounds and the sight of the deer, straining every nerve to hear and see something of the game. A splash to the left drew my attention to a magnificent buck crossing the river but out of range. While I was saying hard things about my luck in not being closer to him, and giving up all hopes of seeing another deer in that neighbourhood imagine my surprise to see a plump doe stealing over the same ground. My com-

panion and myself fired at the same moment but neither shot had the desired effect. With one bound the little animal reached the centre of the stream apparently unhurt. Stopping for an instant another shot followed, but our only satisfaction was to see the animal disappear with a graceful bound peculiar to the tribe. We hurried to the spot and found that blood had been drawn but no meat.

More hard things were said, and the inner man becoming unruly the back track was, perforce, taken for camp. Here we learnt that our companions had met with no better success than ourselves, and there was nothing more for us to do but to vent our feelings upon the ham and eggs which we did with right good will. Thereafter peace reigned once more, and an informal hop was given at which the muscle and old clothes of the settlement were fully represented.

The next two days were simply repetitions of the first one. We rose early and went out each morning filled with hope and breakfast, and returned feeling as though both were forever lost. Blank looks and blander words accompanied each new arrival at our daily assemblies as we found that the deer had carefully kept out of everyone's way; though dinner invariably had the same soothing effect.

Better fortune attended us the fourth day. My companion of the first day and myself were sent in disgrace to the scene of our former exploits, when we managed to both miss our quarry. It was the general opinion that on this occasion there was not the slightest danger of anything coming our way, and as the day wore on we made up our minds that this opinion was about correct. We had been sent to this place because it was judged we were not fit to take charge of a better one.



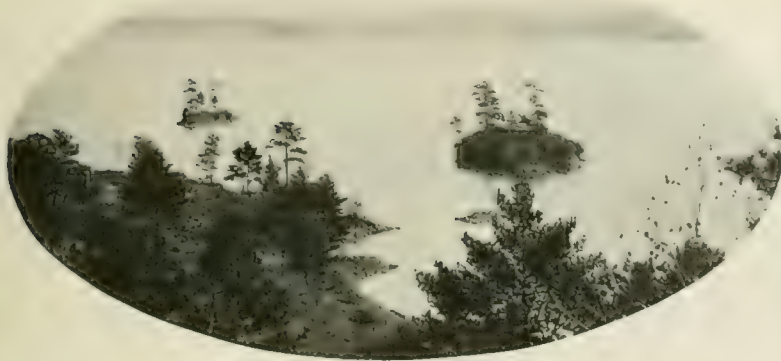
DUCK HUNTERS' CAMP, WHITE FISH LAKE

However we were determined to show them their error of judgement. Just before we were about to give up, a rustling of the leaves on the opposite side of the river made me grasp my gun tighter, and a moment later a full grown doe showed her graceful head, the gun went off, and the head disappeared as though supported by those graceful legs.

In my excitement I found myself making a path through the chilly waters of the river, like the children of Israel (but not so successfully,) and climbing the opposite bank I saw my first victim a beauty. The other fellow at first thought me crazy, but the excitement was contagious, and we both joined in the warwhoop that proclaimed my triumph. A hint from the hunger belt that we had fasted quite long enough reminded us of more commonplace things, and hurried us back to camp just in time to meet the others bringing in a couple of two year olds. No time was lost in transporting a plentiful supply of steak from its rightful owner to the care of the cook, while a party returned to the runway to bring in the heavy doe.

Everyone's face beamed and hunger belts were laid aside. The three lucky hunters lied with impunity until it seemed the easiest thing in the world to drop a deer at a thousand yards. Next day several parties had opportunities of performing this feat at much closer range, but they forgot to make allowances for the wind of a camp liar and were unsuccessful.

On the day following as if to add insult



PICKEREL ISLANDS, GEORGIAN BAY

clothed in their autumnal splendors, and those of the grey rocks clad with silver lichens and colored mosses.

We were blood-thirsty wretches, and the glorious picture was soon marred by human greed. We were skipping along in fine style when suddenly one of the crews bent to their oars with re-

to injury, the deer passed in flocks but still at Gatling gun range, and the black looks were all in their places.

Hopes were at zero on Friday morning though we wandered to the runways from force of habit, but night found us all in high good humor with hopes completely restored, for there was an addition of two deer on the lodge pole. Once more we all became friendly, enjoyed our dinner more than usual, and settled down with zest to the game of pedro.

At a very interesting stage, play was interrupted by cries which we took to be those of a lost hunter. The cries came from across the bay, and we immediately signalled to the lost one, receiving an answer each time. Volunteers were called for, and before long a skiff was pulling off to the rescue. Then a second wanderer set up a wail, and soon we heard the boys pulling back at a rate of fifty strokes to the minute. As soon as they recovered their breath they informed us that it had been a wild cat chase. To this day, however, I have been unable to learn which of the participants were pursued. For the remainder of the evening we stayed indoors.

On the Saturday morning we were up before sunrise, and everyone was trying to impress upon his neighbor the pleasures to be obtained from portaging the boats. We all took our share in the hard work, and were soon afloat on one of the beautiful little sheets of water so common in the locality. These are long narrow sheets of water whose dark depths reflect every feature of the virgin forests

doubled vigor and we at once knew there was a race, and a close one, and as we passed we saw that the deer was a winner. The animal took to land unharmed and as our boat was in the lead there was nothing to fear from the others.

Again we were going well when the coxswain perceived a break in the glassy surface, and gave the word "pull, boys!" We did pull for this time we were not merely spectators but also actors. The excitement was intense. Like all stern chases this was a long one, and it appeared all the longer because we could not look ahead. Although buoyed up with excitement we could not much longer have maintained the speed at which we were going. To us the seconds appeared hours. A report and all was over. As we cooled down we sincerely wished that the noble quarry had won and each of us registered a vow never again to kill a deer in the water.

After this we landed, made for the woods, selected stands, and awaited developments. The morning passed by in silence. A shot was heard along the line to the left. No dogs had been near us, and so we said to ourselves, "The fool has shot a squirrel!" Then the man who had pulled the trigger began to fill the woods with noise! Out of the confusion came the word "bear" and regardless of consequences the rest of us dashed downhill and uphill till we reached the spot! Then we saw the man who was wild, and the bear—not a very formidable looking animal, a cub, but still a bear! We all caught the contagion and





AN ISLAND IN THE GEORGIAN BAY

vent wild, stark mad, until hunger reminded us that we were far from our homes and loved ones. Bruin was dragged in triumph to the boat, and the back track taken for home. The others joined us lower down the lake, and they were empty handed. A glimpse of a pair of horns, and the black face of Bruin recuperated them sufficiently to stand some banter on their poor luck, and in a famished condition we reached the camp.

A couple of Indians put in an appearance informing us that their wigwam had taken fire in their absence, and everything had been destroyed. Arrangements were made to keep them during the rest of the camp. They were true children of the forest, and gave us much valuable information—and some that was not valuable! No scalps were lost, and we were well satisfied with our Indian friends.

During all these changes in our fortunes, the cook, a man who had remarkable stories of having catered for the highest in the land, became dissatisfied, and threatened horrible vengeance upon us. When we remember the awful mixtures of which we were to partake

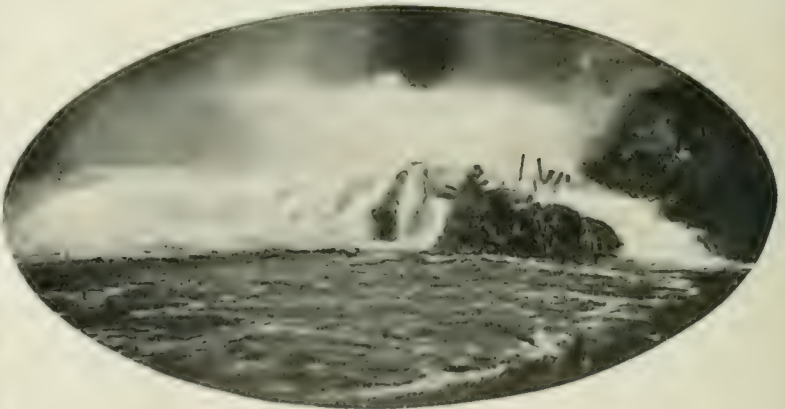
or starve we feel that he surely had his revenge! We made a serious mistake in taking him along with us, but a far more serious one in bringing him back alive. Let us however forget him, and remember only the pleasures we obtained from our hunting trip.

Sunrise on Thursday found us once more en

route to the runways. The boats were scarcely drawn ashore when a fine doe bounded in sight of the whole party, and was quickly transformed into venison. The dogs kept up a lively chorus, and we all hurried off to the stands. Throughout the day we kept up the look out, and succeeded in adding five more deer to the string. Hunger alone ordered the retreat, but after dinner hunger belts were cast aside and contentment reigned!

This was the conclusion of our hunt. In wet and dreary weather we made our preparations next day for our return trip. On Saturday morning everything was on board, and the Minneola commenced her return voyage.

As we found all the rocks going in, our pilot had become expert as to the regions where they were not, and we passed out



MICHIPICOTEN FALLS

without a single bump. Shortly after noon our houseboat was safely moored in her berth at San Soucci, and the Minneola, with her gallant crew bade us farewell. The lines were cast off and the yacht vanished among the islands, leaving eight of us to find our way home by the Manitou next morning.

A good night's rest (our last on the houseboat,) an early breakfast, and all was bustle till the cargo was safely on board the Manitou on our first stage to civilization. We had a pleasant run to Midland whose busy streets at once recalled to us the cares and troubles of life.

The same night all the baggage was hustled on board the Favorite. At daylight we stepped on shore at Collingwood and at once struck out for breakfast, and our good friend Roland. The morning

was spent in visiting Collingwood friends, than whom we have found none better !

We were warned to go on board by the steam whistle of the city of Collingwood. To landsmen the prospect was far from cheerful. A gale from the north west accompanied by snow, caused our footsteps to be very uncertain until the lee of the sheltering bluffs of Cape Commodore was reached, and we were once more happy.

There were many friends on the dock to meet us as we filed ashore, tired and dirty, but happy savages. We were no longer a party but separate individuals, and as such made our ways to our separate places of abode to re-appear in the morning at our various callings, once more imprisoned in the stiff collars and regulation garments of civilization !

## Where You May Hear the Bullets Sing Without Going to War.

BY E. J. M'VEIGH.

**A**S we could not hunt in the Park the next best thing was to get close to it, and it was while driving Algonquin National deer into Snowshoe Lake that I learned the songs of the bullet, or one of them, as they may have many, the notes depending on the kind of rifle used.

Snowshoe Lake is so called for the simple reason that it is shaped like a Snowshoe, and it lies a perfect gem between the wooded hills that slope gently down to the water's edge. As you come on to it through the woods your first impression is one of perfect peace ; the water lies so still down there in the hollow where the wind does not come to tease it ; while a black duck swimming out into the middle looked as big as a loon, and you raise your rifle to take a shot at him, but drop it again with the feeling that you do not want to be the first to break the perfect calm ; and you lean up

against a tree and lose yourself in a dream of the beauty of the wilds, "where all of Nature's beautiful, and only man is vile." Man ; the ruthless beast of prey who would be the most dangerous animal that roams the forest if it was not for his noise and ignorance.

But wait ; is man the only hunter ? See that mink slinking along under the bank ; what is he after ? Oh yes ! that muskrat on the root. Now Mr. Rat, it is up to you ; a clear case of get a meal for yourself or make one for the other fellow. He sees the danger just in time, and is gone with a soft splash while the mink snarls at the water where his dinner has disappeared. Just that soft splash in the water, no noise or shouting or bang of guns, but it was for life or death, only quietly and in keeping with the surroundings.

And here right beside you a small snow-white weasel with the little black

tip on the end of his tail, his body the length of your palm, and holding in the teeth a small field mouse. You have been so still he is almost at your feet, but his eye meets yours even as you glimpse him and you read there a challenge to the death "No Sir! you will not get my kill, go and hunt for yourself;" and he is gone. A ripple on the lake and your eye catches a silver minnow as it skips for a few feet along the surface; and a great trout swirls up and it is gone. Whoop! they are all at it, wake up and get into the game, where is the gang with the dogs?

I am at the head of the lake, the toe of the Shoe, and the others are away down by the heel somewhere. Listen! is that a dog? Yes, but heading for the lower end; no shot for me this time. There is the second dog! Bang! a shot, then stillness for a moment, but only for a moment; down there where the lake begins to narrow. Pandemonium breaks loose, dogs howl, men shout, guns bang, and into the water comes the deer with the dogs almost on his back; and bang! goes the heavy gun—a Winchester. That is John K. — Crack! from the wicked Savage; that's John G.—himself. I am

becoming interested and move out into the green to have a good view when Zip! Zip! Whe-e-whang! a bullet passed my nose into a tree. "Go it boys! don't mind me I am supposed to be dead, if not likely to be shortly!" Where are all those trees that were so thick around here a while ago? Ah here is one, but how mean and small it is; what a grand thing is a good big tree. I must peek out to see what is going on! I see two splashes on the water and Whe-e-e-comes another bullet, ten foot off but one. I saw the twigs fall, another peek, Zing! behind me that time, don't know how far off, don't care, no more peeks, first right, then left, eight all told and then quiet. Now a yell from John G.—"Hello Mack! we-have-the-Deer-alright!" and I yell back, "I-guess-you-wanted-him-from-the-row-you-made-but-what-in-H—did-you-want of me?"

And peace once more settles down over Snowshoe Lake, while the trout have gone into the deepest hole they can find, and the mink, the weasel and the other natural owners of the hunting ground retire in disgust of man and his crude ways of making his kill.



SAXIRAGA BRONCHIALIS



DRYAS OCTEPETALA



# The Progress of Game Protection.

**T**HE United States Department of Agriculture in what is known as "Farmer's Bulletin No. 265," gives particulars concerning the whole of the States and Canada of the Game Laws for 1906, including a summary of the provisions relating to seasons, shipment, sale and licenses. The pamphlet which has been compiled by Messrs T. S. Palmer and R. W. Williams Jr., assistants in the Biological Survey, is remarkably complete, and testifies on every page to the advance made throughout the North American continent in the matter of game protection.

"No less than sixty new laws dealing with game matters were passed, while the number of bills under consideration was probably not less than one hundred and fifty. The most important measures enacted were entirely new game laws in Mississippi and Prince Edward Island; the adoption by the new Province of Alberta of a law prohibiting spring shooting of water fowl and establishing a game preserve; statutes creating a large forest, fish and game preserve, and making decided changes in the game laws of Quebec; laws protecting non-game birds in Iowa and Prince Edward Island, and radical amendments in the sale laws of Massachusetts. The passage of the Mississippi statute marks the completion of a chain of non-export laws in every state of the Union and provision for the appointment of special officers to enforce the game laws in every State except Alabama, Arkansas and Texas. It should be noted also that the defeat of such bills as those extending sale in Kentucky, permitting the sale of certain foreign game birds throughout the year in New York, and permitting spring shooting on Long Island, was a distinct gain and was due only to unremitting vigilance and activity on the part of friends of game protection. Such vigilance is always necessary to insure the continuance of good laws, not only in the States immediately concerned, but in others which would be directly affected by the passage of retrograde legislation."

"As most of the provisions in modern game laws have been enacted during the

last twenty years it is of interest to note a few points in which progress has been most rapid. Non-export laws, first enacted in Minnesota about 1871, are now in force in every State in the Union and practically every province in Canada. Non-sale laws are now in force in forty-two States and bag limit restrictions in thirty-eight. Non-resident licenses, first enacted in 1895, are now required in all the States except Alabama, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusetts, Nevada, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, and Texas, and resident licenses are required in sixteen States. A practically uniform law protecting all non game birds is in force in thirty-five States, including all those east of the Mississippi except Alabama, Maryland and West Virginia. State warden service has been established in thirty-six States, and county warden service in nine States, while every organized Province of Canada has a special provincial game officer."

There were some very interesting and novel features in the bills that failed to pass. No less than ten were concerned with prohibiting the use of automatic guns, but none of them gained the distinction of becoming an Act. Three cat bills were introduced into the Massachusetts Legislature, and one in Maryland proposed to make it lawful to kill cats in search of birds. One of the Massachusetts bills declared a cat to be property if wearing a collar with the name and residence of the owner; a second provided a penalty for owners abandoning cats; and a third made it an offence to harbor cats known to kill game or wild birds.

Every State and every Province now has provisions for close seasons, though in the case of the States there is some confusion owing to differences in the various counties or in different districts of the same States. In several cases protection extends all the year round in efforts to save certain species from extinction.

Shipment is a most important feature of the traffic in game. "It has likewise a marked effect upon the perpetuation of game and when permitted without limita-

tion is a great factor in its rapid destruction. A realization of this fact has induced many of the States to prohibit export of all or certain kinds of game and in a few instances all transportation even within the State." In all inter-State shipments the name and address of the shipper and the nature of the contents must be plainly shown. Twelve States and two Provinces (Ontario and New Brunswick) likewise require each package of fish and game to bear a statement indicating the contents. Such general statements as "game," "fish," or "birds" will not do; the kind of game etc., must be shown, and if possible the amount in the package. "Some of the State laws are very explicit on the subject of marking. Nebraska requires all packages to be labeled with the address of the consignor and the amount of each kind of game contained in the package, and provides a fine of ten dollars to fifty dollars for omission of these details. Ohio, and North Carolina have similar requirements. Michigan requires all packages of game to be plainly marked on the outside with the names of the consignor or consignee, the initial point of billing and destination, and an itemized statement of the quantity of game contained therein. Louisiana and Ontario insist that all packages, besides bearing a description of the contents, and the names and addresses of the owners, must be so made as to show the contents. Mississippi requires even more detail; the package must bear the names of consignor and consignee, and an itemized statement of the species of game, and the contents must be packed so as to be readily seen. Several States require big game and game birds carried by sportsmen to be marked with the owner's name, shipped as baggage, and transported open to view. Railroad and express companies should call the attention of their agents to these provisions, and insist that all packages be properly marked before shipment. In Nebraska common carriers are prohibited under a penalty of twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars from receiving consignments of game not properly labeled. In Texas they may examine suspected packages, and in Arkansas they may cause them to be opened when necessary, and may refuse packages sup-

posed to contain fish or game for export. In Wisconsin packages of fish or game not properly marked may be seized and sold by game wardens."

In some States sportsmen are allowed to carry a limited amount of game out of the State under special restrictions, and exceptions to the laws prohibiting export are also made in the case of birds and animals intended for propagation. Restrictions on shipment from the States have now become so stringent that all the States and Territories west of the Mississippi River except two prohibit export of all game protected by local laws. Of the two exceptions, Iowa prohibits export of all game but shore birds, and Wyoming export of certain species. East of the Mississippi similar laws are in force in nearly all of the States north of the Ohio and Potomac Rivers, and also in Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia. The export of most if not all protected game taken within the State is prohibited in all these States except Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Illinois and Indiana, and in these export of certain kinds of game is illegal.

Deer can be lawfully exported from only seven States—Delaware, (where they do not occur), Alabama, Georgia, Kansas, Kentucky, North Carolina and Ohio. The export of deer hides is prohibited by special provision in the laws of Alaska, California, Florida, Wyoming, British Columbia and Ontario; Wisconsin limits the export of green hides to the period from November 13 to December 3 of each year; Washington and British Columbia prohibit killing deer for hides; Oregon makes all hunting for hides dependent on permission of the State Game and Forestry Warden; and New Brunswick and Newfoundland allow shipment of green hides only under license.

Among game birds the most general prohibition is that of the export of quail which is now in force in every State and Territory with two exceptions. In one of the excepted States, Wyoming, quail do not occur; in the other, Maryland, several counties prohibit their export. A number of States permit imported birds to be exported, however, and Colorado, Illinois, Missouri and Montana allow quail to be shipped from the State

under permit. Besides these exceptions, twenty-three States, including Oregon, permit non-resident hunters to take a limited number of birds out of the State; Maine, Missouri, Montana, South Dakota, Vermont, Virginia, Wyoming, British Columbia and New Brunswick grant the same privilege to resident hunters.

Canada also has a general law prohibiting export of deer (except those raised on private preserves,) wild turkeys, quail, partridges, prairie fowl and woodcock, and permitting each non-resident to export two deer in a year at certain ports within fifteen days after the close of the open season, under permit of the collector of customs of the port from which export is made.

Legislation restricting the sale of game is passing through a transition stage. Some States prohibit the sale of game throughout the year, others only in close seasons, and between these extremes may be found all gradations and exceptions, such as restrictions prohibiting sale of game outside the State or for export, and exemptions allowing sale for a few days in the close season. Forty-two States and Territories, and most of the Provinces of Canada, now prohibit the sale of all or certain kinds of game at all seasons. In a few instances prohibitions against the sale of certain game are so general as to afford protection over a considerable area in adjoining States. Thus ruffed grouse cannot be sold in any state or Province along the Canadian border except Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Brunswick and Quebec, nor in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Missouri, Arkansas, Nebraska, or Wisconsin. Practically every State in which prairie chickens occur now prohibits their sale or export. Hence exposure of these birds for sale in any State where they do not occur, as in any city east of Indianapolis, is strong indication of violation of law.

In general the sale of game is prohibited during the close season, but a brief additional open period is sometimes provided in order to permit dealers to close out stock at the end of the hunting season. In Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, New York, Tennessee, and British Columbia the sale season includes the open season and the following five days

for all or certain kinds of game. An extension of four days for sale is added to the open season in Nova Scotia; ten days in New Brunswick and Newfoundland; fifteen days in Alaska, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Quebec; twenty days in Ontario; thirty days (for imported ruffed grouse) in Pennsylvania; sixty days in Yukon; and three months (for goose and brant) in New Brunswick.

In order to counteract a tendency on the part of market hunters to anticipate the opening of the season, the sale of certain game is sometimes prohibited at the beginning of the open season, as for example during the first two days in Illinois, the first three in Nova Scotia, and the first month in British Columbia.

In Arkansas non-residents are not permitted to hunt, except on their own premises, and in thirty-six States and Territories and throughout Canada licenses must be secured before non-residents can hunt any or certain kinds of game. In sixteen States and four Canadian Provinces a like restriction is imposed on residents, but the fees are usually very much smaller and often are merely nominal. The fees for non-resident licenses for both big and small game range from ten dollars in a number of States to fifty dollars in Wyoming, British Columbia and Newfoundland; those for resident licenses from seventy-five cents in Illinois and North Dakota to five dollars in Washington, and seven dollars (five dollars for moose and caribou and two dollars for deer) in Ontario.

A new kind of hunting license, often known as the "alien" license, has recently been adopted by several States to restrict hunting by persons who are not citizens of the country. Thus Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Utah and Wyoming provide that all hunters who are not naturalized residents of the State must obtain the same license required of non-residents; Massachusetts has a special fifteen dollar license for resident aliens, Washington a fifty dollar license for non-resident aliens, and Manitoba has a hundred dollar license for all who are not British subjects.

Licenses are generally issued only for the open season and thus expire at fixed dates. Some are necessarily very brief



in duration. Michigan issues a twenty-five dollar non-resident deer license good only for the last six days of October. In a few instances licenses are issued at reduced rates for a week or for a few days. Of this character are the five dollar non-resident bird license good for one week issued by British Columbia; the one dollar guest license issued by Alberta and Saskatchewan, and the daily license issued for hunting birds in Colorado, and any game in Lafayette County, Florida.

Eight States issue licenses good only in the county named therein—Florida, Georgia, (market hunting), Iowa Maryland, Mississippi, South Carolina, South Dakota, and Washington—with fees ranging from one dollar for residents of Washington, to fifty dollars for residents hunting ducks for market in South Carolina.

Twenty-two States and seven Canadian Provinces allow non-resident licenses to carry or ship out of the State or Province a limited amount of game, while this privilege is denied by fourteen States and Territories and two Canadian Provinces. Maine, Michigan, and Montana issue export permits additional to the hunting license.

Non-resident land owners or taxpayers are not required to pay the usual fee in Kansas, Maryland, (most counties) New

Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Tennessee, West Virginia and Nova Scotia. To secure this exemption in New Hampshire the non-resident hunter must own land to the value of five hundred dollars or more; in Tennessee and Nova Scotia he must pay a tax of at least one hundred dollars or twenty dollars per annum respectively, and in North Dakota must own or cultivate a quarter section of land. Similar exemptions are made in the case of land owners, and in some instances their tenants hunting on their land in Colorado (farming or grazing lands only) Illinois, Missouri, Montana, North Dakota and Oregon, and no license is required of those hunting within their own township in Indiana, or county in Minnesota or Nebraska. In Virginia no license is required of bona fide guests of residents.

In Maine, South Dakota, Wyoming and New Brunswick (on wild lands) non-residents are not permitted to hunt big game unless accompanied by qualified guides, and in Colorado, Maine, Montana, Wyoming, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Ontario guides are licensed. Maine and New Brunswick also license camp help. Nearly every State requires licensees to have their licenses in personal possession while hunting, and to exhibit them on demand of any warden, and in New Hampshire of any person.



THE SPRAY RIVER NEAR CONE MT.



BOW RIVER LOOKING TOWARDS THE LAKE.

## How We Found the Alpine Club Camp.

BY A. H. S.

**T**HE morning train to Field was late at Banff on July 9th when there was a large gathering at the station of that most delightful of mountain resorts. Everyone who was going further afield regretted the briefness of their stay, for Banff in the summer time appears an ideal place for dreaming one's life away, or for indulging in any strenuous pursuit should inclination turn in that direction. In the town itself there is enough to see for anyone who does not wish for great exertion. Right in the midst of the beautiful Canadian National Park, surrounded by mountains whose towering peaks gives one ever changing pictures, and past which the Bow River flows, giving the most splendid scenic views, one can get enjoyment enough without moving from the town. Then the Government have made many roads which make driving or horseback exercise a delight, and from many points

of which the most enchanting views are to be obtained.

It is a very easy drive to Sun Dance Canyon, and in that grand work of Nature the visitor can well pass a day looking with wondering awe upon the magnificent scenes surrounding him. No one need go further than the finely situated Canadian Pacific Railway hotel, placed as it is on a beautiful plateau and surrounded by mountains which appear to enclose the entire valley. The whole summer might be spent on the verandah of that hotel without the visitor tiring of the ever changing panorama presented to his view on all occasions. One of the grandest collections of Nature's own pictures is always before him, and nothing artificial can give him anything to equal them. The play of light and shadow, and the many gradations of color give to all lovers of the beautiful such a series of pictures as ensures a life long remem-



CASCADE MOUNTAIN FROM ANTHRACITE.

brance to all who are fortunate enough to see Banff. The animal enclosure is a never ending attraction to visitors. The enclosure is a large one and often the animals can be seen. On the occasion of my visit I was fortunate. Not only did I see the buffaloes at close quarters, but a lordly moose, and a fine buck came out and made close acquaintance. A beautiful doe with her fawns showed curiosity as to their visitors, and gave us a splendid view of their pretty selves. This most inadequate tribute to one of Canada's most charming resorts will enable readers who have never been to Banff to realize a little the feelings of regret animating all who were on the station platform waiting for the train on the occasion to which reference has been made. At other places this waiting might have been tedious; at Banff we were faced by mountains which gave us a series of pictures upon which we could have gazed for hours forgetting that such mundane things as trains and engagements existed. All were present because the necessities of life permitted no longer stay at a place for which nature has done so much, and for which every visitor must always have the most pleasant of recollections. There were some who were at once to take up the cares of life again, and there were others whose holi-

days were to be prolonged by extending them at other places. I was one of the latter fortunate people for I was leaving Banff to join the first Summer Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, and my destination was Field. I should have left the previous evening, been present at the gathering of Alpinists at Mount



END OF ROAD AT SUNDANCE CANYON.

Stephen House, and joined the early party who started for the scene of the Camp long before the train arrived.

By so doing, however, I should have missed a little adventure which may not be without interest to readers. The late train landed me late at Field, where there were enough of us stragglers to fill a conveyance in which we were driven to Emerald Chalet. We had watched with interest the process of packing the horses, and admired the dexterity with which the diamond hitch was tied. It is necessary to have these packs very securely fastened, as the horses are by no means particular and go through brush strong enough to test the stoutest packing. There were over thirty horses to pack, and consequently though the process was new to most of us we did not care to watch the whole packing, and eagerly took advantage of the conveyance to proceed on the first nine miles of our journey. This drive is wildly and



romantically beautiful, and we were never tired of admiring the scenery we saw on all sides. The views were ever changing not merely because we were proceeding along the road, but also because of the play of light and color upon the mountains, a topic upon which one is never tired of dilating, so truly wonderful are these scenes, and so impossible of description. Nothing but the sight of them can ever convey to any person a sense of the reality, which far surpasses any picture or word painting.

On arrival at the Chalet it was raining but three of us decided to attempt the task of walking to the Camp. We were informed that there was a good trail all the way, and although it necessitated some stiff climbing there was nothing in



THE HOODOOS. AND  
MT. RUNDLE, BANFF



MT. RUNDLE, FROM CANMORE

it to daunt those who wished to be considered mountaineers. Accordingly we took the trail round Emerald Lake, and proceeded across the flats. There were many streams running through this level, and we could see the glaciers, from which they came, high above us. Very soon we all had wet feet. We had negotiated several streams, and picked up the trail again, no easy matter for an amateur, when we came to the main stream which was rushing down at a fine pace and carrying all before it. We went up and down the stream seeking a place where it was thought possible for us to cross, but without success. For the

time being we were completely baffled. We discussed the possibilities of wading, and two of us were for trying it; but the third put his veto upon the plan so far as he was concerned, and there could be no thought of deserting him. We were told afterwards that it was probably well for us that this gentleman balked, as the rushing torrent of ice cold water was as much as the horses could wade, and might easily have carried us off our feet. There was therefore nothing for it but to wait for the pack train, and get ferried across on one of the guide's horses. Accordingly we retraced our steps, re-crossed the smaller streams, and finding



CASTLE MOUNTAIN.

a dry place sat down on a fallen log, and tried to wait with all the patience we could command for the pack train. We admired the bold and rugged scenery with which we were surrounded, and despite its beauties found ourselves wishing we had had the forethought to have brought some provisions with us. A careful search of our pockets resulted in the discovery of one raw onion. Mr. McGillveray, a Dominion Government official, was the lucky finder and he generously offered to share his prize with us. As we both declined his offer he ate one-half himself, and the other gentleman warned me in a solemn tone that the time might come when I should be glad of the other half. He also told a depressing tale to the effect that an American gentleman had been lost in the mountains a few days previously, and when found was so exhausted by his

wanderings that despite medical care and attentive nursing he succumbed and his body was being removed that very day. Both testified to seeing the coffin, and one finished by suggesting that as the pack train ought to have come long before we had struck the wrong trail. We became silent amid the gloom of a British Columbia forest, the darkness growing apace. The situation began to be distinctly uncomfortable.



A PACK HORSE TRAIN.

It was relieved by Mr. McGillveray who suddenly asked if we had noticed a fire ranger's tent a mile back. We had noticed that tent and two of us had wondered for what reason a man could be camping out in that particular place. Mr. McGillveray then informed us that he knew that fire ranger, and it would be a good plan to walk back and see if, even in the wilderness, the man could not give us a sandwich, while we should possibly meet the pack train.

Action, with the prospect of food ahead of us, was far better than sitting still, and we instantly fell in with the suggestion. The mile on the flat was quickly covered, and soon we saw the friendly fire by the little tent which was pitched beside a stream. A dog gave notice of our approach, and the Fire

Ranger came out to see who his visitors might be. We quickly explained our plight, and our generous host assured us that we were welcome to sandwiches, his only regret being that he could not offer us better fare. He wished to boil us some tea, but we were momentarily expecting the pack train and declined. We did not wish to give trouble, and the good sized sandwiches put new heart into us. It

was most interesting to find that when the fire warden knew one of his guests to be a representative of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" he was particularly appreciative of the visit. He assured us that he knew and liked the Magazine, and it was good evidence of the extent and value of its circulation to find out there, in a British Columbia forest and far from civilization, that "Rod and Gun" is known and its work valued.

While we were talking to our host in very different spirits from those which filled us before the meal we heard the bell of the leader of the pack train, and soon the loaded horses, led by one guide and followed at intervals by others, emerged from the forest path into the open flats. We had been discussing the probability of the pack train having gone by another route, and even the possibility of the guides not venturing to go in at all that night. The hour was getting late, the way was long and steep, but we could not believe the visitors would be left for a whole night, six thousand feet above sea level, without blankets, and we scouted the pessimist who doubted the willingness of the guides to do what they had undertaken. The gentleman who declined to think of wading decided to go back to the Chalet, and remain there for the night, hoping to reach the camp on horseback next day, while Mr. McGillveray and myself went forward. The guides guessed they could take us over, and on the strength of that



ON THE TRAIL.

we bade our host good night, thanked him for his sandwiches, and cheerfully followed the pack train, borne up by the anticipations of what the Camp would be like when we reached it. At the main stream the guides pointed out what we should have done, and although Mr. McGilliveray agreed with them (I thought diplomatically) I failed to properly appreciate their explanation.

At this stream I was the last to be taken over and I found this to be a considerable advantage, for when this was crossed there was a swamp and much water through which my friends waded, and where I was allowed to ride through in comfort.

Then followed a long steady upward tramp, the beauties of which even in our tired condition were much enjoyed. As we rose higher and ever higher we obtained different views of Emerald Lake with the moon shining on its wonderful waters, and the valley with the mountains beyond took on new beauties. We forgot everything but the scene before us, and repeatedly lingered to enjoy a picture which will live long in the memory of at least one of the spectators. It proved more than a little annoying however, when one of the horses insisted on making such stops too long, and keeping the whole cavalcade standing. Generally the obstructive one happened to be a



horse about midway between the guides, and sticks and stones showered upon him failed to move him. The animal knew as well as we did that no one could get to it along that narrow path, and even yells and threats failed to prove of any effect. Then Mr. R. E. Campbell, the head guide, with a half apology and pleading the necessities of the occasion, indulged in strong language, and Mr. McGillveray followed suit, proving such an adept as to come in for some approving comment upon his powers from the guides. Curiously enough the animals would start off with the first sentence couched in strong and forcible language, more particularly if its ancestors were reflected upon, and we would again move forward. At several points we would scramble up or down between the zig-zag paths, and thus make the standing horse move, though Mr. Campbell warned us against "overcrowding" the horses on such a narrow path as one might easily go over, and very serious consequences ensue. Strong language therefore, was the usual resort though the stops grew more frequent as the darkness deepened, and the horses felt they could indulge in a surreptitious bite when they had the chance (feed being very scarce along mountain paths and opportunities of getting a bite few and far between); or a few minutes' contemplation of the scenery while keeping us waiting for our supper.

The trail was cut out under the superintendence of Mr. Campbell, and courtesy forbade us from giving our true opinion of that mountain trail. It wound in and out and round about, over every description of ground, but ever upward, and later on when further acquaintance had been made with mountain trails, we thought the work well done. That night however, we believed it to be the very worst trail in existence, and there certainly seemed no end to it. Mr. Camp-

bell developed a dry humor (he was on horseback himself) and constantly cheered us up with the information as to how far we were from the Camp. His information however was of a variable and unreliable character. The longer we kept on walking the further we got from the Camp, and as under his guidance we believed we were going towards it, we



CATARACT CREEK SHOWING MT. HUNGABEE.

failed to understand the position. For some time along this trail we heard the cries of a party behind us, and judging from the emphatic and continuous manner in which these cries were maintained, they evidently had some trouble with their horses as well as ourselves. Compared with our party they were few in number though they made up for their numerical smallness by the strength of their lungs, and the constant use they made of them. Once this party was right upon our heels, but we maintained our lead throughout, and got into Camp a good first. We learned in the morning



BOW RIVER BRIDGE, BANFF.

that these were our friends who drove with us to the Chalet, and who came forward later on horses they were able to obtain while we tramped, as also did the main party, over the long upward trail. In the morning, as we learned subsequently, the stream which stopped us was capable of being easily waded, and was so waded by the bulk of the party.

Perseverance we found to be something more than its own reward, and at length we reached the Summit of the Pass, and emerged from the woods on to the grassy plateau, footsore, wet, dirty and tired, but feeling, as we saw the white tents and glimmering candles that we had at last really reached the Camp. Supper was long over, the Camp cooks had given up their duties for the night and were at rest; but an ample supply of both eatables and drinkables were found in the guides' Camp, and rest and refreshment proved highly recuperative. While most of the visitors were busy in searching out their own particular pieces of baggage, I was fortunate in finding mine under the table in the President's

tent. Mr. Wheeler soon assigned me to No. 2 tent, where I found the best company in the Camp, and spent a happy and never-to-be-forgotten week.

It may be mentioned that Mr. J. D. Patterson was our chief, and he had his work cut out to keep the boys in order. When it is whispered that one of "the boys" was a respected Rev. Dr. and another a frivolous junior of nearly three score it may be imagined that Mr. Patterson's best efforts were almost futile. The display of keen wit and cutting chaff were ably supplemented by brilliant utterances from Mr. Snell, while I made a modest contribution now and then. Mr. McGillveray deserted us after the first night preferring the seclusion of his own tent to the company we gave him. However the occupants of No. 2 are one and all prepared to make solemn affidavits that we had the quietest tent throughout the Camp, and others could be mentioned where noises, neither soft nor low, were indulged in till a late hour. Nothing disturbed us the first night, the healthy exertions we had undergone inducing

sleep so sound and prolonged that the wakeful man amongst us accused all the rest of the high crime and misdemeanor of snoring!

#### Club Notes and News.

The new members recently received for ballot are as under: Miss Kate McEachran, Lake Louise, Ascent of Mt. Stephen. Mr. Charles Francis Miller, Philadelphia, Ascent of Mt. Rogers. Miss E. Cummins, Dayton, Ohio, Ascent of Mt. Hood. Professor H. C. Parker, Columbia University, New York. First Ascents of Hungabee, Goodsir, Lefroy, Deltaform, Biddle, Gordon, Collie and others. Professor Parker, who is one of the founders of the American Alpine Club and a member of the Explorers' Club, of New York, has spent the summer exploring Mt. McKinley in the Alaskan Alps, the highest mountain in America, it being over twenty-three thousand feet, and the actual climbing to be done before reaching its summit being more than on Mt. Everest, twenty-nine thousand feet, the valleys in Alaska being so much lower than in the Himalayas.

Mr. A. O. Wheeler, President of the Club, and his staff have been engaged on Government exploration work in the Ice River Valley.

After the Yoho meet, Professor Fay, President of the American Alpine Club, and honorary member of the Alpine Club of Canada, spent some time in the Lake Louise region, which has long been familiar to him, and many of whose peaks he has climbed.

Mr. Freeman, of Boston, climbed Mts. Temple and Victoria.

The trip to Lake O'Hara proved a popular expedition during the summer, parties going over Abbot's Pass between Mts. Lefroy and Victoria, and descending to the Lake which lies on the south side of Victoria, and returning by the twenty mile trail via Hector Station. Lake O'Hara is exactly nine miles from Hector. Other lakes as Oesa, McArthur and Lindner are in its vicinity.

Next year the club will meet on the beautiful meadow in Paradise Valley, Alberta, right under the shadow of Mts. Hungabee, Temple, Lefroy and Aberdeen. The official qualifying climb will be Aberdeen, but many high peaks in the neighborhood will also be climbed.

The Hon. Sec. (Mrs. H. J. Parker) has received letters of congratulation on the success of the first Summer Camp of the Club from all the original Associate members. At the time the Camp was held Sir Sandford Fleming, the patron of the Club, was in the Highlands of Scotland, but he followed with interest all the records of the Club's doings. Sir Sandford has hung over his fireplace the stick used by him on his journey through the mountains in 1883. As a companion he hangs by its side the one used by him in 1872 when he pushed through the range further north by way of the Yellow Head Pass. We trust Sir Sandford will long be spared to his friends, to his country, and to the Alpine Club of Canada, as its honored patron.

## Duck Hunting on Lake Champlain.

BY J. S. MANDIGO.

**F**ORMING a portion of the international boundary line for some part of its course is a lake whose beautiful scenery has been the subject of many famous pictures, and its renown as a place of beauty is widespread—I think much more so even than its fame from being the home of thousands of wild ducks. Through its entire length of over one hundred miles, and around its thousands of islands, ducks are in abundance after September, and until they are driven south by the lake freezing. The

birds most plentiful in this section are the Whistler, the Blue-Bill, with a few Black Duck, and Teal.

The hunters in these parts are quite plentiful, and their modes of hunting vary. The larger part shoot from blinds, and with the assistance of decoys. We find these blinds of all kinds and sizes; that which is mostly used is built of stone and the manner of construction is very simple. The hunter selects a point as near the feeding grounds as possible, and over which the birds fly in going to and



from the open lake. Here he builds a wall by piling stones on top of each other to the height of about four feet, and usually in the form of a circle. The enclosure is made to accommodate from one to three men. When this is done he must see that all small holes are blocked for the ducks would detect the least sign of life, and they are very shy of any and all strange objects, and the least noise will cause them to fly very wide of the blind. It is also advisable to do your construction work before the season opens, as the ducks notice any change on the shores they frequent.

Another style of blind is that used by the man who wants to shoot from his boat in and about the rushes. This is made by weaving reeds into a long sheet and putting it around the boat, the ends coming up about eighteen inches above the gunwale of the craft. The hunter starts in the morning so as to arrive at his grounds about one hour before daybreak. The first thing on his arrival is to place his decoys, which are usually fifteen or twenty in number, and the kind mostly used in this part are the wooden ducks painted to represent various species. The decoys are scattered so as to form a circle around the blind and it is advisable not to have them more than ten to fifteen feet away at the outside as the ducks when coming in always hit the water outside of your flock. When all are nicely placed, you get back to your cover as quietly and quickly as possible and stay very quiet until daybreak, if this has not already arrived. If you have been early you will often hear the Whiskers go over you while it is yet dark. This is a most thrilling sound to the hunter, and it seems as though the birds would fairly light on your head, though they are usually a long distance away. These early birds in most cases have been disturbed by the hunters coming into the marshes.

Soon after daylight you will be given an opportunity as the ducks begin to fly in and out from the open lake, and the single bird is sure to decoy, providing he does not see you. Then again, it may be a small flock of three or four, or perhaps larger, this being governed wholly by circumstances. Now, when is

the hunter going to shoot? As for myself, and I may say that I have done a considerable amount of duck hunting, and I prefer to shoot just as the bird settles down into the water. At this time, you will find it with its wings wide spread, and the whole body in view; yes, in fact, your target is twice its usual size. Then when the bird is in this position it must of necessity light in the water, and this affords you the opportunity to give the flock a second charge; or if it is the case of a single bird, and you have missed, then you have a second chance. Again in many cases, your ducks will not decoy, and in this case you shoot just as they pass over you, providing they are in range. The advantage in doing this is,—first, you see the bird is not going to light, and second, your shot will take more effect, as they go into the feathers the way they are lying, instead of against the hard surface from which they will actually glance.

I might say for the information of the reader, that fine shot will glance from the breast of a duck, and unless some of them take effect in the head, it is very, very hard to shoot this bird when he is coming towards you. Some of our hunters take bird dogs with them, and these animals are trained so that they will go into the water after the birds that are shot. Others use their boats, if the wind is blowing so as to take the game away from shore; but in nine cases out of ten, the ducks will blow ashore when shot. However, it is a very good idea to have the dog, if you have occasion to go out after your game, because when you are moving around with a boat you are sure to be the cause of ducks flying wide of your blind.

With things going favorable in general, you can, in the good duck sections of Lake Champlain, shoot in the neighborhood of twenty ducks in a morning, and this I consider gives a man a good day's sport, unless he goes in for wholesale butchering, and this the sportsman does not care to do.

I find the hunters of today are using to considerable extent the gasoline yacht; and although it is not in accordance with the law, there is very little effort made to prevent it. As this mode of hunting

increases, we find our shooting much less successful than what it was some time ago, and the birds are much wilder. When I say adopting gasoline yachts, I mean this: We usually see two or more men in a boat, for example we will say three men to start out, one acting as engineer, and the other two in the bow, to watch for ducks, and when the birds are located in the water, the boat is headed for them. Now you will see the men are down out of sight as much as possible. In many cases they will run on to the ducks before they are noticed, and when in range the men who are stationed in the bow of the boat, shoot to good advantage. We see dozens of boats running up and down the lake in this man-

ner, the men shooting at every duck in sight, and sometime before they are anywhere near in range. They wound birds that dive and dodge them and these are often found later crippled and in many cases dead. Some that we kill we find badly shot up, and in most cases this is due to this particular mode of hunting. This makes the ducks so wild that it is almost impossible to get them to decoy.

These are the more important details of the modes of duck shooting in this section; but the most essential thing, if you should care to hunt on these waters, is to get to the proper place for your blind. This done, and other things in general carried out, you can figure on a good day's sport.

## Twin Butte :

### Only a B. C. Flag Station, But a Sportsman's Paradise.

BY B. R. ATKINS.

**O**NLY a flag station—a place for the section and tool houses—worth perhaps a glance at the guide book or careless look from the passing coach. A day off there with rod, gun or camera, and that in your creel or bag to refresh you and next time of passing you will view it with more than time table interest, and from reasons other than outward appearance. By very contrast with more pretentious places of modern conveniences and conventional accessories, the humble flag station appears insignificant. There is however something more than mere novelty in its isolation.

To some of course a day in such a place means no connections with the outside world, no hotel, no comfort, no company, no nothing. The place is not for them. It is only for the vertebrate species. To such people ignorance of trains has no terrors, they are self sufficient and good humored enough to find pleasure in themselves, and enjoy the new experiences of unexpected charms. To them the paper-wrapped lunch is sweeter than the costliest table d'hôte; in the contents of the flask they find a renewal of vigor; and the pipe has the very fragrance of Barrie's brand itself. To these

the absence of guide or gillie is but the raising of latent resourcefulness, the exercise of native craft and art, the development of slumbering energy, all giving prouder joy in their discovery to the trophies of the chase, or spice to the day's adventures. They find that occasion has but brought out the man or woman in them, and being modest people they learn the news with gladness.

These feelings are not in the least injured when by flag or lantern the rushing express stops for them; and back to the comforts and routine of life they have again to go. In the midst of it all they dwell with pleasure on that day in Nature's heart and wonder at the mystic charm which made them least alone while most alone. With a closer acquaintance the knowledge unfolds that Nature is our truest nurse-mother; that she holds sympathies for all our moods, reward for trial, reproof for weakness, and that her seasonable beauties, at all times lovely, makes votaries, not slaves, of all admirers.

When first you visit this place with a name, wait, if you can, till late September sprinkles the summit, with snow; when morning frosts cold bathes the air,

before a late rising sun dry-rubs it into welcome warmth again. This is the time of times. It is the time of shrivelled but sweetened berries; of steaming but scented woods; of falling but flaming leaves; of faded but fruitful flowers; a time of tonic between sultry heats and wintry winds, when paw, hoof, wing and fin go further, fight fiercer, and show more sport. It is a time when things of hill and hollow, brook and brush, show lessening but ripened fare which is sweeter for the trouble of getting and for dread of winter—when strife means life and safety is only spelled by strength or stratagem supreme. It is the time for color contrasts—summit snows and gladed greens, purpling tamaracks and darkening hemlocks, yellow and red of alders, willows and brush maples, and variegated sun-warmed browns of mosses and lichens. To the very last leaf and tint they tell of triumph over tragedy, and in their radiant resurrections proclaim no sting in death. There are beauties in the valleys and in the glades; there is sublimity at the crests. Up there the views are panoramic and absorbing in their expansions, the spirits having risen with the ascents and enlarging with the views. Well can it be understood up there why ancient peoples made temples of their mountain tops, and called them hallowed ground. Up there the great transcontinental railway appears but as a silver thread that is not even mimic to the great work of Nature spread around in grandeur of silence as if scornful of comparison.

To the east the Albert Peaks arise in massive majesty, their glaciers shining in sunlit splendor, and sides robed in forest green. Across the valley spreading Clach-na-cordin, buttressed with many a spur stands grimly grand, and between the rushing river tumbles and plunges westward to the ocean bound Columbia, where glisten gloriously the Gold range

giants—Mts. Begbie and McArthur. Enraptured by the view we had forgotten our fishing and only came back to mundane consciousness by the wild stampede of a bear and caribou disturbed in their happy hunting grounds by our unannounced intrusion.

Once again upon the creeks, one on each of the twin torrents of the place, we shut our eyes to autumnal glories, and plied our rods in eddying pool and sparkling ripple with such success that sixty speckled beauties lay creel-held in two hours. It was dark but fine when we reached the track, and but a little time before the sounding train came to a spasmodic halt for us at sight of the waving lantern gleam. In half an hour we were once more in the hospitable hotel at Revelstoke, pondering over a pipe at the sudden contrast from sylvan silence to railway noise, riot, and still more at the chances of procuring an early and ample meal for which our recent experiences had rendered us fit for discussing with particular justice to ourselves.

FOOT NOTE. Twin Butte—altitude two thousand two hundred feet, eleven miles east of Revelstoke, B. C., on western slope of the Selkirks. Time distance from Revelstoke, thirty minutes. The name was given from the view of the twin peaks of Mt. McKenzie, eight thousand and sixty-four feet. The best view is from the crest above the siding. For fishing the Twin-Torrents, crossed by a trestle, one hundred feet high, about one and a half miles east of the siding are the best. The easterly creek is the more precipitous, the other the more brush rimmed. Flies should be drowned and soaked; rice bait is good. For straight fly fishing Royal Coachman, White Miller, and Blue Quill are best. Grayling are often caught in the Illicellewaet River by a very small fly on a \$12 or \$14 hook.





# A Modern Jonah

BY E. S. KIRKPATRICK

**T**HE fairy-like tales we sometimes read of the returning sportsman with wagons groaning beneath the weight of his spoils; the beautiful pictures we see of woodland, lake and brooklet scenes and of the smiling sun-browned huntsman standing triumphant beside his game; and the vividly told stories of the unalloyed joys of his hunt, with never a hint of anything to detract from its bliss, at times inspires one with the thought that this life, alone, is the one worth living and we eagerly yearn for the time to come when we, too may partake of its joys and return a conquering hero.

Not all, alas, who hie away to seek the wily and elusive game can boast of such pleasant memories and, possibly for this very reason, less is heard and read of them and their exploits than of those having a more happy tale to relate.

The writer has earned, and justly so, as all will agree, the distinction of being known as a "Jonah" and is prepared to defend his right and title to this name against all comers. Beginning with my earliest recollection of cartridges and fire-arms, when, in order to show to my boy friends how a blank Snyder cartridge borrowed during my father's absence—

could be exploded, I held it in my fingers and lighted the paper over the powder and, after throwing it on the grass, picked it up and blew on it, with the result that it exploded in my face and left me minus eyebrows and eyelashes and the skin on my face hanging in shreds and my eyes saved by but a miracle, some evil fate has followed all my ventures with explosives and with hunting expeditions.

I go to a charivari with a few of the boys and a cannon-cracker I had tried to light, as I supposed unsuccessfully, exploded in my hands; I go to Ottawa to the Dominion shooting matches and a shell bursts in the rifle and almost blinds me; I go out with a field battery of artillery as range officer and a shrapnell shell bursts in the air almost directly over my head and the bullets fall like hail all around me.

I am invited—rashly—by a party of three friends to go on a hunting trip with them. We start to cross a big lake with our supplies in a canoe and small flat-bottomed boat. The guide, a man who weighs over two hundred pounds—and I take the boat; he is in the bow and I am in the stern and all the supplies the boat will carry, or we think it will carry, between us. The guide is just telling me that at the point we are now passing the bottom of the lake has not been found at the depth of seventy-five feet, when without a moment's warning, the bow dips under a wave and then another and with but barely time for me to take off my coat I find myself in the water with the boat bottom up and the guide clinging frantically to it and calling for help. I can hear him yet. "Oh, save me! save me! I was drown-ded once and I can't swim a stroke!" I watched him at a safe distance which was all I could do until the canoe came up and towed him to shore, while I swam to a rock without difficulty although I had on rubber boots, two shirts, a sweater, etc and waited for the canoe to return for me.

During the Fall of 1904 I had an experience which was so unique that I think it might be of interest to sportsmen. It occurred during a hunting trip which four of us took to Cronk Lake, York Co. N. B.

In order to form an idea of the plight in which we found ourselves some description of our route is necessary. If the reader will draw a capital letter, F, the bottom of the letter to be the north and the top the south, he will have an exact idea, of the direction of the roads we travelled. Name the stem of the letter from top to bottom A, B, and C, the middle of the upper arm D, and its end E, and the end of the short arm F. The branch roads stopped at points D and F.

We left Woodstock, N. B., or point C, with an express wagon and two horses and drove to the home of our guide, who

lived at point F, an easy journey of twenty-seven miles over good roads.

The same afternoon the guide and his brother hauled our canoe filled with supplies, and a tent, which we had sent ahead of us on a light, two wheeled frame with springs, from point B around to point E, a distance of fourteen miles, where our camping ground was to be ; after which the guide returned home with the horse, leaving his brother in charge of the camp. From point D, where the actual road ended, to E, a distance of five miles, the road was in a indescribable condition. It had, years ago, been the winter lumber road but had never on any previous occasion, to our knowledge been used in the summer. It was overgrown with bushes and branches of trees and filled with rocks, rotten logs and mud holes. To any person having occasion to travel it as I did it will never be forgotten and I have often wondered how our supplies were ever taken over it.

We stayed at the home of our guide over night and early the next morning started in a straight line through the woods, where there was not even a path, towards our objective point E, a distance of ten miles, the last three of which were on the lake. We arrived at the lake thoroughly tired and found the guide's brother awaiting us with the canoe. After making two trips across the lake, as the canoe would not carry us all at once, we finally arrived at our destination and pitched our tent in one of the most beautiful spots that I have ever seen.

That evening was a delightful one, but the last of that nature that I was to spend for some time. Tired out with our long tramp we lay on our blankets in the tent and smoked our pipes in peace as we laid our plans for the morrow's hunt. In front of the tent was a blazing bonfire and above the flaps of the tent an acetylene lantern burned, while beyond the fire lay the beautiful and peaceful lake.

We went to bed early leaving most of our clothes on, but I had taken off my socks as they were wet and did not take the trouble to put on another pair. The tent in which we slept, and the only one we had with us excepting the lean-to to protect our supplies, was made from heavy cotton and had been freshly oiled to make it

waterproof. I had just dropped into a doze, when I was startled by a shout and looking up I saw that the tent had caught fire from the lantern. One of the boys made a jump to put it out but not succeeding he rushed out and all the others followed in safety. I, being in my bare-feet, thought it best to get out under the back of the tent but, as I was trying to get it up the fierce flames fed by the oil in the cotton surrounded me and I then turned and rushed out through them and fell over the bon-fire. I have never been able to understand how it was that I did not know I was being burned at the time. I felt no pain whatever and was not conscious that I had been burning until I saw the condition of my hands and feet. Then I knew nothing for some time afterwards and I guess the boys thought I was done for. My hands and feet were a solid blister ; my cheeks, nose and hair were burned, but, for some reason, not so badly as my feet and hands.

What to do next was now our dilemma. The nearest physician was over thirty miles away. Our horses were nineteen miles away by one road or ten miles by the other across the lake and through the woods where there was not even a path. To travel to even the nearest house meant a journey of five miles over a lumber road almost impassable by day and utterly so by night, so we gave up the idea of trying to get out as hopeless and decided to make the best of the situation for the night at least,

I shall never forget what the boys tried to do for me that night and looking back on it now, it is langhable ; but it was hardly so to any of us at the time. I suffered all the torments of the damned and if hell can be any worse than that I want none of it for mine. We had no shelter except the lean-to and it was a poor apology for a tent, To crown it all it soon began to rain and did not stop for the next twelve hours.

The first thing the boys did was to take all their baking soda, put it in the bread pan with water and put my feet and hands alternately in it to try and ease the pain, Then one of them in desperation started to pour Friar's Balsam on some of the worst places, but I will draw

a veil over that experiment. They tore up shirts, dishclothes, towels and anything they could think of, to make bandages but our "first aid to the injured" outfit was sadly limited.

Morning came at last. The night was not more than four hours long and daylight showed a cheerful sight. The rain was gently washing our upturned faces as well as our supplies, for which we had no cover; the lake had lost all its rosy hue and a cemetery is a cheerful looking place beside our camp as it was that morning. As for myself I was a sight beyond description.

The problem now of getting me out had to be met and a difficult one it was to solve. I insisted on going home alone if any way could be found for me to travel, and finally we sent the guide over the lumber road to the settlement to see what he could find in the way of transport.

It took him six hours to make the trip out and back and when he returned he had with him an old man over seventy years of age who was riding a horse about as old as himself. No one in the settlement would consider the idea of taking a wagon over the road and in fact it would have been impossible. After dinner the boys mounted me on horse back and with one on either side and the old man leading the horse by the rein the procession started.

I would give anything now if I had a photograph of the group as we looked after I was mounted on the horse. I remember asking one of the boys to take a snap of us but he failed to see anything humorous in the suggestion and refused to do so.

We had not gone over a hundred yards when the horse got into a bog and only by the greatest effort was he able to get out. One pulled in front, another pushed behind and two held me on while he struggled through. After travelling without further mishap for two miles and the old man assuring us the worst of the road was passed, I insisted on the boys going

back to camp as I felt there was no necessity of having them come farther, and considerably against their better judgment they yielded to my request.

They had not been gone more than fifteen minutes when I got so sick I could not sit on the horse, and being afraid of fainting, I let myself roll off on the ground. The poor old man was almost distracted and it was with the greatest difficulty that he got me on the horse again, as I was almost completely powerless to help myself. We travelled on for some time when I again got sick and threw myself off the horse not caring at the time whether I ever got on again or not. I had become soaked with the rain riding through the wet bushes and overhanging branches of trees and was almost completely exhausted. The old man had not strength to lift me on again and as for myself I made no effort to move. At last a man from the settlement came with a gun over his shoulder and between them they got me on the horse's back again and we reached the old man's home without any more serious trouble. His wife and daughter assisted him in getting me in the house to a couch and, after drinking a cup of tea which they insisted on my taking while a fresh horse and carriage was being hooked up the old man and I started on our further long journey of thirty-one miles to Woodstock, which we reached at nine o'clock the same night.

A description of the days, weeks and months that followed would not be of particular interest in a sportsman's magazine. The heroic treatment I received under excruciating agony to lessen the possibility of disfiguring scars; the poisoning with mercury used in the antiseptic washes and the tedious process of healing would make a story in itself. I am none the worse now for my experience and am already looking forward once again to the hunting season if I can find friends courageous enough to let me form one of their party.



## Game and Fish Protection in Nova Scotia

**D**OWN by the sea they are waking up to the importance of fish and game protection, and the rights and privileges of the Canadian people therein. The story of how public opinion was stirred in Nova Scotia and its results are well worth the telling.

In the course of the last session of the Nova Scotian Legislature a bill was introduced and smuggled through entitled "The Petty Trespass Act." In its last stages some one found it out and a bill for its repeal followed hard upon its heels. By the provisions of the Petty Trespass Act the owner of a piece of ground could order the arrest of any one who set foot upon it. He could call on the negro who was hoeing potatoes, or acting cookee in a lumber camp, to arrest any white man who stepped over his line fence, or walked over the line indicated by his "blaze" in the woods. In the popular view an American lumber syndicate has the dishonor of being the reputed parent of this Act, although during the storm of public disapprobation it has disclaimed its parentage—as unnatural parents are apt to do with awkward offspring. Had the act been permitted to remain on the Statute Book it would undoubtedly have been the fruitful source of much litigation, and the probable cause of much lawlessness and violence.

At the time Lieutenant Governor Fraser signed the bill in his Majesty's name, and thus gave it the standing of an Act, he also signed a bill for its annulment, and the Petty Trespass Act—an Act for a couple of minutes—expired of inanition. There was no public feeling behind it. It is doubtful if the Lieutenant-Governor, in view of the indignation of the people as they came to understand the provisions of the bill, would have given his consent had he not known that annulment was so speedy to follow. As it was he knew it would never really be enforced, and he signed the annulling bill immediately after he had signified assent to the Petty Trespass Act.

When the people of Nova Scotia realized that an attempt was being made to rob them of their rights to fish in their

own rivers, and to hunt in the woods of their own country, their indignation was strong enough to swamp the attempts thus made, and to dispose for the time being of any effort to rob them of their rights. They also went further. They recognized the dangers of any longer remaining asleep, and saw the necessity of defending their own interests. They believed that if they fell back into apathy, the attempt that had been made upon their rights would be repeated. Accordingly they formed "The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia," and soon had hundreds of adherents of a popular society.

Branches have been formed at Annapolis, Digby, Weymouth, Kentsville, Wolfville, Truro and other places throughout the Province, and it is hoped in the not far distant future to cover every district throughout Nova Scotia in this way. A Conference of delegates was held at Annapolis Royal during September at which H. A. P. Smith, Esq., High Sheriff of Digby County, was elected President of the new organization; W. G. Stuart, of Truro, Vice-President, and an Executive Committee consisting of representatives from seven different counties in the Province.

The wonderful increase in the numbers of people who "go to the woods" at some period of the year is beyond belief. These people do not want to be shut out from their healthy recreations at the dictation of anyone, and the members of the local Legislature will speedily be convinced of their mistake if they again consent to anything tending to favor a restrictive policy. Canoeing, camping, fishing, hunting are now the health giving recreations of a considerable portion of the population. Tourists and sportsmen are an ever increasing army spending time in the woods and on the waters of the Province. All the summer, too, men are in the woods prospecting.

The annual output of gold in Nova Scotia, is thirty thousand ounces per annum. Each ounce of gold is worth eighteen dollars, and to obtain it means an expenditure in wages etc. of from

fifteen to seventeen dollars. There is no case on record where a man has discovered a gold mine on his property, and had the Petty Trespass Act continued law prospecting would have stopped for all time.

In future these matters will be looked after by the People's Game and Fish Protective Association. They will see that the rights of the people are not bartered away, and that by no underhand means are they deprived of their well established rights.

The Association is non-political and its members consist of adherents of both political parties. Several members of the Provincial Legislature, on both sides of the House, have pledged themselves to oppose any similar legislation to the

Petty Trespass Act. Having secured many friends both inside and outside the House, and with such a full programme of work before it, the People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia should do effective work for the Province. It was born in a crisis, has had a rapid growth and a vigorous childhood, and gives promise of reaching a strong and useful manhood. There is room for such an organization; there is plenty of work for it to do; and sportsmen throughout the Dominion will rejoice to find the people of Nova Scotia putting themselves in line with the other Provinces of Canada in this important matter of fish and game protection, and safeguarding the rights of the public therein

## Salmon Fishing in New Brunswick

BY W. H. F.

**A**FTER spending the last fifteen years of my life in fishing and hunting in the old country, Australia and New Zealand, and wishing for variety in both the country and the sport, I decided to try Canada, and accordingly came to the Dominion in the early part of the present year. Since I landed in Canada I have met with nothing but courtesy and kindness at the hands of Canadian sportsmen, and I should like to make my acknowledgements for the same through "Rod and Gun" to which fine Magazine I am likewise indebted for many capital hints as to the sporting advantages of the country, and the best places to obtain the most efficient outfit. In return for these favors I should be glad to be permitted to tell your readers the story of my short experiences in New Brunswick, and the little fishing I have done on the Miramichi.

In the early part of June I found myself in St. John, N. B., and salmon fishing being my program I took a passage in the river steamer for Fredericton, wishing to see as much of the country as possible. I found, as I expected, much to interest and admire in the scenery along

both banks of the Rhine of Canada.

Considering the time of year the day was cold, so much so that scarcely any passengers appeared on deck. To one with my experiences in other parts of the world, the day was delightful. The clear blue sky with keen bracing atmosphere was just sufficient to make a man feel thoroughly fit in every sense of the word, and to believe that life was worth the living. The scenery was charming, and the journey taken in the open air was far preferable to the one by railway. There are quite a number of good residences along the river and some fine farms. I could not help thinking of the rush to the North-west, and of the possibilities of people doing as well, if not better, nearer home. These thoughts reminded me of a couplet on a sign on one of the many "public houses" in Ireland:

Pass East, pass West,  
If you pass this, you pass the best.

Fredericton is a fine city which must prove attractive to every visitor, and where I should have liked to remain longer.

From the Provincial capital I journeyed to Chatham, and later on to Newcastle, the latter portion of the trip being made by boat. From Newcastle to Redbank is a drive of sixteen miles over a hilly country road, and this was much enjoyed both from its variety, and by reason of the fine scenic views obtained.

For fishing purposes I was equipped with four split cane steel centred rods made by Hardy Bros. One was a trout rod and all were old friends, well taken care of, and just as good as new. They were in a patent canvas case made up of timber laths, canvas and leather straps. The drive was a cold one, and I thought of nothing but how to keep myself warm. About half the journey had been covered, and we were driving slowly up a hill when there was a grating noise which we found upon investigation to have been made by the case of rods falling between the spokes of the wheel. The case was badly smashed up but fortunately only the butt of one salmon rod was scraped. I considered this a narrow escape, and believe no other rods could have stood such treatment and come through with such a small amount of damage.

Some hours after my arrival two sports came in with the intention of trying the Ox Bowl next morning. As my time was not limited I decided to refrain from fishing the following day so as not to interfere in the least with the visitors' sport, and accordingly passed the day in doing correspondence with those in the old land. One of the gentlemen caught two fish, the guide caught one and the second gentleman rose a salmon but did not secure him. I felt sorry for his lack of success, as from our conversation he seemed a genuine fisherman and imbued with a love of the pastime.

The same evening I was introduced to a guide, and we arranged to start for the fishing grounds bright and early on the morrow. We had only a mile to walk when we reached a canoe, and I had a new experience that day as I had never previous fished from a canoe, my former fishing having been either from the bank or wading. The day was gloriously fine, there was not a single cloud to be seen, and I did not think I should have the slightest chance of a fish.

Pool after pool was tried without success or even a rise, and at eleven o'clock we had worked as high up the stream as we wished to go. I however still continued to try and a quarter of an hour later a salmon jumped clean out of the water at my fly—a silver Wilkinson. It was like the rush of a tiger; I felt the line stiffen, and knew he had taken the fly. However I had still to land him.

The canoe was gently pushed to the bank and I was quickly on terra firma. Immediately I landed out went the line at an awful pace, the reel screeching as if in pain. The silk taper line was all out, and the backing line getting less and less. That one rush obliquely downward and across had taken nearly all my line. Almost sixty yards were out and I had only about three left. I felt that I didn't mean to lose that fish and if necessary I would jump in and run after him. When I had made up my mind to this course there came a sudden stop and I commenced to reel in as quickly as possible. All the backing line was on the reel again and some of the taper. Then the thought ran through me that he must be gone, so easily did the line come in. I continued to wind on, and at last I felt him. Now I thought I am right if he is only firmly hooked. A few leaps out of the water and several runs, none of which were anything like the first, convinced me that I had given him a "mouth". I use this expression because I think it is appropriate to this particular fish, and because it was given to me by a boy in Ireland under similar circumstances. On that occasion the fish was nearly played out and I could lead him where I liked, when the boy exclaimed: "You have given him a mouth!"—a horsey expression but to the point.

The struggle lasted for twenty minutes, and he proved as game a fish as it was possible to hook. At the end of that time I thought he was played out enough, and giving the rod to the guide drew out the telescope gaff, placed it down easy, and with one quick movement, the fish was out on the bank. He was a beauty and no mistake, in perfect shape as bright as silver, and twelve pounds exactly by the stillers.

This capture was quite enough excuse



for luncheon, and we soon had the "billy can" (an Australian expression which will crop out after a two years' residence in that country) boiling, drank our tea, and had a smoke.

In the afternoon I fished again, and rose a fish but did not hook him. We returned to Redbank in the cool of the evening perfectly satisfied with the day's

work and its result, and amply contented with my pleasant and novel experience.

After travelling much in different parts of the world I hold that Canada, the British Isles, and New Zealand are the only places worth living in, and are certainly the only places in which I should care to reside.

## The Canvas Covered Canoe and its Repairs.

**T**HE interest in this subject still continues and Mr. P. J. Lawler writes:—"The stories about the canvas covered canoe and its repairs have interested me very much, and with your permission I shall be pleased to give your readers the benefit of my experience. I am agent for the Grand Trunk Railway Company at that delightful spot on their Ottawa division one hundred and sixty-eight miles west of Ottawa known to all lovers of outdoor life as the Algonquin National Park. I have a canoe here for my own personal use, and keeping it in the Cache Lake waters I usually make a tour of some of the neighbouring lakes with the same. Last fall I moored my canoe as usual in its winter quarters. This spring when taking it out for a season's work, not having looked at it for the long winter months, I found to my dismay that my canoe would not hold water, let alone keep it out. I was lost for a while as to what to do, for I knew that by soaking it in the lake the water wouldn't close it, the two bottom boards being cedar and the other portions of it basswood. The latter, as all canoeist know, will pull away and shrink into all kinds of knots. It was so with my canoe. The basswood pulled away from the cedar and left cracks wide enough to place the hand through. I cut out the parts held by the nails and also pulled the nails out, inserting small slips where needed. I then procured some pitch, and also some tar, mixing together in equal parts, adding a little grease and melting to a liquid. With this preparation I painted the whole of

the outside of the canoe. Having purchased enough forty-inch cotton at ten cents per yard to cover it, I tacked this from the centre to each end of the canoe to the gunnel. I was careful to make no wrinkle and no extra cuts in the cotton. When all was tightly stretched I took a hot iron, pressed it lightly on the cotton, thus melting the preparation under the cotton and bringing a small portion of the same through, acting both as a sticking plaster and also as a water proof cover. The guards were removed from each end of the canoe, the cotton was overlapped, and then the guards replaced. This made my canoe fully equal to a canvas covered one. In repairing a canvas covered canoe I would suggest that the paint be scraped from the canvas and the same made soft, say for three inches around the place punctured. A small piece of cotton or canvas soaked in the tar, or the tar put on first, then with a wedge shaped stick insert the piece of cotton press it with a hot iron or stone, or anything that will hold enough heat to melt the tar or pitch and bring the same through the canvas. This will be the way I shall repair mine if it ever gets punctured, and I don't see why it wouldn't work on canvas covered canoes. My canoe to day is as good as new, and I wouldn't sell it now for what it cost me in the first place. I would suggest to anyone having a second hand canoe the adoption of this method, and I am sure they will then have a canoe which will last for years."

## Lumbering In The Algonquin National Park.

**I**T seems to be a fatal tendency of Governments to do things by halves, as if they were afraid, after having put one foot forward to advance the other. One would have imagined that in the matter of forest preserves this tendency would not have been allowed to appear. The very reason for forming a preserve is to lay a restraining hand upon the lumberman. If this is not done the reason for the preserve disappears, and things might have been allowed to go on in the happy-go-lucky fashion characteristic of the old days.

When the Algonquin National Park was formed lumbering leases were in existence, and these were not terminated, as they should have been. At that time these leases were understood to refer to the pine only, but with the increasing value of lumber the lessees are now attempting to read these leases as including all timber, and are cutting the birch, maple, etc., in several portions of the Park, including the near neighborhood of the Superintendent's headquarters. Complaints are coming in from various parties of sportsmen to the effect that the beauties of this wonderful preserve are being ruthlessly spoiled, and some go so far as to say that if the reckless cutting at present going forward is not stayed the headwaters of some of the rivers taking their rise in the Park will be seriously interfered with, if not destroyed.

One observer says that seventy-five per cent of the lakes in the Park are affected either by the banks being spoiled through the cutting, leaving nothing but bare, gaunt poles on those banks; or the waters being held up for emergency purposes, and the shore trees killed in that way. In both cases the beauties of the Park are marred, though this is not the worst of the matter, for the future of the whole preserve is threatened by these operations carried on as they are with a view to present gain only, and with no consideration for the future of the Park.

The Government should terminate these leases at once even if compensation has to be paid to the dozen companies holding rights in the Park. A forest pre-

serve does not mean that no timber should be cut within its confines, but all cutting should be under the direction and control of Government officials, and no more than the ripe timber, or the equivalent to the annual growth, in addition to necessary thinning operations, should be allowed. By such methods the supply of timber could be indefinitely prolonged, the headwaters of our rivers protected, the shelter for the big game retained, and the fishing waters preserved.

Every visitor to the Algonquin National Park is charmed with its beauties and its wonderful attractions in fish, bird and animal life. The protection afforded over this great area has resulted in an increase of all kinds of wild life, and sportsmen, tourists, and campers all agree in the success of the experiment, and the marvelous attractions the Park hold out to all who are able to pay it a visit.

It is not necessary to quote more than one authority on this point, particularly as one is able to give the experience of a noted authority in this connection. Last June Dr. T. S. Palmer, a biologist in the employ of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, visited the Park for a few days. In the course of one morning's walk near Cache Lake he counted no less than fifty-two varieties of birds. Those who can appreciate the value of bird life will realize a little what this means. Dr. Palmer declared that to his mind the Algonquin National Park is in some respects more wonderful than the Yellowstone region, and being familiar with both, and if biased at all naturally so in favor of his own country, he is a competent and disinterested judge, making his testimony all the more valuable.

A forest preserve that is not preserved is worse than the outside protection that does not protect, and it is to be hoped now that the attention of the Government has been called to the matter prompt action will be taken to abrogate the leases and allow no further cutting in the Park, or indeed in any forest preserve, except under strict Government surveillance, which shall secure the safeguarding of the future of the preserve.

# Angling and Other Notes.

BY WALTER GREAVES.

**I** spent a few weeks in New Brunswick during the last part of July and beginning of August. While there I fished several trout streams, all, however, with poor success as the water was too low owing to there having been very little rain during the previous three or four weeks.

On one occasion, however, I managed to land thirty-five trout (my best catch) nearly all on a dark claret hackle. They were not large trout, but in the running water with a light rod and fine tackle they afforded nice sport. On other occasions I got about a dozen or two. I enjoyed the sport thoroughly as I am not anxious at any time to make a large catch. How delicious these small trout are cooked for tea on the edge of the stream the same day they are caught, in fact about an hour after they are taken out of the water! The flavor is quite different after they have been kept over night. They were not, however, despised the next morning by people staying at the cottages.

I took a couple of trips after salmon but the water was so low and warm in the river that they had all passed up beyond where I was fishing or had returned to the salt water. On looking in the pools, after careful fishing, I could not see a sign of a fish. I consider it a great pleasure to even cast on a salmon river without getting a rise, particularly to fish pools where one has had sport in previous years. It brings it back to one's memory very vividly. To my thinking there is no sport that can come up to fly fishing in a rapid stream for salmon or sea trout with a rod and flies of one's own manufacture. I am very fond of shooting, cricket and golf but prefer fly fishing if on a beautiful open stream or river with the right height of water. During my trips after trout I used a great many patterns of flies and found the following to be the most killing: Dark claret hackle, Grizzly King, Dark Montreal and Nigado, dressed on hooks about No. 8, old scale.

We varied our amusements by playing golf, tennis and cricket and by sea bathing. I was successful in winning the golf championship (a pretty Bathurst

spoon). In the evenings we had music, dancing, recitations, progressive games and a grand fancy dress ball, so that we had any number of amusements and with such pleasant people as we had at the Points, including Mr and Mrs. Webber and family, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Cassell's children from Toronto, Mr. W. P. Earle and son of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie and family, Dr. and Mrs. Fletcher and family, Mrs. Lambe and family, Mrs. Douglas, her son, and Miss Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Scott and daughter, all of Ottawa, and many others from Chatham, Newcastle and other points in New Brunswick, we could not possibly find the time dull. It passed too rapidly and we all felt sorry to leave the delightful spot, hoping to meet again during 1907. I must not forget to mention the two hay-cart drives which furnished so much pleasure to the children, to say nothing of some of the grown-up people.

I feel that I should not close this little article without saying a word in regard to the train service on the Intercolonial Railway, the "Ocean Limited." There can be no question about it that the service was excellent and the officials of the road were most courteous and obliging. Both going and returning I heard nothing but praise in regard to the splendid equipment and perfect service was rendered. Surprise, was, however, very generally expressed that the "Ocean Limited" was to be discontinued on the first of September when it was being so well patronized and giving such satisfaction. I said they might rest assured that the officials knew what they were about and had no doubt considered the matter before deciding to withdraw the train. I only hope, however, that they may see fit to put on the "Ocean Limited" again next season, timed to leave Montreal and Halifax at about the same hours as they did this year, and I hope to have the pleasure of again travelling by it. Mr. Emerson is, I think, deserving of very great credit for the able manner in which he has managed the I. C. R. since he became Minister of Railways and Canals. The travelling public from the east whom I met expressed the same opinion very strongly.



# An Adventure With A Bear.

BY M. DAINARD.

**I**N the year 1900 myself and partner took a prospecting trip in the Rockies. We had our packs on our backs—prospectors' packs, which included provisions, blankets, cooking materials and picks. The Canadian Pacific transcontinental had dropped us off at Ottertail, and we had climbed into the mountains between Porcupine and Bear Creeks. Our Camp was located on the slope of Bear Creek, on the shores of a small lake which we named Larch Lake, as it was surrounded with a fine growth of larch.

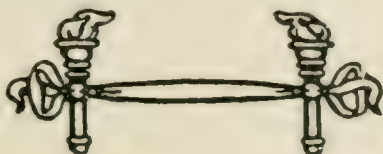
Our tramp took us northwards up Bear Creek along the timber line prospecting for gold, silver or indeed any minerals we might find. On the second day out we were fortunate enough to come across some fine iron ore, and this discovery about finished our examination of that valley.

The third day we devoted to the next valley, about two miles further up the creek. We started early, meaning to have a long day at the work. During the morning we ran into quite a flock of goats. There were no less than seven different bunches, from two to nine in each bunch—indeed they seemed to be all around us, the head of the creek being in a grassy basin with timber round the bottom, thus allowing us to see them for considerable distances. They would keep about five hundred yards away from us for we made much noise, breaking the rocks as we went. All this time we were working up towards the summit. When about a mile above the timber and making for a small gap to reach the summit we noticed two old goats climbing for all they were worth, and we knew that something had scared them to send them off in such a fashion. At once we begun to look out for the cause, and we soon

discovered that had it not been for those goats we should have been in for a lively time, for within two hundred yards of us was a big grizzly making for the same gap. We had no guns, and we were not inclined to attempt a fight with Mr. Grizzly, who would weigh at least twelve hundred pounds, with no better weapons than our picks. For all the noise we made he would not budge, and the more we tried to scare him, the more he looked at us as if to say, "If you boys don't keep quiet, I'll come and teach you a lesson!"

So threatening indeed did he look that we thought we would try a change of tactics. As it was about noon, and we felt hungry we decided to lunch, though we were by no means disposed to ask Mr. Bear to make a third at our improvised table. When we sat down and started eating, Mr. Bruin walked a short distance, then stopped and looked us over, and apparently making up his mind that we were going to be good, he went on again. Every now and then he would pause and look back as if still doubtful of our intentions, keeping this up till he reached the gap. When he gained that point he seemed to think he was safe from us and started on the run. If he was pleased to go we were even more pleased to see him go, and though we did not run after him we followed him up, and made our passage over the summit without seeing anything more of him.

In all we saw seven bears on that trip and made up our minds that for the good of our health we had better carry our guns in the future when prospecting in the mountains, for goat and bear are both numerous there—the latter too much so for comfort, when unarmed.



# Restful and Healthful.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

**A** new departure, if fancy, is where a man leaves the city for the back country neither for fishing or shooting, but to lie round and rest in the still, peaceful sunshine, and to walk quietly through the pine laden atmosphere of the early morning after a gentle rain, the glorious sunshine drawing out and charging the atmosphere with the life giving properties of the surrounding pines.

The fact that one has left behind the rush and worry of a city life, is away from newspapers and back from the last telegraph office, is a great relief and it is only by experience that the sweets are fully realized.

Such an outing I planned and carried out and it is within the reach of many. The time was opportune! I could leave business for a couple of weeks, our cook had given notice and my wife agreed with me, that to get away from town annoyances and the frivolity of society was, just then, a combination much to be desired. I cast about in my mind whither to go, and decided to push away back, back even farther than the last village that nestled in the foothills of the grand Laurentians.

Years ago I had visited that back country when in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company and the kind reception I then received from the French Canadian people of that peaceful hamlet had not been forgotten. In those years the stride of civilization had marched west but not north, and I made sure I would find the same healthy and God-fearing, hospitable people today as were then.

I informed my wife of my intention, but warned her that part of the road was rough and hard to travel, but this did not effect her in any way. The desire of us both was to get away, and having decided we wished to reach there as soon as possible.

We left Montreal by C. P. R. for the end of one of their branch lines, St. Felix, taking only one small trunk with necessary clothes. At the last village, St.

Michel des Saints, we could procure a camping outfit if we decided we would go further away.

After a good substantial dinner at St. Felix we took a double-seated buck-board and drove to St. Emilie, a distance of twenty-two miles. As we pulled out from our dining place we heard the last screech of a locomotive we would hear for some days. That of itself was a decided gain on our first day.

St Emilie is situated right at the most northern cultivated area that stretches from the shores of the St. Lawrence, dotted by villages, every seven or ten miles throughout its breadth. Here not five minutes drive from the hotel, where the dark primitive forests that covered the country from east to west, and through this belt of timber and tangle, our road would lie on the morrow.

Some forty years prior to our trip, a small party of sturdy Canadian pioneers had cut a trail through this dark and dismal forest and were rewarded after many days labor and hardships by the gladdening sight of the valley of the upper Mattawa, with its rich alluvial bottoms and its extensive beaver meadows. They had only to descend to this land of promise and take possession, each staking out the land he chose. This was the beginning of the present village of Michel des Saints.

There at St Emilie we changed carters as it required a stronger vehicle to traverse the twenty miles of corduroy through the forest. A bright and early start gave us the advantage of the early morning's freshness, for the month was July and during the hours of noon the heat would be uncomfortable in the thick woods. For the first hour or two of our drive we went through specimens of small denizens of the bush, numerous birds flew from tree to tree, squirrels hurried off to their dens after their breakfast, a covey of young grouse flew up and perched on near by branches almost within whip reach. A curious hare came out on the road ahead and after making a few bounds in front,

leaped off and took the bush on the other side of the portage.

All these moving things and the free, fresh smelling woods were pleasing, but we soon awoke to the fact that the riding was most trying and fatiguing. In some parts of the road the cross poles that formed the road bed had been broken off or eaten away by the passing of heavy loads, and into these pitch-holes the wheel would go down so suddenly that it would cause the rigid springs of our seat to collapse and rebound several times in rapid succession, each rebound being more convulsive and trying than the preceding one until our only possible relief was by suspending the weight of our bodies on our hands.

I told the driver to go easy and remarked we were not going for the priest, therefore time was no object to us and we would cheerfully give him double pay to go doubly slow. Going slow, was, if possible, more agonizing than going fast, for the longer the wheel remained in the hole, the more energy it appeared to impart to our springs.

We tried walking but soon came to a portion of the road that was submerged and had to re-embark. The way our horse picked his way through the poles, spoke of frequent passing over and through such trying places. It took us six hours to cross the portage. What we had gone through, might with advantage, have been stretched over six days until we would have been satisfied with our amount of "roughing it."

On the very edge of the bush was the first house we had come to and the driver said we would have dinner here, and rest the horse, both of which we were ready to do.

The valley of the Mattawa lay several hundred feet below us, and from the "look-out" that the old man, our host, had built we could trace the road as it dropped down, gashing each hillside in succession on its way to river level. From our elevated position we could see the cluster of houses and steeple of the small church that formed "St. Michel des Saints," a distance, by the road, of eight miles. Beyond we could see more miles of alluvial deposits with the river winding itself in a serpentine course to the first lake further off. It appeared to us like

a white cloud, but the old man said it was really a lake and Pine Lake at that.

We were perfectly satisfied to remain at that look-out place and take in the beautiful panorama of glittering patches of river as the sun reflected on certain bends in the stream, and let the eye travel from peak to peak of the range of mountains that backed this peaceful valley and sheltered it from the cold north gales of winter.

All too soon our carter gave the word to embark on the last stage of our journey.

There being no hotels at "St. Michel," I decided to call on my acquaintance of other years and see if he could direct us to some nice farm house where good food and lodging could be procured. Mr. Archambault, however, would not hear of us putting up at any other house than his own. Overflowing with the French Canadian politeness he showed us into the salon and said with a hearty voice and a comprehensive sweep of his arm, "This is your house, all that is in it, it is at your service; you are at home!"

The next morning we partook of a breakfast such as one can get only in a country place; everything of the purest, home made bread, thick yellow cream, butter with its natural coloring, fresh picked raspberries, and eggs that we knew were fresh laid, for the cackling of the producers was one of the incidents that roused us from our slumbers.

After doing justice to this wholesome fare we proceeded to do the town. Archambault's house and general store are under one roof and directly opposite the church. He is known far and near as a character, being one of those men who call a spade a spade no matter who may be present. Like most of such men he is a great talker and his talk is generally ahead of his thoughts, for instance, that morning when he stood on his front stoop and waved our attention up and down the Main street, pointing out the postoffice and one or two other places, he then jerked his head towards a brick house and said: "The priest lives there, he married my sister! I mean" he corrected on beholding of looks of astonishment! "I married his sister, so I feel a little bit ecclesiastical myself, a kind of in the blood you know."



That evening after the usual back shop "habitués" had departed for their several abodes, I unfolded my wishes to my host, and he advised as I desired to camp out away even from the village, that we should go to the foot of Pine Lake. At the discharge, he informed me, was a little rapid the foot of which was plentifully stocked with several kind of fishes, and it was four miles in any direction from the nearest house. Furthermore he said he had a nice, large Peterborough canoe he would let us have, with tent and all other necessities.

"And how about a guide?" I asked. "You cannot do better than take little Pete, the boy you had with you today. It is still water all the way and he knows where to go."

Archambeault had been used for several years to outfit surveying and Hudson's Bay parties; I could therefore trust him to see we had every requirement.

Next morning every thing was loaded on a waggon, including the canoe, and unloaded at the foot of the falls. As we went through the village we picked up Pete, who was delighted to accompany us, and we never regretted taking him for he was invaluable in many ways.

Without any mishap we passed down the three miles of river and four miles of lake and reached our camping place. A nice grassy point, one side bordering on the lake and the other on the river below the rapid, afforded us an ideal spot to pitch our tent. Lumber men and Indians had camped here for many summers past and had left tent poles and pickets in abundance, so we very soon had the tent up and a bright fire in front, for even at the end of July in the northern latitudes the evenings are cool, and besides camp without a fire before the door has not a home look about it.

Two or three days after our arrival we had the good fortune to see a small brigade of birch-bark canoes pass up the rapid and into the lake on their way from the Hudson's Bay post up north to St. Michel des Saints to load with provisions and goods for the next winter's trade.

There were six canoes in all and each was manned by four Indians. In one was the guide, or rather the supercargo, a white man, an employee of the Great

Company, whose duty it was to see after the safety of the goods.

It was a pretty sight to see the crews of each canoe standing erect with long slender poles in their hands and pushing their bark foot by foot up the swift water.

As each canoe reached the still water on top of the rapid the men drained their poles and awaited the other craft and then spreading out fan fashion, the word was given by the head bowsman and those twenty-five paddles dipped the water as one. The course was made straight up the lake, the paddles kept time to one of the popular French canoe songs which was wafted back to us with charming intonations by the gentle air that drifted from them to us.

The next day brought the canoes back to us on their way north, each laden so deep that they appeared to us positively dangerous.

Part of the load of each canoe was discharged at the head of the rapid to lighten the craft for its safe descent to the foot of the broken water. When all the canoes were safely run and snubbed up at the bank below, the crews ran across the point with their portage straps or tump lines and each man singled out a bag of flour, a keg of pork or a chest of tea, and in the most dexterous manner lashed it with his leather thong and in a second it was on his back suspended from his forehead by the broad part of the strap. A second piece was jerked on top of this crosswise and before it was really in position the Indian was trotting away with a load of two hundred pounds.

As they passed and repassed in front of our tent we saw and noted the features and expressions on each face and they were certainly a study.

All too soon our stay on that delightful point drew to an end and we had of necessity and engagements to break camp and start back on the first stage of our journey city-wards.

Pete knew nothing of game laws, at least if he ever heard of them they did not exist so far north, for the young rascal set some snare "en cachet" near the camp, and one morning brought us three young hares. They were veal as compared to full grown ones, still fried with bacon they formed a good meal.

We left good hearted, rough diamond Archambault at his door and wended our way east towards the falls, a distance of a little over a mile, where Archambault's other brother-in-law, Mr. Minard, has a saw and grist mill run by water power.

The river Mattawa, at that point, tumbles over a sheer precipice seventy-five feet high and spreads out into a peaceful pool below, a bridge spans the river just above the mills from the center of which one has a grand view of the valley and lower reaches.

On the north side of the river overlooking the still water below the falls, is a natural park or probably it has been underbrushed by Mr. Minard. There my wife and I used to repair each morning, with a lunch for our noonday meal, and while away hours at a time, basking in the sun or repairing to the shade of the trees as the mood took us.

Across the river is a long, sloping, smooth, rocky point that ends in a sandy bay with some three or four feet of water bottomed by bright clean sand. The village children used to resort there every warm day and indulge in a pastime that might be called "water tobogganing."

Each one was supplied with a sled made out of a couple of flour barrel staves fixed together with cross bars.

In the most fearless way the little boys and girls would start from the top of the rock and shoot down with great speed to the water, some of them going almost completely under, and come up with shrieks of laughter.

As they were scantily clad they had nothing to spoil and seemed as much at home in the water as on land, so much so that I thought they must be web-footed, but I examined several and found them constructed as other children.

One of the urchins told us of a certain place down below the bend of the river where good bass and perch fishing could be had, so next day to vary our occupation of doing nothing we came prepared with the necessary lines and hooks and found our young acquaintance of the preceding day, awaiting us below the falls, with roomy punt and fresh worms.

We pushed off, or rather, our young guide did, for he constituted crew and captain combined, and worked the punt,

sitting out on the extreme end with a paddle several sizes too big for him.

Our captain was not only scantily but cheaply dressed. I think all he had on could be purchased first hand for twenty-five cents. A straw hat, country manufacture, and a little shirt and pants made of cotton. But his deficiency of clothes was amply made up by a perpetual winning smile that extended over his broad, good natured face, while his lower extremities were clothed with a brick bronze tan that had been added to each successive summer.

"Pete" was a character, he knew every man, woman, child and dog in the village, and stuck to us, after that day's fishing, to the end of our outing,

For our noonday meal we went up to a near by farm house for some milk and cream, preceded by "Pete" our guide, and there we saw part of a regular French Canadian family. With the usual politeness of these poor people, a good wife of the house showed us the inevitable "salon." No matter poor the people may be they always aside a best room for strangers or to receive their friends on Sunday.

When she found we could speak French her face beamed with pleasure and she hastened out to get her husband to do the honors.

He proved to be a veritable backwoods lawyer and had he received the education to go with his flexible and wireless tongue would have made a masterful debator on any platform.

Inside and about the door of the room was an almost countless number of children, so many, in fact, that I thought some of them must belong to a neighbor, so for something better to say, I remarked to the man of the house; "These are not all your children?"

"Oh, no!" he replied, "there are six others up at the village working." I looked at my wife and smiled. "For goodness sake," I said, "how many children have you?"

"Oh!" he answered, "not a big family, only sixteen."

If a full quiver makes a man happy surely this man ought to be sublimely so.

That evening in Archambault's back store I mentioned my astonishment at



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the number of this family which he pooh-poohed as a big one, and at once with amazing rapidity named off a number of others that exceeded this one by several branches. He told me of one in particular, at St. Jean de Matha, a small village we had passed on our way in from St. Felix, whose offspring numbered twenty-six, eighteen boys and eight girls, and by the way, he mentioned incidentally that that village was the birthplace of Cyr, the Canadian strong man.

That night we reached Archambault's tired and well pleased with our day's

sport and a determination to go further on the morrow.

We went, one day about six miles below the lake, still water all the way, and saw numerous young ducks, but too small to be worth shooting. Fish were to be had in every bend of the river, and we had fish in different ways at almost every meal.

Archambault was glad that the trip pleased us. The unyielding buck-board was ordered for the next morning and we went to bid adieu to the people we had come in contact with during the visit.

We fitted Pete out with, I suppose, the first suit of clothes he ever possessed. There was not many to choose from and as a fact they were one or two sizes too large for the little fellow, but Archambault who was doing the selling took a handful at the back of the coat and another at the seat of the pants and told the boy they just fitted him and the poor little innocent just said they did, so that settled it.

We took a short rest at the look-out on the mountain before entering on that body-racking portage. A late lunch at St. Emilie, a change of horses and rig and away we drove on the last stage of our waggon journey to St. Felix.

I wanted to pass the night where we took lunch and break the distance into two days but my wife said she thought she could go through.

It took us from five A. M. to eleven P. M. to make the ninety miles but we did it. As the train only left St. Felix at eleven A. M. we took a long rest and sleep and reached Montreal in safety at four o'clock.

The mirror and our friends told us we looked the picture of health and we certainly felt rested both physically and mentally.

The trip of seventeen days cost us in all the very moderate sum of fifty-six dollars and twenty-eight cents. The distance we travelled from Montreal and back to Montreal amounted to three hundred and twenty-six miles, being at the rate of seventeen and a quarter cents per mile, everything included.



# Hunting and Fishing in New Brunswick.

## The Attempt to Organize A Private Preserve, and the Government's Action Thereon.

All interested in sporting matters in New Brunswick have during the past month been in a state of unrest. A complete surprise was sprung upon the Province, and all who are concerned in its fine game facilities, by the announcement that an organization had been formed to take over the lands belonging to the New Brunswick Railway Company and create a gigantic private preserve.

It was stated that what was called "the greatest sporting organization in Canada, and one which controls the most extensive area on the continent," had been formed for the purpose of monopolizing nearly two millions of acres for the preservation of game and fish to furnish sport exclusively for the benefit of the members of the Club. These members were said not to exceed one hundred in number, and it was declared that they would monopolize this great area—no inconsiderable portion of the whole Province—and shut others out all the year round in order that they might themselves enjoy a few weeks' recreation in its midst. The plan was said to include complete protection for the forest, game and fish, arrangements for a chain of hunting camps, provision for boats and launches on the lakes and rivers, the organization of a corps of guides, and in general complete arrangements for hunting, fishing and backwoods' life in comfort, if not in actual luxury. The Central club house was intended to be a magnificent building, and \$50,000 was put down as its cost. A further sum of \$50,000 was said to be ready for the camp clubs, furnishings, boats, etc.

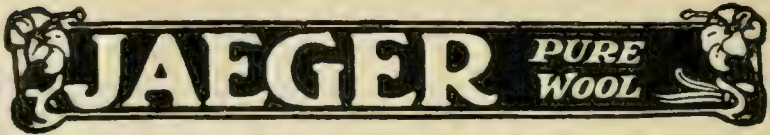
The Company's title was decided upon as the New Brunswick Fish and Game Company Limited, and the Company was to take over the lease of all the lands of the New Brunswick Railway Company, comprising one million seven hundred thousand acres. The lands are situated on the Tobique River, in four or five counties, and are said to

comprise the best fishing and hunting grounds in a Province noted for the excellence and general high character of its sporting facilities. It was further stated that tresspassers would not be allowed, and that the whole area would be reserved exclusively for the private use of the members and their friends.

When it is remembered that hitherto the whole of these lands, and the fine sporting advantages therein, have been open to both resident and non-resident sportsmen, upon compliance with the reasonable rules and regulations of the Province, it is easy to understand something of the consternation this announcement aroused both within the Province, and amongst visiting sportsmen outside. From one end of the Province to the other no other subject could be discussed, and public interest was entirely taken up with the possibilities and probabilities of Government action in the matter. The Government were urged to place the strictest possible construction upon the grant of the lands to the New Brunswick Railway Company, and doubts were thrown upon the powers of the Company to grant a lease for any such purpose as that proposed.

Premier Tweedie acting as Surveyor General, spoke with spirit and determination on the matter, and the bold stand taken by the Premier, backed up by the other members of the Government, seems likely to lead to the abandonment of the scheme. The Premier declared that while he had no official notification of the scheme at the time, his attention had been called to the matter. The Government considered the whole plan detrimental to the public interest, and the company had been informed that the Government and the Legislature looked upon the proposals with great disfavor.

Hints were given by the Premier of the powers held by the Government in reserve, and these should be sufficient to modify, if not to kill the entire scheme.



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In the first place these lands have so far remained untaxed, but if they are to be put to private use, the Government will certainly impose taxation upon them. If an attempt is made to stop the public from hunting on these lands, the monopolists will find that two can play at that game. Premier Tweedie declares that all the game belong to the people, and the Government may declare a close season for a term of years in those portions of the Province covered by the railway lands—in other words if the Club members want to stop everybody else from hunting, they can be served with precisely the same sauce.

Premier Tweedie further stated that in the view of the Government the wild lands of the Province, whether held by the Crown or by private individuals, should all be in the same position with regard to fishing and hunting—open to both resident and non-resident sportsmen under reasonable restrictions concerning seasons, licenses, numbers taken

etc. The Government has no objections to private Clubs and hunting camps so long as no monopoly is sought, but when the latter is attempted the Premier warns the monopolists that if the existing law is not found strong enough to thwart them, then fresh legislation will undoubtedly be sought for that purpose.

The strong position taken up by the Government will probably be sufficient to kill any project of the kind outlined. It is to be hoped however that now public opinion is alive, it will not be allowed to go to sleep again, and that the Government will, at the next session of the Provincial Legislature, take steps to strengthen the public position, so as to prevent anything of the kind from even being mooted again. To ensure that the wild lands at present under the control of the Crown should remain public, the policy of creating forest preserves might well be further considered, and as far as is suitable for the circumstances of New Brunswick, adopted.

# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## Autoists and the Children.

That automobilists are not such bad fellows after all was proved the other day when the members of the Toronto Automobile Club gave a treat to four hundred youngsters from the orphanages and other charitable institutions of the city. Upwards of ninety autos were requisitioned and were crowded with merry and happy youngsters. The children were driven round the city and then to the Exhibition grounds where a plentiful and varied lunch was served out to them. Here a splendid program of games was also indulged in, and many fine prizes given. In addition to the prizes every child received gifts—to every girl a doll and every boy a mouth organ, each child being further presented with two small Union Jacks and trinket souvenirs of the day. In the evening the happy but tired out youngsters were taken back in the autos to their respective institutions. The entire expenses were born by the members of the Club, and it is needless to say the children have not, after these pleasant and happy experiences, the slightest remnant of prejudice against automobiles or automobilists. On the contrary they are enthusiastic converts to the new form of locomotion. The President, (Mr. C. Ellis) and Messrs. Geo. H. Gooderham, M. Howard Irish, Frank Bailey, Noel Marshall, and T. A. Russell, had charge of the arrangements, and entered into the proceedings of the day with such spirit that they enjoyed themselves almost as much as the children.

## A Fine Touring Car.

A light touring car, the first of its kind, manufactured by the E. R. Thomas Detroit Company had a recent run from that city, through Canada, to Buffalo, and made a most satisfactory trip. The journey was made to cover three hundred

miles, and included a combination of severe tests under all conditions of touring work. Although the car had not been run fifty miles prior to this journey there were no breakages, there was not a hill on the entire run the car could not negotiate on the high speed gear, and it reached Buffalo in better running condition than at the start, as the tour had brought it into good shape. The oiling system proved particularly economical, almost no water was evaporated, and an average of sixteen miles per gallon of gasoline was maintained.

## A "Dog Cutter."

A "Dog Cutter" is one of the latest additions to the automobile, though at present its use is restricted to racing cars. It consists of a convex V-shaped piece of wood which is fitted to the cross steering rod, extending almost its entire length. The apex of this wooden bar is brought to a sharp cutting edge, and the whole is bound to the cross rod with copper wire. Dogs frequently stray on the courses while an auto race is on, as they often do when horse races are in progress. They have been the cause of damages to steering gears and radiators to such an extent as to sometimes put the particular car out of the race. Recently an auto driver was confronted with a sheep on the road at a time when he was going at a high speed and to swerve meant an accident. The steering gear of his car was fitted with this "dog-cutter" and striking the sheep square he left it laying on the road in halves. If this kind of work becomes the fashion we may expect the country prejudice against the auto to become more pronounced than ever.

## Riding Ahead of a Storm.

A new impetus will be given to the pastime of auto riding if the example of



Mr. Ford, of the Ford Motor Co., of Detroit, is extensively followed. Mr. Ford recently invited four friends to take a Sunday drive with him in one of his cars. When they were about to start the weather appeared threatening, and it was suggested that the trip should be postponed till a more propitious day. Mr. Ford, who is a practical farmer as well as a motor car designer, and a keen observer of the weather, gave a look at the sky and observed: "That storm wont catch us: it is four miles from here now and coming this way, but we'll beat it and go round it." Before the city limits were cleared the storm gained on them, but once these were passed, and increased speed could be put on, they were soon in sunshine, and ran for many miles on dry roads, although the occupants of the car could plainly see the black sheets of water falling just behind, while the vivid lightning and terrific thunder claps followed them like Nemesis. Although the car was running faster than the storm, the driver all at once felt a few drops of rain on his face, and looking up perceived that they had run into a counter current of air, and another storm. A quick turn to the left on the first cross road, and that storm was successfully evaded. During the entire afternoon the ride was continued and nearly one hundred miles were covered over roads every inch of which were deluged with rain later on, while the motorists were never wetted. The route when examined later on, showed that the party had traveled to all points of the compass, had criss-crossed three counties, in some cases had re-crossed their own tracks, and had got round and behind storms, the effects of which they had entirely escaped. A car that can run at least forty miles per hour and a keen weather eye, are, according to Mr. Ford, the only requirements for this novel and exhilarating pastime. Electrical storms seldom have an area greater than fifteen to twenty miles square, and except in cases of real tornadoes never travel more than thirty miles per hour, so that cars under good guidance can easily escape them. The storms however, are capricious, and this fact gives plenty of excitement to the pastime.

#### Grown Up Boys.

A good story, illustrating the manner in which human nature displays itself in men as well as boys, comes from Cleveland. The Ford agent at that point recalls how in the palmy days of the bicycle the boys would hang about the store until their ordered wheel arrived and how great was the disappointment when the express came in without the expected "bike." Those same boys, now grown into sober business men go one better with their run-about autos. They meet the boat from Detroit, and take possession of the machines according to the priority of their names on a list, pay the freight, hand over a certified cheque to the agents' representative, and drive away triumphantly. This method of procedure gave rise to a little misunderstanding the other day. A car intended for a Mr. Transue, of Alliance, O., who wished to have it handed over to him at Cleveland, and to drive it from that city to his home, was thus uncereemoniously seized upon; and no persuasion could induce the man who thus captured it to forego his turn. Even the appearance of the owner on the scene; and the addition of his persuasions, failed to move the Cleveland man, who steadily and persistently refused to forego his advantage, and nothing remained but to ship another car from Detroit and take steps to see that in this instance the customer was not a second time deprived of his rights. The curious point is that Mr. Transue cannot be persuaded to believe that the car he received is as good as the one that was intended for him, and the Cleveland man also maintains that he got a better car than the ordinary. The comment of the agent is that "men are only boys grown tall."

#### Prejudice Against the Autos.

The Highway Commissioner for the State of Michigan has got his hands full with a new task which he describes as "taming the motorist and pacifying the farmer." The Commissioner, Mr. Earle, by name, is an ardent motorist, but having much to do with the country people he has so far respected their prejudices as to refrain from indulging in a car of his own. Some time ago however believing that the rural prejudice had died

down he ventured to give an order for a car and to allow the fact to become known. He was speedily convinced that the prejudice still exists in all its force, and accordingly countermanded his order and started his missionary propaganda. When he has succeeded in Michigan he might well come to Ontario and start with our legislators. There is plenty of room for his missionary efforts in Canada.

#### A Small Chaffeur.

One of the sights of Detroit is the appearance of Master Edsel Ford, who is only twelve years old and small for his age, driving a big Ford "6-40" (which is the autoist's way of designating the six-cylinder forty-horse power touring car) through the streets. The boy obtained his knowledge and skill in handling cars from driving the first of the four cylinder run-abouts which is still his father's favorite car for city driving. In the big car the boy has to slip almost off the seat to reach the brakes, which are so efficient that even with the strength he is able to exert, the big car can be stopped under almost any conditions within its own length. The first comment and even criticism about permitting so small a person to handle so large a proposition has been overcome, the boys' unerring skill having built up a confidence which has turned largely to admiration, and the townspeople now delight to point him out to their visitors as one of the smallest drivers in the world.

#### A Winter Vehicle.

With the approach of winter attention will be given to the Coupe Top Chelsea made by the Pope-Waverly Company. This vehicle gives all the comforts of the regular closed carriage for winter use, being operated entirely from the inside, while simply removing the top converts it into an open carriage for pleasant weather. These electric pleasure vehicles are ideal for city and suburban service, and appeal particularly to the ladies because of their cleanliness and comfort and simplicity of operation. The "always ready" characteristic commends itself to every one, and adds much to the superior utility and comfort derived from the use of these carriages, and proves the distinctive advances of the electric

over the horse drawn vehicles.

#### The Coming of the Motor Bus.

A highly significant announcement was made recently by the Chairman of the London Road Car Company, of London, England. He declared that "the horse drawn car can have no chance against the swifter running motor omnibus," and intimated that it is but a question of time for the horse drawn vehicle to be entirely discarded by his company. Other big concerns abroad are also displaying great activity. The London Power Omnibus Co. has just opened what is claimed to be the largest garage in the world. The car house is two hundred and fifty feet long by ninety feet wide and has a single span roof. This building can hold no less than one hundred and fifty motor omnibuses and outside the garage provision has been made on a large scale for the cleaning and overhauling of cars. In the matter of filling tanks—no small matter where a great number of big cars is concerned—special pumps and piping have been laid, with the result that twelve cars can be supplied with gasoline within a space of five minutes. The motor omnibus industry indeed is developing with great rapidity.

#### Caution Always Advisable.

To a somewhat less degree than the locomotive engineer, the user of the public highways has a right to assume that the road is clear, or that if obstructions exist due warning shall be given of them. It is well known however that even on the best conducted railways obstructions are sometimes found to exist with the results that accidents occur and lives are lost. Therefore the engineer is constantly on the look out ready to throttle, reverse and whistle down brakes in the effort to escape the consequences of negligence, carelessness, or worse on the part of others. Much more should the traveler on the public road take heed of the obstacles that may arise in his path. Railway crossings, drawbridges and roads with sharp turns and steep hills should be watched carefully and the car kept under perfect control. Taking things for granted—"guessing" that everything is all right—is, risky business. It is far better to lose a few seconds to render assurance doubly sure than to court disaster.



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### Little Star 11 the King.

**M**OTOR boat racing on Toronto Bay excited just enough interest and rivalry this season to make the owners of the racing boats dissatisfied with the conditions under which they were run. The only attempt at classification was as to over all length which will at once be admitted as most unfair and the only attempt at handicapping was upon reputed performances, which, in the absence of accurate information and statistics, is equally as unsatisfactory.

The big race of the season on the Canadian side of Lake Ontario was at the Queen City Yacht Club open regatta at Toronto on September 15th. There the fastest boats of Toronto and Hamilton were entered in the handicap event for boats over twenty-five feet in length, but the handicapping was so poor that there was hardly a contest.

Little Star 11, of Toronto, a thirty foot six inch craft with a thirty-five horse power Trevert engine, owned by Walter Nicholls, of Nicholls Bros. Limited, won easily in spite of heavy handicaps against her. The Gollywog, of Hamilton, owned by Mr. J. Turner of the Hamilton Motor Works, Limited, Hamilton was second home, but the handicap put her back to fourth place.

Little Star 11 showed sixteen and a half miles an hour over a nine mile course with nine turns. She was in superb shape and her engines, handled by Tommy Noble, travelled over the course, without a skip.

Gollywog was the only other boat in the race that had any speed. She is smaller than Little Star 11, and was equipped with a double cylinder twenty horse power Triton engine built by the Hamilton Motor Works. She climbed



LITTLE STAR 11 OF TORONTO.

She is the winner of the Queen City Yacht Club's power boat cup and is conceded to be the fastest motor boat afloat around Toronto.

around the course in pretty lively fashion considering her power. Her time over the course indicated a thirteen miles per hour clip. Of course the turns bothered both boats and detracted from their aggregate speed. Both boats could

easily show a mile per hour better over a straightway course on a calm day. The race was pulled off in a stiff breeze from the east.

Moonwinks, a twenty-five foot boat belonging to the R. C. Y. C., Toronto, was third. These two boats are owned by two of the best known motor boatmen on the lake—Art. M. Wilbur, and Harry Darrell. The corrected time for the race follows:—

Course nine miles.	Corrected time.
Little Star, W. Nichols, Q. C.	29.20.
Moonwinks, A.M. Wilbur Q.C.	32.15.
Umslopagas, H.F. Darrell, R.C.	32.42.
Gollywog, J. Turner, R.H.	35.25.
That's It, F.J. Phelan, Q.C.	35.45.
Kawartha, G.H. Learned, Q.C.	40.37.

The class for boats under twenty-five feet was a red hot race with fifteen starters, but they were all Toronto boats and the general interest was not so great. Arrow, owned by W. J. Commerford jr., Secretary of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, won; with Ipsie, owned by Eddie Gooderham, of the R. C. Y. C. second, and Vioma, owned by Commodore E. B. Collett of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, third.

#### Dinghy Champions of Lake Ontario.

Some aquatic authority last winter—I believe it was in the "Rod and Gun"—predicted the downfall of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association's sixteen foot skiff and fourteen foot dinghy classes. The sixteen foot skiff class is down and out. No new boats have been built for it, but the dinghy racing was never more keen. The fields have been large and the rivalry of the keenest description.

The feature of the year has been the rapid advancement of Turrall Bros. of the National Yacht and Skiff Club, Toronto. They jumped right into the first flight this year, and all the season have been giving the two best men of the previous year—Norman Gooderham, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto—and Frank Howard, of the Queen City Yacht Club, Toronto—heart failure in Lake Sailing Skiff Association open and challenge events.

Everyone expected Gooderham and

Howard to be battling for the place of honor, but the way in which Turrall Bros. with their crack dinghy Little Ett, showed up made those interested in the dinghy racing game sit up and take notice.

While the result of the season's racing crowns Gooderham King of 'em all, Turrall and Howard were not far behind. In fact if a protest against Gooderham because his boat is over measurement is sustained by the Lake Sailing Skiff Association, the National Yacht Club "kids" will just about crowd into Gooderham's place. The record of Little Ett and her youthful crew is a worthy one.

They won their Club dinghy championship "in a common canter," to use an expressive term phrase, and brought home to the Club from the Lake Sailing Skiff Association regatta at Hamilton the Commeford Cup, and the cup offered for an open dinghy race at the Queen City Yacht Club big regatta in September. In the Lake Sailing Skiff Association races they beat Howard and were defeated by him; at the Q. C. Y. C. regatta they trimmed both Howard and Gooderham and twenty-three others. The H.P. Darrell shield, the emblem of the dinghy championship of the Lake, will be theirs too if the protest against Gooderham's dinghy goes through. This is a race for the two best boats from each club. Gooderham won by a wide margin, but as his boat is an inch or more over the beam measurement, it seems reasonable to presume that the National youths will have the honor of having their names first inscribed upon the handsome shield.

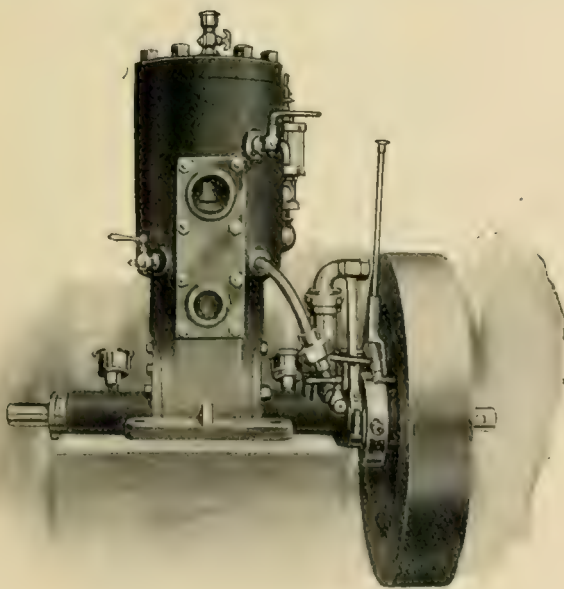
The rivalry was so keen after the regular race of the Q. C. Y. C. regatta dinghy race was over that a post regatta race between Gooderham, Turrall Bros., and Frank Howard, the three club champions was arranged. Turrall Bros. led until the leg home, when Howard, in James Douglas crack boat, which he had been handling all season crept up. Turrall luffed Howard away off the course, and Gooderham, who had been astern, crept through to victory. Still the three rivals and their club mates were not satisfied, and a post season series to decide the correct standing of both skippers and boats were sailed. In this series each man sailed his own boat once and in the

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next two events exchanged crafts, This arrangement was to set at rest a persistent declaration that Gooderham's boat was the fastest boat because of its extra beam. In the opening race with each man in his own boat, Frank Howard won by 1.28, with Gooderham second, eight seconds ahead of Turrell Bros.

In the second event Gooderham, in Howard's craft, was first home by 1.25, with Turrell, in Gooderham's boat, second, thirteen seconds ahead of Howard in Turrell's boat.

Then Gooderham took Turrell Bros. boat and won by twenty-six seconds, from Howard in Gooderham's boat. Turrell Bros, in Howard's boat were twenty-six seconds back.

The tally gave Gooderham the individual championship with two firsts and a second; Howard, second with a first, second and third; and Turrell Bros. last with one second and two thirds. Howard's boat (James Douglas') was, on the showing, the fastest craft, with Gooderham's second, and Turrell's third. It was close racing, and though Gooderham must be awarded the laurels on the all round racing in the series, the fact remains that when it comes down to the battling with a fleet of twenty or thirty in the game the Turrell's are there with the goods, and Howard has to be reckoned with at every stage. Both Gooderham and Howard had the advantage of special suits of baggy light weather canvas. Gooderham initiated the wrinkle and had things his own way until Douglas bought a replica for Howard.

James Douglas, the owner of the boat in which Howard sails, is one of the gamiest sportsmen aquatic Toronto ever had. In his young days he was an amateur sculler of championship caliber, a boxer and wrestler who could hold his own—yes, and trim—the best of them and now he is heart and soul in the dinghy racing. He is a good dinghy sailor himself, but cannot spare the time to race, so he turns his boat over to Howard and keeps her in the pink of condition, just for the sports sake.

#### Rice Goes to Columbia

James Rice, the professional coach who was in charge of the Toronto Rowing Club's Eight this summer, has gone

to Columbia University to handle Columbia's aquatic athletes. His advent at Columbia marks the victory of those who prefer professional coaches to those who would graduate coaching. Though Rice did not do much with the Torontos—they were beaten by the Argos great junior eight at Henley—the Columbia's have acquired a valuable man. Rice had a pretty raw bunch from which to evolve an eight, and he has left the Rowing Club with the ground work of an eight which will make itself felt in rowing circles next year. He gave the crew style, and their experience this year will not be profitless, Rice is one of the best coaches on the continent. He is a Canadian, born and brought up in Toronto.

#### The Torontos to the Front

The feature of canoeing in Western Ontario this season was the remarkable racing revival in the Toronto Canoe Club. For the two previous years the T. C. C. racing men had but indifferent success. The men who had carried the Red Ring to victory so often in former years were dropping out of the racing game, and the new men had not come to the front. This year the young fry developed into good racing men, and the Club came into its own again.

The Toronto war canoe crew made a clean sweep and are virtually champions of Canada. They trimmed up the Eastern champions, the Grand Trunks, at the Dominion Regatta, and Orillia, the Cocks o' the North, were easy victims at the Canadian Henley. The Island Aquatics, the only other crew which could claim championship caliber, were away off color and never were factors. The T. C. C. war canoe crew in practise smashed the record all to smithereens. They reeled off several miles in 6.10 and 6.15, and in a race made the distance in 6.37.

The T. C. C. too brought out a four that looks good enough to clean up Canadian championships. The crew consists of Kipp, Livingstone, McNichol, and Nasmith. They won everything in Western Ontario and only suffered defeat when they met the Grand Trunks at the Canadian Canoe Association at Aylmer. It blew hard down the course that day, and the Toronto four swamped. The Grand

Trunks used a big canoe that was a much better sea boat. The result of this race was the construction of a four by Walter Dean, which would not swamp so easily in rough water. She has a deck built a sharp angle that it sheds the water climbing aboard either forward or astern.

In the singles and tandem the club did

well. Charles Ridds, a junior, showed class early and wound up by winning the junior single at the C.C.A. Regatta. The tandem, McNichol and Nasmith, beat the Island Acquatics great paw, the Hinchliffe Bros. and have been factors in every race in which they have started.

## A Scottish Swimming Champion

There are few athletic teams in Canada who have not had during the past couple of years the addition of good men from the ranks of British immigrants. Of course the banner cricket and football clubs have received the most of the westward roving Britishers because these are the most popular sports in the old country, but good men in other sports are scattered all over the country. One of the best athletes Toronto has captured out of the thousands who have passed through for the great West is Mowat, the Scottish swimming champion. He is now a constable in the Toronto Police force. Mowat is twenty-six years of age a sandy complexioned fellow of about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. Five years ago, when he joined the Edinburgh police force, he could not swim a stroke. The athletic depart-



POLICEMAN MOWAT, TORONTO.

A SWIMMING CHAMPION FROM SCOTLAND.

ment took hold of him, and made him a prize swimmer. The Edinburgh force has a big swimming bath, and it was here that Mowat learned to swim. In May, two years later, he won a bronze medal and the Life Saving Society's medal, and followed this up later that year by winning the gold medal, emblematic of the Scottish Swimming Championship. The next year he was one of four Scotch swimmers who won the Isles Team Championship. These national swimming championships consist not only of tests for speed and endurance, but also a thorough knowledge of the best way to rescue and resuscitate a drowning man is demanded. In the team contest for the Championship of the Isles the men were in the tank morning, noon, and night, and had to cover one thousand and ninety yards at racing speed.

**The Queen City's Yacht Club's Record Regatta.**  
**Hello ! Mr. Sailing Man !**

Did you ever see a sailing and power boat regatta with sixty-five racing craft on the course at once ?

No !

I guess not—unless you were in Toronto the day of the Queen City's Yacht Club's annual fall regatta ! Old hands at the game say such a fleet of racing craft never started in any Club or Association Regatta on the Great Lakes.

Think of it — sixty-five racers, forty under sail—a good husky young breeze from the eastward, and everybody hyking out, some reefed and comfortable, some staggering along under every stitch they could crack on, and the little sputtering motor boats ramming through the white winged sailing fleet, tossing the spume aloft in the brilliant sunbeams until the Bay was brilliant with little rainbows, and feathery foam.

It was a glorious day and glorious racing !

"Grand !" was all Commodore World could murmur.

"Bigger fleet and best day's sport I ever witnessed !" quoth Col. Wm. Lee, the Club's veteran starter. He isn't a real Col. but the Q. C. Y. C. boys say he has burnt up enough gun powder starting yacht races to be a real live Colonel or an Admiral.

It is hard to pick out the feature event of the day. The motor boat races described in another paragraph were superb and the sputtering craft had their admirers in shoals. The grand breeze and the lively lift of a sea gave the sailing skiffs a chance to show themselves to advantage and who could resist the picture they made when they threshed around the home mark ready for the start.

All the races were open, and as the prizes were silver cups, there were lots of boats out to try their luck—in fact the Queen City boats only defended two out of eight cups.

Keno, the Lake Yacht Racing Association twenty-five foot class champion came down from Hamilton, and won the first class cups handily from scratch from

Nelda and Halcyon, the best of the Q. C. Y. C. large yachts.

In the Mackinaw class Ingomar, the champion of the National Club, and Papoose of the Q. C. Y. C. met and the former found an antagonist worthy of her best pace. Papoose simply revelled in the heavy breeze—in fact her crew couldn't get enough on her. Ingomar started reefed out, but Papoose went away so fast that the National lads shook out her tucks and lugged all they had. The wind dropped a point, and Ingomar got away a bit, but at the finish it breezed up a bit, and Papoose came home like a jack rabbit with a pickle o' shot in his cotton jeans. Ingomar was first home, but Papoose was so close up that she won on her allowance.

Little Nell and Lenore of the R.C.Y.C. were alone in the sixteen foot ballasted class, and the unbeaten Little Nell added another yellow flag to her string, and a cup to her collection of silverware.

In the sixteen foot skiff class Acushla, of the Q. C. Y. C., winner of the Cake-walk cup of the L. S. S. A. won but she almost finished in Davy Jones' locker. She collided with a launch, and came home with enough water aboard to keep her crew in baths for a week. Trial of the Q.C.Y.C. was second up, and a bang up second too, but Skirmisher, the ex-Walker Cup winner, from the National Club, which has been a dangerous factor on the first round developed a lazy streak and she was almost a mile back.

The dinghy race was a fine spectacle, but that was all as far as the race for the silverware was concerned. There were twenty-five starters from six clubs, and Turrell Bros., of the Nationals, won in a walk. They led at the first buoy and were never headed. The real race was for second place. Gordon Gooderham, Frank Howard, W. H. Sparrow, Geo. P. Beswick and Harry Osborne were all in the mix up, and they certainly did hammer each other. Howard and Beswick looked to be in the hunt, when they collided with Hodge—a three cornered mix-up—and before they got square away again half a dozen boats headed them and they lost any chance they had to take away a place flag.





LITTLE ETT, TURELL BROS' CHAMPION DINGHY.

The National Yacht Club Craft and the boys who won one L. S. S. A. Cup, the Dinghy Cup at the Queen City Yacht Club's Big Regatta and the Championship of their own Club.

The special class race, a club event, was won by S. W. Salmons, Shearwater. The club's big day wound up with a supper and dance.

**The Toronto Gas and Gasoline Co's Trophies.**

The example of Toronto Gas and Gasoline Engine Co. Limited, of Toronto, which recently amalgamated with the

Defiance Ironworks of Chatham, might well be followed by the manufacturers of marine gasoline engines. They put up six handsome silver trophies, together with flags for power boat racing among their own boats on Toronto Bay, and to their careful nursing is due the keen rivalry which exists among Toronto power boat men.

Why a man with a power boat can hardly go across the Bay without some one hauling up alongside for a dash. The Co's Cups were up for the best average in three regattas, but it took five series to decide the ownership of all the cups.

In the sixteen foot class E. D. Grant's Tige won practically in a walk over.

C. S. Acton's Lieblings had things all her own way in the twenty-two foot class, and Dolly D—11, owned by Eddy English, had things cinched in the thirty foot and free for all class after the first race.

In the eighteen and twenty-five foot classes there was the most strenuous sort of racing. The eighteen foot class had as high as eighteen entries, and all three races fell to different boats. Vipe, of the National Club, won the opening race, Auto-Float, her club mate, the second, while Rene took the third.

In the run-off on September 22nd., Rene had a lead when a terrific thunder storm came up and the boat half filled with water. Rene quit the course. So did all the others but Auto-Float, and Auto-Float half filled but her crew bailed like fiends, and when the storm passed went on and were awarded the cup for their sand.

In the twenty-five foot class a tie existed between Dolly Dollars, owned by E. Fenton, E. Combes' Marguerite, and W. P. King junior's Francesca. Marguerite was leading when the storm broke, and all quit except Wilbur's Moonwinks, an added entry, and they made it a four cornered tie.

This tie was decided on Saturday, September 29th. Some crooked individual put sand and water in the tanks of Marguerite and Dolly Dollars the night before the race. Francesca was disabled from the race in the storm. The owners of Marguerite discovered that their tanks had been tampered with and they

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were able to clean them out, but Dolly Dollars was unable to start. This left the race between Moonwinks and Marguerite, and Marguerite won easily.

The interest taken in automobiles and motor boats and sporting matters generally in Canada is well illustrated by the announcement that the Second Automobile and Motor Boat Show, and the first Sportsman's Show ever held in Canada, will be held in Montreal early next year.

The fine Arena of that city will be the scene of the Show, which it is proposed shall be held from April 6th. to the 13th. Further particulars will be given through these pages in due course.

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# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Mr. William Hendrie of Hamilton writes:

"In your issue for July-August, I was pleased to see on page 184, information that the Ontario Fisheries Department were putting a fishing license of \$2 on non-residents. Why such action was not taken some years ago is unexplainable to many residents in this Province. The report of the Ontario Fisheries Department is a very plain "Balance Sheet" for the people of this Province to read and study; the gross income to the Government being \$47,000 and after paying expenses the huge profit of \$16,000 remains to the Province. Why, the people of this city get twice \$16,000 from the Street Railway Company for the same period for the privilege of running over the streets, and that the fish of this Province should not bring in to the people of Ontario more than \$16,000 is something the present Government might well set itself to remedy without delay. We have in the Fish and Game of this country, one of the finest assets, financial and healthful, but exhaustable, and the end is about reached if the very strongest measures are not taken to at once stop the wholesale destruction going on. It is a well known fact that, all over the world, no class of people pay so liberally or go so far for the sport, as those fond of shooting and fishing, but they will expect to get it when there. If Ontario can provide such, the advertisement she will get in the matter of her products, her manufactures, her health resorts and her undiscovered resources, will pay over one hundred fold the paltry cost of protecting our Fish and Game and replenishing the waters already depleted."

A fine exploring trip was taken by Mr E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion, who made a seventy days' journey on the overland route from

Edmonton to Dawson. From Edmonton he went down the Mackenzie River in Hudson Bay boats to Fort McPherson, portaged to the Porcupine River on which he went by canoe to Fort Yukon, and by steamer to Dawson. He considers the country along the Mackenzie River fertile enough to be included in the wheat belt.

Last year an experiment was made with the "transplantation" of oysters from the Atlantic to the Pacific. A number of oysters were shipped from the Atlantic coast, and were planted at eight different points in British Columbian waters. During the summer Professor Prince visited two of these oyster beds and found the oysters spatting, good evidence that they have not suffered by being transplanted from the waters of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific.

A much needed investigation into all questions affecting the fisheries of British Columbia has been made by a Dominion Fisheries' Commission of which Professor Prince, the Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, is Chairman. Everything pertaining to the use of trap, gill and seine nets for salmon, the duration of the close seasons, the work of the hatcheries, and the protection of the halibut fishing grounds, have been under consideration. Joint meetings have also been held with the State of Washington Fisheries Commission.

Hastings county residents are delighted, and with good reason, with the important parts played by their representatives at the first Provincial Convention of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. On five of the most important committees they had efficient representatives and both in the work of the committees and at the public gatherings these gentlemen gave valuable ad-



vice and assistance. Dr. Riggs, of Toronto, himself an authority known through America on fish and fish culture, stated that Judge Fralick of Belleville, was the first man he had ever met who knew and could explain the different varieties of lake trout and their habits.

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Rescuing a moose is the latest sporting story that comes from New Brunswick. Mr. John Brookes, a prosperous bachelor with a very fine farm in Middle Southampton, accompanied by a ten year old boy, Sandy McKay, made a trip to Brookes Lake, about ten miles back from the eastern side of the River St. John. While searching for blueberries they suddenly came upon a large cow moose mired at the bottom of a large hole made some years previously by a farmer hauling the "muck" to his place. The animal was quite exhausted by its struggles and allowed its sympathizers to go close to it. Mr. Brookes is a kind hearted man and could not bear to leave the animal to die. Finding that he and the boy could do nothing to get those "mighty long hind legs" out of the mire he sent the boy to the nearest house for help. He succeeded in hunting up Mr. B. W. Ackerly, who returned with axes. They cut long pries and to their curious task they went with a will. In an hour's time they freed the captive, and without waiting long enough to thank her friends the moose bounded lightly away. All three certainly deserve some sporting success for acting in a spirit which cannot be too highly commended. In another "muck hole," about fifteen feet away, lies a skeleton which Mr. Brookes believes to be either that of a very large buck deer or a caribou. It is thought that these animals going to the lake for water get cropping the tender green herbage on the edges of these "holes" and falling in find the bottom too soft to allow them to jump out again, and they die from exhaustion.

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How to transplant game fish is a question of considerable interest to Canadians, and in view of its importance the results of certain experiments made in Germany ought to be given prominence here. It has long been known that many

kinds of fish can live out of water for some time provided the gills remain wet. Accordingly the experiments aimed at keeping the gills wet, and seeing to it that the moisture was well charged with oxygen. A wooden box, which could be hermetically sealed by the lid, was filled with water to the depth of about one-third of an inch, or the bottom was covered with rags which through evaporation kept the air in the box always saturated with water vapor. Through a tube reaching to the bottom oxygen was introduced and allowed to escape through another tube in the lid. Before entering the box the oxygen passed through several water bottles which thoroughly saturated it with water vapor. By these means the fish were always kept in a pure oxygen atmosphere and a drying up of the gills was not to be feared. Carp, tench, and other fish were in this way kept from three to four days, and upon release from the box they appeared perfectly well, and when placed in water swam about in a lively manner. This plan is so much more economical than any other that if it can be made a success it should be generally adopted throughout Canada, and will do much to bring about a wide re-stocking and a very considerable improvement in many of our fisheries.

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Mr. H. N. Norrish, of Guelph, Ont., accompanied by his wife, had a recent trip to Muskoka, Parry Sound, and Cobalt, and gives his impressions and experiences of these fine portions of the premier Province of Canada. From Guelph the travellers went to Gravenhurst by train, and through Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau, and Joseph by boat, being delighted, as all tourists are, with the scenes and sights which are the accompaniments of this trip. At Parry Sound the saw mill gave them a sight of a different character, but one none the less representative of Canadian life. They proceeded by the Temagami and Northern Ontario Railway to Cobalt, and while pleased with the efficiency of the Government road were not much impressed by its system of working. They were astonished with the overwhelming number of American visitors they saw throughout their travels, and Mr. Nor-

rish, estimating their numbers at twenty-five thousand expresses the fear that it will not be long before "all the fish and game will be gone." They found the greater number of mines in Cobalt in the hands or under the control of Americans. Mr. Norrish concludes that "truly we Canadians are easy." We are, but we are waking up.

The Governor-General of Canada showed his continued interest in the important subject of forestry by attending the annual Forestry Convention which was held this year at Vancouver, B. C. He gave a thoughtful, encouraging and stimulating address, and followed this up by a similar speech at the banquet. The Convention was well attended and some most interesting and important points relating to Forestry were under discussion. An article on this Convention will appear in a future number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

A subscriber, St. Catherine's Bay, Ont.; Your questions and the answers to the same, as prepared by experts, are given below in full, in the belief that they will prove not merely interesting to yourself but also to a numerous class amongst our readers:

1. Can conical bullets be fired from a full or moderately choked shot gun without injury to the barrels?

A. Conical bullets will not give good results when fired from a shot gun but they will do no injury to it. The rounder the shot or ball discharged from a shot gun barrel the more even and better the penetration.

2. Can good results be obtained by firing sixteen gauge bullets from a twelve gauge choke bore gun?

A. You can fire a sixteen gauge ball from a twelve gauge choke bore gun but you will have to use the ball with a patch and be very sure that the ball is fitted moderately loose in the muzzle.

3. Up to what distance is a twelve gauge gun reliable, firing ball?

A. A twelve gauge gun is fully reliable up to 75 yards in firing a ball, but we would not take chances at a much longer distance, although of course the ball will travel much further.

A porpoise made a mistake in visiting Montreal harbor recently. The visitor was welcomed with rifles, spears, and harpoons, and after dodging these missiles for three days fell a victim to a harpoon at the end of that time. No less than \$500 were offered for its capture by enterprising entertainers, and it is intended to put the captured one on exhibition. Four years ago a forty-foot whale was shot in the harbor. Evidently the denizens of the ocean find Montreal harbor a bad place to visit, and few survive to tell the tale when they find their way there.

Bears seem to be getting too familiar judging from the stories which reach us from various parts. There was one that attended a Fort William school while the children were receiving instruction, and remained to lessons for twenty minutes. He might have stayed longer but for the reception which attended his advent. In the meantime the whole town was in an uproar with the news. Business men, clerks, operators and laborers left their various occupations, and seizing any weapon which came handy made their way to the Central school at which Bruin had made a call. With the arrival of a man with a gun (Mr. W. Tueston, contractor) the animal was shot and found to weigh three hundred and twenty-five pounds.

The recent trouble between the Dominion Fisheries Department and the Indians on the Skeena River, British Columbia, was caused by the latter disregarding the regulations considered necessary for the preservation of the sock-eye salmon, which form such a valuable fishery in those waters. The Indians practically barricaded the whole of the stream and prevented the fish during the salmon run from going anywhere but in their traps. It is estimated that last year, although the Indian huts only numbered sixteen they captured no less than seven hundred and fifty thousand salmon. After many negotiations, and the expenditure of much diplomatic tact, they consented to the destruction of their barricades, but finding themselves unable

## Shoot Big Game in the North West

Both moose and elk are plentiful in Manitoba and may be found at points near the railroads. A KILL is practically assured and besides the sport you will see this western country which alone is worth a visit. We can supply your every need as cheaply or cheaper than you can procure them at home and we can also advise you as to the best hunting grounds.

**The HINGSTON SMITH  
ARMS CO., Limited, Winnipeg**

to capture the fish so easily in any other way, they set them up again. Inspectors who viewed these barricades declared that they were so erected that not a single fish could escape, and the Indians were consequently slaughtering the whole supply. This could not be allowed, and the authorities were firm in insisting upon a change of methods. Once more the Indians reluctantly gave way, but it is to be hoped they now realize their foolishness, and will not act in such a short sighted way again.

"Captured by the Water Commissioners!" was the legend that might have been tagged on a huge bear weighing four hundred and fifty pounds and measuring six feet eight inches recently exhibited at Winnipeg. In the small steamer Rambler, the members of the Commission were inspecting waters in the Lake of the Woods district seeking a good water supply for the city. The trip was an eventful one, the party being grounded on the rocks, and suffering several mishaps in the unfrequented wa-

ters they were exploring. Everything however paled before a bear adventure which befell them. On the return trip from Shoal Lake, fifteen miles from Kenora and five miles through the Gap, they halted for lunch. While still in the initial stages of the meal an alderman bolted out of the bush with the alarming cry of "bears!" Hastily the provisions were packed up and a hurried departure made for the boats, the bears following in hot pursuit. The party all got safely on board but one of the brutes jumped from the high bank on to the bulwarks of the boat and hung on with his teeth and front claws. One of the party knocked him off with a pole, and Mr. T. R. Deacon, manager of the Manitoba Iron Works, a member of the Commission, lassoed him with a rope. A fierce struggle ensued. Mr. Deacon was almost pulled overboard, but the excited Commissioners hung on to his coat tails and held him till Bruin ceased his struggles! The half-strangled, half-drowned animal was then dragged on board, and taken to Winnipeg as a proof of the prowess of the Water Commissioners.

A correspondent writing from Victoria, B. C., tells us that grouse, both blue and willow, are reported as very scarce on Vancouver Island. Deer are plentiful. The season for pheasant and quail opened on October first and reports are to the effect that while there are plenty of birds, they are by no means as plentiful as last year. The wet weather in the hatching season is accountable for this.

There were some remarkable scenes at the stations at Victoria, B. C., at the opening of the shooting season. Crowds left for the hunting grounds by morning and evening trains. A local writer says that "dogs of all sizes, shapes, colors and descriptions were much in evidence, while hunters with vari-colored sweaters, and others in garments that reminded one of the days of the Klondike rush were excitedly seeking accommodation for themselves and their dogs." Nearly all of these it is gratifying to be able to report, were real sportsmen interested in the preservation of the



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MONTREAL.



the birds and game as well as anxious to obtain their own share of the existing supply so close to their own doors.

Those of our readers who perused Dr. Fales' account in our June and July issues of his experiences and adventures in the Cassiar portion of the Province of British Columbia will be interested in hearing that a considerable body of sportsmen are now visiting the same part of the country. This party includes C. A. Cass of Milwaukee, president of the West Virginia Paper and Pulp Co., of Tyron, Penna.; Baron Von Hajin, of Austria; Mr. Sargent, of Chicago, accompanied by J. S. Tait as guide; Morgan David of Wall street, New York, and a friend, Joseph P. Howe, of New York, who is after grizzlies. Wm. Hutcheson Merrill, of the Pakyll Island Club, Brunswick, Ga.; Chas. D. Velie of Minneapolis, who wishes to bag mountain sheep; W. Douglas, St. James Club, Montreal; R. G. Bickford, of Newport News, Va.; Col. John Eddy, of Port Blakely Mills; R. L. Fenwick, G. F.

Norton, R. Slaughters, A. F. Loring, H. L. Ferguson, W. Potter, L. H. Green and G. F. Cobbold. Dr. Norman McLaren, of London, a well known collector of small mammals, who has been in the vicinity of Dease Lake, was to join the party at Telegraph Creek. They went by steamer as far as Telegraph Creek where they divided into smaller parties in order to take in a wide range of territory. They had their own lumber carried to the head waters of the Stikine River in order to be able to build boats, and return down stream after the river had been closed to navigation. They assembled at Victoria before starting and at the close of the hunt will re-assemble at Telegraph Creek, and descend the Stikine together. Successful hunts are practically certain.

It is a well recognized fact that the most popular winter pastime in Canada is skating, and of late years this popularity has been greatly on the increase. As the public became more proficient in the

art of skating they also became more critical as regards their skates and now demand a skate which in addition to strength must be light in weight and correct in design to get the best results. The "Automobile" and "Cycle" skates, manufactured by the Canada Cycle & Motor Co., will undoubtedly meet the approval of the most critical. This company has a long established reputation for superior quality and finish of their line of manufacturers and the same care and skill which enters into their line of bicycles will be embodied in these skates. They have been thoroughly tested during the past two seasons and have received the highest testimonials from prominent skaters.

A full line of hockey and pleasure skates are manufactured. The "Automobile" hockey skate is designed for speed and is especially constructed with aluminium top and nickel steel runners making it an ideal skate with a maximum of strength and a minimum weight.

Models of these skates are now in the hands of all prominent dealers, and an examination cannot fail to be satisfactory to all patrons of Canada's greatest of winter sports.

Fishermen have regretfully put away their tackle, but who are still dreaming of their favorite amusement, and planning new expeditions with the advent of next season, may be reminded of the old established firm of Messrs Allcock, Laight and Westwood, of Redditch, England, who have a branch establishment at 78 Bay St., Toronto, and whose tackle has stood the test of a century's experience. They supply everything in fishing tackle, and their stag brand is a guarantee of the efficiency of the goods upon which it appears.

Game protection is a live question in British Columbia today, quite as much so as in any Province of Canada. A local writer who considers the subject with special reference to the difficulties found in that Province arrives at the conclusion that "The game law that would best suit British Columbia, best protect the game, admittedly a very valuable asset of the country, and best conserve the recog-

nized rights of all parties, might advantageously be condensed into a single page upon the statute book—prohibiting all sale at any time of game birds and animals, and protecting them against molestation during the breeding season. Such a law, fully lived up to, would be found sufficient."

Arrangements have recently been concluded for the establishment at Akron, Ohio of a company to manufacture a general line of Fishing Tackle on a large scale. Having ample capital at command they are determined that nothing shall be wanting to make their establishment fully equal to all the demands that may be made upon it. The head of the new concern is Mr. E.A. Pflueger, well known for his life long connection (25 years) in the manufacture of Fishing Tackle. The company takes his name, and will be known as The E. A. Pflueger Company, and Mr. Pflueger will fill the offices of President and General Manager. The capital stock of the Company is \$100,000 and has been fully subscribed. Sportsmen both in Canada and the States cannot fail, to be interested in the concern, and in the promises it holds out of presenting to them a wide choice in the goods in which they are so keenly interested. With the installment of the latest and most improved machinery, the newest and most up to date articles in all branches will be produced, and with Mr. Pflueger's personal experience and complete knowledge of the trade, the very best in everything may be confidently looked for, while some pleasing and efficient novelties may also be expected.

What it is possible to do by kindness, even with the wild inhabitants of our woods is well shown by the experiences of Mrs. McCormick, a well known resident of Guelph, Ont., who spent nearly the whole summer in a camp on the banks of the River Speed. A chipmunk played round her camp, and the lady becoming interested in the little fellow, offered him nuts. He relished his meals and eating them regularly compelled his kind patroness to purchase fresh supplies at the grocery stores in order to



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keep him supplied. Gradually, by careful feeding and coaxing, and without ever catching him or caging him at all, he became so tame that he would jump on her hand. In the early mornings he would jump on her bed, and play around until she got up and fed him.

The sportsman cannot always be in the woods, much as he might like to be there, and as a substitute for the real thing he fixes up his den in a manner to remind him as far as possible of the days when he was far afield. He will obtain much help in this direction by consulting Messrs. Courian, Babayan & Co., 40 King St., east, Toronto, who deal in just such goods as he will want. Only a sight is needed for sportsmen to appreciate their beautiful Oriental, silk, camel's hair, and Persian antique rugs in all sizes; Damascus and East India brassware; draperies, portieres, lanterns, hangings, old Turkish armour, etc., dear to the hearts of those who gather unique and curious articles. Mail orders receive special attention, and estimates are given

for the complete furnishing of cosy corner, dens, etc. in any style.

Now that we are once more in the midst of the open season sportsmen will secure numbers of fine specimens of both birds and animals, many of which they would like to preserve for themselves, and many of which they would preserve did they possess the requisite knowledge of the necessary work. Now that taxidermy, like so many other things, can be taught by mail there is no good reason why sportsmen should not obtain the knowledge and those who wish for it will, by sending a card to the North Western school of Taxidermy, Omaha, Neb. receive a copy of an excellent new catalog and Taxidermy Magazine showing them how the School gives complete instruction on the work of properly mounting all kinds of birds, animals, game heads, fish, etc. and also how to tan skins, make rugs, etc. With an experience of six years to guide them they make the lessons practical, and such as ensure success to any sportsman taking the course.



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# THE TRAP

**ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA** is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

## Stray Pellets.

G. B. Smith, Ayton, and Dr. Perdue, Clifford, having demonstrated their ability, at Neustadt, to shoot 90 per cent. or better, we would advise Mr. Hans Schmidt, Clifford, to pull up that championship belt another hole, for certainly one or other of the above gentlemen will be after it. We believe Dr. Perdue has had his eye on it for some time.

At the Norwich, Conn., tournament Sept. 22nd, J. A. R. Elliott, Winchester expert, was high with 148 out of 160. J. S. Fanning of the Lufkin & Rand Powder Co., was second with 147. High amateur was P. H. Powell of Newport, R.I., with 145. The eastern Connecticut championship at 100 targets was won by Harry Metcalf of Rockville with 95. Metcalf is but 18 years of age and is probably the best shot in the State. The shooting was over a Leggett trap.

The last shoot of the Boston Shooting Association for the Dupont Cup was held Sept. 19th. The cup goes to Frank Williard, who won it three times during the series. In the special 100 target match, 5' on angles, 30 reversed and 10 pairs, for two loving cups donated by Manager Dickey, J. A. R. Elliott of New York won first with 94; Dr. C. G. Weld of Boston, second, with 92. Dr. Gleason broke 49 out of 60 and 29 out of 30 in the singles, but only got 13 out of 20 in the doubles.

Trap shooters in Southern Ontario will be able to vary their ordinary diet of clay birds with a few quail, this fall. The birds are reported to be very plentiful, the open winter and dry season this year having been very favorable for them. The open season will be the month of November. Chief Game Warden Tinsley expresses the earnest hope that sportsmen will favor this valuable game bird by limiting their bag to three or four brace, otherwise the Government may be required to again prohibit the shooting for several years. Sportsmen will find it in their own interest to comply with the chief game warden's wish.

Guy Ward, Walnut Log, Tenn., who won the amateur championship at the Grand American Handicap, is now a professional, having entered the employ of a powder company.

S. S. Smith, Souris, Man., won the gold button for high average in club shoots at that place this season.

C. G. Spencer was high man at Nashville with 193 out of 200.

At the regular September shoot of the Dartmouth (N.S.) Gun Club, J. T. Eagan won the Lufkin & Rand cup after shooting off a tie with G. P. Monahan. This being Mr. Eagan's third win of the cup it becomes his personal property.

W. H. Heer was high professional and H. G. Taylor, high amateur, at Hot Springs, S. D.

tournament with 323 and 314 respectively, out of 330.

An inanimate target has been invented which in its appearance and flight is said to closely resemble that of a live pigeon.

"Trap Shooter" in the American Field has the following pertinent remarks regarding the proper gun for game and trap shooting:—

"I have been an ardent game hunter and trap shooter for years, but cannot reconcile myself to adopt one gun for both purposes. It is conceded by most trap shooters who hunt game more or less, that they need a little straighter stock gun for target shooting than for game shooting, and it is hard to get one combination for both purposes.

"From a liberal point of view, standard drops for game shooting would be from 2½ inch to 2½ inch heel drop, with 1½ inch to 1½ inch comb drop 28-inch barrels, with right barrel bored 45 per cent, left barrel 60 to 65 per cent, and weight from 7 lbs. to 7½ lbs., length of stock 14 to 14½ inches and trigger pull 4 lbs.

"Taking the same question as to a trap gun, the standard dimensions would be from 2½ inch to 2½ inch heel drop, 1½ inch to 1½ inch comb drop, 30 inch barrels, right 65 per cent to full choke, left full choke, weight 7 lbs., 12 to 14 oz., 3½ lb. trigger pull. I am of the opinion that, taking as a standard for trap shooting, 2½ inch heel drop and 17-16 inch comb drop, I could pick fifty of the leading trap shooters of this country whose trap dimensions will not vary 1-16th of an inch from these; still we all concede above dimensions too straight for game shooting. With a more crooked stock and two sets of barrels in hunting, a man on an off day will spoil his day's sport by thinking he would have done better if he only had his other set of barrels along."

Ingersoll Gun Club held a meeting Sept. 20th when the following officers were appointed:— President, Geo. Nichols; 1st vice president, Geo. Riddall; 2nd vice, W. J. Kirbyson; 3rd vice, F. McMullin; sec.-treas., H. W. Partlo. At the shoot same day, at 25 targets, the following scores were made: Geo. Nichols 17, R. Day 22, W. J. Kirbyson 22, W. Hagar 13.

The Pacific Coast Handicap of the Interstate Association, originally dated for San Francisco, took place at Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 8, 9, 10. The shooting was over three Leggett traps. 75 shooters took part. High amateurs for the first day were Fred B. Mills 141, W. H. Varien 140, D. Daniels and Bungay each 138 out of 150. Crosby was high professional with 145. Heikes and Hirschy second with 140. "Single Trigger" Schultz was high amateur second day, with 168 out of 180. Crosby and Heikes this day divided high professional honors, with 171. Fred B. Mills Santa Anna, won the Pacific Coast Handicap with 89 out of 100. High amateurs for the tournament were W. H. Varien 353 out of 390; F. R. Mills 336; Edward Schultz 353, H. L. Holdsclaw 347; High profes-



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sionals: Crosby 370, Heikes 368, Hirschy 364, E. Holling 338, Huff 355, R. C. Reed 351.

Don't forget the seventeenth annual tournament of Hamilton Gun Club, usually held the third week in January. Also the annual Emalie-McCaul shoot at St. Thomas about the first week in December.

### Another Suggestion.

The American Field under the caption - A Suggestion' has the following pertinent remarks to make on the question of trap shooting:-

"Live pigeon shooting has, as is known to most of our trap shooting readers, been prohibited in very many States and a substitute for this sport is desired. There are a great many men who were patrons of trap shooting when live birds were used who cannot be induced to shoot at inanimate targets under the conditions which now exist on most gun club grounds, for it is so unlike live bird shooting that they can see no pleasure in the sport. These men claim that the usual method of rushing five or six men to the score, banging away rapidly at 15 or 20 targets, thrown from a trap 16 yards away, is far from their ideas of wing shooting. Then, too, they claim that the shooting is too machine like, too monotonous, and quite unlike field shooting. For such men we submit an idea that will be the nearest substitute for live pigeon shooting that can be devised with the present traps and targets. Take five traps and set them in the positions formerly occupied by the live bird traps. Use no screens, and arrange the angles according to the old American Shooting Association expert rules. Place the traps five yards apart and arrange to throw angles as follows: No. 1 to the right, No. 2 to the left, No. 3 straight-away, No. 4 to the right and No. 5 to the left. This is the old style expert rules. One man goes to the score at a time and shoots the five traps down, pulled unknown. The targets should be thrown at different heights - the highest not over twelve feet and the lowest about four feet high - and as swift as they will stand. The rise should be 20 to 25 yards, far enough to make ten straight a score to be proud of. The use of both barrels might be allowed, and the result scored as in live bird shooting. After each contestant has gone out and fired at his five targets he retires, and the trapper boy or boys run out and quickly reset the five traps, while the next contestant is going to the score."

In commendation of this suggestion, Mr. Arthur Du Bray, the popular representative of Parker Bros., whose knowledge of guns, ammunition and live bird shooting is beyond question, writes under his well known nom de plume "Gaucha" and in the course of his letter says: "As matters stand at present, it is quite hopeless to expect an audience of any size or of representative character to view a target shooting contest. \* \* \* \* \* Were the pastime made more interesting one might expect to enlist many recruits, for after all there is where they must be drawn from, if at all. In the old days when one man went to the score and fired his five shots and withdrew, things were quite different. At such times and under such rules it was not necessary for a participant, or at least one well up in the game, to inform the bystanders who had actually scored or missed, as so often happens now. Anyone there could see what the shooter was doing, or attempting, without any such coach, and it naturally followed that as people better understood what was going on they enjoyed it more and took far greater interest than as things go now."

"Shooting at pairs affords excellent practice, as it teaches one to handle with speed and precision the fowling-piece, and therefore should obviously be encouraged. The use of both barrels should be allowed, and, indeed, any system or innovation that tends to im-





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prove a man's game shooting should be encouraged, unless, as unfortunately occasionally happens, we want to develop pure and simple target smashers, which is about on a par with shooting at a mark with a fifteen to twenty pound small-bore rifle off a dead rest, as regards practical utility.

If we regard the smashing of flying targets, rapid-fire system, gun jammed up to the shoulder, as the end and climax of our ambition, then the present style of shooting cannot be improved; but if we want to feel at home with our guns afield, then let us have some kind of practice that approximates as near as can be what we may expect when in pursuit of game.

We publish the above suggestion and "Gauchos'" support of the same, not because we think the suggestion is the remedy required or that we agree with the latter's estimate of the value of the sport of target shooting, but because both show that in more than one quarter the present condition of the sport is not ideal and because it raises the important question of the status of the game. We think it is a mistake to compare the merits of trap shooting with those of pigeon or game shooting. We cannot hope that artificial targets will ever be given in any way that will be of practical use, the variation in flight of the animate article, and so, as Mrs. Partington would say, "comparisons are odorous." Trap shooting at targets is in a class by itself as is rifle and live bird shooting and has, we think, advantages over either in many respects.

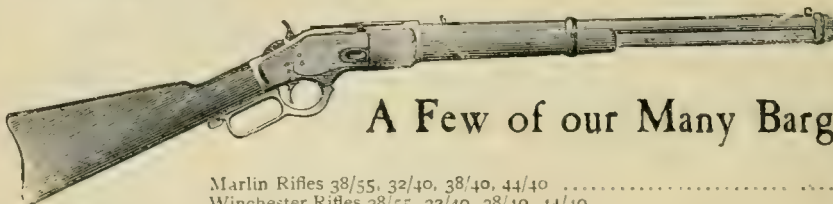
From a military standpoint it is a far more valuable means of disseminating a practical knowledge of the art of shooting than the expensive and elaborate ranges designed to teach little else than an ability to hit a fixed object, can ever be. No better school for acquiring skill of the highest order can be found than the grounds of a gun club. Paradoxically as it may seem, a man can acquire the highest degree of skill with a rifle,—the kind of skill that can stop a bounding deer or galloping

horseman, without having ever shot a rifle. In saying this we are not theorizing but speaking from practical experience. We have seen many gun club graduates exhibit the most astonishing skill with the rifle without any preliminary practice. This is a feature of the game of trap shooting that the public, much less our all wise military authorities, never think of. If they did there would be more money spent in encouraging this class of sport, and less in promoting a style of shooting that very many thoughtful people, and some of the highest military distinction, believe to be absolutely useless, if not vicious, so far as efficiency for the real work of war is concerned. With the spread of trap shooting in Canada (and it has taken tremendous strides forward in the last few years) the problem of teaching the young idea how to shoot, in a literal sense, will be largely solved. If it were not for the expense now necessarily incidental to the sport, it would be completely so.

Target shooters follow this particular game with the gun not because they love pigeon shooting less, but that they love their pocket book more. Expensive as target is, pigeon shooting can give it considerable odds and still heat it, hands down, in this respect. We all recognize the fascination of grassing the hurtling mass of flesh and feathers but if the indulgence of one's desires in this respect is, for any of many possible reasons, impossible, why not take something else, which if not so good is nevertheless not without its own attraction?

Another criticism of target shooting that we have little patience with is the favorite one against the "gun jammed to shoulder" style of shooting. One would think to hear some of these animadversions that this method was ruinous to the shooter's efficiency in the field. The critics forget that circumstances alter cases. In game shooting there is invariably seconds to spare and the swinging of the gun butt into position has no place in the problem

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of intercepting the line of flight at the proper spot, not so often a difficult one with a 30 inch killing circle at 30 yards. In target shooting where the "quarry" rises at a distance of from 16 to 22 yards dashes away with a speed no living thing can equal and is scarcely visible until it is farther away than most game is shot at, in fact, almost to the limit of the gun's range, mind and muscle has but the fraction of a second to decide the time and place for the fatal stroke. In such cases, accuracy as well as quickness of aim, is essential and a "gun below the elbow rule" would be an altogether unnecessary handicap. If one wants his target shooting to approximate more closely to field shooting let him try the hand trap; throw the target himself, then bring the gun to shoulder and shoot. He will find it child's play compared with trying to make a score from 22 yards, over say, a set of expert traps.

At the same time we recognize the fact that trap shooting as now conducted, with targets thrown from a central point over a more or less circumscribed radius of a circle, has an absence of variation in flight and in the character of the shot called for that is undesirable. There is a monotony to the flight and to the style of shooting which is certainly not spec-

tacular and consequently cannot be expected to offer much attraction to the non-shooter. If something can be done to improve the quality of the sport in this respect, it ought to be done. If anything can be suggested along this line such suggestions are certainly in order and out of some of them some substantial good may come. The writer has thought a few "thinks" along this line and as the result is not patented or even "patent applied for"—our readers will be given the prescription free.

Place a trap at each corner of a square and a fifth trap in the centre of its base. The base of the square to be sixteen yards from the score. The shooting to be done from the central stake, one man up style. A fence to protect the corner trappers to be erected between the base of the square and the score, high enough for the purpose but with an opening wide enough to give the shooter a view of the field representing about 90 degrees of a circle of which the shooter is the centre. The centre trap, being in the centre of this opening to be screened as usual without necessarily obstructing the shooter's view. Set the farthest traps to throw right and left incoming targets and the nearest traps to throw right quartering, straightaway and left quartering birds, respectively. The line of flight of all the targets to bisect each other at a point directly in front of the shooter at about thirty yards from the score. This would give the variety in character of shots, many shooters desire, and would make target shooting more nearly approximate to live bird shooting. The trap to be sprung should be unknown. The fence would limit the range of the shooter who would have to catch his bird, either outgoing or incoming, before it disappeared behind the fence. However this would be more important in preventing the shooter following an incoming bird if got too close to require any skill to "bar." The five traps could be sprung in succession for each man up, in which case the last bird

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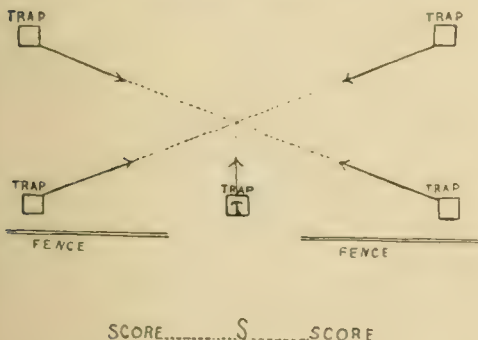
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would be from a known trap. Perhaps five men could stand close enough to shoot "rapid fire" if time were thought an important feature of the game. In any case, it seems to us, some such method would put less "strain" on the gun and more on the shooter and would probably increase the interest in the sport. It would not cost much to try and might, particularly, with some of the larger clubs, be worth the effort.

To illustrate what we mean more closely we subjoin the following diagram:—



In addition to their success throughout Canada, the Dominion Cartridge Company have invaded the United States market. They have organized a States' sales department under the management of Mr. C. Edward Wood, who for a number of years was identified with the Simons Hardware Company. To show the energetic way in which this move has been accomplished it may be mentioned that three branches, carrying stock, have been opened at New York, Syracuse, and St. Louis, and a big business throughout the States for these highly efficient cartridges seem certain.

	Targets	Hcp	10	20
G. B. Smith	(0)	9	14	3
Dr. Perdue	(0)	10	18	9
Con. Baetz	(1)	9	18	10
		8	17	9
C. Willets	(1)	10	20	8
		9	19	7
Wm. Huether	(1)	8	15	9
		7	14	8
Tom Johnston	(2)	7	17	8
		5	14	4
J. Beetsche	(2)	8	15	7
		8	13	6
Dan Biemann	(2)			
P. G. Doersam	(1)			

### Neustadt Tournament

The tournament at Neustadt was held September 21st, at this pretty little village in northern Ontario. The attendance was a disappointment, but fine weather and a good programme made it enjoyable to those who did attend. The grounds this year were selected with a view to the comfort of the shooter. The score was in the shade of a fine grove of trees and the back ground perfect. The programme was intended to encourage the local shooters and probably, as a consequence, only local shooters were in evidence. Of these Clifford supplied five out of a total of nine, which was very good for Clifford. The system of handicap was the Clifford idea somewhat modified. All shot from 16 yards, but the weaker shooter was given one or two added birds in each event to shoot at. The extra birds, however, were not counted in the average and this gave the experts present a chance to square accounts.

High average prize of \$3.00 was won by G. B. Smith, the Aytton crack, with 131 out of 140, or over 93 per cent. Dr. Perdue, who led the procession from Clifford also won second average prize of \$2.00, with 126 or 90 per cent. Third prize of \$3.00 went to Con Baetz, Aytton, with 112. Charlie Willets, Clifford, was a candidate for this place, also, and was close after with 111. If the prize had been a 2-pound trout Charlie would probably have landed it. G. B. Smith used Leader and Imperial shells and S. S. powder; Dr. Perdue used Sovereign shells and Dupont powder and Baetz used Imperial shells and S. S. powder.

"Billy" Huether, as usual, gave the boys a good time. He did not shoot up to his usual form, but his smile refused to come off, nevertheless. He promises something good in the way of a trap shoot early next season.

Con. Baetz, third average winner, has been compelled to shoot from his left shoulder owing to a defect in his right eye and his shooting under these circumstances is certainly very creditable.

The following are the scores, the upper line in the bracket showing the score plus the handicap, the lower line showing the actual score:

	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20
G. B. Smith	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20	10	20
Dr. Perdue	9	14	8	19	10	20	9	17	10	20	9	14
Con. Baetz	9	18	9	18	10	16	9	13	9	9	9	126
	8	17	10	15	10	17	9	16	9	8	8	121
C. Willets	10	20	8	14	10	16	9	14	8	7	112	
	9	19	8	18	10	19	8	10	10	9	132	
Wm. Huether	9	19	7	16	9	17	7	10	9	8	111	
	8	15	9	15	9	15	8	12	6	8	105	
Tom Johnston	7	14	8	15	8	14	7	12	6	8	99	
	7	17	8	20	9	12	9	13	7	6	105	
J. Beetsche	5	14	4	18	7	10	7	12	6	6	89	
	8	15	7	10					8			
Dan Biemann			6	9					7			
P. G. Doersam				4			9	9				
				3			7	7				
				8	12	6	13	8	7			

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### The Stanley Cup Club.

The annual meeting of the Stanley Cup Club of Toronto was held recently at the King Edward Hotel. There was a large attendance of the members and a good deal of enthusiasm with regard to the prospects for the coming year was shown. The report of the Secretary-Treasurer showed the affairs of the club to be in excellent financial condition. During the year some Thirteen Hundred Dollars was expended in fitting up the club's grounds which are now second to none in Canada. It was decided to hold the annual pigeon shoot, open to club members only, some time during the latter part of November, or early in December. There was also the probability that a one day tournament at targets will be held and the club's delegates to the city of Toronto Trap Shooting League were instructed to confer with the other clubs in regard thereto. The consensus of opinion was that the shoot should be open to City League Clubs only and the targets trapped at one cent each.

The Stanley Club has had a most successful year in every way, and great regret was expressed at the retirement of Messrs. J. H. Thompson and Thomas A. Duff, from the offices of President and Secretary-Treasurer.

Election of officers resulted as follows:—

Hon-President—W. H. Pearson, jr.

President—Geo. W. McGill.

Vice-President—W. T. Ely.

Sec-Treasurer—Geo. M. Dunk.

Field Captain—Robt. Buchanan.

Executive committee—Messrs. A. E. Edkins, Thomas A. Duff, J. H. Thompson, Ald. Robt. Fleming and J. T. Massingham.

### High River (Alta.) Gun Club

The following have been elected officers of this Club for the present year:—

President—D. O. Brown.

Vice-President—J. W. Sutherland.

Secretary—R. R. Carver.

Treasurer—J. R. Anderson.

These officials would be very glad to hear from nearby Clubs for the purpose of arranging friendly visits, matches, etc.

Winchester rifles and cartridges have recently scored some big successes at meetings south of the border. The National Tournament where the conditions are severe, was held at Sea Girt N. J., and the winner of the highest honor of the tournament (which was the President's match for the military championship of the United States) Ernest C. Simpson, Co. F, 2nd Regiment, C.N.G., used Winchester factory loaded cartridges. The winner of the All Corners', Kuser Rapid Fire, Individual Rapid Fire, General B. P. Meaney, Spencer match, etc., all scored their successes with Winchester cartridges. The highest honor of the Ohio State rifle shoot, the Clement Medal, which was given for a 20-shot 1,000 yards match, was likewise won with the same cartridges. Charles F. Queissner, of Granville, O., who was a novice, won both the 500 and 600 yards, and the Novices Mid-Range Aggregate, with the use of Winchester cartridges. He also made a "possible" at 800 yards, and 46 at 1,000 yards. In trap shooting similar successes are recorded with these cartridges. Out of five tournaments given by the Inter-State Association this year, which included the Southern, Grand American, Eastern, Western, and Pacific Coast Handicaps, Winchester shells won the principal events in four, and in the fifth they took all the honors but one—a fine record of which the manufacturers may well feel proud.

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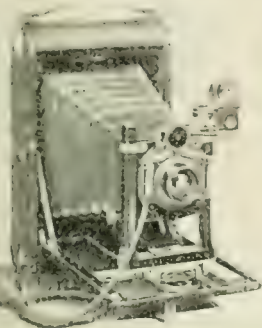
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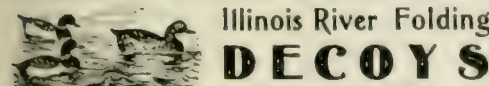
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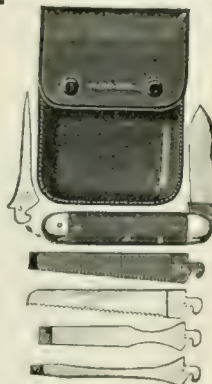
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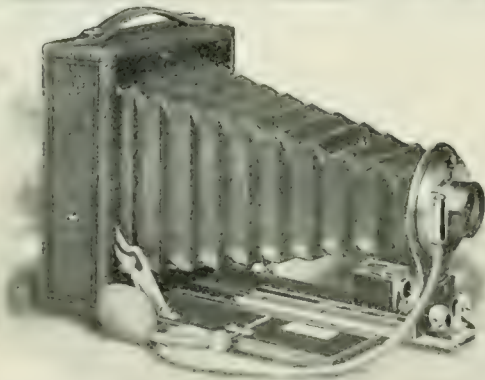
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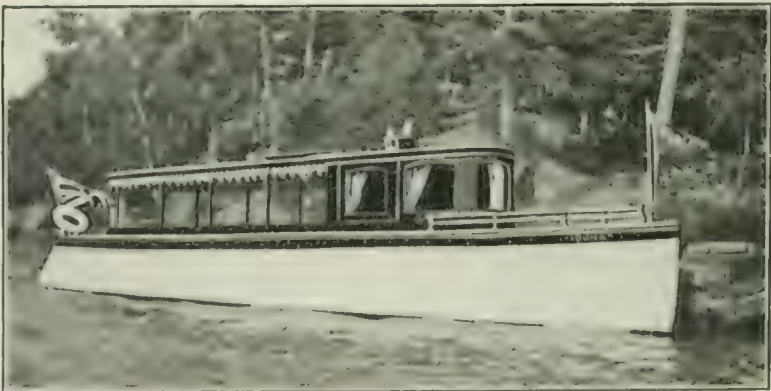
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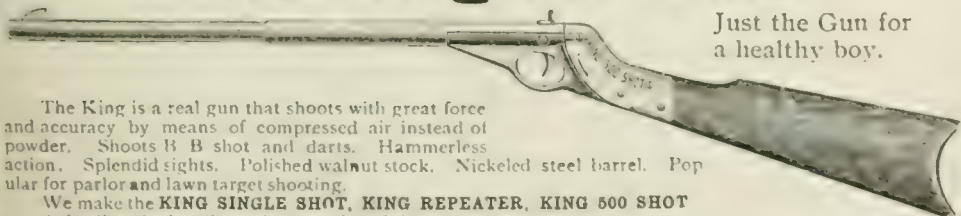
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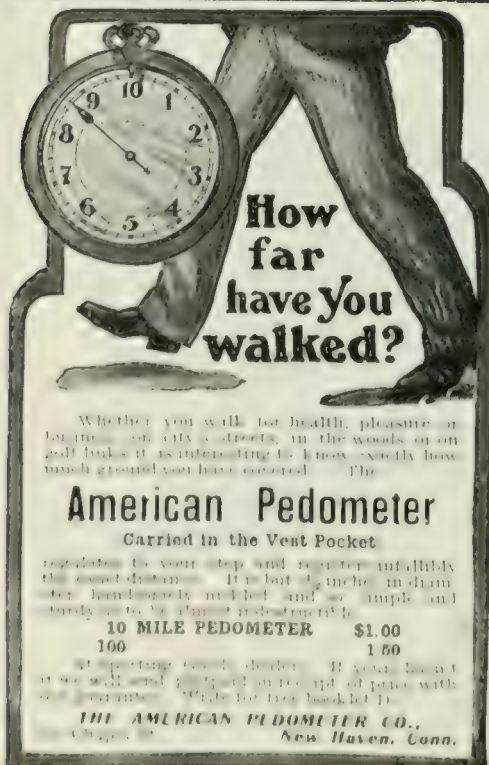
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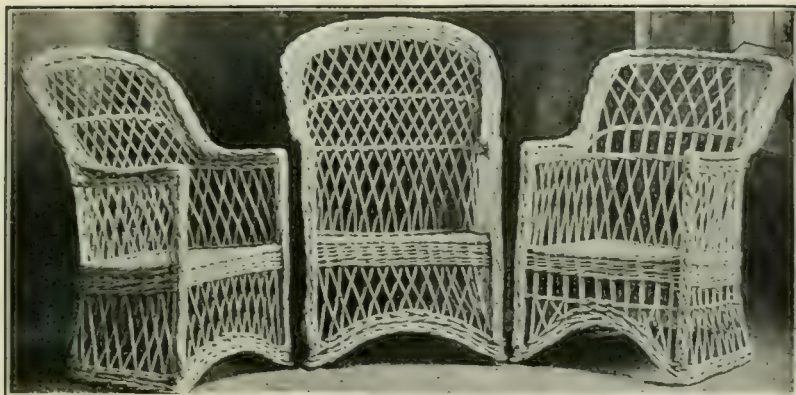
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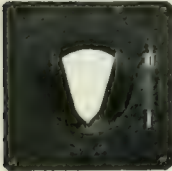
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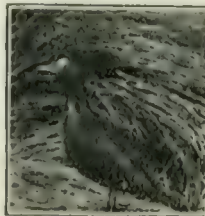
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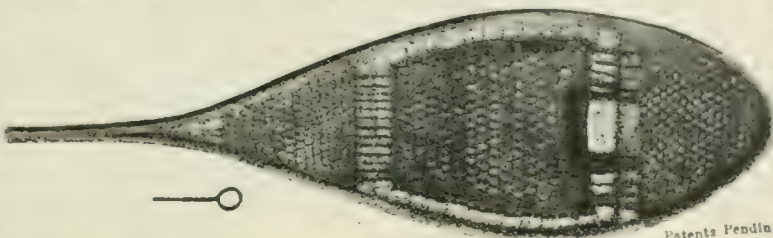
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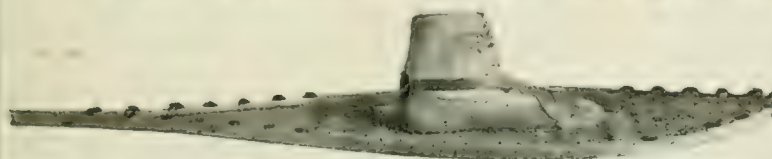
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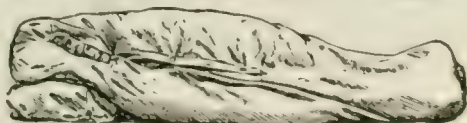
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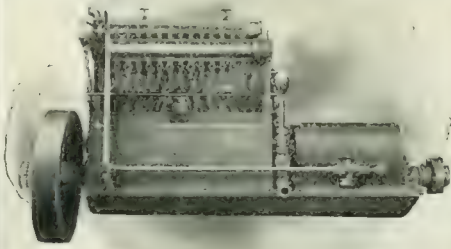
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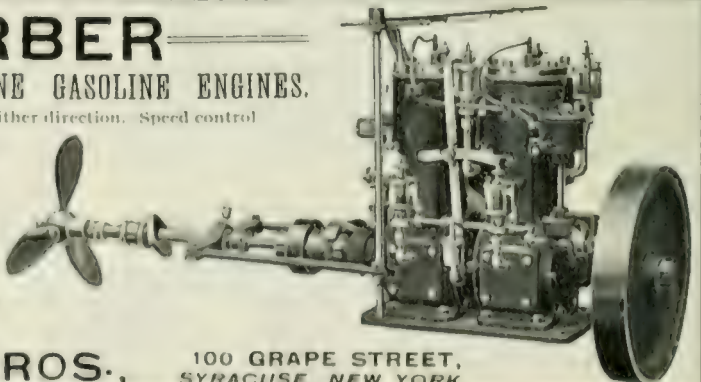
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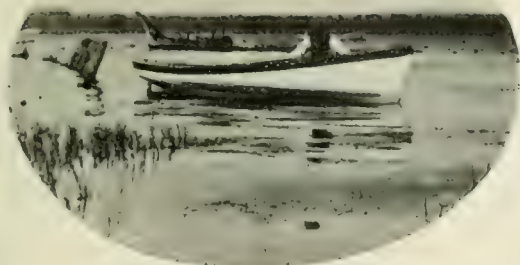


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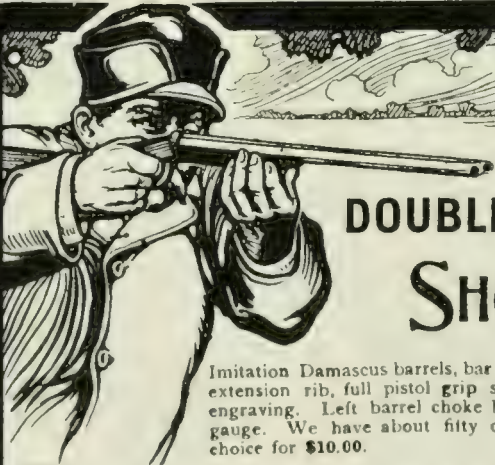
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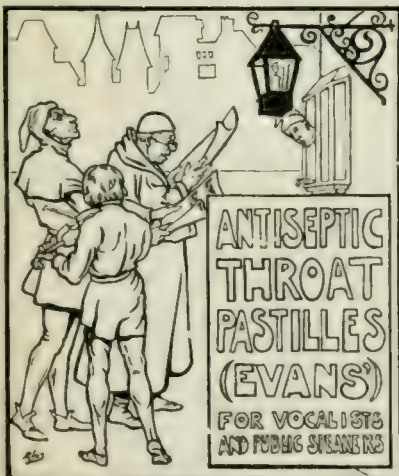
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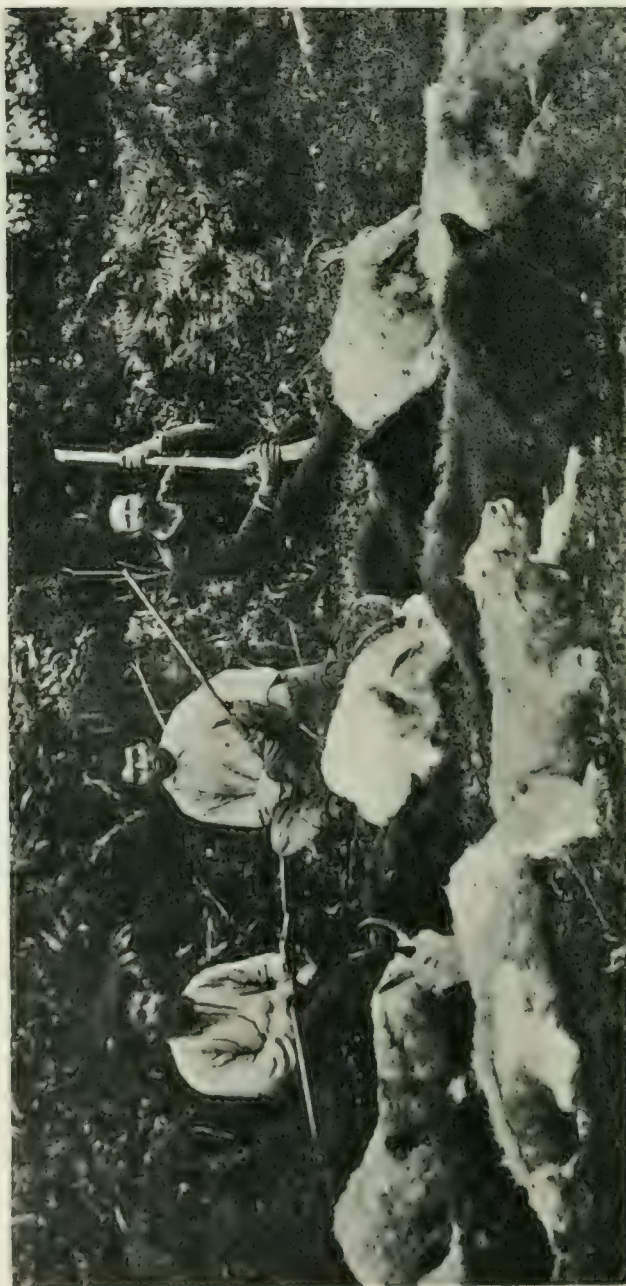
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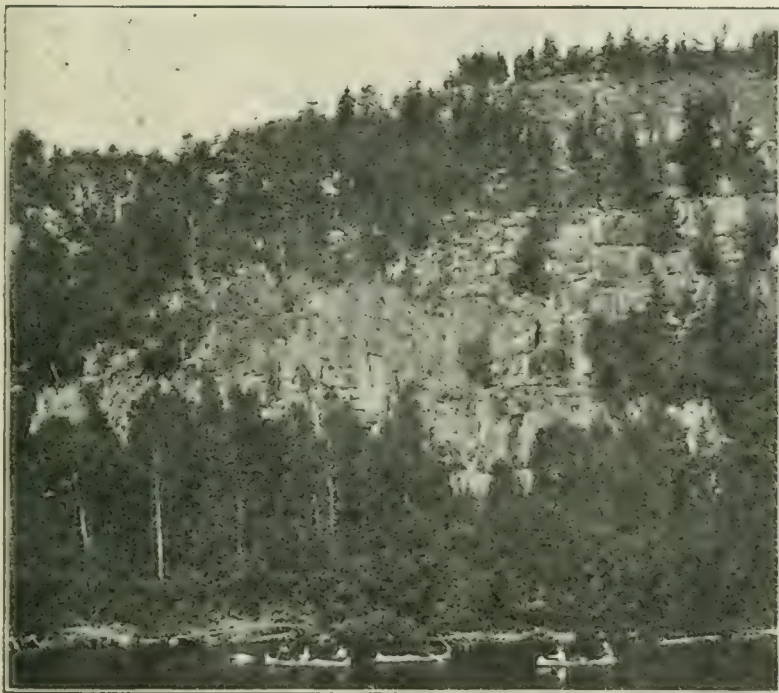


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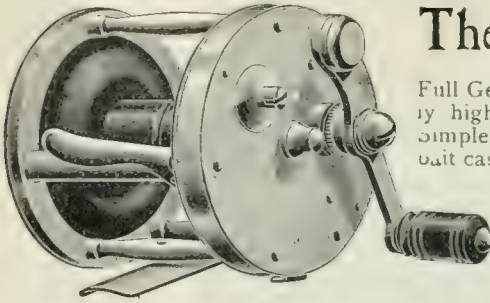
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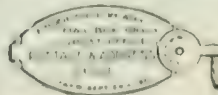
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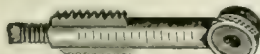
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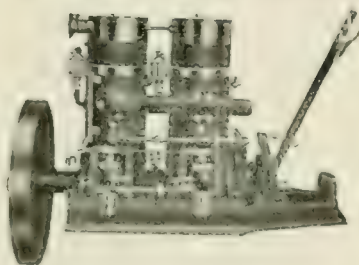
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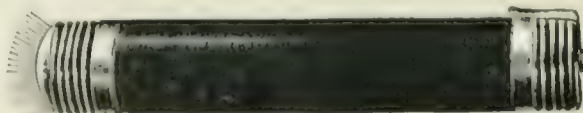
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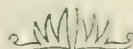


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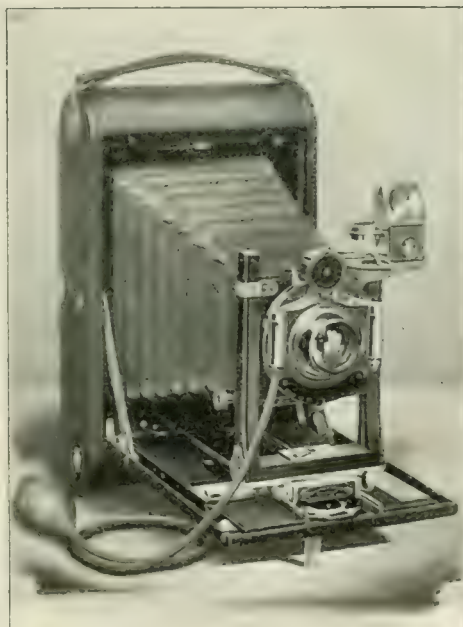
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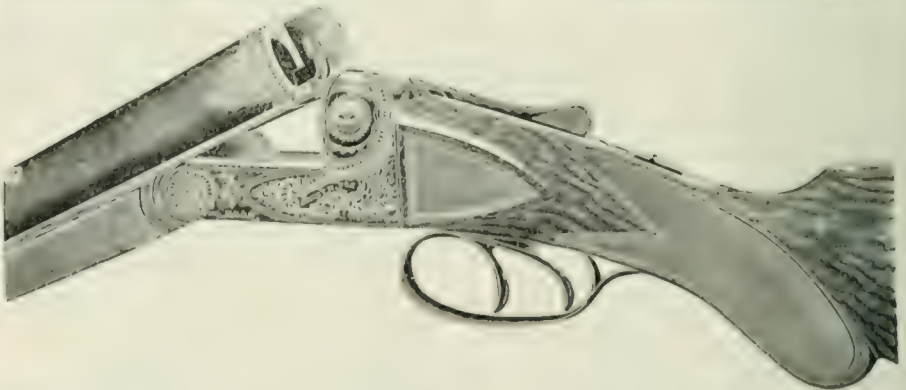
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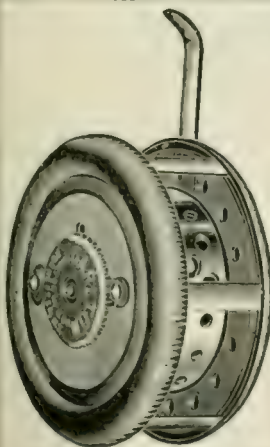
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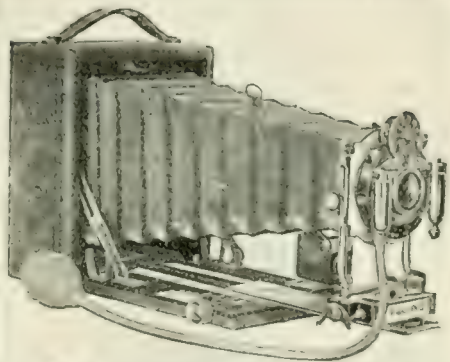
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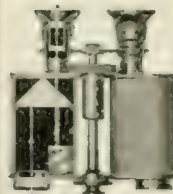
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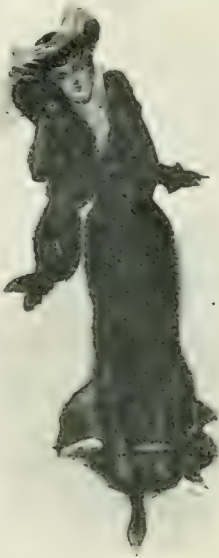
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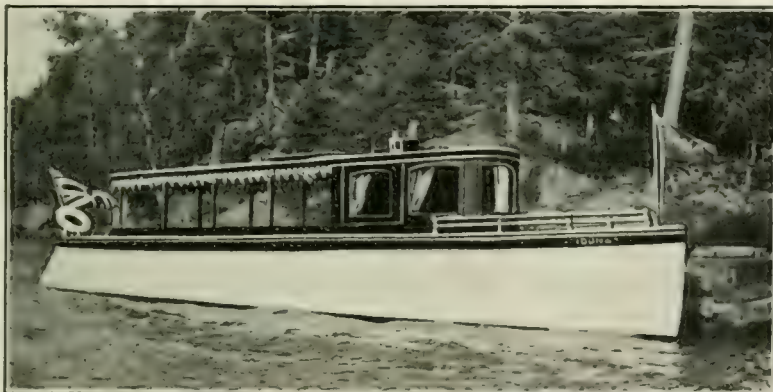
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**TORONTO**

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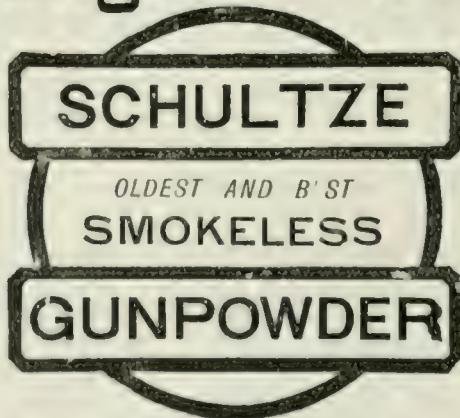
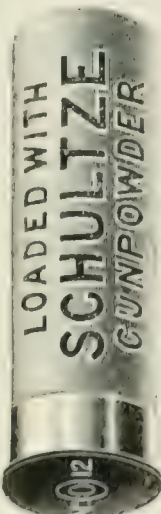
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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HERD OF BUFFALOES, CANADIAN NATIONAL PARK.

# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

DECEMBER 1906

NO. 7



A FOR THE INITIAL OF THE STARTING WORD.

### Ye Nature Student's Christmas Eve.

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE.

"A Christmas good night, Fritz!" I called across the dimly lighted shanty. A mumbled "good night!" came from the drowsy lad snuggling contentedly in his bunk.

"Good night, Hawk, and Christmas dreams to you!" The Mississaugan stirred restlessly in his first sleep, leaving the oncoming visions of myriads of ducks and mighty fishes, slowly opened his big dark eyes, and answered in the low soft Ojibway gutturals "Meno-Tebik!"

As I leaned back on the downy cushion,

a cushion many a wild duck's breast had yielded up, and glanced sleepily around the old familiar hunting shack, many glimpses of other days spent with camera and gun flitted past my vision—flitted with broken zig-zag edges, as the intense flashing of the blinding lines of the biograph shows the changes of the scenes so they passed—Springtime, with its huge migrating hosts; Summertime, filled with nesting and rearing of birds; Autumn, to the hunter the most glorious season of them all, with its curving flocks of wild ducks darting over the decoys;

and Winter with its many attractions.... A great pine knot fell hissing its red flame on to the hearthstone, and I nodded my eyes open. The Indian lay far in the shadow, the dancing firelight playing often on his bronzed features. Again I nodded. Now a crunching sound on the snow outside awakened me—some varmint as Fritz called them, prowling round the pine bough lean-to, glancing through the cracks in its stout sides, scenting the frozen carcass of the deer, exchanging glances from its hot sentient eyes with the moonlight's reflected rays from those of the deer. Again I glanced around—the clock marked five minutes to the hour. Almost twelve o'clock on Christmas eve, and we poor mortals far up beyond the Height of Land. In five short minutes old Santa Claus would be slipping down the chimneys of the distant settlers with his heaps of presents for all. How I wished that for my Christmas gift he would carry me back to the Island of the Beaver—back to the dear old Rice Lake....

Really this is very odd! It seemed to me that I was outside, pushing my canoe on its short sled over the frozen river.... I was sure I stepped ashore.... Lo, the scene has changed again. There's my shanty in the south, and as I live there's Fritz, standing before the door examining a lately developed film! All was so natural, flowers bloomed, leaves rippled in the wind, and the waters of the dear old lake were of summer's unchanging blue.

I rubbed my eyes—yes there was the cedar canoe! Instantly I was kneeling in it, and away it went, far down the lake to the rice beds.

Now you know I had often wanted a canoe just like this—step aboard, politely say where you are going, and there you are! I had just made up my mind to patent the thing, figuring a modest profit of say twenty dollars royalty on each six millions of people in Canada, sell one to every other man, lump the



I PUSHED THE CANOE OVER THE FROZEN RIVER.

number at a million, and I would be worth.... Whatever is this—a pump gun in my canoe, aye and an automatic one at that. My, oh, dear! dear! I hope no one will come along. To think that I, a man constantly writing against these murderous weapons, should be quietly seated in my canoe, handling, yes, even fondling, one of these despised shotguns.

Look! here come four blue bills! Oh! for my old gun. Here they come swerving and swooping over the rice. As truly as I'm a living man that misfit weapon fairly leaped to my shoulder! "Bang!" and five birds sank swiftly to the water. It was a bit uncanny, I admit. Puzzled and perplexed I pushed the canoe out, and still wondering deeply picked up six and laid them in the bow.... Oh, here comes a black duck, and me right in the decoys! It did not seem to matter a bit. Up flew that bally gun to my shoulder again. "Bang!"—before I could take it down—"bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang! bang!"—seven times that infernal weapon fired. The first shot killed; the second puffed the feathers out; the third riddled the bird; and the four others scattered its dismembered carcass all over the surface of the lake. Mad in every fibre I hurled the



horrid weapon from me  
As it sank in many a roll-  
ing circle, amid its outpour-  
ing smoke, it made weird,  
hideous faces at me! Then  
it whirled and took cruel  
advantage of a passing  
maskinonge by filling its  
vitals with number six ....  
I fled from the awful scene!

I was seated in the canoe  
again, half hidden by the  
tall bending flags and puck-  
abrush. We were photo-  
graphing the game birds  
once more. My camera on  
its platform was concealed  
by some shore tossed wild  
rice straw. The Gallinule  
was the bird we sought,  
the Florida one, which we  
call the mudhen for short.  
There were many feeding  
around on the wild rice  
seed, on the wild celery,  
the spatterdock, and what  
not? See here, with a  
heavy flight, comes the  
bird itself. With its legs  
partly draggling it alighted  
in the shallow water and  
nimble stepped ashore. I  
pressed the bulb, the curtain ran down,  
and we have the picture "A Gallinule  
Walked Ashore!"

What's that? I'm sure I heard some  
one speak. To my intense astonish-  
ment I heard two ducks quacking near  
me in the bog. They were doing it in  
the approved modern Nature Study  
Writer's style. Why these birds could  
talk. I... Really this is very annoying!  
After my making fun of this kindergar-  
ten school of writers for so long to ac-  
tually meet two linguists in the duck  
family... Why, bless me, they are ar-  
ranging a camera on a float, for all the  
world just as we do it!

I watched them tie the camera on,  
defly cover it with aquatic weeds, then  
whispering to one another, and hiding  
and dodging behind every likely cover  
they hid away in the bog.

"Get a picture of it in its natural posi-  
tion of killing something!" said one.



A GALLINULE WALKED ASHORE.

"Is it a fair specimen?" asked the  
other.

"Only so, so!" came the answer.

Was it possible they meant me? I  
picked up my gun, and just as I took  
aim I heard the machine clang. Instant-  
ly it re-set itself, refilled, re-focussed, by  
the same motion, and out into the waiting  
duck's bill flew a perfectly developed  
mounted picture with an addressed en-  
velope to

The Editor,

"We Always Buy Them,"

Fancyville,  
Hopeland.

"By George ! I must have one of those  
machines !" No sooner was the thought  
born in my mind, hardly had it passed  
my lips, than out flew a neat little ad-  
vertising folder from a slit in the back  
of the camera. It read :



"A BAD BAG" BY A ROOM-FOR-IMPROVEMENT HUNTER.—BITTERN, CROW AND RAIL

Made by the You-can-Never-Improve-It-Co., Yonder.

For further particulars wait till England, Canada and the States are one !

Photographs instantly finished, mounted and sold. Price gratis ! Two at a discount.

I was just asking them to book me two, one for myself and one for a sick friend, when the next scene rushed on at express speed. Really my poor brain was beginning to fag !

Hawk I saw step ashore with a good bag, a handsome bunch of wood ducks killed in flight, giving the poor birds a last wee chance. He's a good guide, never killing anything but game birds ! How our Indian shames some of the members of the gun clubs from nearby

towns. Gun clubs, forsooth, they should be called bittern clubs, heron clubs, kingfisher clubs. For these imitation sports never kill any ducks, in fact they would scorn to do so ! Why, I've seen hundreds of ducks pass closely over them and never a feather was disturbed. But let a poor harmless heron, or bittern come along ! Then it is "bang ! bang !" and down tumbles the unfortunate bird. . . .

I remember the cause of this scene. Lately I had met two hunters, perfectly appointed ones too—leggings, hunting hats, field glasses all complete. They were seated on the grass near a smouldering fire, endeavouring to cook a very lean heron. It was a most shameful looking bird when picked, naked was no name for it ! Its long gaunt neck, its concertina sides, and its toothpick legs were accentuated as it hung there before

the fire !

"Why, boys, you must be hungry !" I broke out.

No answer came from the hunters. But from the bushes came the words, "They aint any too hungry mister !" I glanced around and there sat the owner of the farm. In answer to my inquiring look he continued: "Every blessed galoot who kills his game on my land eats it right here ! Keep your fire agoing, lads" — he handled the old musket ominously—and burn up the rest of that nice gun stock of yours ! Fine dry wood, ain't it ?" Of course I was astonished and continued the stare, but this was nothing to what came afterwards !

"Any birds around here, Mister ?" We heard a voice hail from the other side of the woods, and two more imitation hunters appeared !

The farmer beckoned them as they neared the fire and the two busy game cooks."

"Yes, there's a few birds still left" he

A GOOD BIG BAG BY HAWK.

said. "There's the swallow you wounded its under the barn. The chickens is so

wild they've taken to the woods; the butterflies is most killed off, the clover's shrinking, the bees a movin', an' the old woman's turkeys are a driving' the grasshoppers this way: you ought to clean up the country pretty soon now ! By Gosh !"

Then to my astonishment, though not to my regret, the old farmer raised that long musket of his and blew both hunters all to flinders. Chuckling as he crept under the rails he added two more stones to a big heap and said to himself: That's six today, and the season only just opened !"



YE HUNTING LAKE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.





YE OLD SHANTY.

"Keep a shovin' on that fire!" was the last order we heard him issue, and the two cowed cooks, with their mouths hardly watering for the approaching feast obeyed. ....

My canoe darted down the rice beds still further. A wish was as a rudder, steering me whither I would go. My desire was to see who was in that canoe over in the channel. As I slowed up near him he saluted me with. ....

I want to sell you a dozen of these decoys, the latest patent! To see is to buy! Just watch them! Now a dozen of you get out!" Instantly, without a sound, twelve handsomely painted hollow decoys jumped over the side of his craft and swam off to a lily-pad hole! At a wave of his hand two or three sprang aloft and circled off. We watched them until they were mere dots in the blue. It seemed no time after they had disappeared before we saw them returning, closely behind them came several wavering dark lines! Nearer they drew and clearer they became. Many fine flocks of black ducks flew behind this latest invention of scientific genius!

There was a mighty flapping and quacking of the ten decoys, much circling and curving of the two, and finally the entire

flock, real and imitation, sat side by side on the water! Then the decoys drew off to one side.

"Always do that!" remarked the genial stranger. "Saves 'em from getting so full of lead that they would only do for anchors! .... Then I've a gun here that I calculate to introduce to your notice—fires forty shots a minute

"Wait a moment before you shoot!" I hurriedly interjected, "I know a man who would love to meet you. He lives on that farm over there. He'll take your whole flock, and I think your gun

as well! You ought to see his pile!"

My companion agreeing, I hurried off for the good old farmer with his musket. With the power it gave him he made each of the two unfortunate heron killers gobble down great mouthfuls of their awful feast, hung a leg round each of their necks as a memento of their marksmanship, decked their hair with the feathers of the poor kingfishers and bitterns they had slaughtered—really he danced them round in such glee that I momentarily expected to see their finish. He, however, let them live as awful warnings to other foolish bird slaughterers!

When he entered my canoe there was a sort of sweet joy hanging over the dear old man. "Are you sure he will be there?" he asked anxiously.

"Certainly, he expects a customer!"

"A tough customer, young man, a tough customer!" he chuckled.

After some haggling I saw the old man raise the new gun. "Right in the decoys ain't he, mister?" he whispered to me. A fearful report followed and I heard: One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven, TWELVE—and I awoke to find that the Christmas morning of 1906 had been ushered in by the Shanty Clock!

# Jim Charles' Rock.

BY CLARENCE JAMESON.

A young Nova Scotia Indian having killed a white man, who provoked him by attentions, first to his sweetheart, and later to his squaw, escaping from jail fled to the wild-lands, where he lay concealed for two years. Meantime the chief of the tribe so skifully represented the matter to the attorney general that further prosecution was withheld. The fugitive's intimation of this, like the bringing of his gun, was attributed by the Micmacs to the Great Spirit Glooscap, "Jim Charles' Rock" is an up standing shaft of granite, commanding a wide range of vision, while the Boundary stone marks the point of junction of Digby, Yarmouth, Shelburne and Queen's counties. The turnpike, a curious formation, of unknown origin, resembling the roadbed of a railway, runs through uninhabited parts of Digby and Annapolis counties.

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When the cow moose calls her lordly mate, toward their haunts our sportsmen tread,  
With Jim, or Joe, their dusky guide, and a rifle as their friend :  
Oft they seek out the thread-like trail, long spun to the boundary stone,  
And see afar, Jim Charles' Rock, a sentinel alone.

Heard ye the tale of bad Jim Charles? the cunning Micmac child,  
Who slew the white man vagabond, in the path where the lands are wild.  
Aged was the chief who smoked the pipe, and told us all his mind,  
Of the fading truth in the web of time, now sixty frosts behind.

To the peaceful camp in the Micmac's tract, the drunken white man went,  
And with evil mind he sought the squaw, pledged to Jim Charles' tent.  
Thus broke he truce with a friendly tribe, thus laid the peace-pipe by ;  
But, cheating death, he reached the lands where the fields of settlers lie.

Now when the stranger crossed the trail, and stirred his blood anew,  
Quick leaped the flame in the brave, Jim Charles, who smote as the Great Chiefs do,  
In the fights they wage in the far off land of the Happy Hunting Ground—  
So the paleface fell, and his passing cry 'woke the echoes wide around.

Then swift birds flew with the note of death, and the white man's brothers came,  
With a magic scroll, which spake the law, in the Great White Mother's name ;\*  
They took Jim Charles from the wigwam's blaze, from squaw and young papoose,  
To the bad man's hut, they call a jail, when the south wind brings the goose.\*\*

While white men slept, Jim Charles stole forth, no lynx might glide more light,  
And turned his back on the bad man's hut, and the land where the day fell bright ;  
Trackless he sped through wood and swamp, while sun and moon rode high,  
To the finger called Jim Charles' Rock--the rock which points to the sky.

'Mid boulders at its deep-set base, he scooped, like the bear, a cave—  
For blood-stained hands, and the white man's feud, long strength his sinews gave ;  
As the fox hides low when the hound speaks quick, he sought his stoney den,  
If wild fowl saw, or his eye read signs, of the baffled searching men.

But the moose drew near at Jim Charles' call—he called with a voice they knew ;  
And spirits brought his gun and lead, when the days of his watch were few ;  
So he hungered not for the flesh of beasts, but craved the living speech,  
When the long-dead chanted a tongue unknown, in the leaves of the stunted beach.

The sun roamed south, in quest of heat, and snows hid deep the trail ;  
 The rabbit found his blanket furs, when breathed the north its gale ;  
 The lakes dried up in winter's lap, the earth turned stone through cold ;  
 And Glooscap trod his lonely path—the path by the Turnpike old.

The stars which held Jim Charles' fate, spelled signs he learned to read—  
 (For Glooscap heard his fainting call, when mighty was his need,)  
 They told when seasons came and went, till snows fell next again,  
 He might walked unharmed the well worn path, which led to the haunts of men.

Then warmed his heart, his eye took light, and he leaped like the glad young deer ;  
 While the rains fell sweet, and the winds licked up the snow like a thirsty bear ;  
 Yet waited he the birth of time, when the grey coot southward flew,\*\*\*  
 When the tenth moon hung in the drifted clouds, and the times of the sun were few.

Believing the good the stars had spelled, toward the camp he set his face,  
 And sat again in the wigwam's blaze, and joined anew in the chase ;  
 Till the season brought him many years, till he laid the flintlock by,  
 And they buried him 'neath Jim Charles' Rock—the rock which points to the sky.

\*The Queen.

\*\*Last week in March.

\*\*\*First week in November.

## The Tricks of Billy.

### A Tame Mountain Goat.

BY CAROLINE D'A LANG.

**N**O romantic story is attached to the finding of the Hot Springs at Sinclair, B. C.

The first white settlers found that the Shuswap Indians had been using these springs for generations on account of their curative powers, and shall we say cleansing properties too ?

We never seem to dissociate dirt and Indians, but it is a fact that they one and all indulge in a yearly bath, and it will come as a surprise to the reader, as it was a revelation to me, that they make use of the steam bath.

Do they purchase these wonderful folding machines so largely advertised and used by their white brothers ?

Not so, the Indian is nothing if not primitive in his methods. To him belongs the property of being able to utilize what is at hand, a sense by no means

alert in his white brother pampered by civilization.

By a cunning twist of the hand a few supple willows form a convex structure over a hole he has dug in the ground, some large smooth stones, a fire above which is raked off when the stones are hot, a blanket over the curving willows, a dash of water from a nearby lake or stream on the hot stones, and presto the steam bath is ready ! Afterwards a plunge into the lake, and who will not say, just as good or better !

What has Nature done for this portion of the Columbia valley ? She has stacked up earth and rock in monstrous heaps, hewn out gorges and canyons, planted herbs, shrubs and trees in endless varieties, put in a water supply varied from tiny rills to large lakes and rushing rivers, thrown in enough open country to induce



settlers to make permanent homes, filled the rivers and lakes with fish, and the woods and rocky fastnesses with game to lure the hunter, and within the hills she has buried treasure so as to play at hide and seek with the miner. For the artist she labors the year round juggling with colors and trying different effects on the great masses of sky, mountain, valley and water.

All day her fairy like lights and shadows chase each other through the mountain passes, around the deep dark stretches of pine and among the glinting greens of foliage. At eventide she throws a gorgeous purple mantle over the tops of the mountains and one of indigo blue across the foot hills, tipping and outlining the peaks in yellow gold and putting an edge of silver on the fleecy clouds sleepily moving in the deep blue sky, and then reproduces it all mellowed and softened in the glassy surface of lake or pond. As a rule she chooses sombre greys and browns for the rocks that are bare of herbage but at the opening of the canyon where these springs are hidden she has painted the entrance on either side in vivid reds, and very fitly they have been named The Red Gates.

Within the canyon which is but forty feet in width, hemmed in by walls some six hundred feet in height a creek runs rapidly and noisily over and around great pieces of rock and smooth worn stones and pebbles. Within this enclosure the noise of the falls which has a vertical drop of about eighty feet holds sway over the human voice. A trail worn smooth by moccasined feet of the Indian goes zig-zag through rocks and leafy bowers



H. G. LOW AND W. STEINOFF WITH THE RECORD GOAT SECURED ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

up over a ridge and suddenly the eye is attracted by the stream which rises from two pools alongside the creek.

Here the tired traveller may choose between a bath at a temperature of one hundred and twelve or one at one hundred and twenty-four degrees, with a plunge afterwards in the cool creek.

Ever since the days of Tommy the Tough the wonderful curative powers of these waters for rheumatism has been well known in the valley. Damp tunnels had worked havoc with Tommy's bones and sinews. With the characteristic generosity of the west a subscription was taken up at Golden to grubstake Tommy for a month and pay the expenses of transportation to the springs. A stretcher to the boat, seventy miles by water, a three mile trip from the landing strapped to a cayuse, and Tommy had reached the healing waters. Three weeks after Tommy walked back the seventy miles looking for a job.

Contemplating a stay at the springs it is necessary to imitate the snail and bring one's house in the shape of a tent along, for accomodation there is none except a free hotel (an empty shack.)

The Kootenay Central Railway which is being rushed to completion at the rate

of ten miles in as many months, will some day draw this idyllic spot within reach of distant places, and followers of Tommy the Tough will leave their aches and pains there as trophies of its healing powers.

Two noted hunters and guides, H. G. Low and W. Steinoff, after taking a bath at the springs on Christmas day, discussed a hearty breakfast and then swept the Rockies with their field glasses in search of moving objects. Shouldering rifles they went out to hunt for game or failing this an appetite, for Mr. Low excels all others as a camp cook, and his Christmas dinners need a long craving to do justice to all the courses. It was just as they came to the edge of a bluff they saw two white objects on the almost vertical side of an adjoining hill.

The goats had evidently heard them approaching for they were scampering from ledge to ledge making for higher ground. When the two hunters came into view they paused for a few seconds their heads thrown back and fear glancing from their eyes.

"Front mine, hind yours!" almost at the same moment each bullet reached its destination! They were both fine specimens and the horns of the larger one measured ten and a quarter inches which I believe is very near the record.

It was near this place the famous "Billy" was captured when a kid. After being reared in Golden on the bottle and making himself as much a terror as Peck's bad boy, he was shipped to England and is now one of the sights of the Zoo. Mr. Joseph Lemontagne, tonsorial artist, was the foster parent and Billy was as spoiled as any child could be. Complaints only called down a laugh on those disputing Billy's right-of-way for his antics, new every day, were a never failing source of amusement for the townspeople.

Billy's instincts ever prompted him onward and upward, One day he mounted the stairs in the Kootenay House ate all the much prized plants belonging to the housekeeper and then went to sleep on the bed in the best room.



"BILLY" THE GOLDEN MASCOT, A MOUNTAIN GOAT  
REARED ON THE BOTTLE AND NOW ONE OF  
THE SIGHTS AT THE ENGLISH ZOO.

At another time he wandered up the stairs of Starforth's restaurant and seeing a window at the end of a hall got out through it on to the roof of the next building from which tower of vantage he refused to budge for hours until hunger and the sight of his dearly loved bottle induced him to descend to lower planes. It was a clerk in one of the stores who in a fit of righteous anger nearly put an end to Billy's career. This clerk used to take great pride in the arrangement of dry goods and men's clothing on rows of tables in the upper story of a large warehouse. Billy always enjoyed a ramble over these soft hills especially on a rainy day, with a snooze on the hump of Hudson's Bay blankets as a finish. One day the clerk found him so and seizing him by the horns flung him down to the bottom of the stairs. After a while Billy slowly picked himself up and walked off, his head drooping in a dazed sort of way. But the most amusing of Billy's antics was the one when he got into the barber's chair and was found looking at himself gravely in the mirror as if contemplating the advisability of having his beard trimmed!





BULL BUFFALO.



CAMP OF STONEY IN-  
DIANS ON CASCADE  
RIVER.



GEO. MCLEAN OF MORLEY.

## The Canadian National Park as a Holiday Resort.

**E**VERY Canadian has a share in the National Park, the finest Reservation ever set aside by any country as a forest, fish and game preserve. It is so vast, and contains such a variety of natural features that the wider it is known throughout the world, the greater will be the number of tourists making

their way thither. There never need be any fear of crowding, and at present it is the easiest possible thing, if one wishes, to get right away from the haunts of men and revel in the wild, although still remaining within the Park's boundaries.

The Park is partly in Alberta and partly in British Columbia, and in area and extent surpasses several European kingdoms. The Canadian Pacific Railway runs through the Park from east to west, and makes it a comparatively easy matter for visitors to see some of the natural beauties in ease and comfort.

Coming from the east the visitor will notice just before reaching the borders of the Park, that there are Indians at Morley. This is a Reserve of the Stoney Indians, the remnant of a warlike tribe who still re-

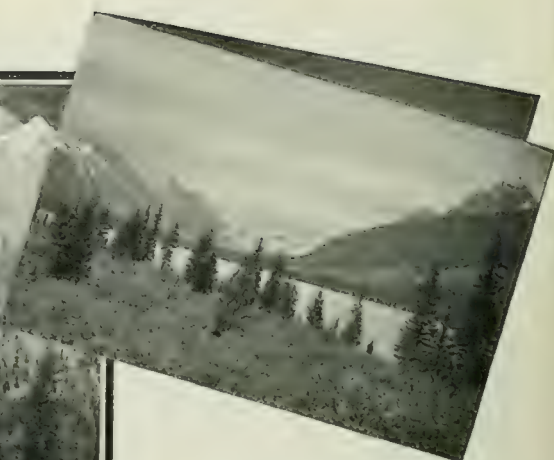


LAKE MINNEWANKA,





ON THE TRAIL TO WHITE MAN'S  
PASS.



LAKE ON TRAIL TO WHITE MAN'S  
PASS.



BUFFALO.

tain strong hunting proclivities, against whom various complaints are made both in Alberta and British Columbia. At the time the writer visited the Park there were many complaints of the slaughter of big game within its boundaries, and inquiries were set on foot as to any truth there might be in these allegations. White guides were unanimous in condemning the Indians. The Stoney, it was stated, had no right whatever over the British Columbian border, but they

often do cross, and it is believed that in most cases, however innocent their incursion looks, it is really a big game hunt on which they are intent. If the



A STONEY SQUAW.



SOME INDIANS APPROACHING BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL.



LAKE MINNEWANKA.

WEST END OF LAKE MINNEWANKA.

visitor keeps a bright look out as the train goes through Morley Station he is pretty sure to see some specimens of the Stoney tribe. When the writer was there quite a gathering had assembled within sight of those in the train, and the braves were showing off their horsemanship in a manner which would have done credit to any circus. It appeared as though some special celebration were in progress, though it was declared that nothing unusual was going forward, and the sights were such as any visitor might see unless he happened to be at Morley at a time when the Indians are away on a hunt. The horses had gaudy trappings in plenty, and the braves themselves were as gaudily attired.

Their horsemanship appeared first class, and it was extremely interesting to be brought face to face with Indians who have kept up the traditions of the past to a far greater extent than those one generally meets in Ontario. Apparently they were proud of their appearance and their horses, and showed both themselves and their steeds off to the best advantage.



DEVIL'S GAP, EAST OF LAKE MINNEWANKA.

tage, and as the long train passed through Morley every window was occupied by passengers looking out at the sights presented to them. For a few minutes the living had greater attractions than even the mountains, pressing as the latter were for attention.

Apart from the railway one has to take to the trails, of which there are many in different parts of the Park, and more being cut each year. Taking to the trail furnishes the most delightful of experiences, if one has only time and money. To secure comfort a good outfit is required, and then with leisure the world might be considered well lost for the happy healthful, and altogether most enjoyable of experiences to be obtained in that most wonderful outdoor life amidst the mountains. To be at home amid Nature's wonders is ample compensation (for the time at least) for the loss of civilized comforts. The joys of the simple life are nowhere better enjoyed, and can nowhere be made more enjoyable. One may even feel the delightful thrills of a discoverer and an explorer within the confines of the Park, there being ample room inside its boundary lines for work which shall increase our knowledge of the Park, and its many and varied beauties.

Within the Park are to be found wonderful lakes and rivers, and there are without doubt lakes yet to be discovered. Those which are known are unsurpassed in beauty, and in the romance of their situations. The well known "Lakes in the Clouds" will attract visitors for all time they are unique in their marvelous grandeur, in



ONLY A FEW LEFT.

their situation, and in the beauties of their surroundings. It is a fine plan for





FROUT LAKE ON THE TRAIL TO WHITE MAN PASS, LOOKING NORTH.

those who have time and means to take the trail and camp beside some of the lesser known lakes. They may be certain of such experiences as cannot be obtained elsewhere. To all intents and purposes they will be in the wild. With a good guide they can leave the beaten track, and take to trails which to the uninitiated appear impossible to negotiate, but which the sure footed little cayuses manage to get over in some fashion known only to themselves. One can be sure of good fishing in the season, and the sight of wild game should not be missed. Mountain sheep and mountain goats, seen in their native wilds, are

most attractive, and it is advisable always to have a camera as one never knows when a specimen of big game may appear. Even if unfortunate in this respect the visitors may be certain of numberless magnificent views which will amply repay time and efforts taken to see them.

The Park has been described as the very paradise of mountaineers, and the phrase is no exaggeration. There are mountain peaks here that have never yet been climbed, and these are so numerous and so fine that it is safe to predict a future when the Canadian National Park will be the Mecca of mountaineers the

world over. Much is being done to exploit these famous mountains, and the members of the Alpine Club of Canada are performing good service in this respect. Every visitor is a mountain missionary spreading the light, for no one visits the mountain regions without going away enthusiastic over their experiences, and hopeful that they may be able at some future time to repeat their visits, and make a still longer stay amidst these glories of Nature's wonders. Mt. Assiniboine is one of these many marvels which once seen is never forgotten, and impresses itself upon the memory of the most careless.

As every Canadian shares in this inheritance, it should be the duty of Canadians to acquaint themselves with some of the natural wonders found therein. People are coming from all parts of the world to enjoy themselves in this national playground, which is national in the best sense, as it belongs to the whole of the Canadian people. The only criticisms that can be passed upon the Park are as to its administration. The big game wants more careful looking after. For this purpose it would seem that by far the best course would be to organize a special corps. On the Alberta side the duty of watchers seems to fall upon the Northwest Mounted Police and on the British Columbia side to be left to fire

rangers. The Northwest Mounted Police are organized for other purposes than the protection of big game, and it is no reflection upon them to say that from all that could be learnt upon the spot there is a considerable amount of poaching going on. So far as the British Columbian authorities are concerned it was stated that all they knew about the matter was that the Dominion Government had requested them to invest the fire rangers engaged by them for the protection of that portion of the Park within British Columbia with the powers of Justices of the Peace, and they had complied with this request. Some of the guides alleged that there was practically no protection for the big game within the Park, and all who were spoken to agreed that the Dominion Government cannot too soon organize a special force for this purpose if they wish the Park to be used for perpetuating the game of Canada, as was the avowed intention of its founders, and is believed to be the policy of the Canadian Government in the present. The difficulties of protecting such a vast area are of course very considerable. That however is no reason why stronger efforts than those at present in force should not be put forth, and probably if the attention of the Government is called to the matter they will not fail to carry a step further their excellent policy.



HEADWATERS OF THE KENNEBEC RIVER.

# A Christmas Hunting Trip.

## The Value of Caution in Shooting.

BY F. W. LEE.

**T**HE door of the big stove clanked below and awakened me. A rush of flame and smoke up the black line of stovepipes strung through my room to the chimney, a pleasant smell of dry cedar crackling cheerily, the comfortable sense of warmth gradually pervading the room as the fire grew hotter, were all very well but I did not care, just then, to change my quarters.

From past experiences I knew how cold a farm house could be on a December morning and was very unwilling to throw off the soft blankets and heavy patchwork coverings wedging me into my snug hollow in the feather bed. I looked towards the small window but the snow reflected light hardly strained through the frost covered panes—it was early yet.

I lay there thinking of the first morning I had awakened in this room, in the same old twisty posted bed, in the same corner. Things seldom changed in this part of the world, though some improvements going a long way towards comfort were indeed noticeable. The cracks in the walls and roof had disappeared; there was no longer any danger of planting my bare foot in a tiny snowdrift.

Two years ago a new wing had been erected and furnished with pompous highly varnished furniture and glaring carpets. Flashy colored pictures decorated the walls, battle scenes being the favorites. Here the temperature was kept even by a coal stove standing in nickle plated grandeur and defying the cold nights through its ruddy mica. This wing however was built specially to accommodate honored guests and never used by Cousin Bill's own family who clung to the old house, hardly changed in an iota the past twenty years.

My ancient friend the wood burning kitchen stove, each of its four legs resting on a red brick, high back oven with raised representation of a big smoke-stack locomotive (though where the con-

nection came in I never could find out) and date 1870, still did duty honorably and well. Many a juicy pie and toothsome fowl had it seen come and go.

On the kitchen wall, the clock brought over from Scotland ticked energetically, its quaint face marred by age. A stuffed hawk dusty and faded, one eye gone, shot by Bill when a boy, rested on the corner shelf. Bill's lodge certificate with great red seal and bright ribbon hung framed opposite a picture of old Sir John A. Macdonald, who, document in hand looked wisely through the glass upon us.

The bedroom over the kitchen was always reserved for me by special request, because of past associations, and I was here again to spend the Christmas.

The stairs creaked as some one shuffled up stealthily and Johnny felt his way into the room.

"Come, get up Fred," said he hoarsely, unsuccessfully trying to keep his voice down to a whisper, for the others slept in adjacent rooms. Twelve years in Canada had not polished off his Scotch accent entirely, though it had greatly improved him.

"All right Jack."

He waited to see I did not fake and a noble resolution taken I sprung out into chilliness,

"Gee, it's cold!" I couldn't help chattering, feeling around for clothes and putting on stockings heels first as I stood first on one leg, then on the other. After a whole lot of contortion and contraction I managed to get inside enough covering to keep from changing into an icicle. Groping to the washstand I broke the ice in the pitcher and poured out just sufficient to imagine I was washing myself. No one is more averse to warming up a whole basin of water than I.

"Bet a copper it's old Brown Windsor!" as a stale smell faintly arose from the soap dish which had to be turned upside down to knock out the contents.



Sure enough, as hard as glass and as saponaceous as tin.

A lick at my hair and everything was complete. Shiveringly I hurried down the complaining stairs and joined Johnny in the kitchen, brightly illuminated by the yellow firelight shining through the open stove dampers. It was nice and cosy here and I briskly rubbed my damp hands together above the hot lids.

Johnny comfortably drinking a cup of strong tea, as he sat in a rocker was already fitted out for our little shooting expedition in honor of my Christmas holiday. He laughed at my frozen appearance, showing a good white set of teeth, a rarity among farmers. Muffled in a thick short pea jacket sort of coat, stockings reaching above his knees and into which his trousers were tucked, a thick red muffler around his throat and topping off all, a jaunty white and brown toque with funny knob or tassel, he looked as if the rigors of a winter morning were nothing much to bother about.

"You look pretty gay with that Willie toque of yours," I commented after a while.

His broad Scotch face straightened, for one of his weak spots was vanity. Setting down the empty teacup he pulled off the toque and held it out, extended on two hands, for inspection.

Then he remarked contemplatively, "I bought that the last time I went to Ottawa."

"That was some excursion day, I suppose."

"Yes, last September—Exhibition time."

"Of course. The time they always rope in you farmers."

He grinned, then a trifle anxiously, "Honestly, doesn't it look all right?"

"To be sure, Scotchy, 'tis vastly becoming. It matches your complexion. Gimme a cup of tea!"

He poured it out and I drank the strong bracing liquid without milk. Milk is a scarce article in winter especially when the cows are kept hard at it supplying the cheese factories in summer. Even in summer I have had meals at farm houses when there was none on the table. The good old days are gone when all town folk regarded the farm as

flowing with milk and honey. It does flow but into the bank where it is kept mighty tight.

I then pulled on four pairs of heavy woolen stockings, discarding boots, same as Johnny, put on my short overcoat, tied a muffler around my waist and a narrower one about my throat, strapped up a game bag, adjusted a wedge cap and pair of thin gloves. Over the gloves I drew a pair of mitts. I found this a good plan to follow as the mitts were easily shaken off when necessary. Shoving a dozen cartridges marked purposely, some loaded with buckshot, the others with a finer grade, I took a single barrel breech loader, always a favorite of mine and examined it to see it was all right. Johnny took his heavy double barrel, provided himself with cartridges and we stepped out into the winter morning as the clock struck the half hour after six.

Hardly a wind was blowing though a degree of greater coldness when one faced the north was perceptible. The eastern sky was reddish yellow and the morning stars had almost faded. The telephone wires running towards the north were singing loudly. We left the silent house behind and turned up the road. The shrill crow of a rooster came from the huddled barns and sheds with startling distinctness and the defiant challenge of another as piercingly clear immediately followed. Horses stamped restlessly in their stalls and a heifer lowed plaintively. Very faintly to the far off south a whistle sounded.

"We will have a fine day," volunteered Johnny.

"Yes, but it will turn softer. Did you hear that whistle?"

We walked briskly along the road, our breath steaming, then a short cut across the fields covered thinly with hard snow, towards the darkly looming bush.

As we approached a fire blasted tree standing gaunt and desolate, a brown lump detached itself from a branch and took to noiseless downward flight.

"That's a brown owl," said Johnny slipping off his mitt and shoving two charges into the gun, "I'd like to get a crack at him."

Though not very well posted ornithol-

ogically, I fancy from its size it was what is called a great horned owl.

"A big fellow, eh? I would like to get close to one."

"When I first came here, Fred, I shot one in the old oak near the beaver meadow, you know the place. The dog spoiled it though and it was no good to stuff."

"Do you ever see any barn owls now?"

"Oh yes, Charlie the hired man at Thompson's, caught two last week. I haven't seen any lately, though."

"They are very interesting, I believe," said I.

"They don't live in barns."

"Is that so. Why do people call them 'barn owls.'"

"I don't know. They build in hollow trees. Perhaps a person might see one in a barn during a lifetime."

We had arrived at the woods now, and found a dense growth of small cedars barring the way but pushing through the tough interlacing boughs we got past and entered the gloom of the woods. The ground in some spots was bare, the hollows filled with snow. A feeble light flickered through leafless branches. Long slender maples shot up forty or fifty feet arching overhead and across our path at intervals we encountered fallen monarchs of the forest, now crumbling masses. A great hush hung over us and insensibly our voices lowered as we went along as noiselessly as possible.

At a place where the snow was deep we noticed the tracks of a small species of animal and Johnny after an examination that in thoroughness would have done credit to a trapper, pronounced them as having been made by a wolverine. A few of these interesting animals apparently existed in the neighborhood.

A streak of white darted across the brown background and I remembered rabbits were not bad eating when nicely cooked.

Johnny's two barrels blazed loudly and the streak bounced into the air. I berated him for such a poor shot as Bunny was still kicking but he callously knocked it on the head and it was stowed away in my bag.

We broke into a clearing thinly studded in the center with a few ghostly pop-

lars and a bristly ironwood tree. Among the branches a number of dark spots resembling last year's nests were stirring. They were plump partridges breakfasting on the succulent buds. Foolishly thinking I could knock one over from where I was I cocked my gun as Johnny slipped on a root and sprawled in the snow.

I bit my tongue as he arose with a grunt. Fortunately the birds were either stupid or too hungry to take notice for they did not evince any alarm.

"You take that one on the lowest branch," he whispered, I'll try the two just above. Then, if the others don't fly supposing we drop a couple, all the better for another shot."

Our reports blended as one.

My share was a puff of feathers floating in the air; Johnny actually dropped his two, but the rest had gone, the thunder of their wings dying away instantly.

I felt a trifle put out at my bad luck and silently stowed the birds in my bag but Johnny was in good humor, and my spirits soon arose for at least we would not return empty handed.

We followed the direction in which the partridges had gone and poked around cautiously in the bushes. Nothing arose but the trees thinning in front betokened the presence of another clearing and before entering the same, Johnny after a glance around to get his bearings, informed me there were ironwood trees on the other side and that this had always been a good place.

Gazing across the open I located the trees near the other side and a dozen or so dark spots amongst the branches confirmed Johnny's hopes. I said I would bring down something this time, sure.

"Take my gun," he offered good naturedly.

The temptation was great for I could not understand how I missed the other time, having a heavy charge in the cartridge, but I honorably declined.

We concluded the birds were rather far off for a good shot and backed into the shelter of the trees to worm a way nearer. About a hundred feet away we looked out through the branches and marked our quarry. We were fortunate



in having the ironwood between us and the other side in a direct line and after a short council decided that supposing we were lucky enough to bring down three, no doubt the others would take to the wood opposite and if we would keep them in sight, might have another crack at them.

I changed my aim at a rather under-sized bird and covered a larger one nearer, overlooked in my first eagerness.

Bang, Bang-ng!

Three dropped, one flew off and the others stared at the white smoke filming away on the morning air. I now saw how easy it was to 'tree' partridges with dogs and had we been so inclined and brought old Mungo, as Bill the night before wanted us to do, might have bagged the whole bunch.

Some resumed their pecking, the ones we had shot having been on the low branches and when falling did not frighten the rest.

"Let me have your gun," said I snatching it from him, willy nilly. This was no time to dispute so he took mine rather grudgingly notwithstanding his offer of a few minutes before. I fumed as I had some trouble closing the breech but finally we took aim at a bunch of three. I pulled my left trigger and Johnny banged immediately after. Down dropped the three and the others soared in curves across the open. Mechanically, and as if he were accustomed to doing it every morning before breakfast, Johnny swiftly snatched the gun, the right barrel cocked, from my hands and stepping out from our hiding place blazed at the hindmost bird and it plowed into the snow.

It was a remarkably neat shot and I know of nothing, owing to its erratic flight, that is harder to shoot on the wing than a partridge.

"Good for you!" I shouted. He was very much pleased with himself and with a great deal of satisfaction we picked up the game and re-loading, plunged into the bush after the others. Moving about, eyes open and ears pricked up, we now and then scared some of them but they whirled away out of sight too quickly for us. We continued our search for quite a while but my load became very

heavy and we finally took a rest for a few minutes on a stump.

"I'm afraid," said Johnny, "we've frightened them too much."

I think we ought to separate. I'll go around this patch of swamp," pointing to the left, "and meet you near that big cedar."

He indicated a dark green cone about an eighth of a mile away.

"I do not like the idea of being separated," I objected. Too many accidents happen."

"Oh, that's all right as long as you don't shoot me."

"What about myself?"

He grinned Scotchly and went off, his old brown and white bob topped toque dancing in and out of sight amongst the tree trunks, like a will o' the wisp thing.

I arose feeling hungry and as they say in the country, "gant" (gaunt.) Repleted with sport and having a right good bag full, I felt I was entitled to a few moments of leisure and stood in my tracks leaning on my gun—like one of those pictures we often see of the old hunter—musing on the mysteries of the forest. The light wind sighed through the bare branches, the creaking of a broken limb was drear and lonesome, the green fronds of a rustling pine rattled with a graveyard cadence. The absence of all life was depressing. No squirrel fussed in and out of his nest with cheerful chirp, the chickadees, woodpeckers and other winter birds were not yet stirring. A dry twig snapping to the left told me Johnny was over there and I gladly welcomed the noise. Shouldering my gun I walked towards the cedar.

A tangled mass of by-gone forest giants, gnarled roots twisting around uplifted rocks and masses of earth, bent and broken branches surrounded by a second growth of small trees lay in my way and as I approached a dark form slunk into this shelter. Recollecting the wolverine tracks I hastily withdrew my gun charge and slipped in a heavy buck-shot cartridge, for they are courageous animals and can make a fight.

I poked into the jungle and commenced a wary search though to tell the truth did not feel hopeful of any result as the wolverine is counted very crafty. I



rummaged in vain though the air was impregnated with a peculiar smell given off only by this species and I knew it could not be far off. My clothes were coming out second best from contact with the splintery boughs and I turned and dragged my way to the other side. When just about to emerge I lifted my head and saw sharply outlined against a patch of gray sky about the size of one's hand the head and shoulders of a plump partridge.

Now, there was something peculiar about this. I could only see half the body and it was apparently resting on an old burnt pine, the stump of which was visible through the undergrowth. The still faint light cast a tinge of indistinctness over everything.

I gazed hard at it, about twenty feet away. It was quite motionless but plainly a partridge. Anyway, I asked myself, why shouldn't it be a partridge? Still, I lowered my gun.

When about to make a decision many of us do not heed an inner consciousness struggling and fighting feebly to make itself heard.

What is that inner monitor? Is it the instinct of danger to him or his so well developed in most animals but which man in his proud intelligence has thought fit to let lapse ages ago.

A cloud seemed pressing down on me.

When I first went to school we had an old teacher whose favorite advice was, "When in doubt, count five."

Like a beam of light this old advice came to mind and I followed it, slowly counting.

One, two, three, four, five.

I raised the gun, took firm aim at the head on account of the close range:

with a mighty effort and without being able to give a reason why, at the time, strangled the intention which was becoming my master, jolted the barrel towards Heaven and pulled the trigger. With the flash and thunder, the freckled face of old Johnny, amazement in its honest expression, turned towards me, his toque losing its semblance to a bird and he brought his body out from behind the shadow of the stump.

The echoes rang from tree to tree, then died away crashingly and the silence following was only disturbed by pattering pieces of wood from boughs above.

I stood there perfectly sick, the full realization of what might have been surging over my brain in a vision of blood, and to this day can smell the burnt powder. Had the heavy charge of buckshot struck poor Johnny, his brains would have splattered the snow.

I could have hugged him but know human nature fairly well and dissipated his half formed idea that something was wrong explaining I had mistaken a knob on a sugar maple for a chipmunk and fortunately the knob in question did resemble one.

"I heard the racket in this clump," said he, "and was trying to make out what it was. I thought you were over at the cedar all the time."

"I guess our sport is over for to-day," said he, yawning, "let's go home."

"Sure," said I. "We have enough and to spare! Besides, I am as hungry as a bear." And with a pleasant anticipation of fragrant ham and eggs we struggled through the wood and regained the open fields, the bright red sun shining kindly in our faces as he hung near the horizon and bade us "Good morning!"

## Wolves on the Trail.

BY H. JERVIS.

Some few years ago in the month of February I was in the southeast corner of T— Lake, which is one of the many lakes in the beautiful Algonquin National Park. It was expedient for me to start early on the following morning in a wes-

terly direction, as I wished to call at a camp situated on the Mink branch of the Amable-du-Fond. The weather had been and was then extremely cold, and although snow shoeing in the woods, by reason of the lightness of the snow, was

very arduous, yet on the lakes the heavy winds had packed it so that it was fairly good travelling.

I had my breakfast in the small hours of the following morning, and lighting my pipe, I started off at five o'clock on my trip of some eleven miles. It was a bitterly cold morning and the stars were shining brightly, though on account of the excessive frost they appeared to be all on the move, and the tree trunks, contracting along the lake shore, kept up an irregular file fire, as I sped along at my best gait in order to keep myself from freezing. There is something peculiarly entrancing in such journeys—the great distance from one's fellow men; the ice, snow and woods for miles and miles; the mighty vast vault of atmosphere above, through which myriads of stars send their vibrating gleams; the heavy frosts contracting the ice, causing fearful noises and strange rumblings, which to the imaginative mind easily explains how the original natives held that a special deity had his dwelling in each lake.

It is no wonder indeed that the red man was of few words. He could not talk to Nature; he could only listen to her spoken language, and watching the wonders of her shadows catch the weird sounds amidst intense stillness. He was in harmony with his surroundings—a being of few words and gentle movements; unheard and unseen.

When daylight was breaking I was within a mile of the head of the lake, and shortly afterwards was able to make out the rough outline of the camp, where some of the keepers of the Algonquin Park made their headquarters when in this vicinity. As I walked I fancied I could see the gleam of a light from a small window, and was speculating as to which of the staff might be there. Likewise I congratulated myself on the chance of a comfortable fire, and perhaps another breakfast, as the heavy exercise, together with the exposure to the severe cold, was producing hunger. With these pleasant thoughts acting as incitements I pushed on with renewed vigor. Suddenly I thought I heard the cry of a hound away back on my trail. I remem-

ber thinking of the old song, "D'ye ken John Peel?" and hummed the first verse and part of the chorus over to myself when I heard the same noise again, and this time far closer to me. I then awoke to the situation. Turning around I saw what appeared to be a long streak of black on my own snow shoe trail as far back as I could see in the yet uncertain light. It was a pack of wolves, and I was three quarters of a mile from shore, the nearest point of refuge being the park keepers' camp! I tried not to walk fast, as I wished to preserve my wind in case they attacked me. I had nothing with which to defend myself except my pocket knife—a poor weapon of defence, especially when encumbered with snow shoes. As they got nearer the animals howled terribly, and the strain of walking under such conditions became almost unbearable! A few days before I had been reading a book by a Polish author entitled "The Deluge," and at each howl I would say aloud, "The Tartars!" the sound of my own voice appearing to ease the strain to a small extent. As I neared the little camp I saw some one open the door of the house, and shortly afterwards made out the person to be a man approaching the lake. The howling of the wolves drew his attention, and he at once came to meet me. Turning around I saw the whole pack break off at right angles to the north!

As soon as I recovered myself we went back and examined the tracks. There must have been twelve or fourteen wolves, and some of them, owing to the way they broke through my snow shoe tracks, were very heavy animals. Whether they intended to attack me or were simply using my trail, as it afforded better travelling than the unbeaten snow, I shall never know. Whatever their intentions they put me under a strain I hope may never be repeated in my lifetime! When I reached the Keepers' Camp I looked into the glass to see if my hair was standing upon end, or if it had at least turned grey! Curiously enough I could see no traces in face or hair of the desperate mental strain I had so recently undergone!



# Moose Hunting in Quebec.

A Preserve in the Wilds of Rimouski.



ONE OF THE CLUB HOUSES.

**T**HE reputation of the Province of Quebec for providing the finest of fishing and hunting to be found throughout Canada is well maintained by the experiences during the past season of the members of the Scott Fish and Game Club. This Club leases an extremely fine fishing and hunting limit in the wilds of Rimouski, and has made many improvements on the same so as to ensure reasonable accommodation for its members while they enjoy the best of sport. They have two Club houses, have made a number of trails, have 37 boats on their lakes, and rivers and do not mean to be satisfied even with these numbers; while arrangements have been made for a tri-weekly mail to St. Jean de Dieu post office.

Recently two members, Mr. R. F. Hooker, of Bishops

Crossing, and Dr. M. S. McDonald, of Marbleton, Quebec, while on a visit to the preserve left one of the Club-houses without a guide, and were returning when Mr. Hooker, who was walking in front, saw forty yards away the huge antlers of a moose. A minute later he sighted the head and raised his gun and fired, hitting the animal almost in the centre of his forehead. The animal immediately fell but struggled to his feet only to fall again, this time rolling over dead.

The head was covered with a fine pair of antlers with twenty points. The moose was indeed one of the finest and largest specimens of his kind and weighed twelve hundred pounds. A New York gentleman who was at the Club at the time, offered Mr. Hooker one hundred and twenty-five dollars for his prize, but this was declined. Mr. Hooker is having the enormous head with its spreading antlers, mounted at Bishops Crossing, and the local taxidermist, who has had considerable experience, says he has seldom seen a finer one. It will form a trophy, of which Mr. Hooker will have every reason to feel proud. At considerable trouble a good deal of the



MR. HOOKER'S FINE MOOSE.



moose meat was taken to Bishops Crossing, and some forty families enjoyed dinners of moose steak.

It is reported that no less than thirty-four moose have been sighted on the limit this season, and caribou have frequently been seen swimming the lakes. The two gentlemen whose success with a moose is given above, saw and chased a caribou, but this animal proved too swift for them and escaped to the forests of Temiscouta.



RETURN OF A FISHING PARTY.

In addition to big game partridge are reported plentiful, while the fishing all through the summer proved to be of the very best.

## “Why are Deer Hunters the Greatest Liars in the World?”

BY E. J. MCVEIGH.

**I** know that most people are inclined to the belief that the fish-man excels in drawing the long bow when giving an account of his experiences. I have made a study of both hunters and fishermen for twenty years, and while I admit that the fisherman has much abused, (and if he had lived in these days that comparatively truthful) man, “Ananias” beaten to a stand still, he is a child at the game when matched with the deer hunter. It makes no difference to the latter whether he is trying to excuse a miss, or telling of a successful shot, he always lies. Of course there are degrees as in other things, and some lie more than others—but they all lie.

I have known men who both fish and hunt who would never lie about their fishing, and who would never tell the truth about their hunting.

I can remember distinctly my first experience of this weakness on the part of the deer hunter, though if we would speak with reference to the quality of the

lie, strength would be the proper word to use.

It was a good many years ago and I had gone out to join a party who had been one day ahead of me, and on my arrival I found them with one nice spike horn buck to show for their first day's work. This deer had been hit five times and I wanted to know all about it. The shooting had been done by a man who had killed deer from the time he could carry a gun, and you would naturally think he would not be inclined to lie very hard about this little spike horn. Well he gave me a full and clear account of how it all happened from the time the deer came in sight until he dropped at the fifth shot, and the distance was THREE HUNDRED YARDS. I remember so well how my heart went down into my boots on hearing all this, for if that was the way they had to kill deer in that country my chances of getting one were poor indeed. Five shots, and five hits at three hundred yards. Well I knew

what three hundred yards were, and I knew myself, and I knew only too well that if I could hit a bounding deer once in five times at that distance it would be good work for me. However if I could not kill I might see others do it, so I went out with the bunch in the morning, and to my great joy I was sent with "Joe," the man who had done the killing the previous day. "Joe" was eager to get back to his old stand, (this by the way is another little weakness of the deer hunter) and we arrived there shortly after daylight. This stand proved to be a clump of trees, or as we called them, an Island on a "Blue Sea," and Joe pointed out the "run-way" on which his deer had come to him the day before, and forgetting all about his story of three hundred yards he showed me just where the buck was when he fired the first shot, and where he fell at the last. I stepped off the distance very carefully and found that at the first shot the deer had been twenty-five feet from the end of his rifle; he had passed within fifteen feet and had dropped not more than sixty feet from Joe's foot marks where he pointed out to me he had stood.

Now why should a man who could handle a rifle like that, and who had killed deer all his life as you may say, tell such a barefaced and stupendous lie? I have hunted with the same man many times since then and I have never up to the present time caught him telling the truth as he told it to me in the "Island" that morning.

This propensity of lying is not confined to a locality, but is found wherever the deer hunter is found. I was hunting some two hundred and fifty miles from the place referred to above, with a different class of men and under entirely different conditions, when a rather amusing incident occurred accompanied by the same old lie. One of our men came in and reported seeing a deer go into a small piece of wood almost circular in form, not far from our camp. The piece of wood was bound on the north by the railway track, on the east and west by open fields, and on the south by a narrow strip of open along a road between it and a heavy bush of forest. We thought it a good chance for some fun, so we proceeded to

surround the place while one man went in and scared his deer ship out. I was standing on a stump on the road in the narrow opening opposite the man on the railway track, while the others were scattered around as it seemed good to them. The little wood was not more than four hundred yards across at any point, so we could shout to each other as we pleased, and it was not long before you might have heard sounds like this—"There he goes to the west—look out there"—"He is going to the track—Bang—I missed him,—look out there on the south—No, he is gone west—L-o-o-k O-u-t—Bang—L-o-o-k O-u-t on the south," and sure enough to the south he came on a jump and yours truly missed him from the top of that stump, three times at about seventy-five yards distance, and he was safe in the large bush.

The man on the west was the first to come around to me and he wanted to know why I had not killed the deer. I did not know unless it was that I could not but why had not he killed it? Him! why he had fired when the deer was seventeen hundred yards from him. Now seventeen hundred yards would have placed the deer about thirteen hundred yards out on the fields on the opposite side of the bush, but he stuck to that distance. Now this was the first and only time I ever heard a man use seventeen hundred yards as his favorite lie, an odd number you will notice—most of the men lie in even numbers such as eight hundred, one thousand, eighteen hundred and so on, except for very close work when three hundred is the favorite, but one man I knew always used either four hundred or two thousand.

I remember on one occasion going to the trouble of showing him up just for fun. He had fired at a deer while coming in on the road, and we knew about where he must have been at the time, he missed, and when we asked him how far he was from the creature, he said four hundred yards. Now the road at this place ran along a shelf of the hill, on the one side the ground dropped sharp about fifty yards from the track, and on the other side it rose just as sharp 25 yards away. When we came out in the evening and when I thought we were about where he

had fired the shot I asked him suddenly if this was the spot and he said "Yes, I stood right here." And where was the deer? "Right over there," pointing to the edge of the slope. Then he tumbled to it and his arm swept around in a half circle looking for a direction in which he could see more than fifty yards, but he was too late. I went over and found the tracks just where he had pointed first; he had missed the deer standing at forty yards!

I could go on and give hundreds of such instances, but I do not know that

they would be very interesting, but can anyone explain this to me: It is easy enough to say that it is done to minimize defeat in a case where all wish to excel, or to gain the maximum of credit in case of success; but why will a man who is truthful in all else, lie, and lie shamefully, in this particular?

I have seen men go hunting for the first time and tell the truth about the first day's work, but they could not be called hunters just then, and they always lied the second day.

## The Loss of a Moose.

### An Adventure on the Ice.

BY EDWARD S. SHRAPNEL.

**T**HE winter had just commenced in the year 1861. The sleighing was good, when several of my friends proposed a week's fishing through the ice at Lake Bon-homme, which is situated some twelve or fourteen miles north of the city of Quebec. Our party was soon formed, among others a Lieut. of the Sixtieth Rifles who possessed a good horse and cutter; so loading a couple of toboggans with the necessary provisions we were soon on the road, and in a few hours were comfortably established in a log shanty that had been erected near the edge of the Lake. The weather turned out very cold and rough, and our luck at fishing was none of the best, so we agreed to try a day or two's hunting, as quite a lot of caribou tracks had been noticed.

Accordingly early the following morning we each took a different direction and started out. I followed one track nearly all day before getting a shot; the deer started off badly wounded, as I could tell by the blood tracks on the snow, and it was nearly night when I came up to it laying dead and already beginning to freeze. Knowing I was a considerable distance from the lake, I merely skinned a hind quarter—stuck a stick with a handkerchief tied to it in the snow to keep the foxes and wolves off the rest of

the carcass, and started for the lake.

It had commenced snowing lightly early in the evening, but before I had gone far a regular blizzard had set in, and in the gloom of the thick woods I could find no traces of my own footsteps. I was beginning to get very anxious as the cold was intense and the prospect of having to stay out all night anything but pleasant.

While stumbling along, I noticed a snow covered figure on my right evidently travelling in the same direction. I called to him, and we were soon tramping side by side conversing in the patois of the habitants.

He was an old "chasseur Canadian" or hunter by profession; he told me he was heading for the Lake to take refuge in the same shanty our party were staying in. He seemed perfectly at home in the woods, and by taking some short cuts we soon struck the lake. In a short time we were seated before a warm stove and partaking of a good supper my companions had prepared.

That evening when pipes were lighted and a brew of hot whiskey punch passed around, he amused us with a number of his past hunting exploits, one of which I think well worth recording. I will relate it as nearly as I can remember, although



it was given to us with many gesticulations, and in the French language.

Some years ago, my hunter friend said, I and two others were on a hunt in the neighborhood of the Montmorency River, eight or ten miles above the big falls. We were looking for caribou but they were scarce and our luck so poor that we determined to return to the city. When the morning came however, the weather was so fine compared with what we had been experiencing for several days past, that we agreed to hunt one day longer.

We started out together—I got upon a fresh track and after several hours killed a young deer and had just finished reloading my single barrel gun, when I heard a shot some distance off. I did not take much notice of it, but proceeded to get the animal I had shot ready for transportation to our camp, which was not far from the river. I was intent upon my occupation when I heard a loud cracking noise approaching rapidly, and hastily getting behind a good sized maple tree I cocked my gun and waited.

Suddenly a huge bull moose appeared heading directly towards me. He dashed up at a lumbering trot, his eyes blazing like red-hot coals, and only halting for a few seconds to sniff at the carcase of the animal I had killed, he broke away again heading for the river.

I raised my gun, but did not fire as I had no confidence in buck shot for such large game. As I stepped out of cover I noticed from the amount of blood on the tracks that he must be badly wounded, and so concluded to follow him. Hastily dropping a round ball on the top of the shot in my gun, I started at a good pace which I kept up for several miles. I felt confident by the amount of blood stains on the snow that he could not run much farther, but then I knew the river must be close at hand. He might reach it and still have strength to cross, although I was aware it was full of floating cakes of ice as the frosts had been severe. Thinking of this I doubled my speed and leaving the tracks that led into some thick underbrush I headed straight through an opening in the woods and reached the river bank. Nothing was in sight and all was silent except the roaring of some

rapids above the grinding of the ice cakes as the current forced them along a channel on the opposite side. I then noticed that quite a wide surface was stationary immediately below me, that is, frozen to the bank, which in that locality was very steep. I waited anxiously for several minutes and then decided to search for the tracks again.

I had only gone a few steps, when a loud snort made me start and glance around. There, not twenty paces from me was the huge brute, glaring with devilish protruding eyes that made me shudder. Instinct made me think of the nearest tree; but just where I was, there was none, at least not near enough for me to reach, before he made his charge.

I raised my gun but hesitated, a nervous trembling seized my limbs; I felt deathly cold, although I was perspiring freely from my former exertions. I felt I must do something, so I slowly retired step by step, still facing the maddened beast. At last the rush came; lowering his head he plunged forward, at the same instant I discharged my gun; the smoke blinded me for a few seconds but I jumped to one side, when his tremendous impetus carried him over the bank; he landed on the ice with a crash that made the surface crack and vibrate. There he stood still eyeing me, rocking and staggering like a drunken man, he was evidently too weak to attempt swimming. Hastily reloading I brought him to his knees with a shot behind the fore-shoulder in which position he remained some seconds, and then rolled over with a heavy thud. I gave a yell of exultation and then getting down the bank sprang on the ice. The noble brute was at his last gasp, but he still eyed me with a savage glare and struggled desperately to rise but to no purpose. I ended his misery with a knife.

Being so intent on admiring his great bulk, I did not notice that the ice we were on had parted from the bank. His weight I supposed as he leaped upon it loosened it, and my extra impetus when I sprang had started it away from the shore; so there I was floating swiftly down the river.

I thought nothing of this at first, as I

supposed it would be an easy matter to get on shore when I wanted to do so but I found myself mistaken. At first I endeavored to arrest the progress of the ice by catching at over-hanging branches of trees and thus staying our progress down the river until my friends appeared and gave me their help ; but the force of the current rendered the efforts useless.

The time passed: already I knew I was some miles below our camp, and the force of the water was increasing and the river widening perceptibly. I now began to give up all hopes of securing the moose. I knew my friends would follow its tracks to the river, but would they guess my predicament ? Hardly, I thought ; they would conclude the animal had crossed, and by some means I had done so also.

Now a thrill of horror seized me. What if I could not reach the bank ; and the big falls were not so far away ! I could not swim, otherwise the matter could be easily settled. In vain I moved from side to side of the ice, and desperately tried to guide the floating mass, by using the stock of my gun as a paddle. I could not alter its course, or make any perceptible difference in direction.

I was still whirled along ; often I tried to reach at boughs that projected or logs that jutted out from the banks. but they were always a little too far from me and I was swept past. Added to this was the ghastly certainty that every instant I was approaching nearer to the falls. I yelled until I was hoarse, in the hope that my friends might hear me ; all however appeared useless as there was no response.

A couple of hours must have passed and I felt certain we were nearing the

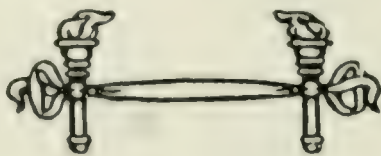
natural steps. The falls I knew were only a short distance farther on. I could already hear the muffled thunder that was growing louder each instant ; faster and faster whirled the current, now spotted with huge flakes of foam. I was giving way to a wild despair. The sins of my whole life reviewed themselves before my mind. I grew desperate. Go over the falls alive, I would not ! I would have one desperate trial at a long jump ! So, hastily taking off my powder horn, shot pouch and coat, and throwing everything heavy on the ice, I stood ready. I knew the ledges on the right bank of the river at the natural steps gradually shelved into the water.

If I sprang from the nearest point on the ice as it passed I might be able to reach bottom at that point. I had not long to wait. As the ice was swept past I watched my opportunity and taking a short run jumped for all I was worth.

I failed to reach the rocks by some feet and sank into the ice cold water, but as the current seized me I felt my feet touch bottom. Throwing myself forward I had little difficulty in scrambling out, when I sank almost exhausted, giving a forlorn glance at the noble carcase of the moose, as it was disappearing around the corner of the rocks.

I made my way up the bank until I reached a trail that I knew led up the river. I almost ran the whole distance back to our camp, where I found my friends in anxious debate as to my whereabouts.

The next day on our return to the city we met a habitant, who mentioned having seen the moose on a cake of ice go over the falls the previous afternoon.



# My First Christmas in the Canadian Rockies.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE.

**C**OME boys; hustle out of them blankets; the Siwashes have finished packing the cayuses; and—breakfast—is—ready!”—the last four words being accompanied by lusty thumps on our door. “All right, landlord, break the door down, it’s not ours!”

We were not long in getting inside our clothes and outside our good breakfasts, ready for our seventy-five mile trip. We were at old Fort Hope on the Frazer River, where Dave Sawyer and I had arrived three days previously with a party of British sportsmen after a six-weeks’ successful hunting trip in the Similkameen country. Our patrons—with whom I had come out from Great Britain—had boarded an east bound train for home, while Dave and I were now on our way back to the South Fork of the Similkameen River, for a winter’s trapping, having noticed plenty of signs of fur while hunting on that river and its tributaries. The two Indians who were packing our outfit over had acted as guides to the sportsmen, and were going back with their squaws and supplies to their Reserve for the winter.

It was the first week in November. Some snow had already fallen, and the Indians had warned us that a heavy fall might come at any moment and block the Pass over the Frazer River range. It therefore behoved us to get a move on, as it would take two days to reach the Pass.

On the morning of the second day seven caribou came down the mountain side and over the trail, stopping in astonishment for one brief moment to gaze at our camp, and then bounding away over the creek and up the opposite side. The Indians, wanting fresh meat, fired at them without result. I was only a short time from Australia, where I had earned my living for years knocking over jumping kangaroo, and I found no difficulty in picking off one of the caribou. I have noticed that while the aboriginal natives of all countries in which I have hunted can find game at all seasons of the year,

and trail it down with unerring instinct their training from childhood develops these powers in them—they all lack the knowledge and judgment necessary to bring the game down with the white man’s rifle—a weapon of which they never become really master, although past masters in the use of their own weapons.

The Indians cut out the haunches only, leaving the saddle and shoulders. This we could not allow and made our own disposal of the meat. In the evening we reached the Pass. The cayuses floundered about in three feet of snow, working their packs loose in their frantic efforts to get through. This Pass in winter is closed to all travel except by men on snow shoes, as the blazes on the pines, forty feet above the ground, indicated. Even then few care to face the cutting blasts that sweep through it, curling the snow into great drifts of unknown depth. That night we pitched camp beside a ravine, a couple of miles down on the south side. We were now on the edge of a magnificent game country, the big game including sheep, deer and bear.

Deer trails crossed and re-crossed each other in every direction on the six inches or so of snow, while every few hundred feet found us examining the tracks of various animals—here a wolverine, coyote or fisher; there a wolf, lynx or marten, Dave naming each one. Presently we came to a track about the size of a tea plate which brought us to a full stop. “I should like to see the animal that made that track!” I remarked, deeply interested. “Cougar make him; no see him,” replied one of the Indians, shaking his head, “you hear him, maybe!” and so I did.

Dave and I helped the squaws to fix up the tent, cut wood, and make a corral for the cayuses. As we had only one tent we all slept in a bunch like a covey of partridge. The mournful howling of the wolves kept me awake the fore part of the night. It seemed to me that I had barely fallen asleep when a nerve





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shattering scream—as though caused by a woman in pain—brought me to my feet wide awake.

One of the Indians pulled me down: "Only cougar; you go 'sleep." I lay down again, but not to sleep; that scream got on my nerves, the sounds being entirely different from those made by any animal I had known up to that time. The rest snored steadily and I tried to do the same, when again that horrible shriek split the air, not further as it seemed to me than a couple of hundred yards away. Then I got angry, more especially as no one else took the slightest notice, and again got up with the idea of investigating the source of that noise for myself.

"Where are you going?" whispered Dave, laying his hand upon me as I crawled over him, "Going? Why I was going to sleep till that shrieking she devil outside started—." "Pshaw!" he replied, "it's only a—." "He devil!" I "suppose," interrupting him, "wait till I find my rifle and I'll have your —. Confound it Dave, I added, stopping short, "if one of them copper faced images isn't on it I'll eat my hat!" The more I

pulled to get the rifle free, the more the squaw snored, till Dave rolled her up on the next sleeper clear of it. I could hear him smothering his laughter as I crawled out under the tent, for it was too dark to find the front.

Raking the embers of the fire together I lit my pipe and waited for the next unearthly screech. The cayuses in the corral close by tramped about uneasily, snorting at every

screech of their worst enemy. Presently the shriek came again from across the ravine, some six hundred feet wide. Aiming as near as possible at the point from which the sound came, I emptied a twelve-shot magazine rifle in record time at and around that point. The bright flashes lit up the dark pines, while the reports echoed and re-echoed like distant thunder amongst mountains and valleys. Dave got out of the tent somehow, and wanted to know if I had shot the cayuses. "No, only shifted your he-devil; go back to the squaws!" I could hear the unexcitable images laugh at this speech for they never came out of the tent. "Bah!" laughed Dave, "I'll bet that cougar won't stop this side of the State of Washington!" Nevertheless, as after events proved, my pard was wrong.

At daylight I crossed over the ravine and picked up the cougar's trail. He had come down the stream. Every impression of the great feet showed clearly, even to the toenails, on the soft snow. Here he had walked under a small branch without knocking the snow off it. Further on he had made a long spring dig-

ging up the earth from under the snow and scattering it over its white surface. From the direction of the Camp he must have been about here when I fired at him. All around the snow was sprinkled with rotten wood and dry bark, caused by a bullet striking a dead pine low down proving that I was right in my theory. A little further showed where he had fallen and rolled over, going away in long springs. What had rolled him over? Not fright certainly. Then I must have hit him! Less than one hundred yards decided that point. There was blood on the snow. For about a quarter of a mile he kept up a steady lope, bleeding freely; then he came to a trot, ceasing to bleed at the end of a mile, and walking very slowly. Judging by the amount of blood lost I knew he would not be far away. I went forward very cautiously for I knew that I might be face to face any moment with an animal I had read about but never seen—a wounded animal of the cat tribe, always dangerous when brought to bay. Although I knew the strength of the cougar must be nearly spent from the amount of blood lost I relaxed none of my caution.

The trail ended in the bottom of a narrow ravine full of willow. A walk round the patch told me he was still in it. Should I go back for Dave, or go in and finish him? I decided on the latter course, as he might be dead already. Besides I might never have the chance to kill another cougar; neither have I so far. Foot by foot I worked slowly forward. When near the center my eyes rested on a yellow spot; a little further and the spot of yellow moved emitting a hissing snarl. Then I had a good view of a long, low, lithe, yellow haired animal with large fierce eyes, which blazed with a peculiar lurid light as she glared at me through the willows, making a good mark for the bullet which I lost no time in sending between them, and then swiftly backing away until her dying struggles ceased. As soon as all was over I made the woods ring with a joyous shout, and away to Camp for Dave to help me skin her, for it was a female of large size. The bullet had caught her just behind the last rib passing diagonally

ally through her body.

Dave stared when I told him the cougar was dead, but the Indians showed no surprise—why should they at a lucky shot made in the dark? After breakfast we skinned the cougar and broke Camp, arriving at the South Fork that evening and took possession of an old miner's cabin on Whipsaw Creek, built some years before, which we fixed up for our winter quarters.

The next move was a trip to Granite Creek, a small mining Camp twenty-two miles up the North Fork called the "Tulanseem," for provisions. On this trip we came across a sight I never wish to see again—the rotting carcasses of hundreds of deer slaughtered for their skins, or in pure wantonness! The weather not being as yet very cold in the valleys our nostrils were filled with the smell of decomposed meat! Mile after mile, across the bench lands, between the South and North Forks, we scouted round for the Camp of the rascals who were responsible for this dirty work. We found a tent on a small creek, the man's tracks at the tent being the same as the one's seen at the dead deer. No one was in camp but on the trees around it hung deer skins by the dozen, some dry and some quite fresh, while the men's beds in the tent, two in number, were made of dried skins two feet deep. "Why the dirty scoundrels!" said Dave, "all these deer have been killed within the last seven weeks. If you remember we passed through here with the sportsmen on our way to the Ashnolias\* for sheep!" "So we did," I replied, "but where are the men who look after the game here?" Dave made no response for a minute. Then he said, "Let's hit out for Granite Creek, tell the Sheriff, and catch the rascally couple red-handed!"

It was nearly ten o'clock and moonlight when we struck that miniature camp. In less than thirty minutes the Sheriff, with half a dozen angry miners, guided by Dave and the writer, took the back trail, Dave and I having made a hasty meal while the men were assembling. When near the tent we separated in order to surround it. Cautiously the Sheriff advanced until he was at the tent

\*Ashnolias Mountains, a celebrated place for sheep.



door, threw back the flaps and called on the inmates to surrender. As there was no answer he went inside the tent and struck a match. "By St. Patrick, the scoundrels are gone boys!" shouted the amazed Irish Sheriff. "How the blazes did they know we were after them?" he inquired, staring hard at Dave. "We never saw them at all," replied Dave taken by surprise. "But they probably saw our tracks when they came back to the tent Dave," I reminded him, "and if they arrived shortly after we were here they have fully eight hours' start!" "I don't care a continental if they have sixteen hours' start; I'll take their trail at daylight!" shouted the angry and disappointed Sheriff. "Sartin we will!" chimed in the rest. "Get a pine knot and let's count the skins, boys," A splinter of pine was found and the skins counted. There were four hundred and ten! A volley of oaths greeted the announcement, together with a few remarks on how to shoot running animals with two legs.

We all made a good breakfast of some deer meat and other food we found in the tent, while the fine quality of boots, underwear etc., showed the class of men who were responsible for this slaughter. At daylight the trail was soon picked up and steadily followed towards the international boundary line. Here the Sheriff called a halt. The villains had had too long a start, and further pursuit was useless. Dave cursed himself for a fool, and I followed suit. Like many other people we were wise after the event, and now saw that our plan of action should have been to ambush the rascals as they returned to their camp, and made them both prisoners.

About two miles below our camp on the South Fork was a ranch owned by a white man who had married a squaw. One morning she came up to the camp to ask us to go down to the ranch as a pack of coyotes had surrounded her sow which had a litter of young ones and was in a swamp on the river's bank. We went at once and got near enough to see a very interesting sight. About twenty coyotes were sitting on their haunches in a ring round the piggies. First one and then another would sneak

in towards a piggy that had ventured too far away from its mother to root in a nice slushy place. The sow, with fierce grunts and lowered head, would drive it back to the ring again, to lick its chops and stare at the splendid feast "so near and yet so far!" Presently a young one wandered a little too far and was instantly pounced upon by two coyotes! A wild melee ensued! The little pig squealed with fright, while the mother grunted and shrieked as she rushed to the rescue, making the slushy mud fly! To make confusion worse confounded the squaw screamed at us to save her piggy! We were obliged to stop our laughing and close the show by turning our rifles on the coyotes, and speedily driving away those we did not kill. A good bounty should be placed upon these animals.

The first week in December Jack Frost laid a firm grip on Mother Earth twisting the river out of its course, and playing other pranks! Ice forming under the running water forced the river out of its bed. Then came a heavy fall of snow and winter had set in. Shortly after the weather had turned cold I shot a spiked buck in a small ravine, and left the head and entrails lying on the snow. Next morning I paid them a return visit to see if the wolves or coyotes had been near them. I found that the coyotes had certainly found them as a ring made in the snow proved, but evidently they had not gone near or touched them. Putting some strychnine on the entrails and in the brain of the deer's head, I kicked the snow over the whole until I had covered them up. Six dead coyotes was the result! I had placed just sufficient strychnine in the deer's brain to kill one. A coyote had got the head between his fore paws and lay down to suck out the brain. He was still holding the head between his paws when I found him frozen stiff. Wolves are still more suspicious, and only approach anything left uncovered by man with the greatest possible caution. Perhaps a short digression on wolf poisoning may not be out of place. The best way to poison wolves is to take a piece of raw meat, three inches square, half roast it, and put on as much strychnine as a ten cent piece will hold



while the meat is hot. A "deadhead" sticking up through the ice on a lake or river is a good place to put the bait. Use gloves while handling it, and cover with snow when placed. The wolf will paw it out, swallow it at one gulp, and if the proper amount of strychnine is used will be found dead within five hundred feet of the "deadhead." Very few know how to use this deadly drug. I have had doctors ask me how much I used to kill a dog—they either used too much or too little. If the former, the animal will vomit and be no worse; if the latter the animal will weaken for a time and its hide become minus a good deal of hair. Further if placed inside the meat the animal will travel for miles before dropping. If placed on the outside of a carcase—a very usual and wasteful proceeding—the animal will taste the strychnine, which is very bitter, before eating enough to kill. I once saw a paragraph in a sporting magazine to the effect that "grey and black wolves never travelled or hunted together." This statement is incorrect as my own experiences have proved. I once placed two baits of the kind I have described on each side of a "deadhead" on a lake. Two days afterwards I found one grey and one black wolf lying dead within fifty feet of each other and within one hundred yards of the "deadhead." They must have been travelling together for each to get a piece, as the stomachs when cut open showed that they did.

To return to my narrative. Just before leaving for a winter's work in the mines, the husband of the aforesaid squaw asked us to kill a deer for his wife when she might want one. Now we shot and gave her two in ten days when she asked for a third which we also procured for her. Wondering for what reason she could want so much deer meat we kept a close watch on her cabin and discovered that she was feeding her pigs on them. "Shades of the coyotes! Feeding dirty swine on clean venison! Ugh!"

"Look here, Jack," exclaimed Dave after a pause, "the day after tomorrow is Christmas Day, and I'm going to cook the finest dinner ever seen in these mountains—mince pies, plum pudding and

roast beef—no venison I mean!"

"Young pig," I suggested, fed on venison!"

"Right, I'll do it, if you'll start right away for Granite Creek for currants, raisins and lemon peel, and get back tomorrow night!"

"Agreed; but mind and get the pig tonight for the squaw might have some of her copper faced friends round tomorrow for a "potlach!" I reminded him.

"Put on your moccasins and get a move on; you have nearly fifty miles to make by tomorrow night. I have the traps to look at, venison to get, to say nothing about murdering that pig!"

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, Dave—you've to steal it first!"

With this parting shot I struck for the door followed by a rubber boot. At Granite Creek I procured my supplies and the mail, and packed them in a neat parcel. Next morning I strapped this parcel on my back and hit the trail shortly after daybreak. It was a bright, frosty morning when I left, but about mid-day the atmosphere became oppressive, the sky darkened, and great flakes of snow commenced to fall. True Christmas weather! By two o'clock the trail—only a temporary one made by ourselves, and unblazed—was blotted out. This made no difference to me except that without snowshoes the walking became hard. Our cabin lay southwest on Whipsaw Creek, and bearing away south I struck the South Fork as night closed in, two miles below the squaw's ranch. In crossing a small creek I broke through the ice, wetting three of my toes on my left foot. Paying no attention to this I struck up river for the ranch from which there was a blazed trail to our cabin. As I was ploughing my way along a bench some twenty feet above the river, I was wondering how the squaw would receive me in case Dave had got the pig, when the earth or rather the snow seemed to open beneath me, and I plunged head first into a hole!

Tired and out of breath I lay quiet for a minute or two thinking I had just fallen into an old flume used for hydraulic gold mining. At length getting on my feet I pulled down the snow sticking to

the sides in order to find which way the flume ran. Imagine my surprise when my hands struck nothing but hard gravel on every side of the hole. I soon knew that I had fallen into a prospector's hole, a good twelve feet deep and some five feet wide. All the snow and gravel that were loose I pulled down with frantic energy, but only succeeded in raising myself two feet from the bottom. I had still some ten feet to negotiate, and this spelled prisoner unless it snowed hard all night! Instead of continuing to snow the stars came out and it froze hard. To make matters worse my left foot pained me. Pulling off my moccassin I found that my three biggest toes were as hard as wood and frozen to the stocking. Nice kettle o' fish, certainly—a prisoner and my foot frozen—on Christmas morning too!

Dave would come and look for me undoubtedly. I was however off the trail. If he could find and keep it nearly half way back to Granite Creek, and notice where I had left it when I struck south, provided the snow had not blotted out my tracks, there was a chance of an early rescue. If not—well there was Mick McQuaid's maxim, "Never bid the D— good morrow till you meet him!" Dave'll be getting his breakfast ready about now, I thought, and then he'll set about to cook the finest dinner—no he won't though, I've some of it here, and I proceeded to open my pack and make my breakfast off raisins, currants, lemon peel and other rubbish of no account to a half frozen hungry prisoner!

Presently my eye caught sight of a letter amongst the others in the pack and I opened and read it. This is the finishing sentence: "Oh, how I should like to be out there with you to help eat the finest dinner you'll have on Christmas Day, consisting as I am sure it will of all kinds of wild game, lovely trout, etc., etc.!" It is not hard to discover the sex of the writer. How different was the reality from her imagination! If she had known I was in a twelve foot hole with no doors and thirty degrees of frost, and had nothing better to eat than raisins, currants and lemon peel, she would not have been so anxious to share my meal. If she had known of the roast sucking

pig—in prospective—she might have thought less of our wild game!

Noon passed and no one came. I had shouted myself hoarse and no one heard, and I had given it up as I became exhausted, and learned that I was serving no good purpose. Slowly the hours dragged by. Gradually my prison became dark once more, and it looked as if I would have to pass Christmas night in that cold hole! "Why the D— hadn't Dave—".

"Hello! Jack, are you down there?"

"Dave, old fellow, I'm glad to see you!" I shouted in my delight. "Help me out, and let me talk afterwards!"

"How in thunder did you get in there? Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

"Fell in like a tenderfoot! No, I'm not hurt, only half frozen!"

"Take your belt off, and the straps off the pack, and with mine I'll have enough to pull you up."

"How did you find me, Dave?" I enquired as I limped along beside him after being drawn from the hole.

"Why I started off about midday for Granite Creek and found what looked like your tracks where you left the trail and pulled up at that darned prospectors' hole!"

"What about the pig? Did you get it?"

"Oh, it's at the cabin all right; but what about the fruit?" stopping short.

"It's in that confounded hole—what's left of it! Say, Dave, I don't want any pudding, never want to see or hear—."

"How about roast pig"—glancing towards the ranch which we were just passing, "and minced venison! Oh, we'll have our Christmas dinner to-night after all!"

The nearer we got to the cabin the more painful my foot became owing to the exertion and difficulty of walking in the deep snow in the dark. Arrived at the cabin, Dave brought a huge snow-ball.

"Get that moccassin off, and rub your foot with that until it gets soft and warm, and I'll make a fire and warm up the dinner!"

I rubbed the snow well in till my arms ached, and still the foot remained as cold and stiff as a piece of ice which it really

was. Looking at the roaring fire of pine logs in the stove I thought that was the place to thaw it out—why hadn't I thought of it before? In a moment I was toasting my frozen foot at the fire—to regret it a moment later, for the pain made me cry out pretty sharp.

"Well, of all the darned—" began Dave staring at me as I jumped round the cabin on one leg, "to stick a frozen foot up to a fire; sit down here you mad man till I let the water out!"

I certainly was a mad man; great bags of water hung down from three of my toes, while a still larger one hung from the sole. These Dave cut open, letting the water out, when the pain became still more excruciating. Having no salve of any kind to put on it, Dave bound a cloth round my foot remarking as he did so "that a frost bite is a mighty bad thing to heal if once allowed near the fire!" This was a truthful remark as I found to my cost, in fact had not the squaw some weeks later come to my rescue with starch and bear grease it is difficult to say whether my foot would have got well or rotted off—a kindness on her part which by the way we did not deserve.

"What about that finest dinner ever cooked in these mountains Dave? You forget I'm nearly starved!"

"Nearly starved!" in feigned surprise. "What after getting outside enough fruit to keep a whole family in mince pies and plum pudding for a month—in a hole by yourself too, you greedy scamp!"

"Hang you and your fruit; I'm in no humor to be lectured—produce that pig!"

"Of course I'll produce it—laughing for I kept my part of the contract, and more. Look here! What do you think of this for a midnight Christmas dinner?"

Lifting the cover off a Dutch oven Dave disclosed to view the half of a young porker surrounded with potatoes and onions, all baked to a beautiful brown. The fine appearance made me

forget all about prospectors' holes and frozen feet!

"Let me at that oven for ten minutes, Dave, like—."

"Pshaw! that's nothing! Look at this you hungry dog!"

From a cloth on the log table came a big mince pie made of real venison—none of your civilized venison, with raisins, apples and lemon peel put into it. Knowing that there had been none of the three latter ingredients in the cabin I stared at Dave pretty hard for an explanation! It soon came along.

"Why when I took the 'loan' of piggie on Christmas Eve as agreed—with a meaning laugh—I left the door of the pig pen open, thinking they would all go out after I got mine. The little brute kicked up such a row that I had to keep a close grip on its throat till I got a piece away from the ranch! Then I let it squeal for all it was worth to make the squaw believe the wolves had it! Of course she came up early next morning to know if I had seen her venison raised pig. I went down to the ranch swearing all the way that she must have left the pen door open, and the wolves had made a meal of it! She wouldn't be a Siwash to believe such humbug. 'Where were the wolf tracks?' Of course there were none, and she sneered in my face and called me a thief."

"'Loaned' pork raised on venison is good Dave; try another piece! But how about the fruit?"

"I'm coming to that. Well, I went into her cabin and while she was calling me names I noticed some dried fruit upon a shelf. For fully twenty minutes that copper faced old fraud abused me in all kinds of languages. Tired at last she went outside for something. That was my chance to 'loan' some fruit for mince pies. • Lucky I got the chance too—with another meaning smile—or we would have had a mighty poor Christmas dinner!"

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# Lady Explorers On The Trail.

Through the Pipestone Pass to the Saskatchewan River.

BY MISS TUZO.



TWO SENTINELS.

**T**HE Northland "calls" very loudly and clearly in the Rocky Mountains for far away, north of the Canadian Pacific Railway line, lie the giant mountains of the range, and the mighty river Saskatchewan is there—a magnet for the adventurous.

Five enthusiastic women fell victims to the call in the late summer of the present year, and the result was that they decided to go and see the great river, in its rocky fastness, for themselves.

The platform at Laggan station was a strange sight on the morning arranged for the start. The packs were to be made up there, and a wild tangle of tents, food, saddlery, and excited explorers covered the ground. Ere long however all disorder had disappeared and in place of the previous conglomeration many things was a picturesque train of a pack and seven saddle horses. For a short time these animals were just horses, but not many hours elapsed be-

fore their personalities asserted themselves. There was Ena, the adorable, a good trail finder, whose beauty was marred by a pink nose which got horribly sunburnt! Eagle, Queenie, Grasshopper, and Charlie were there, with Gravy, best of all cayuses. These were saddle horses though, and it was the packs who gave the most concern. They were a fine old bunch; Pinto known to fame, and Haggie, who had his own opinion on most subjects—Tommy; and Paddy, and Piebald. All these knew their way; they

could be trusted to take the accustomed route even though it led through a river in flood.

The whole pack wound over the railway line north towards the Pipestone Valley, and as the little group of travelers lost sight of Laggan they knew that for many a long day no sound from the outer world could reach them. The trail led through miles of burnt timber, a regular see-saw of log jumping, and then through forests by the side of the Pipestone River till the open valley was reached. Here and there magnificent views of the Laggan Mountains—Temple, Victoria, Lefroi, etc., were seen, and all around were great rocky peaks.

Camp was made in a little bunch of pine trees, and the whole party turned in to do the many little camping jobs. The two guides put up the tents and cut pine boughs for the luxurious beds, while others engaged in the fine art of cooking. Soon a shout went up, "Supper is

ready!" Speedily the party gathered round a pack-mantle laid with simple iron enamel ware. Then the cooks brought up their fry-pans filled with steaming bacon, tomatoes and onions. Coffee in a "billy" and even jam were there. When all was cleaned and put away the little party gathered round a great fire of logs.

"What shall we name the Camp?" was one of the questions put at an early stage of the evening's proceedings. "Sick Horse Camp," was answered, and one told the tragic story of the previous fall when a pack of over fifty horses went by the Pipestone only to meet a terrific blizzard. The wretched animals unable to get food were gently urged back, but many died by the way. This spot began the list of places made memorable by the loss of well known animals.

Next day the "drive" led by open "bottoms" around the bends of the Pipestone. Suddenly Pinto knelt down as though to drink, but alas! in an instant he was swimming, pack and all, through a deep hole in the river. Nor was this the worst; before they could be caught two others had followed. It was not much consolation that Tommie got a ducking and was very mournful for some time.

The remaining horses were seized and led, while the truants were collected from mid-river. All the party had many fords to cross that day only they did not as a rule choose the deep spots in which to make them! Camp was made in another pretty bunch of trees and just in time too, for immediately things were snug down came the rain and it proved hard work for the campers to persuade themselves that they were having a "real good time!" It proved necessary to lay over for a day on account of the weather. Every little discomfort however was soon forgotten in the glorious days that followed, for now the trail led over the Pipestone summit, where a height of eight thousand feet was passed. Such



IN THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW, PIPESTONE SUMMIT.

fields of flowers, a blaze of castilleias, arnica and exigeron, with masses of aquilegia, heath and saxifrages, while on either side were fine mountains and glaciers still unnamed and still untrod by man. On the right a curious waterfall was passed which came over sloping rocks and spread in an unusual manner. Many were the smaller falls, and lakes also were plentiful.

The Pipestone summit itself had been but lately passed by some large caribou, and their trail was still fresh all along the track. The views were magnificent, the great mountains just behind, and the exquisite Siffleur Valley spreading before the eager eyes of the party. The Siffleur River was followed from its beginning in dainty little springs, till as a large tributary it ran into the Saskatchewan. Two camps were made on its bank, and it is said to relate that the glories of the scenery were not the only absorbing topics in camp. No, at "Rice Camp" that excellent grain gave a lot of worry! No less than seven recipes were produced for boiling it with the best results, and in





A HALT ON THE KOOTENAY PLAINS.

the end a squashy mass was served which caused much lamentation. One member of the party tried to eat it disguised with apple sauce and pickles but it was hard work even thus to dispose of her share, and all voted it an economical dish,—it went so far!

On the sixth day out the trip was much varied by several fords of the Siffleur, now quite a large river and running very high. These were all safely crossed and before long the party emerged on to the high benches, from which could be seen the mighty river—the first goal of the expedition. Here the Saskatchewan winds its way swiftly through the undulating Kootenay Plains. These plains were named long ago by some explorers on their way to the distant Kootenay land. During the time of the railway exploration they were a well known headquarters for explorers, but now the district is chiefly frequented by the Stoney Indians from Morley, who winter their horses upon them. Some white men too are there, and hordes of beautiful horses owned by them roam on the wide fields.

As the small band wound its way along the narrow trail on a steep bench, suddenly one of the members called out, "What is that?" All eyes were turned in the direction indicated and some animal was seen galloping in the distance. "Yes. What was it? A horse? A wolf? No, a huge black bear." One of the party hastened in pursuit, and the result was that in a few seconds a scared bear was rushing madly towards the pack train. A howl went up and frantic

endeavors were successfully made to attract Bruin's attention! Fortunately he changed his course before the horses got wind of him. He was a superb animal with a coat of the glossiest black.

A halt was called at the banks of the river and the tents soon put up. Scarcely any fire could be had for the wind was raging and the bunch grass was as dry as tinder. The valley richly deserves its name of "Kadoona Tinda"—the valley of the winds, for it blows vigorously there nearly all the time. Next morning shots were fired till an answering report from across the river showed that the attention of the one inhabitant had been gained. Soon he was paddling across in a frail canoe, a tiny craft in which to risk the dangers of the river—historic too, for in it the one voyage from the Plains to Edmonton was made.

The fears of the party as to crossing the Saskatchewan were shown by the lonely dweller in Kadoona to be well founded. It would have been madness to have made the attempt to swim the swollen Saskatchewan, and the party had perforce to be content to gaze on the Far North Countree, without being able to tread on its ground. It had been on the programme, if the river could have been crossed, to push forward to the north and attempt the task of reaching Wilcox Pass, in which case the members of our party would have been the first white women to have reached that point. We gazed on the promised land but could not enter therein, and having come so far on the journey the disappointment was great. In the spirit of true explorers we bore up and made the best of the situation. With the assistance of the solitary settler a less windy spot was found for a residence and here several days were spent. By way of compensation for the curtailed journey glorious rides were taken up the surrounding valleys. Stray mementoes of the Indian occupation were picked up—a papoose saddle and a tiny bonnet; while here and there were their huts and the curious wicker frames over which the Indians spread blankets in order to have a species of Turkish bath. Inside these covered frames they crawl, and water is poured on a pile of heated stones, thus raising clouds of steam.



It may sound strange to hear that we gave a party in those remote regions, but nevertheless it was done. One evening the leader of the band galloped home in haste. "Girls, we must hustle! Three visitors to dinner to-night!" True enough another camp had come in from the north—scientists on business bent. Such a scrimmage as we had, but despite all difficulties we prepared a really nice dinner as perhaps readers will agree if they will read the following menu:—bean soup, creamed beat, fried tomatoes, apricots and rice, with hot bannocks and cakes. All was ready in good time, and the cooks had even tidied themselves before the guests appeared! The guests apparently enjoyed their dinner and we had a most pleasant evening with them.

These Kootenay Plains by their name give an idea of level stretches of country, but that is no true impression—the benches are high and undulating with only now and then a bit of level country. All round are mountains, real rocky mountains, whose formation is intensely interesting to the geologist, the names and varying angles of the strata show such immense pressure and strain. The sedimentary rocks, of which the ranges are formed are dyed by iron ores and other minerals giving them an immense variety of colors and shades of color. Sunset in this region is glorious beyond all words, and when to these natural colors are added the exquisite views of the setting sun, and all the heights are suffused with gold, which swiftly changes to mauve and purple, or again to the pink of an Alpen glow, the sights are most wondrous and beautiful.

The days of rest and splendid food were excellent for the horses, but alas their pleasure and comfort was much marred by the flies, and the poor beasts would hang around to have bacon grease rubbed on their chests, or any citronelia that could be spared.

Since no ford could be made of the Saskatchewan, the return journey had to be taken by the south bank along a disused trail. The first day's drive round by the banks of the river gave constantly changing views; the river would break into many channels with islands and bars, or join again into one swift stream.



INDIAN BATH HOUSE.—KOOTENAY PLAINS.

Such an evil snake like river! It glided by with scarce a ripple and no sound, and yet so rapidly! Soon Mt. Wilson and its splendid glacier came into view, and ere long the first cliffs of Mt. Murchison till on the second day out, camp was made at the mouth of Bear Creek, now known as Mistaya Creek.

Here indeed was a spot worth many days of trailing to see. Mt. Forbes, Mt. Lyell, and the Freshfield Glacier were in full sight; the North and Middle Forks of the Saskatchewan ran in a little to the East, while Mt. Wilson and Mt. Murchison guarded the banks of the river. What a paradise for the mountaineer! What peaksto conquer! What a promise of endless views of the heights of the Rockies, so little known as yet!

The homeward trail lay along the Mistaya River; such a trail in and out, it



EIGHT THOUSAND FEET HIGH.—ON THE PIPESTONE PASS.



WE LEND A HAND IN CAMP.

wound over bogs and through muskeg, and often there had to be a halt while the foremost of the party took out his axe and literally hewed a way! Here and there we passed tiny cabins which are used in the winter by trappers, and one of these we found to be well inhabited—not by its owner but by several fine porcupines who were annoyed by visitors, and tried to explain that they were not at home by getting into the roof!

Camp was made for the night by the first Wildfowl Lake. Even in this land of wonderful lakes, Wildfowl shines pre-eminent. It is something like the better known Emerald Lake, but more mountainous with a slight likeness to Lake Louise, and with more mountains ranged to one side like those of Moraine Lake. If it were only more accessible this lake and its shores would be one of the most sought after spots in all the mountains!

It was with extreme reluctance on the parts of all of us that we turned away from this dream of loveliness, though the views of exquisite mountain scenery still stayed with us, the route laying under a rampart of mighty peaks which were on the right of the river. Of all of them perhaps Pyramid was the most exquisite, for it gave us a beauty all its own, and we feasted on the magnificent sights till we reached the second Wildfowl Lake, a close rival in beauty of the first of the name. Up and up by forest and creek the way went till the highest point of the road was reached at Bow Summit, some six thousand four hundred feet above sea level. Of all the

camp on this journey of lovely camps, this was perhaps the loveliest of them. The little tents nestled among giant fir trees and looked out over a green slope studded with fine single trees to the Bow Lake into which fall a fine glacial stream while water was fetched from the springs furnishing the headwaters of the Bow River—large pools of intense clearness, several feet deep, and exceeding cold!

Some of the party made a side trip to see Lake Peyto, another lake of great beauty, while the rest filed along to Bow Lake. For some miles the whole of us took to the water and splashed along in the shallow lake. When we were compelled to take to the shore we suffered many trials from the muskegs which constitute a very real danger on this trail. Indeed on several occasions horses have gone right in and only bubbles of air from their nostrils have remained to show their whereabouts. Their rescue is exceedingly difficult and often impossible. We therefore took every precaution to avoid these dangerous spots. Often the knowledge of the packhorses proved most valuable but occasionally it was awkward. They had no objection to a swim while those who followed them had strong objections to such a course when unprepared for it!

Hector Lake lies a little off the trail and was reached by a brisk scramble over the fallen timber. Into it falls a glacial stream, while often a slight gap in the near mountains revealed the glimpses of some snowy peak, better known from its other side in the Yoho valley, for these great glacier hung rocks guarded the Waputehk snow field which in its turn encircles the Yoho valley.

Now alas but one drive remained before civilization was reached. That last trip was through burnt timber and so in spite of all care it was a grimy crowd that emerged on a hot afternoon by Laggan Station! The tables were turned on them and those who had snapped cameras at so many unoffending mountains were themselves the angry victims of a wild crowd of trippers who ranged up to take the pictures of the "cowboy women"—while the guides, with innocent faces, told the questioners some most surprising yarns!



# Exploring Towards Hudson Bay.

## The Story of a Strenuous Trip.

BY J. RUSSELL COUTTS.

**I**T was on the midnight of July 31st. last that I left Toronto for the northern End of Steel, purchasing a ticket that pledged to land me next day on the shores of Lake Temiskaming.

For nearly a week the city had suffered severely from what is technically known as superheating, and as the overcrowded coaches moved slowly out of the Union Station, there could be heard the usual ejaculations of thanksgiving and relief when the first faint breezes off the lake began to fan the faces of the weary passengers, all anxious to escape from the pent up prison of city toil and care.

It was my intention, after having reached the terminus of the rail, to procure provisions and canoes and head a party of friends on a canoe trip in the direction of Hudson's Bay, venturing as far north as Canadian caution would carry us. I was accompanied from Toronto by two old college friends—one a chemist, the other a business man, who were, like myself, fool-hardy enough to face the perils of the unknown wilderness.

We reached Haileybury the next afternoon and at once proceeded to stock up with supplies for a three week' trip. We purchased the staple food stuffs—pork, flour, meal, tea, salt and sugar, in the usual quantities for a month's consumption per man, and in addition, as a joke at the time, bought a quarter hundred of plain rice and beans. It is owing to this extra twenty-five pounds of wholesome diet, together with a rusty compass in my pocket, that I am here to tell the present tale.

From the Hudson Bay Company we purchased one of their best canoes adapted for three men and as many hundred pounds of provisions. That night we got everything in readiness and by sunrise on August 2nd., without waiting for breakfast, we launched our craft upon our cruise along the shore for New Liskeard, having learned that a second canoe and guide might be secured there.

The setting out was ominous. Scarcely had we rounded the pier when a big wave struck us and the overloaded boat shipped sea so badly that it was with difficulty we succeeded in making land, where we bailed her out, dried our outfit in the sun and began over again. This time we carefully skirted the shore, avoiding the rougher swells and reached New Liskeard, seven miles down, in safety, two hours before noon. The appetite developed for our belated breakfast, as I think of it now, was suggestive of the deeper pangs of hunger which we were to experience later.

The guide, whom I engaged, was a character. Hard, stern and disciplined by years of frontier life, he had long since forgotten the vivid sensation of the inverted canoe resting on your shoulders for the first time, or the excitement of your maiden plunge into the mad swirl of the rapids! But, as he was reputed to know the North Country like a book and also sustained a great reputation as a canoeist, besides being able to portage a heavier pack than any man on the trail, I ventured to engage him for a trip up the Abbitibi and down the Frederick House, a trip which he declared would take about three weeks to accomplish.

Next morning, August the 4th., we took the construction train northward, piling canoes and supplies upon a flat car and then ourselves on top of all. It took us nine hours to make forty-five miles, so our average rate of travel may easily be determined. At noon we stopped an hour for dinner at a collection of shacks known as Englehart. The luxury of the meal consisted in chicken pot pie, for which the bracing air had given us all an excellent relish.

That afternoon I met, by chance, an old friend, Walter Mills, of Ridgetown, one of Canada's well known barristers, who happened to be going to the End of Steel on business for a mining syndicate. The temptation to invite him along



was irresistible and in spite of the protests of his friends on board, who feared that the hardships of such a trip might prove too great for a "tenderfoot," Mr. Mills consented to come, greatly to my delight. Through all of the checkered experiences of the next three weeks he proved himself the very best of company and his songs and jokes around the camp fire mingle in the memory with the grand melody of the resounding rapids and the rifle crack of the evening target practice.

The long day on the train gave me a fresh glimpse into the pioneer spirit that has made Canada what she is. The passengers travelled contentedly in two ordinary horse cars, huddled together on rough hard seats, women and children with smiling faces, mothers with infants in arms, all bound for the remotest borders of civilization to share the hard lot of those sturdy men who are, after all, the bulwark and buttress of our country.

About six P.M. we reached the north terminus, Boston, after passing a spot where four men had just been killed, owing to the snapping apart of the train on the steep grade. Those grades gave one chills being so imperfectly finished and leading often to trestles one hundred feet in height where the track crosses and recrosses the Blanche River. But the vista was grand—miles and miles of primeval forests being unveiled on the winding river course far below.

Before taking supper we all tramped out to inspect a copper claim two miles from the town, which one of our party was exploiting. Being the first I had seen in that country it was unusually interesting and I brought away excellent specimens, only to be lost in experiences which I shall record later. Having a new Colt's revolver on me I tested its sight on a brace of partridge at thirty yards, taking the heads off both, to the delight of my guide who put me down then and there for a crack shot. Before the end of the trip I may say that he revised his judgment considerably.

On our return to the hamlet we learned that the railroad had been pushed eighteen miles further north during the past few days and that the work train would come down and return that night. So we interviewed the man in charge of the

station, agreed to his exorbitant rates and arranged transportation for our supplies and party, wishing to escape from civilization as quickly as possible.

At 1.30 in the morning we heard the distant whistle and began to shake off the stupor which had seized us all. Within a half hour we were all aboard and headed slowly northward over a very uncertain piece of track upon which the engineer ventured with extreme caution, trying each trestle as he proceeded. There was something novel in that night ride upon those flat trucks, heavily laden with steel rails, the only bed upon which we could stretch ourselves. Above us the sky was filled with black clouds that drenched us with torrents of rain. Far beneath were the yawning chasm and foaming cataracts of the Blanche, while we quivered in mid air upon swaying timbers whose untested strength forbade the train, with its immense weight of steel to do more than creep from bank to bank. It was a long, cold, wet experience relieved only by the grandeur of the country which struck sombre outlines against the gloom of the night sky.

Between five and six o'clock in the morning we reached the shores of Lake Sesiginika, the uttermost point of the steel. Here we alighted and on the sandy shores of the lake we cooked our morning meal. I might here mention the purposes of the trip which were as varied as the members composing the party. Briefly stated we were pleasure and treasure seekers. My business friend, Mr. Thompson, was an old Klondike gold seeker, anxious to prospect in this country where finds of precious metal were reported daily. We therefore carried a miner's pick in our canoe. Being also one of Canada's crack rifle shots, Thompson carried a veritable arsenal of rifles, revolvers and ammunition, all of which came to a tragic end before our return to civilization.

Mr. Johnson, the chemist, declared that health rather than wealth was his object, his great ambition being to put on some hard, firm muscle during the trip.

Our lawyer friend, Mills, simply wished to experience the joy of a months' outing after nineteen years of steady office work. My own motives, in plunging into the

wilds have been already confessed.

Before starting out I took the precaution to purchase a miner's license at Haileybury in case of happening upon a vein of ore that I might wish to stake. This would save a return trip in order to take possession of the claim. Fortunately or unfortunately, before leaving Toronto, I called upon the Commissioner of Crown Lands and secured the latest maps of Northern Ontario. As to their geographical merits I shall be obliged to make some disparaging references later on. But to return to the narrative....

Saturday morning, August 4th, the day broke beautifully and clear after the night's rain and the sun-rise revealed a scene of unmatched charms as Mills and I paddled out upon Lake Sesiginika to catch some fish for breakfast. As it was my friend's first experience in a canoe, I fear that he saw very little of the morning glory, spreading in folds of purple and crimson above the seven miles' expanse of water and reflected in their depth. Though normally a free thinker, he sat for an entire hour as rigidly as the most devout disciple of John Knox, and on reaching the shore with our catch of fish he heaved a deep significant sigh of relief. Before the end of the second day, however, he was pulling a splendid stroke at the paddle and declaiming eloquently upon the canoe as the only mode of water travel.

Johnson had also the disadvantage of being a stranger to a canoe, besides the worse handicap of being unable to swim, which nearly cost him his life before the first week's end. It was evident then, that the brunt of the work must fall upon Thompson, the guide and myself who had all of us paddled, portaged and cooked upon similar trips in other parts of Canada.

After breakfast we embarked in our two canoes, three in each, having with us a young surveyor from Toronto, Lloyd by name, who wished to reach his party in the far north as early as he could and so had requested to join us for a few days. This was fortunate for all concerned, as he proved himself a decided accession of strength to the second canoe.

We first crossed Lake Sesiginika,

which in the Indian tongue, means the "long narrow water." It is a beautiful sheet of deep blue, studded with lovely islands which must, ere long, become a second Muskoka, since the rail already touches the sandy beach. Several of the points are quite as well situated for summer homes as any I have ever seen in Lake Joseph or Lake Rosseau. The lake teems with fine fish as a few minutes with a troll convinced us.

After landing upon the northern end of the lake my attention was directed to a cedar stake placed upon the bank and bearing the significant words, "Height of Land." From this point the waters bore us steadily upon their bosom towards the Pole. It was here that we encountered our first portage. The day had grown hot — we had four portages to make before dinner — two of them nearly a mile each and leading along a foot path through the woods, where every breath of breeze was shut out.

Great was our astonishment to see the load which our guide deliberately heaped upon his shoulders until it touched the branches of the trees, then stalked away like an antlered moose over the portage. Indeed I learned afterwards that the Indians once seeing him bearing a similar burden along the path, exclaimed: "Moose! Moose! Moose!" For myself, I seized the canoe and putting it upon my head made away, leaving the others to take the remaining sacks of supplies. That was a scene of surprises. Each man as he panted up to the half way post was certain that he carried the heaviest sack and only by an exchange for the remaining half of the portage, discovered his mistake. Mills, who changed with me, taking the canoe for the second mile declared at the landing that his collar bone had received permanent injury as a result of the transfer, and much to my amusement, I could not for a solid week, persuade him to shoulder the canoe again.

That day we crossed the Swan, Loon and Twin Lakes, as well as traversing the connecting streams and at night we camped upon the banks of the White Clay River where we practiced target shooting at a birch bark down the stream until it grew dark. One of the party



shot some partridge which gave flavor to the breakfast pork.

Sunday morning August 5th, we ate our plain morning meal of sea biscuit and flap jacks made from buck wheat, washed all down with strong tea, then resumed our course along the interminable White Clay which wanders in serpentine fashion between banks of impenetrable undergrowth. The scenery along this stream is very pretty and the perfect peace of the place, broken only by the flashing drip from the sun-lit paddle, gave feelings of Sabbath quiet to the soul that no pomp of choir nor precision of ritual could ever impart.

I must confess to a sudden awakening from this sweet reverie when, as I stepped ashore at noon, I was suddenly accosted by an angry hornet which, without a moment's notice, stung me right on the eye. An old Scotchman, camping at the spot, came to investigate the reason, and in doing so laid his hand upon the very bough supporting the cone-shaped nest. What was my surprise to see him deliberately cut away the branch and go off with the nest in his hand, while a cloud of enraged hornets buzzed about him. He told me afterwards that he was impervious to their sting and I could quite believe him. We dined at this point, inviting our Scotch friend to our repast of biscuit, cheese and tea. He had lived there for seven months, seldom seeing a human being. He assured us that if we would wait over night we would certainly get a good shot at a big bear with her two cubs which he saw regularly each morning making for the stream.

Moose, he said, were also plentiful as their tracks indicated, and we could not miss them if we waited over until next day break. After consultation, however, we decided to push on and toward evening reached Bolton Lake where we fished as we coasted its shores their entire circumference of five miles, making a supper's catch in a cold rain. Then we passed down the river to a camp of a surveying party where we pitched our tent for the night.

Feeling a craving for bread I crossed the river and made my way a mile into the woods to the camp where I was fortunate enough to get three loaves of

bread for a dollar, which, under the circumstances was a good bargain.

That Sunday night between rain and mosquitoes we had good use for our camp fire which furnished the double purpose of heat and smudge. After a supper of good bread and fresh pike, we wrapped ourselves, heads and all, in our blankets and knew nothing more until sun rise.

Monday, August the 6th, rising at day break we prepared for an early start. We first portaged, being assisted by a bright Brantford boy, Haggard by name, who was encamped near by with the party of surveyors. About noon we reached the junction of the White Clay and Black Rivers where it was so difficult to determine the course of the current that we were obliged to "lay to" and wait for the second canoe, lest they should take the wrong turn.

All that day the traces of big game along the banks were so fresh and numerous that we kept a sharp lookout with loaded rifle. The only thing that appeared however, was a lonely mink that I shot at sight and a partridge which shared the same fate.

That evening we reached McDougall's Chute, about seventy miles by canoe from the End of Steel. Here we took supper in the fine shack erected there last winter by our guide. After supper we spent some time admiring the fine water power of the falls, then stocking up with fresh supplies, we pushed on down the Black River in the moonlight, camping several miles below the chute, upon the wooded bluff's overlooking the stream.

That night we slept at an angle of about forty-five degrees since it was impossible to find a level camp site in that vicinity owing to the succession of cut banks that retreat from the river.

Next morning, Tuesday, we reached the Abbitibi shortly before noon. Here we spent a half hour at the junction of the rivers regaling ourselves with delicious spring water; then we inspected an old Indian camping ground where we tested the range of our rifles, ate dinner and resumed our course down the Abbitibi whose waters are a light brown, contrasting sharply with the dark waters of the Black which we had just left behind. About four o'clock in the afternoon we



reached Iroquois Falls, whose legendary romance tempted us to stay over night beside their thundering waters. We were the more willing to remain because of the moose and red deer which had been seen daily on the margin of the great basin beneath the cataract.

Messrs. Potter and Forsyth, who kept a supply station here, treated us with marked hospitality, acting as guides to a mining claim which they had recently discovered in the neighbourhood and which appeared to have rich possibilities. I, myself, however, would prefer to bank on the future usefulness of the magnificent water power of the falls when the transcontinental railway passes by that point as it is expected to do within the next two years. Then, no doubt, there will be heard the steady hum of machinery in competition with the constant roar of the rapids.

Tradition tells of an Indian battle fought between the Iroquois and Algonquins on the river just above the falls. A number of Iroquois invading the country were attacked by their enemies who lay in ambush for them at a point above the cataract. The fierceness of the engagement so diverted their attention from all else that they failed to see or hear the plunging waters until escape was too late and all were swept over the rocks to destruction; hence the name of the falls.

On the hillside near by, an oak slab with finely carved Spencerian letters, records the resting place of a youth of eighteen years who was buried there sixty years ago. A neat spruce railing surrounds the spot sequestered in the pines whose gentle murmur sounded like a perpetual dirge amidst those far-off solitudes.

Early Wednesday morning we struck tent and started down the Abbitibi (shallow waters) which from this point onward is between two and three hundred yards in width and flows with more perceptible current toward the northern sea. We now had to encounter the Duck, Deer and Loug Sault Rapids, the latter being over seven miles in length and caused by the abrupt descent of land in the direction of the Bay. As the guide had shown himself to be an expert canoeist, I ventured with him through the worst rapids of the

Long Sault catching the rapturous thrill of the wild dashing waters the spray of which covered me from head to foot.

Crosses on the shore marked the sad fate of adventurous spirits who, in years before had paid with their lives for venturing into those swirling torrents which pour with merciless violence over the hidden rocks. All that day and day following we struggled to effect our passage, portaging, paddling and poling as occasion required. Never shall I forget the sensation of being caught by the darkness upon the rapids of the lower Long Sault — no salvation in sight except to shoot them. I had lingered an hour too late, prospecting with my pick a promising cliff on the river bank during the afternoon. As I turned my canoe reluctantly into a dimly-lit swiftly-sweeping current, expecting each moment to strike some treacherous boulder, what was my joy to see the outlines of the guide's canoe a few hundred yards below. Fearing for my safety Mills had sent the guide back to pilot me through the rapids to the camp, where by the bright blaze of the camp fire the dark danger of rapids and rocks were soon forgotten! That night we slept soundly and awakened to find a heavy rain falling.

As Johnson had been quite ill for a couple of days, we feared exposure to the weather on his account and waited until noon under cover, then we glided on down to the confluence of the Abbitibi and the Frederick House which we reached about the middle of the afternoon. The junction of these streams is beautified by two large islands, one of them a full mile in length, well wooded with splendid gravel beaches. Indeed the entire course so far had been one continued panorama of wooded beauty — pine, spruce, balm of Gilead, poplar, birch and elm, mingling their varying shades of green into one glorious sun-clad landscape. The rich clay loam along the river banks suggests, moreover, a country of great agricultural possibilities and only the extension of the "rail" is necessary in order to convert these regions into prosperous homesteads.

Having now reached our farthest point north, being within one hundred and ten miles of Hudson Bay, we turned our

canoes reluctantly about and waving our paddles, called out sadly: "Good bye, fair Abbitibi, go on with our best wishes to your far off home upon the Polar seas!"

That night we pitched camp six miles up the Frederick House within sound of the first rapids of the series corresponding to those upon the sister river, known as the Long Sault. Here the mosquitoes proved a veritable pest, attacking our party with unmitigated ferocity. Only the guide seemed immune from their stings. Having some oil of lavender along we rubbed hands and faces well and in doing so found some protection from their insatiable appetites, and a somewhat slim chance for a night's sleep.

The next day, Saturday, was a hard one for all. We were compelled to wade in the cold water all day long, sometimes up to the waist, pressing our canoes against the fury of the rushing waters, creeping over rocks, falling into deep holes, being caught in whirlpools and in momentary danger of losing our canoes. It took the entire day to make six miles and at night we camped exhausted on the bank. Our clothes, tents, blankets and provisions were completely drenched.

During the night I was seized with a severe attack of dysentery which I attributed to the day's drenching and to sleeping in soaking blankets. For a couple of days, in spite of all efforts to check the ailment, I grew steadily worse and in a place so remote from civilization, comforts and medical care, I became somewhat anxious on finding myself absolutely helpless and unable to carry a pound's weight over the portages, being taken along like the rest of the baggage through the rapids. Even a gentle stroke at the paddle proved too great an exertion, so I had to fall back upon the superior strength of the guide, who insisted upon pressing on to civilization as rapidly as possible.

Sunday, August the 11th, was one not soon forgotten by any of the party. After partaking of our plain breakfast fare, consisting of bannocks, pork and tea, we resumed the perilous work of pushing our freighted canoes up the rapids, which at this point were churned into white whirl-pools, owing to the great volumes

of water rushing through the narrow gorges of rock. Our guide began to display his skill in battling up these passages by steering straight for a rock until reaching its eddy when he shot out into the current and by hard paddling for a moment succeeded in reaching the quiet waters always found just above the narrows. This was all right for him, but proved too difficult a feat for Thompson and Johnson, in the second canoe, who lost control of their craft. In an instant it swung broad side to the stream, and the next moment struck midship against a large projecting rock, upsetting them into the boiling cauldron. Thompson being a strong swimmer struck for the shore. Johnson unable to swim a stroke clung tenaciously to the overturned canoe, calling loudly for help. Being ourselves at the most treacherous turn in the rapids, where a single false stroke meant destruction, the guide refused to hear my protests to turn back, and sternly ordered us to paddle with might and main lest we all should be engulfed.

Meantime Johnson clung with death grip to the canoe, which drifted down stream two hundred yards to a shallow spot where he succeeded in getting his feet on bottom and waded ashore just as Ike, the guide, reached him after landing Mills and myself, crossing the river and running down the bank. He was just in time to save the supplies which went floating down the stream, excepting the rifles and pistols which had instantly sunk. These, we tried in vain to recover, dragging the river bed for hours, and wading in the foaming torrent to our armpits. So with water-soaked tent, blankets and provisions, and all of our firearms lost but my Winchester rifle, we pitched early camp—Johnson's unnerved condition making further progress that day out of the question. For myself, the exposure and excitement combined had so aggravated my complaint that I could scarcely muster strength sufficient to kindle the campfire while the others prepared the evening meal. We were all too glad, however, to be alive, to be guilty of any murmurs save of gratitude; and each in turn began to relate the presentiments of danger and disaster that had been felt from the beginning,



but till now, unconfessed. Little did we think of any harsher fulfillment of our dreams and premonitions!

Monday, August the 12th, I found myself so weak, owing to a renewed attack of dysentary that I was obliged to lie helpless in the bottom of the canoe, dependent upon others for transportation.

Johnson also suffered severely from the same complaint and for several days his condition gave us grave concern, especially as the medicine chest had gone down in the wreck of the day before, so there was no remedy but to make the best of it. During the next two days our comrades cheerfully bore the brunt of the hard work before us, until one by one all were taken by the same dread complaint, and even the guide admitted that he was about "all in." As the diet of flapjacks and beans was utterly unfitted for men in our weakened state, we preferred to fast rather than aggravate our distress. So we crept along as best we could, making our way by sheer force of will until night fall when we had not even enough energy left to pitch our tent, or cut the usual spruce boughs for our bed. It was always during the night that we suffered most, until by dawn the dull dysenteric pain had increased in virulence to positive agony and we were glad to renew the struggle up the rapids which helped to divert our minds from our malady. Our advance, however, was so slow, that the guide began to show alarm over the diminishing state of our food supply. Allowing five days to reach the frontier post of Ft. Matachewan, he divided our supplies accordingly with reduced rations all around. As hunters know, there was a remarkable scarcity of small game this season and in the parts through which we passed on our return trip, not a rabbit nor partridge could be seen—even the few ducks that we sighted were so wild that it was impossible to get within range of them. To aggravate matters our fishing tackle had been lost in the rapids and while fish were evidently plentiful, it was with difficulty that we inveigled a stray pike or pickerel to accept our crude hospitality of salt pork bait. As for the beautiful brook trout which appeared along the sand shoals

and in the adjoining pools, they scorned the invitation to dine which we extended to them day by day. Thus it was that we had to fall back on our limited supply of pork, rice and beans, which rapidly disappeared before our returning appetites.

Under normal conditions the trip up the Frederick House would have been delightful. Six miles from the Lake we portaged past the Falls where the noble river takes a leap of over forty feet through three separate gorges of rock into an immense natural basin beneath. Just above the cataract we found a fine moose skin hung up to dry, which only the awkwardness of packing prevented us from taking along.

That day we crossed the Frederick House Lake, a fine expanse of water about twenty miles in circumference and at sunset built our campfire on its southern shore. Leaving Mills and Johnson to prepare supper, the rest of us cruised four miles down Barber Bay at the southern extremity of the lake to try for pike which the guide said were plentiful in these waters. We succeeded in landing one poor fish to reward us for our pains. Returning to camp we ate our evening meal—drank copious draughts of strong tea and after lingering late around the blazing fire, which never failed to cheer us after the day's toil, we wrapped up in our blankets and slept soundly until sunrise.

At noon the next day we reached Night Hawk Lake after enduring a bitter disappointment. The guide, who preceded us several hundred yards, came suddenly upon two large moose—a bull and a cow, sporting along the bank of the stream. The bull was heavily antlered and one of the largest which the guide had ever seen. Unfortunately, Mills emitted one of his Indian war whoops just as we rounded the point where Ike was impatiently waiting our advance. Mr. and Mrs. Moose at once retired into the dense underbrush along shore and only their fresh tracks remained to verify their presence.

Night Hawk Lake is the most beautiful sheet of water that we saw during the entire trip. It is fourteen miles in length and eight across. Innumerable



islands of exquisite shape and size adorn the glassy surface of the Night Hawk and upon one of these we camped to eat our mid-day meal. The rich calcite formation of rock led me to do some prospecting with the pick and the specimens of quartz obtained indicated the probable presence of gold.

Rich iron ore is plentiful in this region, though too much sulphur is present to pronounce definitely upon its commercial value.

That afternoon our confidence in our guide began to waver. For several hours we paddled about seeking the outlet southward into the Night Hawk River. After three hours of earnest search, using the spy glass constantly, we gained the mouth of the river which had been concealed by several islands. After three miles up stream we reached the junction of the two main branches forming the river proper. An old Indian and his squaw passed us here in their birch bark canoe. These were the last human beings we were destined to see for the rest of the trip.

That evening the guide began the series of blunders which almost cost our lives. Instead of the creek which he ought to have taken, he chose a westward flowing stream and we followed along until dark. It was so thick with pike and pickerel that we caught enough for supper and breakfast in spite of our improvised troll. We camped late, feasting upon fish and bannocks made from the last of the flour, fought the mosquitoes with an immense smudge and wrapping ourselves heads and all in blankets enjoyed a good night's rest.

Next morning, Thursday, we pushed up the stream for three hours, paddling hard, when we entered such low water that further progress became impossible, so with feelings hard to describe and harder to suppress, we were compelled to beat a retreat. From this time on the guide lost his head completely and of course his temper in consequence. His language became most abusive and from fits of explosive violence he would lapse into hours of silence when all attempts to learn anything of our whereabouts proved absolutely futile. That day was entirely lost in doubling back upon the

course which we had followed for eight or ten miles. Returning to the confluence of the streams we chose the other branch and for four consecutive days we pressed our course with might and main towards the south. These were days of tremendous exertion and mental anxiety impossible to describe. Our daily progress in miles was slow. Some days we had to portage over a hundred times, across immense jams of drift wood, beaver dams and sand shallows which choked the stream, whose winding course made it necessary to go forty rods to gain one. Even at such times the dense undergrowth rendered it impossible to shorten our course by portaging. By Saturday it became plainly evident that we were in unexplored parts. At 1:50 that afternoon I came upon rock cliffs consisting of solid iron sulphide to which the wash of the waters had imparted the polish of bronze. These cliffs extended along the river for a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. More for amusement than anything else I staked a claim here upon which I believe no human eye will rest for some years to come. The discovery post bears the record: "Discovered by Russell Coutts, this 18th day of August, 1906, 1:50 P. M. license No. 312 (B)."

Late in the afternoon as the foremost canoe rounded a bend in the river a ripple on the placid surface revealed the presence of big game in the stream. A moment later there stood in the water a finely formed cow moose, gazing at us with apparently far more interest than concern for her own safety. She allowed the canoe to come within twenty-five yards of her, then suddenly turned and swam a distance up stream with powerful strokes, veered toward the shore and plunging into the brush along the bank disappeared. As misfortune would have it our sole remaining rifle was in the second canoe half a mile behind; so we dined that evening very discontentedly upon the last of the salt pork instead of moose steak.

Sunday morning, August 19th, an inventory of our supplies yielded a rather disconcerting result—only a few handfuls of rice and beans remained of which we partook sparingly. All that day we

pressed our way southward and in spite of drift wood, sand shoals, long rapids and incessant windings of the stream, we made about twenty miles of direct progress.

Monday morning, rising early, we wrestled with a hard two-mile rapids and after an interval of smooth water we reached another rapids of several miles in length. The shallowness of the water meant that we would have to practically portage the entire distance. We had now proceeded between seventy and eighty miles up this stream and for two days past had been baffled by finding that it opened toward the southwest instead of to the southeast as the map indicated. Certainly this could not be the river which the guide had meant to take in order to reach White Fish Lake! Perhaps it was a stream not shown upon the map at all. This latter theory we have since concluded to be the true one.

A council of war was held in which Ike admitted for the first time that he was in parts totally unknown to him, and that further progress with canoes was impracticable since the direction led deeper into the wilderness instead of toward the White Fish Lake. Probably the stream would soon end in a narrow, shallow creek as the other had done, which we had attempted to follow. The guide's counsel was to abandon everything and take to the woods, striking due east towards the Montreal River which he thought we might be able to reach within two or three days. Mills had a strong conviction that we ought to retrace our course even though it would take twelve days at least to reach civilization in that way. He thought that we could sustain ourselves more easily by the stream than in the depths of the forest. But the hundreds of hard portages over which we had carried our canoes, one of which weighed two hundred pounds, had proved so terrible an ordeal for the rest of us that we were ready to face any perils of the pathless woods in preference to a return trip the way we had come. At length all being agreed to the guide's proposal, we placed our dunnage sacks, clothes, blankets, tents, ammunition, furs and the ores, gathered on our trip, all together in one

great heap, piled the canoes on top and left them to their fate.

Our situation now became desperate, the only course remaining being across the unblazed and unexplored forest. I carried nothing but my rifle and a few rounds of shells. Thompson attempted to save some personal effects, but these he was obliged to leave in the depth of a swamp two miles further on. All that day we struggled through impenetrable brush and bogs, where our clothes were torn off our limbs and our boots were parted from our feet as we were caught in muskeg waist deep. It was a sweltering hot day with thunder clouds gathering all the afternoon, so the misery of our forest march may be imagined. We passed three lonely lakes, one of which would be, I imagine, six miles or more around. Half of this distance I skirted the shore, wading in the water rather than pressing through the dense undergrowth. It was a fine, sandy beach, trodden only by moose and bear whose foot prints were fresh and plentiful. These lakes we may claim to have discovered as they are not shown on any of the government maps and are unknown to the white man. They lie about fourteen miles due west of the cataract at the head waters of the Montreal.

Toward evening we sighted Mt. Sinclair far to the southward, though we had no means of identifying it except through the guess work of a map which we had learned, we dare not trust. We camped late on the bank of a creek whose fall indicated that we were crossing the Height of Land. One of the party had succeeded in saving a few matches. So we built a fire which protected us from the cold that almost touched the frost line before morning. These rapid extremes of heat and cold proved very trying to us in our exhausted condition with no supper nor breakfast except a few bear berries which only aggravated our hunger.

Our campfire was now the chief attraction of the day and as we gathered at twilight, hungry, wet and exhausted, around its bright blaze, we seemed for the time to forget that we were lost, and after our beverage of boiled water, huddled together in peace for the night, tak-



ing turns of two hours each in keeping on fresh wood. This night, however, a high gale arose several hours before dawn and it turned bitterly cold; the whirlwinds of smoke blinded and choked us, while our water soaked clothes chilled us to the bone, putting sleep out of the question. So we whiled away the weary hours discussing the possibilities of our fate and binding up the bruises and cuts received during the day in our climb over the rocks and through the muskeg. Thompson's limbs were in pitiable plight. His shins were barked their entire length and his feet swollen to twice their normal size, while his face, neck and hands looked as if the skin had been flayed. The others of us showed varying degrees of the same condition. Our clothes were all in tatters, exposing our bodies to the sun's fierce rays, the bitter night wind and worst of all to the accursed brush of the interminable bogs.

Morning broke with a sky racked by black, flying clouds, and as we set out it was necessary to depend entirely upon a rusty compass which we had carefully saved out of the ship-wreck. The guide, who led the way, carried the compass in his hand and stopped every hundred yards to take fresh bearings so as to correct our tendency to travel in a circle.

Day by day Ike had been growing more moody and ugly tempered until even the slightest suggestion offered by any of us would cause him to burst into the most furious explosions of profanity; but this morning things took a graver turn when he threatened to leave us to shift for ourselves if we dared to speak, in his hearing, any word with reference to our bearings. It was only the most tactful intervention on the part of Mills that kept him from deserting us on this occasion, and though it was galling in the extreme to feel so dependent on one so testy and uncertain, we simply had to make the best of it, knowing that unreliable maps were but a poor substitute for the instinct of an experienced woodsman. That day our line of march led through all kinds of country, alternating from hills of rock hundreds of feet high to muskeg marsh where we were in momentary danger of sinking to our arm pits. It was all densely wooded

with patches of primeval pine interspersed among the ever present spruce. Often we would strike a fresh moose trail and follow it a few yards then plunge again into the hateful undergrowth that lacerated our hands and faces at every step. Before long I became conscious that the guide had changed his course sharply from our previous route towards the east. It was evident that he thought to gain the Montreal before it bent abruptly to the south-east. It was a slim chance indeed and if he missed it, meant fifty miles further of this awful march through the dense brush. I was on the point of rebelling when he remarked laconically, "I will show you the Montreal before night!"

Hour after hour we trudged on, famished and fatigued; we talked of our homes and loved ones who seemed so far from us by day and so very near to us in our dreams by the camp fire. The truth was we were getting homesick and heartily tired of the illimitable wastes that hemmed us within their deadly folds! Two of our party were already exhausted. At one point, after scaling a rocky slope, Thompson and Mills flung themselves out full length at the summit declaring that they were done. The ashen pallor of their faces struck me with alarm and I insisted on the guide waiting until they should recover!

All that day Thompson found the greatest difficulty in keeping within sight of us and though we tried to hide our concern it was painfully apparent that we could not indefinitely press on together. As the hours dragged wearily on, our spirits steadily sank. Hunger and exhaustion threatened to overpower us, while hope deferred made our hearts sick! All of a sudden what was our intense delight to emerge from the impenetrable brush upon the banks of a stately stream. Two good sized islands divided its waters and for a moment we feared that another Lake was before us. Then we discerned a scarcely perceptible current which proved that the guide's instinct had gained a point on the government maps. We were now on the banks of the Montreal! Referring to my maps I decided that if this were so we would soon reach the Great Falls at the junc-



tion of the two branches so we pushed along the shore scrambling over the rocks, wading out past the cliffs, then back through the thick brush all the time listening intently for the roar of the cataract. Presently I fancied I heard a faint muffled rumble as of thunder. I asked Mills if he heard anything. He said "Yes!" Then we both inquired of our taciturn guide who grimly smiled and said that he had heard it for some minutes. After four hours' hard work climbing rocky heights and skirting the rugged shore, we reached the Falls where the mighty volume of water plunges nearly fifty feet through a narrow gorge into the main stream!

A fresh difficulty arose. In order to reach Ft. Matatchewan, several miles down the river, it would be necessary to effect a crossing. As the Montreal is a half a mile wide at this point, it meant quite an achievement, situated as we were without even the facilities for constructing a raft. The only place shallow enough to ford was immediately above the falls where a ledge of rock jutted from side to side within two yards of the rushing waters, at this point taking a man breast deep.

Ike, who was nothing short of a dare devil, ventured across at this treacherous place by the aid of a pole, and, shouting to us to await his return that night, struck into the woods to reach the fort by the shortest overland route. He expected to get help by sunset, but though we kept a signal fire blazing until ten o'clock no cheering answer came.

By midnight a heavy, cold rain began and our campfire being exposed to the weather, was soon swimming in a trench of water. Sleep was out of the question so chilled were we by the wind, drenched by the rain and tormented, by the pangs of hunger.

As the hours dragged slowly on our misery increased; severe chills piercing us through and through in spite of constant stamping and striking of our arms to keep up the circulation. During those long gloomy watches, Tennyson's line came to me with peculiar force: "Time flowing through the middle of the night and all things creeping toward a dawn of doom." Daybreak brought no sign of

relief, so urgent action appeared to me to be necessary if the lives of our party were to be saved. Each man felt his strength waning after the unwonted exertions of the past week without food or sleep.

Taking the rifle I went in search of partridge, but the rain kept them under cover, and all I got was an extra good soaking.

It might seem strange that having been for the entire time passing through a country where big game was exceedingly plentiful, as the fresh foot-prints of moose, bear, caribou and red deer all indicated, that we should be threatened with starvation, but the truth is that in such a condition one finds himself utterly unfit to do still hunting. Your one thought, at such a time is to escape from the sense of lostness, which steals on you like a pall, and frustrates the confidence and patience required by the successful hunter for big game.

As a last resort, we shot a couple of squirrels and taking our jack knives prepared them for the pot. We had, fortunately picked up a tin cup near the Falls, which had likely been left there by the Indians. How delicious that squirrel soup tasted! But what were two tiny squirrels among four starving men. Johnson had preserved a small vial of tincture of ginger for emergencies. With this we made a hot drink, boiling with its contents, the cotton sack which had previously carried our sugar supply. A taste of this beverage for each man proved a most helpful stimulant! After our meal of squirrel soup and ginger tea, we set about to repair an old Indian tepee which stood beside the Falls. It required so many fresh boughs to make it rain proof that we drenched ourselves to the skin in the hours spent in its reconstruction, but we were well repaid by the blazing fire obtained in consequence; one that reminded me of the good, old English hearth beside whose cheerful glow I had in the past spent so many joyous hours! The contrast struck me painfully at the time and a glance at the dejected faces around the fire only tended to deepen the gloom. We had resolved that if Ike failed to return by nine o'clock we would require to shift for ourselves.

Either he had been lost in the thirteen miles of forest between us and the Fort or had been drowned in his attempt to swim the river, or else reaching the Fort had found it deserted for the summer season; since the furs were brought there only during the winter months. In that event we supposed that he would at least secure some tools and provisions, and doing so might retard his return perhaps until it would be too late for us to effect our escape, so I insisted on following up, fording the river and making our way through the woods as best we could toward the Fort. About ten o'clock the others were agreed to act on this proposal. So holding our coats above our heads and feeling our way with a long pole in the other hand we passed cautiously along the ledge, just a man's length above the boiling falls where a misstep meant a fatal plunge fifty feet upon the rocks beneath. The water swept around us to the armpits and at the swiftest point of the rapid we made our way with the greatest difficulty holding on to each other's poles. Fortunately no one lost his presence of mind and a few moments later we were breathing freely on the farther shore.

Just then something happened. A shout was raised on the bank which we had just left. Our rescuers had arrived! Now, if two angels from heaven had suddenly appeared on that bank arrayed in white with flashing pinions, they could not possibly have been a whit more welcome than those two swarthy Indian faces that we saw as we glanced across. Their black hair hung in shaggy shocks over their brows, while their eyes beamed with the benevolence of their mission. Flourishing their canoe paddles as the sign for us to meet them on the point below, they vanished as suddenly as they had appeared. For a moment we doubted our senses, then hastened down the shore in exultant glee. As the light swift canoe touched the landing place and we stepped aboard, a thrill shot through me that no words can ever express. It was the glorious sense of feeling saved after hope had almost died. I cannot say that I absolutely despaired at any time; but our deliverance came not an hour too soon. On arriving at

the Fort, we found that the guide had traveled until that morning to reach a point opposite so as to make his calls for help heard. An old squaw was the first to recognize the human cry in the woods, nearly a mile distant, and hastening to the Factor reported that a man was in conflict with a bear on the opposite shore and was calling for help. Her story was discredited until some hours later when Ike reached the bank and his shouts attracted the attention of all at the Fort. Gliding across in their canoes the Indians listened to his story and at once started to our rescue. So it happened that these two dusky sons of the forest appeared by the falls at the very moment we were wending our way across. Had they been five minutes later we should have missed connections and as we learned afterward it would have been out of the question for us in our exhausted state to perform the feat of the guide who climbed through thirteen miles of canyons of the densest brush and over hills of rock hundreds of feet high, reaching Ft. Matachewan more dead than alive.

That day at the Fort was one of serenest enjoyment. Life never unfolded her charms before the mind's eye with a more enthralling rapture—it was truly good to be alive!

The hospitable Factor refreshed us with bread and pork and tea and tales of similar suffering through which he had passed during forty years in those far off wilds. Being a native of Labrador and familiar with that country his conversation proved exceedingly interesting, and the hours glided pleasantly by until the three meals of the day had been royally observed.

Of course we saw to it that our Indian rescuers had as much tobacco doled out to them as the law allowed and their contented smiles left no doubts as to their supreme satisfaction with this way of rewarding their services.

After supper we were all weighed upon the Factor's scales. Mills claimed the greatest reduction in weight through our strenuous experience, having lost twenty-three pounds by reason of our fasts and forced marches.

That evening a party of nine young men, representing seven American col-

leges, called at the Fort on their way to the fishing grounds of the South. They were keeping to beaten trails and so had escaped any such experiences as those through which we had just passed. By the interest taken in our narrative, it almost appeared as if some of them would have preferred our hardships to their comforts and pleasures.

It was indeed a "feast of reason and flow of soul" in the old Fort that night of August 21st! The Factor broke open his best box of cigars reserved for state occasions and the delightful congeniality prevailing could not have been surpassed. It was amusing to see how one after another of our party toppled off to sleep under no stronger influence than the warmth of the room, the fumes of good cigars, and the hearty laughs and jokes of men from Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Toronto, met as it were by chance, on the remotest borders of civilization. Midnight came all too soon and we retired to rest. The sensation of sleeping in dry warm blankets was one of the finest that I have ever enjoyed!

The next day the Factor fitted us out with provisions, Indian guides, tents and his best canoe for the one hundred mile trip down Montreal to Latchford, the nearest point on the line of rail to the south. Those two days were the golden ones of the month. We only portaged the canoe once in the entire distance and the skill with which the Indian guides shot the rapids, a dozen or more, along the river, baffles description. Being in

prime condition we paddled between five and six miles an hour even in the smooth water of the lakes into which the river frequently widens, while in the swift current of the stream we moved much faster. The Montreal River presents most charming scenery of rocks and woodland, tortuous rapids and silvery lakes dotted with pleasant islands. It is proving at the present time one of the richest prospecting regions in the north and specimens of rock which we procured on the down trip show rich bearings of the various precious ores.

Indian encampments were plentiful all along the shore, while the tracks of bear and moose could be detected in the more secluded parts.

Towards evening of the 23rd we saw our first cow and horse which told of our approach to civilization once again. That night and the next morning we feasted on bread and milk which possessed a relish that put us in mind of childhood; then we wrapped up in our heavy Indian blankets and lay down upon the grass, under those wonderful stars, which, in the Northland, shine with a peculiar lustre all their own.

It seemed but a few minutes until the guttural tones of the guide announced the hour for rising. That day we made Latchford about noon after crossing the beautiful Lake of Bays with reluctant strokes, one and all regretting that our canoe trip of five hundred miles was ended!

## A Wild Animal Kindergarten.

ONE of the sights of the town of Niagara Falls South is the Zoological collection owned by the Messrs. Ward Brothers, of the Prospect House and cared for by a Scot who is known to all by his sobriquet of Sandy.

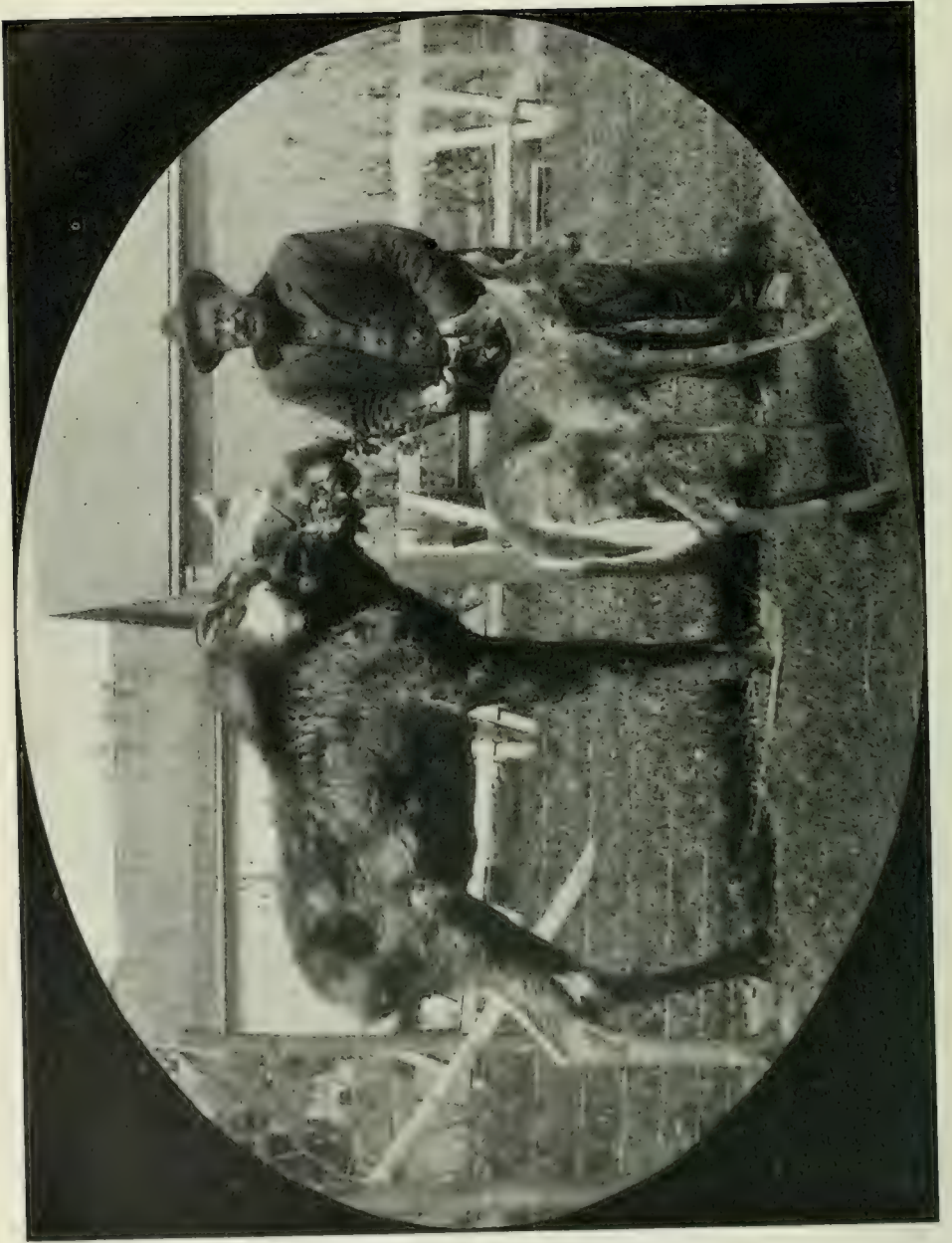
The most interesting to sportsmen are the baby moose and deer which are shown in our illustration, together with the keeper under whose care they were raised. Both animals were captured near North Bay some years ago and Sandy has given special attention to their welfare.

The moose has been well broken, and was quite an attraction on the local track this season, for although not in the professional class it can, like its relatives in the woods, make good time when so inclined, and to witness its powers in this direction is both interesting and exciting.

So tame is the deer that it takes quite a number of liberties around town, and strange to say does not pay any attention to the hounds which are also included in Sandy's collection.

The keen and constant interest which Sandy takes in the welfare of his pets is





"SANDY" AND HIS WILD ANIMAL KINDERGARTEN.

reciprocated by them in many ways. All animals soon come to look upon him as their friend, and throughout the Niagara peninsula he is regarded as the supreme authority upon animals and their treatment. His native wit, with all the dry humour of the Scot, appears to have been

sharpened by his contact with those who are curious as to his methods, and some of his answers have passed almost into proverbs amongst those who know him best, and who take delight both in his powers of repartee, and his successful work amongst animals.

# Muskoka---The Hay Fever Mecca.

BY EDITH WARD SHERMAN.

**H**AY fever! Don't mention it please! Have I not spent my quota of irritated days and sleepless nights, sneezing, wheezing whole pounds of avoirdupois from my body? Have I not suffered with burning face, smarting eyes and itching nostrils till my sweet temper was on edge, and my countenance was swollen and distorted? And then when breath refused me, the gasping, smothering nights in the clutches of asthma! Sleep visited not my eyelids and I was left gradually but surely with only weakness with which to combat new attacks. And for all this no remedy, nostrum or faith cure devised by man can do more than give slight relief. Yet

every year adds new members to the hay fever cohorts, until today they are numbered by hundreds of thousands throughout the length and breadth of the land.

But enough of symptoms! Hay fever sufferers will know them and dream vainly for relief during the heated season of late August and September. Did I say vainly? Not so, for within easy reach by distance and by purse, lies the Mecca of hay fever sufferers, where the sneeze, and the wheeze and the cough are unknown and the victim may, with normal health restored, enjoy life to the utmost amid surroundings both beautiful and romantic. Does he desire the comforts and luxuries of home during his

summer exile? He may find them at many a hostelry, or he may erect a cottage and live as he will. Does he yearn for the wild and picturesque, that he may "rough it" and lead the simple life close to Nature's heart? Such accommodation may also be secured, or he may build for himself a lodge amid the wilderness. But whatever site he may choose in this enchanted land, he may assure himself beforehand, and prove it by trial, that the distressed hay fever, that most baffling physical trouble known to medical men, will leave him absolutely and entirely with cleared mind and senses to follow his own sweet will.

But ah! Where is this blissful happy spot? Muskoka, the Clear-sky-land, is the name



A TYPICAL SCENE ON THE MUSKOKA LAKES.





BRIDAL VEIL FALLS. MUSKOKA LAKES DISTRICT.

given it by the Indians many centuries ago, and as Muskoka it is known today, though long since wrested from the aborigines by the ever-grasping hand of the white man.

A descendant of one of the last great chiefs of the Missasagas, the bold Masqua-Okee, for whom tradition tells us this district was originally named, now acts as guide upon these waters and will

tell you thrilling tales of the blood-thirsty conflicts between the Missasagas and the Mohawks in this locality. Your sympathy goes out to the Missasagas as they were driven to a stronghold on Lake Rosseau by their enemy, you are aghast at the atrocity of the Mohawks in kidnapping Masqua-Okee's little daughter and serving her tender body at a feast of the chiefs, and you rejoice in sweet revenge when Masqua-Okee,

biding his time, returned the feast in kind. Your thrills of horror continue as the degenerate descendant recites his tales of dreadful battles and the slain, but all the world loves a lover, and the story ends well with the love of a Missasaga maiden and a Mohawk brave, upon which Masqua-Okee bestowed his blessing.

As the years progressed the region became an important part of the old trail and portage from To-



HIGHLANDS. PICTURESQUE COTTAGE ON LAKE ROSSEAU.





ON THE SKELTON RIVER. TRIBUTARY TO LAKE ROSSEAU.

ronto—literally place-of-meeting to Lake Huron, thereby saving the long detour through the Detroit and St. Clair rivers. Clear sky-land was a choice hunting ground and was then, as now, a favorite spot during the summer for those who could reach it.

Leaving Toronto, Ont., on a luxuriously appointed train over the Grand Trunk Railway, the traveler to Muskoka, is carried almost straight northward. Fertile farming country is interspersed with virgin forests, and the hay fever sufferer gladly leaves all trace and thought of the heated and dusty city behind him. Ere long, glimpses of blue water meet the eye and a consultation of the map shows this to be Lake Simcoe. As the train swings round the curving shore into Alendale, a stretch of sapphire and turquoise, glimmering so brightly in the sun as to almost dazzle the eye, greets the traveler's gaze; while across the narrow bay that forms one end of the lake, is the town of Barrie, set like a mosaic of red and white amidst the green of the hillsides, smiling at its own reflection in

the waters at its feet. The traveler exclaims with delight, but this is only the first of many scenes of beauty in this "land of pure delight" where pollen never blows.

No doubt the seeker for relief will discover on the train many another victim on similar purpose bent. A sneeze will perhaps betray their presence if he has not already seen them, but all experience a sense of exhilaration upon arrival at Muskoka Wharf. The fresh, pure air clears the head and makes breathing easier at once. As the steamer glides away from the Wharf, the relief is still more noticeable and as it winds its way northward, threading in and out among the islands, stopping here and there at the numerous hotels and resorts populated with gay summer visitors, or poking its nose up to the dock of some private cottage and backing out again like an ostrich, a glad feeling of recovery makes life worth living once more.

"My head always clears up as soon as I reach the Wharf," said one gentleman, a hay fever sufferer and Muskoka visitor



FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING. LAKE ROSSEAU.

of many summers' experience.

"I've been suffering so from asthma that I could not lie down for two weeks" said a fleshy woman, "but see how well I am now!"

"The first time I've escaped my hay fever for nineteen years," came from a Southerner who added his mite to the relation of experiences that make all hay fever sufferers feel akin. But the list might be continued ad libitum, and this is one reason why Muskoka visitors (for hay fever victims are numerous) return to its shores year after year.

But the charm of Muskoka? It lays its spell over every visitor. After the steamer has deposited you and your baggage on the wharf before your erstwhile stopping place, you look about you to drink in the placid beauty of the scene and examine the premises. If you are weary of city life, you have chosen very likely, a spot where you may rusticate and live close to Nature; some wooded point perhaps, or rocky islet—and there are many such not pre-empted by other admirers of Muskoka. But the rocks! They are everywhere, the founda-

tion of the whole region, scantily clothed with soil wherein vegetation flourishes luxuriously. Shores and hills and lake bottoms are alike of rock, enduring volcanic rock of the Laurentian mountains, the oldest land in the world, that the vast ages of lapping waters and the puny scratches of man have altered but little. It is as if this region of Lakes

Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph—were at one time when the earth was young, mighty craters. The boiling, seething mass cooked and bubbled and sputtered times innumerable, and rose to mountainous heights in every irregular form Nature could devise. Thus it cooled. The glaciers came and ground the heights smooth, breaking off huge boulders and pushing deposits of soil into the crevices and hollows. The glaciers traveled not far, however, for no stones or pebbles of any different formation are found in Muskoka. After the glacial period was passed the waters poured in and filled the depths; stream and swamp and waterfall added their mite, and all eventually found but one outlet—the picturesque Muskosh, which joins the Moon in its



rush to the lower level of Georgian Bay. For Muskoka, be it remembered, is one thousand feet above the sea.

But with the rocks and the waters, Muskoka was but half formed—Muskoka, the Land-of-Clear-Sky, the Highlands of Ontario. With rains from the heavens above and waters washing the stony shores, vegetation quickly garbed the rocky hills and vales, and today virgin

forests so dense that aged trees resemble saplings scores of feet high in their endeavor to reach the sunlight, crowd one another and cling desperately to the steep rocks and bluffs and clothe all the landscape in soft outlines.

This is the evolution of Muskoka as it appears to a lay mind. Nature speaks eloquently here and he who would not listen must be deaf indeed.

"Here ye not the hum of mighty workings?"

To the lover of nature great possibilities lie in this enchanted land, as yet so little despoiled by the hand of man. On every side the appeal of the great outdoors is strong, and one does not need to seek far to hear the call of the wild. Yet, even so, accommodations are not lacking where the comforts of more settled communities may be enjoyed, and he who cannot give them up need not despair of finding them.

In the open air the trees shelter inviting nooks for hammocks. The hay fever exile, whose sojourn is pretty apt to be of several weeks' duration, will do well to bring one. It is such pleasure to "just loaf," and a siesta or a quiet hour in the hammocks with a book, is a treat for the busy city worker. Before you



GROUP OF GUESTS AT ROYAL MUSKOKA HOTEL. LAKE ROSSEAU.

on the rippling waters, small crafts skim hither and yon. Activity stirs you mayhap, and you set sail on this miniature sea and visit other shores, penetrate the tiny bays or flit from one point to another. Or you may row out into the lake or sit on the dock and fish—black bass are a specialty here and beyond a doubt the cook can prepare them to suit the epicure's taste.

But he who craves the motion of every ripple of the water betakes himself upon its bosom in a canoe. Following the shores, one may scan the perpendicular rocks and interpret as one pleases the messages Nature has writ thereon. The sun sinks slowly behind the wooded western shores, leaving a glow of glory on the Lake's calm bosom. Soft, opalescent tints—blue, violet, rose and gold, shimmer over its surface. You hesitate to shatter the liquid jewels by dip of paddle. A hush pervades the air. Suddenly a shrill cry sounds across the still waters; an echo bounds from the steep bluffs, clear and sharp, and yet again from an opposite protruding point. A bugle winds out its call—fainter but not less distinct are they repeated from the shores,—twice, thrice and even four times. Again and again the call is taken



up and given back to the listener until the impulse is strong to summon forth the unseen echo spirit hidden in yonder wooded cliffs.

"Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying,  
dying."

Once again my senses were almost stunned by the shot from a gun of a duck hunter in the middle of the lake. The blast was literally hurled from shore to shore, leaping from point to point and circling completely about the lake, until eight thunderous echoes smote the ear and tore the silence to shreds. On a quiet day the stillness is so intense that the voice will be carried across the calm waters for the distance of over a mile with but very little effort. The acoustic properties of these rocks rearing their heads on every side are simply marvelous, and altogether unexpected to a city dweller.

The waters of the Muskokas are possessed of great softness and are delightful to the touch and for bathing. Here and there in every little bay and indentation of the extremely irregular shore line, Nature, with considerate forethought for her children, has deposited a pocket of sand, and thither the bathers repair to disport themselves like fishes at play, while near by, no doubt, projects a rock whose steep sides fall far beneath to great depths.

From here the chary swimmers dive—surely the ideal is provided here, though not always by man.

Nor is the region lacking in streams to explore. Some of them are so narrow that only a canoe can penetrate their windings, where sometimes an occasional deer is seen to pause to drink. Shadow River is of this description with its beautiful Bridal Veil Falls, and its mirror-like reflections of the forest that hides it. Skelton River is likewise inviting, and the falls of the Muskoka above Bracebridge are worth a visit, while the courageous may shoot the rapids of the Muskosh and the Moon.

The pedestrian will discover no end of shaded leafy paths in the woods—ideally secluded lover's lanes; and the while the climber may assail the bluffs and rocks and bring himself many feet nearer Heaven's dome. The view from the heights well repays the effort, more notably when the frosts, which touch these regions early, have thrown their gold and crimson streamers over the hillsides, to be mirrored in the waters laving their feet.

And so the out-door life brings health and normal attitude to body and mind, and with strength renewed and ambition beckoning forward, the worn hay fever sufferer of a month since returns triumphantly home to take up the routine and tasks of winter.



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# The Canadian Forestry Convention

**T**HE Vancouver Conference of the Canadian Forestry Association proved as successful as the one at Ottawa, and while it aroused more particular interest in British Columbia, the proceedings were followed with sympathetic interest throughout Canada. The meeting place so far west had some effect upon the attendance, and the papers and proceedings were largely concerned with phases of the question as affecting the western Province. At the same time the whole of the subjects discussed, must influence more or less the whole of Canada, and the evidence given of the increased interest in forestry must be gratifying to those who have worked so long and so well in the cause.

Once more the Governor-General of Canada showed his personal interest in the Association and its work by attending all the sittings in person, but the Premier of Canada, at whose invitation the previous conference assembled at Ottawa, was unable so to arrange his engagements as to be present. The members received a warm welcome in Vancouver, and the entire proceedings were marked with interest and enthusiasm.

Earl Grey expressed the opinion that the members realized the fact that in the forests of Canada are to be found the reservoirs that feed the rivers, on the even and continuous flow of which the agricultural prosperity of Canada depends. They realized also that the reckless and wanton deforestation of other lands had converted vast territories, at one time prosperous and populous into stretches of barren wilderness, and that in her forests Canada still possesses an asset of price-less value. If only we can apply to their management those principles and methods which have been shown to give the best results in other countries we may look forward to deriving from our forests a continuous and increasing revenue without impairing our capital.

Premier McBride, of British Columbia, although he held that in no place on the globe would timber compare, either in quantity or quality, with the huge forests of that Province, believed that the words

of warning of the Governor-General were well timed. The first duty of British Columbians is the preservation of the forest and the economical operation of the lumber industry.

Mr. E. Stewart, Superintendent of Forestry for the Dominion Government and President of the Association, expressed the opinion that the people of Canada in years gone by had utterly failed to appreciate the value of their possessions. Their horizon has been circumscribed. In too many instances the undeveloped wealth and the national resources in timber, minerals, fisheries, and agricultural lands had not been imagined. He pointed out the dire effects that would follow the loss of the forests, and emphasised the fact that this was no fancy picture but a correct description of actual results which had followed deforestation in Europe. So far as that Province was concerned there was no need to enter upon the costly work of artificial tree planting. Unaided, Nature is doing this work in British Columbia, and if they on their part would keep the fire out of this young growth there was no reason why future generations should not be as abundantly supplied as the present generation was to-day. The importance of fires as destructive agents was illustrated by one statement made by Mr. Stewart, who declared that in his belief, fires had destroyed ten times more timber in Canadian forests than lumbermen had ever cut. He strongly urged the absolute necessity for a good fire protective service throughout Canada.

The fine work being done in forest service by our cousins across the border, and which is scarcely realised in Canada, was dwelt upon by Mr. Overton Price, who attended the Conference in place of Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chief of the United States Forest Service. He stated that the United States Government have now one hundred and eleven million acres of forest preserves all west of the Mississippi lying mainly along the crests and upper slopes of the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras. "If," he said, "we now had, for example, your opportunity for the creation of forest preserves they would

comprise all the public lands in the United States, which can best contribute to the welfare of the many, rather than to the enrichment of the few; and that means in my judgment all mountain forests upon which water powers depend; it means all great public grazing lands, and it means all large bodies of commercial timber necessary to the development and to the permanence of local industries. By its failure to set aside all such areas as forest reserves while still in public ownership, the United States will inevitably have to buy them back at a cost which will be in the aggregate enormous both for their actual purchase, and for the expense incident to repairing the results of the misuse which they have suffered. No man can estimate what the delay in the application of an active national forest policy has already cost and will cost to the United States." The many ways in which forestry is rendering useful service to the people of the States was described at length, and Mr. Price said the people were beginning to realise its usefulness and wondering how in the past they had possibly managed to do without them. In the reserves they had issued grazing permits for somewhat over one million horses and cattle, and six million sheep. Logging was now going on under timber sales which aggregated about seven hundred and twenty-eight million feet. The business covering the use of water already large, was growing very rapidly. The receipts from these forest reserves would be considerably over one million of dollars during the present year, and while in a few years they would be self supporting, they would at no distant period yield a considerable net return to the Government. Ten per cent of these revenues was paid to the States in which the reserves were situated for the maintenance of schools and roads. One-tenth of one per cent of the forest reserves was burned over last year—a reduction of four-fifths over the previous year. They had a forest supervisor to every one and a quarter million acres, and a forest ranger to every one hundred and thirty-four thousand acres. By European standards they should have ten thousand supervisors instead of eighty-five, and one hundred thousand rangers instead of eight hundred. The European forester has not only less forest to look after but

he has also hundreds of years of precedent behind him, and a well marked administration and technical course to follow. The foresters of the States are without these advantages and they needed to be as good as national ability, training, experience, and esprit de corps could make them. No power on earth except healthy public sentiment could ensure a really national economy in the use of the forest.

The Hon. F. J. Sweeney, of New Brunswick, agreed that in eastern as well as in western Canada, the greatest enemy of the forest is fire. He thought education in forestry should begin in the schools.

It was stated in the course of the proceedings that all public officials in both New Brunswick and British Columbia are fire wardens and have instructions to fight fires wherever found.

The Hon. F. R. Green, Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works, for British Columbia, read a paper on "Timber Conditions in British Columbia with relation to extent, revenue, and legislation." He described the excellent system of fire ranging which exists in portions of the Province, and which should be extended as soon as practicable. The average cut of timber in the Province for the last seventeen years was under three million feet—a mere nothing compared with the grand total—and if that average were maintained for the next two hundred years their forests would still be far from exhausted. Strange as it might appear, in the early days of the Province timber was imported, and there is one house in Victoria today, within one hundred yards of the Parliament buildings, the lumber in which was brought from San Francisco. He detailed the various legislative changes regulating the lumber industry, and believed those in force at the present time were satisfactory to the Government and the lumbermen, and advantageous to the public interest. Legislative enactments had ensured that the timber from British Columbian logs should be manufactured in the Province and by the people of British Columbia. Nearly seventeen per cent of the total revenues of the Province was now raised by timber.

Mr. R. H. Alexander, manager of the British Columbia Mills Timber and Trading Company, gave an address on



"Lumbering conditions on the Coast of British Columbia" He detailed the rise of the industry from very small beginnings and estimated that this year the foreign shipments would probably reach eighty-five million feet, the largest volume since the inception of the business. Until the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway there was no market available but the foreign one, and large quantities of timber that under other conditions would have found a sale had to be burned as the only means of its disposal. Now the eastern market had been opened, and the Douglas fir goes as far as the Atlantic seaboard. The export trade is distributed all over the world, shipments being made to Australia, China, India, Central and South America and all parts of Europe while it has penetrated to the Baltic ports which might appear like carrying coals to Newcastle. It is being used in the modern developments in that ancient country Egypt, aided in the building of Johannesburg, and the winning of gold from the Rand Mines of the Transvaal. He also dwelt upon the importance of the hemlock of British Columbia which is very different from the hemlock of the east, and the ability of the western tree to exist under all conditions render it, in the opinion of the forestry experts of Washington, an ideal tree for re-afforestation purposes.

"The Lumbering Industry in the Mountains," was dwelt upon by Mr. F. W. Jones, of the Mountain Lumbermen's Association. He described the conditions and progress made in mountain lumbering and predicted that before many years they will be the largest producers of lumber in Canada, if not in America. All members of the Mountain Association are members of the Canadian Forestry Association, and in sympathy with its objects. Re-forestation is not a live issue in the mountains at present, but their interests lay in establishing some better system of preserving and managing what the Almighty had given them, and stopping the enormous destruction of standing timber by fire. He suggested a number of amendments to the Government's regulations, and dwelt particularly upon the necessity for further provisions against fire. If it could be made to the interest

of the lumbermen to so regulate their operations as to guard the young and growing timber it would be a long step forward in the interests of forestry.

Mr. Aubrey White, Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests for Ontario, described the fire ranging system of that Province. They started with ten fire wardens, the lumbermen making the appointments and paying half the salaries. This number had now grown to between seven and eight hundred, scattered throughout the Province, and this year they would spend ninety thousand dollars, and the lumbermen from seventy to eighty thousand dollars for fire protection. This expenditure secured to Ontario a far larger value by saving timber from destruction than the amounts stated.

Mr. Rowley, manager of the E. B. Eddy Company, described the forests as Canada's heritage above ground, expressing the opinion that they were worth more than all the minerals stored in the bowels of the earth, and all the fishes within her lakes and seas.

Perhaps the most notable thing about the banquet was the statement, so characteristic of Western progress, that the noble hall in which it was held was only twenty-one years before covered with a dense forest growth.

On the second day Mr. Judson F. Clark Ph. D., Chief of the Forestry Department of Ontario, submitted a paper on "Forest Reserves and Forest Conservation." The first lessons in Forestry were those supplied by Nature. But Nature's methods were wasteful alike in time and material, and the forester favored as seed trees those kinds which because of rapidity of growth or quality of product, was regarded as the most desirable. The solution of the problem of Canadian forest administration would be reached when a system of sale of public timber could be made effective by which the State and the lumberman became partners with mutual profit in the work of renewing the forests by logging the mature trees. Mr. Clark gave the following three axioms and proceeded to discuss the present methods of sales by auction, the bonus system and the cutting regulations, describing as a fatal omission the absence

of any effective measures to control the cutting on Canadian limits :—

1. The main object of all forest management should be to ensure the permanency of the lumbering and other wood-cutting industries by providing a permanent supply of logs which is their raw material. Incidentally, or at least secondarily, forest management aims to regulate the flow of streams, to secure a revenue, to ameliorate climatic conditions and to provide a play-ground for the people.

2. Wherever forests naturally flourish they may be perpetuated and improved by conservative lumbering. The White Pine and the Douglas Fir are among the best trees in the world for this purpose.

3. If the forests are to be saved, it must be with the sympathetic co-operation of the men who cut the trees. Nor is this at all a matter of regret, for no class of citizens are more vitally interested in the perpetuation of the forests or would do more to that end than the lumbermen.

The concluding paper was one by Mr. Roland D. Craig, Inspector of Dominion Forest Reserves, and was entitled "The Management of Forest Reserves." He pointed out that the Dominion Government have set aside five and a half million acres for forest and game preserves in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and the railway belt of British Columbia. He pointed out how forests can be grown on land unsuited for agriculture, and a careful discrimination between the two is beneficial to both industries. The greatest difficulty now facing the forestry bureau was the removal of squatters who had gone on to the reserves despite all warnings. He made a point that is very important to British Columbia viz,—that forest reserves in no way interfere with the development of mines. The value of maintaining forests at the head waters of streams used for irrigation or water power was most important, and this was the chief object of the reserves set aside by the Dominion Government in British Columbia. It is absolutely necessary, if the country in the

interior of British Columbia and on the east slope of the Rocky Mountains, is to develop along agricultural lines, that a forest cover be maintained on the watersheds to protect and regulate the streams which will bring wealth and prosperity to an otherwise unproductive waste. If the forests are removed it will cost millions of dollars to build dams and reservoirs to control the Spring freshets and conserve the water for the use of the crops, and in the end they will not be so effective as a good forest cover. The Dominion reserves are estimated at one decimal one per cent of the timberland owned by the Dominion. The Provinces control perhaps our most valuable forests, and the duty of forest conservation rests forcibly upon them. Ontario has already set aside eleven and a half million acres, Quebec, about three and a half million acres, and New Brunswick was preparing to reserve a large tract. It would seem that British Columbia which now depends and may always depend largely on her forests for her revenue, should inaugurate a conservative forest policy and set aside her non-agricultural lands permanently for the purpose of timber production.

In the discussion that ensued fire prevention occupied an important place, as it did also amongst the resolutions which were adopted at the close of the Convention.

Perhaps the most important of these resolutions, in the interest of the forestry of the future was the one which asked that "the forest reserves may be so handled as to become as nearly as possible a permanent source of timber supply," and with that object in view the "leases should provide for a tenure under such conditions as will encourage the adoption of the best forestry methods in all lumbering operations."

The success of the Convention was undoubted, and it is hoped its effect upon Provincial policy may prove equally beneficial. From the West to the East will the Association move and hold its next Conference at Halifax.



GOSH! I DID GET HIM!



# *BOOKS OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN*

Professor Hornaday Sc. D., the well known director of the Zoological Park at New York and a high authority on Natural History, has devoted time and attention to the mountain goat of the Rockies. Accompanied by Mr. John M. Phillips, the Game Warden for the State of Pennsylvania, he visited British Columbia and spent a long holiday amid the mountains of our fine western Province. The result is a deeply entrancing, well written, and authoritative work, entitled, "Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies," published by Messrs. Charles Scribners Sons, New York, and illustrated by seventy fine engravings from photos taken by Mr. Phillips, who in his endeavors to obtain pictures of the mountain goat at home ran risks and faced dangers that might well have daunted most men. The illustrations thus hardly obtained lend great interest to the Professor's careful and discriminating studies taken at close range and therefore all the more valuable on that account. The mountain goat has had his detractors, but Professor Hornaday makes out a good case for him. The mere fact that the animal holds his own above the timber line in the Canadian Rockies amid ever present dangers, and manages to make a living in places which appear barren and bare is strong evidence of a keen intelligence. The fact that the goat is fairly easily hunted so far from being made out as a proof of low intellectual capacity is held by the Professor to be a proof of his fearlessness and courage. In the most difficult positions and when brought to bay he is never "rattled." The Professor describes feats of climbing on the part of goats which are made almost as interesting as if readers had witnessed these wonderful gymnastic performances themselves instead of merely reading about them. Everyone who has been fortunate enough to spend a holiday in the Canadian Rockies must sympathize with and

share in the Professor's enthusiasm for the wonderful mountainous regions which are no mean share of the great inheritances of Canadians; and for their marvellous fauna and flora. Although the goat occupies the first and principal portion of the Professor's book, the other interesting inhabitants of the Rockies come in for their share of attention, and the mountain sheep and the grizzlies receive the same careful consideration and attention from the Professor as does the goat. The deer, and likewise the smaller inhabitants—the funny and amusing whistling marmot included—are all accorded similar careful and discriminating treatment, in addition to which there are many touches throughout the book that are scarcely less interesting than the principal subjects to which attention is devoted. Canadians as a whole, and British Columbians in particular, ought to be more proud of their country after a perusal of this book, which while doing full justice to one of the very finest parts of Canada, and its no less interesting inhabitants, also does it no less than justice. The Professor was fortunate in his companion, Mr. John M. Phillips, to whom he pays many well deserved tributes, and to his guide, Mr. Charles Smith, whose devotion to his mountain home despite temptations to leave it, is beautifully portrayed. The book as a whole is one that sportsmen may read and re-read with pleasure and profit.

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The attractions of our Canadian North appeal with irresistible force to an ever increasing army of our American cousins, and once they have learned the charms and tasted the delights of life in our own backwoods, they wish to return to scenes they found so refreshing and so invigorating, and to learn more of the mysteries of those woods and waters which present so many different and differing aspects to those who visit and linger with

them. In the "North Country" Mr. Henry Anton Auer (The Robert Clarke Company, Cincinnati) gives us a series of sketches dealing with his own experiences in the country north of Lake Superior, and he presents these in such an attractive form that those who have also been there must feel as they read that, in imagination, they are living their experiences over again; and those who have not been cannot help a feeling of longing coming over them that like experiences may be theirs. Mr. Auer, and his companion, Chum, who held a nearer and dearer relation to him, had good guides, and having the leisure and means necessary for a prolonged stay in the woods, they had a most pleasant time. Under these auspicious circumstances those who know and love the Canadian woods will not be surprised that the party enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and so entered into the spirit of their surroundings that Mr. Auer was filled with inspiration sufficient to write these sketches. Backwoods frequenters will recognize the enthusiasm which Mr. Auer puts into his work, and will feel that they themselves have had similar feelings and will admire the fine way in which Mr. Auer has given expression to them. The wonderful attractions of a wild free life, where the ordinary rules of civilization do not trouble, and where Nature has so much

to show and to repay her votaries, are so clearly brought out, and Mr. Auer is so frank in his enjoyment of them, that no sportsman can fail to catch a share of his enthusiasm, or feel a portion of his enjoyment. The book makes an excellent companion either in the library or in the woods—indeed it is not too much to say that the true sportsman will enjoy it under any conditions.

High ideals for Canadians is what we are all prepared to welcome, and sportsmen, who in their unwritten codes of conduct set high ideals for themselves and try to carry them out, are interested in and approve the setting forth of such ideals for men in public life and for Canadians generally. If our youth particularly can be inculcated with these high ideals the future of Canada will be brilliant and sure. The present is the testing time, and we should not be discouraged if the tests show some weak places. Mr. W. Frank Hatheway, of St. John, N. B. in his book on "Canadian Nationality; The Cry of Labor, and other Essays" (Toronto: William Briggs) sets before us many of these ideals in a series of essays which his wide reading and his many illustrative points make deeply interesting. By means of this book Mr. Hatheway does his share in a highly effective way for the upbuilding of that nation of the future which many of us see in our visions. If it be objected that many of these visionary ideals are not practical and therefore useless, it will be found in the end that attention to them is not lost, and great gain will follow any effort to realize only some of them. Mr. Hatheway pays special attention to the part which labor should play in Canadian nationality, and he discourses equally well on character, education, simplicity, greatness, self-reverence, the real and the ideal, and many others. He asks, Do we know our Own? and even holds that the wondrous and varied nature of our own is no excuse for not knowing at least more of our own than many do. We cannot all be authorities on our marvellous possessions, but we might and should know a good deal more about them.

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All indications point to the fact that overwhelming success will attend the first Canadian Auto, Motor Boat, and Sportsman's Show to be held in the fine Arena at Montreal from April 6th to 13th, (both dates inclusive) next year. The preparations are so far advanced that it is doubtful if the Arena, vast as is its capacity, will be large enough to hold the exhibits of all who are anxious to find places therein. In such a case an annex is suggested and this would have the advantage of giving indefinite expansions as the necessities of the case may require. As the commercial capital of the Dominion it is felt that Montreal is the place for such an exhibition and the enthusiastic way in which the Railway Companies, the manufacturers, and sporting organizations generally have taken up the matter, show that they share this opinion. Canada is daily becoming a finer market for all auto, motor, and sporting goods, and Montreal is naturally the place through which to introduce such productions to purchasers gathered from every part of Canada. So thoroughly enthusiastic indeed have the promoters become, from the encouragements held out to them, that confident predictions have been heard that New York and Buffalo will be equalled, while certain features peculiar to Canada will also render the Exhibition notable. In several instances the exhibits made at New York will be transferred as a whole to Montreal and thus induce thousands of Canadians who are unable to visit the American city, to make close acquaintance with the very latest developments in the auto and motor industries, and with the ever increasing endeavors to minister to all possible wants of the sportsman. The decorative features, and the daily programs, will all prove additional attractions and for that particular week, Montreal ought to prove the Mecca of

all Canadians interested in autos, motors and sport; these forming no inconsiderable portion of the population of the Dominion. Such an exhibition is, also, calculated to give a strong impetus to the rapidly growing interests in these particular manufactures and to render sterling service, alike to the manufacturers and to the public.

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## The Triumph of the Darracq.

Although motor racing has obtained no hold in Canada up to the present, motorists everywhere have been full of interest over the great Vanderbilt Cup race, and the incidents marking the contest have been followed as closely in the Dominion as elsewhere. The success of the French car was not unexpected, but the poor showing of the American cars was the source of keen disappointment not only to their own people, but generally throughout the continent.

Mr. Will Hyslop of Toronto, the agent for the Darracq car in the Dominion, who personally witnessed the race, states that the Darracq took the lead from the start and maintained it till the end. "It was a great day for the French car and French mechanics," said Mr. Hyslop, and in this all autoists agree.

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## The Lessons of the Contest.

Since the race every incident has been discussed from various points of view, and the whole subject is one that has caused grave concern to American manufacturers. Two statements, given out respectively by Mr. E. R. Thomas and Mr. Henry Ford, are worthy of more than a passing notice, these gentlemen being not merely high authorities, but having given the matter careful thought, and speaking with a deliberation and with a desire to learn all the lessons of



the contest and its results.

Mr. Thomas defines the contest as one between nations for supremacy in one of the most important industries, and not a mere race for speed. So long as the Cup is held by a foreign manufacturer he holds that the "whole manufacturing prestige of America is more or less injured. American manufacturers will not rest until the Cup is won permanently for America." He points out that while the foreign cars have been "in the game" for several years, this is practically the first year the Americans have entered into these industrial contests with cars strictly built on racing lines. The sole cause of the failure of the American cars to make a creditable showing was due to tire troubles. In the case of the Thomas Flyer, although the car was only gotten in shape the evening before the race, there was not the slightest mechanical trouble during the entire two hundred and ninety-seven miles, but the most disastrous tire troubles happened. One tire lasted only three miles, another flew off and became entangled in the steering gear turning the car across the road, while changes had to be made threetimes in one lap and seven times in all. "While defeated I do not feel disgraced. In one year we have produced a car equal in speed, workmanship and substantiality to any car. Our sole trouble was tires, and lack of time to thoroughly tune up for the race." Owing to tire troubles the Thomas lost fifty minutes more than any foreign car, and had it had equal luck with tires would have finished amongst the first four. Mr. Thomas expressed his determination to rescue American reputation from such an humiliating defeat, and his hope that other American manufacturers will also do their share by constructing real racing cars, etc. In describing the benefits to manufacturers and autoists generally from such a contest, Mr. Thomas said: "The Vanderbilt course for nearly half the distance is winding, and there are fourteen very abrupt turns. The racing car motors range from two to three times the horse power of an ordinary touring car, hence the vibrations or motor strains were two or three times as great. The construction in many parts was two or

three times lighter than an ordinary touring car. The tests of the Glidden tour, leisurely averaging from one hundred and twenty miles per day, and carefully nursed and driven by experts, sink into insignificance by comparison with the tests of the awful motor vibrations, and the terrible road impact of a car at a speed varying from fifty to ninety miles per hour for three hundred continuous miles. A tire blowing off at a speed of seventy miles per hour and the car immediately turning round in the road subjected the breaks, the wheels, and the entire mechanism in addition, to the terrible impact, concussion and strain of enormous speed which can never be equalled by a car slowly running through the worst roads. In the former case every scientific principle of good and safe construction is not only involved but practically solved. For ten years road racing has been conducted abroad and users more than manufacturers have been benefitted, for it has enabled manufacturers to produce cars hundred of pounds lighter; motors, gears, bearings etc., more highly efficient, as well as testing out tires by a better test than is possible by any other method."

Mr. Ford said that the right car won and gave all possible credit to the foreign maker and the foreign car. He agreed that in the race it was the American tires that were at fault.

"All right. Tires are, next to the motor, the most expensive and the most important in a motor car. If the Vanderbilt race has done nothing more than prove the shortcomings of the American tire as compared with its European competitor, it was worth all it cost—it was dirt cheap to the motor car maker. In the end it will prove of equal value to the tire makers themselves—American buyers will demand the best and competition will do the rest."

On the point of the effects of racing, Mr. Ford says:

"Not an engineer there but acknowledged the right car won. It was, to a designer, one of the most beautiful products of the mechanical art it is possible to conceive. And no engineer could examine its parts without learning lessons that are invaluable. Beside it, some of

the other aspirants, both foreign and American, looked half finished. It is only fair to state, however, that at least two of the American cars looked like thoroughbreds, and their failure to make a better showing was due not to mechanical imperfection, but to tire troubles. If, however, it is necessary for us to perfect the art of tire making to win a place among the world's best, let us go it, for we cannot slide out either by making excuses for tires or by affecting to consider the game not worth the candle."

His conclusions coming from such a source are worth quoting in full:

"When American manufacturers have demonstrated their ability to design and build automobiles, from motor to tires, capable of bringing home and retaining the Vanderbilt cup, we shall see the tide of automobile importation turn, and it will no longer be the fad to pay twice the price for a foreign car than an American car of equal quality can be bought for.

"Is it necessary for us to use higher grade materials, more careful methods, better tires, ignition systems or what not? Let us get about it and see that we demonstrate what we claim—that American workmen, American brains and American methods are capable of equaling if not surpassing those of any other nation in the world.

"Meantime, let's give the foreign victor all the credit that is his—all we should have claimed had an American car won the cup."

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#### The Farmers' Interests in Autos.

The country prejudice against the auto will disappear completely if the confident predictions of Mr. Ford become realities. With the advent of good roads, the motor truck and the motor tractor vehicles designed for the more expeditious transportation of garden truck and farm produce to the market—"the farmer will profit by the development of the motor car to a greater extent than any other citizen. It will mean to him an advanced value for all his products. The auto, with the introduction of vegetable alcohol as a substitute for gasoline, "will lessen the labor and increase the revenue of the farmer to a degree little

dreamed of by him as yet." One can imagine all the farmers asking that that day may soon dawn!

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#### A Freight Motor in Ontario.

A freight motor, said to be the first of its kind ever brought into Canada, the property of the Galt, Preston and Hespeler, and Preston and Berlin Railways has made successful trial trips at Galt, Ont., and appears likely to demonstrate to the people of the Dominion that these freight motors have a future, and a bright one before them. The cost is \$10,000 and good interest upon the capital is certain to be paid by the freight work secured by the motor.

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#### A Foolish Suggestion.

How best to make the life of the motorist a trial and a burden is a work in which people are engaged in England as well as in Canada. As a most effective means to this end one correspondent suggests the revival of the ancient toll bars. There would be a lifting bar which could be drawn up, and let down against motors only. All motorists would be required under penalty to stop at such bars in order that their numbers, licenses, and persons might be identified, and they would also carry a way book in which an official would enter their exact time of passing such bar, making corresponding entries in a book kept at the toll house. The way bill would be produced for endorsement at the next cross roads station, and so on to the end of the journey. Any attempt to carry out this brilliant idea would certainly result in annoyance and delay to other traffic, and a large staff would have to be engaged or the bars left up at night. It is curious to think that this can be the twentieth century, when we pride ourselves upon our advanced ideas, that these retrograde pretensions are aired. They are inevitable reminders of similar foolish suggestions upon the introduction of railways.

#### Bribing the Police to Prosecute.

Another, and in some of its aspects a more brilliant one, is the idea conceived and carried out in Rhode Island. All fines levied upon drivers of motor cars



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and their owners are allowed to be retained by the police as their own perquisites. It is astonishing how offences multiply under this system! The police are reported to be coining money out of motorists who unwittingly enter within the confines of the State, while those who are aware of the prevailing condition of things there avoid it as though it were plague stricken. The authorities of Rhode Island have settled the matter so far as they are concerned, without the adoption of any antiquated systems, by the simple process of allowing the police to keep all the fines. The time will come when these authorities will rank with the Mr. Justice Shallowpates of history!

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# 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

LOU. E.  
MARSH

## The New Universal Rating Rule.

The new universal rating rule for measuring racing yachts has at last been finally adopted by the Yacht Racing Union, the controlling body for the great lakes. At the annual meeting held in Toledo Oct. 19th, the report of a special committee upon the subject was received.

This committee, composed of George Owen, F. P. Warner and C. G. Jennings, was appointed by the Council of the Y. R. U. at a special meeting at Detroit in April. At that time the Yacht Racing Union adopted the universal yacht racing rule as used by the New York Yacht Club. But it was thought that some amendments might be advisable if the rule were to be applied to great lakes yachting. Throughout the summer the committee studied the rule, and on Oct. 19th, submitted their report.

With the exception of a few minor points, for which they have suggested remedies, they find the universal rating rule admirably suited for increasing the size and quality of the great lakes' fleet. The committee does not recommend the adoption of any scantling table or cabin house restrictions, and they propose one important amendment in the matter of measuring sail area. Otherwise the rule stands almost exactly as adopted.

The method of measuring sail area, as adopted by the committee, combines the best features of the N. Y. Y. C. method with that previously used by the Yacht Racing Union. The amendments to the rules for starting and finishing change the eastern method to the more familiar one now used by the Great Lakes Union of flying starts with no allowances for getting over the mark.

The universal rating rule, as adopted by the union is as follows :—

The formula for classifying yachts according to the new rating measurement shall be :—The length multiplied by the square foot of sail area, divided by 5.5 times the cube root of displacement. Length, sail area and displacement shall be computed according to the amended universal rating rule.

Yachts shall be classified by the rating measurement and shall be divided into the following classes.

### Schooners

64-foot, class, D—Not over 64 feet and over 55 feet rating measurement. One man for every 250 square feet of sail area and fraction thereof.

55-foot, class E—Not over 55 feet and over 47 feet rating measurement. One man for every 250 square feet of sail area and fraction thereof.

47-foot, class DD—Not over 47 feet and over 40 feet rating measurement. One man for every 250 square feet of sail area and fraction thereof.

40-foot, class EE—Not over 40 feet rating measurement. Nine men.

### Sloops and Yawls.

68-foot, class J.—Not over 68 feet and over 57 feet rating measurement. One man for every 250 square feet of sail area and fraction thereof.

57-foot, class K—Not over 57 feet and over 49 feet rating measurement. One man for every 250 square feet of sail area and fraction thereof.

48-foot, class L.—Not over 48 feet and over 40 feet rating measurement. One

man for every 250 square feet of sail area and fraction thereof.

40-foot, class M—Not over 40 feet and over 33 feet rating measurement. Nine men.

33-foot, class N—Not over 33 feet and over 27 feet rating measurement. Six men.

27-foot, class P—Not over 27 feet and over 22 feet rating measurement. Five men.

22-foot, class Q—Not over 22 feet and over 18 feet rating measurement. Four men.

18-foot, class R—Not over 18 feet and over 15 feet rating measurement. Three men.

15-foot, class S—Not over 15 feet rating measurement. Three men.

In races where vessels of different rigs sail together a schooner shall be rated for time allowances at 85 per cent, of her rating measurement; a yawl at 93 per cent, and a sloop at her actual rating measurement.

Hollow spars were given the go-by, and the delegates passed resolutions that after Nov, 1st. 1906 all boats built must be equipped with solid spars. A committee, consisting of Commodores Jarvis, Warner, and Jennings, was appointed to attend the Atlantic conference next winter with a view of attacking the policy of light construction in racers. A resolution barring the boat upon which false certificates of design have wilfully been given was passed.

Commodore Richardson of Toledo was elected chairman of the committee and Mr. J. S. McMurray of the R.C.Y.C. Toronto, secretary.

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#### Twenty-seven Foot Cup Boats.

Now it is Canada's Cup!

The preliminary details for the contest for Canada's Cup for 1907 have been completed between the Rochester Yacht Club, the holders of the silverware, and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, the challengers for this emblem of yachting supremacy on the Great Lakes, and Fife, the great Scotchman, is already busy upon one challenger and three or four other boats are contemplated.

Next year's races will be between boats

of practically the same size as Temeraire and Iroquois, the contenders in 1905, though under the new rules they will be known as 27-footers. Temeraire and Iroquois were 30-footers under the Yacht Racing Union's measurements. Now the Yacht Racing Union has adopted the universal rating rule and the cup boats become officially 27-footers. The Rochester Yacht Club had its own way in naming the class. The Canucks wanted 33-footers or boats the size of the present 40-foot class of the Great Lakes but Rochester objected and the men across the border had their own way.

Well, this year should give Lake Ontario a grand class of 27-footers for four new ones are already contemplated on the Canadian side of the lake. The Fife designed boat is, of course, the one ordered by Vice Commodore Nicholls of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Fife designed the defeated Temeraire but Rear Commodore Nicholls still pins his faith to the veteran. Mr. Aemilius Jarvis is head of a syndicate which will have a boat designed by Mylne, the young Scotchman who turned out the speedy Zoraya, and Commodore A. A. McDonald of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club is pushing forward a syndicate to build a third boat. A fourth boat may come from Hamilton, where Rear Commodore George Tuckett has the cup bee in his bonnet and is more than half decided to build a boat from the designs of George Owen who designed Whirl, the L. Y. R. A. 20-foot champion, and Petrol II and Keno the 25-foot champions of the same association. Tuckett now owns Keno and he is in love with her paces.

The only kick the Royal Canadian Yachtsmen have now is upon the size of the crews allowed under the new rating rule. The new rule says that five men shall constitute a crew for a 27-footer. There were seven men, the same as the cup boats carried in 1905.

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#### The New Seventeen Foot Class.

Last fall "Rod and Gun" predicted that the new seventeen foot racing class turned down by the Lake Sailing Skiff Association would be adopted with a hurrah at the annual meeting this fall.



It was!

This new seventeen foot class is going to be a Jim Dandy. The old sixteen foot class skiff was a mighty handy little craft but this seventeen foot class will be a sturdy able little ship in which it will be good enough to tackle Lake Ontario any day, except when she is in her fiercest tantrums, and the good blue water is slithered with spindrift by a sixty knot gale. Indeed the new class regulations call for a boat that would not come amiss on any lake on the continent. She is light of draft, has good sail carrying ability, and if she does not go over or fill will float her crew and a bit more.

She is a chunkier boat all round than the old sixteen footer. She may not be more than twenty-five foot over all, which is a foot more than the sixteen foot class maximum. Her load water line is limited to seventeen feet while that of her predecessor could not pass thirteen feet six inches, if the craft swung the full three hundred and thirty square feet of canvas. The new boats' beam must be at least seven feet, a foot and a half greater than the sixteen foot class minimum, and her minimum freeboard sixteen inches. She must carry four hundred pounds of inside ballast, a one hundred and fifty pound metal centerboard, and air tanks capable of floating three hundred pounds. The old sixteen foot class carried no inside ballast or tanks, and the centerboard was limited to one hundred pounds. The new class is allowed four hundred square feet of canvas as against the sixteen footers' three hundred and thirty square feet. The crew is limited to four.

The stipulations guarantee a good stout boat, for her planking must be half inch for clinker built boats, and five-eighths for carvel built, the ribs at least one and three quarters square inches to the foot. Bilge boards are discriminated against because the idea is held to be a racing one purely.

Until four of the new seventeen footers are built the new ones will race with the old sixteen footers.

The L. S. S. A., too, abolished its eighteen foot dinghy class and adopted the Royal Hamilton Club's design for the sixteen foot dinghy class.

The cabin knockabouts were granted leave to use a spinnaker boom half as long again as the ones they are now using. The old booms were limited to the length of the forward triangle, and the result was that the crews on race days were pottering about with spinnaker booms not much longer than a walking cane. The temptation to "hinch," often prompted the forward man to set the spinnaker boom jaws on the side stay instead of the mast. It didn't make much difference, anyhow, for the spinnaker was only doyley size. Indeed my esteemed friend "Cully" Robertson, of Toronto, erstwhile owner of the knockabout La Souris (I'd hate to tell you what certain ribald friends resolved that name into) one day, absent mindedly, tucked La Souris' spinnaker into his breast pocket, and hung the bonnet outside for decorative effect.

The L. S. S. A.'s racing program for next year gives the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Toronto, the annual Dominion Day Regatta, and the Darrell Shield Competition on Labor Day.

Commodore T. A. E. World, of the Queen City Yacht Club, was again elected President. The other officers follow:

Vice President, A. W. Whinton, National Yacht and Skiff Club, Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, J. W. Commeford, Q. C. Y. C. Toronto; Representatives,—Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, Mr. Vila, R. C. Y. C., C. Sweatman; Queen City, Rear Commodore Ewing, and Sunnyside, Mr. Gibson. To be elected: Mimico, Lakeside Cove, Toronto Canoe Club, Oswego and Rochester.

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#### Commeford's Gold Watch.

"Bill" Commeford—he was christened James William, but everyone around the lakes calls him Bill on sight—the Secretary-Treasurer of the Lake Sailing Skiff Association of Lake Ontario is wearing a new gold wrist watch these days. It's a present. Some of the boys passed Bill the jewelry at the annual meeting of the L. S. S. A. in Toronto Oct. 19, as a token of their appreciation of his fight to save the Toronto fleet of racing skiffs and dinghies on the night of July 29.

The fleet was bound for Hamilton, in



tow of a tug, for the big L. S. S. A. Regatta, June 30-July 1. It blew up nasty from the southwest, but at midnight the tug started out with the fleet to buck a stiff head sea. About one o'clock a hot squall blew up and the tow line parted. Bill had his twenty-two foot launch, Arrow, along, and when the tow line parted he started her chugging and pounded her off into the Stygian darkness, looking for the drifting boats. He got wound up into tow lines, half filled with water and had accidents too numerous to mention; but he stuck to his work and rounded up the fleet. Three times the boats broke away, and three times Captain Bill and his crew hiked out after them, and he wound up by towing some of them back to the harbor. Bill was on duty till the last boat made the harbor safely.

He's always around when there is a storm and trouble brewing and the results are that he has been presented with everything from a yacht and certificate of bravery to a bronze medal and watch for rescuing those imperilled on the Lake and Bay. I think his life record stands about the thirty-two mark. It is a stormy fall, and consequently it is hard to keep track of the people Bill yanks out of the Bay! The first puff of a squall takes Bill on the jump for the water front, and if some one hasn't turned his boat over and supplied Commeford with the excitement of a rescue, Bill turns on the "juice"—it used to be close reefs and a storm jib, but now he is a putter boat fiend—and goes ploughing around in the white caps! If he doesn't find oblivion down with Davy Jones it won't be his fault, and I'll miss my guess!

#### **Durnan After World's Championship.**

After a period of sculling inaction—as far as professional championships are concerned—Canada is again in the eye of the sporting public. Eddie Durnan of Toronto, nephew of the "only" Ned Hanlon is in Australia training for a race for the world's sculling championship. Durnan is to meet George Towns, the conqueror of the great Jake Gaudaur. The race is to take place in mid-March on the Paramatta course of three miles,

three hundred and thirty yards. The purse is \$2,500 a side and Durnan gets \$500 expenses. Durnan left Toronto on Sunday, Oct. 7th.

Hanlon was the first Canuck to tackle the game in Australia and he made a mess of it. He went away the world's champion, but Beach took his measure and laurel wreath. This was in 1883. Four years later Hanlon tried again and was again defeated. In 1890 William O'Connor, of Toronto, made the trip to the Antipodes after beating Searle on the Thames and he was beaten by James Stanbury. Hanlon was given a great send off in Toronto. The municipal council and every rowing organization in Canada was represented, and at Fort William, Rat Portage and Winnipeg the oarsmen gathered to bid him "Good luck!"

Durnan since his defeat of Tom Sullivan at Toronto in 1904 has been regarded as a likely candidate for the championship. He is a neat sculler and at one hundred and fifty pounds can stand a hard contest. He is a dangerous man as long as he meets with no unexpected drawbacks, but it does not take much to get him uneasy and interfere with his confidence in himself. He is wily too as those who saw him draw Sullivan away from his buoy at Toronto are well aware.

#### **Sore Blow to Ottawa.**

The revivication of the C. A. A. U., which translated means the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union, promises to write the Skidoo sign large upon the Ottawa Rowing Club. If Mr. Frank Grierson can prove his charges of professionalism against athletes—and everyone who knows aught of sporting matters in Ottawa knows that what Grierson says is right—the Ottawa Rowing Club's Crack Four will be a thing of the past. Three of the superb quartette who pulled in that crew will be adjudged athletically unclean and Ottawa hasn't developed men who can replace them. Ottawa's Four last year consisted of Pulford, Phillips, Poapst and Haycock. Haycock is the only one who escapes. The other three played Rugby football with Rough Riders last year and are in the game this year

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while Pulford also played hockey for the champion Ottawa team. That the men on these teams were being paid for their services is something which has been known for years, but no one in possession of the information had the nerve to come out and make direct charges until Mr. Grierson came along. The C. A. A. U. has taken hold of the thing with a spirit to be commended and it looks as if Ottawa will get such an athletic purging as will rid her forever of the incubus of concealed professionalism. At this distance it looks as if Ottawa sports will have to be divided into two classes with a wide black line between the amateurs and the professionals. It will do sport good too for the conduct of some of these professionals upon the field during contests has been such as to disgust those who like fair play and manliness no matter how hot the athletic battle.

"Win at all costs!" and "anything to get the money!" has been an Ottawa motto too long and the Ottawa papers have been crying out against this brutal debasing spirit for many moons.

But to get back to Ottawa aquatics—the professionalizing of Phillips, Poapst and Pulford, which seems certain to occur, not only kills out the great Ottawa Four but knocks on the head a laudable plan of the Ottawa Club to have an eight in the water next year. The Club has already ordered two eights from the best builders and with the four veterans in the boat to steady her up expected to turn out a crew which would make the best of the Toronto crews go some at the next Canadian Henley.

How good was the Ottawa Four?

Well in 1905 they won the junior Canadian championship and last year the intermediate Canadian championship came their way at the Canadian Henley. Then they jaunted down into the Middle States, to wit, to Washington where they gobbled up the Middle States Senior Four Championship.

Ottawa's eights' plans did not stop at the top of the Canadian rung. No! Indeed! they had Henley aspirations, no less, and with Pulford, Poapst and Phillips in the boat, to say nothing of Haycock and some other good men Ottawa has they would have had a royal chance

#### The Motor Boat Craze.

That there are between three hundred and three hundred and fifty motor boats on Toronto Bay now is the opinion of such men as Commodore Sylvester of the Toronto Motor Boat Club, Mr. J. L. Laishley of the Toronto Gas and Gasoline Engine Co., Mr. Walter Nicholls of Nicholls Bros. Ltd. They should know. That the number doubled during the year of 1906 they also say is true.

What of 1907?

Every man interested predicts a greater boom than has been. The fleet accord-



COMMODORE SYLVESTER  
Of the Toronto Motor Boat Club.

ing to those who should know will not only materially increase in actual numbers but there will be a change in the character of the boats. Next year they are looking forward to at least five hundred gasoline craft and the new ones will number in the ranks at least half a dozen out



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and out racers while many of the others will be cabin cruisers of from thirty-five to seventy feet in length. Cabin cruisers are being talked of all around Toronto. Mr. Frank D. Baillie, owner of the 41-foot semi-racer Julia, is disposing of her and has his eye cast covetously upon the blue prints of a seventy foot cruiser which will not lose anything in comparison with any gasoline propelled craft upon the lake. There are others like him—graduating from the smaller classes into the larger. A. J. Phillips, a well known member of the Queen City Yacht Club has a new cabin boat all planked up and Jas. W. Commeford jr., of the same Club owner of the fast 22-footer Arrow has sold her and is building a forty foot cabin boat. These names are simply mentioned to show how things are trending.

The Toronto Motor Boat Club which has just completed its organization and constructed its Club house is now ready

to take hold of motor boat problems and next year its members promise to make things hum with cruises and club affairs which will bond motormen together in their own interests. Already they are talking of a club cruise to the Thousand Islands in August. The Royal Canadian Yacht Club is taking hold of the motorboat game in earnest and at Commodore Macdonald's suggestion a motor boat section has been formed and the Club will do some dredging and building to accommodate the boats of members at their Island Clubhouse.

In fact the game looks so good here that all sorts of outside firms are establishing agencies here to get a slice of the business in prospect. They will have to produce the goods however to get the trade for Toronto is getting motorboat wise and will take nothing but the best at the money. The local companies and firms have a pretty solid clientele.

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Professor Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society, writing to "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," with reference to the reported find by Mr. C. G. Cowan, of a new species of mountain sheep in British Columbia, says: "I have noted with much interest the account in your October number of the 'absolutely black' mountain sheep secured by Mr. Cowan from a locality between the head waters of the Pelly and McKenzie Rivers. To say the least of it, the specimen must be very interesting, and it is a great pity that it has been sent out of Canada. It should have gone either to the Provincial Museum, in Victoria, or to the Canadian Government Museum at Ottawa. Of course it is impossible to say much about the specimen without seeing it; but if it is 'absolutely black all over, except the rump patch,' it is probably a melanistic freak. It is hardly possible that a new species exists in that locality. The black sheep that are found south of the Stikine River are much blacker than those found north of it, and so far as known, the further north they go, the lighter they are. Mr. Charles Sheldon has hunted sheep diligently on the headwaters of the Pelly, and while he found very good intermediates between the white sheep and the black sheep, he found none that were absolutely black. I believe that the specimen referred to is probably a melanistic individual, which amongst hoofed animals, is quite as rare as albinism. I am sorry that I can have no opportunity to see the skin and horns referred to. I must not close without congratulating you upon the very evident success of your Magazine. It is good to see such publications prosper."

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Mr. John A. Remey, of the Ontario Guides' Association, writes from Dorset, Ont.: "In the month of August last while Harry Phillips and Archie Mossing-

ton were making a trip with a party through the Temagami Forest Reserve, they saw a sight that is unusual even in the woods, and the recital as told by the boys may prove interesting to your many readers. "It was a muggy warm day, and we were making our way over the portage between Obabika Lake and Temagami. We had made one trip across the portage, and were returning for a second load when we noticed a cub bear which appeared much put out by being compelled to leave the trail. He growled and snapped as he slowly retreated and evidently left the trail only with the greatest reluctance. At the same time we heard some noise on one side of us in the bush, and supposing it to be the old bear we went on as we had no firearms, and our business just then was not that of looking for trouble with bears. When we came back on the portage with our packs we found the cub once more on the trail. We had reached the point where the cub had been, and he had once more slowly retired, when we again heard the noise in the bush, only this time to an increased extent as though something was having a fight for life. We threw down our packs and went into the bush to investigate. There we saw a sight we shall not soon forget. A calf moose was trying to run, and on its back was a bear gnawing and tearing away at the animal's neck and shoulders. When we appeared the bear jumped down, and both animals made for the lake. We returned to the portage, and proceeded by the trail to the lake where we saw the moose in the water and the bear on the shore. The old bear was standing on her hind legs with a look of disappointment on her face, and apparently wondering how to proceed to recover her lost meal—whether to swim for it, or just walk around until the moose came out. They were still in the same position as we walked away across the portage. This is a story of a true incident."



The account of the last Hudson Bay trip of the *Adventure* furnishes exciting reading. The object of the voyage was to convey police detachments and supplies to the posts in the Far North. On August 3rd the vessel left Sydney, C. B. with one thousand tons of coal, and six hundred tons of general cargo. A week later Port Burwell, on Ungava Bay at the entrance to Hudson Strait, was reached and fifty tons of coal discharged. The next place visited was Cape Fullerton in the Northwest corner of the Bay, nine hundred miles from Burwell. Heavy pack ice was met on the journey, and rain fell almost constantly. Despite all difficulties, however, six hundred sacks of coal and supplies were put ashore, and three police constables landed. Fort Churchill, three hundred and fifty miles further south, which is spoken of as the terminus of the proposed railway to the Bay, was reached on September 2nd. It is in the estuary of the Churchill River where a nine knot current runs. The vessel had to anchor a long way out as the tides fall from thirty to forty feet, and the work of discharging was very slow, but fifty tons of cargo and three thousand sacks of coal were put ashore. The weather became worse, fierce snowstorms prevailing nearly all the time. Fearing if a longer stay was made the vessel might be frozen in, Captain Couch left on October first, with the balance of the coal, some four thousand sacks on board. A portion of the passage was made through heavy Arctic ice, and the gales and snow prevailed all down the Labrador coast to Belle Isle, while for the remainder of the trip to St. John, Newfoundland, the weather was mild but foggy. Major Moodie and fifteen Mounted Police were left at Fort Churchill. One Constable, who wintered at Cape Fullerton, died there last April, and Sergeant D'Armour, who went out with the *Adventure*, returned with her as he had contracted rheumatism.

The Quebec and Ontario members of the Interprovincial Boundary Commission have surveyed and laid down the boundary lines between the two provinces for

one hundred and fifty miles north of Lake Abitibi, leaving one hundred and twenty-five miles of work for next season, which if accomplished will complete the survey and the marking of the boundary line right to the shores of James' Bay. There were twenty-one men engaged in the joint operations, and they report that the land was found to be of good quality. The weather was fine throughout the summer, and even in the early fall the temperature was about the same as in the inhabited parts of Northern Ontario. Fine grain and potatoes were grown in the Abitibi section. Game was also plentiful, particularly moose, but further north very little game was encountered.

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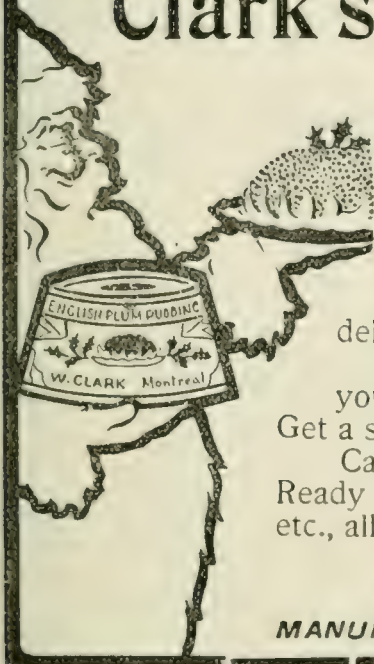
During the past season British Columbia has been visited by a sportsman of international reputation, and the fact that he enjoyed his outing so much that he is likely to repeat his visit next year may be taken as a fine testimonial to the sporting advantages of Canada's mountain province. Wherever there is an interest taken in big game hunting, the name of Mr. F. C. Selous is known, and Mr. Selous it was who in pursuit of a big moose head went to British Columbia. In the northern portion of the Province Mr. Selous secured his prize, and brought out what is described as one of the finest mooseheads ever obtained in the north. Mr. Selous has shot bear in the Arctic circle, elephants and lions in Africa, tigers in India, and grizzlies on the slopes of the Canadian Rockies. When, therefore, he says that he regards northern British Columbia as one of the finest places in the world for big game shooting his opinion is valuable. He intends to follow this up by returning next year, in all probability heading a party of British sportsmen with a view of securing some rare specimens for the British Museum. His moose head required a box five feet square for packing purposes, and was shipped to his home at Brookwood, Surrey, England. His fine collection of trophies, to which all parts of the world have contributed, lacked a good moose head, and now British Columbia has supplied this deficiency.



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## WM. CLARK,

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A capital method of spending Thanksgiving Day was adopted at Zurich, Ont. The local sportsmen turned out to indulge in a hunt. Sides were chosen and all scattered in the woods, the conditions being that all must have returned by six o'clock with such game as they had captured in their possession and the losers were to pay for suppers for the whole bunch. Competition was arranged by points, the points being counted by the scarcity and difficulty of the game. The total game brought in included two coons, seventeen rabbits, six black squirrels, fourteen red squirrels, one skunk, one snipe, three crows, two hawks, and one partridge. The score by points was as under: W. H. Hoffman, captain, 175; Chas. Fritz, 200; Ed. Appel, 125; Wm. Schenk, 145; H. Schilbe, 380; John Truemner, 150; M. Rannie, 10; Jacob Deichert, 75; T. Wurm, 10; total, 1270. Wm. O'Brien, captain, 50; J. P. Rau, 50; P. Sipple, 100; M. Meidinger, 240; Geo. Hess, 95; J. F. Reikbeil, 50; R. Williams, 0; John Deichert, 0; total, 635. One shooter on the losing

side is the victim of a story. He is said to have been sitting on a fence thinking of his hard luck when a rabbit sprang past in front of him. The advent of bunny found him unprepared and the rabbit escaped with a whole skin. This made the unlucky sportsmen think harder than ever, and a second rabbit skipped harmlessly by while he was still deep in thought. The worst of it is that they do say the rabbits would have been safe had this fine sportsman had all his wits about him.

It was a matter of extreme surprise to learn that Dr. Judson F. Clarke, the chief of the Ontario Forestry Department has resigned his official position for the purpose of engaging in the lumbering industry in British Columbia. Dr. Clarke, it was generally understood, was designated for the post of first Professor for the new Chair of Forestry to be founded at Toronto University, and for that reason had declined the Forestry Chair at Yale. Last month Dr. Clarke was out

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west attending the Canadian Forestry Convention at Vancouver, and what he saw and learned out there apparently determined his course of action. His services to forestry may be continued in his new career, for in forestry as in other things, example is better than precept, and by lumbering on the highest scientific and forestry principles, Dr. Clarke may do as much and even more for the cause than he has accomplished in his office of Chief Forester for Ontario, a position he has most ably and successfully filled.

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The British Columbian authorities are certainly alive to the importance of excellence in the literature they send out advertising the sporting advantages of their fine Province. A new edition of their booklet on "Game of British Columbia," known as Official Bulletin No. 17, has just been issued. This contains a valuable contribution on "Sport all the Year Round," by Mr. A. Bryan Williams, Chief Game Warden for the Province; notes on the big game, wild fowl, and game fish; notes and information on the principal game districts; with lists of the game animals, game birds, etc., a reprint of the game laws, and other information of interest to sportsmen. The pamphlet is finely got up on good paper and beautifully illustrated, and the sportsman who intends to try his fortune in British Columbia either with the gun or the rod cannot do better than obtain a copy of this booklet which he can do by applying to Mr. R. M. Palmer, Secretary of the Bureau of Provincial Information, Victoria, B. C., or Mr. A. Bryan Williams, Provincial Game Warden, Vancouver, B. C.

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More than ordinary interest attached to a prosecution at Kingston instituted by Fishery Overseer Brickwood. Professor Martin, Secretary of the newly formed Kingston branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, in company with Messrs. Francis McNee and William Kent, were charged with unlawfully taking more than eight black bass in one day. There were two others concerned in the alleged offence, Messrs.

Macdonnell and Redden, and the latter admitted their guilt and paid a fine levied by the Inspector. The charge against Prof. Martin broke down, the Professor admitting that he caught more than seven bass but returned the extra ones to the water, and only took seven away. The magistrate dismissed the charge against Prof. Martin and those against the other two defendants were withdrawn.

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Some curious captures are reported by fishermen in Canada, but it remained for a British fisherman to hook a torpedo instead of a fish. Mr. C. Monger, the agent at Portland in the southwest of England, for the British Angling Association, while out after bass caught a torpedo which had been lost from one of the big vessels of the Channel Fleet. He promptly abandoned the rod for some stronger tackle, and landing the torpedo, he claimed and obtained the reward which had been advertised for the lost instrument of destruction.

Ladies have in these days invaded most walks in life, and the calling of guide cannot expect to escape any more than others' Accordingly one is scarcely astonished to read that "Mrs. J. S. Freese, of Maine, is the only woman in America who has a guide's license. She is a good hunter and an excellent shot, handles a canoe with all the skill and assurance of an Indian, and is capable of considerable physical endurance." There may be those who will go to Maine entirely for the novelty of being "guided" by a woman, although in some households there is no novelty at all in what has long become an established practice.

One of the most important questions to come before the International Boundary Commissioners is the delimitation of the international boundary line through Lake Erie. There have been endless disputes on this matter, and captures of fishing boats by the authorities on both sides have led to much ill feeling, and the danger of further disputes. Now the authorities appear to be in favor of marking the boundary by a line of buoys,



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**References**—Any Bank, Express Company or Mercantile Agency at Detroit, Mich., or any reputable Fur House in the United States. Show this to your Banker and he will tell you



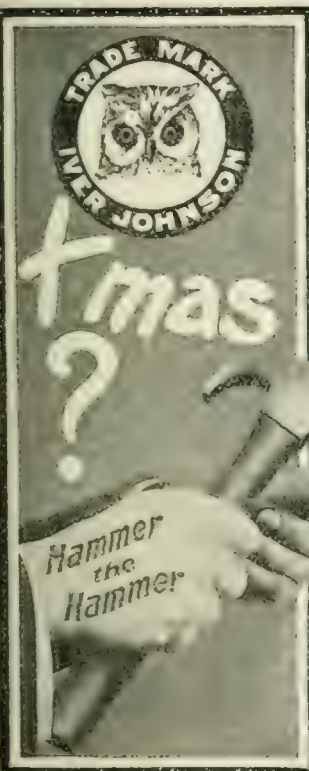
five miles apart across the whole lake, and thus prevent the possibilities of all mistakes in the future. The difficulty is that the old maps in accordance with which past treaties were made were not properly scaled. Strange as it may appear geography was not the strongest point (at least on this new continent) with the map makers of the old days, and it is no matter of surprise to those acquainted with their vagaries to find that they made Lake Erie too wide with the result that the distances given from each shore overlap. It is believed however, that with some display of good will on both sides this difficulty can be overcome, and once the boundary line is decided on and marked out disputes will be lessened if not altogether avoided in the future to the gain of amity in both Canada and the States.

The Hon. F. Cochrane, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, and the Hon. Mr. Monteith, Minister of Agriculture, for Ontario, recently took a trip to the far north of the Province. They journeyed from North Bay by the Temiskaming and Northern Railway to the "end of steel" and beyond, going as far north as McDougall's and Iroquois Falls. From statements made by both Hon. gentlemen they were evidently much impressed with the possibilities of the new country from both residential, mineral, agricultural and manufacturing points of view. Mr. Cochrane thought the only drawback to be that beyond the Height of Land the timber got small and thin, while Mr. Monteith held this not wholly a disadvantage, there being enough timber for local building purposes, and the land could be more easily and better cleared, and homes made with far less work than where the forests were thick and high. One of the most important objects of the journey was to fix upon a site for a new Experimental Farm where plants etc. will be tested, acclimatized, experimented with, and the results made known for the benefit of the settlers of that section of the Province. McDougall's Falls is recognized as practically certain to give the name to a town of considerable importance in the future. There is power enough at the Falls to

furnish light, heat and power to all possible residents. Wonderful things are predicted of the mineral possibilities, and altogether indications point to an awakening on the part of a population much wider than the Province as to what may be done in the future in Northern Ontario.

Mr. John Jeffrey of Killaloe, who has been engaged at the camp constantly being shifted north to the End of Steel of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway killed a bear last month near the Camp. The animal weighed between 375 and 400 pounds. The skin measured 6 feet 5 inches from nose to tail, and 4 feet 7 inches across the middle.

How much the pleasures of the chase are enhanced and lived over again by visible reminders of days afield only those in possession of trophies won by themselves after a hard encounter can ever know. A long keen chase in which the animal instinct almost got the best of the hunter's skill and perseverance, is enjoyed every time memories are awakened by a sight of the mounted head, the capture of which was only made by surmounting difficulties which appeared at the time too great to be overcome. Every successful hunter would like to have some at least of his specimens mounted, and for such purpose the skill of a taxidermist is required. Critical ones like no ordinary taxidermist either, but one who shall set up their trophies with as close an imitation to Nature as though Nature were capable of being duplicated. This is the system followed, and according to his satisfied clients successfully followed, by Mr. Edwin Dixon, of Unionville, Ont., who has a collection of testimonials to his skill in the taxidermy line which should make any man proud. The present season should see this collection increased for undoubtedly Mr. Dixon's name and fame amongst our readers, (who form a mighty army of hunters throughout Canada and the States,) is widely and favorably known, and will be increased by the specimens of their skill he will set up this season.



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That must have been a great hunt which was given by King Alfonso to a whole battalion of troops in one of the Royal Forests of Spain. The deer required thinning to the extent, according to the estimate of the foresters, of 2,000, and the king, with that boyish enthusiasm which has endeared him so much to his people, invited a large Court party and the battalion of Cazadores de Madrid, to join in the sport. Half the battalion acted as beaters in the early part of the day and half as shooters, the positions being reversed in the afternoon. There was a prodigious expenditure of cartridges, and it was a perfect marvel that there were no casualties amongst the bipeds present. According to the reports the soldiers never had such an enjoyable day, and they succeeded in accounting for the number of deer required, and in thinning them to the extent the foresters wished.

• The new Dominion Fish Hatchery on

the Georgian Bay is to be located at Wiarton according to an official communication received by Mayor Cameron from the Dominion Minister of Marine and Fisheries. It took a couple of deputations to explain the superior advantages of the town for this particular purpose to the authorities at Ottawa. The cost of construction is estimated at \$12,000, and the annual cost of operation at \$5,000.

Anything new in guns is of live interest to sportsmen, and an announcement by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., of New Haven, Conn., is along this line. This well known firm are placing on the market a new self loaded rifle, which is known as the Winchester High Power Model, 1907, and it is the result of repeated requests for a gun of the same type as their 1905 Model adapted to a high power cartridge suitable for big game hunting. The Company gives the following description of this new gun:

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"This gun shoots a cartridge of .351 caliber, with 180 grain bullet, having a muzzle velocity of 1861 feet per second, and a penetration of 26 7-8 inch pine boards when used with metal patched bullets, and of 13 7-8 inch pine boards when used with soft point bullets. Although this cartridge is quite small in size it is very powerful in execution, and can be highly recommended for use in hunting the largest of game. It has the Model 1905 self loading principle, which is very simple and strong, and has demonstrated its absolute positiveness and durability by about two years' service in the hands of users. The new rifle is very neat and attractive in appearance having symmetry, compactness and beauty of outline. It holds six shots, five of which are loaded into the Magazine, which is detachable and can be inserted in the gun when the bolt is closed, making it much quicker, safer and handier than those that must be loaded with the bolt open. Extra magazines can be carried, by means of which very rapid and continuous firing can be done. This style of loading won all the competitive prizes at the recent National matches at Sea Girt, N. J. The shell is ejected from the side. There are no moving projections on the outside of the gun to cause trouble, and no screws to shake loose. The barrel is stationary, like that of any ordinary gun, and the sights are attached directly to the barrel. It has a simple take-down device, which allows the gun to separate into two portions, the stock and action being in one part, and the barrel and receiver in the other, making it very easy to clean. The rifle has a 20-inch nickel steel barrel, and a handsome pistol grip stock, and weighs about seven and three-quarter pounds." It will be ready for the market during the present month.

A recent survey of ten new townships has been made with most satisfactory results between the Missanabie and Mata-gami Rivers in the Algoma district of Ontario. Mr. Alexander Niven, of Haliburton, who was in charge of the survey, described the land of the townships as the finest he had seen in Northern Ontario. While there is an occasional muskeg, and some areas of sandy loam,

most of it is a rich clay loam. The timber is also the largest Mr. Niven has seen in the course of his surveys, and is chiefly black and white spruce, the latter being from sixteen to thirty inches in diameter. There is a good deal of poplar, white birch and some black birch. Five rivers cross the townships through which the Grand Trunk surveys also pass. A lake six or eight miles long by four wide was found in one of the townships, and the water is well stocked with trout, pike and pickerel. Ten townships to the north of these were also surveyed by Mr. T. P. Speight, and his preliminary report is also satisfactory. These twenty townships comprise an area of sixteen hundred square miles. The surveys are preliminary to the opening of the townships for settlement.

In the State of Pennsylvania it is estimated that one man in every thirty is a sportsman and goes hunting. It is now proposed to impose a license fee of one dollar per head on the native hunters, and by this means provide sufficient funds to allow the Game Commission to pay the Wardens' salaries instead of leaving them, as hitherto, dependent upon securing half the fines from those they caught violating the laws.

Many anglers will continue to agree Dr. Henshall that, "inch for inch and pound for pound the black bass is the gamiest fish that swims," though Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, after a fishing trip to British Columbia has changed his views and accords the palm to the rainbow trout. These fish "struck fiercely, ran swiftly, jumped high and far, and fought till they were either in the landing net or out on the beach. It was not uncommon for the rainbow trout to jump six or eight times, and I don't know how many times more they would have jumped had I given them a chance," Mr. Waddell adding that he invariably took them in with the least possible delay.

The rainbow trout, according to William C. Harris, "seizes the feathers





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fiercely, is not choice of form or color, and surging strenuously for a few feet below the surface, goes up into the air again and again until the skill of the angler brings him within the meshes of the net. He not only leaps, but like the small mouthed black bass acrobats on a slack line, the surest indication of intelligence in a fighting fish, inasmuch as he certainly knows a slack line gives greater chances for freedom from the hook as he comes like a thread of light in the air, and frantically shakes his head and body in an attempt to dislodge the hooks.

New Brunswick has long been noted as the home of big game, and it appears in no danger of losing its reputation in that respect. One big moose killed this fall, and whose head is now in the care of Messrs. Emack Bros. of Frederickton, N. B. for mounting purposes, has a spread of horns of sixty-seven inches,

The Provincial Secretary of Ontario, the Hon. W. J. Hanna, made one of the earliest successes of the hunting season in northern Ontario. With three companions he went out on a hunt from a point thirty-eight miles north of Englehart, a divisional center on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, and was fortunate enough to bag a fine moose.

Snow shoes are a thing of every day use in Canada in the winter, though the point that bothers most beginners, and even some who have had experience, is the manner in which the shoes work loose. Messrs. Emack Bros., the noted taxidermists, of Frederickton, N. B., have a snow shoe that can be tightened, and a pair of them make this delightful form of Canadian winter exercise more enjoyable than ever. If the present promise of a winter with plenty of snow is realized during the next few months there should be a very large demand for these articles as a snow-shoe tramp is a splendid and exhilarating form of exercise, and one that will be rendered far more pleasant than in the past by the use of the Emack Adjustable Snow-shoe.

Mr. C. H. Stokes, postmaster of Mowhawk, Florida, in offering to give any information to northern sportsmen desirous of visiting the "sunny south," (providing they will be brief in their queries and enclose a stamp for reply) reports that the people of the south (like those of the north) are beginning to understand that the game of the country is one of the country's finest assets. So far as he is able to learn no game has been killed out of season, or game laws broken in his section of country.

Concluding a discussion on the sporting prospects of Missouri and neighboring States of the Union, a local writer pens the following sentence which is not without its moral for the Provinces of Canada: "Missouri needs nothing but square game laws and fish protection, and there is no reason to shut anybody out who comes as a sportsman to angle in her peerless mountain streams or even to hunt the game."

A tale is told, of a big bear being taken near Cobden, Ont. There were four hunters engaged in the contest—Messrs. George Andrews, William Dunn, John Kilgour and Amer Marks—although Messrs. Andrews and Dunn bore the brunt of the fighting. A large bear had been seen on the farm of Mr. John Rowan, near Douglas, and the four hunters, armed with rifles and accompanied by dogs, set out to endeavor to kill him. Messrs. Kilgour and Marks went into the bush with the dogs and were successful in rousing the bear out, while Messrs. Andrews and Dunn took up a position on a rock to await the outcome of their companions' efforts. Only a few minutes elapsed before the bear was seen and the men opened fire. As soon as the animal caught sight of his assailants he made for them with his shuffling gait, snapping off large saplings with as much ease as if they had been small twigs. A lively few minutes ensued. The men blazed away, and though the position was not too good for shooting, they raked the animal from shoulder to shoulder bringing him down to almost immediate death. He proved to be a fine



prize, measuring seven feet from the top of the head to the hind leg. The hind leg at the muscle was twenty-seven inches in circumference and the foreleg seventeen inches. The girth of the body was five feet two inches, and the width from one front foot to the other across the breast was five feet, eight inches. It took thirty-three inches of tape to go round the neck, and from the tip of one ear to the other was seventeen inches. His paw was eight inches long and four wide, and inside his hide he carried fat which yielded fifty quarts of oil.

A review and a forecast of the fur market must be interesting to many of our readers who are engaged during the winter in trapping, and whose interest in furs is consequently very keen. Such a review and forecast, under date of Oct. 15th, has been issued by the Bach Fur Company, 15 East Twelfth St., New York, and we summarize their conclusions below: The past season was the most prosperous in the history of the fur trade. Manufacturers bought freely at the advanced prices. The increased values on domestic furs have been maintained by the higher prices on all foreign goods. From indications at the time of writing the stocks of most classes of skins will be consumed by the end of the year which points favorably to an active demand for next season. Not only has fashion favored the fur trade, but the abounding prosperity both in the States and Canada has given the masses sufficient means for the purchase of fur garments at prices which in former years were considered prohibitive by all except the wealthy classes. Europe is enjoying general industrial activity, and in consequence the foreign consumption of furs is steadily increasing. Mink, the popular favorite, opened the season with high prices, but these got down to a substantial basis and so remained throughout the season. There are big stocks of skunk and only a material reduction of prices can lead to any demand. A warning not to drive prices too high in raccoons is uttered as an active demand is sure to spring up as soon as fresh stocks can be secured. There were steady

prices for muskrat throughout the season, and these are expected to be maintained. In opossum, stocks were fairly well sold up owing to early demands both in America and Europe advancing prices materially. Lynx promise to remain fashionable during the coming season though prices must depend upon the quantities accumulated by the Hudson Bay Co., the principal collectors of this fur. Red fox skins are now on a level where they can be used advantageously, and still be above par with foreign goods. Marten still continue the popular idol of the day. The demand depleted the supply, and with the catch somewhat short, the advanced prices will probably remain firm. Beaver is a fairly ready seller, and prices are likely to remain unchanged. Fine otter skins will always find a ready sale at ruling prices, the inferior ones remaining more or less neglected. Although the animal is gradually becoming scarce, values suffered a small decline. In bear, grizzly and silver tip suitable for mounting, bring exceptionally good prices, though otherwise these skins are neglected. Wolf sold well at moderate prices, and may be expected to remain in demand at the same values. In grey fox and badger no changes are expected. An active demand is expected for heavy northern wildcat. Civet cat suffered with skunk, and no material change is anticipated. Ermine is not able to hold its own with Siberian skins. Choice specimens of silver and black fox command fancy prices, and blue and white fox are in good demand. Cross fox and fisher are saleable only at low prices. For otter and wolverine there will always be an outlet at present prices. Deer skins maintain their prestige of producing the best glove stock in the world. The price in consequence of reduced supplies and steady demand is gradually tending upwards.

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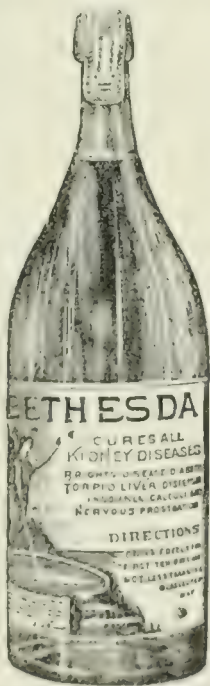
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# THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

## Stray Pellets

The Cincinnati Gun Club has for at least two seasons invited trap shooters to participate in their annual tournament under conditions that, to the writer at least, looked very good indeed. In fact it has been a mystery to us how the Club could offer the inducements it did. The great feature of these annual affairs has been the giving of the entire profits of the shoot to the amateurs who shoot through the programme and a special purse has been set aside to reimburse those amateurs who did not get their money back. With a little explanation the plan seems feasible enough and the best proof of this is that the Cincinnati Club has made it such a success.

In the first place, as Mr. Arthur Gambell, the very efficient superintendent of the Club, says, "the most important thing is good management, which, of course, means the curtailing of all expenses, especially little ones." In this respect the Cincinnati Club is very fortunate as they are under no expense whatever in preparing for a tournament, as their grounds are fully equipped for a shoot of any proportions at a few days' notice. As a matter of fact the club makes one cent a target cover all the expenses of even their big tournament. This includes payment of all the help and no expense that is necessary is spared to make the shoot run smoothly in all departments. To illustrate this their shoot this year was finished the last day at 3 p.m. and the shooters all paid, with an entry list of 65. To provide the fund to reimburse the unfortunates, one cent for each target thrown is set aside for this purpose. In addition \$1 is charged each contestant each day and is added to this special purse after deducting the average money. This year the Club paid back to those who did not draw their entrance \$295.00 and paid \$150 average money besides. If there is any better way to encourage the amateur in the game than this we would like some good brother to rise in his place and tell us what it is.

A report of New London, Ia., tournament says: The tournament given by the New London Gun Club was very well attended. The division of the money was on the equal money basis of 25 per cent. for the four places and I must say after all my experience in giving big tournaments it is by far the best plan yet devised. On the face of it it does not look good for the high expert, but if he will stop to consider that it is the low man that makes up the majority of the shooters, it shows conclusively that to have a successful tournament the producers must be encouraged. A man does not like to put up his hard earned money against the expert amateur when he knows it is in the form of a donation. If the expert amateur is shooting good he will draw out better than he would under the old plan, as there are more shooters and consequently more of the necessary in the purse. Every cent derived from the trapping of targets was divided as average and proved to be a nice little sum. At the close of the programme it was decided among the eight amateurs who had shot the programme through

Russell Kline, C. G. Spencer, R. R. Barber, C. W. Budd and H. W. Viemeyer were the experts present. Kline and Spencer tied for high in their class with 183. O. N. Ford with 187 was high amateur and high average out of 200.

The tournament given by the Quincy (Ill.) Gun Club, Oct. 16 and 17, was attended by a good crowd of shooters and favored with delightful Indian summer. The grounds are ideal—as flat as a billiard table, with the blue skies as a background. Traps worked nicely and targets were thrown regulation distance. Fred Rogers and Charley Spencer both had their shooting clothes on, and it was a pretty race for high average honors. On the first day each had 196 in the bag when the bell rang, while on the second day Rogers nosed out the expert by one target, Charley dropping one in his last string, quitting with 195, while Rogers duplicated his previous score of 196. "Spencer" had a straight run of 157, while Fred had 98, 110 and 112 to his credit. Spencer also put away the cup event at 50 targets, stepping down with 49 in the bag from 21 yards.

C. G. Spencer was high man at the Arkansas State Sportsman's Association tournament with 91.9 per cent. J. P. Wright was high amateur with 84.1 per cent. The Rose-Jack Rabbit system of dividing the money was used and gave good satisfaction.

Luther Squier, Wilmington, Del., on Oct. 10th won for a second time the target championship of Delaware by breaking 92 out of a possible 100.

The fact that H. A. Mallory, Drayton, was not hunting for high average at Neustadt tournament would indicate to us that Miss Ford Hunnabont Auto had come to town and succeeded in alienating the good man's affections.

The St. Louis Sportsman says: "When Charley Spencer conceived the idea some time ago to give a tournament in St. Louis he did so with the idea that the season shooters hereabouts did not attend events of this kind in greater numbers was because the 60 to 75 per cent. men did not care to put up their money for those ranking in the 85 to 90 p. c. class to shoot for. The Rose-Jack Rabbit system of division was adopted to give all a chance to get some of their money back. It was thought this would appeal to St. Louis shooters. That it did not do so is evidenced by the attendance. There were present from St. Louis those who are always at such events, whatever the conditions. Those for whom the programme was especially built were conspicuous by their absence. At this shoot, at 400 targets, the high amateur scores were: Rogers 386, Hoon 380, Clay 379, Dr. Spencer 373, Mermoid 372, Mackie 363, Hood 362. Professionals: Heor 390, Stannard 383, Barkley 381, Riehl 375, Kahler 367, Clancy 330, Viemeyer 309, Winans 274.

The Cincinnati Gun Club held their annual tournament Sept. 26-27. It was very largely attended owing, no doubt, to the plan of divid-



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ing the profits of the shoot among the amateurs not winning out their entrance money. The club did this last year, and were able to do so at this tournament, the amounts returned ranging from \$51 to \$1.25. During the tournament 42,880 targets were trapped. Lester German was high amateur with 667 out of 600. The other leaders were Lem Willard 559, W. M. Foord 536, Dr. F. Edwards 555, S. A. Huntley 554, J. S. Young 551, J. Barto 551, O. N. Ford 549, W. R. Clark 547, F. King 543, E. Brown 542. High professionals: W. H. Heer 564, L. J. Squier 557, R. L. Trimble 555, L. H. Reid 553, J. R. Taylor 546, C. A. Young 541.

If you heard a noise like a champion around Sarnia, on the morning of Oct. 13th, it was probably "Billy Bounce" getting home from the Clinton tournament, where he won high average on targets.

Lester German of Aberdeen, Md., is the latest addition to the professional ranks, having been engaged as demonstrator by the Dupont Co. Mr. German, the past season, has made a record of 2572 breaks out of 2715 targets shot at, or about 95 per cent.

A Winchester squad composed of J. Mowell Hawkins, W. R. Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Topperwein, John S. Boa and John R. Taylor is making a tour of the Southern States.

## Clinton Tournament

The sixteenth annual tournament of the Clinton Gun Club was held October 9 and 10. The shooting was at live birds and targets. A good crowd was present from Hamilton, Ridgetown, St. Thomas, London, Exeter, Owen Sound, Crediton, Port Frank, Seaforth and other points. Notwithstanding the bad weather the shoot was one of the best held on the local grounds. The live birds were an extra fast lot, and were assisted by a strong northwest gale, with occasional hail storms, and many brilliant kills were made. High average for the first day was won by J. E. Hovey, Clinton; second, by A. E. McRitchie, Ridgetown; third, by J. E. Cantelon, Clinton, F. Galbraith, Ridgetown and Frank Miller, Port Frank. The scores for first day were:—

Event No. 1, 15 live birds, \$8 entrance, divided high guns: (Figures in brackets yards shot from)—J. E. Hovey (28) 14, J. E. Cantelon (30) 14; R. Graham (28) 14; A. E. McRitchie (30) 13; R. Luck (29) 12; F. Galbraith (30) 12; F. Miller (29) 12; C. Saunders (27) 12; G. McCall (29) 1; F. Kerr (28) 11; S. Hartlieb (28) 11; T. Upton (30) 10; C. Sheardown (27) 11; J. Dodds (28) 9; W. P. Thomson (28) 7.

Fourteen paid \$20, 13 \$12, and 12 \$4.25.

Event No. 2, 10 live birds, \$5 entrance, high guns:—

J. E. Hovey (29) 9; J. E. Cantelon (31) 9; A. E. McRitchie (31) 9; F. Galbraith (31) 9; F. Miller (30) 9; G. Beattie (27) 9; F. Kerr (27) 9; R. Luck (29) 8; T. Upton (29) 8; D. Hartlieb (27) 8; J. Dodds (27) 8; C. Stewart (36) 7; G. McCall (28) 6; R. Graham (28) 6; C. Saunders (32) 5; W. R. Thomson (27) 4; C. Sheardown (26) 9.

Nine paid \$7.25.

Event No. 3, 10 live birds, \$4 entrance, Rose system, 3, 2 and 1: J. E. Hovey (30) 10; F. Miller (29) 10; C. Sheardown (26) 10; A. E. McRitchie (32) 9; F. Galbraith (32) 9; F. Kerr (29) 9; J. Dodds (26) 9; R. Luck (28) 8; G. McCall (27) 8; G. Beattie (28) 8; J. E. Cantelon (32) 8; T. Upton (28) 7; W. P. Thomson (26) 6; D. Hartlieb (28) 6; R. Graham (28) 8.

Ten paid \$5.30, 9 paid \$3.50, and 8 \$1.75.

## SECOND DAY

Oct. 10th was devoted to targets and the programme of nine events, at 180 targets, was shot under the most unfavorable conditions possible. Over six inches of snow fell during the night, and when the shooters put in an appearance a blinding snowstorm was in progress which continued almost all day long. Notwithstanding this, some splendid scores were made. Roy

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Luck, of Sarnia, won high average with the score of 167; G. Beattie, Hamilton, Ont., second, 164; A. Day, London, third, 163; Galbraith, Ridgetown, and Glover, London, next high. The scores follow:—

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	10—180
Luck	18	17	19	17	20	17	20	19	20—167
Beattie	20	18	17	18	15	20	19	19	18—164
Day	20	17	15	17	17	19	19	20	19—163
Galbraith	17	19	18	19	14	19	18	19	19—162
Glover	18	17	20	15	18	19	18	19	18—150
Graham	17	17	18	18	18	17	19	18	17—159
Upton	18	13	19	16	17	18	17	20	19—157
Hovey	20	14	17	16	18	17	20	16	15—156
McCall	17	16	16	19	13	18	19	17	19—153
Morrison	16	17	14	19	16	18	11	17	15—149
Dodds	14	15	18	12	17	18	16	17	17—145
Thomson	14	14	14	15	18	16	15	19	17—142
Cantelon	16	13	17	14	14	14	13	18	17—140
Hartleib	8	17	17	10	11	15	16	17	19—130
Hamilton	13	15	15	12	15	14	15	20	—119
McRitchie	17	15	17	18	16	—	—	—	84
Pittou	16	16	12	—	—	—	—	—	—
Saunders	10	13	12	—	—	—	—	—	—
Kerr	19	17	14	18	—	—	—	—	—
Sheardown	15	11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

### Toronto Junction Annual

The Toronto Junction Gun Club held their annual club shoot on the Lambton grounds, on Oct. 10. The weather was too cold and wet for good shooting, and small scores were the result, when compared with the good records made throughout the summer series. It was a day of surprises, for some of the best shooters of the club made poor scores, while members of C class, which is supposedly for beginners, made high scores. Alderman Rob Fleming of Toronto made a very efficient referee. The club's annual banquet was held at the Senate House, Lambton, and an enjoyable evening was spent by the members and their guests. President Ellis, in the capacity of toast master, called upon many of the members, who responded with witty speeches. Among the speakers were Alderman Robert Fleming, Daniel Blea, Game Warden of the Parry Sound district; George W. McGill, H. Shaw, W. J. Sheppard, Mr. Fenton, of the Parkdale Gun Club; George Vivian and Fred Matthews of the National Gun Club; George Dunk of the Stanley Gun Club; J. J. Coulter, of Rod and Gun Club; and others. Scores at live birds and targets:—

Class A. 15 pigeons—Kemp 14, Dunk 13, Vivian 13, Williamson 12, W. Wakefield 12, McLachlan 12, Blea 11, Burgess 11, P. Wakefield 10, McDowall 9, McGill 9, Mason 9, Douglas 8, Shaw 6.

Class B. 15 live pigeons—F. Clayton 14, J. J. Coulter 13, D. C. Walton 12, C. Turp 12, Thomson 11, Playter 11, J. Paterson 11, A. Clayton 10, H. D'Eve 9, Giles 9, J. Hardy 8, C. Zeidler 8.

Class C. 15 live pigeons—J. Smellie 11, Sheppard 10, Wright 9, Bullyment 9, Harper 9, J. R. Bull 8, Dr. Mason 8, Richardson 8, Ellis 6, Heintzman 5, Paterson 5.

The Merchandise shoot at 10 targets, resulted in the following prize winners: G. Dunk, W. J. Sheppard, J. J. Coulter, W. Wakefield, P. Wakefield, C. Turp, H. D'Eve, George Vivian, G. Mason, George W. McGill, Douglas, Kemp, W. McDowall, Williamson, Walters, C. Zeidler, B. Harper, C. Burgess, P. Ellis, A. Clayton, J. G. Wright, Bullyment, J. R. Bull, J. Fleming.

### Ingersoll Shoot

Things were booming from morning till night at the Blue Rock Gun Club's grounds at Ingersoll, Ont., Oct. 18th. The largest crowd that has attended a shoot since the club was organized was present, and as there were geese, sweepstakes, and a handsome silver trophy to compete for, interest was at fever pitch all day. A number of crack shots, including Messrs. R. Day and B. Glover, of London, were present. In the morning there were 50 fowl on the bill.



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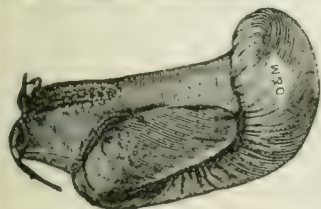
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of fare, and of these 14 departed for London. There were five London men present. The day was rather cool for shootine and no one except Mr. H. W. Knight excelled himself. The Ingersoll shooters who generally make a high score, went very flat. In the afternoon the first of a series of three contests for the W. J. Elliott silver trophy was pulled off, and Walter Knight came out with colors flying, getting 18 birds out of 20. Some handicaps were allowed in this contest, and following is the result (with handicap)—W. Staples 14, W. A. Edgar 14 (2-16); W. H. Knight 18, J. Staples 17; Geo. Riddle 13, W. J. Kirbyson 14, Geo. Nichols 11, A. B. Walker 9, F. Mulkin 15, R. Harris 11, W. Ross 14, W. A. Cole 6 (5-11); W. Ireland 14 (2-16); H. W. Partlo 6, Geo. Wood 5 (5-10); Geo. Ruckle 6, (5-11).

The first sweepstake at 15 birds, at 19 yards was won by Bert Glover of London. Result (with handicap)—W. B. Partlo 12 (3 yds.); H. W. Knight 7, 1; Mr. Webb, London, 13, 2; R. Day, London 12; Bert Glover 15, J. Brown 14, 1; W. J. Kirbyson 13, 2; R. Harris 11, 2; Geo. Riddle 7, 3; Geo. Nichols 10, 3; W. Ireland 10, 3.

The second sweepstake was at 10 birds at 19 yards, which was won by R. Day of London. Mr. Webb, London, 5; Bert Glover, London, 8; R. Day, London, 9; J. Brown, 7 (1 yard); W. J. Kirbyson, 8, 2; F. Mulkin 5, 2.

## Dartmouth Doings

The Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club was a great success. A turkey luncheon was served at noon and the visitors and members had a splendid repast. The events were as follows:

1st Event—Black Powder Squad, 5 targets—1st, J. T. Egan, F. Monahan, G. P. Monahan, tie; 2nd, A. Edwards, G. E. McInnes, tie.

2nd Event—10 targets—1st G. P. Monahan, A.

Edwards tie; 2nd, A. M. Stewart, L. Hartlen, tie; 3rd F. Monahan, J. I. Egan, tie.

3rd Event—Snipe shoot, 10 targets (Prize, cartridge vest, presented by T. J. Egan)—1st G. P. Monahan, 2 A. Edwards, H. Greene, L. Hartlen, tie; 3rd F. Monahan, J. T. Egan tie.

4th Event—(Eager Cup, 25 targets, 15 singles and 5 doubles)—1st A. Edwards, 2nd A. M. Stewart, 3rd H. Greene and J. T. Egan tie.

5th Event—(2 man team match, 10 targets. Prizes—two pipes, presented by H. R. Romans)—1st A. Edwards and G. P. Monahan, 2nd A. Stewart and H. Green, 3rd F. W. Russell and W. Edwards.

6th Event, 10 targets—1st J. T. Egan, 2nd L. Hartlen and H. Greene tie; 3rd A. Edwards and G. P. Monahan tie.

7th Event—(Club Cup, 25 targets, handicap)—1st H. Greene, J. T. Egan, F. Monahan and F. W. Russell tie. In the shoot off H. Greene won. This is a new cup and this is the first time it was up in competition. It will be shot for at the monthly shoots.

8th Event, 10 targets—sweepstake)—1st A. Edwards, 2nd A. M. Stewart and J. T. Egan, tie; 3rd G. P. Monahan and H. Greene tie.

22 Raffle Competition—The prize in this event was a turkey, which was won by J. T. Egan.

The annual meeting of the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club was held at the Club House on Oct. 2nd. The officers elected for the ensuing term are as follows:—

President, L. F. Hill; Vice-pres., A. M. Stewart; sec.-treas., G. P. Monahan; executive committee, J. T. Egan, H. Greene, H. D. Romans; auditors, G. L. Flawn, G. E. McInnes; handicap committee, president, secretary and Fred Monahan. A large increase in membership was reported during the year in spite of the fact that all members falling in arrears for dues are expelled. The club was never in a better financial position. The club has secured a





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new cup to replace the Laffin and Rand Cup. This will be shot for in the monthly shoots commencing with Thanksgiving Day.

Trap shooters all like good cartridges, and if they are supplied with the same they can soon make records. The Dominion Cartridge Co. are in receipt of recent testimonials which show that their productions suit the needs of trap shooters to perfection. One writer in British Columbia using their shells took first place in a pheasant shooting match against the best shots and the best dogs in that Province, scoring seventeen cock birds for the day against twelve for the next best over the same ground, the latter using three dogs to his one and having far more chances. The winner's birds were all killed clean whereas the others had lots of cripples. He only let one bird go, while the others averaged ten to twelve. A second correspondent writing from Sherbrooke, Que., states that in a good trial at the traps, at the sixteen yard mark and back to twenty yards he and a companion made ninety per cent., and did not find a misfire or a hang fire amongst the whole lot of cartridges with which the company supplied them.

The Schultze Gunpowder Co., of London, Eng., are giving two cups this season. One will be for the best individual score made by any one club during the league matches and the other will probably be a Challenge Cup for 100 birds open to shots all over Canada. This cup can only be competed for by Canadians residing in Canada; and the conditions will most likely be drawn up by a committee composed of members of the various gun clubs. Both cups are certain to arouse a great deal of interest among shots and clubs; the idea of the cup for the best day's scoring in the league matches seems a particularly happy one, as it will tend to put the teams on their mettle throughout the series of matches and so raise the average of performances all round. The Challenge for the 100 birds is a new departure and as the winning of the Cup will be a shooting achievement of considerable merit, the competition for the Cup ought to prove a shooting event of some importance.

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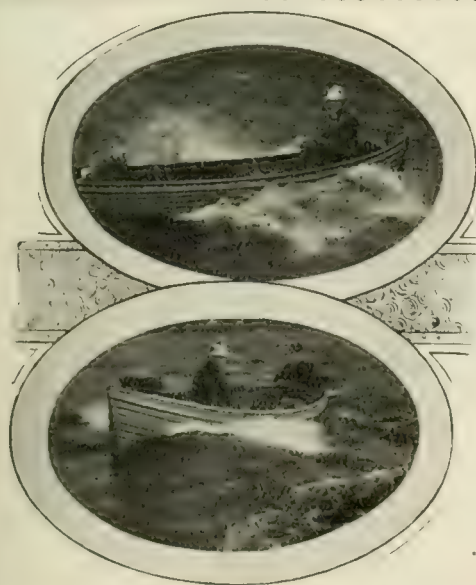
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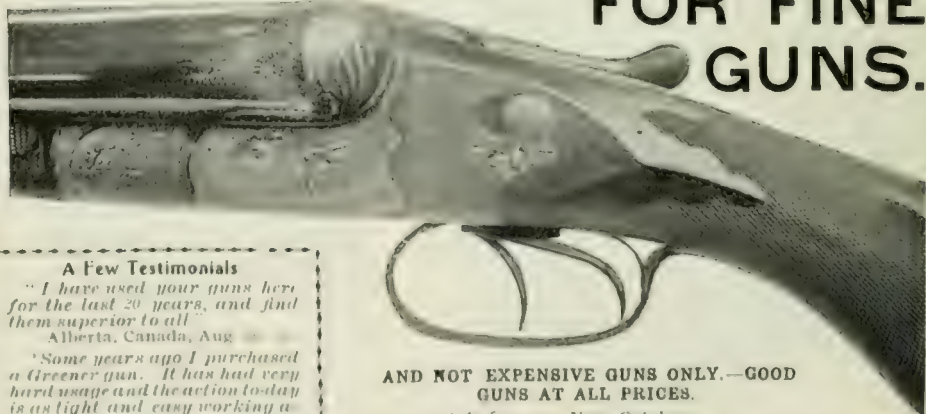
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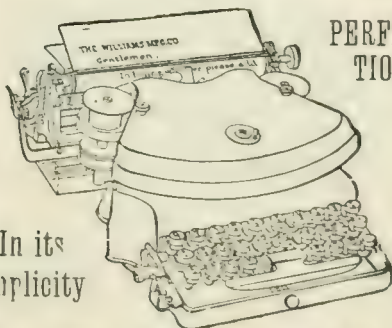
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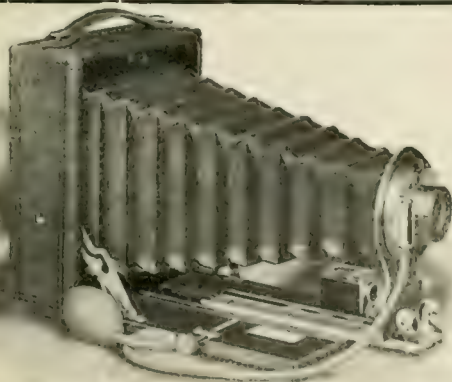
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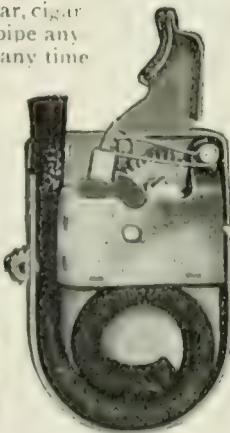
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Lights cigar, cigarette and pipe anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow on land or sea.

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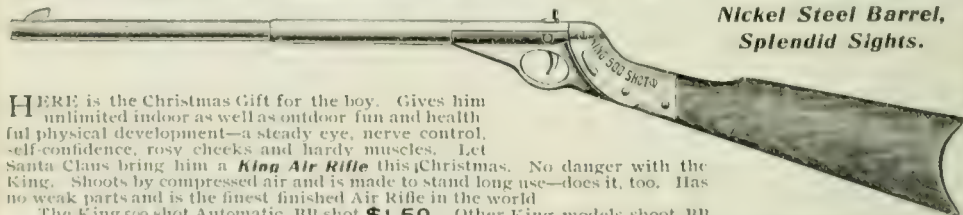
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Give them a trial and be convinced.*

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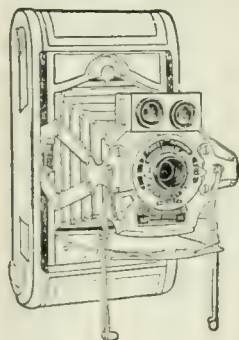
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They are masterpieces of human skill. Mail orders  
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regulates to your step and registers infallibly  
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**10 MILE PEDOMETER \$1.00**  
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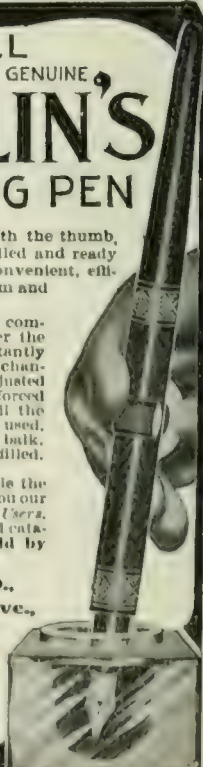
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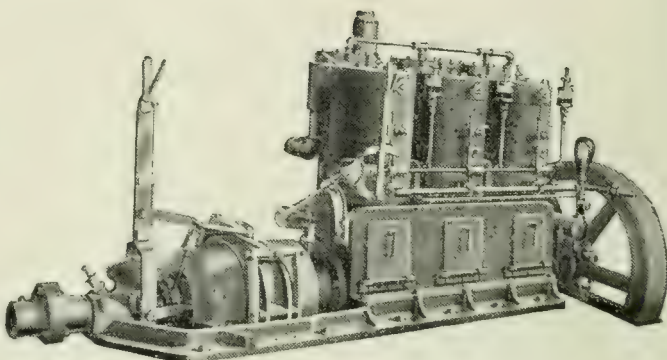
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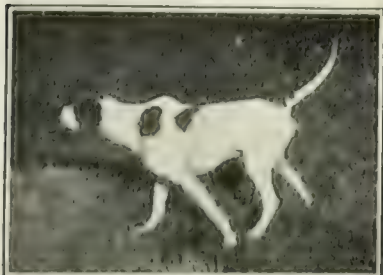
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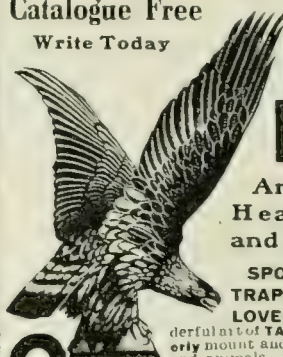


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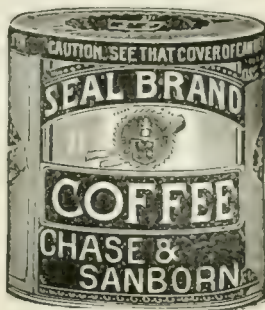


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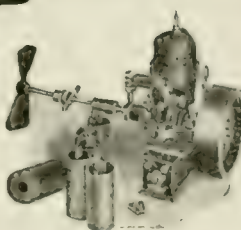
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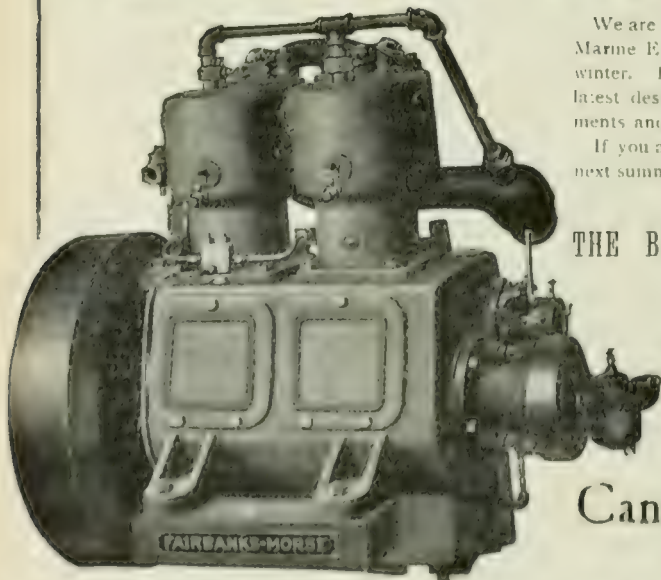
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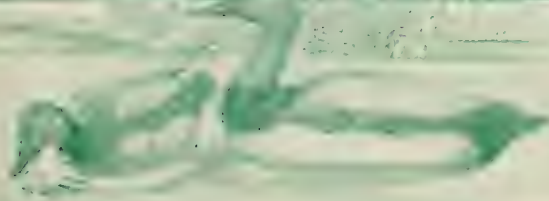
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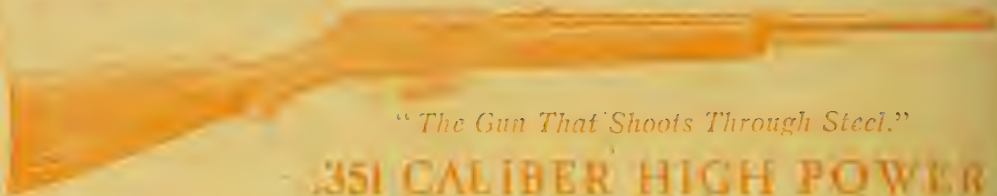
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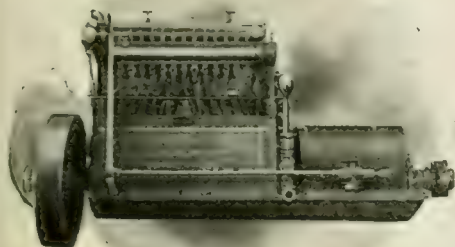
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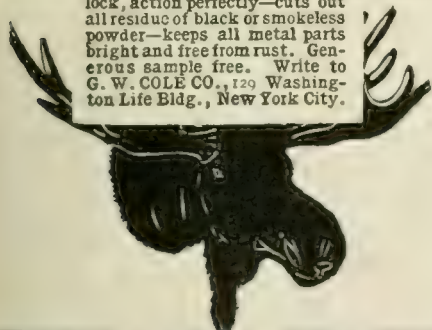
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calls for a good gun.  
"**3-in-One**" keeps any  
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lock, action perfectly—cuts out  
all residue of black or smokeless  
powder—keeps all metal parts  
bright and free from rust. Gener-  
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**PACKARD-IDEAL SHUTTERS**

Work smoothly, easily, quickly and without noise  
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"time" or "instantaneous" ex-  
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The **PACKARD-IDEAL** has an  
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tion, besides it's guaranteed.  
Talk, though, is cheap, it's re-  
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your friends will wonder where you  
gained the art. Many a cocktail you  
have drunk and complimented your  
host for his art of mixing—the truth  
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This cleaner can be attached to any standard rod, and may be freely used in the finest rifle without the possibility of injuring it.

Each of its sections or brushes is composed of six washers, of the softest brass gauze that can be made, and all are a trifle less in diameter than the bore for which they are designed. By this arrangement the spring of the spirally-bent steel

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This cleaner does its work thoroughly and is exceedingly durable. Ask your dealer first. Price prepaid, 50 cents. Field Cleaner 75 cents. Mention caliber. Send for 50 page 1906, 1100 catalog "U".

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Hunting Boots are best

For  
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They are the lightest boot on the market, quality and material considered.

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**THEY WILL PLEASE YOU**

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Manufacturers of Sporting and Athletic Footwear



H & R  
Greatest Revolver  
Value for the  
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That's the only way you can discharge the

# H & R Police Premier REVOLVER

IT isn't convenient to hammer the HAMMER, because it's SUNK IN THE FRAME (a unique feature) where it CAN'T CATCH ON THE CLOTHES or strike against anything if the revolver, by chance, is dropped. You can draw it from the pocket and fire it quicker than any other hammer revolver, and it's ABSOLUTELY SAFE because there's

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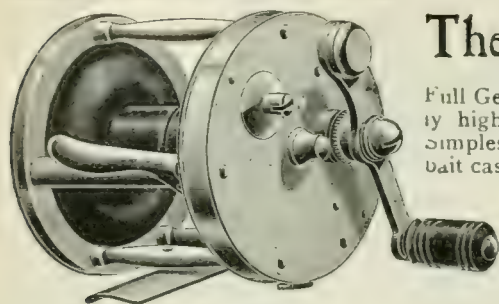
32 Caliber, 5 shot, 3 inch barrel, weight 12 oz.; or 22 Caliber, 7 shot, 3 inch barrel, 13 oz., nickel finish \$5.00. If not found at your dealer's, we will ship on receipt of price, carriage paid. Our catalog tells about our full line of Revolvers and Single Guns, and contains valuable information. Sent on request

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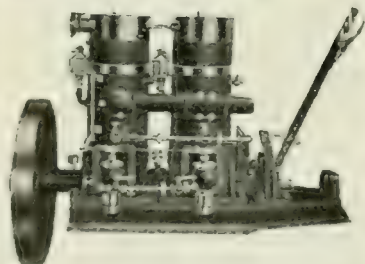
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Full German Silver, Phosphor Bronze Bearings. Strictly high grade. No screws or bearing caps to lose. Simplest take-down mechanism. Free spool makes bait casting a pleasure and the novice or expert can do far better work than with ordinary spool. Sold by all dealers or sent express paid on receipt of price. Fully guaranteed or money refunded if not satisfactory.

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Enables us to claim that we can do better for you than any one else. We will quote you highest market prices and consistently pay them.

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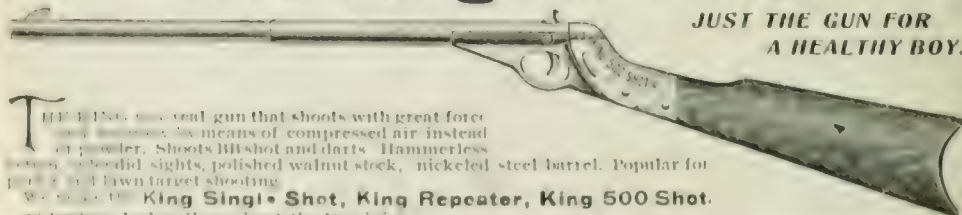
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THE KING is the best gun that shoots with great force and accuracy by means of compressed air instead of powder. Shoots BB shot and darts. Hammerless. Excellent sights, polished walnut stock, nickel-plated steel barrel. Popular for target and lawn target shooting.

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WE GIVE YOU

**a handsome canoe**  
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**a canoe always tight**

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**a Sponson canoe that**  
**will not upset or sink.**

**We also sell Power Canoes.      Speed 8 miles per hour.**

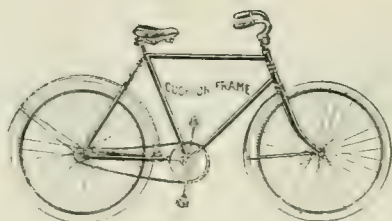
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**IT IS HEALTHY**, will prolong your life, save doctor's bills, keep you out of doors, cure insomnia, aid digestion, increase your appetite and improve you morally and mentally.

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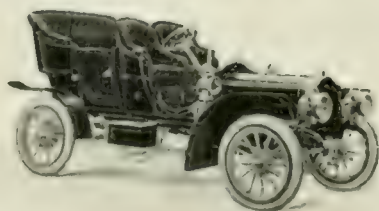
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## What 1907 "Russell" Means

**MODEL D,**

2 cyl. 18 h.p.

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Sheet.

**MODEL F,**

4 cyl. 40 h.p.

**\$3750.**

*Simplicity, Superb Design, Refinement of Details.*

**MORE CAR, MORE QUALITY, MORE SPEED.**

**Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Ltd.**  
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**BRANCHES—Winnipeg. Vancouver. Melbourne, Australia.**



Safety, accuracy and durability are the prime features to consider in buying guns.

*Marlin* durability is a quality to which thousands of shooters subscribe, but *safety* is the feature which puts *Marlin* guns foremost in the favor of buyers of presents for well-loved friends or relatives.

*Marlin* shotguns and rifles are made in all styles and calibers of selected, special steels, drop-forged, subjected to critical inspection by experts and to most severe tests at each stage of construction. Guaranteed free from imperfection in material and workmanship.

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STICKS, PUCKS, BOOTS, PADS.

ANKLE SUPPORTS, Etc.

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TORONTO.

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## Self-Filling Pen

For busy people.  
No bother.  
Fills itself.  
Cleans itself.  
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Nothing to take apart.  
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A dip in ink, a touch of thumb to nickel crescent and the pen is full, ready to write.

All the best dealers everywhere—Stationers, Druggists, Jewelers—handle the Conklin Pen or can supply you if you insist upon having it. Costs no more than other fountain pens of best grade. 100 styles and sizes to select from shown in our catalog, furnished free upon request. Any make or style of fountain pen repaired promptly.

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Sole Mfrs Conklin Self-Filling Pen.



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They last a lifetime. While Carpets are wearing out, Oriental Rugs are wearing more beautiful and more valuable. The mere pleasure of having them makes these Rugs cheap at any price, and the actual usefulness makes them almost indispensable in the better class of houses. Our stock of Oriental Rugs includes all the characteristic makes and patterns of the east, and is largely made up of charming specimens of rare antiques. Here is a chance at special bargains:—

- 35 Kazak Rugs, sizes 6 x 4 up to 8 x 5, very special ..... **\$30.**
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**Courian, Babayan & Co.,**  
**IMPORTERS OF ORIENTAL RUGS,**  
**40 KING ST., EAST - TORONTO.**



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100 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO.

## Raw Furs--

Highest prices paid; Prompt returns; Fair assortment. All shipments should be carefully labelled with shippers name and address

JUST WHAT YOU NEED AT HOME

For doing the necessary repairing of the "every day" jobs in your home and doing them RIGHT—there is no better or more practical article on the market than the No. 602

**"NAPANOCH"**

**Pocket Knife Tool Kit**

It embodies all the tools required—a Pocket Knife, a Saw, a Reamer, a File, a Chisel and a Screw Driver. The Bag (which we provide) holds all the tools—it can be carried in your pocket. No "hunting or fussing" when you want a particular tool—the NAPANOCH is always "on the job." Sent postpaid on receipt of price \$2.25.

Guaranteed unconditionally.  
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Favorite Malt Beverage:

**DREWRY'S  
REFINED  
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(REGISTERED)

The hunter and fisherman always ask for it.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

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**GLOVER'S  
IMPERIAL**

## DOG REMEDIES.

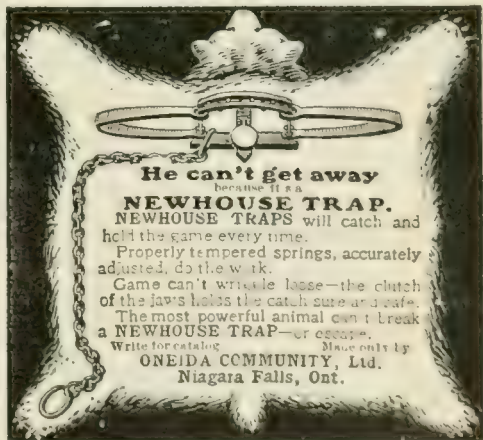
The result of twenty-five years' experience in the treatment of

**SICK DOGS.**

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN SPORTING GOODS IN CANADA.

FREE BOOK ON  
DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED  
On application to

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# PRACTICAL DOG EDUCATION



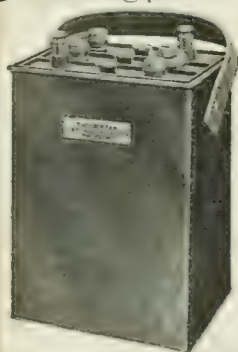
is the title of a book by Thomas C. Abbott recently published, containing some new and thoroughly practical ideas on dog training, or rather dog education. The methods recommended by Mr. Abbott represent the experience of the best trainers throughout the country. The man who masters the principles contained in this work will be able to train any dog.

The book is **handsomely bound in cloth** and a copy will be sent, postage prepaid, on receipt of the price, - - - **\$1.00**  
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YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD HOT SPARK

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Are sparking all high grade automobiles and motor boats in Canada.

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Photos of Scenes in the Rocky and Selkirk  
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North-West Indian and Game Pictures—  
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choose from.

Price 60c per dozen.

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Original Photos. Price 25c.

Byron Harmon,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST - - BANFF, CAN

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This rod will not "wobble," bend or break at the joints

As will be seen by the accompanying sectional cuts, when its three sections are screwed home, it is to all intents as solid as a one-piece rod. A long neatly fitting, steel dowel enters the recess prepared for it in its solid brass section and imparts to the rod a special rigidity which the screw, thus relieved of all side strain upon its back up. It has two steel point steel saved at its end and is fitted with handsome cocobola handle. Two de-



MARBLE SAFETY AXE CO., Gladstone, Mich.

Any dealer will  
fit. Ask your dealer  
first.  
Price prepaid  
\$1.00  
State whether  
Send for 56-  
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# "St. Catharines Well"

in the Niagara Peninsula.  
Bathe in its tonic waters.  
Follow with Massage,  
Electricity, Diet and Rest.

Rheumatic and Nervous  
Troubles a Specialty.

Features of "The Well-  
land"—Consulting Physi-  
cian, Nurses, Sun Room,  
Roof Promenade, Music  
Room, Library, Long  
Distance Phones in each  
room, ec.



*Rest and Change is a Natural Law.  
Proper Environment is Essential.*

SEND FOR BOOKLET TO

THE WELLAND, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.



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MOOSE HEAD BRAND

# Waterproof Sporting Boot

FOR

## Hunters, Fishermen, Guides, etc.

Made in our SKOWHEGAN WATER-  
PROOF Leather, in both Men's and Women's,  
with or without flexible sole and heel.

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Manufacturers of all kinds of  
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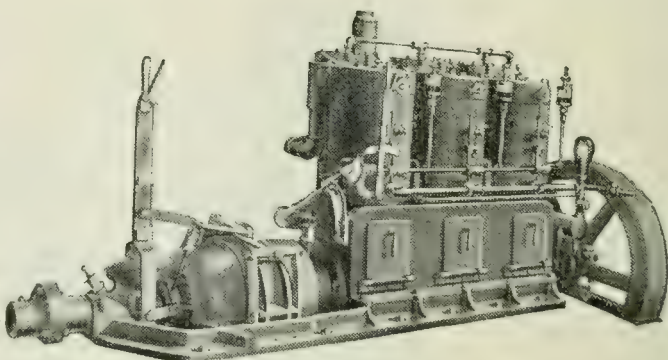


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## 4 Cycle Motor

Built in Sizes 12 to  
100 H. P.

Operates on Gasoline  
or Distillate.



Niverville, Man., Feb. 7, 1906.

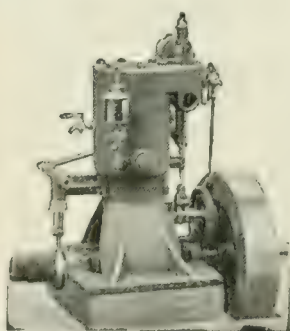
Wolverine Motor Works, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Gentlemen:—It gives me great pleasure to tell you that the 6 H. P., 2 cylinder, 2 cycle engine, I bought from you last June has given the best of satisfaction, on the River and also on the Lake. It drives my 22½ ft. boat close to 11 miles an hour, and does it easily.

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Respectfully yours, WM. B. MEY.



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One Grade Only—The Highest

Have stood as the standard of excellence for 20 years—the highest art in marine gasoline engine construction, 5 to 100 h. p., 2 and 4 cycle, self-starting and reversing.

**SPECIAL OFFER** How to get boat plans worth \$50.00 to \$200.00 for pleasure or working boats without cost to you. Write us at once for complete information and Catalog No. 26.

**WOLVERINE MOTOR WORKS, Grand Rapids, Mich., U.S.A.**

**WE** are probably the largest exclusive marine gasoline engine manufacturers in the world.

**TWENTY** years of scientific study and careful experimentation **MUST** have resulted in something.

**OUR** special method of construction insures long life and freedom from annoying breakages.

**EVERY** engine is thoroughly tested and inspected before it leaves the factory.



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Are Four of Canada's leading National Winter Sports. We are quite prepared to meet your requirements in way of

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You will undoubtedly find it to your advantage to deal with us. Prices right. Goods of best quality. Clubs and individuals in Montreal and outside places are invited to call or correspond with us. Our line of

**GUNS, RIFLES, REVOLVERS, AMMUNITION**

Is most complete and up-to-date. Remember the name and address:—

**T. COSTEN AND CO.,**

49 Notre Dame Street, West, Montreal.

A few doors East of Notre Dame Cathedral.

**GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS**

**50c**

will buy the only natural, never failing and practically indestructible cigar, cigarette and pipe lighter ever invented. There is nothing to get out of order. No oil—no chemicals of any kind. Simply a charred wick, which, when the lighter is pressed, produces friction. When the flint sparks are consumed, it can be replaced at trifling cost. 25 cts. doz.

**The Matchless  
Cigar Lighter**

LIGHTS CIGAR, CIGARETTE or PIPE

anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea. THE HARDER IT BLOWS—THE LIGHTER IT GLOWS. It

**Fits the Vest Pocket**

like a match box, is always ready and never fails to work

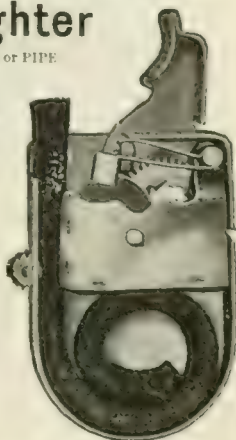
**Automobilists,  
Yachtsmen,  
Hunters, Golfers**

and all outdoor smokers should have a MATCHLESS CIGAR LIGHTER. Try one. If you don't like it your money will be cheerfully refunded. Buy from your dealer or we'll supply you, postpaid, if he will not. Illustrated and descriptive circular free on application

**Matchless Cigar  
Lighter Mfg. Co.,  
Dept. 12.**

16 John St., New York.

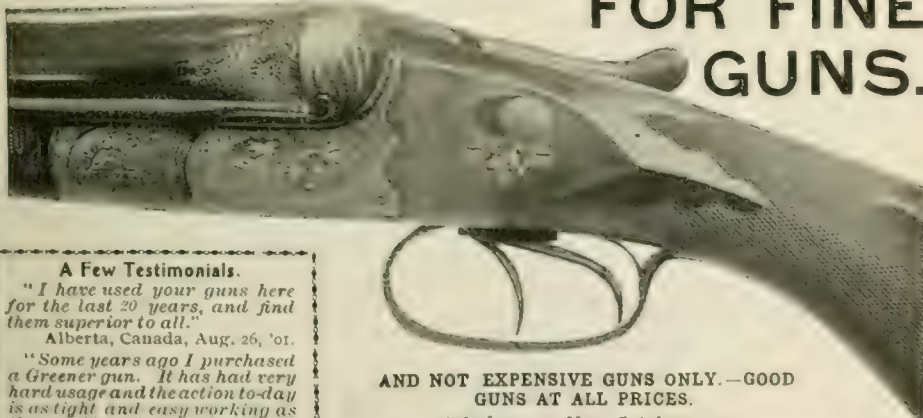
2-3 actual size—With side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe.



**W. W. GREENER, THE  
ENGLISH GUN MAKER**  
THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE FOR FIFTY YEARS.

The Greener Choke, The Greener Hammerless, The Greener Ejector, etc.

**FOR FINE  
GUNS.**



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"Some years ago I purchased a Greener gun. It has had very hard usage and the action to-day is as tight and easy working as the day I bought it; some people doubt my word when told that the gun has been in use for 15 years."

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**AND NOT EXPENSIVE GUNS ONLY.—GOOD  
GUNS AT ALL PRICES.**

Ask for our New Catalogue 24 from the offices of this magazine.

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**W. W. GREENER, Gun Maker, Established 1829.**  
Address: BIRMINGHAM, ENG.



**SPECIAL**  
**Light Motor Boats**

**IN STOCK,**  
**Sizes**

**16 ft., 18 ft. & 20 ft**

**ANY SIZE BUILT TO ORDER**

**ROBERTSON BROS.,**

**Shipyard and**

**Launch Works**

**FOOT OF BAY STREET,**

**HAMILTON = CANADA.**

*The Cut opposite shows  
our 18 ft. Regular Stock  
Launch. We have in  
Stock this style from  
18 ft. to 30 ft. A  
variety of other styles  
can be seen at our yards.  
Give us a call, or send  
for*

**ROBERTSON BROS**  
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Try our  
Celebrated  
"FALCON"  
Brand



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WE HAVE A SPECIALLY  
MADE ARTICLE FOR

**BOATS and YACHTS**  
**Fresh and Sea Water**

2 GRADES OF EACH

ALSO PAINTS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS

**Wilkinson Heywood & Clark, Limited**

Canadian Branch :

300 NOTRE DAME ST., WEST. MONTREAL

FRANCIS C. REYNOLDS, Manager.

It's YOU we're after

BUT WHEN YOU TRY

**MAJESTIC  
METAL  
POLISH**

YOU'LL BE AFTER US

Write for samples

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BY

**Majestic Polishes,  
LIMITED**

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168 Adelaide St., west. TORONTO

Manufacturers of

**IGNITION SPECIALTIES**



Jump Spark Coils  
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for

Hertz Armoured  
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Remy Magnetos  
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Plugs

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Sparkers

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Trade 'SYNTIC' Mark

(Made in Canada)

Extra fast vibrator

A spark that FIRES

Maximum current

1 AMP.

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## The Water of Quality

From the  
FAMOUS BETHESDA MINERAL SPRINGS  
At Waukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

### *Has Two Important Properties—*

As a Still Water it has wonderful well-proved Medicinal Value, especially for the cure of Kidney Diseases, Diabetes and Bright's Disease—for which purpose it is only sold in new half gallon bottles.

There is a booklet which tells all about this, which you can procure either from the

BETHESDA MINERAL SPRINGS,  
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MICHIE & CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Canada.

*As a Sparkling Water in quarts,  
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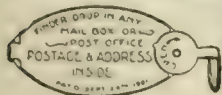
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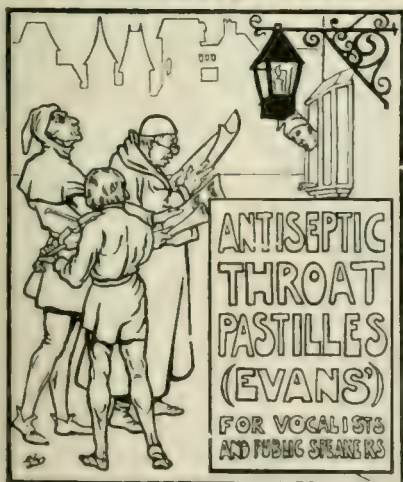
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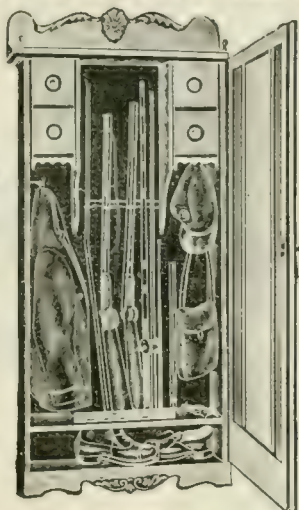
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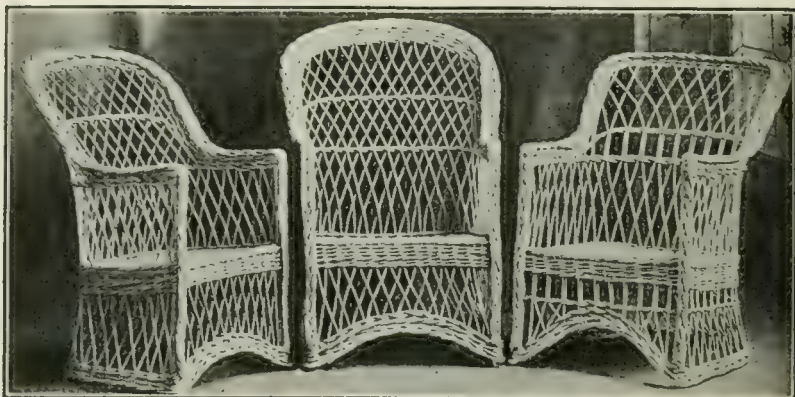
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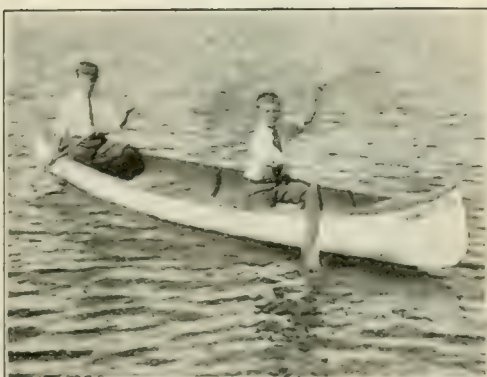
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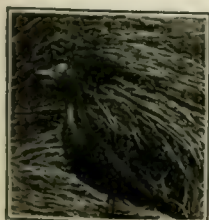
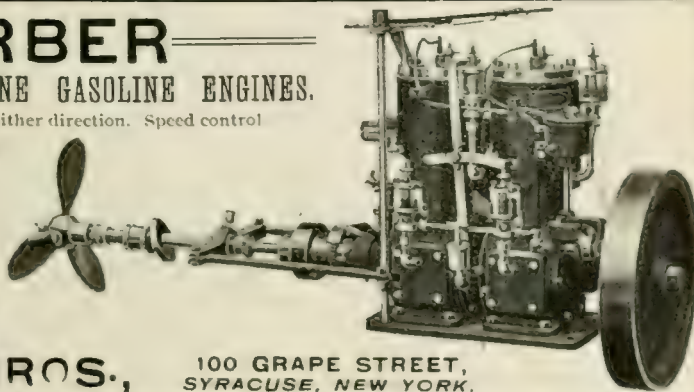
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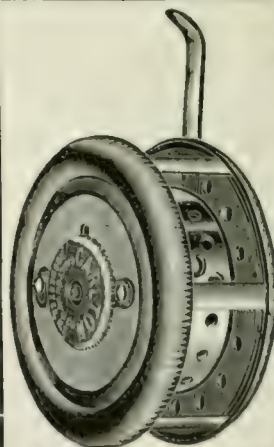
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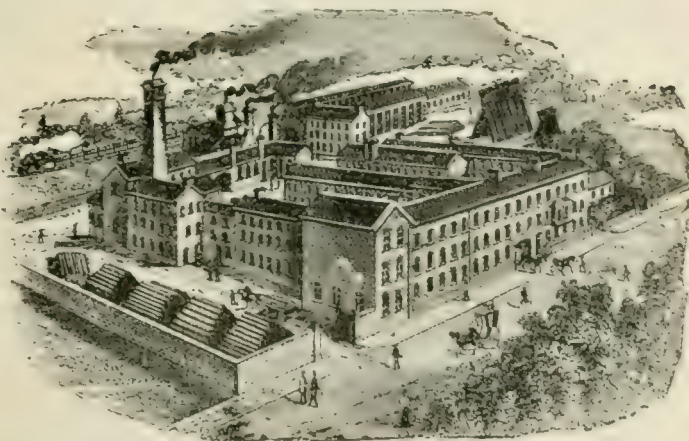
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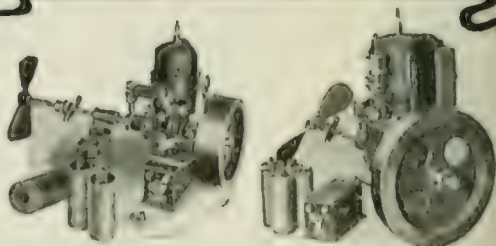
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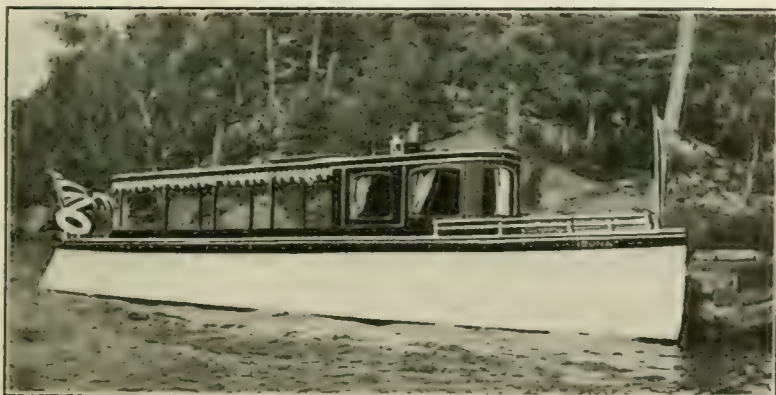
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VOL. VIII

JANUARY, 1907

NO. 8



AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH. IN THE WILDS OF TEMAGAMI.

## Three Weeks in Temagami.

### A Delightful Canoe Trip.

BY J. M. BENTLEY.

**M**Y last summer's vacation was spent in that most delightful region known as the Temagami district of Ontario. I had arrived at Bear Island, a Hudson Bay Post on Lake Temagami, which is easy to reach from any part of the States via the Grand Trunk Railway to North Bay, the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario to Temagami, and by steamer to Bear Island. The whole

journey from the Canadian border, although by a well traveled highway is a delightful preparation for the greater pleasures to come, and to the city dweller gives many fair glimpses and fine promises of the joys in store.

It was the middle of July when I left Bear Island with Presque Petrant, a half breed guide, on my exploring tripthrough this wilderness of waters. We pro-

ceeded via the beautiful Evelyn Lake, Sucker Gut Lake, Lady Evelyn River, and numerous other lakes and streams to Smooth Water Lake. There were many portages, and altogether we had a hard trip. Its difficulties were mitigated by the healthiness of our outdoor life, the fine appetites we developed, the pleasures of our campfires, and the charms of our surroundings. Smooth Water Lake is a beautiful body of water, being clear and very deep.

Up to this time our success with fishing had not been marked and so we decided to remain here for a few days and try our luck. The time we spent here was amply repaid, for we enjoyed the best of sport and had fine success. By trolling with from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet of wire line we had no trouble in catching lake trout at any time we cared to fish.

It was late one afternoon when we arrived at the Rangers' Cabin, which is situated on a commanding point. A note on the door informed us that the Rangers were across the lake cutting away the

windfalls on one of the portages, and would not be back till the following day. As it was commencing to rain we decided to make ourselves comfortable over night in their quarters, and did so with great enjoyment in the change. While we were engaged in discussing a hearty breakfast next morning the Rangers, Lambert and Hamilton, returned. They gave us a hearty welcome, and stated that we were only the second party who had reached their camp during the summer, our predecessors having paid them a visit in May.

From this point the route we had planned out was down the Sturgeon River to its junction with the Temagami, and from thence north to Bear Island. As the Rangers were running short of provisions and wished to replenish their stock it was necessary for them to return to Bear Island for that purpose. Never having been down the Sturgeon they decided to accompany us as far as the Obabika River. From Smooth Water Lake to the Sturgeon we made no less than eleven portages, and after two most de-



BREAKING CAMP. IN THE WILDS OF TEMAGAMI.



ON LAKE TEMAGAMI'S ROCKY SHORE.

lightful days on the Sturgeon, we were within an hour of the time of parting with our friends when a serious accident occurred.

Mr. Hamilton had fired at a loon with his revolver, and was in the act of replacing the weapon in his belt when in some manner he touched the trigger, and the ball (a 38-long) went through his thigh close up to the hip. Immediately we proceeded to render him all possible assistance, and to throw our plans to the winds for the sake of getting the wounded man to a doctor in the quickest time we could make. Paddling for the shore we cut off Mr. Hamilton's clothes from the waist down, and by means of twisting a strip of towelling around the limb with a stick we finally succeeded in stopping the flow of blood. Up to that time he had been bleeding freely and was greatly exhausted by the loss of blood. It was out of the question for Mr. Lambert alone to carry him to Bear Island, and our course of action was soon decided. Both canoes were unloaded, and our

camping outfits etc., stowed away among the brush. Mr. Hamilton was placed in the bottom of our canoe, while Mr. Lambert in his canoe carried only the crude stretcher my guide had made.

These arrangements completed we left our landing place at three p. m., travelling the entire night and until half past eight in the morning, making five portages and crossing three lakes. The night was dark and the wind high, making it very difficult to keep to the routes. On three long portages it was necessary to carry a lighted candle, protected from the wind by a hat, in order to locate the trail at all. Mr. Hamilton had to be placed on a stretcher and carried across, while a second trip had to be made on each of them in order to bring over the canoes.

By dint of these strenuous exertions we reached the Island just in time to catch the steamer "Bobs" and had Mr. Hamilton placed on board and taken to the hospital at North Bay for treatment. This long and trying experience had about used us all up, though the guide



having paddled for twenty-five consecutive hours suffered most. The recuperative effect of a twenty-four hours' rest did much to restore us, and at the end of that time the guide and myself went back to the place where we had left our outfits. Recovering the whole in good condition, our program was completed by continuing down the Sturgeon, up the Temagami, and back to Bear Island. Up to that time we had seen eighteen moose and many red deer. In quite a number of cases we came upon the moose feeding on the lily pads, and I much regretted not having taken my kodak with me, for in several instances I succeeded in getting within from one hundred to one hundred and fifty yards of them before they became frightened and made for the shore. In one case we came upon a large bull with a magnificent spread of horns—at least five feet—feeding a considerable distance from the shore. By dint of fast paddling at an angle we succeeded in coming alongside of him while he was still in deep water. In my excitement I wanted to throw a rope

about his horns, and would probably have done so had it not been for the caution of the guide. He warned me that in such a case we should have to look out for trouble, for as soon as the moose got his feet in shallow water he would turn on us and probably wreck the canoe, if he did no more. As the canoe contained our entire outfit we had no wish to risk such a catastrophe, to say nothing of the danger of our lives from an infuriated moose. I therefore thought twice before attempting to carry out my hastily conceived project, and refrained, contenting myself with giving Mr. Moose a few pokes with the paddle and allowing him to go without further molestation. On a similar occasion we came upon a cow and calf and again we got quite close to them before they made for the shore. By dint of strenuous endeavors we cut off the calf, when the cow seeing our little game decided to take a hand and turned upon us. It was only by immediately changing our course and fast paddling that we managed to get clear of her, and after that bit of experience



ON THE PORTAGE, TEMAGAMI DISTRICT.

we gladly allowed her to take her precious calf on shore. We were on the look out all the time for sights of these noble animals in their native wilds, and we were greatly favored by incidents like the above. These sights more than repaid us for going such a long way to see them, and they added very materially to our enjoyment. It was a fine trip through the most wonderful scenery, and has left memories that will never be obliterated. There was no fishing on the Sturgeon, pulp logs driving the fish away.

As I had still a week to spare and knew that there would not be another

outing of the kind for me for at least another year, my guide took me out on a different route via Sandy Bay Inlet and Anima-Nipissing to Latchford from which point my guide returned by rail while I took a later train to Cobalt to see the much talked of mining town.

Only a short stay was made here, and I proceeded to Haileybury where I boarded a steamer and had a most delightful voyage the whole length of Lake Temiskaming to Lumsdens Mills, and from there to North Bay by rail, where I made connection with the Grand Trunk for my return to the States.

## The Song of the Reserve.

BY DR. J. M. HARPER.

There's a calm in the setting, a charm in the air,  
Like a ripple of joy in the face of the fair,  
As we enter the shade where the cot opes the door,  
To welcome us all with good cheer as before,

In the but and the ben  
Of the sportsman's demesne,  
The angler's preserve,  
The woodland reserve,  
With its Iroquois name.

How often we've pleased and planned out the ploy,  
Should summer grant ransom or winter scent joy,  
To garland surcease from the cares of the world,  
With our holiday banner predictive unfurled,

O'er the but and the ben  
Of the sportsman's demesne,  
The angler's preserve  
The woodland reserve  
With its Iroquois name.

The day-dawn is silver, the noon golden sheen,  
The gloaming drapes deeper the grey and the green,  
And under the welkin, we doze and we dream  
Of the days we have spent with the real a beseem.

Within the wide ken  
Of the hunter's demesne,  
The sportsman's preserve  
His woodland demesne,  
With its Iroquois name.

And now that we're done with our runlet of fun,  
Perchance with the hope of joys yet to be won,  
We wind up our ways to test other days,  
In the realm of the real where duty bewrays,

Away from the ken  
Of the sportsman's demesne  
The angler's preserve,  
The hunter's reserve,  
With its Iroquois name.

# The Alpine Club of Canada.

BY A. O. WHEELER, F. R. G. S.

**T**HE story of the formation of the Alpine Club of Canada and its first annual meet in the Yoho Valley in the Canadian National Park has been frequently told. The phenomenal success that attended both, the large and enthusiastic gathering at the camp, the spirit of conquest that seized upon its members and the splendid latent Alpine material brought to the front have been a constant source of wonder and joy to the promoters. None the less pleasant is the present satisfactory condition of the Club, which, although not yet a year old, boasts of more than one hundred and sixty members, of whom ninety are fully qualified active members.

There is one feature, however, that has not yet been touched upon except in the briefest and most general manner, viz:—The initial work done by the Scientific Section of the Club. This took the form of a visit to the Yoho Glacier, situated some ten miles from the camp, and the making of certain observations that would tend to yield data concerning the structure, flow and recession or advance of this glacial stream.

Observations were first made of the ice forefoot in August, 1901, by George Vaux Jr. and Miss Mary Vaux of Philadelphia; subsequently by Prof. W. H. Sherzer of Michigan State College, on behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, in August, 1904.

On the 14th of July, 1906, a committee of five from the Scientific Section, headed by the President, left camp with one of the daily parties making the round trip of the Yoho Valley. They camped for the night at the Laughing Falls, sleeping on fragrant balsam beds under a starlight dome and canopied only by the overhanging boughs of mighty spruce trees! Nearby, the roar of the falls lulled to a dreamless sleep. Soon after daylight, with camera, transit, measuring apparatus, paint-pot, ice-axes and other gear packed on the backs of two hardy cayuses, they set out for the glacier, picking up on the road Mr. and Miss Vaux, who were camped several

miles nearer the scene of operations.

The day was yet young when the glacier was reached. The sun shone on a dazzling field of whitest snow, terminating in great tongues of sparkling crystal ice reaching over the floor of the valley, and seamed and cracked in every direction by yawning crevasses. From a huge archway of scintillating blue, receding into the black depths of the interior of the glacier, issued a muddy torrent, the first source of the Yoho river. The torrent soon divided and spread itself in a series of lesser channels over a valley strewn with boulders, deposited long ages ago when the glacier was of very much larger proportions.

The cayuses were now relieved of their burdens and the respective members of the party took as much as each one could carry on his back or in his hands. A dozen heavy iron plates had been brought to be set out across the glacier and fixed in position for future reference. It was found impossible to carry the entire equipment at one journey, especially as considerable step cutting was necessary to scale the steep forefoot and reach the comparative level slopes of ice lying beyond! This having been accomplished much to the edification of a number of the Club's members, who had arrived on the scene in time to enjoy the scaling of the icy walls, the party returned for a second load, now wading the torrent in front of the forefoot where it had split into a number of channels. Some of the channels were more than knee deep and the rush of water very powerful, requiring great muscular exertion to retain a foothold. The seemingly grotesque antics of the waders, struggling in the swirling waters, caused considerable merriment to the onlookers on the heights above, although a matter of deadly earnest to the parties most interested; for the loss of a foothold meant an icy bath and possible drowning. The second trip, by the first route, conveyed all the implements to the scene of action.

A suitable base-line was now measured carefully on the mountain slopes hem-



ming in the ice-fall on the eastern side. Having set up a surveyor's transit at one end, six plates were placed at approximately regular distances across the entire width of the glacier, at a place where the surface was slightly undulating, and as nearly as possible at right angles to the flow.

These plates are eight inches square and a quarter inch thick, having on the under side a piece of inch and a quarter pipe, one foot long to act as an anchor. At each point where a plate was set, a hole was bored in the ice with an inch and a half augur and the anchor dropped into place, the plate resting on the surface of the ice. From the end of the base-line, where the transit was first set, the six plates were anchored exactly in line across the ice. Poles were now placed in the hollow pipe, piercing the center of each plate. Next, the transit was removed to the other end of the base and the angle measured in each case between the opposite end of the base-line and the respective poles at the centers of the plates. The points at which the plates were first set are, by these means, fixed absolutely with reference to the base line, and it only remained to mark the respective ends of that line, so that they could again be found when required, in order to enable the movement of the plates from their original position, as the glacier flowed down its bed, to be computed at any time in the future by repeating the operation. With this object in view, the ends of the base-line had been selected on huge boulders imbedded in the mountain side, and the points over which the transit had been set were now marked by a dot and circle of red paint, together with a suitable inscription.

The work was next carried to the moraines in front of the ice forefoot. On these moraines two deeply imbedded boulders were marked with red paint and the distance measured to the nearest ice, for future reference. Photographs, also, were taken from the boulders for comparison of the changes occurring through disintegration by the action of the frost.

Mr. George Vaux pointed out his marks of August 1901, which were still found to be quite legible. On the date named, he drew a line in red paint down the face of a rock rib, as nearly as possi-

ble at right angles to the flow line of the most advanced ice. It was found that since then the most advanced ice had retreated about 7.6 feet. This change, however, would not necessarily represent the aggregate of a number of years' steady retreat, for between 1901 and 1906 the ice may have been stationary for some of the period, or even have advanced a little. In the absence of consecutive yearly observations, it would be impossible to speak definitely. Mr. Vaux's marks were renewed and the present farthest point of advance marked on the same rock rib at a distance of 76 feet.

On the opposite side of the stream, a gigantic boulder was found marked with the legend, "Sr. (Sherzer) A. 8—17—'04, To ice 79.4 ft." A measurement now made to the nearest ice gave 79.6 feet, showing that since August 1904 the ice measured to had practically been stationary.

This closed a long hot day of hard, steady work. The cayuses were again loaded and the ten miles tramped back to the main camp which was reached after dark.

Next summer the Scientific Section of the Club will check the observations made and will ascertain, by means of the movement of the plates, the rate of flow of the glacier down its rocky bed, and by repeating the measurements from the marked rocks, the advancement or retreat of the ice forefoot.

The work done so far is but a small beginning that will gradually be extended to many of the glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and, in time, information will be acquired which, added to the valuable work already done by Messrs. George and William S. Vaux of Philadelphia and Prof. W. H. Sherzer of Ypsilanti, Michigan, will furnish material for a special publication by the Club.

It is now under consideration to hold the next summer camp in Paradise Valley, situated in the Rocky Mountains of Alberta. A camp here would be within a stone's throw of the Horseshoe glacier and would give fine opportunity to make a more elaborate study than could be done at the Yoho glacier. The two glaciers are distinctly different types, the Yoho being one of the glacial outflows from a field of snow, or *nere* as it is technically called, having an area of

twelve to fifteen square miles; while the Horseshoe glacier is at the foot of an amphitheatre or *cirque* of peaks with perpendicular rock precipices and is mainly fed by snows falling from the heights above.

The study of glaciers, their formation, powerful action in carving out the topography of a mountain region and capacity for transporting the falling debris from the rock walls enclosing them to long distances is of the deepest interest.

But far the more important is their provision by nature as huge grinding machines, reeding powdered rock to the torrents issuing from their bases to be transported hundreds of miles by many waterways and deposited as sediment in fertile alluvial flats that yield rich harvests under the process of cultivation. These with many other attributes constitute them features well worthy of note and a fitting study for the Scientific Section of the Alpine Club.

## The Thrills of a Hunter.

BY E. J. MCVEIGH.

**W**E had arrived at the hunting camp in the afternoon and were putting in the remainder of the day fixing up. The camp was situated on a long point that ran out into the narrow part of the lake until there was only two hundred yards of water between us and the opposite shore.

The cook was busy in the kitchen, the doctor was unpacking his trunk, John G. was as usual cleaning and polishing his beloved Savage, while I was sawing a board to make a bench, and the others were doing just as they pleased. Thus things were going on well when Ed. Dunlop ran in from the back shouting, "A deer in the lake! a deer in the lake!" Just what happened in the next ten seconds is not very clear to me; but when I began to take notice once more the doctor was going across my field of vision in a flying jump, I was on my back with the board I had been sawing across my chest, the saw was sticking in the wall and a great calm prevailed in the house where the cyclone had raged so short a time before!

The disturbance had not subsided however but had transferred itself to the outside. When I got out on to the verandah with my rifle, the first thing I saw was John G. running round in a circle with his rifle waving in the air yelling at the top of his voice, "Where are my cartridges? Did anyone see my cartridges?" and I had just time to notice that he had his belt on and it full of them, when Joe R. yelled, "I got him first shot!" and I saw him and the Doc. kneeling close to

the water ready for business, while the remainder of the gang danced round trying to watch the deer and stuff cartridges into their rifles the wrong end, and the deer lay out in the water the only peaceful creature in sight!

While we were laughing at each other, and Joe and the doctor were each telling how they killed it, the deer gave a kick or two and struck out once more for the opposite shore. This was the signal to open fire all along the line, and the way the water was made to splash and boil around that little head was a sight to behold. It was not however until he was close to the bank that he gave it up and once more lay still. Two of the boys went out after him with the boat while eight of us told each other just how we hit him—the two in the boat had told how they did it before they started. When they came back with the remains of a year old buck about as big as two rabbits, each man rushed to point out just where his bullet had struck; but there was something wrong somewhere, as two, and only two, bullets had found him. One had grazed his head, that would be the first; and the other had cut his throat. Where were the other eight?

Each man looked at his neighbor and quietly stole away, but the Doctor remarked, "It does beat all how them bullets of mine do cut open a deer's throat!" This of course was nonsense, as it was my bullet that did the business, but I am a great man for peace and harmony so I did not say anything about it at the time!

## Scenes in the Canadian National Park.

**I**N such a vast area as is covered by the Canadian National Park every variety of scenery is to be found. Of course the mountains dominate all else, and it is impossible to get away from them however much one might wish to do so. Certainly no one wishes to leave them, and when the time comes for visitors reluctantly to draw themselves away they are full of eagerness to return. The prairies have their own attractions no doubt, though these take time to grow upon many people and their monotony never ceases to pall upon some. On the other hand the mountains attract from the first and their attractions continue to grow. It is the first and greatest claim upon all visitors that the Canadian National Park contains some of the finest mountain ranges to be found in the world. Their drawing powers are marvellous, and their infinite attractions, when one is in the midst of them is no less wonderful. Their towering snow clad heights are perpetual reminders that one is in the midst of Nature's wonders, while the glaciers filling up

what might be vast chasms add their mysterious origin, present, and future to the riddles these mountains set before finite man. The glacial streams, the falls and the incessant roaring of the waters all add to the glorious confusion, and make man, with all his discoveries and his mighty works, appear small when in the presence of miracles mightier than any performances of his own.

The Park should first be made known to all Canadians, and then its wonders



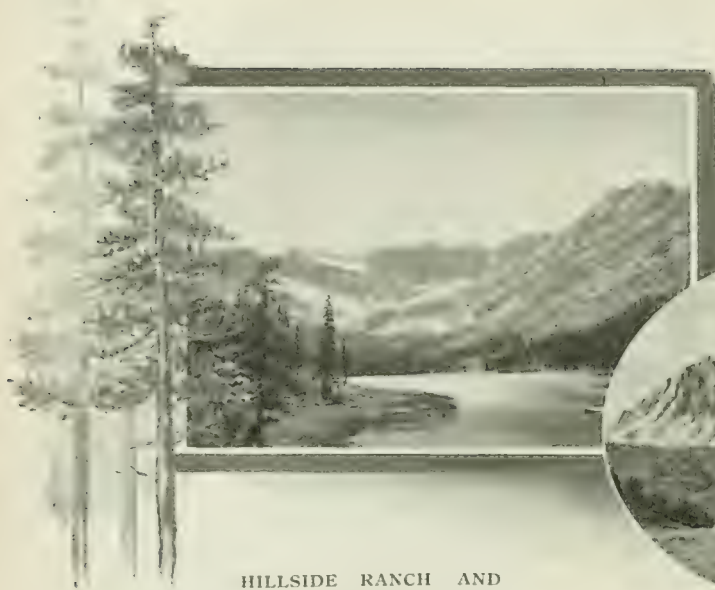
MT. RUNDLE FROM LOWER PARK, BANFF.



MT. RUNDLE FROM ANTHRAX  
R. N. W. M. P. TEAM.

spread throughout the world. Tourists, campers, fishermen, mountaineers, lovers of the wild and of all outdoor life can find in the Park the very paradise of their dreams. Mighty mountains stand like





HILLSIDE RANCH AND  
SAWBACK RANGE.



SAWBACK LAKE.

grim sentinels at every gateway and the valleys are filled with delights. The mountain streams that go rushing by fill in scenes that make every valley appear prettier than any other, and the falls are wondrous in their majesty and power. In many of these valleys there is power enough running to waste to supply many cities.

When the valleys expand and lakes are found in the higher altitudes then the very acme of perfection in natural beauty appear to have been reached, and one would be willing to spend one's whole life on the shores of such a lake as it appears in its summer beauties.

Then a valley may almost close up in a vast canyon with the wildest possible scenery and views that baffle description and outrun imagination. One gets prepared for everything in these mountains, and one's capacity for surprise soon becomes exhausted. There is so much to see, and everything seen can be viewed from so many standpoints, that numerous glances are not enough. The sights witnessed are constantly undergoing changes for the cloud effects ever vary,



AYLMER CANYON.



VALLEY OF THE SPRAY RIVER  
NEAR THE HEAD.

LOOKING DOWN THE SPRAY FALLS.

and no picture however accurate can convey more than a momentary impression of a panoramic view.

The trees in these regions are no less wonderful than everything else to be found there. The Douglas fir has obtained a world wide reputation and its advantages are such that if reasonable care is taken British Columbia can maintain its premier position in the lumbering world by supplying this fine tree for all time.

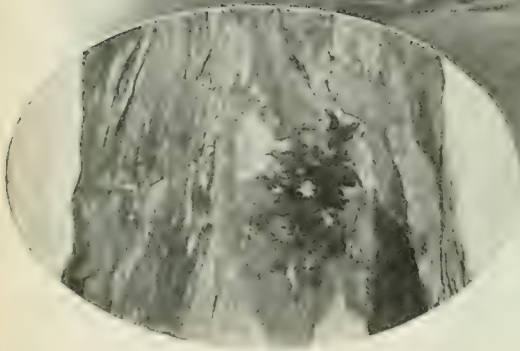
Right in the midst of the Park is the little town of Banff and many of the finest scenes are taken from its neighborhood. There will be in the future a wider extension of these scenes as explorers go further and further afield. At present there are many journeys easily taken to various points in the Park which sometime ago were considered quite inaccessible. Although point after point may be gained there will yet remain more than enough to satisfy the appetite of the most adventurous and sufficient even to thrill the experienced explorer.



THE MIDDLE SPRING, BANFF.



A DOUGLAS FIR IN THE  
LOWER PARK, BANFF.



TRUNK OF THE DOUGLAS FIR.



AUTUMN SCENE, LAKE LOUISE, SHOWING MT. LEFROY.

Banff makes a fine headquarters for mountaineers and Park explorers, and though many parties set out from Laggan, Field, and other points Banff will long retain its position as Park headquarters. Its situation is perfect and the many improvements made both in the town and all around strengthen its already strong and commanding position. The virtues of the hot springs at Banff for those suffering from many of the ills to which human flesh is heir are already known not only throughout this continent, but also in many parts of the world and the gatherings at Banff in the summer time are truly cosmopolitan, the only thing in common between many of the visitors being their complaints. It would be a mistake however to describe Banff as a mere invalid's resort. It is all that, but also a good deal more—it is a delightful summer residence, and many are the people who are making their summer homes in this highly favored place. A stay there is a grand assistance in acclimatizing one's self to the mountains,



and as a preliminary to any mountaineering or exploring work preparations at Banff are synonymous with success. The whole Park is a wonder, and Banff is a gem set in its midst.

There are features about this Park that make it unique. It is not only the largest but also the most varied Park in the whole world, and has within it some of the grandest mountain scenery and many of the finest lakes to be found upon the earth's surface. The mountains, lakes, caves, mineral springs and valleys are each worth traversing half a continent to see, and to have the whole in combination is worth a good deal more; and for that reason alone the Canadian National Park is certain to secure visitors for all time from all parts of the globe, eager to see some of the sights to be found in such profusion within the confines of the Park. By reason of this wealth of variety the Park is suited to all tastes, and as a result people of various dispositions and inclinations all find something that they have been wanting and could find nowhere else. Recovered



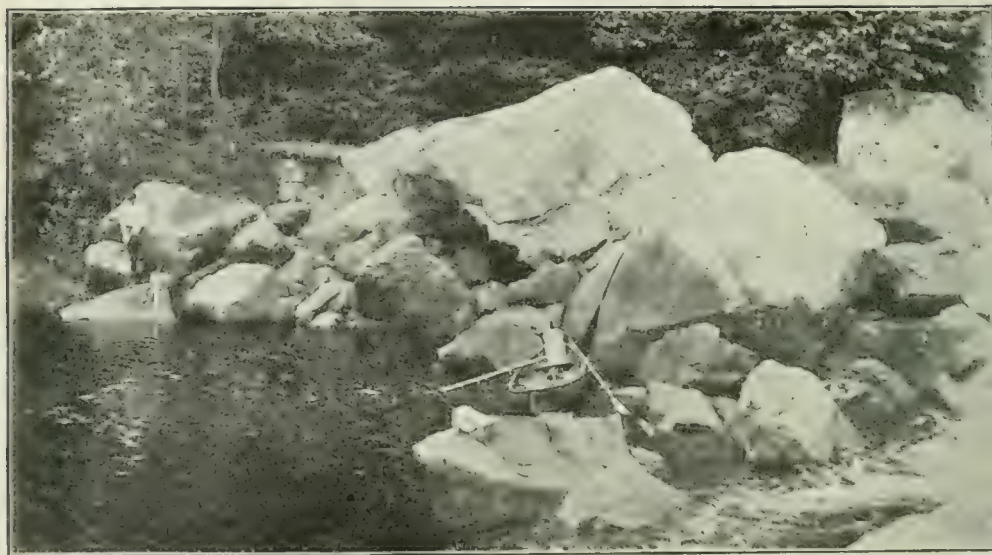
VALLEY OF THE SIMPSON RIVER.



A YOUNG DOUGLAS FIR, BANFF.

health, the greatest of all blessings, often follow a stay here, and the recuperative advantages to the city dweller are so great that only distances render them less often taken than would otherwise be the case. The streams of visitors are ever widening and they will continue to widen. There is more than room for all, and the Park itself with its magnificent distances is representative of the country, whose vast areas are becoming recognized by its inhabitants and the world at large. In this fine domain the people can find health, enjoyment, recreation, and indulge in experiences which are as unique as the Park itself, and that is saying a very great deal though it is indeed impossible to say too much on this topic.

The illustrations we give are representative and will enable our readers to form a little conception of the delights in store for those who are enabled to make a close acquaintance with the Canadian National Park.



SECOND FALLS, KAWSHEE RIVER, ONTARIO.

## A Summer Retrospect.

BY ELLA MCKENNA.

When wishes are strongest in fevers of fancy  
 For visions the rarest in shadow and shower;  
 When consonant noises ajar in the city  
 Have broken the vowels of birds in a bower;  
 When wonder is weary and eyes that are lonely  
 For closer communion with water and heaven,  
 I turn to a river that's polished with moonbeams,  
 And sail with the dreams on the ripples of Severn—  
 The cool shady nooks of the Severn!



A DAY'S CATCH ON THE SEVERN RIVER, ONT.

**A**FTER a vacation spent on this beautiful Canadian river, memory affords lasting pleasure through the busy autumn and winter days, spurring us on to greater effort with thoughts of next summer's outing in this enchanted highland region. Although the rod and troll have been packed away and the shadowy canoe no longer bears us swiftly to our journey's end or carries us lazily down stream, yet a retrospect calls up the long line of maples shading the river and down at its end the placid lake with its sandy beach where each day found us ready for a "plunge."

Our little birch-bark books and gorgeous autumn leaves which we have brought home with us recall the early morning walks through Nature's woodland, where songsters swung in the



cloud-reaching maple, poured forth a harvest of song and the fragrant balsam cushions act as a "call of the wild" from regions where

The sedges on the brink

Bend their slender throats to drink.

When October Reunions teem with stories of "big catches," hay rides to beautiful Orillia on the Lake-of-Many-Winds, moonlight excursions on Capt. Wood's Str. "Champion" and corn-roasts in the starlight, we feel that the gifts of time would be too few did we not hear the "Dip! Dip!" of our oars for days afterwards.

As autumn's harvest of leaves calls summer's sweetness back to me, the breezes play their part in rushing through the solemn pines to sigh, or moan, or whistle, while whitest lillies bowed along the river's course, paint pictures that linger through the silent hours.

The epic poems, written to celebrate the heroism of early morning anglers who claimed a fondness for seeing the sun awake over the eastern hills and watching the yawning ferns unfold their arms from sleep when their attempts to catch the wily pickerel proved vain, still linger in song and story.

The arrival of camping parties on the



ON THE KAWSHEE RIVER, ONTARIO.



A MORNING'S CATCH.—SEVERN RIVER.

"Champion" never lost interest to tourists on the Severn, and the "Woodsonian" craft as well as the pleasant little station of Severn on the Grand Trunk, was usually thronged with visitors on the day rumor had scheduled a camp to arrive. The "Ombre" (Shady Nook) Camp of Toronto, the "Lonely Severn" of Ambridge, the "Rural Outing Club" and "Philadelphia Bunch" of Pittsburg, together with the well known Union Fishing Club pitched their tents along the Severn and on the banks of Sparrow Lake this summer. Wasdell Falls, Deep Bay, Ragged Rapids, Buckskin Lodge, and picturesque Kanshee were visited by these campers in their light cedar canoes. In the Ombre (the only one not "stag") the girls rivalled the boys as skillful paddlers and taught many novices from the States the sleight of "bending the blade." As these campers enjoyed an enviable reputation for hospitality and cameraderie, the frequent impromptu dances held in



halls embowered in maple leaves and ferns, and the good old-fashioned square dances with their "ulla-men left" with your "black and tan," claimed many of our evenings. The midnight homeward "paddle" with a trusty son of the "Land of Maple" at the stern, or speeding over the lake in the launch "Fidget" was rather exciting as the stars had gone to sleep and but one low glimmering timid light from Stanton's was our only guide to the river's mouth.

Many kodak pictures, mirrored in light and shadow, will help enliven the echoes of happenings queer and quaint and when genial Chief Simcoe gets the

pictures of his six little sons, taken in their tepee, he will feel that his kindness to the visitors on Indian Island was not misplaced.

When winter has kept her promise that—The summer and the sun will return on faithful cycles, when the chilly days are done—we may again pack our portmanteaux for a comfortable summer outing and scurry across the Canadian border where the Grand Trunk will carry us through countless charms of land and water to this haven of rest and beauty, "far from the maddening strife where the dress suit does not intrude and paroxysms of hay fever are unknown."

## A Tragedy of the Wilds.

BY HAROLD RAYMOND.

**T**HROUGH the silence of the great woods the sharp crack of the hunter's rifle rang out, then another, followed by the creaking and snapping of snow-burdened branches going back into place; a heavy form bounded out of the loose shadows of a clump of trees and made off down the deep glade of the forest, not, however, before the quick thinking hunter had fired another shot into his retreating flank. The great moose staggered a bit, but then as if throwing all his energies into the speed of present action he straightened his shaggy neck, and with head thrust out, shoulders a-quiver, antlers back, he sprang into a steady gait that carried him almost easily over the hard crusted snow.

It was the middle of winter and all that long, cold day, the half-breed hunter and trapper, Peter Canoe, had followed the tracks of his quest through miles of brush and brule; over lakes, rivers and muskeg, a frozen wilderness all of it, till, when the sun had left the wood hollows and spread his glistening colors only on the upheaving crags and tree tops, Peter had found him in a dark wooded valley, quietly browsing on the tender shoots of some small maple and birch trees.

Only two shots had taken effect, but from the quantity of blood on the trail, the half-breed felt sure they would prove

fatal, and tightening his woolen waist belt and snow shoe straps he trudged boldly after his wounded game.

The big bull had felt the first shot go stinging through the base of his neck and it frightened more than hurt him; but the last shot had torn a huge hole all along his flank and lodged in his shoulder. He could feel the warm blood trickling down his sides and neck and it goaded him into a frenzied fear. He drove through the wilds heedless of threatening dangers, leaping nobly over fallen logs, dashing fiercely through the retarding thickets of underbrush, but with ever that darting pain in his shoulder, and the ceaseless trickle of warmth down his foaming sides. He seemed to know by instinct the easiest way through the cedar studded swamps, and the speediest way round the rocky headlands. He never paused, seldom turned in his gigantic struggle with pain and fear that he had never known before, but every smarting of the new feeling was as the spur to a galloping war horse goading him into a freshness of energy that would end—but brute-like he never thought of the end.

The sun had crept to the west and hung there in all his scarlet splendor, then gathering his cloth of color about him he slid down the horizon and left the broad

frozen wilderness in the grey shadows of dusk.

Still the moose kept on. His mad fright increased as his strength grew less. Tearing fiercely through a thicket of spruce, whose broad branches were bowed low with the weight of the frozen snow, the brow prongs of his antlers caught in a fork of these burdened limbs and he was brought to a standstill, but not for long,—the sudden up-jerking of his head sent a thrust of agony through his body, and opened afresh the partially closed neck wound, till out gushed a thick stream of blood. With a bellow of pain and rage at this new obstruction, he threw all his strength into a leap for freedom and the sturdy limb, groaned, crackled and split from its parent hold and went dragging along for a space on his broad back, until he finally freed himself of its heavy incumbrance. The shaking of the tree had loosed the snow patches ice-glued to its limbs and this had come tumbling down upon him, but he shook it off with a proud heave of his flanks. Some of it dropped on his glaring out-thrust eyes, paining somewhat as it melted, but it mattered not, on, on he went, far through the forest.

It had grown dark. The stars had twinkled up out of their depths, one by one, till soon there was gay brilliance in the overhead expanse, and after a while the moon rose, round and full, and his milky eminence spread over the earth in a silent, weird way, sending long, creeping shadows through the wooded vales, down the rocky cliff sides, and across the flat frozen rivers. Onward plunged the moose, never stopping, every poignant pain goading him to the inevitable end—an end which presently revealed itself, in all its tragic ghastliness.

Hark! far back in the bush, ringing the silent watches of the night, a cry went up that made the great monarch stop, but only for a second, greater than the pain of his flank wound, it sent a thrill of terrified consciousness through the memories of his life, a vision arose that made his great frame shiver. The gaunt, silent forest, deep in snow; and a pack of grey shadows, always, always behind, and that cry—the unwelcome

sound drove him into a tremendous surging ahead, the light, powdery surface snow flying from his fore feet like the foam from the prow of a mighty ocean liner. He had escaped that former chase by dint of his young, tireless strength, but now that desperate cry held a newer fear for him; before he had felt the weak exhaustion of the long race, but had fortunately run into a "yard" of his kindred, and was safe. Now, the exhaustion had come before the race. Again that long bell-song smote the midnight air, echoing and re-echoing through the dry cold stillness of the wilds.

The moon sailing through the heavens shone down in a calm flood of whiteness; not a ribbon of cloud trailed across the pathway of the stars. Everywhere was the serenity of death, broken only now and then by the crackling of a snow-laden bough in the bitter frost, or that long shrill howl from the famished throat of a member of that swiftly moving pack on the blood-showing trail of the doomed moose. The big beast's furious charge of the early evening had weakened to a lumbering, laborious trot. He leaped over fallen trees with a strained effort, and the wrenching pains cooled his maddening nerves into a sense of reason, for he chose his path now, not floundering blindly into soft crusts, nor plunging regardless into an abattis of dead swamp cedar. The track of blood at first lean and at lengthy intervals, had grown into a steady stream of broad splashes, sharp and black on the snow, and in the glare of the moon at its full. A baby wolf would scorn such a trail as a lesson in wood-lore, so easy was it now to follow. The giant bull plodded on, but the wild harpies followed fast on his heels, their cries ringing on the frosty air like the yells of maniacs through a many-vaulted cave. An owl hooted from his perch on a lone swamp elm; it was a weird change in a weird drama, but the play was nearing its tragic close.

The moose had entered a tract of rough land, cut up and rocky, with patches of scrub wood in the valleys and along the margin of the many streams. He had swung down a shaggy cleft in the hills, dotted here and there with young spruce and fir. At the end of it he was con-

fronted with a terrace of rocks which he eyed painfully then stopped; as he did so a long, lean body came loping along in and out of the scrub and boulders at the far end. Presently another, then another ambled along in steady, patient strides. Eager howls broke from their slaving throats as they saw their quarry ahead. They soon came up with him, but, as if possessed of all the cunning of warfare, they encircled their enemy with a safe circumference, settled upon their haunches and prepared to lay siege to, or attack; all with the surest precaution. The victim stood sorrowfully still at the foot of the terrace of rocks, his flanks heaving horribly, his neck going down, lower and lower, the blood breaking from his wounds in mad gushes, freezing and forming ruby icicles, down his sides. Two jets of vapor shot from his nostrils like the exhaust from a steam tug. The wolves wound their circle of destruction closer and closer as that great antlered head kept falling. Down, down it went!

That ugly bulbous nose was within an inch of the snow when an impatient young wolf leaped forward. He was quick but the moose was quicker. It took but a moment for the huge beast to catch the springing wolf on his horns, drop him, and with an enormous lunge rise and sink his whole weight on those two fore legs of his, deep into the prostrate form beneath. A short, sharp yelp, a quivering of huddled flesh, stiffening limbs and one of the trackers died hungry. The incident failed to call forth an iota of pity or excitement from the circle, except for the short while spent in laying his bones bare to the freezing cold; but the exertion roused the moose to a sense of his remaining strength for he started up the rocky steps with a fierce combativeness that was a sight worthy to be seen. The ever ready, ever patient circle broke to allow this superior enemy foot-room, but filled up in solid form again to follow the struggle to the bitter end. The antlered monarch had, however, reached the limit of his endurance. He sprang up the acclivity, bounded through the bushes and down the other side leading his followers into a

grove of young trees. Not far further did he go; nobly did he struggle against the shivering and trembling of his knees; against the dizziness that made him stagger into every obstacle. Then his eyes lost their seeing. He stood still; slowly he stretched his great body to its full height, shook those great branded antlers, till the agony of his wounds forced a mighty bellow from his throat. The cry struck the ears of every wolf like a knife, for they slunk away from their victim, afraid, till they saw his great head drooping, drooping, and watching, waiting, they quietly closed in. The moon had gone down over the tops of the western hills. The stars sputtering, slipped back into their blue depths, and out of the east long stretches shot up and across the coldness of the sky. The black shadows left their hiding places in the woods and stole away from the grey glances of a new dawn. Then the moose fell to his knees; once, twice he tried to rise; his hoofs slid on the hard crusted snow, but with a mightier effort he gained his feet again, took several steps, a bound, then fell, dazed, but still struggling. What a fight he made! But all was in vain! Blind, weakened, bleeding with a long, shivering groan he fell over on his side. As if still to show his splendid valor, his power to his enemies, his immense antlers, falling against a small maple, were caught thus, holding erect still his proud head, defiant to the death! In a second, two wolves were at his throat, another on his back, a fourth was sucking the yet warm blood oozing from his sides, while the rest of the pack were rushing in to join the gory feast!

When Peter Canoe, the half-breed hunter and trapper, arrived late that day upon the scene, he saw the snow licked clean, though bloody, a huge skull, and still adhering to it the largest pair of moose antlers he had ever witnessed. Peter swore a French oath, but as the antlers had been the object of his long chase, he slung them over his shoulder, tied them into place, lit his pipe, swore again, and retraced his tracks through the lone, cold wilds.



# His Last Two Loads.

BY WILLIAM CARRELL.

**J**UST before dusk on an October evening a hunter stood on a marshy point that jutted out into a bay of a southern Ontario lake. He was tall and slight, and his gun was nearly as long as himself. Blue jean trousers protected his thin legs, a coarse woollen shirt covered his body, an old felt hat was on his head, and his feet were encased in a pair of long cowhide boots. His small eyes were keen and dark.

His gun was an old fashioned muzzle loader, with barrels about thirty-eight inches long. They were beautifully inlaid, and the stock, which was of the finest black walnut, was handsomely carved. The gun had evidently been an old flint lock, as even when the hammers were raised they came high above the line of sight, but in the progress of the world had been changed to use the old percussion cap. Before leaving home he had seen that it was properly primed, he had loaded each barrel carefully with three drams of black powder, with pieces of wasps' nests for wadding rammed down until the rod sprung from the barrels, an ounce of No. 5 shot and more wasps' nest wadding sent lightly home. He wanted those loads to kill as he was short of meat, and he intended to be sure as those two loads were all the ammunition he had. He had drained the old powder horn dry, and would not be able to get to town for a fresh supply for a day or two.

He stood on the point facing south, his eager eyes glancing to the east, for he knew that any ducks passing would come from that direction on their way to the marsh to roost. The sun was sinking in the west, and was bathing the marsh and lake with its soft red glow. The hunter was standing easily, his gun in front of him, the stock on the ground and the muzzle nearly on a level with his chin. He might well have been taken for a statue, he stood there so immovable.

Suddenly he sprang into life as his eager gaze caught sight of two small dark objects which had just shot from a

point a mile away. They were a pair of black ducks, a drake and hen, the drake about twenty or twenty-five feet in the lead. They were going fast as night was drawing near—about fifty feet above the lake, and about thirty yards from shore. They cut through space, their necks outstretched, and their dark wings winnowing the air. There was a quivering whistle as they passed. A pair of yellow legs on the opposite side of the point gave out a warning whistle as they dashed by him. That lone fisherman of the marshes, the great blue heron, cocked his head on one side and watched them on their course. The hunter saw them as they rounded the bend, he dropped on one knee, and became perfectly still. The mile had been covered in about thirty seconds.

Up went the long brown barrels, and right at the end of the gun the hunter saw the leading drake. He switched the muzzle about three feet ahead of him, and while still keeping the gun on the swing, pulled the trigger. The drake stopped and tried to recover himself, but the shot had done its work. His head dropped and in a series of somersaults he struck the water far below. The drake had hardly started to fall when the second barrel spoke. The hen had frantically tried to get away when the first shot was fired, going up and out, but the charge of heavy shot was too quick for her and caught her under the upraised wing. She sank in a long slant dead on the bosom of the lake.

It was pretty clean work and the hunter smiled to himself as he hurried round the point to where his boat was moored, for out there on the lake floated his breakfast and his dinner. He was quite content now to wait for more ammunition.

The heron flew across the lake in the fast falling dusk scared and full of wonder at the noise of the gun, and the whistle of the yellow legs was stilled as the hunter picked up his ducks and started for home and bed.

# In the Heart of the Selkirks.

## The Caves of Cheops.

BY MRS. ARTHUR SPRAGGE.

**E**XPEDITIONS involve experiences of which experiments are a result; or the sentence might be inverted to expeditions involve experiments of which experiences are a result.

One experience connected with the mountains of British Columbia is not to attempt expeditions in threatening weather hoping it may clear for it wont; nor is the weather in one valley any indication of what it will be in another, or as the school boy explained, "climate you have with you all the time, but weather only a little while."

When we left our summer home at Golden, in the Columbia valley, it had been cloudy for several days, but we rejoiced exceedingly in the absence of the sun after an excessive torrid wave had rolled over us and considered the conditions admirable for climbing. At the station there were positive signs of fine weather so we confided ourselves, tents and supplies to the Canadian Pacific express with absolute trust in the elements. Three hours later in the Selkirks we ran into a belt of mist that soon condensed into solid rain; only twenty minutes from Glacier House and to camp or not to camp the question. We two women were in charge of a government official, who is so expert a camper, that one of them promptly conferred upon him the title of "Campaigner" by which he will be known.

A hurried consultation resulted in not to camp for the womenkind, but the man-kind to continue on his way and pitch the tents at Ross Peak water tank, half an hour's distance from the Canadian Pacific Railway's charming mountain hotel, at the foot of the trail leading to the caves.

It poured all night and we mourned sore for the discomfort of our departed escort. Nor was the morning propitious, with low belts of mist lying along the mountain sides and continuous showers of heavy rain; however we de-

cided not basely to desert the Campaigner, so took the first morning train and descended into the valley of the Ille-celle-waet, where we found our campeestablished with a stove inside our tent. Thus we defied the elements which are not to be lightly esteemed in the Selkirks where rainy days and nights are facts of penetrating cold and dampness beneath a canvas roof that no external fire can dissipate. Nor could we indulge in refreshing sleep with trains perpetually rolling by like miniature earthquakes or snorting and puffing at the tank while absorbing their liquid supply.

Sunday morning, the 20th of August, was a lovely day, with a sunny sky and cool wind, ideal weather for mountain climbing—still, Deutschman, the discoverer of the caves and our appointed guide, did not appear, and his mail with our commanding letter, reinforced by a wire, reposed peacefully in his box beneath the tank. The Campaigner, who has every confidence in his knowledge of the mountains, said, "Let us start; the caves are up the valley and it is no trick to follow the trail!" The older woman who has some considerable experience both of trails and amateurs, hesitated, for she had been told that the said trail was involved in some places not to say obscure; however, time was an object, the official's leave of absence being limited; so she was overruled and the trio started, a preliminary survey having located an apparently obvious path. Our escort bore on his stalwart shoulders a twenty-five pound pack, for with every confidence in Deutschman's hospitality it was quite possible his supplies might be limited. We soon began to ascend through a magnificent forest of hemlocks, with a fine undergrowth of Saskatoon bushes whose plump juicy berries were most refreshing; the trail was plain enough so far, though much encumbered by fallen trees of large girth that are most annoying and wearisome to clamber over; but

we pushed bravely on and at last came out of the forest upon a slope of long grass.

Ponies had been brought to this point and there were paths made by them in all directions. The Campaigner cast about and the elder woman's heart failed her and she longed ardently for Deutschman; the trail finally selected seemed the most used and led down towards the creek—we could not at any rate go far astray in the narrow valley up which we were traveling with insurmountable hills on either side,—but alas, it came to an abrupt conclusion on a steep hillside with a nice bank of snow and ice at the foot sloping to the water's edge. It was not far to fall but seemed an unnecessary experiment, if avoidable, so our

escort laid aside his pack and by the assistance of bushes and strong arms we were hauled across the slippery green incline and landed, with one tumble and a bruised and a gashed arm on the snow bank; thence on up the side of the brawling creek, a tiresome but gradual ascent over big rocks and debris for half a mile.

At this point we came upon two boys returning from the caves who informed us that Deutschman had gone down to

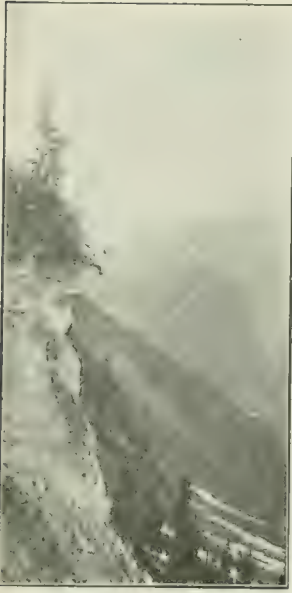


MOUNT SIR DONALD.

the tank to meet us and we had missed him on the trail where the long grass and pony tracks had misled us, for we should have gone up instead of down and would thus have avoided the creek and saved ourselves much superfluous labor and fatigue.

We were now on the right road, so sat down to lunch and wait for Deutschman who soon appeared upon the scene and proved a fine type of the west-





MT. COUGAR.

SCENE AT LOOKOUT POINT.

ern miner-pro prospector, tall, thin, tough and supple as whipcord.

He sped on with the Campaigner's pack to prepare our way giving us directions that were easy to follow, and we proceeded onwards and upwards over some stiff and slippery inclines along the sides of the canyon, which grew narrower and the trail in consequence

ever steeper and harder. Our escort, relieved of his burden, was now able to lend a helping hand. The crossing of the roaring creek on tottering wet rocks and one small pole was somewhat adventurous, calling for prompt and unhesitating action. Then the worst was over, though the ascent was long and arduous, it was only steep and not made difficult with brush, rocks and slippery grass. At last the canyon narrowed to a gully like a deep cutting in which big plants and bracken grew, almost breast high. The path was hardly perceptible amid the tangle of the luxuriant vegetation. We heard shouts from the top of the bluff on which Deutschman is represented and knew we had arrived though no tents were yet in sight.

Turning to the left as he had indicated we scaled the side of the gully and found ourselves in a perfect natural park, dotted with superb balsam firs from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty years old, tall, straight, perfect specimens of their kind. No more ideal place for a camp can be imagined than this flowery meadow, surrounded by magnificent snowcapped peaks in the heart of the Selkirk mountains. Our tents were most luxurious with beds of hay raised on

logs and abundance of blankets. Deutschman had an appetizing supper ready with bannocks to beguile an epicure, and the best butter we had tasted in British Columbia. It had taken four hours of slow climbing for the sun was hot and we had both lunched and wandered from the right path, to rise over nineteen hundred feet above the Canadian Pacific Railway and to accomplish two miles. It is however calculated that one of such miles is equal to two on the level, so we had not done so badly after all.

We made a preliminary survey of Cougar valley before dark and its beauty exceeded our most sanguine anticipations, with its great glacier, twin lakes, two cascades, three waterfalls, two natural bridges and beautiful views apart from the caves, and the strange freaks of Cougar creek. This stream rushes down from its ice bed in the glacier at the head of the valley and suddenly disappears beneath a great wall of rock, at the beginning of the first natural bridge, which has been called Gopher Bridge, from the number of these little animals that infest it—to reappear at the end of three hundred and fifty feet, stealing quietly and innocently out from beneath a grass slope. It flows on with numerous cascades and bends, then again dives into a huge fissure in the rocks and under the second natural bridge where it roars and rumbles away into the bowels of the earth. This channel, carved by the torrent in the solid rock, is full of curious round pot holes like huge cylinders. The Campaigner assisted me into one immediately below the second bridge whence we gazed down over the vanishing fall whose bottom is lost to sight. We stood in this hole up to our shoulders and found it much easier to get in than to get out again for we were prospecting without our guide.

Cougar creek after disappearing under the Mill bridge is seen and followed in its course through the caves immediately beneath Deutschman's campfire; from thence it emerges into daylight in a narrow canyon through which it glides peacefully along for a few hundred feet, then finally with a rush and kick of white heels it is gone deep into the mountain side.

We sat long over a glorious campfire, telling tales of experiences and adventures. Our guide is a noted hunter and it was in pursuit of a grizzly he first discovered the caves of Cheops; he had been away to the far north in the Peace river district but always traveled alone. We enquired whether he had never met with either accident or illness that caused him to regret his solitude. He replied, that most partners were no good and not to be trusted and the best men hunted alone. The only trouble he had ever met with had been a felon on his finger which grew so serious he had to cut off the digit at the first joint. Sometime after he produced a relic from the North that looked like a long, blunt tooth, and set us guessing its origin. It was beautifully mounted as a pin in a gold setting with tiny bands clasping the fang. We tried all sorts of animals possible and impossible; in vain! We gave it up. It was the top joint of Deutschman's finger mounted at much trouble and expense in Chicago. He evidently came of a humorous family for among his treasures he showed us a burnt leather postcard sent him by his brother last Christmas depicting the graceful camel with the legend: "A camel can go eight days without a drink. Who in hell would be a camel?" Deutschman had nearly lost his life on a snow slide and narrowly escaped death from an enraged grizzly; he had also fallen off a high cliff but been only temporarily stunned and broken no bones; so his toughness had stood him in good stead; and he survived—the typical western hunter and prospector, the finest man God ever made with the feelings and instincts of a gentleman and the heart of a little child!

To our large and lonely tent we retired late with visions of mountain rats, bears, and porcupines which were not dispelled by Deutschman following us inside and laying heavy poles along the curtain to keep out unexpected visitors as he cheerfully remarked. He completed his ministrations by placing a small log over the entrance when he retired and left us to our solitude and reflections; the latter including the fact that the Campaigner was beyond the reach of our voices on the other side of the Mill Bridge.



SHOULDER OF MOUNT STEPHEN.

We slept so soundly however, after our exertions, that no efforts of marauders disturbed us, and awoke to a cold and frosty morning at our five thousand feet elevation, sighing deeply for our tiny tent and stove at Ross Peak tank. Our toilettes were in consequence much abbreviated and though it was but six o'clock we heard the welcome roar of the campfire and hastened to enjoy its warmth and a substantial breakfast. After this repast Deutschman offered to show the Campaigner his latest discovery in caves which was not yet accessible to the fair sex.

With some misgivings on the part of the older woman they departed. The twain left behind explored on all sides, then returned to the camp and waited patiently growing more and more uneasy as time went on, though it was but nine o'clock. At last Deutschman appeared alone. The reason of the Campaigner's absence follows taken down verbatim together with a description of Canyon cave, the most recent and finest dis-





MT. COUGAR WITH DEUTSCHMAN AT LOOKOUT POINT.

covery yet made in Cougar Creek valley. He was the first person after Deutschman to go down into what may be called "The Pit," and suffered somewhat severely for his temerity.

The Campaigner soon followed his guide safely down into the canyon on a half inch rope one hundred and twenty-five feet long and they found themselves in the largest cave discovered up to date, which is big enough to contain a large

building with a hundred-foot flag-staff on top; there is a hole in its roof fifty feet in diameter through which trees and mountain peaks are plainly visible, with a most weird effect as seen from the bowels of the earth. Out of this huge vault a passage runs in a northwesterly direction, dropping gradually down in a series of ledges. It was followed for two miles, a distance eight thousand feet from the brink of the canyon where it led into a new grotto of entrancing beauty whose walls and roof are covered with stalactites varying in length from one to twenty inches. Thousands of feet of crystallized lime hang in glistening draperies; some pure white, others cream, shading to a delicate pink; all sparkling in the glare of light like myriads of diamonds. For over a quarter of a mile the floor is white crystallized limestone, sounding underfoot like flint.

Cougar creek disappears into the cave at the bottom of the canyon and its course was followed for seven hundred feet from the entrance where it turns off into the mountain and is not seen again, the passage used being the old channel, which was explored for two miles without its end being discovered. At times the roof was not more than thirty or forty feet high, at others several hundreds of feet. In many places in the crystal cave, the light would not reach the top or give any idea of its height. The air in some of the branch passages was cold

but in the main one it was pure and pleasant. A large slab of rock, like a big shingle was brought up from the crystal cave and we noticed the limestone had crystallized upon it in a floriated pattern exactly like the head of a cauliflower; the whole piece measured about eighteen inches in length by nine in depth and looked like a mass of delicate carving. The effect of a whole interior lined with this pearly formation must be truly daz-



zling and wonderful.

All went well with Deutschman and the Campaigner until the return journey up the one hundred and twenty-five feet of rope was attempted. The guide led the way and reached mother earth after a hard struggle as the rope by this time had become wet and slimy, and not being knotted the ascent was a perilous one. Nothing daunted however, the Campaigner began to climb hand over hand and slowly and surely approached the top; now swinging in mid-air, then touching small projections on the walls of the canyon with his feet to propel himself upwards. The rope gradually stretched with his weight until he was within fifteen feet of the surface when suddenly his hands gave way and he began to slip down.

With great presence of mind he gripped the rope in his teeth, thus maintaining his upright position, and at the same time he endeavored to motion to Deutschman who saw his danger, to pass him another rope. He could not however, hold on long enough to get it and knowing his situation exactly let go his molar grip and clutching the rope with his hands slid down it to the bottom in the fastest time on record, carrying splinters of rocks and dust with him and sustaining many bruises in the fall. He was completely exhausted but managed to regain his feet, and after moving about for a couple of hours, was able to reach the top of the cave from a point at about one-half the depth of the canyon having during his sojourn discovered a passage that led half way up the wall.

While the Campaigner was recovering his equilibrium in the canyon, he directed that the two women should visit the practicable caves with Deutschman, since there were only eight hours left to devote to the valley. To hear was to obey under these conditions as nothing could be done for the victim who sternly refused his guide's company in the interests of the fair sex. Deutschman at once proceeded to light a small carbide lantern which went out persistently unless violently and perpetually shaken. To counteract this tendency he further equipped himself with one small red and one green lantern, also one candle and



MT. SIR DONALD.

several magnesium wires. Thus armed the twain followed their guide docilely to the upper cave beneath the first natural or Gopher bridge. It was not the fine open grotto in the mountain side a well constituted cave should be, with a clean sandy floor over which one could walk upright such as Bermuda had prepared us for. On the contrary it was an ugly dark fissure in a wall of rock extending deep into the earth from which the ends of a ladder protruded. It was strong but Deutschman's legs are long; so the rungs were far apart and when the two women had squirmed themselves backwards through the orifice on to the first bar, the next one seemed to involve eternity. Fortunately there were not many, the passage being only about twelve feet below the surface; it was however narrow, wet and winding and

moreover lined with fine splinters of rock like needles that threatened to impale us as our garments. However we soon came to another ladder, followed by a second passage, a third ladder, a third passage and a ledge from which the creek could be seen disappearing under ground. This cave is as yet undeveloped and unexplored and we were only taken into it as a preliminary training in ladders, for the Auditorium, which has nine of them. The approach to it however, after squeezing down the introductory ladder, is much easier than the first cave we entered. In it a large vaulted chamber is revealed by the light from the Mill bridge fall whose torrent of water sweeps by with a dull roar to disappear in the darkness beyond. There is a curious pot hole corridor opening out of the passage to the Auditorium, the apertures in which grow smaller as the advance is made. This gallery terminates in what may be called the "Big Hole" into whose mysteries we did not penetrate. It had been visited however, and the following account describes the enterprise:

"Our guide (Deutschman) started us down, carrying himself a good stout rope. The entrance seemed prosy and tame after the others and little to see, but tying a rope about his waist and giving the Swiss guide stringent instructions to keep it taut, he lay down on his side and gracefully wriggled through a hole that looked about large enough for a marmot; the explorer followed and tumbled gently into a pot hole, another gentle slide a pay out of the rope, another pot hole; a sensation of constriction about the body, then a taller pot hole, or a tiny river running down one's back and nothing! Infinite blackness touched here and there by our feeble lanterns, showing a high rounded vault; a stone cast off went down, down and was lost in the far, faint roar of the creek below. The Hole is said to be two hundred and fifty feet deep. Two hundred and fifty feet do not

express the vastness, the darkness, the little narrow ledge on which we hung; they do not express the courage Deutschman must have possessed to venture alone to the verge of such an unknown abyss!"

The caves of Cheops are the result of countless ages of erosion and the upper ones we visited are devoid of either stalactites or stalagmites, because they are entirely free from any drip of water; there are some lacey perforations in the Auditorium cave together with a curious fluted and fan-shaped canopy. The interior of the large chambers is grey marble streaked with white, while the passages are of fawn colored rock shading from light to darkest brown. It was foretold by Mr. Ayres, a well known mining expert, that should older caves such as the latest discoveries be found they would be full of crystallized limestone as has been proved.

After we returned from the caves Deutschman went in search of the Campaigner whom he restored to us a sadder and a wiser man, with a mouth and chin cut and swollen out of all shape by his struggle with the rope; a damaged ankle, of which later the small bone was found to be broken, and an injured elbow that contained about an ounce of gravel.

The balance of the day was devoted to sketching and exploring the natural beauties of the valley so far as time would permit, and at four o'clock the word of command was given to start homewards. We left the caves of Cheops with many regrets that we had not an available week to devote to the locality and made the return trip to the railway in three hours under Deutschman's guidance over a much better trail than the one we had come up. A passing train stopping for its evening drink at Ross Peak water tank received us into its warm and comfortable caboose and deposited us in the early morning at Golden, vastly content with ourselves and our expedition.



THE CANADIAN CAMP CLUB-HOUSE ON LAKE WAQUEKOBING, ONTARIO.  
ON THE ROUTE OF THE MISSISSAGA CANOE TRIP.

## An Exploring Trip on the Mississaga.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE

**O**N September first I left the Canadian Camp Club on Lake Wauekobering with a member and one Indian guide for a seven days' trip up the Mississaga River to Clear Lake.

From the head of Slate Falls, one mile and a half from the Club House, is a run of good, clear water for ten miles to the gorge, a miniature canon, at the head of which is Grand Falls, a three mile portage lying between. After a mile of fairly rapid water we landed at McArthur's Landing.

Here we left the river and portaged two miles to Axe Lake, a pretty sheet of water dotted over with islands. Paddling over its mile of surface gave us a rest and when we reached the opposite shore, we were ready for the next two miles portage to Chubb Lake, which is only half a mile across, and after a hundred yards portage we dropped our canoe into Bamaguszi Lake which is about a mile wide. Another portage of a quarter of a mile brought us to the south end of Clear Lake, which is five and a half miles long by three and a half miles wide and

surrounded by pine and hardwood ridges, as Nature left them. A peninsula four miles long runs through its centre, and being full of points and bays, it resembles a glove in shape. Here we made our camp, paddling down to the east end, and next morning to a cabin owned by the Canadian Camp Club, where we stayed three days.

The lake is full of trout and pike—two bad bedfellows!—of which we caught sufficient for our wants.

A short walk around the sandy shore, the first evening was rather unpleasant. On a sandy point some ghoul had unearthed an Indian skeleton from its grave, including an old Hudson's Bay gun, leaving the bones to bleach in the sun, after breaking the skull to extract the teeth. The living should leave the dead in peace!

Further on we come upon the tracks, fresh and very large, of several wolves. "See plenty wolf tracks; see plenty game tracks;" is a truthful saying of the Red-man out West, and it proved no less truthful here. A day's hard walking on





THREE TROUT AND PIKE IN TWENTY MINUTES ON CLEAR LAKE, ONT.  
MR. A. L. REYNOLDS, NEW YORK; (ON THE RIGHT)  
MR. J. A. HOPE (ON THE LEFT.)

of getting a shot at a bear in the Eastern woods, except by chance or a good berry patch—one from a canoe, the other by fish bait. As the gentleman with me had never seen a bear in his native wilds, he was naturally anxious so see and get a shot at one, if possible. His wish was gratified.

The next morning shortly after daybreak we paddled quietly along the north shore catching three fine trout and two pike, in about twenty

the north side of the Lake, over ridges, through pretty ravines, and around several small Lakes, disclosed plenty of well worn trails of moose and deer. We saw eleven of the latter, although we were making plenty of noise passing through dead underbrush and dry leaves, while all the young oak trees we came across looked as if they had been struck with a tornado, for the branches, thick as a man's arm, were broken and twisted, while the bark hung in strips from the trunks—the work of Master Bruin after nuts.

Now there are only two ways

minutes. When near the west end of the Lake under a high ridge, with some scattered oak, I heard a rock roll down, followed by another. Motioning to the



A DIRTY PIECE OF WORK ; SHOT OUT OF SEASON.



MR. A. L. REYNOLDS, NEW YORK, MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN CAMP CLUB, READY FOR A TWO MILE PORTAGE.

Indian in the stern to stop paddling, three pairs of eyes searched among the young oaks for the bear we knew was in one of them, although not discernable. For a minute or so we could hear the grunts of Bruin quite distinctly. Presently we saw the branches of a young oak shake violently and Bruin's head protruded from the top, some four hundred feet above us. I motioned to the Indian with my hand to put the canoe round so that the gentleman between us could get a clear shot over his left shoulder, as I was in the bow and therefore in the line of fire. The Indian failed to understand me. A second sign equally failed. Catching a glimpse of black through the branches I fired, but a little too high. Bruin came out in plain sight, and the gentleman fired at him past me, the heavy blast making my head ring for five minutes. As the bear scrambled up the ridge, offering a line shot from head to quarters my rifle missed fire, and Bruin disappeared over the ridge unhurt, but badly frightened. Unquestionably the gentleman would have bagged him had the guide obeyed my instructions as he kept very cool and was using a very low trajectory smokeless rifle. Ambitious,

intelligent, quick to observe and learn, the white man is always a better guide and hunter than the halfcivilized, wholly demoralized Indian from the Reservations all statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the following morning we packed up, paddled to the west end, and portaged two miles over to the Mississauga River, fifteen miles above where we left it at McArthur's Landing. We passed

through hard wood ridges resembling a farm yard instead of a moose country, so thick were their droppings and the broken branches of soft maples.

From here to Squaw Chute is ten miles of fairly swift water, through beautiful scenery, the river broadening out and sweeping round the base of great cliffs hundreds of feet high. A short portage with a quick run of five miles more brought us back to the head of Grand Falls, where we camped, arriving at the Clubhouse early next day.

On our return down the River we saw several deer on the banks within easy shot. When about five miles above Squaw Chute in a wild country devoid of settlers, we noticed a dead deer shot through the head lying on a sandbank. After going over to it, an examination showed that it had been shot with a small bore high power rifle, some thirty hours before, the pupil of the eye being still bright. Some ten pounds of meat had been cut from one quarter only. He was a fine buck, weighing about two hundred pounds, with a good head of horns, still, of course in the velvet.

Who is responsible for this dirty work? Undoubtedly some party making the

River trip. The Government should put on reliable men to watch this river, or stop the carrying of arms in the close season. Speaking of reliable men I know it is very difficult to find them, as the present system of mixing up game and politics is very defective.

Cutting some balsam boughs for our beds behind a fire ranger's cabin in which some summer tourists were staying, armed to the teeth as though they were in Central Africa, we found, where deer had been skinned within the last few days. One of them gave me a very plain hint—taking me for a tourist too! He told me there was no objection to my killing a deer—they were not bad fellows in that part! No doubt a few dollars were expected to make the “not bad fellows”

feel good. Summer visitors who camp with these fellows must have a good time, and the game a mighty bad one. There is a remedy for this state of affairs, and that remedy will have to be applied ere long if the game is to be preserved.

The Government cannot expect conscientious sportsmen to pay twenty-five dollars for the privilege of hunting behind “game hogs,” who kill game for little or nothing in the best months of the year under the eyes—closed of course—of the men who are paid to protect it. The Authorities should remember the genuine sportsmen have no objection to paying a heavy license fee if they are certain of getting the game, and would much rather do that than pay a small or no fee with the certainty of getting nothing.

## The Licensing System For Big Game.

**T**HE Bureau of Biological Survey, which is a branch of the United States Department of Agriculture, has recently issued a pamphlet dealing with the statistics of hunting licenses. A close study of the license system proves that it is the most successful method thus far devised of raising funds for game protection. In recent years it has rapidly developed and has reached a point in nine States where the income from this source has placed the game department on a self sustaining basis. In States of the Union and Provinces of Canada, where resident and non-resident licenses are issued, it has furnished statistics that will be most useful in determining the future policies of Governments with reference to the important matter of game protection. “Thus examination of the returns shows that in 1905 nearly 10,000 licenses were issued to non-residents, and that in seventeen States and three Provinces of Canada 511,905 licenses were issued to residents, and that so far as figures are available the total number of licensed hunters in the United States and Canada was more than half a million and the amount paid for licenses more than \$600,000.”

The history of license fees goes back to 1864 when the State of New York made an abortive effort in that direction. To Maryland however, seems to belong the honor of enforcing the first resident license so far back as 1872. New Jersey inaugurated the first non-resident license though in a far different form to that known today. In Canada, Nova Scotia imposed the first non-resident license, starting the work in 1877, New Brunswick adopting a similar law in the following year. The Province of Quebec established licenses in 1882, Ontario in 1888, Newfoundland in 1889, British Columbia and Manitoba in 1890, and the Northwest Territories in 1893. At present the non-resident license is in force in all the Provinces of Canada, and in all but fourteen States of the Union, while the resident license is in force in Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Manitoba, and in sixteen States.

Fees have undergone many changes, particularly in the States, and the end of these changes is not yet. The bulk of them have taken place in the non-resident licenses. While British Columbia and Manitoba have made no changes, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Quebec



have done so on several occasions. Newfoundland maintained a \$100 caribou license from 1889 to 1899; then reduced the rate to \$40-\$80; again increased it to \$100 in 1902, and reduced it to \$50 in the following year. Nova Scotia, beginning with a \$20 rate in 1877 made the general license \$50 in 1878, \$30 in 1881, \$40 in 1902, and \$30 in 1905. Quebec has had rates varying from \$20 to \$30, and has now adopted a fee of \$25 for non-residents, except when they are members of Fish and Game Clubs incorporated in the Province, when they may hunt on their own leased preserves for a fee of \$10. At present, Alberta, Ontario, Quebec and Saskatchewan have a non-resident license fee of \$25; British Columbia, New Brunswick and Newfoundland one of \$50; Nova Scotia \$30; Prince Edward Island \$15; and Manitoba \$100.

The return of non-resident license fees show that in 1905 British Columbia received from this source \$2,500; Manitoba \$400; New Brunswick \$14,150; Newfoundland \$4,300; Nova Scotia \$1,740; Ontario \$11,075, and the others very much smaller amounts.

In Manitoba the resident licenses brought in \$3,950; Quebec \$7,642; New Brunswick \$1,150, and Ontario \$11,190. As compared with 1903 the figures show increases of ninety per cent in the number of licenses, and seventy-five per cent in the receipts. In 1905 no less than thirteen States licensed more than 10,000 hunters each, and in six the numbers exceeded 20,000. In every case there was an increase of receipts in 1905, though in a few instances there were small decreases in the number of licenses issued—in most cases due to increases in the fees. On the other hand several large increases were reported, notably in resident licenses. In New Brunswick the number more than doubled and in Wyoming the record showed an increase of eight times those issued in 1903, while in several other States there were increases of over seventy per cent. So far as the statistics show the total numbers of licensed hunters in the United States and Canada for 1903 were 271,639, and in 1905, 521,496. These figures are by no means inclusive, representing as they do only about one-fourth the population of

the States. Making allowances for exemptions, Dr. Palmer believes it to be a conservative estimate to place the hunting population of the States and Canada at from two and a half to three millions. The cost of collection varies in the States and gives rise to some friction in various instances. In Canada the licenses are issued only by the Provincial authorities, except Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. In Nova Scotia persons other than the Provincial Secretary issuing a license receives five per cent of the proceeds, and in Newfoundland all officers are entitled to a fee of \$1 for issuing each non-resident license.

As a general rule the receipts from license fees are devoted to game protection, but in twelve States they are expended in whole or in part for other purposes. In every case in which license fees are paid over to the State the receipts are small (usually less than \$500) and in most cases in which they are devoted to purposes other than game protection they amount to very little. In Wisconsin in 1905 appropriations were taken from the license funds for fish hatcheries for bass and trout, and for the expenses of a Commission of three persons to confer with similar Commissions from other States and Canada relative to the adoption of uniform laws affecting net fishing in international waters between Canada and the States.

Various exemptions from the license laws are made in several States usually in favor of land owners hunting on their own land, while British Columbia, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland extend such exemption to members of the Army and Navy temporarily stationed in the Province. Guests of landowners are permitted to hunt without licenses under conditions in Maryland and Virginia, and this has been carried so far that invitations instead of licenses are often sought. A similar provision for five days was allowed in the Northwest Territories from 1893 to 1898, but since then a special fee of \$1 has been charged for such a privilege.

Several experiments in license legislation have been made in some of the States. The possibility of making the

protection of game self-sustaining and of maintaining a warden service from the income derived from license fees has been successfully demonstrated. Last year warden services were maintained in nine States without any appropriation from the treasury. The right of a State to impose higher license fees on non-residents has been questioned several times, but on each occasion has been upheld on appeal. The coupon license which prevails in Ontario, and has been adopted this year in Quebec, has also been incorporated in the legislation of nine States. — Manitoba arrives at the same

result by requiring the return of a permit with an affidavit stating the amount of game killed.

About one-third of the States which issue licenses either allow no export or make no provision for carrying game home. Other States allow licensees to take home certain kinds of game but not others. British Columbia allows no export except under special permit. Dr. Palmer holds that a slight change of policy so as to allow the licensee to take with him a reasonable amount of game would eliminate much criticism of the game laws.

## Our Vacation in the Kippewa District.

BY A. J. L.

“**A**LL aboard!” shouted the conductor at the Central Station at Ottawa, and our train glided out of the depot. My friend and I had shaken the dust of the Capital from our feet, and were off on a fortnight’s vacation in the Kippewa and Lac des Quinzes districts.

It was 12.40 A. M. on August 25th, the date settled for the beginning of our holiday, over which we had long talked, and for which we had made many preparations. Now that we were on the train we were too anxious to reach our camping ground to even think of sleeping, and so we talked of all we meant to do till we reached Mattawa at eight o’clock. Here we changed trains and were not kept too long waiting till we were once more on the move along the branch line for Temiskaming, which place we reached punctually at noon.

At this point we boarded a steamer belonging to the Temiskaming Navigation Co., and in her made a most pleasant voyage to Ville Marie, which was to be our starting point for the woods. We found our lake trip to be the most charming we could possibly have imagined. To sail fifty miles as we did along Lake Temiskaming, bound by the illimitable forests on every side, giving us all kinds of charming views increased our satis-

faction with our holidays and the manner in which we were spending them. When we arrived at Ville Marie we had appetites sufficient to allow us to enjoy the excellent supper we found prepared for us, and afterwards slept well as the best preparation for an early start for the woods in the morning.

Everything was ready and seven o’clock saw us on the road. A team of horses drove us to the old Fort Temiskaming, where we spent a couple of hours fishing in the narrows. On account of the high wind we had not much success though we captured several pickerel of good size. Then, taking advantage of a fair wind, we sailed along the lake to the Kippewa River, which is twenty-two miles down the lake. It was eight o’clock in the evening before we reached our camping ground and we did much paddling, though thanks to our sail we had at times relief from this work.

Just where the water comes rushing down from the Rapids did we pitch our camp, and a splendid campfire evening and a long and quiet night did we enjoy. With the break of day I was cooking breakfast, and at six o’clock I had my rod and tackle ready and was intent on fishing. Right at the front of the Rapids I pitched my line, and it had no sooner touched the water than a black

bass seized the bait and gamely fought for freedom. For a few minutes we had a fine tussle, but I landed him and found a fish five and a half pounds in weight. My success soon induced my friend to try his fortune, and it was not long before we caught ten bass between us.

Despite all our preparations I forgot my camera, or some fine backwoods' scenes would have been one of the results of this trip, unless indeed misfortune had attended our efforts at developing.

Two grand days did we spend fishing at this point and the black bass never failed us whenever we took an hour with them.

Our program would not permit a longer stay and at four o'clock one afternoon we bid good-bye to our friends, the bass, and returned to Ville Marie by steamer on our way to the Lac des Quinzes. After a good supper at this nice little settlement we arranged with a man to supply a team and drive us over a portage of twenty-two miles to Gillies Depot.

A good night's rest enabled us to be ready bright and early in the morning to negotiate that portage. So far as riding was concerned however we preferred to be excused for the greater part of the way the road was so rough that we were continually in danger of being thrown out. Accordingly we walked for most of the way, and it was a mystery to us how our baggage managed to get through at all. It was five o'clock in the afternoon of a very long day when we reached the Depot, and though we were dog tired we had made up our minds to go into camp that night and did not mean to back out. Accordingly we got the canoe off, loaded up, and launched it on the lake. Saying good-bye to our friendly teamster, who had done his best over a very difficult job, we paddled along the shores of the lake for five miles before we found a camping ground which we thought to be suitable in all respects. By seven o'clock we had everything ready for a glorious backwoods' supper. Our camp was made, fire built and lit, and a fine six or seven pound pike, which we had caught on the troll, was in the frying pan!

The following morning was spent in camp, and as a result everything was

made snug and comfortable, although we rested a good deal of the time, and made up somewhat for the rough experiences of the previous day.

In the afternoon we had a pleasant paddle on the lake, visited an Indian encampment, caught more pike on our troll, and on our return had a good smoke and rest, while our evening round the campfire was one that will linger long in our memories. As the following day was September first, the opening of partridge and duck shooting, we had a long talk about our plan of action, and finally decided to go up a small stream which we had noticed, and see what fortune attended our efforts.

An undisturbed night's rest fitted us for anything, and after an early breakfast we were off. A mile up the stream we came to a large marsh, and here we saw two fine deer disporting themselves. As we had not been quiet they did not take long to make for the woods. Deer and moose tracks we saw in abundance, and altogether we spent a pleasant day exploring and loafing—a day none the less enjoyable if our "bag" did not amount to much.

The rain came down all day on Sunday and we kept to the camp. The monotony of the day was very pleasantly relieved by a return visit on the part of our Indian friends from whom we obtained some information as to the country and its game.

The sun was shining brightly on the following morning, but the sunshine did not last. Clouds soon overcast the sky, and there were scattered showers all day. They did not deter us from hunting and fishing, though in neither occupation were we very successful that day.

On Tuesday the weather was better and we made another exploring trip starting early in the morning and going up a river running northeast from the lake. We found plenty of evidence that the big game is not efficiently protected in that part. On one portage alone we saw the carcasses of four moose, evidently killed out of mere wantonness as neither the heads nor any meat had been taken. This was probably the work of prospectors. There are good laws in the Province of Quebec, but the weak



point lies in their want of enforcement.

We went so far that day that night found us at too great a distance to return, and accordingly we camped out along the river's bank, and enjoyed this new experience as though we had been novices. We found no difficulty in making our way back to the camp next morning. In the afternoon we went down to Gillies Depot and arranged for a team to drive us back to Ville Marie.

At six o'clock on Thursday morning we commenced our return, and when making a stay of an hour at a small river called the Little Otter, I decided to make my last effort at fishing on this trip, and it proved to be the most successful of the whole outing, for in less than an hour I caught forty nice trout. When time was called I was very sorry to leave the spot,

so engrossing was the fishing at this place. Time was inexorable however, and no further delay could be allowed. As it was, the hour of five had gone when we arrived at Ville Marie and the difficulties of the road had again knocked us all up.

At ten o'clock on Friday morning we were on board the steamer Meteor on our voyage down the Lake, and at six o'clock next morning were back in Ottawa, glad to see our families and friends once more, well rested and recuperated with the backwoods' life, and each fully determined that if we are still in this world next fall we will again visit the neighborhood of those beautiful northern lakes and rivers on camping, fishing and shooting intent.

## Up the Columbia to Windermere.

BY A. H. S.

**I**N the course of a western tour last summer I visited Golden, B. C. and was at once told that if I missed the trip up the Columbia to Windermere I should miss an experience which would cause me life long regret.

I was charmed with Golden, and could not believe anything could be an improvement upon it. My play of imagination enables me to recall the scene—a beautiful town in one of the finest of all the mountain valleys with the giant Rockies on one side and the frowning Selkirks on the other. The valley is wider than many and the mountains seem much nearer than they really are. They overshadow the valley on every side and appear as if they almost enclosed the little town. There were no mountain storms while I was there, though I was told it was not infrequent for storms to play all around, and not a drop of rain to fall in the town. The situation appears ideal, and though the river rushes down with a force that makes boating impossible at times and exciting at the best, there are "sloughs," fine broad sheets of water like lakes, up-

on which the very best of canoeing can be enjoyed—as I know from one afternoon's pleasant experience.

Under the fatherly care of the Rev. C. F. Yates, the vicar of Golden, whose name is so well known to our readers, I was introduced to Captain F. P. Armstrong, of the steamer Ptarmigan, and at once invited to make the trip of all trips in Golden—up the Columbia River to Windermere Lake. The offer was so kindly made that although time was pressing and much remained to be seen, it was impossible to decline. I was told to go on board on Thursday evening, as it was intended to make an early start on Friday morning, and to sleep on board would save early rising. Accordingly when I reported on board one of the cabin berths was allotted to me, and after a pleasant night I awoke to find that the boat was still at her mooring posts at Golden. When the first officer, Mr. Russell, joined me at breakfast he explained that a party of prospectors were expected by the morning train and these gentlemen were wishful to land at Spilla-

machene. For their convenience (as another trip would not be made till the following week) the delay had been made. As a matter of fact however, no prospecting party put in an appearance and the trip was undertaken without their company.

Directly after starting a boom thrown across the river to catch the logs coming down had to be opened to allow us to pass through, and then we proceeded to go alongside what seemed an endless boom of logs. They must have been there by hundreds of thousands, and gave a small idea of what a vast industry in British Columbia is that connected with lumber. As far as possible these logs were kept inside the boom though stray ones would escape and cause annoyance.

Once past the main boom, interest was soon taken up in other matters. The river wound in and out in such a fashion, and the currents were so strong, that navigation appeared impossible. There were times when we appeared to run into the banks of set purpose in order to turn. The crew fended us off by their oars and at such times the engine room telegraph was kept busily at work. From the very starting point the views were something wonderful, and up on the bridge it seemed as if one might be satisfied with just sitting and looking, without fear of tiring. For some distance up we saw the work upon the Kootenay Central Railway, which it is intended to run from Golden to Windermere and ultimately to some point further on. The rails were laid for several miles, and the grading done for some further miles, while higher up construction camps were seen and men and teams were apparently toiling in confusion, though of course system was at work through all. Still further up the cliffs rose so precipitously that one wondered how the engineers were going to proceed with the work. Of course one knew that surveys must have taken place and all these difficulties had been considered and allowance made for them. If it is found possible to run the Kootenay Central all along this valley, and in view of the Columbia all the time, the agents of the new line will truthfully be able to describe this as the scenic route. As we went up the River the valley widened,

and though at no time for the first day did we see many people it was evident there were homes no great distance back. Often we stopped at the most primitive of landing places and once we took our milk from a little platform right in the river. At various places we landed freight, often a most curious collection, and in no instance during that first day did I see a man at any landing stage. With each man's lot was left an itemized bill, and I was told that it was the rarest thing for a complaint to be made of any thing missing or lost. There were no names at these landings and it seemed as if we were going through a perfect wilderness and leaving things in a most promiscuous fashion. Of course there was a good system with it all, and such a system as makes this traffic a paying one.

Friday evening on that boat will be long remembered. As darkness came on and the great lamps were lit, we could see the mountains in dim outline on either hand with the stretches of water now narrow and now widening out in front, and the beautiful valley lending softness to the wild and rugged mountain scenery beyond. We kept on till well after dark eventually tying up at Spillamacheene.

The good boat was making steady progress when I retired, and when I awoke in the morning was still going ahead. The whole of Saturday we kept steadily on. In the morning we dropped the Captain at a place called Foster's Landing, where the landing had some pretensions to be called a wharf, and Mr. Russell took command. The difficulties of navigation continued with us but were all surmounted till we ceased to wonder how even the loops were negotiated. If anything, as we got further up the river the scenery improved, though it was difficult to give the palm to any particular stretch. What can be said in all moderation is that the most delightful surroundings continued all day, and the passengers remained on deck enjoying the air and the scenery, only leaving to partake of well cooked and well served meals. It was late in the afternoon when we reached an important loch and bridge, the former holding up the waters of the



lake and contributing to keep navigation open during the dry summer weather, and the latter giving access from across the river to a settlement on the other side.

Here there were large warehouses into which we discharged much freight. Great stocks have to be laid in here, as prospectors, ranchers, miners, and others outfit here and in winter they are shut off from all but supplies taken in by sleighs. We saw three fine stores each of which seemed to do a good trade with prospectors and Indians. There were quite a number of Kootenay Indians in town that day and all of them were mounted. In one case a brave was accompanied by his squaw and both were on horseback. They alighted, tied their horses and went into a store. Presently they came out and the brave immediately mounted and rode off. The squaw took her horse to a large rock, from which she mounted and rode after her husband, who had never given the slightest glance behind to see how his partner fared! It was a contrast to the manners of the white man, and the incident was watched with interest and commented upon by two ladies who were among our passengers. At this point a couple of bears were chained, and they much desired a closer acquaintance than we were disposed to allow.

On leaving this place the last stage of our journey was entered upon, and in some respects this proved to be the most beautiful of the whole. The headwaters of the river expanded into a lake of wondrous beauty, and Windermere, named after the English Windermere, was before us. The calmness and beauty of the summer evening upon that lake is one of the memories that will linger with the writer throughout his life. When the little town of Windermere was seen from the water it seemed that here was the most delightful retreat to which to retire from the maddening crowd. What more could one want—a combination the most beautiful of mountain, valley, lake and river with all that the words can convey; big game in the mountains, fish in the lake, and the valley rich in fruit, vegetables, flowers and grain?

Prospecting and lumbering would ap-

pear to be the two great occupations for those who live hereabouts, though along the Columbia Valley there are ranches upon which both horses and cattle are bred, and much of the conversation in Windermere is horsey.

We took in a further supply of wood at Windermere for the engines were fed with wood, and supplies were taken in at either end.

As we sat at supper that Saturday evening in the boat's dining room, looking across the placid waters of the lake, watching the fish rising, or glancing at the little town, with its houses in their gardens and its fine little church, the whole scene appeared perfect, and the peace was only broken by the music of the bagpipes coming across the water—music that appealed to none of the three who formed that little company, and was absolutely distasteful to one. A Scottish gentleman, who keeps his own piper and owns a gasoline launch resides in that remote part of the world, and that is how we came to hear the bagpipes on Windermere lake.

A closer acquaintance with Windermere did not dispel the view as to its prettiness or cause any doubt as to its future. At present the river in summer and the sleigh in winter alone keeps it in touch with civilization, but with the advent of the railway new life will be imparted to it, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to think of this valley as covered with smiling fields and fruitful orchards. At present much has been done in this direction and the market has been kept open by reason of the voyages of the Ptarmigan whose trips up the river and return are somewhat of events for the people all along the valley.

The return journey was made in one day as against the two occupied in taking the outward trip. Leaving Windermere early on Sunday morning the intention was to land us at Golden in time for evening service at the church. All went well till about noon, when a big log drifting alone on the waters of the river got mixed up with the large stern paddle wheel with disastrous results to the latter.

It was a splendid practical illustration that was given to me of the resourceful-



ness of western men. Before I knew exactly what we were doing we were tied up to the bank, and the whole crew headed by the Captain who with his family had been picked up at the Landing were examining the damages. By means of crowbars, axes and hammers the broken parts were taken out and removed from the scene, spare pieces brought out, fitted, holes bored, bolts put through and firmly secured by nuts, and all done in the broiling sun and by men perched in all sorts of positions and hanging over the waters of the river. For one hour the men worked hard and at the end of that time the wheel appeared to be as good as ever, and the voyage was resumed. Dinner was served while the repairing work was going on, and apparently everything was taken as a matter of course. I even ventured to ask the Captain if he had not arranged this demonstration on purpose to convince me that it is no idle boast when it is claimed that Western men are equal to any emergency that may come upon them.

We took quite a number of passengers down the river that Sunday and mail was also gathered up at the different landings. There were miners and prospectors returning to Golden, men who were tired, or said they were, of the will o' the wisp that had lured them into the mountains and given them no sudden fortune, and talked of going to the slower but more certain life of the prairies; ranchers who wanted no settlers but to be allowed to keep the wild freedom of the ranch; and others returning from holidays spent in the quiet retreats of the Upper Columbia to the more strenuous life of the cities. At Spillamacheene, which we reached early in the afternoon, a big crowd had gathered to watch the boat, and here we landed a young banker who had contributed much to our gaiety all the way up, in order that he might take a fishing excursion, this point being a specially favorable one for both canoeing and fishing.

Later on there were rumors that we could not make Golden that night, but the Captain scouted the idea, and we

continued to make progress. We saw a strange phenomena just as evening was closing in, which is locally known as "the disappearing mountain." This was at one of the bends of the river where we had to make a very abrupt turn. For a considerable time we appeared to be running directly into the mountain, the foothills of which came right to the water's edge. As we drew nearer the mountain seemed to drop down behind the foothills, and the illusion was as complete as though the mountain was gradually descending into the earth. Of course what happened was the restriction of our field of vision as we approached the foothills, these proving too high, as we got close to them, to allow us to see the mountain at all. To watch this gradual disappearance, which ended in completely obscuring the mountain, was most curious, and few optical illusions can equal this one which Nature herself supplies.

Next we were told the boom was closed, and we could by no means approach the usual landing. A gasoline launch that was flitting about that delightful summer evening went ahead to give notice of our approach, but we passed it later on in one of the "sloughs." Whether the people on board did their errand and returned I do not know for by this time it had become dark. At all events we made the landing without mishap though by the time we got there the people had left church, and as we passed the prettily situated place of worship all was in darkness and many of the inhabitants of the little town had retired for the night. No time was lost in making for the Columbia House and following their example.

In closing this little sketch of what certainly is one of the most charming trips the continent affords I should like to thank not only Captain Armstrong for his kindness in giving me the opportunity for taking the trip, but also Mr. Russell the first officer of the Ptarmigan, and Mr. Devlin, who acted as pursur, for their ready kindness and courtesy throughout the memorable three days spent in making the trip up and down the Columbia.

# The Story of Jacqueline's Treasure.

BY E. F. L. JENNER.

**I**F you and me only knew as much as the fellow who lies under that rock knew we wouldn't be toting our own loads, and carrying these old Snider rifles!" The Game Warden leaned his rifle against the side of the hovel, and undid the strap of his knapsack as he spoke.

It was growing dusk, and the October moon had not risen. The maple trees round Jacqueline's clearing were gorgeous in their autumn tints of scarlet, crimson, and orange. The Virginia creeper which covered the walls and chimney of the old log shanty might have been made of cloth of gold.

"I paid two dollars and fifty cents for hauling that rock, and I spent two days cutting that cross, and the old fellow's initials, and the R. I. P. on it! He was a good Catholic, and though he died without the rites of the Church, I thought he would like to have some sort of a sign over his grave. I owe him quite a lot of good-will, but I would most everlastingly like to know what he did with my old cap box. Somewhere along the road we have just come, there lies a fortune four strong men couldn't carry off if it was changed into twenty dollar gold pieces; and somewhere else, not ten miles from here, is another one. No one knows what it amounts to; but I wouldn't trade it for all the gold that ever came out of Goldenville."

Now the Department of Works and Mines acknowledges the fact that the mines in the Goldenville have paid royalty on two and a half millions' dollars worth of smelted gold. How much more has been stolen, and how many thousand ounces have been sold without the paying of any royalty is another story.

We pitched our little tent in Jacqueline's clearing, ate our supper, and when my companion had taken a generous drink, I reintroduced the topic of the Jacqueline treasure.

"Jacqueline has been dead these many years, and I reckon that if I had a dollar for every day I've spent hunting for that

box I spoke about, I should be worth a good many hundred dollars more than I am now. I mind when old Jacqueline came here. It was the year after the big war in France (1870). He had some money when he first came to these parts, but he lost it in the mines. The Hooking Bull took four thousand out of him at one cold slap. He got tangled up in the Little El Dorado, and lost a lot there, and, to cut a long story short, he came down to hard pan. He squatted on a little bit of land just outside the mines; built a shanty, and sold garden stuff, trout and moose meat to the miners for some time.

"Then he and old man McGrath had a falling out. McGrath was manager of the Ophir in those days. He took up Jacqueline's garden under prospecting license, and turned a gang of niggers loose in it, (to prospect for some lead he claimed to have found the drift of;—so he said) and they dug that garden up from one end to the other, and ruined every blessed thing he had set out.

"Jacqueline was a regular old gentleman. I would judge him to be sixty years old when he came to the mines. His hair was snow white, but he was as straight as a ramrod, and as supple as a boy. He claimed to have been mining all over the world, and he had been a soldier in India at the time of the mutiny. McGrath's niggers dug up his garden, and wrecked his house with their blasting. He knew better than to go to law about it; he moved out here, built that log shanty, cleared this bit of ground we're camped on, and lived on his little pension, and what he could make out of his game and fish.

"Talk about shooting! I wish you could see that old fellow handle the Enfield muzzle loader he used to carry. She weighed about nine pounds, and threw a bigger bullet than our Sniders do, but Lord help the moose he looked at over her sights! He had a little twenty guage muzzle loader shotgun, made by Horsely of York, England, and she was the poi-

sonest thing you ever saw with a round ball anywhere from fifty yards to two hundred. She was a dandy to sling shot too. I've seen him topple a black duck over, stone dead at eighty yards with her! The first few years he lived here, he made a fair living.

"He had twenty cents a day from the Government, he raised most of his own stuff, and he killed his own meat in the woods. My father was postmaster, and magistrate over to the Harbor, and Jacqueline used to come to him to get his pension papers made out. My mother was awful good to him, and if the weather was rough, or he looked tired, she always made him stay all night and never charged him one cent for bed, supper or breakfast. To tell the truth, we all liked to have him round the house, he was good company; and no more trouble than a fly. He knew a lot too. He kept us going with herbs, he showed mother how to make enough medicine out of rock polypod and horehound, and I wouldn't swap his recipe away for a barrel of patent consumption cure.

"No matter how shabby his clothes were, he always was clean, and, by the same token his dog always looked like a dog that had a home and a master. The last dog he had, he called Argus; he bought him from the captain of a trading schooner for a mink skin, and a gallon of porpoise oil. Argus was a bit cross-grained, but Jacqueline civilized him down. He was one of these thin skinned rat-tailed p'inters, that ain't no good in briers, and want a top coat and pants in cold weather. He had a dash of bull in him though, and for all his thin skin, and his cowardly ways, he wasn't afraid of man, beast or devil if Jacqueline was behind him.

I mind the time Angus McRae, the big blacksmith over to the Mayflower undertook to cleanout old man Haskins. Haskins kept a little store where the Montcalm Mining Company's office is now. He was a harmless old fool, with a tongue as long as a salmon rod, and no more actual harm in him than there is in a six weeks' old beagle pup. McRea got kind of down on him, they had some words over a counterfeit five dollar bill; McRae got stuck on it; and he tried to pass it off on

old man Haskins. Haskins said that when he sold goods, he wanted good and lawful money of Canada in return for them. Jacqueline was in the store, and when McRae struck the old man he jumped in between them. McRae was good for three of him, but he'd no more face Argus than he'd stand up against a mad wolf. I never saw a dog clear for action so quick. McRea took it well too. He told Jacqueline that he'd give him ten dollars for the dog!

"Well, as long as Jacqueline could go to the woods and work this little bit of ground, he didn't do too badly. As time went on, he grew feebler and feebler. The last three or four years he lived he had precious little besides his twenty cents a day of pension money. Father used to help him out some, and mother knit his stockings for him. The last winter he was alive, father and I went to Halifax, just before our harbor froze up, and father bought a soldier's great-coat, and cape for the old man. I got fifty rounds of Enfield ball cartridge for him, and when he came down to the Harbor to get his pension papers signed at Christmas time, Mother made him stay over Christmas day with us, and she gave him the coat and the other little trifles on Christmas morning. We all noticed that he acted kind of queer when he came to the house, in fact my father said he was getting more childish every time he saw him. He put the coat on, then he took it off, and hung it on a chair.

"You meant this for a surprise to me Mrs. Watson," said he. "It is more than kind of you, but before many weeks you will see me wearing a different coat to this, and I hope to see you wearing a different dress too. I've kept an account of all the little things you and your husband have done for me, and before many weeks are over I'll see that you are repaid with such interest as you never heard of. I'm the richest man in Canada today. I have moneys worth on me to buy every mine, and house, and bit of machinery in Goldenville. By the first of next June I shall be able to buy the finest house in London, and paper the walls with hundred pound notes if I wish to do so. In two years' time I shall probably be the richest man in the world,



and I'll keep this old coat as long as I live to remember your kindness. Now, I'm going to give you my Christmas present, and by this time next year you'll see that I've told you the truth!"

"He went down in his pants pocket and fetched up a brass box I gave him some time before. An officer gave it to me, and it held a hundred percussion caps. It had a screw lid on it, and your caps couldn't get wet in it—in those days none used a breechloader and we missed a lot of shots through our caps getting wet. He unscrewed the lid, and the box was full to the top with little red stones. Some of them were as small as duckshot, others were as big as peas, and half a dozen were as large as round .44 bullets. He picked out the biggest one and gave it to Mother.

"This is the biggest stone in the lot says he. It's flawed, but later on you shall have some that aren't flawed. He picked out a little stone, no bigger than a grain of number one shot, and gave it to my sister Rose. This is a little one, but you keep it until I ask you to give it back to me; I will come for it before very long!"

"Father thought the old fellow was a trifle off, and said so to mother as soon as he got a chance to speak to her alone. She thought so too, and said that he had better stay the night with us, as it looked like a storm. Jacqueline wouldn't do so, however. He said he had a long journey to make, and he wanted to go home, lock up his shanty, and fix things up before he went."

"I'm going to leave my gun with you, I sha'n't want it again this winter, you can use her if you keep her clean," says he to me. "I've got money enough to take Argus where I'm going, and I'll leave you the key of my place, so that if you go moose hunting you can get in for the night. Be careful of the fire; the old stove is none too good and the stove pipe is a little shaky."

"That was the last we ever saw of old man Jacqueline alive. He went off with the old grey coat belted round him, Argus walking to heel, and some things Mother had given him tied up in a brown paper parcel under his arm. Father

stood on the stoop and watched him go. It was about three in the afternoon when he left the house. It's four hours' travelling for a strong man from the Harbor to this place, and the road is as bad as possible. A Swede, named Olsen lived in the last house in the settlement, and he saw the old fellow going by, and asked him in to have a drink.

"That was a cold Christmas day. There wasn't a flake of snow on the ground, but the frost was in three feet. Father was only outside the door a minute or two, but his moustache was as white as Jacqueline's when he came in. The sky was leaden grey, and there wasn't a breath of wind. I remember as we stood on the stoop we could hear Mike Hubley's hound, old Rollo, running a fox on the other side of the harbor.

"When I went out to do the chores that evening, the snow had just commenced to fall. By the time I had the cows milked, and the wood carried in everything was white. Father and I got our moccasins and greased them, thinking that we might be able to get some still hunting next day, but we spent it, and the next four days shoveling our way to the barn, and breaking roads. The snow came down until midnight without a breath of wind, but by two in the morning it was blowing a living hurricane; and when the daylight came, the drifts were up to the telegraph wires. There hasn't been such a snow within the memory of living man.

"As soon as we got the roads broken out, and the way to the barn clear, Father and I started for old man Jacqueline's place to see how he made out. (He had given Father a key to the padlock on his shanty door.) There was a light crust on the snow, just enough to carry a man, and we made quick travelling on the snowshoes. The shanty was empty, it was clean swept, there was plenty of wood in the woodbox, and a written notice tacked up over the bed to say that Jacqueline wished anyone who used the place while he was away, to leave it as clean as they found it.

"That settles the matter says Father. The old man got back all right, locked up the place, and put through the woods

for Halifax. Most likely he's made his first stop at Melipsiguit Brook camp. We'll run over there tomorrow morning and see. Early next morning we started for Mellipsisiguit and we got there at noon. The camp was empty, but someone had left it the day before. There was fire in the ashes, and the snowshoe tracks were quite plain. We killed a farrow cow moose on Rabbit Plain barrens, on New Year's day, and came home with the rounds and the skin on two toboggans we made.

"That was an awful year for the moose! Talk of dogging. You needed no dog to kill them. They were as helpless in their yards as cattle are when they get into the slaughter pens at Chicago. People who went half starved most all the time lived all winter on moose tongues and moose hastlets. Moose hides sold for a dollar each, and lots of people had from ten to twenty hides to sell.

Towards spring the Government saw that if something wasn't done, and done soon, there wouldn't be a moose left between Yarmouth and Canso. I was one of the men they put in as game wardens, and from the end of February until the middle of March I just lived in the woods. It was a beastly sight to see the yards where the poor brutes had been slaughtered—cows, calves and bulls, and unborn calves as well, lying in the snow. How many moose-dogs we shot, and how many fellows we fined I can't say. I was fired at twice, but they didn't manage to hit me. Old man Hawes of Tangier tackled my father one night, when he was driving home from prayer meeting. Father fined him fifty dollars the day before for dogging. He wished he had kept away from him before he was through with his job however. Dad was a deacon of the church, and a magistrate but he everlastingly whaled the tripe out of old man Hawes!

"Mike Turnbull and I worked together. Mike was the ablest man on the Eastern Shore, and he was a holy terror to the doggers. One day late in March, we started to travel from 'way back of Sheet Harbor to St. Mary's River. The trip is forty miles as the crow flies. There was a good camp at the head of

Quoddy River, another one on Mellipsisiguit, and the next stopping place was this clearing we're in now. We made for this place, spent the night in the shanty, and in the morning we started for the Harbor at grey daylight. The sun had been warm for near a week, and the drifts had settled quite a bit. It was bitter cold that morning when the sun rose; the kind of still, piercing cold that goes through a home-knit lamb's wool sweater, as if it was five cent cotton. We went for all we were worth, as our grub was short and we knew that the mid-day sun would thaw the crust and make bad going. The glare of the snow was more than we could stand; we kept our eyes down for fear we would get snow blind. Just as we got to the edge of the hemlock I noticed a queer looking thing sticking out of the snow.

"What's that Mike? says I pointing to it.

"It looks like a man's foot and leg, says he, but I guess it's only some stump thawed out of the snow."

"I went over to it, and I found old man Jacqueline, lying on his back, stone dead, frozen stiff and stark; and beside him was his dog Argus. Last time I saw Argus he was as fat as a seal, you could hardly see his ribs. Now he was wasted to skin and bone. His ribs showed through the hide like the wires in one of those old-fashioned crinolines the women wore when I was a little kid. His paws were round Jacqueline's neck, and his nose was against the dead man's face. Some people say a starving dog will eat his master, but I can swear that Jacqueline had no toothmark on his body. We cut spruce-boughs and covered them up, then we put for the Harbor.

"Dad heard our story, and he came out with us. The nearest coroner was sixty miles away, and Dad ordered the old man buried, and said he'd take the risk of any questions being asked. He read the Episcopal burial service over him, and buried his dog in the same grave. All the old man had on him, was an old silver watch, his pipe, the things we had given him for his Christmas, and and a little black metal cross tied round his neck with a string. There were only two words on that cross. They read:



"For Valour!" There was no name or date on it; maybe they had been scratched off.

"I hunted his clothes thoroughly, to see if I could find the old cap box, but it wasn't there. I guess it must have fallen out of his pocket. Father had three letters in the office, addressed to him. One was his pension letter from the English War Office, the other two were from London. The envelopes had the name of Michaels and Montague, Hatton Garden, London, on them. Father thought they might be from some friends of his, so when he sent them back to the dead letter office, he wrote to the firm, and told them the old man was dead. Father took care of the watch, and some little knickknacks the old man had in his shanty. I held on to the gun, and I have her yet.

"It was along some time in May, when the trouting was getting good, and the black flies were commencing to get infernal bad, that a strange man came to our house. He came on the stage. The roads were as bad as I ever saw them. He had on a light suit, and very light patent leather boots. He was mud right up to his ears, and he wore a big diamond ring, and a pin to match it! Father was used to all sorts of people. He had a habit of sizing them up at a glance. He carried the fellow's baggage into the house, and then he says to Mother: 'That man has a good travelling outfit, he never done a day's work in his life, his hands are as white as a schoolmarm's. He's a foreigner by the talk of him, and he aint a gentleman either. No gentleman comes to a place like this wearing diamonds. He comes from a city, his boots are too thin for country wear, and he never was in these parts before; or else he would be dressed differently. I bet dollars to doughnuts he's after some news of old man Jacqueline. If he isn't, he's some stranger looking after a mine.

"Mother gave the man his dinner, and he spoke for a room. After dinner I took him up the river fishing. He cast a nice line, and got some good trout but he made as much fuss over a two pound trout as an ordinary man makes over a twenty pound salmon. After supper he called Father into his room, and they had

a long talk together.

"Presently Father comes out, and says to mother, 'Where's them little stones old man Jacqueline left here on Christmas Day?' Mother says she had them in her work box, but Tom, (that's me) had taken them. I went up into the garret, and hunted round among my old duds until I found both of them. I had clean forgotten about taking them. I took them down to the stranger's room! The sweat stood out on his forehead in big beads when he saw them. He pulled a little glass out of his pocket, and examined them turning them that way and this in the palm of his hand.

"And you carried these round in your vest pocket, and forgot you had them!" says he when he'd finished looking at them. Just for curiosity's sake I'd like to hear how you happened to come by these stones. Your father says he was out of the room when Jacqueline gave these two to your mother and sister, and he didn't see how many others he had.

"I can't just say how many there were," I replied, "but I know that he had a cap box so full he could only screw the lid down one turn; and I have the mate to the box, and if I fill it up with little stones, we can soon see just how many it holds, and we can make a good guess that way.

"I took a teacup, filled it with gravel, and picked out stones enough to fill my own cap box. Then we turned them out and counted them. There were fifty-six all told. I was particular to size them up like the stones Jacqueline showed me.

"And you mean to tell me that Jacqueline had a box like that full to the top with stones like those two," said the stranger, when he'd counted them. Mother and I said that he had just about as many, and that they were just about the size of the gravel stones which lay on the table.

"Then your friend carried a King's ransom in his pocket!" said the stranger. "My name is Michaels. I am the senior partner in the biggest diamond firm in London. I have come three thousand miles to look into this case, and I brought a hundred thousand dollars with me to buy as many of these stones as I could get. This little stone"—holding up the



one Jacqueline gave to Rose—"is one of the finest rubies I've seen in thirty years. It's worth twice its weight in the finest diamonds that were ever mined. This larger one is what we call flawed. If it wasn't for that, it would be worth from two to three thousand pounds. As it is I'll give you a thousand pounds for the two, and account to you for any balance when the stones are cut. I have an account in the bank of Nova Scotia, Halifax, and you can come to Halifax at my expense, and see that I'm telling you the truth. Now I've been open with you, and I can tell you this. Somewhere back in these woods there is a treasure worth the ten best gold mines in the world. A year ago, Jacqueline wrote to us, and sent on one stone with his letter. We had that stone examined by two of the first experts in Amsterdam. They pronounced it a better ruby than any they had ever seen. There are only three countries where rubies are found—Burma, Siam, and Ceylon. The rubies from Burma are the best, those from Ceylon and Siam are pale colored, and haven't got the same lustre the Burmese rubies have."

"He unbuttoned his vest, and took a little green leather case out of the inside pocket. He opened it, and on the white satin inside was a stone about as big as a big pea. It was cut like a diamond, and it fairly blazed with light.

"That's the best, but not the largest, ruby that's been sold in London for the last hundred years, Mr. Watson. It looks a small thing, but it is worth at least two thousand pounds sterling. Now I've been in this country for a month; and I made it my business to find out about you people. They say you know every foot of woods in this

An expensive hunt was that undertaken by two Americans who went as far into Northern Ontario as Englehart after moose. They had no luck until one day when they discovered what they believed to be two moose standing together. Each man selected his animal and the rifles rang out as one. Both were successful and made kills with their first shots. When they went to examine their game what was their chagrin to find that

county, and most of the next ones. I heard a man say today that some one was as honest as Squire Watson, and if you people are inclined to work with us, and for us, we will make it worth your while. It's not a matter of dollars and cents, but of millions and millions of pounds sterling, if what Jacqueline told you is true, and if you can find the place he discovered these three stones in. That cap box full of stones may be worth three hundred pounds weight of coined gold!"

"Father and Mr. Michaels went to Halifax that week. They had a paper drawn up that Father and I were to prospect for Michaels and Montague and to be paid for our time, and have a half share of what we found. Michaels sailed for England, taking our two stones with him, and he paid Father four thousand dollars for them, and promised in writing, to send on any balance there was after they were sold. He sailed in the Heliopolis. She was spoken off Cape Race, but she never reached port. Some think she ran into an iceberg, and others say some other ship ran her down and sank with her.

"His firm paid us for two summer's work. Then they wrote us that the bargain was "off." Spring and fall, before the leaves came on, and after they went off, I've searched the roadside for old man Jacqueline's cap-box. I've been searching for near twenty years, maybe I'll find it some day, maybe I never will!

"I don't believe in Spiritualists, but if one came along I would give him all I own if he could raise old Jacqueline, and get him to tell me where he dropped that cap-box, and where he mined the rubies he had in it!"

they had shot a team of fine horses which had been picketed by the owner while he prepared a meal. They settled with him for \$600, which considering the time and place where the loss occurred and the difficulty of replacing the animals, was no more than reasonable. When the hunters departed they did not take with them any portion of their game for the purpose of displaying to admiring friends proofs of their prowess.

# Algy's Fluke.

BY D. D. DESHANE.

**I**T was in Belleville, Ont., I had met him first. I had gone into the little gun-shop on the corner, for a rifle which I had left to be repaired, and he followed a moment later. One glance, I knew him for one of the newest arrivals from the Old Country. A Cockney at that. London was written all over him as plainly as if some artist had drawn a picture of that mighty city across his narrow face. He was about five feet four in height, with a smooth-shaven face, from which looked out a pair of sharp, shrewd-looking eyes. His movements were as quick and nervous as his speech was slow and drawling. He was dressed in the regulation tourist costume, low shoes, knee breeches, belted jacket, and double-peaked cap. Stepping up to the gunsmith, he bowed stiffly, and drawled:

"Aw-er-I want to buy a gun—don't-ye-know."

"Yes sir. What kind of a gun would you like?" asked the gunsmith, all business.

"By Jove! I hardly know! Anything that will kill a bear will do, I presume."

"Oh, I see! Going to hunt bears, eh? Well here's a gun that's warranted to kill a bear at any season of the year!" lied the wily salesman, winking at me.

The Englishman examined the heavy gun closely, and asked for information.

"Aw-er-is it true that bears are so plentiful in this country? A fellah on the train told me that they walked right down the streets in broad daylight!"

"Well, they're not quite so bold as that, but in season you can see them along the river-banks and down in the harbor in droves."

"How odd, by Jove! I must make a note of that," and out came his note book and pencil, and for a moment he scribbled rapidly.

"Now you want a shot-gun," said the gunsmith, briskly. "Mr. Berkley here is an old hunter, and he'll tell you that every sportsman carries a shot-gun."

"How d' ye do, Mr. aw-er-Berkshire—happy to meet you. My cawd, sir!" and

he reached me a delicate piece of card-board, on which was inscribed in gilt letters:

Percy Algernon Fitz-Hugh Gibbons,  
London.

"No wonder he is such a runt," I thought, as I was shaking his hand and welcoming him to Canada. "A name like that is enough to dwarf a giant!"

He wasn't in that shop more than fifteen minutes, but such good use did the gunsmith make of the time, that he worked off on the Englishman a rifle, a shot-gun, two revolvers, and a hunting knife, to say nothing of a pair of line-man's spurs, which he had thrown in for good measure.

The Cockney had seen those spurs hanging on a hook behind the counter, and in his innocence had asked what they were for.

"Oh, those," said the shopman, soberly. "Those are also a part of a hunter's outfit. I had nearly forgotten them. When hunting bears, you must always strap those on, then in case of accident to your gun you've got something to fall back on. With those on your feet it is the easiest thing in the world to climb a tree, when the bear gets you cornered and your ammunition is all gone!"

And the Englishman believed him, swallowed every word as greedily as a hungry fish swallows a bait, and opened his mouth for more. I had seen some very verdant specimen of his kind before, but he was certainly the limit. I felt sorry for the little cuss, too, because there was something about him which commanded my respect.

We left the shop together, and one glance at that poor Cockney would have sent a western desperado into fits. He was a regular walking arsenal—he literally bristled with arms—and he was as unconscious of the figure he cut in the street as a new-born babe. He was as much in earnest as if he were surrounded by hostile savages and beasts of prey.

The Forest and Stream Club was holding a meeting that night, and I in-

vited him to attend. He was warmly welcomed by the boys, who used him as a butt for all their jokes, almost smothering him with ridicule. But there was not so much fun in it, after all—he took everything so seriously—and no matter how coarse or brutal the joke might be, his good nature was never ruffled. What struck me as being the most amusing thing about him was his conceit. If he was small in stature, he surely made it up in conceit—it was simply colossal! He could lie, too! When the boys tried to load him up with unreasonable hunting stories, he always went them one better. He told us some of the tallest yarns about the large game that had fallen before his unerring aim that I have ever heard or read about. To hear him talk one would think that any animal which came within a mile of his gun was simply committing suicide!

We were making up a party to go North on a deer hunting expedition, and Algy, as he insisted on being called, jumped at the chance to accompany us. He seemed to have all kinds of money, which he spent like a Prince, and for my part I was glad of his company. Two days later saw us camped in an old abandoned lumbering shanty, at the head of Wolf Lake. Our camp was a very crude affair! The roof leaked, the chinking had fallen out from between the logs, and it was anything but comfortable quarters, especially when the wind blew and the rain came down in torrents. But we were prepared to rough it for a few weeks, and took everything as a part of the sport—even to the smoke which filled the room every time we lighted a fire. We looked to see Algy collapse, but not he. He took his medicine like a man, smoked innumerable cigarettes and seemed to thrive on hardship. He enjoyed it—or said he did—and was the very life of the whole party!

There were five of us in the party, including Thompson, a settler, whom we engaged as guide and dog setter, and for three days we hunted faithfully, but not a hair of a deer did we see. The evening of the third day, we held a council of war, with Thompson on the floor. There were few better hunters than Thompson, and as a marksman he was unequalled,

at any rate by the Belleville sports. We listened to him with respect.

"I tell you, boys," he said vehemently, "it's all the bloomin' Englishman's fault. We'll never get a shot at a deer with him stalking in the woods. Why, a deer wouldn't come within ten miles of him! You can hear him crashing through the brush for miles, and them blasted spurs of his makes as much noise as a logging-chain dragging after a team of oxen. There is no use putting him on a run-way, because he just sits down and smokes. Such tobacco, too! The deer can smell it over in the next county. Now, tomorrow I'm going to tie him in his bunk. I hate to do it, but it's the only way, if you fellows don't want to go back to Belleville empty handed!"

Algy joined in the laugh that followed as heartily as any of us, after which he produced his note-book and made a note of the joke.

"How would you like to set the dogs tomorrow, Algy?" I asked jestingly.

"By Jove, just the thing—don't-ye-know!" he exclaimed, eagerly.

"All right, that's settled then; perhaps our luck will change."

Everyone seemed pleased at my proposition but Thompson, who retired to bed in disgust.

Bright and early the next morning we started Algy off with the dogs. They were a pair of large, powerful hounds, keen on the scent and eager for the chase, and for fear they would get away from Algy we had tied the lines by which they were held in leash about his waist. Thompson had threatened his life if he released them before he reached a certain point, as we all wished to get stationed on runways before the game was started.

Algy was pulled over the ground at such a rate that I began to experience a feeling of uneasiness for his safety. I feared that in going through the brush his gun might be discharged, and knowing how carelessly he carried that dangerous weapon, there was no telling what might happen.

Accompanied by Thompson, I followed him as closely as possible, but we were soon left far behind. Keeping on his trail, we presently struck a heavy growth of timber, through which we had to pick



our way with great care. We had only penetrated this a short distance when we heard Algy's voice. He seemed to be talking to the dogs and just before we reached him, we paused to listen.

"Let up now, you blawsted brutes!" we heard him say, angrily. "Don't you see you've got me foul, you ugly whelps?" I'll pay you off for this, see if I don't!" and much more of the same sort.

When we got to where we could see him, I nearly went into convulsions. And Thompson, sober-minded chap as he was, just threw himself on the ground and roared with laughter. Poor Algy! He certainly was in a peculiar position this time.

In some manner, the dogs had passed one on either side of a small tree, and being tied fast to Algy, found themselves unable to proceed when that worthy had brought against the obstruction. Knowing the dogs as I did, it was no difficult matter to imagine how they must have struggled to escape, with the scent of game in their nostrils. Finding they could neither break the lines nor pull Algy apart, they had taken to circling around and around the tree. When we reached them, they had ceased to struggle to escape, but only because they had wound up all their rope to the last foot. It was drawn good and tight, too, and Algy was within its coils. Never did bloodthirsty savage bind a victim more securely than had those two dogs in their mad endeavors to escape.

"Aw, by Jove, glad you've got here!" said Algy when he caught sight of us.

"How did this happen, Algy?" I asked, with feigned concern, as I began to loosen his bonds.

"Well, it was the only way I could hold them, don't-ye-know. I knew if I let them go Mr. Thompson would be vexed, so I just steered them straddle of this tree, by Jove!"

We accepted his explanation as if we believed it, and in a few minutes he was free. His legs must have been pretty sore from the chaffing of the ropes, but not a murmur did we hear from him; he shouldered his gun and followed us out to the clearing as briskly as if nothing had happened out of the ordinary.

A few minutes later, we released the

dogs. They hardly passed out of sight, when we heard them giving tongue in the most lively fashion, and we knew that they had started game.

"Let's make for that knoll," said Thompson, excitedly, pointing toward a small elevation about fifty yards away.

We sprinted for the knoll, with Algy in the lead, the muzzle of his gun always keeping on a line with my head, no matter how much I dodged.

"Cock your guns, and keep your eyes open!" ordered Thompson, when we had reached the knoll.

Algy at once obeyed by pointing his rifle directly at Thompson's breast, and pulling back the hammer till it rested at full cock.

"Get up on that log, and point your gun the other way. You handle a rifle like a policeman handles his club in a crowd. You'll hurt yourself yet, sonny!" said Thompson, as coolly as if having a loaded gun pointed at him was an every day occurrence.

Algy scrambled up on to the trunk of a fallen tree, where he balanced himself with difficulty, and Thompson and myself partly concealed ourselves behind a clump of bushes. We could hear the dogs away around on the left of us, and from the noise they were making we judged that they had started something worth while.

In a few minutes Thompson's sharp eyes caught sight of the deer breaking over a knoll about three hundred yards away, headed directly towards us. As he disappeared in a hollow, running easily, with a good lead on the dogs, Thompson gave us our orders.

"The wind is in our favor, boys, and he'll run right up to us. Wait till he reaches that dead tree, about sixty yards away, then fire. He's a beauty, and we must get him!"

Two minutes more and I saw the deer's antlers appear over the crest of another knoll, one hundred yards nearer to us. Instinctively I glanced at Algy. He had also caught sight of the deer, and I could see that he was wild with excitement. His eyes were big, and round, and staring, his fingers clutched the barrel of his rifle nervously, and his legs trembled so violently that his spurs rattled like the

bones of an end-man in a Minstrel show. I had just time to note these things, and no more, for, at this second, Algy's feet went from under him like a shot, and he sat down on that log with force enough to break it, had he not been such a featherweight. But that wasn't the worst of it. When he struck the log his gun went off, and the report echoed through the valleys and over the hills with such startling distinctness that for a moment I was speechless!

"You damned little runt!" roared Thompson. "Didn't I tell you not to fire till he reached that tree?"

But Algy heard not one word he said. He sat perfectly still on that log, staring straight before him, seeming unable to remove his gaze from the spot where the deer had last been seen.

"By Jove!" he muttered, breathlessly, "I believe I brought him down!"

"Brought what down, fool?" asked Thompson, viciously.

"The deer, old boy, the deer! I had dead sight on him, down't-ye-know, and I'm sure I couldn't miss at that distance!"

"That deer was two hundred yards away," growled Thompson. "You couldn't hit a mountain at ten paces!"

"I know I got him!" said Algy, decid-

edly, getting up from the log. "I'm going to see!" and he started off without stopping to pick up his cap, which had fallen from his head when he sat down so abruptly.

Thompson and I followed more leisurely. I was vastly amused at the way in which Algy could stretch his imagination, and as for Thompson, he was too disgusted to even swear!

The deer was there all right, dead as the proverbial doornail, shot fair through the center of the forehead. He was a beauty, too, of fully three hundred pounds. I had had considerable experience in deer hunting, but never had I witnessed such an extraordinary case of fluke as this. I glanced blankly at Algy, expecting to see him overwhelmed by his good fortune, but saw nothing of the kind. The measly little runt had produced his inevitable note-book, and was coolly noting down the result of his remarkable shot!

And Thompson! Well, he just seemed to wilt. He sat down on a stone, looking from Algy to the deer, and from the deer back to Algy again!

"Well, I'll be blown!" he breathed in utter bewilderment. "Yes, I am blown!"

## Lord Grey's Western Home.

### A Paradise for Those Retiring From the Fight.

BY AUGUST WOLF.

**B**ORDERING the eastern shore of the beautiful Kootenay Lake and facing a panoramic series of mountain peaks, their caps glistening in the autumn snows, with Mount Loki towering ten thousand feet in its majestic grandeur in the distance and the glaciers of the Duncans overlooking the headlands, is the shooting ground which Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada, has just acquired in southern British Columbia, northeast of Spokane. James Johnson, First Vice President of the Nelson Agricultural Society, has been installed as keeper, and it is likely the representative of King Edward in the Dominion

will bring out a party from Ottawa some time this winter for an old-fashioned hunt.

The Grey lodge will be in the midst of such scenery as can be only equalled, not surpassed, by the famed Swiss Alps. The grounds leading to the hills are the haunts of white tail deer and caribou, while deeper into the mountains recesses may be found, silver tip and grizzly bear and the finest specimens of mountain goat and sheep.

The grounds have a frontage of nearly half a mile on the lake, the only place of habitation at present being a log hut. It is planned to reach the lodge by

steamer, when the new line is put into operation on Kootenay Lake. The nearest neighbor is at Kuskanouk, eight miles south. On the shore of the lake thrive grouse, golden pheasant and quail, and off the pebbly shore dart trout of the Dolly Varden and Rainbow varieties, which, fishermen say, are worthy the skill and rod of any expert. A few miles below on the Kootenay flats may be had some of the best duck shooting in the country.

Sportsmen in Spokane do not wonder that once having seen the famous hunting and fishing grounds in the northern part of the Inland Empire, Earl Grey did not hesitate to become owner of a vast acreage. When his son, Lord Howick, who has hunted big game in Africa and shot over the best preserves in England and Scotland, saw the scenery, heard the calling of the grouse and the whistle of the early teal, the turf springing from the sharp hoof print of an alarmed whitetail before his eyes, the first tract proposed was not sufficient and he prevailed upon the owner to give up more ground, where will be erected a hunting and fishing residence, which is also to serve as a ranch house. It will be beautified with lawns and gardens, which will make an ideal spot and attract widespread attention through the visits of Earl Grey and his sportsmen friends.

William Randolph Hearst has an option on a tract adjoining Earl Grey's lands, and Johnson is of the impression the New Yorker will not let it expire.

"I feel almost certain that Mr. Hearst will tire of the political turmoil soon," Johnson added, when visited a short time

ago, "and then he will think of the Kootenay again and the sport he and Mrs. Hearst had here last year. If he does he will come out and build a place."

When the Hearsts were in the Kootenays last year, Johnson volunteered to teach Mrs. Hearst how to catch rainbow trout, the gamiest fish in the waters of the northwest.

"Why," Mrs. Hearst said, "I have never caught a fish in my life."

Johnson was patient, as all good fishermen are, and Mrs. Hearst proved an apt pupil in his hands. The following day Johnson received a basket containing seven beauties, with these words on Mrs. Hearst's card: "My first catch; thank you."

Johnson is enthusiastic over the outlook for the coming season, and declares the present one should bring a number of prominent sportsmen, since all kinds of big and small game are abundant, and every place of vantage does not bristle with rifles and fowling pieces.

He has numerous trophies of the hunt in his library, where he passes his odd moments in the study of horticulture and arboriculture for let it be known that he understands the art of budding and grafting as well as he does that of potting a deer at the first shot. There are two trophies to which he points with just pride: One is the blue ribbon awarded at the London Horticultural Exposition in 1905, when his fruit exhibit outclassed the best grown in any part of the British Empire; the other, the 54-inch spread of antlers of a bull moose bagged several years ago.

## Hard on the Indians and the Settlers.

**T**HE following strong criticisms on the conduct of both the Indians and the settlers in the destruction of big game have been received from Mr. A. E. Robillard, of the Hudson Bay Company's Post on Lake Nepigon. This gentleman knows whereof he writes, and no doubt his strong criticisms will apply to some Indians and some settlers, though we would fain hope not to the

majority. We further trust that those to whom his statements do apply will be made to see the error of their ways by the increasing efforts and good examples of the rapidly growing numbers of members of our Fish and Game Protection Associations. Mr. Robillard writes:

"When certain statements are made concerning the better protection of our game, there are individuals who criticise



those who make them as being erratic, and describe the statements as being wide of the proper course. They are the same people who make a plea for the exterminator of whom I wish to speak. Allow me to congratulate, and say a few words in support of, a suggestion made in one of your recent numbers by Mr. William Pratt, of Penetanguishene, a gentleman of whom we who advocate better protection, and who do not wish to see our game follow in the wake of the buffalo and the pigeon, ought to be proud.

"I have lived and (in season) hunted from the Rockies to Newfoundland, and I find that my opinions coincide with those of other men who have spent some time in the north woods, and who have used their eyes and observed. We know that in Ontario it is the Indian who is the exterminator. He has the almighty right to carry a gun and kill for his own use; consequently he kills everything that comes his way from a squirrel to a moose the whole year round. So highly developed is his instinct to kill that he will shoot a worthless mink in its summer coat, when common sense should tell him that the same animal would bring him from four to six dollars in the proper season.

"In the large stretch of country from Abitibi west to Flying Post many Indians have cleaned out permanently from their trapping grounds the beaver and otter, and as mink and marten are getting scarce some of these strong fellows actually have to degrade their ancestors by having to go to work.

"The transcontinental survey parties are paying handsome wages and are always on the look-out for good men familiar with the woods to take supplies inland, carry mail, or work on the line. But no, the Indian prefers to lounge around his foul smelling tepee, and prey on the fast disappearing game.

"In this section of Ontario from Lake Superior to the Albany many an Indian after having contracted debts with the Hudson Bay Company to the extent of fifty or seventy-five dollars comes out in the spring with just a few mink and marten, not enough to give them a clean sheet with the Company. These same Indians have probably gone without flour all winter, or most of it, and have lived on rabbits—such is the scarcity of game. The Indians of this district have been used to a greater variety of food than rabbits, for caribou were once plentiful.

"Last winter the red men had a reminder of past times in the form of an old-fashioned feast. They slaughtered a small band of thirty caribou in the deep snow a little north of Lake Nepigon. Another small band of six belonging to the same herd were also killed by them on the same day and in the same locality, "for their own use." The skins of these animals decorated the walls of a Hudson Bay store this summer in the form of beaded moccasins. So much for the North country.

"Now about Nipissing, Parry Sound and Muskoka. I have hunted red deer down there, and the man who thinks that the township owes him a living is the settler. He shoots a deer at any time for himself, for his friend in town, or even for the deserving lumber camp, has a string of them in his barn, or hanging up in the woods to sell to the unfortunate hunter, who waits all the year and buys a license for the privilege of a bit of sport for two weeks in the fall; and should the hunter refuse to buy, this same butcher will probably poison his dogs. This is the same person who barrels up the partridge and ships them down the line.

"Just a word or two more. If it is close season for all our game in the heat of the summer, why is the tourist allowed to carry firearms into the country?"



# A Loucheux Legend of the Bear.

BY CHARLES CAMSELL.

**T**HE old Loucheux guide transfixed a live coal with the blade of his pocket-knife, as he sat cross-legged before the blazing camp-fire, and held it to the bowl of his pipe, while he gave a few short quick puffs to thoroughly ignite the tobacco. He was a man about fifty-five years of age, active and supple as a boy, and very picturesque in his gaudy costume, but decidedly ugly. His Indian name was impossible to pronounce, but he always preferred to be called by his English name of Peter Ross; and at our first meeting his face broke out into smiles, when I asked him if he were Scotch.

The night was cold and stormy, though it was only the middle of August, and the wind whistled and moaned through the tops of the few stunted spruce trees that grew on the bleak shores of the McKenzie River, a few miles up from the Arctic coast. It had been a hard day's paddle against wind and stream up to the mouth of the Peel River; so that when a comfortable camp was made and after disposing of a generous portion of the mountain sheep that we had killed a few days before on the eastern slope of Mount Goodenough, the old guide began to get reminiscent under the soothing influence of a pipe of black tobacco. Perhaps the incident of a few hours before, when we had come suddenly on a large grizzly bear walking along the beech, was still fresh in his memory and accounted for the particular train of thought; or it may have been that the feeling of satisfaction and restfulness, which is always induced in a voyageur after a hard day's travel and a good supper, compelled the old man to give utterance to thoughts which as a rule he kept to himself; whatever the reason, without taking his eyes off the fire, he slowly said to me:

"I wonder, my grandson, if you ever heard the reason why the bear that you shot today has such a short tail?"

"Confessing my ignorance of the family history of bears, I ventured the suggestion that they possibly had been made that

way from the beginning.

With a smile of compassion at the ignorance of the white man he relapsed into silence, and sat calmly gazing into the fire and taking long whiffs at his black clay pipe. It could easily be seen that he was eager to relate the tale, and knowing that he would begin as soon as it suited him to do so, we waited in patience until the spirit should move him. Shortly after he began again:

"I remember" he said, "when I was a small boy in the long winter nights, when we never see the sun for nearly two whole months, and there is only a little light in the middle of the day, my grandfather used to sit by the fire in his lodge and tell me long stories of his people. How the Indians first came to this country how there came a great flood and all the Indians and animals had to live for many days on a large raft, until the Crow made enough land for them to live on again, how there used to be giants in the country, and how Chi-ta-cho-lie came and killed them as well as all the animals that were dangerous to the Indians. All this and more my grandfather used to tell me in the long winter nights, when he had nothing to do but smoke his pipe. The Indians have plenty of stories."

The old man fumbled in his pockets for some tobacco, and finding none, calmly reached over and filled his pipe out of my pouch.

"My own people" he continued, "which you white men call Loucheux, have always lived near the mouth of the Big River (McKenzie,) and though there was always war between ourselves and the Hus Kies (Esquimaux,) who tried to drive us back into the mountains, we have always been able to hold our own hunting grounds. That lop-stick that you see on that point above us was made to mark the last big fight we had with them, and sixteen Hus Kies are buried there. Now they don't bother us any more."

The old man again relapsed into silence, probably at the memory of that last

great battle with the Esquimaux in which he himself had participated, and which he had recounted to us a few evenings before when we had passed an encampment of Esquimaux. The silence lasted so long, that I made bold to disturb his reverie by asking :

"But what about the story of the bear, Pete?"

The camp fire blazed up for a moment, lighting up the weather beaten and impassive features of the old guide, and then died down again leaving the recumbent figures of the members of the party in seemingly deeper shadow than before. He made a pretence that he had not heard my question, but allowing sufficient time to elapse to make it appear that he was not doing so in response to it, he continued.

"A long time before the Company came to trade at Fort Macpherson, and a long time before there were any white men in the whole country, the Indians lived here. At first all the Indians were animals and the animals were the Indians. But the animals were then too clever for the Indians and could not be killed by them, so the Indians were compelled to live entirely on fish. Often they were not able to catch fish, and then many of them died of starvation. There was danger that the Indians might soon die out altogether, so they were changed back to what they are now. Even though it is many years since the change took place, some of the animals can still understand the Indian language, and that is why we always talk to the caribou and tell them where to go when we hunt them. But most of the animals have now forgotten our language and cannot understand when we speak to them. In the time before the change took place, all the bears both black and grizzly had long tails, longer even than a dog's. One day, late in the fall, after all the lakes were frozen over, and it was getting very cold, a bear was wandering about the shores of a lake, looking for something to eat. He happened to come across a fox, who had a great quantity of fish stored up for the winter, and feeling very hungry at the sight of them, he asked the fox for some. The fox answered in

a very surly manner.

"That is my catch for the winter, and you can get some, like I did, in the lake out there."

"But," said the bear, "I can't catch them. I can catch all I want in the summer, but I don't know how to do it when the lake is frozen. If you will tell me how you got yours, I will try and get some for myself."

"The fox, though he had caught all the fish with a hooked stick, was not going to let the bear into the secret of how to catch them, and besides he wanted to play a trick on the old bear. So he instructed the bear to go to a hole on the lake that he had made in the ice. "Now," he said, "you must sit down on that hole and let your tail hang down in the water. The water is very cold and it may hurt you a little, but the longer you remain the more fish you will have on your tail when you pull it up."

"The bear, without considering any treachery on the part of the fox, and not thinking of the consequence, did as he was instructed, and sat down on the hole, allowing his tail to hang down in the water. His greediness and desire to catch a lot of fish compelled him to keep his tail a long time in the cold water in spite of the pain he suffered. At last the fox saw that the ice had formed around the tail and the bear was frozen in, so he called out to the bear.

"Jump out now, and pull out your fish!"

"The bear obeyed by jumping up suddenly, with the result that nearly all his tail remained fast in the ice, and only a short stump was left on his body. Ever since then the bears have had short tails. And that is why they have to make dens in the winter time, because they have no tails to keep their noses warm when they go to sleep."

The old guide rose, and knocking the ashes out of his pipe, placed it carefully in his waistcoat pocket, remarking at the same time.

"It is time to go to sleep, my grandson, for it is far to Fort Macpherson yet, and we will have to start early to get there before sunset tomorrow!"



# Ducks, Their Distribution and Migration.

## Canada's Great Concern in These Game Birds.

**T**HE valuable series of papers dealing with game and game birds issued by the Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture has received a fine addition in a paper written by Wells W. Cooke, one of the assistants in the Department and published by the Washington Government.

Mr. H. W. Henshaw, the acting chief of the Department, in submitting the report to the Secretary of Agriculture, states that the waterfowl, which were formerly abundant over the whole of the United States, are steadily diminishing in numbers, and some species appear to be threatened with extinction in the not distant future. Their value for food is great, and they have formed in the past, and for all future time should continue to form, a valuable asset and an important source of revenue to the several Provinces and States which harbour them. The preservation of the numerous species of ducks, geese and swans is becoming an important matter of legislative enactment, and the report is intended to furnish information as to the present range, abundance and migration of the several species with a view to practical legislation. There is much in this pamphlet that is of interest to all sportsmen, and a good deal that is of interest to Canadians in particular.

In the introduction we are told that wildfowl are distributed over the whole world. From time immemorial ducks, geese and swans have been held in high esteem by mankind, and everywhere they have been eagerly pursued for sport or for food. Passing by the purely aesthetic value of the birds as beautiful and welcome denizens of our waters and as lending the charm of life to our otherwise desolate lakes; passing by too, their importance to thousands of men who are lured from business cares to pursue them and who derive from their pursuit both health and pleasure; their economic value and importance as food are very great. Their flesh not only is palatable and nu-

tritious, but is so different from that of domestic fowls as to form a most welcome addition to the tables both of the rich and the poor.

The flesh of wildfowl constituted an important item in the larder of the aborigines of this country, who by means of the bow and arrow and various devices in the shape of traps and nets succeeded in obtaining them in considerable numbers. As an addition to their larder wildfowl became almost as essential to the first settlers as they had been to the Indians, and so far as game was concerned the fowling piece soon became a more important part of the settlers' equipment than the rifle. Neither the aborigines nor the early settlers appreciably reduced the numbers of the hordes of ducks and geese that periodically covered the lakes, ponds, rivers and marshes of the country. It was not until comparatively recent times indeed, that the increase of population and of market gunners, together with the invention of that potent engine of destruction, the breech loading gun, have had their logical effect in greatly diminishing their numbers, and in practically exterminating not a few species.

So rapidly are some species diminishing in numbers in certain States that the market supply is already threatened, and Minnesota has found it necessary to pass laws prohibiting not only the export of ducks but even their sale within the State limits. Such radical legislation in a State where only a few years since waterfowl abounded on every lake and waterway, reveals how imminent is the danger and how pressing the value and importance of prohibitive laws, and it becomes evident that if any considerable number of waterfowl are to be preserved spring shooting must be abolished and the sale of wildfowl limited to the States where killed.

The enforcement of moderately stringent protective laws, however, and the establishment of preserves in the States where waterfowl can be sure of shelter

and safety, are likely to result not only in averting the threatened extinction of certain species, but in the increase of all waterfowl to a point somewhat near their recent abundance. Should the lessons of the past be unheeded, then measures of the most radical kind will be necessary.

Of the sixty-four species and subspecies of ducks, geese and swans which occur in North America, north of Mexico, twenty-four breed in the United States. The species most important are the wood duck, mallard, black duck, teal, canvasback, redhead and Canada goose.

The author says it is a sad commentary on the laws of the States, and their present system of game protection, that the wood duck, one of the handsomest of their native birds, is the species that has suffered most. So persistently has this duck been pursued that in some sections it has been practically exterminated. The wood duck is constantly diminishing in numbers and soon is likely to be known only from books or by tradition.

Wherever waterfowl already breed, or where the conditions are such as to favor their remaining during the summer, every effort should be made to increase the number of breeding birds by adequate protection, both in the spring and during the nesting season, and wherever possible, game refuges or preserves suitable for breeding purposes, should be established.

Protective laws intended to shorten the open season, to prohibit spring shooting, eliminate destructive methods of hunting, and to stop sale or export have often provoked opposition from those who maintain that it is futile to attempt the protection of migratory birds in the North if they are not equally well protected on their winter feeding grounds in the South. Recent experience, however, shows that under certain circumstances the results of local protection are immediate and very striking.

The last sentence should be read by every Canadian who argues that it is useless to prohibit spring shooting in Canada so long as it is permitted in the border States. According to the author of this pamphlet it is of direct and immediate benefit to follow the Ontario policy

in this matter. Instances are quoted in support of this contention. This is not intended to weaken in any way the argument for general legislation, but rather to stimulate local action, and to show that the latter has a wider reaching effect than many people believe; and the contention that it is no good to do anything locally until others have been converted is one that is not applicable. Co-operative legislation on the part of the Southern States is greatly to be desired and may be expected to follow as the causes that have led to the diminution in the number of waterfowl are better understood there and the effects of protective legislation in Northern States and in the Provinces of Canada are fully comprehended.

The problem of the legal protection of ducks, geese and swans has two phases—protection during the breeding season, and protection during migration and in winter. The first phase concern twenty-four species of ducks breeding in the United States, while forty-six species come under the head of winter residents of the States. The author states that from an economic point of view the twenty-four species of ducks and geese that breed in the United States comprise the most important North American species, while among the number are all the species that at the present time need protection while breeding. Out of these twenty-four species, five are small and confined to the South, but the other nineteen are all breeds that of late years have decreased in numbers and have most need of protection.

The causes of decrease are described as market hunting, spring shooting and destruction of the breeding grounds for farming purposes. Up to twenty years ago market hunting was the principal factor in the steady diminution of waterfowl. Since 1885 however the problems of duck preservation in North America have entirely changed.

The prairie regions of Central Canada, and portions of Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota, a vast region crowded with lakes, ponds, sloughs and marshes that furnish ideal resting conditions, and unlimited food form the "ducks' paradise." Forty years ago on the whole of this vast region, two hundred miles wide



by four hundred miles in length, every available nook was crowded with waterfowl and numbered its inhabitants by hundreds of thousands. The forests formed a partial boundary to the north, while to the south the general absence of suitable breeding grounds was the controlling factor.

Railway building and extension in the States have changed the face of the country to the detriment of the breeding places of the ducks. What the author calls "the final doom of the ducks" was apparent when the Canadian Pacific Railway crossed the prairies to the Rocky Mountains, through the very heart of the finest duck breeding grounds on the continent. During the past decade the last stronghold of the waterfowl has been invaded, and soon the great breeding colonies of northern Alberta and Saskatchewan will be of the past. The future supply must come from small colonies scattered in favorable localities over Canada, and the northern portions of the United States. Fortunately such favorable places exist, and will continue to exist for many years.

An important question in connection with the protection of ducks is the time when they pair for the breeding season, since it is evident that if shooting is continued after the birds have paired a decided decrease in the number of broods will result. While the present state of knowledge does not warrant positive statements as to the exact date of pairing of each species, enough has been learned to show that in the case of many species pairing occurs before the breeding grounds are reached. The Hon. J. F. Thayer declares that mallards, black ducks, gadwalls, widgeons, green winged and blue winged teal, shovelers and pintails are mated by March 1st, and should be protected from that date, as if one is shot the other will keep flying about until within easy range. They should be protected from the time they leave the South.

It goes without saying, according to Mr. Cook, that all ducks should be protected during the breeding season. This is the very least any friend of the ducks would advise. The present rapid dimin-

ution in the number of waterfowl cannot be stayed by any such partial measures. "Nothing short of the absolute prohibition of spring shooting in every part of the country should be advocated by those who believe that duck shooting should be enjoyed by future generations." The open season should be during migration, and preferably during the fall migration which does not begin actively until September, and should close, even in the South, with the end of migration about December first.

Ducks, geese and swans are all migratory. As far north as land extends geese go in the summer and successfully rear their young. The brant of Northern Greenland spends the winter along the South Atlantic coast of the United States. Some of the blue winged teal that nest in Southern Canada desert North America in the fall and cross the equator to spend the winter in Central South America. Some of the pintail ducks of Alaska and northeastern Asia cross the equator to the islands of the South Pacific, four thousand miles from their breeding grounds.

Most of the migrants follow the same route both in spring and fall, but the common eastern brant forms an exception. These pass along the Atlantic coast to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, thence almost due north for two thousand miles to its breeding grounds but it is practically unknown in the interior of Canada. In the fall many thousands migrate along the west shore of Hudson's Bay, and from its southern borders cross to the Atlantic coast. Ducks seem to prefer the marshes, lakes and streams of the districts west of Hudson's Bay, and the great bulk of the North American ducks breed there. Thus there are two great districts—the north suitable for a summer home, and the south for winter; and the migration route between them is nearly northwest and southeast between Chesapeake Bay and Great Slave Lake. Through much of the intervening two thousand miles is a succession of lakes large and small that find no counterpart elsewhere on this continent, and which furnish ideal conditions for ducks both as regards food and shelter.



Among the conspicuous species that follow this migration route are the red-head, canvasback and great scaup. Less abundant, though still numerous are the baldpate, pintail and lesser scaup, while the route is extensively used also by the mallard, gadwall, shoveller and ring-necked duck. Nearly all the individuals of these ten species that winter along the Atlantic coast reach their winter home by a pronounced south eastward migration, though it must be understood that these individuals constitute only a small percentage of the vast army of ducks that breed in Central Canada.

The families of ducks, geese and swans are represented in North America by sixty-three species and eight sub species—a total of seventy-one recognized forms though several of these do not come as far north as the States, much less Canada. Of the sixty-four species and sub-species that remain eleven are only accidental in North America. One has been recorded eighty times on the continent, another twenty times, and a third only once—in New York market. Seven are found more or less regularly in Greenland but are not known on the mainland. Four species of eider ducks and the emperor goose do not go south even in winter. Many of the fifty-four remaining species breed in Canada, including both species of swan and most of the geese.

The following notes on the various breeds of ducks with particular reference to Canadian interests in these birds, have been compiled from this publication and will prove interesting to all our readers who have had experiences with ducks:

The principal breeding ground of the American merganser is in southern Canada from the maritime Provinces to Saskatchewan. It breeds commonly near Ottawa, and the Muskoka region in Ontario, and is not rare in the southern part of the Province and on the shores and islands of Lake Ontario. The breeding range extends north to Central Ungava and on the Pacific coast regularly to the Queen Charlotte Islands, and rarely to the base of the Alaskan peninsula. In mild winters it is found as far north as Prince Edward Island and all south of that point to the Gulf of Mexico. The

spring migration begins in April and it is a late fall migrant.

The red-breasted merganser has a breeding range as far north as Greenland, and the northern coast of Siberia. They breed on the whole western coast of Alaska and down to Southern British Columbia. In the winter it braves the cold on the great lakes. As it winters so far north few migration data are available.

Between the Rocky Mountains and Lake Huron the hooded merganser is the most common. Its winter range is wide but mostly in the southern States, and its migratory movements begin in late February.

The northern half of the States and the whole of Canada west of Hudson's Bay constitute the principal breeding ground of the mallard—the most common duck on the North American continent and probably in the world! A few breed in eastern Ontario around Lake Erie. It is common in Greenland and goes to the extreme north. The mallard is a fresh water duck, and in general it winters as far north as fresh water is to be found. The greatest number winter in the South, and it is reported that in past times as many as one hundred and twenty thousand mallards have been sent to market from Big Lake, Arkansas. In this and neighboring States, market shooting has now been forbidden and such deplorable slaughter has been decidedly lessened. It is amongst the earliest ducks to move northward in the spring, crossing into Central Canada early in April. In the fall it remains in the north till the lakes begin to freeze, and has been seen in Canada up to mid-November.

The black duck breeds in southern Ontario and is a common summer resident of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The most northern points at which it breeds are in southern Labrador and Newfoundland. Somewhere in Labrador and in Northern Ontario it meets the red legged black duck, but the dividing line between the two is unknown.

In the prairie districts and north to the Saskatchewan is the gadwall to be found. Its winter range is in the south and it arrives in Canada about the end of March

leaving about September.

From the western shore of Hudson's Bay to the western shore of Lake Michigan is found the American widgeon. Its winter range is in the South, and it is the end of April before it reaches its summer home in Canada, leaving again in September.

The breeding range of the green winged teal extends from New Brunswick, through northeastern Quebec and Newfoundland to Ungava Bay, Labrador. It is a common migrant in Ontario and undoubtedly breeds in the northern portion of the Province, while it has been recorded as a rare breeder in southern Ontario. The main breeding grounds however, are in west central Canada from Manitoba to Lake Athabasca. It is a hardy duck, and in general remains as far north as it can find open fresh water. During winter it is one of the most abundant ducks throughout the southwestern States. While one of the earliest migratory birds it is not so early as the mallard, and it has been seen in southern Ontario as late as the end of October.

The blue winged teal finds its principal summer home between the Rockies and the Great Lakes. Its winter range is over a vast extent of territory, but the species is one of the least hardy of our ducks, and few individuals remain where there is cold and ice. It is one of the latest ducks to migrate in the spring, and one of the earliest to move southwards in the fall.

In western Canada the common teal is known. It is found there about the end of April, and the southward migration occurs chiefly in September. The common teal is distinguished for breeding in two distinct colonies—one far north of the equator, and the rest about an equal distance to the south. The northern breeders migrate south after nesting, and the southern breeders migrate north. Whether or not the members of these two groups now represent subspecies, they are so much alike as to indicate a common origin, and a former continuous breeding range. Whether the separation came gradually or rapidly, or the reason for it, is not at present known.

The principal north American summer

home of the shoveler is in the prairie region of the interior from a little south of the Canadian border north to the Saskatchewan.

Another common breeding duck throughout a wide stretch of country is the pintail. The western shores of Hudson Bay seems to be the eastern limit of the normal breeding ground in North America. Breeding records show that they have been found on the St. Clair River flats and the north shore of Lake Erie. It is common throughout British Columbia. The pintail vies with the mallard in the earliness of its spring movements; these two with the Canada goose are among the first of the waterfowl to wing their way northward. Even in February, while winter holds sway a few restless adventurers appear in the north. Their late arrival in eastern Canada is noteworthy, for by late April, when it reaches these parts, it has penetrated a thousand miles further north in the interior. The pintail not only migrates early but is also among the earlier ducks to breed. There is a southward movement in August, but not till early September do many appear south of the breeding grounds.

The wood duck, while more closely confined to the United States than any other North American duck, is found in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, ranging north to Moose Factory on the shores of Hudson's Bay. While absent from the Rocky Mountain region it occurs in southern British Columbia.

In western Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan is to be found the redhead which is also known locally on the Pacific slope. It has bred on the St. Clair flats in Ontario. The northern range is more restricted than that of any other Canadian duck, and it is a rare visitor in the maritime Provinces. A few winter round Lakes Ontario and Erie. It moves north with the great body of river ducks soon after the first open water appears. Alberta is the center of abundance of this species in the breeding season. A single individual was seen in southeastern Labrador on September 23rd, and this bird must have journeyed nearly two thousand miles in a due easterly direction.

The canvasback also finds its center of



abundance in Alberta during the breeding season. The line of the Great Lakes is the general route followed in their late migration and some stop for the winter as far north as Lake Erie. While accidental in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick it is found in southern British Columbia. The flocks cross Lake Erie early in October, and the height of the shooting season is towards the end of the month.

In summer the principal home of the scaup duck is in northwestern Canada. Its winter range make it one of the principal game birds of the Atlantic coast, and it is probably more common there during the winter than in any other part of its range. Few birds have a more pronounced northwest and southeast migration than the greater scaup duck. In spring the migratory route is along the general direction of the chain of lakes that stretch almost due north eastward from Lake Erie to Great Slave Lake. The return migration takes place in October.

A distinction needs to be drawn between the breeding range and the summer range of the lesser scaup duck. Quite a number of non-breeding individuals spend the summer many miles south of the nesting grounds so that the eggs or young are the only certain evidences that the species breeds. It does not breed regularly in the maritime Provinces; indeed there is scarcely a breeding record for the whole of North America east of Hudson's Bay and Lake Huron. The extreme easterly point at which the species breeds are around Lake St. Clair and the western end of Lake Erie. The principal breeding range is in the interior of Canada, from south of the boundary line to the edge of timber near the Arctic coast. It is a late migrant and a late breeding duck, and remains on its breeding ground till quite late in the fall.

The ring necked duck has two summer homes separated by the Rocky Mountains. The greater number breed in the interior from North Dakota north to Athabasca Lake, and east to the western side of Lake Winnipeg. Its principal winter range is on the Gulf coast of Florida. It is one of the later ducks to move in the spring, but its southern migration

takes place with other species in early September.

One of the hardest of ducks is the American Golden-Eye, and though it is one of the most northern breeding ducks, its choice of hollow trees as nesting sites prevents the extension of its breeding range into the treeless Arctic regions. It has been noted north in Labrador, Hudson's Bay, and near the mouth of the Mackenzie River. In Alaska it breeds commonly in the interior as far north as the Arctic circle but is rarely seen on the coast. In winter it is tolerably common on Lakes Michigan, Erie and Ontario, and in mild winters it remains north to Prince Edward Island. The records of its spring migration are very irregular, and it is a late migrant in the fall.

A few barrow Golden-eyes breed in eastern Canada, though their principal summer home is in the Rockies, and it is quite common in central British Columbia while less common in the north. The winter range is on the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and from South Alaska to California. The winter and summer homes overlap, and consequently migratory records are not complete.

In the nesting season the buffle head is almost wholly confined to Canada. It is a tolerably common breeder in the northern two-thirds of Ontario, and undoubtedly some pairs breed in Quebec and southern Labrador, being a rare visitor to the maritime Provinces. In Manitoba and westwards to British Columbia it becomes more common as a breeder and ranges north to Fort Churchill, Fort Rae, the mouth of the Mackenzie, and the Upper Yukon. It is a common winter resident of the southern half of the United States, though some winter around Lakes Ontario, Huron and Michigan. It is an early migrant in the spring and a late one in the fall.

Old squaws make their home on the Arctic coast. They breed south to the southeastern coast of Labrador, to Cape Fullerton on the west side of Hudson's Bay, and along the whole coast of the mainland from Hudson's Bay to Alaska, while it is a common breeder on the Alaskan coast and the islands. In mild winters they remain in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and usually winter abundantly



or the Great Lakes. On the Pacific coast they winter from the Aleutian Islands southward. They are late migrants in the spring and early ones in the fall.

The harlequin duck breeds commonly in Newfoundland, the west coast of Greenland, the north coast of Labrador at Ungava Bay, and Hudson Strait. Its winter range is from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence south, and it is not uncommon on Lake Michigan. On the Pacific coast it is found on most of the islands and also in the interior of Alaska. They are early migrants in the spring in eastern Canada but on the Pacific coast the ranges so overlap that no regular progression northwards can be distinguished. It is a late migrant in the fall.

On the shores of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence is found the American eider and it is fairly common round Hudson's Bay. It winters as far north as Newfoundland, and the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, while in the interior it has occurred on the Great Lakes. After severe winters when they have been driven away by the ice the American eiders return to Prince Edward Island about the end of March, and do not then go south till early in November.

The Pacific eider has its summer home on the coasts and islands of the Behring Sea, and along the coast of the Arctic ocean, while it winters in the vicinity of the Aleutians.

In the Arctic regions is the breeding ground of the king eider. It winters as far north as open water can be found, at least to southern Greenland. It is common during the winter in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and occasionally is to be found in the interior on Lakes Ontario, Erie and Michigan. The Pacific birds winter abundantly in the Aleutians. Spring migration begins in early February, and the birds wander south late in the fall.

There is still much to learn about the American scoter which ranges north to Ungava Bay, Hudson Strait, and Fort Churchill. Apparently it does not breed south of Newfoundland or in southern Labrador so that the multitudes of these ducks that winter from the Gulf of the St. Lawrence south along the Atlantic

coast must breed in northern Ungava. The bird is much more abundant on the Pacific coast. In winter it remains around Newfoundland except when driven away by the drift ice, and it is not rare on the great Lakes. The Pacific birds winter from the Aleutian Islands to California. At the end of March the spring migration begins, but the regular flight in the fall does not occur until October.

Along the north shore of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and north to Labrador; in Manitoba and Alberta and the Arctic coast, and in central and northern British Columbia, is the white winged scoter to be found. The winter range is in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and south along the Atlantic coast to South Carolina, in the interior along the great lakes, and on the Pacific coast to southern California. Spring migration begins late in March, and that in the fall as early as August.

The surf scoter breeds in northeastern Quebec, southern Labrador and Newfoundland, north as far as Hudson Strait, breeds abundantly at Fort Churchill, Hudson Bay, Great Slave Lake, probably at Athabasca Lake, north to the Arctic coast, and west to the mouth of the Mackenzie. It is a common breeder on the headwaters of the Yukon and from Sitka north. The birds remain around the Gulf of the St. Lawrence until forced away by the ice, and pass the winter from about the Bay of Fundy south to Florida. Birds from the south occasionally return to Nova Scotia late in March, and the southern migration begins at the end of August.

Tolerably common in southern Ontario is the ruddy duck which breeds regularly from Maine to northern Ungava and is plentiful in central Canada. Its breeding range on the Pacific coast extends north at least to central British Columbia, in the interior to Great Slave Lake and York Factory, Hudson Bay. Southern colonies have also been found at various places. In its winter range the ruddy duck varies greatly going very far south in many cases, and in others remaining as far north as Maine. It has the peculiar habit of establishing colonies far to the southward of its usual breeding

grounds, and the breeding season of these isolated colonies bears no relation to the usual breeding time in the bird's ordinary range. It is a late migrant in the spring, and it is the end of October

before the migration begins in the fall.

An article summarising the results of the inquiries of the Department so far as these relate to geese and swans will follow in a future number.

## My Fishing Experiences During 1906.

BY WALTER GREAVES.

**I** regret to say that every trip I took for both trout and black bass during last year was attended with poor success. During the early part of May I spent three days in the vicinity of Aylen Lake, in the Opeongo District. We arrived there too late in the evening to try the fishing that day and were somewhat surprised and disgusted on getting up early the next morning to find about four inches of snow on the ground with a strong north wind blowing. This state of affairs continued during the remainder of our trip with the result that we caught very few trout. I used the fly entirely but then none could expect trout to rise well to the fly in such cold weather. From the appearance and general character of the several lakes and streams we saw I feel, however, convinced that the fishing must be good when the weather is suitable. The deer hunting too is, I believe excellent in the autumn. Anyone looking for a good place to stay near where there is nice sport would do well to drop a line to Mr. Dennison, of Aylen Lake, Barry's Bay, Ont., and he will get a satisfactory answer as to terms, boats, canoes etc. The place is clean and comfortable, the meals satisfactory, and the whole family civil and obliging. It is necessary in making this trip to get the train, (Grand Trunk,—Parry Sound Division) to stop and let one off at Opeongo Forks. They are very obliging about this but it is well to have an order to this effect from the Superintendent. Mr. Dennison, will meet parties at the Forks on the arrival of the train, if notified in time.

As to the bass fishing I went out only a few times opposite Aylmer as the sport was so poor that I did not consider it worth while. My opinion is that the bass are nearly all taken among the islands before the season opens on 15th of June, in fact I have been informed by people

who claim to know and have seen parties fishing there that this is the case,—the same as was done last year. I look upon this as a shame. Why cannot something be done to stop it? The guilty parties pretend they are fishing for pickerel, and perhaps they are but they catch bass all the same and do not seem to know the difference. I say make the law uniform for bass and pickerel and then they cannot pretend they are going pickerel fishing. I believe too, that the bass fishing might, without a bad effect, open on the 1st, instead of the 15th of June, in many localities. I may add that I was not the only one who found the sport poor in these Lake Deschenes waters. Many of my angling friends have told me their experiences were so disappointing that they made only one or two trips to the bass grounds during 1906. In order to properly watch this large body of water or the waters of say Shirley's Bay and the islands therein, near to which many of the bass spawn, it would be necessary for the Government to employ an inspector there constantly from say the beginning of May until the opening of the fishing season. Why not do so?

I keep hoping each season to see an improvement in the sport of these waters but am always doomed to disappointment. Let us see what 1907 may bring forth. Tho black bass certainly afford excellent sport when taken on the fly with a light rod and are to my thinking far ahead of the trout as a game fish. This is the opinion also of many of my fly-fishing friends.

I hope that I may be able next season to give more favorable reports of my experiences. As stated in a previous article my sport in New Brunswick was spoiled owing to want of rain and consequent lowness of the water in the rivers and streams. However, I cheerfully submitted to such a state of affairs.

# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## The Montreal Show.

Since our last month's number was published the preparations for what promises to be the record Canadian Show in Montreal next April have proceeded apace. The Arena, large as it is, has been found too small to meet all the demands for space that will be made upon its capacity, and the question now is whether, even with the annex that has been erected, the floor space will prove sufficient for the purposes of the Show. The applications for space came from a very wide area, and include all manufacturers of importance, ensuring a fine Show, and enabling motorists to see the very latest and best of all that is going in every Department. There is no lack of interest in the Sportsmen's side of the Show, and those who are devoted to fishing and hunting in the Dominion will find much to interest and instruct them. The Canadian market is becoming increasingly important and if evidences of this were wanted they would be found in abundance from the very wide spread interest taken in, and liberal support given to, this show. Mr. R. M. Jaffrey, the manager, who is indefatigable in arousing and sustaining interest in the Show, has had personal interviews with some of the principal manufacturers and found it not hard to induce them to take a personal as well as a trade interest in such an undertaking. The chief railways in Canada are likewise taking an active interest in it and their exhibits will add materially to the distinction which it is believed will characterize the Show. While many of the New York exhibits will be transferred as a whole to Montreal there will be many purely Canadian features which will give the Show a character of its own, and render it worthy of the commercial capital in which it is to be held, and of the Dominion whose

varied interests it will thoroughly represent. With this Show the sportsmen of Canada will come into their own and find their position more clearly recognized. Motoring has a great future in Canada, and in no better manner could this be shown to both manufacturers and the public alike than through the medium of such an Exhibition as that planned to be held in Montreal next April.

## No Need for Worrying.

The persistent statements to the effect that Mr. Edison, with his marvelous inventive faculty and keen attention to details, has succeeded in producing a storage battery which is at once light and capable of a very long run, have been followed by an official pronouncement of a confirmatory character; and the statements may thus be taken as coming from the best and highest source. Automobile manufacturers may be credited with sense enough to appreciate the value of the new discovery and its possible bearings upon the future of the industry. It must, if only one-half of what is claimed for the new battery is true, revolutionise the trade, and do much indeed to revolutionise our social conditions. Once again the horse is threatened, and enthusiasts predict that in the years to come he will remain as a curiosity only. The advent of the railways threatened him once before, though he not merely survived but also continued to grow in numbers and usefulness, and history in this, as in other cases, may repeat itself. At the same time it will prove a public boon if Mr. Edison can ensure his ideal, and produce a horseless carriage that shall practically come within the means of every person. The congestion of our large towns will at once be relieved, and more and more will it be possible to live in God's own country to the great gain of the public health, morals, and a vast in-



crease in human happiness. If it is made possible for the great majority of people to live away from noise and bustle, and be conveyed to and from their work in the cities at less than is now paid for car fares, it is obvious that an unprecedented demand will arise for the horseless carriages, and many industrial works will be needed to supply only a fraction of these demands. There will need to be many changes in an industry which has grown up out of change, and may be expected to adapt itself more easily to advances and changes than most others. Automobile manufacturers, having pioneered a new industry, may be trusted not to remain in the rut or to oppose anything which promises to greatly extend the area of their own markets as well as add very materially to the public benefit. At present the Edison patents will be made in the Edison factories, but if—as will certainly be the case, if there is no exaggeration in the stories told—a world wide demand arises, the permission to manufacturers to use the batteries, and even make them under royalties, will doubtless be conceded. Considering all that has been done in the past, and what is going forward in the present, any man would be foolish to place bounds upon the possibilities of the future. There may be—doubtless there will be—modifications, alterations, and extensions of all kinds in the future, but that the horseless vehicle is the vehicle of the future, few who are not wilfully blind can have any doubt. The open mind, the willingness to accept all that is good, the efforts to eliminate drawbacks and to perfect good points, are what are needed just now on the part of manufacturers as well as the public. It is in this spirit the stories of the new storage battery should be received, and manufacturers who have proved by their present position their willingness to adapt themselves to new conditions will scarcely be found wanting now.

#### How Automobile Manufacturing has Grown.

Few people realise how vast, even in a comparatively short time, has been the growth of the automobile industry. For

instance it is expected that with the advent of the present year the Reo Company, with recent additions to its floor space and machinery, will be able to turn out one hundred and sixty cars per week. They are now employing fifteen hundred men, who turn out one hundred thousand automobile pieces every ten hours. Their receiving room is larger than the average freight depot for a town of forty thousand people. There are over two thousand feet of shafting and about three miles of belting in operation in their factory. It is believed that when the figures for the past year are compiled the automobile industry will rank second or third amongst American manufacturers.

In the same connection the Ford Motor Company claims to hold the world's factory record which is an automobile every fourteen minutes. Quite recently the average daily output of one factory was increased from thirty to forty-two machines per day. A few months ago Mr. Ford announced that he would build the four cylinder runabouts in lots of ten thousand, and at the rate of one hundred cars per day. The daily capacity is being increased just as fast as men can be trained and organized for their special work. The latter is a herculean undertaking which is going forward as rapidly as possible. The secret of success in such work is, according to Mr. Ford, the use of superior materials so that there will be no waste, the most accurate methods of machining for the same reason, and then perfect system and organization. Making automobiles like they make sewing machines is the slogan, and that great American industry was developed along the lines of accurate workmanship and special materials.

#### Turning the Tables.

After the poor show of American made vehicles in the Vanderbilt race it is some consolation to read of the great success of the Thomas car in the German army manoeuvres. Mr. W. F. Simon, President of the Frontier Ironworks, of Buffalo, is a lieutenant in the German army residing in the States on "continued leave of absence," having to take part in

the manoeuvres three years out of every five. Last autumn putting in one of these attendances, he took his Thomas Flyer with him. When he reported to his regiment, the Sixth Hussars, and it was found that he had an automobile ready for service, he was appointed on the staff of General von Woysch, the Commander of the Sixth Army Corps. As staff officer and aide to the General it was his duty at frequent intervals to carry the General from one point on the field of battle to another, to do independent scouting, to carry despatches, and to perform many other duties which an ordinary staff officer, not having the advantage of a fast car, would find it impossible to perform. Including the car owned by Mr. Simon, there were forty cars at these manoeuvres, amongst them being fine specimens of German, French and Italian manufacture. Mr. Simon contended that his car had two advantages over all the rest. In the first place the American vehicle developed its full power capacity which the others failed to do, and in the second place it had from four to five inches more road clearance, which allowed it to go over obstructions and through places where the others could not follow. Using the car under war conditions it was the custom to ignore the roads unless they provided the shortest cut. They would go through ditches, across fields and woods, and over obstacles that ordinary tourists, no matter in what part of the country they might be, would think it suicidal to attempt to pass. The Thomas always got through when other cars stuck. On one occasion General von Woysch owed part of his victory to Mr. Simon and his car. One day he learned of a movement ten miles away which unless his Division Commander was warned would result in technically wiping out a considerable portion of his force. Mr. Simon was entrusted with a dispatch to this Commander and by going through ditches, over roads and fields, and more obstructions than he cares to remember with bumps galore, he landed the dispatch in the hands of the Commander in time for him to forestall the move which had been aimed against him. The two weeks of the manoeuvres were exciting times both for

Mr. Simon and his car. On one occasion in crossing a rickety bridge at full speed three or four of the planks gave way, but the great power of the car literally lifted it over the holes, though the bridge had to be repaired before the other cars could follow. As a result of the experiences and feats of his automobile, Mr. Simon believes that the respect in which American manufacturers and American automobiles are held will be greatly strengthened throughout Germany. Apparently there are good reasons for the same, and the Thomas people are to be congratulated accordingly.

#### The Tire Problem.

"The best of horses cannot run without shoes!" was the remark of Hubert Le Blon, the French driver of the Thomas Flyer, who although only eighth in the Vanderbilt Cup Race, headed the American team on that occasion. *L'Auto*, the well known French automobile daily, says that M. Le Blon "is a mechanician without equal, a driver equal to the best, and a sportsman in every sense of the word. He drove a splendid race. The Thomas is a great machine, but with all of Le Blon's science, courage and exceptional skill as a driver he could not make a round better than twenty-nine minutes which wasn't fast enough to win, because his touring car non-skid tires were far from the equal of those of the French, Italian and German cars." It is now for the American tire manufacturers to see that their productions are not at fault on a future occasion. One weak point has been discovered and must be made good before another international contest is entered upon.

#### An Economy Run.

What was called an "Economy Run" was recently arranged by the New York Motor Club. The cars were tested under railway conditions for economy, reliability and endurance. They stood the tests well. As if to assist the Committee a blizzard raged all the way from Lennox, Mass., to New York, and across the Berkshire hills the automobilists had experiences as trying as any that could



be met at the very worst of times. Each car took a full load of passengers at the start, but the Premier, driven by Charlie Singer, was the only one to carry all its passengers through to the finish, many of the others preferring, under the circumstances, to take to the trains. There was a danger of the passengers freezing as they had not anticipated such severe weather and were not clothed for facing it. Singer gave his only robe and also his high shoes to the passengers, and with difficulty got through himself without injury. He was detained from twelve to fifteen hours by the official car and assisting struggling contestants. One other point is noteworthy, and that is the fact that Singer's car was the only one that pulled through without needing a single adjustment or repair. In economy, reliability and endurance the autos compare favorably with the trains, according to this economy and endurance trial.

#### Reality Versus Imagination.

The wide difference between reality and imagination was forcibly brought home the other day to Frank Kulick, the famous driver of racing cars and head tester at the Ford factory. He had read several thrilling accounts of his own performances, so well worked up from the small pieces of fact on which they were founded that he failed to recognize them as actual occurrences in which he had borne heroic parts. One in particular struck his fancy—the man in the motor car who raced after a pair of frantic horses and stopped their mad career, thereby saving the lives of a multitude of women and children. The more he thought about it, the more he wondered if it could be done, and determined to try it the first chance he got. A few days later he was driving leisurely along when a pair of runaway horses dashed by him. Although this was in the outskirts of the city and no women and children were about, Kulick considered that this was his chance. He opened up his big "6-40" and went after them. Though they were going like mad he soon overhauled them and driving up beside the wildly careening wagon he was preparing

to catch the bridle of the off horse when that animal, catching sight of the automobile, communicated with his mate and both swerved sharply up a side street, the wagon skidding against Kulick's car with disastrous results to a rear tire. Nothing daunted he slowed up, turned, and went after them again. Each time he got within reaching distance the course of the chase was changed, and Kulick had to ride over curbs and other obstructions to keep out of the way of the swaying wagon. By this time the wild chase had filled the streets behind with a cheering mob, while both foot and mounted police took up the chase as well. Finally the runaways took one more sharp turn, this time to the left, striking Kulick's front wheel, dislocating it, and then stopped, panting and uninjured—in their own barnyard. Kulick was ruefully examining his damaged beauty when the mounted policemen dashed up and informed him that he was under arrest on charges of reckless driving, exceeding the speed laws, maliciously damaging property, and several other high crimes and misdemeanors. It was in vain he protested that he was merely acting the part of a public and private benefactor. To police headquarters he was taken and had to be bailed out. Next morning the Judge heard his tale but failed to sympathize with him or appreciate his disinterested motives, while the owner of the horses swore that the motorist was the primary cause of the runaway and threatened suit for damages. The fine and costs totalled \$25, and now Kulick expresses the opinion that the men who wrote as he has been written about are the most impractical, visionary, and altogether useless appendages that encumber the front offices of an automobile factory.

#### A Good Roads Scheme.

A good roads scheme has been launched for the state of Michigan which might well be extended to some of the Provinces of Canada. A bill has passed the State Legislature under the terms of which the State will pay \$1,000 per mile towards the construction of macadamized roads built according to specifications laid



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**Fine Dark Mink**  
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down by the State authorities. Further than this a branch prison, with accommodation for one thousand prisoners, is to be established at some favorable point on the Northern Peninsula and the prisoners employed at the useful occupation of crushing trap rock for the roads. The stone so crushed will be donated to the different counties by the State as an additional aid and encouragement to good road building. The good quality of the stone furnished will also be a guarantee of the excellence and permanency of the roads. There are miles of muck and swamp lands in Wayne county, in which Detroit is situated, and it is intended to bridge the whole with macadamized roads such as will prove a credit to both the county and the State.

#### The Six Cylinder Cars.

The last few months has witnessed a good deal of controversy between the advocates of four and six cylinder cars

with the result that the six cylinder men appear to have the best of it. In the course of the discussion some of the argument turned upon the question of the identity of the original six cylinder man, and as usual with all successful inventions there were several claimants for the honor. No general agreement could be arrived at, but the Ford Motor Company claim that apart from all controversy, and without a shadow of doubt, their concern is now the leading producer of this type of touring car. During April, May and June of last year the Ford Company turned out over three hundred six cylinder cars, and it is believed that this was a greater number than all other automobile firms in the world turned out in the same time of this particular form of machine. It is further claimed that there are now on the road more "sixes" of Ford make than of all others combined, a fact which, if well founded, says much for American buyers in their quickness to grasp the modern idea.



## 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

LOU. E.  
MARSH

### Some Cruising Yarns.

Now, boys, if you'll just drop your yawl boats over side and pull along over here, we'll gather around for a bit of yarning.

What'll we gab about? Oh, let us get back to the good old cruising days and tell each other of the lively happenings, of storms and squalls and things that get both starboard and larboard anchors into our memories, and hold on despite the passage of time.

Some of mine? Oh, they won't amount to much. I never was wrecked or marooned or lost overboard on a dark night or——. Fire ahead? All right!

Well, I guess the narrowest escape I ever had from piling up on shore was coming up Lake Ontario from Port Hope one night in James W. Commeford's little mackinaw Tainui. We were bowling up the lake with a good wholesale breeze on the lake. Shortly after midnight it blew up squally and nasty, and by 2:30 we were staggering along under shortened canvas with all we could do to lug what we had aloft. In fact we weren't carrying it, we were ragging it. After we had had a tidy little scrap with a squall we decided to run into Whitby for shelter. It was the tag end of a cruise around the lake, and we were too tired to stay up and jam her through till day-break. Whitby light was just a lee of us, so Commeford squared her away for the light, and we rattled in with the mainboom cockbilled and the jib bellying out like a kite.

We were hyking in on the tops of big seas and going like a ten canned pup down a city alley when the light loomed up overhead and "Commy" shouted to get the hook ready, and to stand by to gybe over and round up. We shot by leaving the light to starboard as per

usual. Just then the mackinaw shoved her bows into a smother of foam. "Great guns! We're on the beach! We've missed the channel!" shouted Commy, jamming the stick hard over. "Get in that mainsheet! Down on the jib! Jam 'em tight!" Commy wasn't shouting, he was screaming. We rounded up promptly, but the seas smashed us square in the bows and threw us bodily back.

"Give her some sheet! Quick or its all off!" yelled the man at the helm. We gave her some draught and Bill let her off into the trough and she commenced to gather way.

"Yank the foresail on her!" he ordered, and in an instant the full foresail was aloft, the halliards made fast, and the sheet gathered in. The instant the sturdy southerly wind caught the foresail the mackinaw was hove down upon her beam end, but Commy never let her up an inch. Fifty yards a lee of us was the beach with the big white caps roaring up the sand forty feet.

G-r-r-r-siz-z-chug!

"The center board's on!" said the skipper. We hoisted her a point and up shore we surged in the trough of the seas. Inch by inch Commy edged her out until at last, when we were a mile down the beach, he had sea room enough to come about and we hyked back for the harbor.

This time we left the light on 'our port and were O. K. Port Whitby light is the only light on the north shore on the westerly pier. That is about close enough for your Uncle Dudley!

We had a couple of close 'uns in the old hooker too. She was only twenty-six feet over all but a good staunch little schooner she was too, and we would

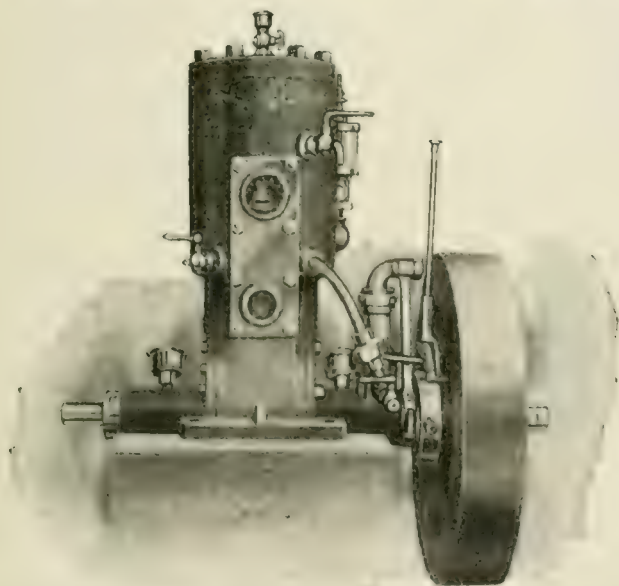


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**Single Cylinder,  
Double Cylinder,  
Three Cylinder Engines,  
Two or Four Cycle.**



**COMPLETE LAUNCHES.**

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**Hamilton Motor Works, Limited, Hamilton.**

about tackle anything in her. We left Kingston one afternoon when the gale signals were up and it was blowing thirty-five miles an hour off the southwest, and the seas were sweeping over the pier heads so badly that one steamer refused to leave the dock. People on the wharfs warned us not to go out, but we were young and headstrong and we went. Everything was close reefed and we had only the reefed mainsail and storm jib on her when we poked outside. A minute after we passed the pierhead we wished we hadn't! Smash! A great big fellow hit us abeam and drenched the entire crew. We lay right out upon her bilge in a supreme effort to keep her on her feet and make her sail, but every big sea just rooted her sidewise like a tub. To escape going down upon a rocky point we had to come about. Though we had bucked out twenty minutes when we came about we just nicely weathered the pier where we had been tied up. We were wet to the skin and every sea she drove into saluted us with about a barrel, but when we got aweather of that point, squared her away, and added the reefed foresail, how she did step along down to Clayton, N. Y., about twenty-three miles!

Another day we bucked Tainui out of Presque Isle Bay in an easterly storm when the channel outside the Bay looked as boisterous as the Niagara whirlpool rapids on a busy day. There were times in that turmoil of waters when it seemed to be boarding us on every side.

Smash! Bang! Wallop! We got it in that narrow channel until poor Tainui staggered and wobbled like a drunkard. Twice she stood dead and backed up in that narrow channel until we had to start her sheets to pick her up again. It certainly was lively work, and down on the shore to leeward the entire population of the little summer resort on the point gathered around the lighthouse to see us win the open white capped lake or drown!

When we did square away the first sea walked right up over Tainui's pointed stern and threatened to sink us. We gave her the full foresail and went tearing down to Cobourg. Twice we lost our dinghy through the line breaking, and

both times we had to take in the foresail to get it.

The last time was just outside Cobourg, and the seas were so heavy that when we closed down our duds, the wind hove her down when we journeyed back after that dinghy. Those who were watching us from the piers thought we had capsized and the rumor spread like wildfire through the town. When we did get that dinghy square away and make the harbor there were fully four hundred people on the shore end of the pier to see us come in and they gave us a cheer. We told the Cobourgers that we had enjoyed the trip, but at the same time I for one had all I wanted in mine for that day at least!

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Talking about Kingston—that's the place I put a charge of shot through Canada's mainsail. I was down on the L. Y. R. A. regatta on Fred Phelan's mackinaw Kumin, of Toronto. We held a sangersfest one night, and the next morning at nine o'clock I was the first man up. I only had one eye open and that one blinked, but I was determined to disturb the slumbers of the rest of the crew. I hustled up the ship's cannon, hoisted it on the cabin top, made a grab at the cartridge box, rammed home the shell, and fired!

I was reaching for another shell when I got an excited hail. "Say, Lou, are you going to fire her again?" came the excited yell.

"Yep!"

"Well, for Heaven's sake, put her muzzle up or use blank cartridge. You've got a hole through our mainsail now!"

I dug the other eye open and there, just across the pier, I could see Jim Young's bronzed face peeping over Canada's cockpit. He pointed to a hole in the Cup winner's racing mainsail. I had in my sleepy condition been firing shot shells belonging to the shot gun!

---

You've heard a lot about premonitions, intuition, and instinct. The most vivid example I ever had presented to me was one day in July seven years ago when Bill Commeford, Fred Clarke and a couple more of us on the old Tainui got mixed up with the tail end of a cyclone. Yes,

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## SPORTSMAN

It relieves fatigue, refreshes and invigorates the system. Insuring against sudden chills.

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NOURISHING,  
INVIGORATING.**



a real cyclone—one that blew down houses and unroofed churches in St. Catharines and Merriton. Well, anyway we were coming across the lake from Port Credit to Niagara in a bit of a four mile breeze. There wasn't a cloud in the sky and not an indication of a storm. All at once Commeford, who was at the stick, suddenly started to fidget and wound up by asking me to reef down Tainui's foresail. We thought Bill had gone daffy and told him so, but he insisted that something warned him a storm was brewing and demanded the reefs. We guyed Bill and tossed them in. Then he demanded a reefed mainsail and jib, and there was almost a mutiny. We had hardly got the mainsail reefed when a line of foam swept up from the southwest and the wind was shrieking through our wire rigging while the halliards drummed on the mast like a regiment of woodpeckers in a forest of hollow trees. Under the impact of the wind the hooker careened over deck under. We let go

everything with a run, and while the boys struggled to smother down the canvas and keep the gale from ripping it to shreds as it lay on the deck I went out on the horn to take in the jib. As far as eye could see the lake was flecked with whitecaps. It looked as if a Brobdingnagian snowstorm had passed and left the lake covered with snowflakes as large as snowballs. The sea made up so rapidly that the hooker in her plunging dipped me to the shoulders once or twice, and wound up by plunging me clean out of sight into a big comber. I was laying out on the horn with my feet wrapt around the guys when she dipped me, and my feet went up so high I remember wondering whether I had better let go before she took a complete somersault and landed on me. When I got the jib in we were rolling deck under both sides and the dinghy towing astern had swamped. That looked ominous for us, but we got the dinghy alongside, and watching our chance, when the Tainui

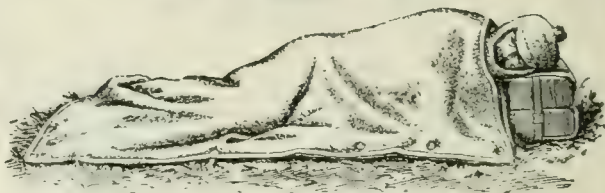




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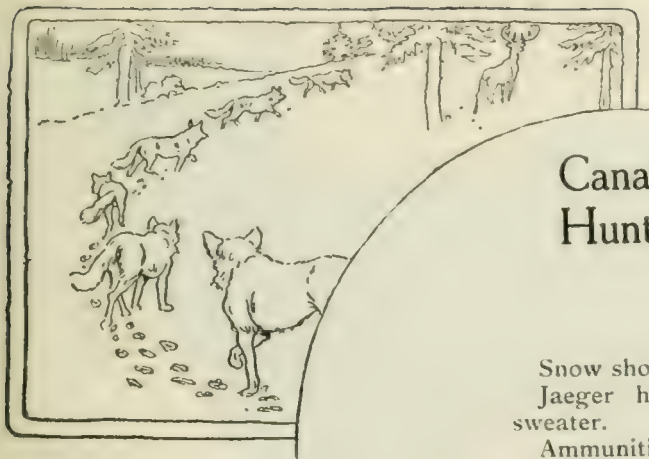
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rolled to weather, yanked the dinghy on deck and strapped her there. To prevent her from whipping her sticks out we took our halliards and used them for backstays. Even at that she rolled so smartly that our sticks waved about like willow wands, and the seas were coming

into the open cockpit astern. We had to improvise a sea anchor from a bucket, a couple of jibs, and an overcoat to get her head around to meet the whitecaps. I'll bet she blew ninety miles an hour for about fifteen minutes! Then she steadied down to a howling gale for an hour, and at sundown the storm broke up and we made the mouth of the Niagara shaking out the reefs as we toddled in. That was another close call for Tainui and her crew of youngsters!

**SHIP  
YOUR FURS  
HIDES - TALLOW  
TO JOHN HALLAM  
TORONTO.  
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.**



## Canadian Timber Wolf Hunts in Midwinter.

Snow shoes and strings.

Jaeger helmet, with wind guard sweater.

Ammunition belt.

Ammunition.

All these will be the property of the sportsmen when the hunt is over.

**O**N Monday, Jan. 21st a wolf hunt for the Province of Quebec will start from Montreal and other points. New Yorkers would need to leave the night before in order to get the morning or afternoon train from Montreal. On Tuesday, Feb. the 9th, a wolf hunt will be made from Desbarats, Ont., twenty-eight miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., (unless some better point can be found) to make a systematic onslaught on timber wolves in Ontario.

The party will be under the guidance of an old wolf hunter. New Yorkers, Bostonians, Chicagoans, the men of Milwaukee and sportsmen from other American cities will take part in one or other of these hunts. Canada will also furnish a contingent of stalwarts. The undersigned will furnish the outfit to those who are not supplied and will be glad to get from those who are supplied a detailed description of their outfit in order that they may bring the right thing only. The utmost comfort that it is wise to have will be furnished.

Outfit—Personal:

Two pairs 10-pound blankets.

Axe and holster.

Sheath knife and holster.

Rifle gloves.

Arctic mittens (to wear and hang around neck.)

Snow-shoeing coat (extra good).

Eskimo Dickay.

Buckskin moccasins.

Oil tan (in case of a thaw.)

One pair felt and five other pairs of woolen socks.

These snow-shoeing camp trips have been held twice already with the greatest success and the keenest enjoyment but this one with a wolf hunt thrown in will exceed all that have gone before in novelty, healthfulness and pleasureable excitement.

Wolves are increasing with the increase of big game in Ontario and Quebec and the wolves must be destroyed.

We want the co-operation of one hundred sportsmen on each hunt if possible. Following a heavy fall of snow it would be quite possible to secure many wolves. There is a bounty on each wolf killed. This will be divided among the sportsmen. The skin would go to the man who shot it as far as it is possible to trace it—a vote will be taken on that.

The hunting party will take the train to the nearest hunting grounds selected.



A FINE WOLF.

Then after an hour's practice on snowshoes the party will drive by settlers' or lumber roads, as near as possible to the permanent camp, which will be made ready in advance. At the end of the drive we will tie on the snowshoes, load the toboggans and start for the permanent camp of large canvas tents with a stove in each. No trunks or valises will be taken any further than the railway station.

From the permanent camp we will try to encircle a lake with an island in the centre or a promontory extending to the middle of the lake. On this island will be stationed some of our best shots. They will be buried in the snow, all but their heads, both for warmth and concealment from the wolves. The wolves will be driven to the concealed sportsmen — the sportsmen who are driving in the wolves will overtake them if the snow is deep and kill their share. At the end of the drive the wolves will be between two fires.

Good outfits will be furnished and

there will be no suffering, no hardships and no colds taken on the bough beds. Each tent will have its own guide and a cook and will hold about eight sportsmen. Anyone can have a tent to himself at extra cost.

I do not promise a wolf to everybody or anybody because the fox is a dunce in the great school of woodcraft as compared with the wolf.

The reports that I am receiving from wolf centres are good. We hope for a good wolf hunt in Quebec and a better in Ontario.

Any sound man under sixty is good material for a wolf hunt and some men that are over that age would do. The hardest work of course will be done by the guides. We will guarantee that there will be no freezing and no very great discomfort to any of the party if they will be good and do and dress as they are told.

The hunt will be a most enjoyable mid-winter break. The tents will be well ventilated and meals served within its



warm shelter. Each sportsman needs to bring one complete change of heavy tweed suit and heavy wool under clothing. We will furnish the rest from the gloves and stockings to the head coverings, including the rifles if necessary. We furnishammunition, which is dutiable when brought from the United States. We much prefer furnishing everything, as we know best what is needed but those who have good useful outfits will have the bill reduced according to the

cost to us of the corresponding outfit. It will be necessary to send tailor measurements ahead.

Twenty-five dollars must be deposited as a guarantee and all names must be in one week ahead of the time of departure of each wolf hunt.

L. O. ARMSTRONG,

Colonization Agent,

Can. Pac. Ry.,

Montreal.



AT THE END OF THE CHASE.

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Major William Hendrie, of Hamilton, Ont., writes:

"While recollections of my visit to the North Country are fresh and vivid, I should like to touch upon some subjects of interest to sportsmen and the people of Ontario in general.

"First. The Indian.

I think the time has arrived (perhaps I should say has long passed) when we ought to re-consider the continuance of the privileges given to Indians in allowing them to hunt in season and out of season, on their reserves and off their reserves. Naturally in this connection I refer only to Ontario, and the cry of "the poor Indian!" is to my mind worn threadbare. They have fished and hunted their own reserves until wild life is practically exterminated; the breeding season making no difference to them. Indians are to be found all over the North Country, on their reserves and off their reserves, shooting, killing and selling game, the last named practice being altogether too common. It applies equally to construction camps as well as selling direct to hotels and provision dealers. Indians should be restricted to their own territory, and should be subject to the game laws as well as other people. There is no excuse now that the produce of the hunt is the sole means by which the Indian can earn a livelihood. Both in the lumber and in the railway construction camps he can throughout the winter earn as good a wage as his white brother, and as an axe man is superior to the foreign element now coming in. In the summer he can earn from \$2 to \$1 per day as a guide. On the whole therefore, he is, in comparison with many of the working classes in our cities, far better off than they are, and the plea that he must hunt for his livelihood has now no force.

"Second. Game preserves and re-forestation.

"There is no reason why these two

should not go hand in hand in a large part of our northern territory. It is true that in the Algonquin National Park we have made a start along these lines, but it would be better if smaller tracts of rough land, say one or two townships were selected here and there throughout the Province, and the game thereon protected from everyone for a certain period of years. By this means the surrounding country could be fed from these protected districts, the benefits of which, in the case of the Algonquin Park is somewhat lost, inasmuch as it only feeds the eastern portion of Ontario. There are many square miles of land entirely unsuitable for anything else but the growing of timber (both pine and the harder varieties) and the propagation of feathered game and fur bearing animals. Exclude the lumberman, settler, squatter and sportsmen from such selected areas and in a marvelously short time there would be a natural re-forestation with no expense to the Government, and safe retreats and breeding places for the feathered game and fur bearing animals of our northern country.

"My remarks on these two subjects refer more particularly to the district south of the French River, west of Nipissing, and north of Englehart, along the western portion of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, both portions of which I have traveled over on several occasions."

Mr. E. F. L. Jenner sends this query and request from Digby, N. S.:

"Will any of your readers inform me if they have tried to acclimatize the Hungarian partridge in Canada, and if so with what success. Birch partridges are becoming very scarce in this section of Nova Scotia, and the local branch of the People's Fish and Game Protective Association are thinking of importing fifty pairs next spring. I shall be glad to hear from anyone who can give me any information."

We believe that efforts have been made in Vancouver Island to acclimatize both the English pheasant and the capercaillie, and that success is attending these efforts. If our readers know of similar attempts in other parts of Canada "Rod and Gun" will be pleased to publish particulars of the same, which will doubtless prove interesting to a wider circle than even our Nova Scotian readers.

As becomes the home of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," the general public of the city of Woodstock, Ont., turned out in such numbers as to crowd the Council Chamber to overflowing on the occasion of a meeting on Nov. 27th for the formation of a local branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Mr. A. Kelly Evans, and Mr. Oliver Adams, attended from headquarters at Toronto and gave information supported with facts and figures which deeply stirred the feelings of those present. By enthusiastic acclamation a Woodstock branch was formed with the following list of officers: President, Dr. A. Beverley Welford; 1st Vice, Mr. J. M. Cole; 2nd Vice, Mr. W. A. Karn; 3rd Vice, Mr. W. D. Hobson; Secretary, Mr. A. H. Smith, of the editorial staff of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada;" Treasurer, Mr. C. A. Pyne; Committee, Messrs. William Bonnet, Martin Wilson, E. W. Waud, H. P. MacMahon and Daniel Miller. The new branch gives promise of becoming one of the most active affiliated to the Provincial Association, which now consists of thirty-three branches with "more to hear from," and the whole organization appears certain to have a large influence in directing the course of future legislation on the subjects of fish and game.

Regrettable incidents occur with every open season, and one of the most regrettable of the past season was the detention of eight Americans, and the fining of two of their number for the offence of shooting game out of season. According to the accounts given the party went into the woods from Wahnapiatae station,

Ont., on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and proceeded to the north of Wahnapiatae Lake for the purpose of shooting moose. The open season commences north of the main line on Oct. 16th, and the party on their return had thirteen deer and one moose. The season was not long enough for them, and it developed that two of the deer had been killed before the season opened. These two deer were confiscated and the two hunters, who came from Pittsburg, were fined \$50 by Police Magistrate Brodie, of Sudbury, before whom the case was heard. American sportsmen are always welcome in Canada so long as they will obey the laws, but it is conduct of the kind quoted that leads to the outcry against outsiders and give force to the argument for raising the non-resident license fee.

From all the northern portions of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario reports came in during the fall and early winter of the increases in the numbers of wolves. In the Algonquin National Park several of the men engaged in lumbering operations were "treed" by these animals, and permission was requested for the carrying of firearms for the purpose of self defence. Poison and various other remedies were suggested. The difficulty of shooting the animals prevent more hunters from harrying these pests, and thus earning bounty money.

The argument that protection within a given area increases the wild game in the surrounding country is well illustrated by the experience of Major Collins of Toronto, who headed a party hunting thirty-five miles north of Kearney, within a mile of the Algonquin Park boundary. They succeeded in getting fourteen deer and a bull moose.

A series of adventures, pleasant and otherwise, befell a party consisting of Mr. J. G. Fleming, of Markham Street, Toronto, Mr. William Linton, Sr., of East Toronto, Mr. Wm. Linton Jr., of Aurora, and Mr. A. Pointon, of McPherson.



son Avenue, Toronto, who hunted in the Wahnapiatae country. In going from the railway to their camp they lost themselves and spent a night in a tumble down lumber shanty. When they made their camp safely and started hunting they saw a moose which the dogs chased towards the lake and followed with such intentness that they lost themselves. One dog turned up five days later and the other, so far as the parties know, is still in the woods. They were thus compelled to follow still hunting, and the crust of the snow was not hard enough to enable them to do so successfully. They did manage however, to get a fine five year old buck which with about forty partridges counted up the sum total of their bag.

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A party of Toronto hunters consisting of Messrs. J. McConnell, H. Hutson, Walter Hutson, Stewart, A. Nelson and E. Clark had a fine hunting trip about fifty miles north of Trout Lake. They each shot their two deer, and were well satisfied with their outing. Mr. McConnell saw a white deer, which as far as he could see was a pure albino, a doe two years old. He took a shot at it but in his excitement made a clean miss. The same gentleman had also a chance at a wolf, but his gun was elsewhere at the time. They report that they found both deer and wolves numerous, but partridge scarce.

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Game Inspector Watson of Toronto, had a curious experience recently. He procured a fast gasoline launch in order to overtake those who were shooting ducks from similar launches at various points on the lake not far from Toronto, a course forbidden by the law. His own launch had only made a short portion of the journey when it stopped dead and refused to budge. Nothing daunted however, the Inspector held up all boats as they returned and searched them for guns. One of the boats he ordered to be laid up for the remainder of the season.

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Every year unfortunately we have the

same tale of game laws openly disregarded in the backwoods, and the increased necessity for stronger measures on the part of the Government, together with all the educational influence the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association can give, is forced upon us. Dr. Norman Allen of Toronto, declares that from authoritative accounts by eye-witnesses he finds the settlers in the Haliburton district near the Algonquin National Park are in the habit of killing hundreds of deer out of season, especially during the winter months when the animals gather together in "yards" and are easily slaughtered. The close season also is not, from all he can learn, at all carefully observed. Numbers of otter beaver and other animals are continually being destroyed, and the statement was openly made that the worst offenders are the game wardens who traffic in the skins of these fur bearing animals.

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Cock shooting was good in Nova Scotia in the fall. As late as Nov. 20th there had been no frost and the birds were still in the Province—one gentleman shooting two on the afternoon of the 19th within a mile of his house.

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A fine way of doing business is that adopted by the Matchless Cigar Lighter Manufacturing Company, 16 John St., New York. The Company, whose advertisement appears elsewhere in our pages, guarantees every lighter for two years, and wants no dissatisfied customer. Accordingly they ask us to state that if any of our readers who are using a "Matchless" lighter are not obtaining the fullest satisfaction, a letter to the New York office describing the difficulty will bring forth an immediate remedy or a new lighter, as the occasion may demand.

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A certain amount of dislocation always occurs in every business when, from any cause, removal is rendered necessary. Owing to the growth in all the varied Departments of their business the Warren Sporting Goods Company have found



# ITHACA GUNS



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The picture below is that of "Bob" Edwards, the man who made the old reliable ITHACA, the hardest and closest shooting gun in the world. He was the first man to perfect the taper choke and is the oldest barrel borer in the United States.

- We guarantee every gun in every part—shooting included.
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- We have barrels made special with extra heavy double thick nitro breech which will stand a bursting pressure of about 40,000 lbs. to the square inch, thus insuring absolute safety to the shooter.
- We make seventeen different grades guns ranging in price from \$17.75 net to \$300 list.
- We build everything from a featherweight 5¾ lb. 20 gauge gun to a 10½ lb. 10 gauge duck, fox and goose gun.
- Send for Art Catalog and Special Prices.



SEND 25c. FOR "SAM"  
THE FINEST DOG PIC-  
TURE EVER PUBLISHED.

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**ITHACA GUN CO. ITHACA, N.Y.**



it necessary to remove to new and larger premises at 101-3 King Street West, Toronto. They are desirous that this removal shall not cause them the loss of a single customer, and they promise that any small conveniences that may thereby be caused to clients shall be more than made good by prompter service and quicker delivery. The proprietors, who have had long, wide, and very varied experience of both sporting goods and the hardware business, offer to place this personal knowledge and experience at the disposal of clients, and thus render them additional service. They further promise the same attention to mail orders that is given to personal purchases and goods bought in this way if not satisfactory, can always be exchanged. A sporting goods business requires this kind of policy for sportsmen often wish for advice and assistance in their purchases. When these are forthcoming in such generous fashion as the Warren Sporting Goods Company offer, the result can scarcely fail to be success for both the sportsmen and the business.

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Everyone of us, sportsman or recluse, finds eyesight dimming with age, and from forty years up none can hope to escape from what learned oculists call prebyopia, which interpreted into plain English means old sight. Sportsmen, however, need no longer sigh in vain for their departed youth with its keen eyesight, for science has come to their relief in a wonderful way, and though their eye muscles may have become hard, and those accommodating the eye for different distances, decline to act, a most excellent substitute is found for them. Those who have reached middle age and are fond of shooting will find that the bull's eye, two hundred yards away, is fairly clear with the old peep and globe sight but the pin head is blurred and their aim is uncertain. Sportsmen may still enjoy their shooting and keep up their record for marksmanship by using a Stevens Telescope. If this fine instrument is used we see not the bulls' eye, but a minute image of it formed by the object glass and magnified by the eye piece. The formation of the bull's eye is at the place where the cross hairs are laid—

both on the same plain and equally distinct, enabling the old to see just as plainly as the young. The enthusiastic shooter will wish to keep up his favorite amusement as long as possible, and it is better for his health's sake that he should do so. All who feel their eyesight and consequently their aim deteriorating—or better still before that happens—should send to the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co., Chicopee Falls, Mass., who will forward them free on request, and merely for the mention of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," a copy of a beautifully illustrated thirty-two page catalogue describing the advantages of their extensive line of Stevens' Rifle and Pistol Telescopes. No sportsman should be without a copy of this publication.

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Mr. M. B. Squire, of Windsor, Ont., who under the non de plume of Hawk Eye contributed an account of a fine hunting trip in the country to the north of Lake Superior to our special Hunting Number in October, has recently returned from a four months' trip to the West. He reports seeing all kinds of game in the course of his travels. On the whole he believes the game to be as plentiful as ever, though the deer are not so thick along the railroad as they were in former years. On the other hand the wolves grow more numerous and bold, and on one occasion he saw seven of these animals within one and a half miles of the main line. The moose are increasing fast in numbers, while the deer are going north and west to districts where they were never seen before. The caribou grounds were found clear of tracks though five dead carcasses, which had been killed in September, were found. Two Indians were hunting in that district at the time, and though he didn't see them shoot, Mr. Squire, who was camping at the time, saw they had two bags full of something on their backs. After this it is not surprising to hear that Mr. Squires' party were not as successful with their big game hunting as they could have wished.

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In our November number we gave an account of a large party of sportsmen



# DOMINION CARTRIDGES



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Magazines perfectly in all modern  
firearms, including repeating, automatic,  
and single shot rifles, pistols and shot guns.

Every DOMINION CARTRIDGE and  
Paper Shell is thoroughly tested before being  
packed under the Trade Mark which guaran-  
tees it to you.

**Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd.**  
**MONTREAL.**



## DEPENDABLE AMMUNITION

visiting the Cassiar portion of British Columbia for the purpose of engaging in a big game hunt. From the list given was inadvertently omitted the names of J. E. Moore, M. D., Alliance, Neb.; C. A. Murdock, Kansas City; J. E. Campbell, Indian Territory; and Frank J. Jones, Knoxville, Tenn., although these gentlemen arrived at Telegraph Creek on the same boat as those composing the larger party. We understand that the gentlemen whose names we give above had a most successful hunt, securing four fine moose and six sheep. Mr. Murdock has also the credit of obtaining the largest moose head brought out of that part of the country up to the present time.

The first three days of the open season was long enough for a party of three Toronto sportsmen to kill four deer. These gentlemen, whose names are J. R. Skey, C. C. McNamara, and F. L. Summerhayes did their hunting north of Buckhorn in Peterboro County. Prior to the opening of the deer season they shot eighty ducks and thirty partridges. On the opening day they shot one deer, the next day two, and one the third day, returning home on the fourth day, and being the first party of successful hunters to reach Toronto.

A new branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association has been formed at Campbellford, a place in which the people are very closely interested in the success of the Association's program. Mr. A. Kelly Evans, Secretary of the Association, showed how, by means of taking in the Trent Valley Canal, there would be a waterway, including the Bay of Quinte, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes, and Rideau Lakes, making a thousand miles of good fishing and beautiful scenery—the finest sportsman's highway in the world. This would be an asset of incalculable value to the country and well worth preserving. Mr. Oliver Adams, Vice President of the Society, pointed out the importance to the farmer of the protection of those birds that destroyed insects and noxious weeds. No less than fifty members joined the new

branch which was organized with the following officers: President, F. W. Wood; first vice-president, George A. Payne; second vice-president, C. S. Gillespie; secretary, A. B. Colville; treasurer, H. F. Skey; executive committee, Rod Kellar, George Potts, E. Denmark, F. E. Gaudrie, William Carnahan, Mayor W. J. Doxsee, and James Irwin. Mr. Joseph Templeton, secretary of the Hastings county branch, attended from Belleville, and gave some valuable information as to the working of a branch and the useful services the members could perform.

It is estimated that between seven and eight thousand deer licenses were issued in Ontario during the open season of 1906, a notable feature being the issue of a license to a lady—Mrs. R. Patrick of Galt. For several years past this lady has taken out a license as well as her husband, whom she has accompanied on his hunting expeditions,

"Taxpayer" writing of game matters in the Province of Quebec where a resident license is not required, protests against those "who do very little work and pay no taxes spending the whole of their valuable (?) time in the fall in the bush, and frightening all the game they don't kill out of the country." The writer thinks a continuance of such a state of things unfair to those who "do keep things moving," and who when they do get a day off, "stand a poor chance at anything as the game is all scared out of the place." He is not aware of a remedy for this state of things but thinks there ought to be one. A resident license, and a limitation in the amount of the game taken, is the remedy that has proved of great service elsewhere, and will no doubt sooner or later be adopted in Quebec.

The widespread nature of the demand for good guns on the part of sportsmen is well illustrated by the latest news which reaches us from Philadelphia. In that famous city the A. H. Fox Gun Co., has its home, and by making a good and



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THE HOUSE THAT GIVES YOU A SQUARE DEAL

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"Sam, we won't sell our Furs to any traveling buyer. You and I have shipped to Weil Bros. & Co. for 35 years, and they have treated us well and given us more money than we could have gotten at home. Bill is going to send these Furs there. They will do better than any traveling agent."

AN ACTUAL SCENE IN  
BRITISH COLUMBIA

**EXPORTERS OF RAW FURS**  
FORT WAYNE, IND.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada.



reliable weapon have so extended their connections, and their large numbers of satisfied clients as to outgrow their factory. For some time they have been unable to make all the guns they might have sold and in consequence it became an imperative duty to seek new and extended quarters. Negotiations were opened with the Philadelphia Arms Co., and resulted in the purchase by the A. H. Fox Co. of the complete plant and equipment of the rival concern which is now amalgamated with their own. By this means the A. H. Fox Co. are now in possession of what is described as the finest and best equipped gun factory in the States. Even this however, is not likely to be too much for them, for already one-third of their complete output for 1907 is contracted for, and indications are such as to make it practically certain that the new plant will have to be worked to its fullest capacity to meet the demands for the Fox guns in 1907. Sportsmen are both numerous and critical and know the value of a good gun.

The fascination of deer hunting has often been written about and every year additional writers are attracted by reason of the remarkable transformation effected in men who follow out their hunting instinct. It is astonishing, as one writer says, that "men who never do a stroke of hard labor and who are not accustomed to rise from their downy couches before nine A. M. and then in an atmosphere of warmth and comfort will get up on a cold and frosty morning and breakfast long before daylight, break the ice on the water to perform their ablutions; paddle down the lake in the chilly dawn with the stars still shining brightly, or plunge into the woods wet with the hoar frost, or perchance snow that had fallen during the night; stand all day on a run-way be it raining or shining; carry canoes or boats over portages and come back to camp at night cold, wet, tired and hungry and call it sport. They enjoy it too! It shows what inherent strength the healthy human frame possesses, when men unaccustomed to such severe exercise and exposure can undergo what they do. They go into the woods with deli-

cate white hands and soft bodies and come out again in a fortnight brown hale and hearty, able to eat like a horse and work like a Trojan; go back to shop or office, hang up the rifle and hunting knife, and with mind and bodies rejuvenated and invigorated follow on the daily routine of life until hunting season once more comes round." All this shows how strong within us is primitive man!

For six years a Toronto daily evening paper has awarded a \$15 bass rod, reel and line for the best small mouthed black bass caught in Ontario waters. Last season the prize was won by William Robson, of Harwood, a little village on Rice Lake, and the fish beat all the six year records. The figures of weight and dimensions were verified by Mr. J. Edmison, the Harwood postmaster, and are as under: Weight seven pounds three ounces; length over all twenty-three inches; girth seventeen inches. Rice Lake is famous for its fish as well as its ducks, and big game hunting can also be had quite near. This record ought to make its name even better known amongst sportsmen and holiday makers.

News from Nova Scotia is to the effect that the branches of the People's Fish and Game Protective Association are rapidly increasing in numbers throughout the Province, and that the people, once aroused, appear to be in earnest. So far however the only branch that has affiliated with the parent society at Annapolis is the Digby branch. Care requires to be taken that the old proverb of the bundle of sticks is not repeated again. Enthusiasm, which leads to the formation of a number of scattered societies, is not enough. A central organization is wanted, and every branch will be stronger for affiliation. If good work is to be done it is necessary that the sportsmen of the Province should speak with a united voice, and bring a united influence to bear upon all matters in which they are concerned. The sooner our Nova Scotian friends carry their organization a step further by affiliating their branches with the parent society, and by this

means exert their legitimate influence in the most effective way, the better will it be for the cause in which they are working.

The Lure of the Labrador Wild is furnishing Mrs. Hubbard with subject matter for lectures throughout Canada and the States which add the thrill of truth to a narrative of adventure that could scarcely fail to interest and please. Mrs. Hubbard, jealous of the honor due to her husband, who died through starvation on an exploration trip to Labrador, took up the work where he left it off and carried it through to completion! She had the advantage of her husband's experience and of the services of George Elson, the half breed guide who made such heroic attempts to save Hubbard's life; and with a far better outfit and under more happy conditions, she completed the journey her husband had planned, but which he failed to finish. The two months' journey in the interior was replete with adventure, and the George River was traversed as well as the chain of lakes and rivers leading to its source from the south. The party met the Nascoupee Indians whose wealth consist in their supplies of food and whose clothing is secured by trading in furs, and obtained some interesting information from them. Although they reached the coast on August 27th, it was October 19th before a steamer arrived to take them off, and a month later before they landed at Quebec.

A correspondent writing from Saskatchewan on November 22nd states that on that date the snow varied from four to seven feet in depth, but as it was very light it would probably settle. The snow fall was sufficiently heavy to cause the lumber camps to close down though he thought some would resume when it settled. The moose were moving about in great glee, and he saw several places where they had been sparring and frisking about in fine style. He also saw several signs of timber wolves and meant to try hard and get a crack at some of them.

When the last birthday honors were issued the cable informed us that the only Canadian name included in the list was that of Mr. E. S. Dawson, the King's printer at Ottawa, who had a C. M. G. conferred upon him. When the English papers reached this country they revealed the fact that another name of great interest to many Canadians was also to be found in the list—that of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, whose work on the Labrador coast has given him a warm place in the hearts of the Canadian people. Dr. Grenfell entered upon the labors of a medical missionary in a part of the world where he could expect no material benefits to follow his self sacrificing work. By reason of his own force of character he has made known the wants of his enormous parish and aroused an almost world wide interest in all that concerns the poor people to whom he has been a veritable "good angel." An English commentator observes that the C. M. G. given to Dr. Grenfell was "never bestowed more worthily." We agree with this observation and would add that if all honors were so well earned they would be the more thought of than is the case at present, and more worth the winning. \*

There are more fur bearing animals in Canada than there are probably in any other country in the world. In consequence of this, trapping and the disposal of furs is more widely followed in the Dominion than elsewhere, and it becomes a matter of importance to the many individual trappers to know to whom to consign the results of their winter's work with the best possible advantage to themselves. A firm that has a high reputation, which is worthily sustained, is Messrs. Weil Bros., of Fort Wayne, Ind. who, dealing direct with the trapper, sell in turn direct to the manufacturer, having their own representatives in London, England, and Leipsic, Germany, the largest fur markets in the world; and are thus enabled to give clients all the advantages of a great organization, with speedy sale at the highest prices and prompt settlements. One fact alone tells the story of the firm, and is eloquent of their methods, and of the success attend-



ing them. Starting in 1872 they conducted their business on a total floor space of nine hundred square feet. Their present quarters require over seventy-five thousand square feet of floor space, an increase of over seventy-five times its original size. The volume of the business now exceeds one million dollars per annum. Such a business can only have been built up by fair and honorable treatment, and shippers can well understand that the firm is not only reliable, but also furnish prompt and correct returns, no other style of business paying them so well. It is no wonder after this that they receive consignments from every Province of Canada, as well as every State of the Union.

Painting and exploring do not usually go together, and when the exception is found the most should be made of it. Mr. F. Wilbert Stokes, who has been recently showing some of his pictures in Canadian cities, went both to the Arctic and Antarctic in search of material for his work, which is distinctly out of the ordinary. The Far North is alive with glorious color and gave Mr. Stokes ample material for his finest efforts, though the cold was so intense that only a few quick strokes could be made before the paint froze solid, although it was mixed with petroleum. The experiences through which Mr. Stokes passed were unique in the life of a painter, and as might have been expected found expression in the works which were some of their results. Mr. Stokes joined the Peary expedition of 1893-4, on this occasion making his second visit to the Arctic regions, and having previously visited the Antarctic he was in a position to judge the contrasts they afforded. Despite its intense cold the North would appear to hold the most interest for the explorer. Even the ice in the North is brilliant and translucent while in the Far South it is darker and more or less opaque. While the North is brilliant with color, the South was appalling in gloom, though occasionally relieved by a burst of splendor, and the many strange dissimilarities between the two will fire the imagination of explorers till our knowledge of both regions is made more clear.

A deer story that many will read with interest comes from the Province of Quebec. During last summer eight or ten deer made a feeding ground on two farms belonging to brothers named Dale living in the neighborhood of Shawville. They were not interfered with during the close season, but after October the first, the date of the open season in that Province, the brothers considered that they had a fair claim to some of the choice venison they had so long been harboring. A hunt was accordingly organized and some curious results followed. Two of the brothers, Bob and Ned, set out the dogs while Tom watched a runaway. As the latter did not hit the trail at the right place, he had the chagrin of seeing his deer sailing past a couple of acres from him, though he made up for it the next day by shooting the animal. Ned's dog got mixed up with a deer that showed fight, and when Ned went to its assistance it threw him. The dog caught the animal by one hind leg, and Ned getting up succeeded in grasping its tail. Between them they managed to throw the deer, and Ned, with his knife, gave it what he believed to be its death wound. He was taking a breathing spell when the deer again jumped up and made at him, bowling him over a second time, and then making for the woods with all speed, the dog following in his wake. The animal had lost too much blood to escape, and the dog soon pulled it down again. When Ned arrived on the scene the noble animal, which had fought so gallantly for its life, was breathing out its last gasp.

The lessons of the old world in forestry are constantly referred to, and the foremost teacher in this subject is Germany. The forest laws of some of the German States go away back to 1547, though it remained for Frederick the Great to devise a code that should be of general application. It was in 1740 that he decreed a growth of seventy years before forests were felled, and divided the State forests into blocks which should be cut in rotation. The law was carried so far as to prohibit the wasteful destruction of private forests. From these regula-



Without hesitation or fear, take an

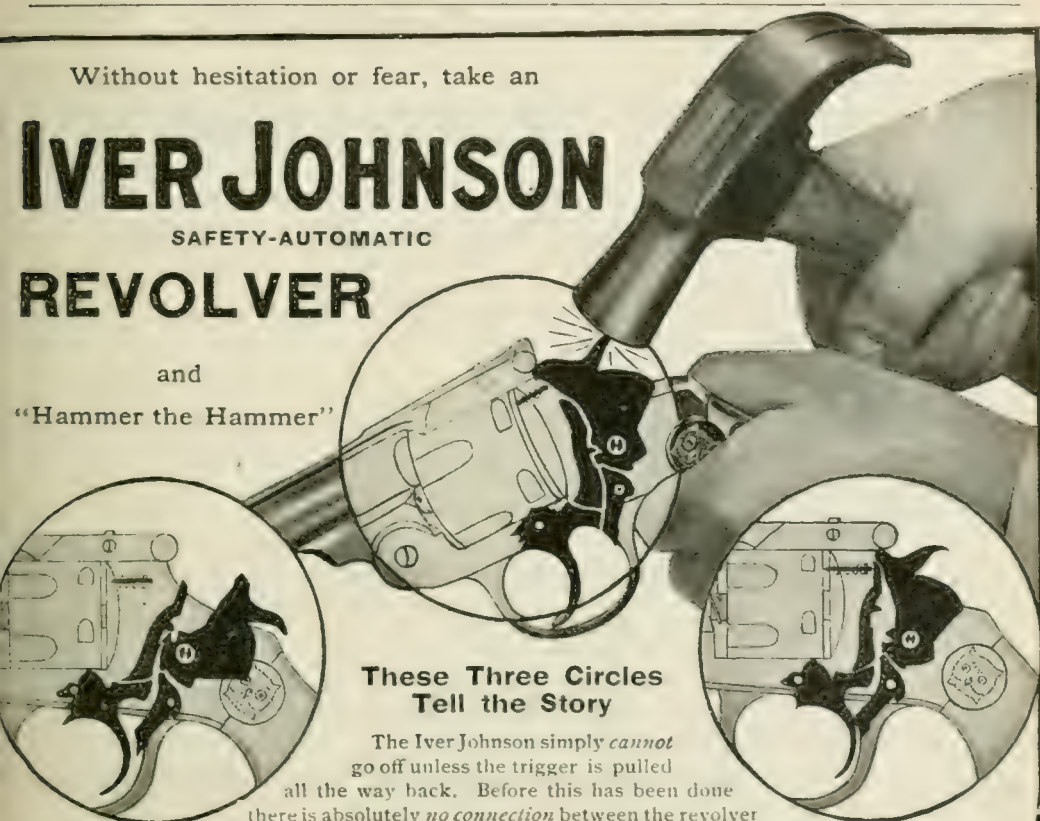
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The Iver Johnson simply *cannot* go off unless the trigger is pulled all the way back. Before this has been done there is absolutely *no connection* between the revolver hammer and the firing-pin—see the middle circle.

The left-hand circle shows how, by pulling the trigger, the safety lever is raised into place under the revolver hammer. When this hammer falls (see the right-hand circle) its blow is carried *through* the lever to the firing-pin, and the cartridge is exploded with unfailing certainty. So that, unless you *pull the trigger*, you can drop the revolver, kick it, hammer it—do what you please—it *cannot* be discharged by accident. That's why the sales of the Iver Johnson now exceed the sales of all other American makes combined.

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For straight shooting and hard shooting it is unexcelled by any other revolver no matter what its name or price. It is compact, graceful, easy to carry, easy to handle—in every way a gentleman's weapon for pocket, desk or home.

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#### Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge

**\$6.50**

These revolvers can be fitted, at extra prices, as follows: blued finish, etc.; 2-inch barrels, no additional charge; 4-inch barrel, \$1.00; 5-inch barrel, \$1.00; 6-inch barrel, \$1.50; Pearl stocks, 22-25 caliber, \$1.25; 28 caliber, \$1.50; Ivory stocks, 22-32 caliber, \$2.50; 38 caliber, \$3.00.

#### Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge

**\$7.50**

For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the *owl's head* on the grip and our name on the barrel.

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# Clark's Plum Pudding



For Your New Years' Dinner  
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Made from an old English recipe, its delightfully rich flavor is unsurpassed.

No trouble—just heat and serve. If you are in camp don't miss this treat. Get a supply of Clark's Plum Puddings.

Campers will find Clark's Pork and Beans, Ready Lunch Tongue, Sliced Smoked Beef, etc., all delightful and sustaining dishes.

## WM. CLARK

MANUFACTURERS - - - MONTREAL.

tions, and the lessons of practical experience were evolved, the elaborate system of silviculture which is practiced under most of the European States today, by means of which renewal is made to keep pace with depletion, while the product gives an annual return of many millions of dollars.

Exploration in the Far North proceeds despite all the difficulties in the paths of the explorers, and the dauntless courage displayed in the face of unparalleled dangers deserve more than it seems possible the north will ever yield to those who lead the bold attacks upon its secrets. Amongst those explorers Captain Bernier will ever hold an honorable place. Last summer he attempted to beat the northern record and went as far as to discover relics of the Franklin expeditions and to take possession of islands in the name of the Empire. The winter is being passed at Ponds Inlet in Baffins Bay, and as soon as the tardy spring opens on those northern shores it is the intention to push the Arctic as far as possible along the west coast of Greenland.

Mr. L. O. Armstrong of Montreal, writes:

"I am organizing a wolf hunt in Northern Quebec and another in Northern Ontario.

I would like to benefit by the experience of some of your readers as to the ricocheting power of balls hitting the ice. What danger would there be of these flying across and hitting somebody a mile or more away on the other side of the lake? Elsewhere in your columns there is given some details of the hunt. If any of your readers have had experience of this kind I would like very much to benefit by their advice. We intend to hunt the wolves and keep it up until the hunt is effective.

My plan has been approved by an old Hudson Bay wolf hunter but in the multitude of counsel there is wisdom and we will need much multiplying of human wisdom to meet that of the wolf. I shall be very glad indeed if you make your magazine the medium of obtaining information on this point. I should particularly like information as to where wolves are to be found in numbers this winter and the extent of territory over which they wander."



# THE TRAP

*ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingville, Ont.*

## Stray Pellets.

The Hamilton Gun Club's annual tournament is booked for January 15, 16, 17 and 18th. The shooting, as usual, will be at live birds and targets. \$1500 guaranteed.

Fred Gilbert is again in the game with his old time vigor and skill.

W. T. Hill, Indianapolis, Ind., who was the originator of sparrow shooting tournaments, catching, trapping and shipping sparrows all over the U.S. and Canada, is dead.

The three-day tournament given by the Hopkins Bros.' Co. at Des Moines, Ia., Oct. 30 and 31 and Nov. 1, was a notable event in more ways than one. The event marked the reappearance in the game of "King Fritz" Gilbert, after an absence of more than a year because of severe illness. Fred demonstrated he had lost none of his skill by breaking 195, 189 and 196 out of the 200 each day, a total of 580 out of 600, a percentage of better than 96. Charley Spencer was right behind the old fox all the way, quitting with 574. Russell Kline had 573 in the basket at the windup. For the amateurs Dick Linderman quit with 560 for high average. O. N. Ford was second with 556. Hoon of Jewell was third with 553. Holland fourth, 552. Then in order came Maxwell, the one-armed wonder, with 551, and John Peterson with 550. The weather was fine and the days ideal for trap shooting. A set of Experts and a Legget tossed the discs the regulation distance.

Quail in Southern Ontario this year have not been more plentiful in a decade and there are lots left over for seed.

A successful pigeon shoot took place at Deer Lodge, Winnipeg, Nov. 29th, when about fifteen well known marksmen participated. Jas. Fogg won first place with 17 out of 18 birds; John Baird was second with 16, while R. J. MacKenzie and Geo. McMillan tied for third with 15. C. H. L. Baldrick shot 12 birds out of 13 with one hand. He was not present in time to take in the whole shoot.

There was quite a gathering of members at the Dartmouth, N.S., Rod and Gun Club ground on Nov. 16th. Some excellent scores were made. The club had for its guest, Mr. P. G. Blathley, of the Toronto Rod and Gun Club. He was greatly pleased with the location of the grounds and spoke in high terms of the very complete and perfect equipment of the Dartmouth club.

Omaha Gun Club winter tournament opened in a snow flurry. Fred Asher of Coon Rapids, Ia., was high gun for the three days with 464 out of 510, beating Charlie Spencer by one bird. O. N. Ford tied with Spencer for second place. Bad weather affected the averages.

At the Craig, Mo., two day tournament Chris Gottlieb of the W.R.A. Co. won high average with 377 out of 400. O. N. Ford was high amateur with 376. W. D. Townsend, Omaha, won the Schmelzer handicap trophy with 44

out of 50 at 17 yards. O. N. Ford captured the \$250 Wyeth trophy, an open handicap, with 46 out of 50.

The Surny South Handicap at Brenham, Tex., will be held Jan. 21-26, 1907.

Adam Mehling and David Evans shot a live bird race at Pottsville, Pa., seven birds to the man, for \$50 a side. Mehling grassed five, Evans got four.

W. B. Miller, holder, easily defeated Dr. Lenow, challenger, in a contest for the live-bird championship of Arkansas, with a straight score of 25. Lenow killed but 16, being completely outclassed. The next candidate for admission is J. M. Pemberton, the former holder.

A writer in the London, Eng., Field says: A nearly new gun of the first quality, made by one of the best English firms, burst in my hands fortunately without doing any damage. I was using at the time the very best quality and most expensive cartridges supplied by the same firm. I had fired a few shots at pheasants at the commencement of a drive—standing alone—when, on pulling the trigger, I heard, instead of the usual explosion, a sound like a tap on a tea-tray. The muzzle half of the fired barrel fell to the ground, and the other barrel becoming detached from the center strip had assumed the shape of a new moon.

The gun maker, to whom I returned the gun took counsel with another great expert, and they came between them to the conclusion that the barrel had been perfect, there had been no muzzle obstruction, and therefore the mischief must have been in some way due to the cartridge.

It subsequently occurred to my mind that there had been a somewhat strange or irregular sound in the firing of the cartridge immediately preceding the burst, to which at the time I had not attached importance.

On the next day's shooting I commenced with the same lot of cartridges which I had used on the last occasion, and after half-a-dozen shots I recognized a doubtful sound about the explosion. On opening and examining the gun I found the barrel choked, and introducing a stick into the muzzle pushed out downward the shot charge and the waste between the shot and the powder.

This appeared to be a confirmation of the theory that the burst was due to an imperfectly loaded cartridge, which had exploded with sufficient strength to drive the shot charge more than half the way up the barrel, but not out of the muzzle. The remainder of the lot of cartridges was thereupon forwarded to the gun maker for examination, when he admitted finding another cartridge "loaded short with powder."

Of course, the obvious moral is, "always examine the barrel after a doubtful sounding explosion before inserting another cartridge." If your readers will bear this in mind they may avoid a serious risk of a shattered hand.

The above instance is not an exceptional one and illustrates, among other things, that



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even cartridges turned out by the most reputable makers are not immune from defects which may have disastrous results if not carefully guarded against. In the hands of a careful shooter a squib load should be a warning of a very probable lodgment of a wadding and a careful examination should follow before another shell is fired from the same barrel.

### Stanley Gun Club Shoot.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, took place on their grounds on Saturday, Nov. 24th. The day being fine there was a large attendance, including several visitors from sister gun clubs. Mr. White of the Dupont Powder Co., and Mr. Halford of the Dominion Cartridge Co., were also present. The following are the scores—

Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
No. targets—	10	10	10	10	10	25	25	10
Dunk .....	9	10	10	8	19	10	22	
Elv .....	9	10	9		9		23	
Parry .....	9	9	8	7	23			
White .....	9	9	7	9	23	25	8	
Thompson .....	10	8	8	7	9	18		
Edkins .....	9	6	8	7	6	11		
Kemp .....	8	7	7	9	7		23	
Buck .....	7		8	6	6			6
Fritz .....	8		7	9				
Ross .....	7	7	8	10			17	
Herbert .....	3	3	4	8				8
Dey .....	8			8				5
Frank .....	5		7		13			
McGaw .....	5	6		6	12			
Ten Eyck .....	5	10		8			22	
Townson .....	9	6	9	7				4
Mason .....	8	9		7	18			9
Edgar .....		4	10					7
Cascl .....					14	18		
Ingham .....				8		23	9	
Dorf .....					12	20		
Pearsall .....							19	

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, Dec. 1st. There was a fair attendance of members present. The day though fine was marred by a strong northwest wind, which increased at times to a hurricane, and scores suffered accordingly.

The following is the result of Saturday's shoot:—

Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6
No. of targets	10	10	10	10	25	25
McGill .....	7	7	4		21	24
Dunk .....	7	6		8	22	19
Buck .....	6		7			
Kemp .....	6	6	3	8	14	16
Herbert .....	2	5	6		10	
Thompson .....	8		9	67	15	
Ely .....	6	8	9	6	21	
Jennings .....	8		10	8	20	22
Brown .....	7	7	9		21	19
Hogarth .....	7	8			19	
Fritz .....	6		8		16	
McDuff .....	9	8	7	20	20	
Lucas .....	6	5	7			
Martin .....	4	8	8			
Williamson .....	8	8				19
Hoey .....	9		8	21		
Ingham .....		7	7	21	20	
Artindale .....		2	4			
Edkins .....					17	

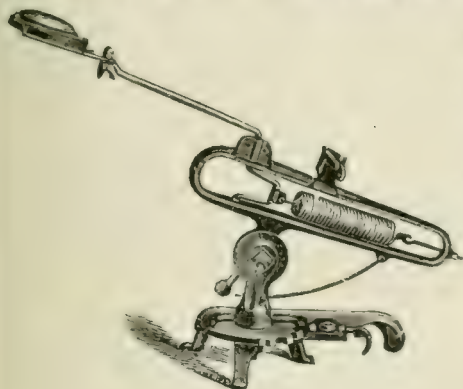
### Riverdale Club Shoot.

The Riverdale Gun Club, Toronto, held their weekly shoot on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 24th on their grounds on Greenwood Ave., J. Logan winning the spoon from Bredannaz in the shoot-off of the tie. Scores:—

Event 1, 10 targets—J. Logan 9, F. Bredannaz 9, J. Jennings 8, E. Hiron 8, O. Davidson 8, O. Logan 7, G. Logan 7, T. Logan 7, W. Josell 7, W. Lowe 6, D. Walton 5.

Event 2, 10 targets—O. Logan 10, Jennings

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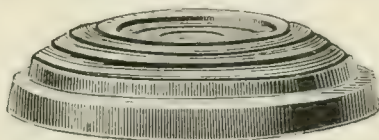


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8, Murray 7, Lowe 7, G. Logan 7, J. Logan 5, Bredannaz 5, Walton 4, Joselin 4, Hiron 3.

Event 3, 25 targets (spoon)—J. Logan 23, Bredannaz 23, Jennings 20, Lowe 18, Walton 17, Joselin 17, T. Logan 15, Davidson 15, Murray 14, C. Logan 14, Hiron 13, G. Logan 11.

Event 4, 25 targets—Jennings 24, J. Logan 22, Bredannaz 21, Joselin 20, Murray 18, G. Logan 17, T. Logan 17, Lowe 12.

The weekly club shoot was held as usual on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 1st, by the Riverdale Gun Club, but the strong wind, accompanied by snow, which blew into the faces of the shooters, made good scoring almost impossible. The scores:—

10 targets—Heys 9, Lowe 7, T. Logan 6, Bredannaz 6, J. Logan 5, Bennett 4, Hiron 4, G. Logan 3, Cook 3.

10 targets—Cook 8, Bredannaz 6, Lowe 6, Bennett 6, T. Logan 5, Hiron 5, J. Logan 5, Heys 4, G. Logan 3.

25 targets (spoon)—Bredannaz 21, Bennett 18, J. Logan 17, T. Logan 17, Cook 16, Hiron 16, Heys 15, Mollon 15, G. Logan 14, Lowe 12.

10 targets—Bredannaz 7, Lowe 6, Cook 6, G. Logan 5, Mollon 5, F. Duncan 5, W. Duncan 3.

## Dartmouth Doings.

Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club held its monthly shoot at its grounds Nov. 7th. The shooting was good and the results were in some instances rather unexpected. The wind was very blustery and interfered materially with the shooting. The results were as below:—

1st event—black powder squad—5 targets — prizes presented by J. T. Egan: J. A. McLaughlin and L. F. Hill tied for first place. In the shoot off first place was won by L. F. Hill.

2nd event, 10 targets—1st, J. T. Egan and J. A. McLaughlin, 9; 2nd, H. D. Romans 8, 3rd A. M. Stuart, A. Edwards and G. P. Monahan 7.

3rd event, 10 targets—2-man team—the following teams tied for first place with a score of 8: J. T. Egan and F. Monahan; H. D. Romans and G. P. Monahan; R. A. Johnson and A. Edwards; L. F. Hill and H. Greene.

In the shoot off J. T. Egan and F. Monahan again tied with H. D. Romans and G. P. Monahan with a score of 9. This tie will be shot off at the next shoot, it being too dark to finish.

4th event—Club Trophy—25 targets — handicap—The scores in this event were as follows:

	Broke	Handicap	Total
G. B. McInnis .....	15	7	23
R. F. Eager .....	13	7	20
G. P. Monahan .....	18	2	20
H. D. Romans .....	15	5	20
J. T. Egan .....	19	Scratch	19
A. Edwards .....	19	Scratch	19
A. M. Stuart .....	16	2	18
R. A. Johnson .....	16	2	18
J. A. McLaughlin .....	15	2	17
H. Greene .....	17	Scratch	17
L. F. Hill .....	15	2	17
F. Monahan .....	7	2	9

5th event, 10 targets—1st, J. A. McLaughlin 9, 2nd R. A. Johnson 8, 3rd H. D. Romans 7.

Mr. McInnis, the winner of the Club Cup, is one of the new members of the club.

The handicap is on a sliding basis and is changed from month to month according to the average made in that event in the previous month.

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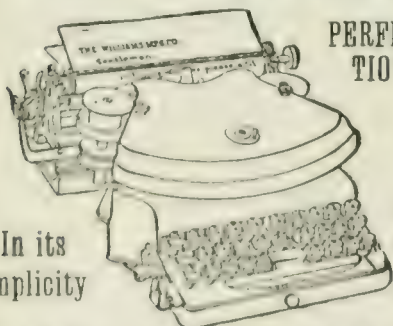


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After the shoot Mr. Chadwick served an old time New England dinner to the assembled sportsmen, eighteen of whom sat down to enjoy the spread. When the inner man had been satisfied another hour was spent in reviewing the events of the afternoon and explaining "why". It was a jolly time and a hearty vote of thanks was given Mr. Chadwick for the good time provided.

### High River (Alta.) Gun Club.

The most successful shoot ever held at High River took place on Friday, Nov. 23rd. The contests was at 25 birds. There were 16 contestants.

1st prize—Silver Cup—R. R. Carver, score 22  
2nd prize—watch fob—C. Crawford, score 21.  
3rd prize—tobacco pouch, J. E. Brooks, score 20.  
4th prize—box cigars—J. A. Gillis, score 19.  
5th prize—pair gloves—M. Sexsmith, score 18  
6th prize—pair cuff links, W. H. Todd, score 17.

The cup was donated by Mr. Robert R. Carver, who is putting it up for another contest.

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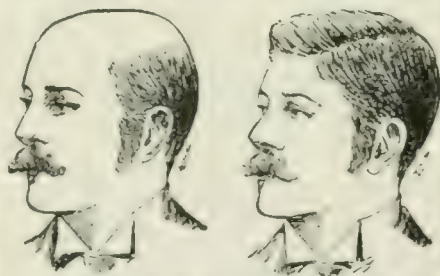
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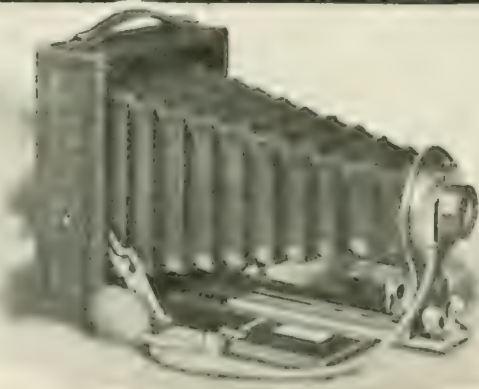
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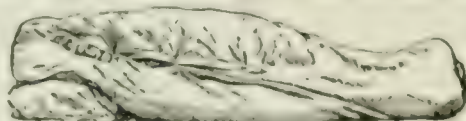
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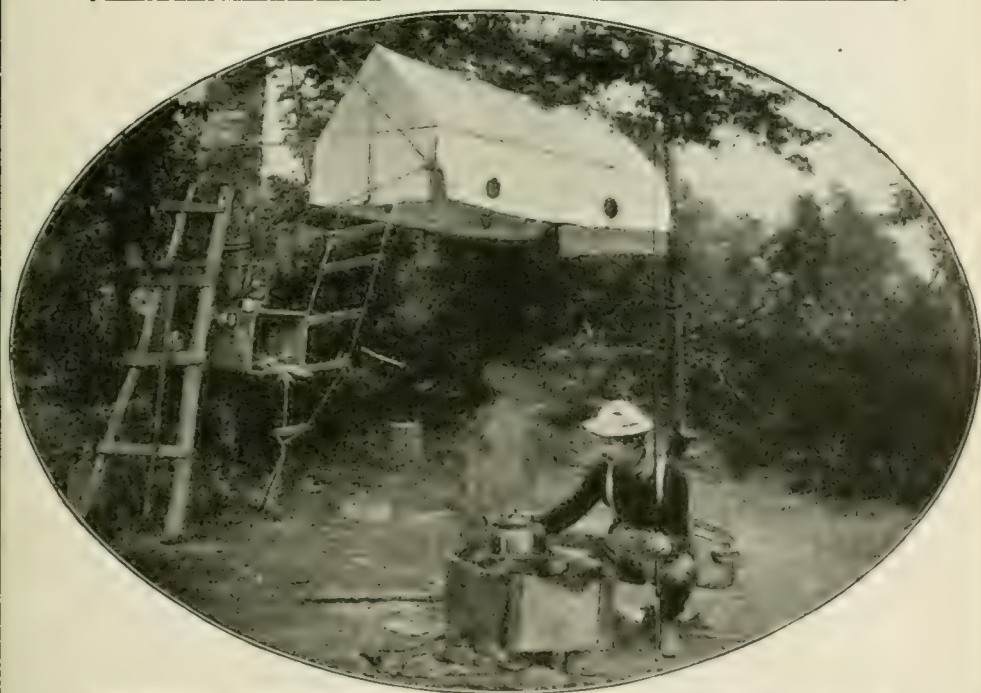
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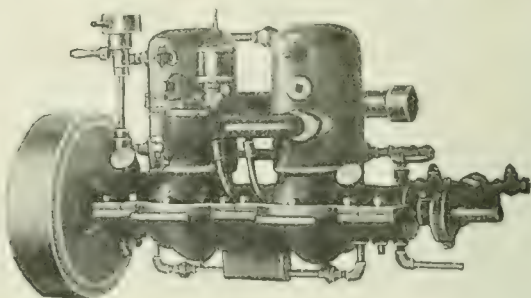
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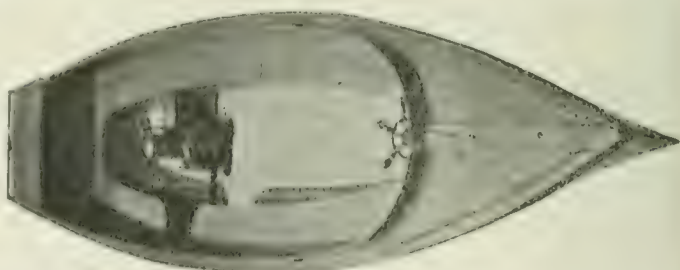
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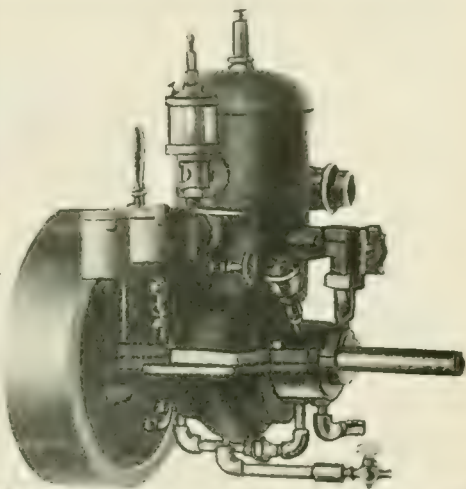
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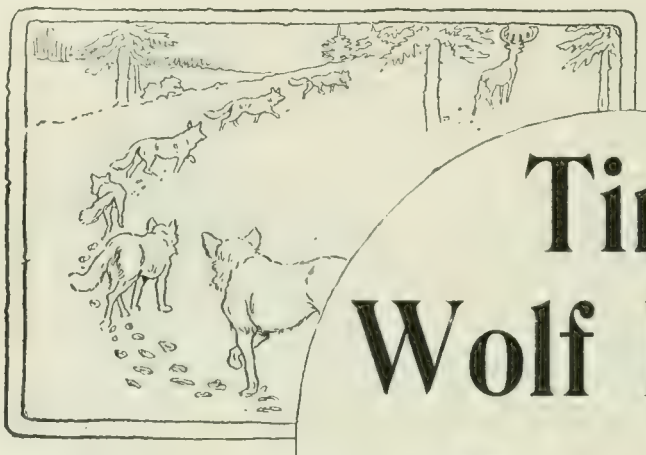
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ON

## ***February 9, 1907***

IN

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***FOR PARTICULARS  
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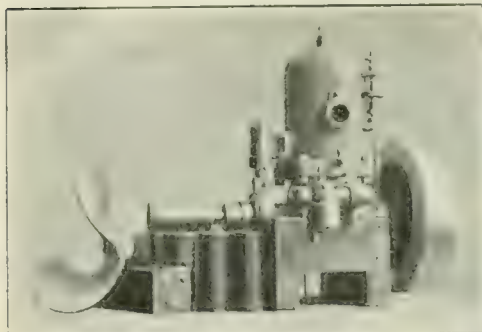
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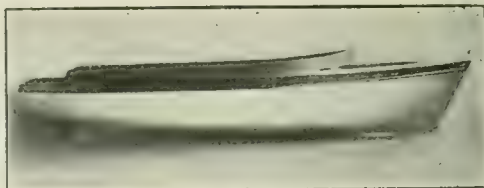
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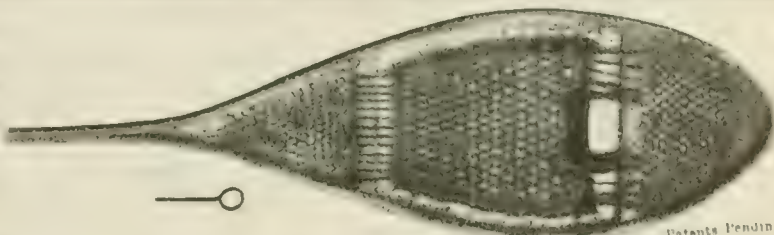


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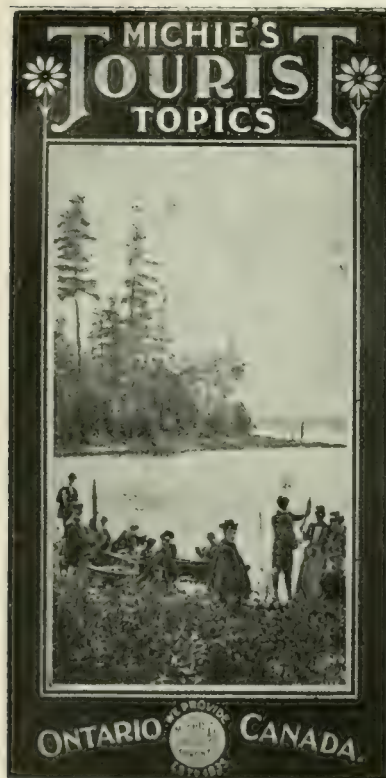
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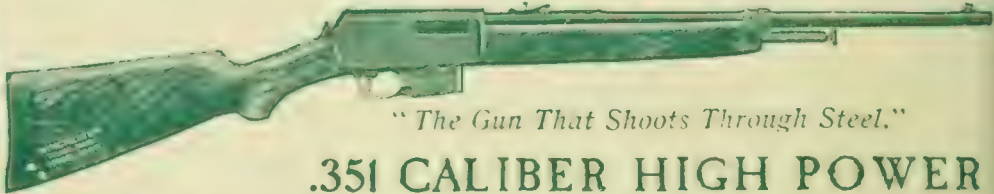
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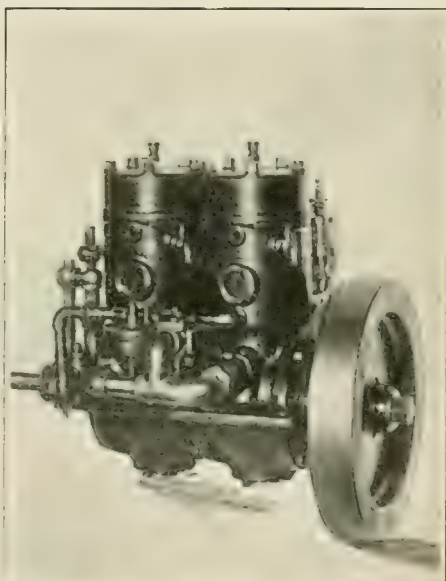
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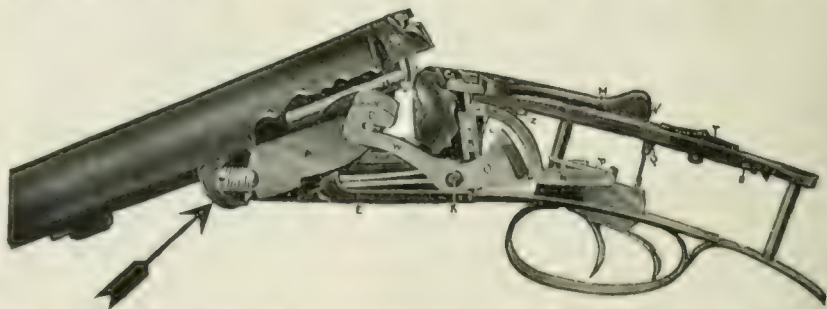
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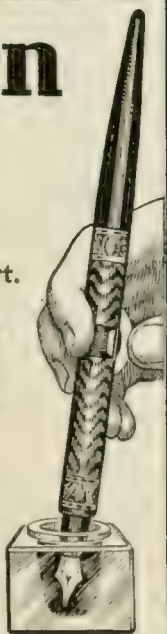
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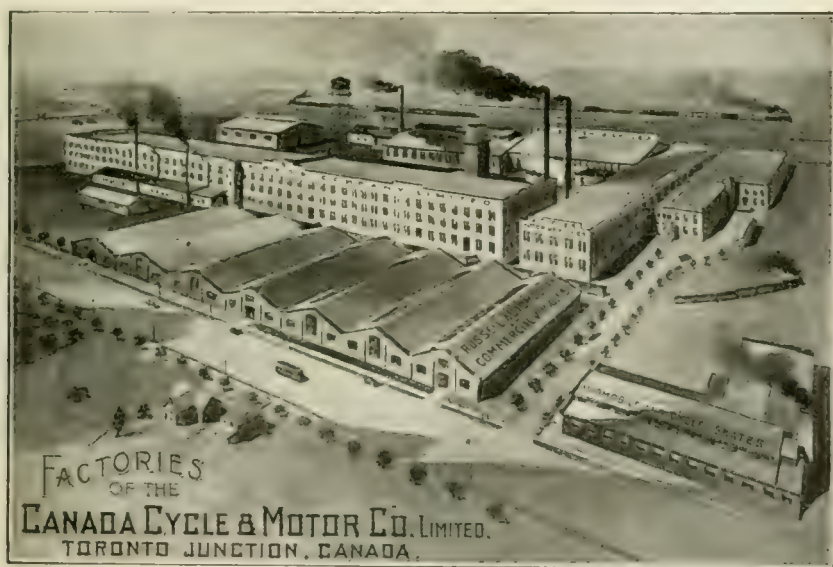
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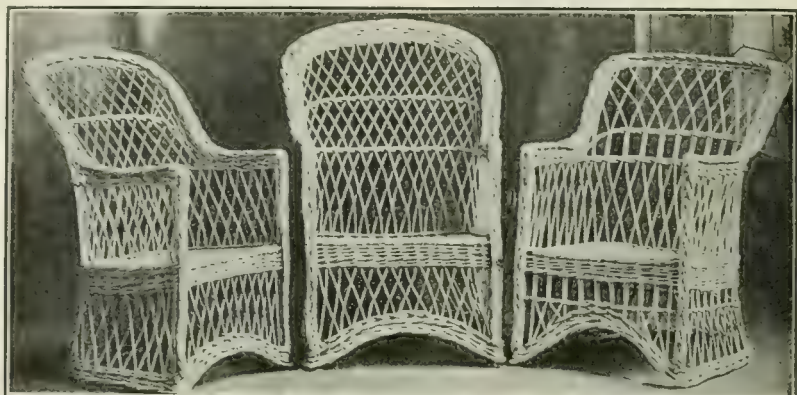
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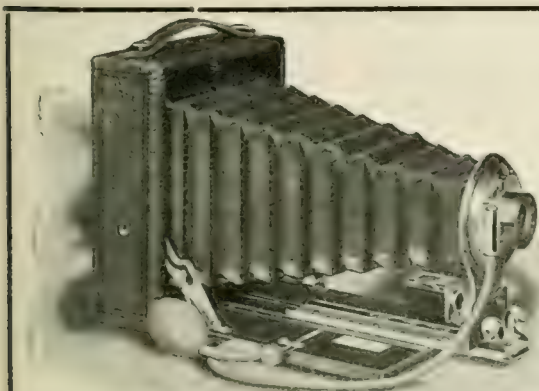




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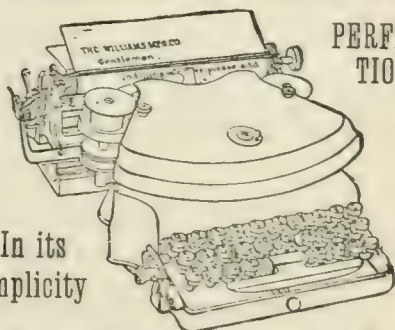
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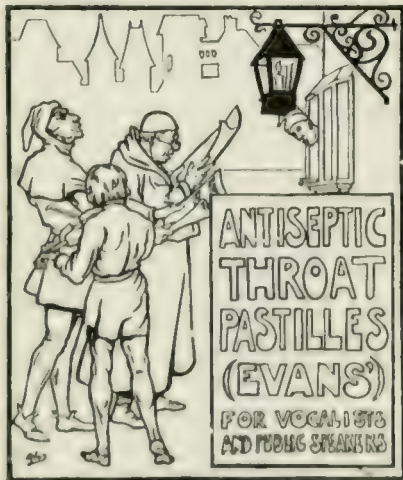


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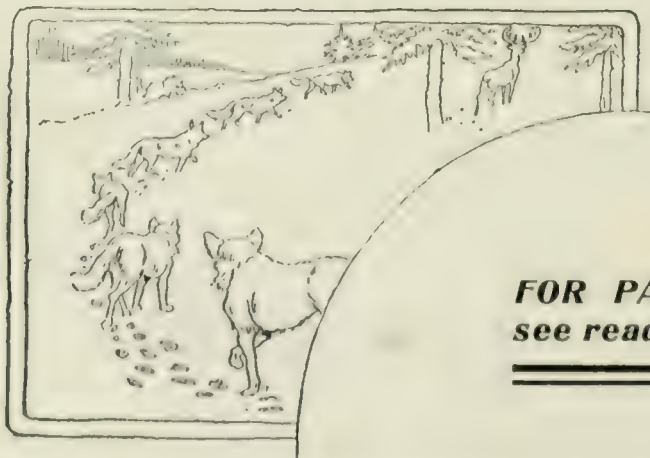
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ON

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IN

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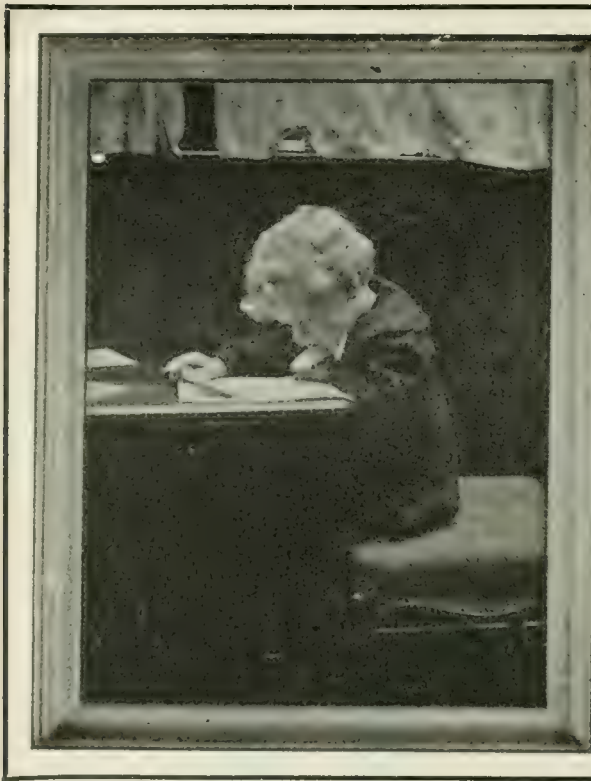
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Newspaper Editing  
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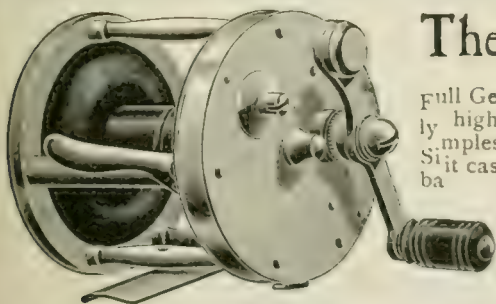
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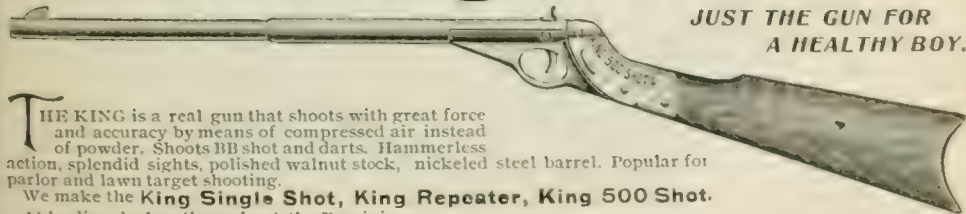
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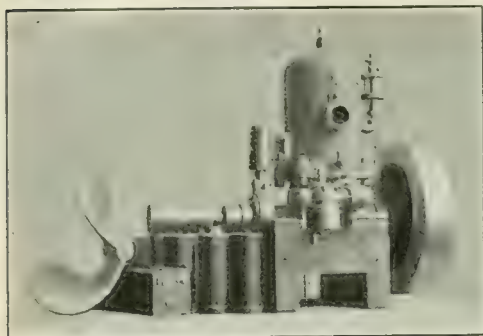
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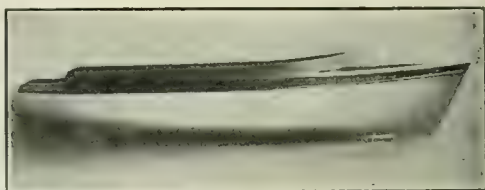
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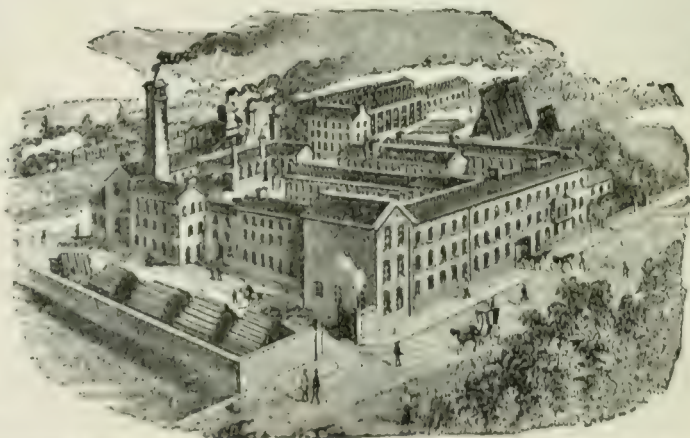
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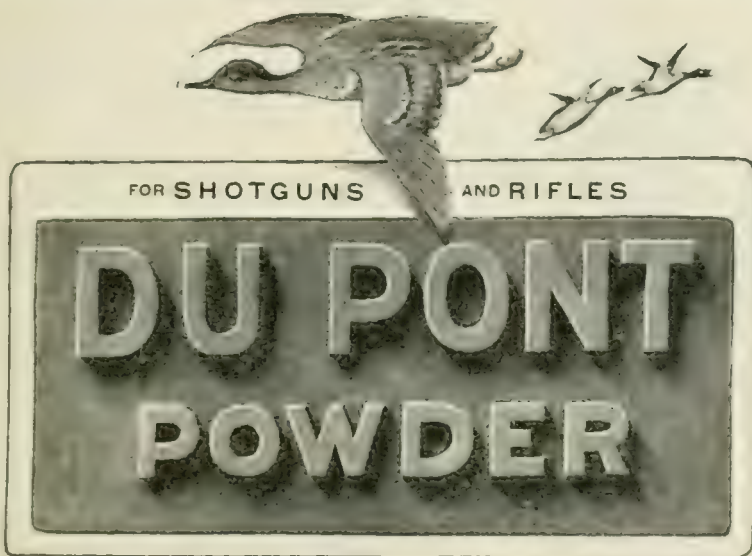
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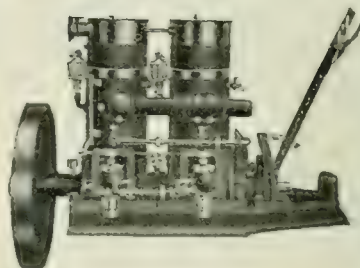
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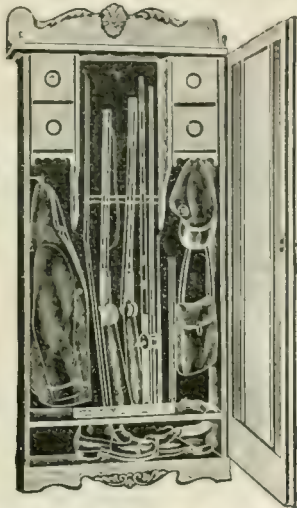
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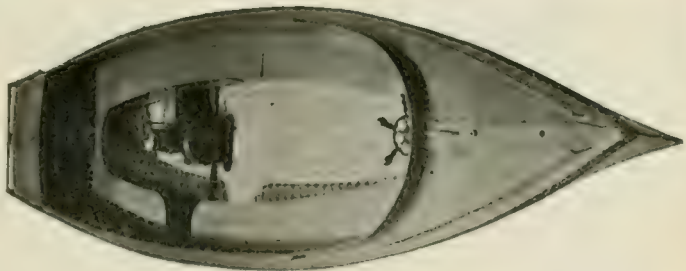
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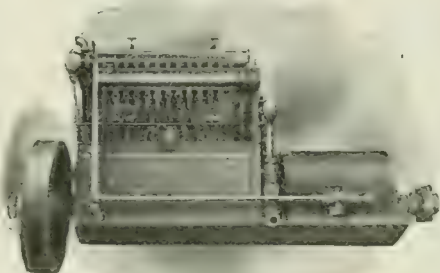
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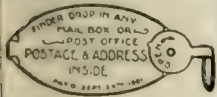
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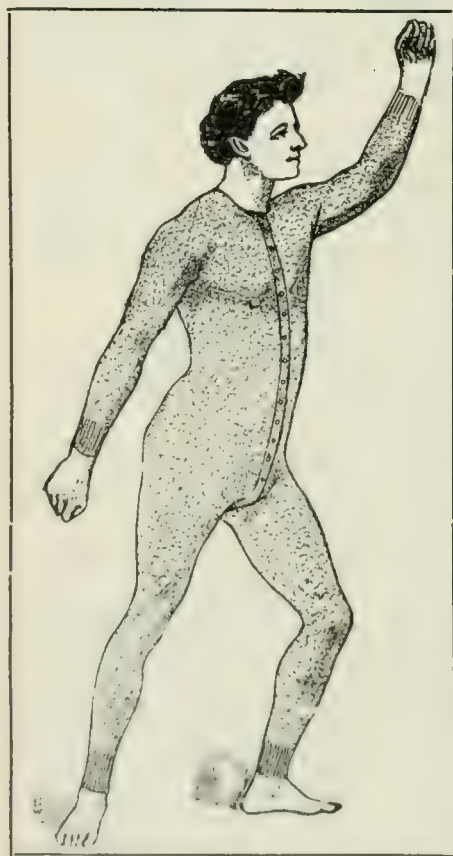
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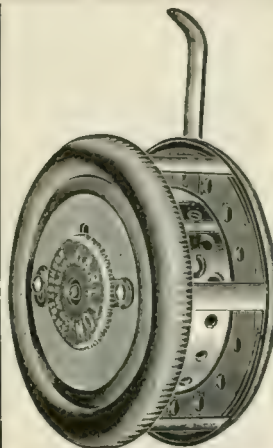


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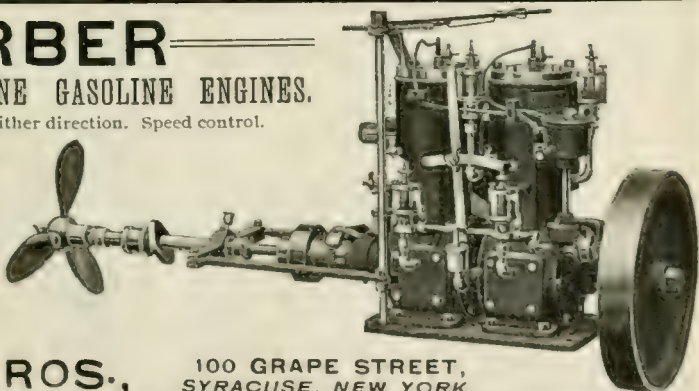
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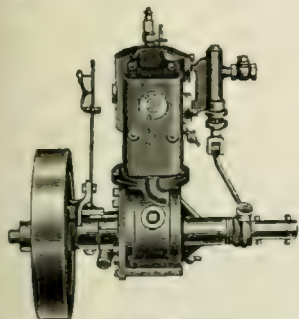


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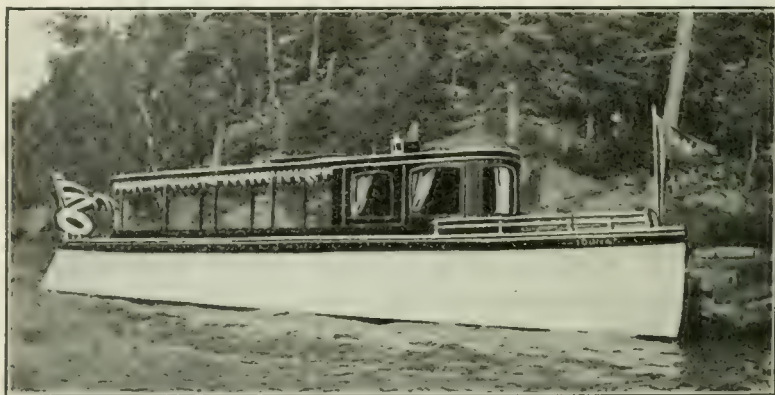
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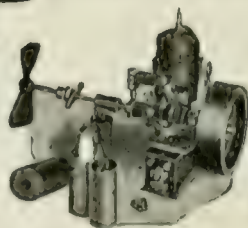
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# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

FEBRUARY, 1907

NO. IX



SNOW SHOEING ON MOUNT. ROYAL.

## Winter Sports in Montreal.

BY F. W. LEE.

"**A**FTER all, you don't have it so bally cold!" remarked a young Englishman at dinner. Having seen his heavy overcoat in the hall I asked:

"Is this your first winter in Canada?"

He nodded assentingly and one of my beliefs was shattered, namely, that all our ruddy faced kinsmen so little felt the dry cold after arrival that they safely got past their first Canadian Christmas without the aid of a muffler. However, January was a persuader to the extent of a waterproof.

Montrealers do not like a snowless winter. In the frigid portion of 1905-06, there was a painful lack of the beautiful

and our usual sports, skating excepted, languished. We had a succession of bright crisp mornings, a darkly clouded sky at eleven o'clock, thick snow at noon and rain at six. Then the heavens would clear, the stars shine frostily and the streets by next sunrise, be covered with ice. This lasted for nearly two months and we became heartily sick of variableness. In February, things looked up a bit and a respectable quantity of snow accumulated, snowshoeing, skating and tobogganing flourished and it looked like old times.

This winter snowshoeing boomed! It is a splendid exercise and we have a most romantic field for exploitation. Our

mountain and vicinity afford dozens of routes from which to choose. The old-fashioned club tramp has waned in popularity and to tell the truth, there is something puerile in a bunch of grown ups twisting along in processional pairs. Parties of say six, boys and girls seem to take most. The limited number gives ample scope for conversation, each couple is so intent (or should be) on its own business that the others go unheeded. A pretty girl and slender, (slender mind you—the stout one looks like a bundle), arrayed in picturesque costume, sharp air crimsoning her face and making lips resemble cherries, alluring surroundings, altho' a trifle wintry, and so forth and so forth, result in a nice crop of matrimonial mistakes—escapes—no, experimental engagements. Many little stories are related of what really did not happen but unvarnished history goes unrecorded and is only a pleasurable memory to the interested ones in future years!

Then, there is the 'selfish' old bachelor, stout, with a little bit off the top, who rejuvenates himself in ugly gray blanketing and professionally gripping his pork gut sieves, hikes to Fletcher's Field with a man chum. He starts off like a 'steen year old but slyly makes short cuts and eventually strikes a little inn back of the mountain, where, meeting congenial souls he whiles away the precious health giving hours in clouds of tobacco smoke, a pot of suds on the table before him. I understand he returns to town in an electric car.

Giddy rinks, gay with fluttering colors and enlivened by stirring marches from regimental bands or discordant with blare of a dozen brass makeshifts, are in plenty and this form of sport is most patronised. There are at least ten large ones in the city and the attendance is immense. Skiing, in a small way, has its daring devotees and driving parties are numerous. For the latter, a date is usually set without regard to the weather man's wishes and frequently resenting the slight he sends a blinding snowstorm just to show there's no ill feeling!

"Where is the toboggan slide?" asks the winter tourist on arrival here. He means the Park Slide, for without any intended disparagement to the others in

Montreal its unrivalled situation back of Mount Royal, its length and scientific arrangement of chutes and hair raising dips and above all ready access from the city easily gives it first place. Many of the young members complain you do not get your money's worth, viz: but three descents per evening—this on account of the large membership over one thousand strong. This may be the case with the blase ones, the beginner is enthusiastic with even this pittance!

The six chutes give guardians and officers of the Club plenty to look after and to carry out their duties properly they could not very well add others. Accidents with the present safeguards are unknown.

We go through the gate, our badges inspected by a man, mount steps and select chute number three which we were told was very smooth. At the top of the stairs we encounter a platform and on this our toboggan is placed and we take positions. The girls lay flat and tuck in their dresses, then the steersman grips his rope guard and a bar in the front drops. We are shoved forth and fall headlong—so it seems! A sensation of fear almost chokes, and our ears are deafened with a roaring, rushing noise! We flit downward and striking the firm earth the noises lessen but not our speed, for dark blurred dummies watching us from the side zip by, above flash meteors, lights stringing the place from end to end. The keen wind cuts like a knife and the icy furrow seems interminable! Then we mount and descend the first dip and speed slackens. What a heart sinking, hair lifting, experience that first dip has been! We can sit up and leisurely look back at where we started from, now far astern. We travel to the end, get off the toboggan, turn around and walk back nearly a mile. It is great sport and tame words cannot describe its ginger!

Once an American said in relating how he felt after a slide; "I would not have missed it for a thousand dollars and I wouldn't go it again for a thousand!" So there you are! Perhaps he was putting it on, he certainly was not so phlegmatic as dozens who brave the cold, night after night for their gentledescents.

During the season one evening is set apart for what some call a 'fete de nuit,'





MOUNT ROYAL PARK SLIDE, MONTREAL.

or gala night. 'Tis then the bonfires crackle, colored lights illumine the snowscape, sky rockets and candles bang and fizzle, all for the pleasure of self invited multitudes. On the last occasion the slide was honored by the presence of his Excellency the Governor General and party.

Many non-members with toboggans, skim the mountain side where there is a clear expanse ahead and have, if anything, more fun than the slide patrons. There is however, a certain danger in the pursuit. A treacherous root or stick sneaking under thin snow covering, may slit the sled from end to end or a deviation towards a tree trunk may give more than a headache!

But the soul stirring game and pleasure of all is Hockey. Experts declare there is no sport its equal. The pick of Montreal youth chase the puck, whether on two by four ponds or the magnificent sheets of ice where world's championships are decided. Most of the great events are pulled off here and agitate the minds of thousands. When the effete East and the lusty West battle like gladiators for a silver mug and resultant championship, then there is excitement!

Long before the crowning event every fellow with sporting blood, has pasted a schedule in his pocketbook and as the season rolls on, ticks off progress, the defeat of this team, the winning of another. The games are generally held

Saturday night and next morning hundreds of groups in as many rooms, discuss results, criticize newspaper reports, tell of incidents unnoted by the referee, the quick upward stick jab at a troublesome opponent or the swift trip of vengeance. Hopeful speculations follow and supporters hotly compare the merits of favorites.

In connection with securing seats for these big matches there is a great deal of profanity and elbowing wasted and much strategy manufactured. The sale opens early, about 8 A. M. and long before the lordly ticket vendor graciously puts in an appearance the crowd in single file may string for two blocks. Late comers are simply out of it as those ahead generally buy for friends. One young blood had done himself the honor to ask two ladies to go to a match and came tearing up to find himself at last place. He was in a fix. He knew the girls would scowl if they had a poor position in the rink. He slipped down a side street, talked a moment to a friendly cabman, then came back. A moment later there was a shout of "Runaway Horse!" and a huge wild-eyed brute, its driver gesticulating furiously, leaped to the sidewalk almost atop the crowd. There was a sheep like scatter, the air was blue and our friend carelessly took a satisfactory station. It was a put up job, the cabby had perfect control over his horse and was a dollar or two richer as he chucklingly drove away!

At last comes the great deciding night. The Arena is packed, even the roof girders are clustered with human flies. The city's fairest tier the boxes and front seats, behind crowd the equally enthusiastic, on top rows or in the twenty-five cents seats huddle the 'gang' who root in language more euphemistic than refined.

A band plays but is unheeded, the seething crowd is too impatient for music.

Suddenly the rink is dotted with the challengers, then the home septette comes and babel breaks loose.

In the preparatory interval some favorite local men nonchalantly twirling their hockey clubs find time to tour the ice keeping close to the sides just, for identification do you see. Each knows there

is a whole battery of feminine eyes upon him, in imagination he can catch the buzzing, "That's him!" as his admirers enlighten their neighbors. The ordinary lobster who has just paid three dollars for two seats thus recognizes he is not in it with the soft capped individual who slides around gracefully and stirs up enough envy and heart interest to last a lifetime.

There is a pause, the rubber disc is set, admonition rendered the players and the fight commences.

It is impossible to fitly describe the whirlwind of event, the soul stirring action, the exhibitions of speed and dexterity, brute strength and ebullitions of savagery. The newspapers fall back on slang when giving an account. The players sway the emotions and passions of their beholders. Middle aged business men impassive as bricks, become animate with tremendous excitement, shout till hoarse, shake a wad of bills at the office boy if he wants to bet; the girls forget their dinky toilettes and incur damage in the frenzy of waving arms, hats and handkerchiefs. The rich man shakes hands with the laborer over a pretty shot, the irreconcilables become good friends.

Three hours fly and all is over. Telegraphs sing the news to every part of the Dominion, the crowd has scattered and more hockey history goes into print!

Yes, it is a fascinating and strenuous game, tho' as one of my young friends observes in his usual coruscating English, 'not strictly to the candy.' Somewhere in our fair country are the blind, the halt and the lame, no longer wistful to hear the ring of steel on ice, the blocky rattle of sticks or thud of the puck. They were once lured into searching for transient Hockey fame. Virile youth with the allotted chunk of iron in his blood does not mind damages to eye, nose mouth and face but the tale is told in the laryngologist's surgery or on an operating table when he gets older. 'Tis sad but true and everyday object lessons are utterly disregarded.

Every Montrealeur looks forward to winter. He can pack each hour of leisure with incident and impatiently wonders why people decry our climate!

# The Delights of a Snow Shoe Tramp.

BY MISS T. MURIEL MERRILL.

**S**UCH a day as was the Friday of my visit at Picton, Ontario, made it impossible to stay in the house, so at one o'clock I started for a snow shoe tramp.

It was a glorious day; cold enough to keep the snow from clogging the shoes but not too cold to be pleasant. The sun shone brightly.

Down the hill, through the gate out on to the bay I went. The sun made the long smooth stretch of snow dazzling. Following the south shore, at Vance's Cove, I left the bay, walking over a fence, up through a field, along the top of another fence and over on to the road.

Crossing the road, I walked over another fence, and began the ascent of the Gorge. This is a ravine through which a stream runs, draining the Uplands. The southern bank is high and steep, but level enough on top to walk on. It is surely one of the prettiest spots near here, especially in the early spring when the snow is melting, the swamps full, and the stream goes leaping from ledge to ledge, a picturesque succession of foaming rapids and waterfalls. Now it was all frozen and deep in snow, but the Gorge with its great white drifts and its bare gray trees was nevertheless beautiful.

Many of the drifts were crusted in ice, making them hard to surmount when ascending the hill. But in snow shoeing one does not mind such small inconveniences as this.

At last I reached the top, finding myself on the Uplands with a fine view of the bay and the country. To the west I could see the East Lake, the Sand Banks and West Lake, and beyond, the great Ontario.

I walked on, straight back towards Lighthall's swamp, then paused. In front of me were gleaming drifts of snow edged by the dark cedar and pine of the swamp. Beyond all was the sky, a transparent blue banded with misty, white clouds. The dark trees seemed full of mystery, enhanced by the great

stillness which wrapped the hills;—a mystery which could be felt but not spoken.

I listened. Not a breath of wind; not a bird note; silence! Then from far back towards the town came the faint barking of a dog. This ceased. It was all so very beautiful, so quiet, so lonely. I looked up and saw a colored ring around the sun—the sign of a storm in the near future,—but what cared I with this one day so fine.

On I went, the swishing sound of my racquettes keeping me company. With a sweet whistle a Grosbeak flew across the field.

Over two more fences and through other fields. Here the snow was drifted so hard that scarce a mark was left by my shoes. Then my right toe strap broke. I untied the long thong which went around my ankle, placed the middle of it over my toe, passed the ends down through the shoe, up again, twisted each end in and out of the thus formed toe-strap, and tied them behind my ankle. This fixed me as well as I had been before.

At last I reached the cross-road. I followed it past the main road, staying on till I came to Macaulay's Woods. Here I crossed the fence and after some tramping found myself among the trees. There is nothing more beautiful than the woods in winter—the long white stretches of snow winding between the silent trees! No human foot-tracks could I find. Here from tree to tree were the prints of a squirrel's feet. Farther on were two other tracks, side by side, the foot prints grouped in threes. Two rabbits had passed this way making for a cedar thicket which they had entered. And near these tracks, circling round, then following, were larger tracks, like those of a dog. They were the foot-prints of a fox.

Still on I went, winding in and out among the trees. No sound but the dragging of my shoes, an occasional whisper of wind through the trees, and



once the loud clear call of some bird.

I thought I noticed a faint odor of smoke in the air. Then, too, were those dark forms moving among the trees? No. Only my imagination.

The Redman is always with me. He haunts the woods wherein I walk; with me he follows the course of the streams through the open. On summer evenings as I follow the shore in my canoe, I hear the silken swish of his paddle cleaving the water, the lapping of the ripples against his birchen boat. The air is laden with the incense of his campfire, which by night I see twinkling from among the trees. The sound of his war-cry, his songs, his death chant, comes to me with the wind.

I walked almost as far as the stream which drains the Pond, then made down the hill. Part of it was steep enough to afford me a slide, a thing dear to the heart of every snow shoer.

Reaching the foot of the hill, I turned and looked back. There stood the great trees, rising one above the other,—elm, basswood, maple. The white slope was crossed with slanting shadows, giving place, on the left to the gloom of a hemlock wood.

Along the foot of the hill I tramped, over more fences, following the valley towards town. A yellow dog from a farm house on the opposite hill stood upright against a fence and serenaded me. He discovered me before I left the woods, and thought it strange anyone should be there at this season. He looked too, as if he were unacquainted with snow shoes, but hesitated to give them a close investigation. So he stood there and barked till I was out of sight and hearing.

I reached the road, removed my shoes, slung them over my back and trudged home through the town, a little tired but very happy.

## A Campfire Idyl.

BY FANNIE M'DONALD.

Have you sat beside the campfire 'mid the gloom of forest pines,  
And heard among'st their tall tops the murmur of the winds;  
As the flames shot madly upward, or sent forth a flickering light,  
Making deeper still the shadows, and the darkness of the night?

Fragrant breath of balsam,  
Sweet the scent of pine,  
Couch of gathered spruce boughs,  
And then—dream time!

Have you watched the twilight fade away by the ruddy campfire's light,  
And seen the twinkling stars spread out in the canopy of night?  
Have you felt the solemn stillness—Nature's hush?—it seemed a boon,  
Disturbed perchance by whip-poor-will, or laughter of the loon.

Fragrant breath of balsam,  
Sweet the scent of pine,  
Couch of gathered spruce boughs,  
And then—dream time!

Oh, the friendships that are formed around the ruddy ember's glow,  
Cementing hearts together as the years still come and go;  
Stories told and each enlivened by the laughter and the songs;  
How they live again in memory as the season comes along!

Fragrant breath of balsam,  
Sweet the scent of pine,  
Couch of gathered spruce boughs,  
And then—dream time!

## Big Game in British Columbia.

**N**ONE of the Provinces of Canada can equal British Columbia either in its magnificent scenery or its wild life. Each Province possess numerous attractions which specially commend themselves to those born within its confines, and to outsiders who know, and knowing love, some of their delights. The charms of the wild are found throughout Canada and the lure of the primeval is felt in every Province, with civilization and its influences ever pressing upon what has hitherto been left to Nature and Nature lovers. So vast are Canadian areas that the primeval will still be left a long while yet, though the steadiness and the increasing strength of the stream ever tending west and north argue that not too much of the primeval will remain within a few years of the present time.

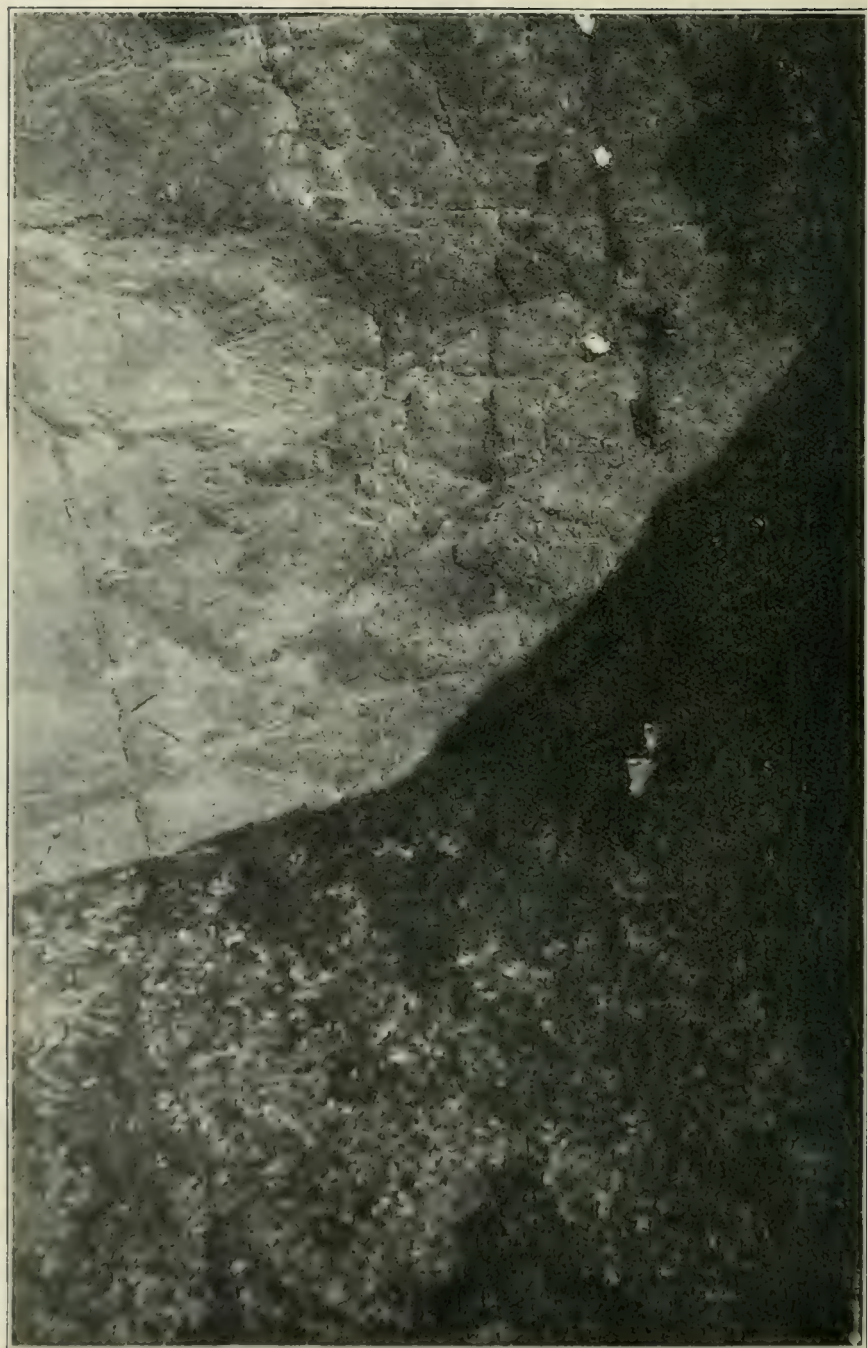
British Columbia has however fine defences. Her enormous mountain areas preclude the possibility of anything more than the peopling of her valleys and lower slopes, though the southern portion of the Province may become a vast fruit garden. In her mountains, forests and fisheries, to say nothing of minerals, British Columbia possesses sources of wealth whose totals would "stagger humanity" could reliable estimates be made of them. The amount of exploration still to be done provides work enough for a century at least, and it may well be that at the end of that time as much will still remain to be accomplished. Active pioneers are pushing their operations further and still further

afield, and prospectors are ever on the move. There is the charm of uncertainty about pioneering which tempts men onward and keeps them hopeful to the last. Others have made discoveries in these mountains and why not they? Many are kept from regular work by the lure of rich rewards from prospecting, and the hope of stumbling upon an easy fortune every passing hour. That there are minerals and plenty of them a visit to the Provincial Government offices at Golden, where specimens are kept, will fully demonstrate, and when one remembers the greed of



ELK AT HOME.

gold one is not surprised that the lure of the mountains is so strong, and that when once possessed by it a man rarely recovers. All prospecting however is not for minerals. Great as have been the discoveries made in that direction, there are probably greater still to come. The chances are however that some at least will be accidental, and those who spend the best portions of their lives in searching may still die poor. While prospectors of this kind will always haunt the mountains there are many others who go to the same places for very



MOUNTAIN GOATS IN THEIR NATIVE HABITAT.





MOOSE IN A CANYON ON THE STIRINE RIVER, CASSIAR, B. C.



ELK.

different reasons.

Some are attracted by scenic beauties alone, and these can be satisfied without too great an exertion on their parts. Health giving exercise will provide them with such sights and scenes that they will speedily agree with the correctness of the phrase which describes this part of the country as the Wonderland of Canada. The mountains are full of wonders. To see a good proportion of them one should be active and accustomed to exercise. Given these reasonable conditions, and some of the most marvelous pages of Nature's own book can be turned in British Colum-

bia. Language is inadequate to describe the bold and rugged beauties of these wonderful mountains with their glaciers, snow fields, ice fed torrents and both fauna and flora so very different to much that is found elsewhere. There are many who need neither to fish nor to shoot to find plenty to see

and to interest them throughout the mountain districts. Nothing can equal these sights, and nothing can surpass the mountains in their wild grandeur and majestic beauties, and the sightseer must be exacting indeed who does not find satisfaction in the scenes around him. How-



HAPPY HUNTERS.

ever high the waves of civilization may surge up and around these mountains they can never overwhelm them. For ages to come they will stand, as they have stood for ages in the past, and although more of their secrets and their wonders will be given up to persistent man with the lapse of

time, they will still defy the ages and all men's efforts to overwhelm them. They may be surrounded, surveyed, prospected and mapped out, but the mountains themselves with all their varied changes will remain, and will forever form the finest attractions for British Columbia that any country could possibly possess.

Like all mountainous countries, British Columbia has some wonderful waterways, only in a much larger measure than most other places. As a matter of fact just in proportion as her vast mountainous regions surpass most other countries in their area, variety and beauties, so do these waterways surpass much that is found elsewhere. Lakes, rivers and streams abound, and there are numerous connections which make these waterways wonderful means of intercommunication throughout the Province. Waterfalls are found everywhere, and many of them, wondrous in their beauty, are sources of endless delights to visitors.

For the big game hunter, British Columbia provides an unequalled field. The hunting grounds comprise an area of four hundred miles by seven hundred miles teeming with wild life. Black and grizzly bears, panthers, lynx, mountain



TROPHIES OF THE CHASE.

sheep and goats, wildcats, wolves, wolverines, moose, caribou, and other species of deer are included in the big game, while the smaller animals such as the mink, raccoon, beaver, marten, fox, hares and rabbits are very numerous and widely distributed. The Province is the home of the mountain sheep and the mountain goat, and the grizzly bear makes his home in these mountains. Those who would visit Ephraim in his habitat must go to the west. There are sportsmen who have wandered the world around, who have tried sport under all conditions and in many places, and who still give the palm to British Columbia. To see these animals in their own homes is a privilege hunters are willing to go far to enjoy, and the only drawbacks to British Columbia are the time and expenses necessary for the journey and its results. Big game hunting in the west is not a thing to hurry over. It takes a long time to reach the hunting grounds, and when one has arrived, there is so much to see that time is needed to appreciate the sights. The game may not always be just where it is wanted, though with a good guide it can generally be found, and sportsmen need have no fear





OSBORN'S CARIBOU—(RANGIER OSBORN)



A FINE BEAR.



A FINE HEAD.

of failing to find themselves in the position of Happy Hunters.

The lordly moose is to be found in British Columbia in equally as large numbers as in other parts of Canada, and though he may sometimes be discovered in positions where it is hard to get a good shot at him the pleasures of seeing moose in such places will often prove of sufficient reward to the sportsman. There are districts which are frequented by moose and come to be known as their particular resorts.

Both on Vancouver Island and on the mainland are elk to be found, and the animal is believed to be in need of more careful preservation if it is not to become practically extinct. No doubt in some of the remote regions of the Province elk may still continue to be found, but all lovers of big game would like to see elk numerous for years to come. At present the herds on Vancouver Island, and some in East Kootenay, are practically left alone to carry on the species, and further protection should be afforded to them without loss of time. There are a few more difficulties than are found in the other Provinces in the way of efficiently protecting big game in British Columbia, but the Provincial Government have made a good beginning, and need only to have their backs a little

stiffened to go further. The difficulties of transportation are not easily overcome in British Columbia, and law breakers go beyond the inhabited districts and largely behave as they please. There are ways and means however of reaching such people and

the sportsmen of British Columbia, who are a large and growing body of influential residents, backed up as they will be in all reasonable demands by the ever increasing number of visitors attracted to the Province, will make it politically profitable to legalize efforts in this direction. When it is politically profitable to listen to the wishes of sportsmen—and even go further and comply with their requests, efficient protection for big game is assured.

There are caribou grounds in British Columbia and caribou hunters, if they go to the right districts with a good guide, one who knows the habits of these animals, are pretty certain to obtain that for which they seek.

Bird shooting in British Columbia is unequalled both on Vancouver Island and the mainland. The immense system of waterways attracts ducks, geese, and other fine game birds, while on Vancouver Island the pheasant, partridge capercaillie, and other birds, both native and imported, will soon, it is hoped, be so plentiful as to continue, with ordinary care, to afford sport for years to come. On the islands off the coast, and along the mainland, birds abound, and although there is a marked absence of bird life on the higher reaches of the mountains the valleys and the lower slopes reveal them



in plenty. With the increased protection afforded to all forms of bird life there should be no doubt about their future. They are certain to continue to add their charms to the many other attractions in which the Province is so rich.

So varied and so wonderful are the



TWO DAYS' SPORT ON THEE-ACH-ANUS RIVER. SQUEAMISH VALLEY.

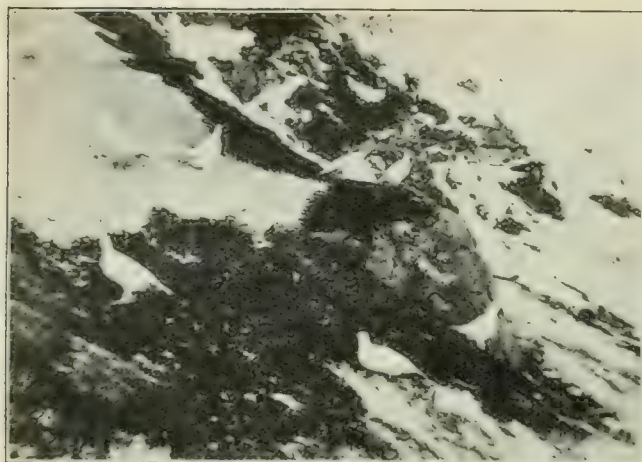
fisheries of British Columbia that they may be said to stand alone. Everyone knows something of the commercial fishing, and the salmon of British Columbia find their way to all parts of the world. The salmon "run" is a sight which once witnessed is never forgotten, and the salmon canning industry is one of even national importance. The salmon of the Pacific coast is said not generally to rise to the fly, but there are those who believe proper efforts have never been made to induce them to do so, and that with one tithe the effort and patience expended upon their brothers of the east they would afford equally good sport with the rod and line. Splendid sport is to be obtained by trolling.

Trout is abundant all over the Province, and though the palm is often given to the Kootenays, every portion has its attractions for the angler.

In a recent issue of an official pamphlet entitled "Game of British Columbia," Mr. A. Bryan Williams, the Provincial Game Warden, has an article on "Sport All the Year Round," in the course of which he describes how a man, fond of fishing and shooting and sufficiently blessed with this world's goods to be able to indulge his taste, can always find something to tax his skill.

He imagines such an individual coming after big game, and commencing his acquaintance with the Province in August. In such a case a beginning should be made with the Cassiar country. Our readers know something of this great area from accounts of sporting expeditions to those regions which have recently appeared in our pages. Out in Cassiar, mountain sheep and mountain goat might be hunted with chances for a caribou or a moose. Bear could also be obtained, though the bear hunt might well be deferred till spring when no other big game was in season. There would be no hurry in such a case, and when a return was made to the south the deer would be hunted. At the end of November the sportsman would cross to Vancouver Island, and try for wapiti. By the end of December panther and wolves will be the only big game left to hunt, and as these are numerous all over the Island, Mr. Williams advises that this sport should be combined with duck shooting. For panther shooting a guide with a good dog is required, and while after panther a good look out should be kept for the wolves.

Fishing may be obtained from December, and while spring fishing is at its best in the neighborhood of Port Simpson, it



PTARMIGAN.

can also be pursued with advantage close to Vancouver.

To be prepared for bear with the first sign of spring is strongly advised and for this the sportsman should be in Wrangel at the beginning of April. The Ishut River, which runs into the Stikine River not far from its mouth, is believed to be the best place for bear both black and grizzly. A canoe should be hired and an effort made to go up the river as far as possible. While there is still snow in the timber, the bears come out of their winter quarters and are in prime condition. Early morning and late evening are the best times for hunting these animals, and with a good pair of field glasses the slides can be examined at a distance and a fine skin often taken.

After June trout fishing for a month and then salmon fishing, till the opening of the fishing season again. It is only a few favored portions of the world that can offer the possibility of such a program to the sportsman, and British Columbia is one of the most favored.

Then this program could be varied in a hundred different ways according to individual tastes. Those who are fond of the water could do much sailing and cruising and that not only amongst the islands of the Pacific but also on the many fine lakes which add so much to the beauties of the Province. More time could, if so desired, be given to the bird shooting, which is unsurpassed, and

others again might be attracted by the mountains and go in for some mountain climbing, not only for sheep and goat, but for the exercise and the views alone. Whatever they might do, however they might elect to spend their time, it is pretty safe to say they would find health and pleasure in all they did, and remember, with an ever increasing feeling of pleasure, the fine time they had in the Province of British Columbia. It is certain that with time, increased

transportation facilities in portions of the Province as yet unreached, better roads, better accommodation in various places (in many it is at present of the best) and an ever widening knowledge of the possibilities of the Province, visitors and tourists will rapidly grow in numbers. There is no fear of its ever being overrun in the same way as Switzerland is today. Those who desire the primeval and the wild will always be able to obtain all they can wish in British Columbia. The territory is so vast, and so much of it must always remain in the wild, that when all other parts of Canada are invaded, (and despite the continued rush into the country that won't be just yet) British Columbia will remain with her grand mountains, glaciers, waterfalls, rivers and lakes over the greater part of her area very much in the same condition as she is today.

In the midst of an ever changing world the mountains retain their unchangeableness, and it will only be by slow degrees that the restless energies of man can possibly affect them. Everything that has been done up to the present is not worth counting. At present they form, and will continue so to do for years to come, a national playground the like of which is not to be found elsewhere in the world, let the globe trotter search where he will.



# Our Deer and Their Enemies.

BY ERNEST J. MCVEIGH.

**T**HE Department at Toronto have done much to protect the deer during the last few years, but unfortunately their efforts have been directed against the least of the deer's enemies; namely, the sportsman. We get each year the figures of the Express Companies giving numbers of deer handled, and as these run into the thousands, we say that they can't last at that rate. But what do these figures mean anyway? They mean of course that so many deer have been killed by sportsmen, or their guides, and the numbers in the country have been reduced to that extent. They mean further that the Government has received in license fees at least three times that number of dollars, and that Sportsmen of Ontario have paid out at least twenty times that amount for the privilege of killing those deer. The figures do not take into account those destroyed by the pot-hunter, and cannot touch at all the fearful slaughter by the wolf, his first cousin. I know how hard it is for the Department to get after those animals, but just the same when I see how the Sportsman is surrounded by rules and regulations I am reminded of the story of the Indians and the pony. This band of Indians were found with a wagon stuck in a slough, and were all collected around one unfortunate pony pounding him for all they were worth. As the white man came up he called out "Here, what in the dickens are you doing? Why don't some of you get after those other horses; that poor little cuss is pulling alright?" The reply he got was "Huh, no use pound them; they won't pull anyway!"

The Sportsman is not doing much kicking, and neither was the unfortunate pony. The Sportsmen are fairly well in hand now and pulling strong in the right direction, so that we might devote a little time and attention to the non-pulling critter.

I am not going to say much about the pot-hunter—as a matter of fact we are all more or less to blame in this matter; we, the Sportsmen of Ontario must take

a share of the blame for the pot hunter. Do you ask how? Well, now let us reason together. How many of us are there who do not know at least one man somewhere, who kills deer the year round, and because he is, or we think he is, a friend of ours we say nothing of it? There is also the reason that we will not be an informer. Is that right or is it not? If five thousand of us each know one such man, and that man kills twenty deer in the twelve months how many deer are we responsible for being killed? These men also kill large numbers at seasons when the death of one means two or three.

Those Express Companies' figures would look rather small if all deer killed were counted up, wouldn't they? But perhaps you don't agree with my premises? Well, I have tried to be reasonable. There are ten thousand Sportsmen in Ontario who hunt deer more or less. I say that one-half of them each know one man who kills deer at any time it seems good to him to do so, and I think that is a reasonable proposition. Why I know three or four men who—ahem! Yes, as I said before I guess we are much to blame in this matter of the pot hunter. Let us however talk about the wolf—he has no friends.

When I first visited the Highlands of Ontario I did a lot of tramping around looking for lakes in the summer, and hunting in the fall, and I was simply horrified at the number of places I came on to where a deer had been killed. Most men who go to the bush know what I mean, a patch of hair, with a few, a very few bones. As my wanderings covered a strip fifty miles long by five or six miles wide, and as I found these hair patches everywhere, I made an attempt to figure out what it meant in the destruction of deer. First I took the number of patches I had found in a 6x50 mile strip and multiplied by the number of such strips we could cut out of the deer country. This only gave me four hundred deer killed. But then what proportion of that fifty mile strip had I actually walked over in



my trips back and forth to lakes and streams and partridge hunting, this latter mostly along roads, where the hair patches were very rarely found? Well I could not figure out that I had actually covered, or brought closely under my eye, more than two per cent of the total area. Now it is nothing more than reasonable to suppose that the portion of the ground I did not see had at least as many hair patches as the portion I had seen, and granting this what would we get?—20,000

I am not prepared to say that all these were killed in one season, as these patches of hair do not disappear in one year, but we all know that during the winter the majority of the deer killed by wolves are pulled down on the ice, and no trace is left after the spring break up, so that we will let those figures stand.

Then I went at it in another way. There was a considerable number of wolves in the district. I was acquainted with, and I made an attempt to arrive at a reasonable estimate of the number. To do this I interviewed all the hunters and trappers I could meet, as well as the men from the many lumber camps. After compiling the figures and cutting them down one-half to make allowance for what Dooley calls poetic license, I had left a total for the deer country of 350. This is I am sure well within the actual figures. Now say that each band of five kills a deer every day and we have over twenty-five thousand to their credit.

That wolves do kill at about this rate I know to be true, as there was a small band of four or five in the woods on the farm where I was born. They hunted every night, and the old men were all agreed that they always killed their deer before morning. It will not do to say that one deer to five is more than five wolves would want to eat each day, as we know that when deer are plentiful wolves do not eat the whole carcass, but take one feed-off it, and kill a fresh one for the next meal.

Admitting that my figures are approximately correct, where does the number taken out by the Sportsman come in? Don't forget that he kills his deer at the season when he does the least possible damage, while the pot-hunter and the

wolf don't use very good judgment, and are not regulated by the law to any extent. We hear about as often of a wolf being killed as of a pot-hunter being fined. This at least puts the wolf out of business but only makes the other fellow more careful.

Now what I want to come at is this: Cannot something more be done than is being done? And here is my suggestion. Let the Department hire a number of men, the best to be got, at a fair salary as professional wolf hunters and give each man his district, and in addition to his salary allow him five dollars for each wolf killed, and make him also a game and fish warden.

Let them get to work and each get up a connection with men all through his district who will keep him posted on movements of wolves, so that he may be able to follow up the different bands. He should be furnished with traps, poison etc., by the Department, and make a monthly report of work done and game conditions generally in his district. His reports alone would be valuable, and to keep him up to the mark have it understood that failure to show results will mean his removal.

He can always get volunteers for a wolf hunt when he can hold out a fair prospect of sport. Young Canada will never turn his back on a hunt, and I think it possible to even secure a few dogs that will run the wolf.

Then there are tricks of the trade that have never been used in this country to any extent. Such for instance as the use of a female dog when in season to attract the wolf and lead him into a trap, or within reach of the rifle. There is always the chance of the capture of a female wolf that, held in captivity at a shanty in the woods, would keep a band of wolves in the vicinity, and give the hunter a chance to reduce their number and earn his salary. These things and many others could be done by a man who worked at it as a business, and I feel confident that much good could be done.

The idea of the wolf hound has wonderful possibilities. If such a dog can be got it would pay the Department well to bring a few to Ontario. The men to work them can be found all over the

country. Think of it you men of the gun, would you need much urging to go out with a pair of wolf hounds, with a chance of a shot at a big grey fellow?

There are plenty of men who know more on the subject than I do. Let us hear from some of you. This question of reducing the number of wolves must be faced in the near future if we are in earnest in trying to protect our deer, and as a starter how would it do for Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada to ask for suggestions as to the best method of doing this? It could do no harm, and you never know what is under the other fellow's hat until you ask him to show up.

Give the Sportsman a fair chance to secure the deer now yearly destroyed by wolves and he will cheerfully pay an extra dollar or two for a license, and even one extra dollar will give the Department sufficient money to do considerable work.

I was greatly amused some time ago in discussing this question with a gentleman who takes an interest in such matters, to have him advance the argument that if we had no wolves we would have no deer, as it was only when wolves were plentiful that deer were plentiful. To such men I make no appeal. We have however, the authority of Mr Ernest Thompson Seton for the statement that the more deer the more wolves, as these brutes then wax fat and increase their numbers, and like all other statements made by him it has the ring of good plain common sense. But think what it means. We do all we can to protect our deer, as we do in the Algonquin National Park, and we are only saving them for the wolves. These animals increase as the deer do, and will continue to increase unless we make earnest and determined efforts to destroy them.

Since writing the above I have been to the woods and discussed this question once more with a few old settlers and hunters, and they agreed with me that a great deal might be done in the way I have tried to outline. One man who has spent his life in the woods stated that there was no use in trying to poison wolves during the winter as they found it so easy to kill the deer that they would not touch anything only hot venison. In

April and May however, large numbers could be got in this way, as the deer could get away from them better at that time.

As an illustration of the ravages committed by wolves, he told me of an instance that came under his notice only two years ago. He was at that time in a district where the deer were plentiful and the fall sport had been good. During the winter one wolf came into the district. They could never find by the tracks that there had at any time during the winter been more than one. This backwoodsman found as many as fourteen carcasses of deer in one small swamp, each one having only a few pounds eaten off it, and the signs pointed to the fact that only one wolf had done the killing. I asked him if he could make a guess at the total number this wolf had killed, and his answer was, "Well, I don't know, we did calculate there was some hundreds of deer around there, and he must have killed them all for there was none next year."

This wolf had never been seen or heard all winter; nothing but his tracks and his work to show he was there and doing business!

(We are fully in accord with Mr, McVeigh's ideas on this question and will gladly find room for the experiences and suggestions of our readers on this matter of wolves, their depredations, and the best means of thinning them out. From all parts of the northern country come reports of wolves being on the increase, and even near to some of the settlements have these animals been seen and their ravages noted. The subject might well be considered by the members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, and if thought desirable Mr. McVeigh's suggestions pressed upon the consideration of the officials of the Department. The experiences of and suggestions from, many sportsmen would be valuable in directing intelligent efforts against the wolves, and what was found best in Ontario would also be of great importance in similar efforts in the other Provinces and particularly in Quebec, where the the pressurs of the wolves appears to be felt as strongly as in Ontario.)



# Our New Brunswick Sportswoman.

Further Hunting Successes of Mrs. Avery Moorehouse.

**M**ANY of our readers will remember stories in previous numbers giving accounts of the hunting successes of Mrs. Avery Moorehouse, of Zealand Station, New Brunswick, as recorded in "My First Deer," and "My First Caribou," and will be pleased to know that during last year the lady won still further laurels with her rifle.

When Mr. Moorehouse was planning his annual hunting excursion for last open season he did not omit to take his wife into consideration, feeling that she had deservedly won the right to share the pleasures, as he was sure she would ease the discomforts, of the chase. After much consideration and many preparations—for both being old campaigners knew the value of complete preparations, and how essential these are to comfort, to say nothing of success—it was decided to make a start on Nov. 13th, and to go up by the Keswick stream, previous experience having demonstrated that neighborhood to be a splendid district for deer hunting.

Although six inches of snow fell on the night of the 12th this was not allowed to interfere with the effective carrying out of the plans already decided upon. A

sleigh drive of seven miles took the couple to their destination, and steps were immediately taken to make the temporary home as snug as possible. A clearing was made in the snow, the tent erected, and while Mrs. Moorehouse returned home to attend to the "grub problem," agreeing to rejoin the camp in two days, Mr. Moorehouse completed the fixing up of the house in the woods. The camp, although completely isolated and out of sight, was only about three rods from the Canadian Pacific tracks, and Mrs. Moorehouse was able to go back with the team, and return to the camp by means of the train. Mr. Moorehouse spent his first evening alone and did not linger over the campfire, preferring the blankets and balsam boughs to solitary meditations.

An early retirement enabled him to be early afield, and after a hasty but substantial breakfast he started on a lonely hunt. The morning broke fine and clear, an ideal hunting morning, except that the snow was too deep for good traveling. Most of those who go still hunting prefer a snowfall, believing that they can thus more easily track the game, but Mr. Moorehouse holds a different view and

prefers to do his still hunting without the snow. He states that when the ground is covered with snow the deer are always watching their tracks. However he very wisely made the best of things as he found them, and hunted with the snow on the ground as carefully as he would have done had things been just as he wished.

On reaching green timber land he proceeded with caution and was soon rewarded by a sound which indicated that the object of his search was approaching. Remaining perfectly still, but peering about on all sides, he was soon repaid by the sight of a dandy buck breakfasting on some ground hemlock. The



JUST AS HE FELL.



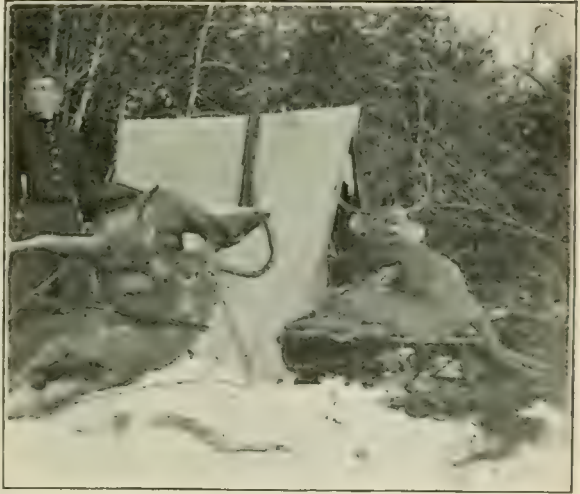
deer presented a beautiful mark and the rifle spoke with such precision that the animal fell in his tracks. This speedy success was exhilarating, and to say that Mr. Moorehouse was proud of his success was merely expressing it mildly. After properly attending to him he left the carcass to be sledded out next day.

With so much success to his credit he returned to camp, "boiled his simmer," as the darkey expressed it, and took a short nap, feeling perfectly contented both with himself and the world.

He was too restless however, to remain in camp all day alone, and so at two o'clock he again started out for a hunt. It was not long before he discovered new tracks, and following them up found that they led to a deep ravine. Although on fairly high ground, Mr. Moorehouse was trying to make for a higher point still in order to be able to scan the whole of the valley thoroughly, when another buck sprang up almost at his feet. With incredible swiftness the animal sped away but the messenger of death overtook him, Mr. Moorehouse's shot nearly severing his backbone. This was a fine shot, and proclaimed Mr. Moorehouse to be a true hunter, not losing his head or his nerve, and acting promptly when the unexpected happened.

This second success was made within one mile of the camp, and in sight of the railway. A couple of bucks in one day should be enough for any hunter, and Mr. Moorehouse returned to camp, got his own supper ready, made up his bed afresh, and again retired early, sleeping the sleep of the successful hunter whose open air life and exercise induces peaceful and dreamless slumber.

At the appointed time, on the morning of the second day, Mrs. Moorehouse rejoined the camp, having collected together enough eatables to stand a siege, a toboggan to sled out the meat, which she made sure in her own mind would be forthcoming, and paraphernalia enough to supply an Egyptian campaign. It required the whole day to put these things



MRS. AVERY MOOREHOUSE AND HER TROPHIES AT THE HOME IN THE WOODS.

in order and to make the camp just as Mrs. Moorehouse wished it should be. That night a pleasant campfire chat preceded retirement.

Having heard the account of her husband's successes, Mrs. Moorehouse informed him at breakfast on the following morning that she was just spoiling to train her rifle on a deer, provided he had not cleaned out the whole country. He informed her that he had not quite gone to that extent, and that he believed she stood a fairly good chance to secure her limit with plenty to spare.

With these preliminaries disposed of, the hunt started and Mrs. Moorehouse proved her husband's equal in woodcraft as well as in marksmanship. They were out about two hours when Mrs. Moorehouse succeeded in getting a shot at a large buck, killing the animal with the first shot. On examination the deer proved to be much larger than either of those which fell to Mr. Moorehouse's rifle, and Mrs. Moorehouse is accordingly to be very much congratulated. Most sportsmen will understand and sympathize with her feelings, even if she did, as the narrator has it, "go wild" over her grand success.

This effort, and its accompanying success, proved enough for that day, and the remainder of the time before supper was devoted to work and attending to



A SPORTSMAN'S "BAG" IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

the venison which was now fast accumulating. There proved work enough to occupy the whole of their energies for the remainder of the day, and the supper in the woods, with venison as the principal dish, eaten beside the blazing camp-fire, and the lively chat, in which every incident of the day's adventures was gone over again, proved more than enough compensation for the tired feeling which overcame both hunters and gave them a quiet night.

Next morning the couple were out early, as all good hunters are, and took the opposite side of the stream from that on which the tent was pitched. A steep ascent had been climbed and the surrounding country surveyed without result. As they were cautiously descending, Mr. Moorehouse saw a deer, in the attitude of listening, on the other side of the stream. Instantly both hunters stopped, and Mrs. Moorehouse likewise perceiving the animal took a hasty shot at it. The deer immediately disappeared, and Mr. Moorehouse, who had been watching operations very carefully, was of opinion that the shot was fatal. Accordingly they retraced their steps nearly back to their camp in order to cross a bridge, and take up the trail on the other side of the river. When they reached the place where they had seen the deer they had not far to go, for not more than

two rods away the carcass was found. It proved to be the largest doe Mr. Moorehouse, who has had considerable experience in such matters, had ever seen. Although by this time both hunters had double successes to their credit, the honors rested with Mrs. Moorehouse, and like the good husband he is, Mr. Moorehouse agreed and was the first to extend his congratulations.

The task of getting out Mrs. Moorehouse's buck proved a difficult one. However both hunters were in high spirits, and by no means in the mood to allow difficulties to appall them. First Mr. Buck was dragged over the snow for several rods, and the journey being all down hill this feat was easier of accomplishment than it might have been. Then there was nothing to do but to make a float in order to carry the quarry over the water. The latter had risen a good deal during the previous few days, and made this task an arduous one. However the catamaran was made, taken across the stream and the fine buck shipped. The animal had to be lashed firmly to the float as the voyage to the camp was over a mile, and there was some very difficult water to navigate. Twice the catamaran barely escaped stranding on boulders in mid-stream, but by patience and good management the voyage was accomplished in safety, and the cargo landed at the camp. This is a ticklish kind of voyaging and requires special skill. The onlooker considers it easy until he tries, but a few failures induces an added respect for the pilot of a catamaran. As a woodsman Mr. Moorehouse has managed catamarans before, and made a successful voyage.

All four deer having been brought in, the tent was struck the following morning, and the big game, tent and duffle all shipped on the down train, and safely put off at Zealand. Friends and neighbors quickly heard the news, and gathered to admire the trophies and extend congratulations, in particular to Mrs. Moorehouse, whose prowess with the gun promises to make her famous as Our New Brunswick Sportswoman.



# Hake Fishing Through the Ice.

## An Exhilarating Winter Pastime.

BY CHARLES MCINTYRE.

**T**HE expedition owed its conception to the fact that Billy Lindsay one evening met a party of hake fishermen (a weather-beaten, frost-inured crew for whom the ice bound river has no terrors) and at sight of their catch became fired with ambition. He took advantage of the first opportunity to lay the glowing details of the occurrence before us and signified his belief that, should we make an attempt of the same nature, it would be crowned with similar success.

When I modestly hinted that, having many times when a lad fished hake under circumstances much the same as those he described, I might be relied upon to supply some valuable information, Billy was frankly delighted to shift the responsibility to my shoulders, although the others, particularly Pipmore, expressed their scepticism in unmistakable terms.

Lindsay and I seized upon Blake's first serious moment to obtain his consent. Pipmore agreed with the condition that I was not to give all the advice. The doctor (in whose office the discussion took place) proved pessimistic, a circumstance at which we were not at all surprised. With the help of much entreaty, reproach and abuse, we finally overcame his reluctance and he half-heartedly consented to join us.

We threshed out the details and agreed to meet at my home in readiness to set out on the Monday morning following at seven o'clock.

Billy Lindsay came almost upon the stroke of the hour set. His stolid countenance was all aglow from contact with the frosty air.

"Is it cold, Billy?" I asked.

"Well, not so awfully," was the hesitating reply, "just-er-bracing."

I met his eyes and we both laughed.

"I hope Pipmore will forget that I suggested this trip," he said earnestly. "My wife insisted on this," he added with an air of infantile helplessness, in answer to my glance of curiosity in the

direction of the woolen scarf of brilliant hue that encircled his neck outside his overcoat.

"You might leave it here, Billy," I suggested, looking carefully in another direction."

"Do you know," he said in surprise, "my wife thought of that and made me promise I wouldn't."

"She wouldn't know whether you left it or not," I tempted.

"No; that's true," he replied, shaking his head thoughtfully. I was quite confident that no argument of mine could induce him to leave the scarf and I knew that, as he hesitated, he searched his slow-moving mind for a reason that would make the wearing seem logical in my eyes. "But still, I think I'll wear it," he concluded lamely.

At that moment Pipmore arrived outside pulling a handsled.

"Cold?" I queried cheerfully as he hurried to the sitting room fire with outstretched palms.

"Cold?" The word in itself was harmless but the manner in which it was uttered was absolutely profane.

"I'm sorry it's so cold," said Lindsay, a trace of timidity in his tone.

"We aren't blaming you on that account, Billy," I told him.

"When we're out there on the ice, shivering," remarked Pipmore with emphasis, "it will be a great comfort to know that Lindsay's sorry. Thank you, Billy."

"Here's the doctor," I told them and we turned to the window to watch him.

Palmer wore moccasins and oversocks, his reefer, several sizes too large, had, it was glaringly apparent, been filled out with sweaters. A cap, with ear-tabs which were tied beneath his chin, gave to his solemn face an air of frivolity that strongly appealed to us.

"He's a walking advertisement of a mother's love," snorted Pipmore, as he turned again to the fire.



"Why it's Palmer," he added a moment later, as the doctor entered the room. "But you're fooling aren't you, Doc? You wouldn't go even out to the river in that outfit?"

"Why not?" asked Palmer, bristling.

"Oh, there's no particular reason," was the answer. "It gave me quite a jolt when I first saw you but no doubt I'll get accustomed to it before night."

The doctor gazed at him in mild curiosity.

"I see," he said, "you're endeavoring to be funny. I sometimes forget to make allowances, you know."

"All right, Palmer; I'm dead," was the good natured reply.

"Where's Blake, I wonder," remarked Lindsay. "It's seven-thirty-five."

"He probably won't come," dolefully rejoined Palmer. "Blake never has to wait," he added with apparent envy; "he's always last to come."

The minutes dragged. We listened to the ticking of the clock and to Pipmore's peppery upbraidings of the tardy one. On six separate and distinct occasions we made up our minds to go without him. Once, we got as far as the stairs, then decided to wait five minutes longer and accordingly returned to the sitting room. The five minutes had grown into twenty when Blake, very natty in reefer, knickers, fur cap and collar and fur gloves, strutted round the corner.

"My wife said we wouldn't all be here," said Lindsay, with an air of triumph.

We met Blake on the stoop. His eyes danced expectantly as he glanced from one to another.

"Look here, Blake," began Pipmore heatedly, "do you think this is to be a matinee?"

"Ah, good morning," was Blake's smiling reply. "The cuckoo clock didn't cuckoo this morning."

"Of course the breakfast bell brought you," retorted Pipmore.

"It was the cook who woke me," replied Blake and sniggered.

Several seconds had flown before we followed his example. Lindsay looked at me for an explanation. I nodded to signify that I would interpret later and he grinned in expectation.

"Got your medicine chest, Doc?" inquired Billy eagerly a moment later. "My wife told me that I could depend upon you for that sort of thing."

"I have some Jamaica ginger," replied Palmer, looking about apologetically, "it was the only thing I could find at the last moment that's good for chills."

"Jamaica ginger!" ejaculated Pipmore. "I see a day of mad dissipation ahead."

"It'll make us feel snappy, anyhow," remarked Blake with asinine relish.

"Are we quite ready?" I asked of nobody in particular. "Let's see: ten lines, two axes, three tin mugs, a teapot, a kettle, a frying-pan, tea, sugar, a shovel, some smelt for bait, the grub—there's enough of that at any rate. That's all, I guess!"

We set out. In a few minutes the town lay behind us. Our cheeks tingled with the frost as we hurried along the road, a narrow swath of beaten snow that wound ahead until swallowed up in the woods. The biting air smote harshly upon our nostrils and our breathing was short and labored.

Gradually the gray of the eastern sky gave way to warmer tints, that waxed brighter yet and spread until the hills behind us stood out sharply against a field of radiant crimson. Before us, in the distance, a high peak seemed crowned with a diadem of flame as the glow fell upon its purple crest.

"It'll be warmer now, perhaps," Lindsay hopefully commented.

Palmer looked doubtful.

"I don't think so," he said; "the sun isn't strong even at noon."

Pipmore gazed at him indignantly and we hastened on.

As we swung into the woods the sunlight fell cheerily upon our backs and our shadows were long upon the road ahead. The first depressing effects of the cold wore rapidly away and in its stead came a glow of exhilaration born of the brisk exercise.

"How large did you say these hake are?" asked Pipmore puffing from the rear.

"From two to three feet in length," I replied.

There was an involuntary quickening of the pace on the part of the others,

save Palmer, who did not seem greatly interested.

Pip's face was quizzical.

"Stretching it; ain't you?" he asked.

"No," I replied; "a two-footer is considered merely of medium size."

Blake was suddenly impatient.

"How far have we to go?" he enquired.

"About three miles further," I told him.

"Why in heaven's name didn't we hire a team?" demanded Pipmore. Being short of leg and rotund of stomach, Pipmore suffered most because of this oversight. As there was no particular reason, his query went unanswered.

"It'll be colder on the ice, than it is here, won't it?" enquired Palmer.

"I scarcely think so," I reassured him.

"You won't remember the cold at all if the fish bite freely."

"How many do you consider a good catch, Mac?" asked Pipmore. "Oh, thirty or forty. I brought home sixty one night, I recollect."

"How old were you then?"

"About sixteen years, I think."

"How many lines had you?"

"Three!"

"Must have been quite a basketful," he ventured indifferently.

"I wasn't prosperous enough in those days to own a basket," I replied; I carried them in a canvas bag."

Pipmore spoke with chilling deliberation. "Sixty fish, each at least two feet in length, carried in a canvas bag by a boy of sixteen? Oh, Mac!"

They paused to gaze at me triumphantly.

"Oh, didn't I tell you that I hired another boy to help me? I mean that I hauled them on a hand sled?"

"I'm surprised at you, Mac," said Pipmore in exasperation; "I thought you had talent; that story's about as artistic as a home-made hair-cut!"

"You fellows are mighty particular, it seems to me," protested Blake. "Mac saw some chaps passing his place some years ago, with sixty hake on a hand-sled; wasn't that justification enough for the yarn he's just told us?"

"No; another fellow saw the chap with the sixty hake and told Mac about it,"

corrected Pipmore. "It was either that way or else Mac saw a photo of the man that saw the chap with the sixty hake."

I was suddenly in a hurry.

"A boy of sixteen," I heard Pipmore mutter, "a mere lad, carrying a bag containing sixty fish at least two feet in length. Good!"

After a short interval, Billy Lindsay laughed. "I'll tell that to my wife to-night," he said turning his eyes in my direction.

"Do," I said.

Then from Palmer:

"Won't it be colder if the wind comes up?"

Blake laughed noisily. "Palmer's got 'em good this time," he cried. "Cheer up, old man, it can't be any colder!"

We reached the crest of a long hill and paused at this point of vantage with our eyes upon the prospect before us. In front the road wound round down to a tiny village, that gave no sign of life save for the smoke that curled upward from its chimneys; beyond lay the river, lifeless, shimmering, white, three miles across and extending far toward the northeast, where the high bluffs among which it lost itself seemed but a hand's breadth from base to summit, A long, regular line of bushes, fixed a stone's throw apart (a guide for travelers when the snowstorms sweep down from the hills) stretched from bank to bank and a small island reared its precipitous sides a mile from the nearest shore—save for these the monotony of that lonely expanse was unbroken. The keen wind bit our faces as we swung through the village and we quickened our steps.

"We'll set our lines in the lee of that island," I told the others. We'll choose a spot far enough from the shore so that we'll have a good depth of water and a strong tide; we'd get no fish in slack or shallow water."

"Thank you, sir," said Pipmore respectfully. "You're awfully kind, I'm sure."

When we had arrived within two hundred yards of the island, we halted and set to work, Blake with the shovel to clear of snow a wide space on the ice, Lindsay to cut holes for the lines while I baited the hooks and made ready the

tackle.

"Cut round the edges, Billy," I advised, "or the hole will run down to a point. No snap, is it?"

"How thick is this ice?" he paused to enquire.

"A foot or thereabouts," I replied.

With earnest face he again swung the axe and the crystal chips fell about him in tinkling showers.

Meanwhile Pipmore and Palmer had gone to the island to gather wood for a fire. They talked as they worked and their voices came distinctly to our ears.

"Do you suppose we'll catch anything?" asked Palmer.

"I've heard of fish having been caught through the ice," was the reply, "but I've never seen it being done."

"I'm somewhat skeptical myself," said Palmer,

"I believe you; you're usually able to deliver the goods in that line," was the cheerful rejoinder.

"Oh, it's merely that I lack enthusiasm. Now when Mac goes about any undertaking, he has the rosiest visions; if he plans to go fishing, he can feel his basket stretching under the weight of the catch before he has a line in the water."

"Palmer certainly has you sized up, Mac," remarked Blake.

"I suppose if Mac should happen to dream of gasoline, one night, he'd be quite sure that some kind friend would present him with an odor-wagon, next day," was Pipmore's forcible illustration.

"Pip!" I called.

"Hello!" he replied.

"I dreamed last night that I saw you gathering wood; my dreams are sometimes awfully foolish."

"He heard us," said Palmer in a tone of annoyance.

Pipmore's reply was nonchalant. "I don't care. Hey, Mac!" he called, "that dream wasn't half as foolish as one I had."

"What was it?" The words escaped before I had an opportunity to think. I winced in anticipation.

"I dreamed that you were willing to do your share of the work and give no advice. I howled like a fiend."

"Howled?" My curiosity led me on to certain catastrophe.

"Sure; howled to beat the auctioneer. Thought I must be a raving maniac, you know."

Even Lindsay laughed promptly.

Having, for the time being, no desire to invite further shafts of ridicule from Pipmore's nimble tongue, I made no reply.

When I had made ready the lines, I took an axe, went ashore and cut a dozen or more green birch withes, each perhaps three feet in length and as thick at the larger end as a man's thumb. I was making my way back when accosted by Pipmore.

"I presume that those are the sort of rods used to catch hake of three feet in length," he remarked with exaggerated politeness.

Magnanimous in the sense of my superior knowledge, I refrained from taking advantage of his ignorance of the subject; I merely asked:

"Will you believe it possible when you've seen it done?"

"I will," he replied with heartiness, "I certainly will. Under circumstances of that kind, I'd believe almost anything you'd tell me."

Before I had time to reply, he was chopping noisily at a log.

I found that Lindsay had already made four holes and that Blake was working upon the fifth. Each hole was a foot in diameter and separated from the others by at least two yards.

I selected a rod, slanted it so that the tip projected above one of the holes at a distance of, perhaps, two and one-half feet and fixed the large end firmly into the ice. I then took a line, dropped sinker and hooks into the water, paid out to the length of sixty feet, made three hitches about the small end of the rod, two more at the opposite extreme, made fast the small coil that remained to a convenient chunk of ice and the line was set.

As I worked, I cast a glance now and then in the direction of the lines nearest me. I had paused to beat my arms in an endeavor to warm my almost pulseless fingers, when a rod on my right bent viciously. Up and down it swished, twice, thrice, ere I could take the few steps necessary to place myself beside it.



As I seized the line a quick jerk told me that the prize was a weighty one. Two or three spasmodic tugs made my fingers burn beneath the rough cord, then came a steady, determined strain. I drew in the line, hand over hand, rapidly and with all the strength at my command. A quick flash in the dark water, a splash, and a hake fully three feet long lay tossing and wriggling upon the ice.

"A catch! A catch!" shouted Blake in an ecstasy of excitement.

Pipmore threw down his armful of wood and ran to us as speedily as his short legs would allow.

"It's a whopper!" he cried jubilantly. "It's a whopper." Then he turned to me as I stood rebaiting the hooks.

"If we catch fifty-nine more like that one, Mac," he declared, "I'll believe what you told us about that catch of yours. No, no fooling; I mean every word of it."

Then came Palmer, who had followed Pipmore, though his progress had been much more sedate. He was almost excited.

"Why," he exclaimed, as he gravely examined the prisoner, "it's as large as a salmon! I—"

Billy Lindsay interrupted by lunging awkwardly in the direction of another of the lines. He slipped on the ice and fell to his knees, sprang up, slipped again, clutched wildly at the air, shot forward, writhed violently to check his career and avoid sliding into the hole, in some miraculous manner succeeded in coming to a standstill with one foot but an inch from the edge, then seized the line and, his jaw stern-set, his eyes startled, pulled like mad.

Pipmore and Blake flew to his side and urging him on with voice and gesture the while, watched in frenzied anticipation as yard after yard of the line spun through his flying fingers.

"Go it, Lindsay, old man!" shouted Pipmore, bending to gaze into the water.

"Keep at him, Billy!" encouraged Blake. "Keep at him! Don't let her slack for a second!"

"He's a dandy!" shrieked Pipmore. "How he does pull. I can almost see—!"

At that moment sinker and hooks shot on to the ice with a disheartening thud. The trio gazed for several seconds in silent astonishment. The hooks were empty save for the bait, which was intact. The excitement and expectation faded from their faces with pathetic suddenness.

"He's gone!" said Pipmore accusingly to Blake. "He's gone!"

Lindsay seemed dazed as he dropped sinker and hooks into the water.

"It would perhaps be as well to let the fish take hold, next time, Billy," remarked Palmer with ladylike gentleness; "it's rather unsociable to jerk the line away when he starts to swim toward it."

"That hake was only flirting with you, Billy," Pipmore disgustedly declared.

Lindsay grinned reminiscently. "How my wife would laugh if she were here now!" he said.

"Did I hear you making a remark in regard to a fire, Blake?" I asked a few minutes later, having noticed that preparations to that end had apparently ceased.

"We had one in the grate at home last night!" was the grave reply.

"Do you hear him now, fellows?" burst out Pipmore. "Do you hear him now? Mac is never satisfied unless he has one's nose to the grindstone. He walks us out here fourteen miles to fish and now he wants to keep us working like—."

At this point, Blake threw our fish at his head, Pip ducked, caught it, and, by way of completing his arraignment of me, adroitly jerked it into the back of my neck. With a shriek of laughter he darted off in the direction of the island. I seized the fish and gave chase.

Pip's legs are too short to best me in a race and, handicapped though I was, I gained on him foot by foot. My fingers were already stretched toward his collar when he lay down suddenly. I left a life sized impression of my person in a snow drift. The hake shot upward, described a graceful half-circle and descended some distance ahead.

When I had extracted the snow from my eyes, it was to find Pipmore seated upon one of the sleds unconcernedly fill-

ing his pipe.

"See anything of Mac, fellows?" he enquired as I approached.

I at once began hostilities by kicking the sled from beneath him. He sat down upon the ice with painful abruptness. Across his chubby face flitted a look of deep reproach.

I had already reached for the frying pan, having in mind a chastisement befitting his rudeness, when reinforcements for both arrived; Blake, with one well directed lunge of his shoulder, catapulted me from my strategic position, Lindsay, with a bellow of defiance, bore lumberingly down to my support and the war was on in earnest. Above the din rose Pipmore's voice, shrill with alarm: "Don't break my pipe! Don't break my pipe!" while Blake, one foot fixed on either side the prostrate one, furiously resisted our determined efforts to oust him. The air was full of mittened fists and, from beneath, Pipmore's feet executed flank movements which our forces found extremely demoralizing.

The conflict ended only when Lindsay withdrew to attend to a line that had shown suspicious activity. These symptoms having ceased, we assisted Pipmore to his feet, listening to his invective the while with awe and admiration.

Again he and Palmer set out, to return ere long each bearing an armful of dry wood. In a few minutes we were toasting our fingers above a boisterous blaze. Blake filled the kettle with clean snow and, when the water thus obtained had boiled, poured into it a portion of the Jamaica ginger which Palmer had brought and added a quantity of sugar. We drank greedily of the steaming liquid thus provided.

"Do you know," said Palmer meditatively, "that the heat from the fire makes the air seem much colder in comparison."

Pipmore's face, as he turned to us after having heard this assertion, was indicative of soul-stirring emotion.

"If that man were a centipede," he vehemently declared, "he'd kick with every leg!"

"No," began Palmer, "it's merely that I fail to become enthusiastic under disagreeable circum—" The remainder was lost in a chorus of derision.

Lindsay and I went ashore and cut a dozen spruce saplings. These, firmly fixed in the ice and standing upright in the form of a crescent, made, when banked behind with snow, a comfortable shelter from the gusts which now and then swept round the spurs of the island. In our absence the others had set the two remaining lines and our preparations were complete.

I stood leaning upon my axe regarding the results of our labor when Pipmore, in wildest excitement, shouted:

"Mac! Mac! Look at that line!"

I turned. One of my rods was bending so that the tip almost touched the water. "It's a brute!" I exclaimed as I seized the line and began to pull.

Never was such a fish caught on the river, I told myself ecstatically. It was at least as large, I was quite confident, as any two I had ever seen. Each foot of line meant labor. I momentarily expected to feel the cord part in my hands; it seemed incredible that the slender strands could withstand the strain required to overcome the stubborn resistance from below. My pulses quickened and my eyes were fixed with a stare of fascination upon the black water.

At last it came! I was petrified with astonishment! I dashed my hands across my eyes, looked again and recognized the object which had shot into view with such grotesque suddenness. It was the handle of our frying-pan! I turned in stupefaction to gaze at the others. Blake stood, his mouth agape, his eyes dilated in astonishment. Pipmore was muttering fearfully, over and over again, "He said it was Jamaica ginger! He said it was Jamaica ginger!" Palmer's serious countenance wore the smile that comes only under great provocation and Billy Lindsay had already begun to guffaw. Perhaps it was this latter circumstance which brought to me poignantly how plain was the hoax.

I groaned! In a daze, I turned again to the line and drew in the remainder. It was a sad spectacle! They had neglected nothing; the whole cooking outfit was there; the frying pan, the teakettle, the teapot, the drinking mugs, also the shovel and, last of all, the hake which had caught a short time before. I sat

down weakly upon a convenient block!

"The fish is there and all the cooking utensils!" earnestly exclaimed Pipmore. "If I were you, Mac, I'd kick for a knife and fork and a napkin!" The others laughed.

"Try again, Mac," advised Blake, with a frivolous giggle, "perhaps you'll bring up an automobile." Again the others laughed.

I said nothing. After a short and torturing interval, I again set my line and tried to look as if I had not been annihilated.

"Look here, Mac," demanded Pipmore, after a few minutes of idle waiting, "isn't it about time one of us had a bite?"

"The fish don't always bite according to schedule," I told him.

"Do you know, Mac," was his grave rejoinder, "I believe that, with a little help, I'd soon learn when they don't bite. For instance, they don't bite this moment; when night comes I shall probably have learned that this is one of the days upon which they don't bite. Just think of it—I shall be able to tell the folks in town tonight that the hake weren't biting — Blankety-blank-dash-hyphen-as-terick!"

One of his spring-poles was bobbing delightfully.

"Yes, I'm at home! Come right in! Hope you're well! How is Mrs. Hake? I'll introduce you to my friends; nice fellows all of them, with five or six exceptions. You're coming, coming, coming—hooray!"

He threw a two-footer onto the ice and his cherubic countenance shone with exultation, "I just dropped him a line and he came!" he announced with much relish.

"I wonder," remarked Palmer as he viewed the new arrival, "what the fish is thinking while it's being dragged through the water."

"Of course you do!" Pipmore hurled at him. "I knew you would!"

Blake was ready with a guess.

"I'll bet he thinks I'm usually a hake but on this occasion I'm a sucker!"

With pipes alight we waited, moving always to keep away the chill, at intervals bobbing our lines and less frequently

warming our numbed hands at the fire. Each moment of that long day was a distinct and separate treat to me. It was good to get out into the wide, wintry solitude. The tingling scent of the wood smoke, the little space we had cleared and the banks of snow about it like an oasis in a frozen desert, the wind-break with its rustling boughs and its perfume reminding of the forest, the chat of the boys abrim with the aimable raillery of good-comradeship—all these things tended to impart a suggestion of romance that was full of enjoyment.

The surroundings were gratifying to the eye. Away to the northward loomed the rugged, tree-clad hills, in front the wind-swept pasture land sloped away toward the horizon, to the southward a low lying cloud of dusky smoke marked the city's whereabouts; everywhere the snow, pure, white, dazzling, and overhead the glorious, glad sun. A solemn silence lay on all the land; nothing moved save that, now and then, far out on the ice toward the northeast, crept tiny, toy-like objects which we knew were teams.

For not even a moment did our interest flag; there was always the probability that, even though at one moment a line gave no sign of life the next might bring that vicious jerking of the rod which tells of a bite. Then would follow the exhilaration of the resisting strain if the fish were hooked, the moment of thrilling suspense as the last few yards of line came in and the peering into the water for a first sight of the prey.

At the end of two hours, eleven hake of an average good size and one small cod lay upon the ice. Pipmore and Blake were in a thrill of excitement and delight, were arguing with heart warming abusiveness in regard to the dimensions of their respective catches and bending above their lines in eager readiness to add another trophy. Lindsay's usually impassive countenance had shone when he had taken his first fish, had glowed when his second had appeared, and had radiated when he had thrown the third on to the fast growing heap. "Too bad my wife isn't here!" he said regretfully and we gauged his enjoyment accordingly.

Palmer's efforts had been, until then,



entirely unsuccessful. It seemed as though his lines had been tabooed. His demeanor indicated dejection. He spoke no word of complaint but his face was eloquently mournful as fish after fish came to the surface. At last, ten lay upon the ice and for not one was his the credit. I well knew how to sympathize with him but I knew also that to allude to his poor luck or even to show that I had noticed it would merely be to add to his chagrin. Therefore I watched his lines more closely than my own and wished fervently in my thoughts that the next fish might be his.

The long expected happened at last. There came an almost imperceptible tension of the line and the consequent swaying of the rod. The doctor was electrified. He snatched at the line, missed, snatched again and grasped it firmly with his fingers. Then, his judgment overbalanced by his eagerness, he tried to bring the fish to the ice with one jerk. He straightened, his hand shot above his head and he was at once in such a predicament that he must stoop to obtain a new hold. While so doing the line must be slack and the fish, in all probability, would free itself. For but a second the doctor hesitated, then bent to seize the line lower down. As he reached, a loop of the line which he had already taken fell across his arm. He made a swift motion to free himself but the cord caught upon one of the buttons of his reefer. He swung round sharply in order to dislodge it but in his panic turned in the wrong direction. The line encircled his body and the tugging of the fish below tightened it beyond hope of speedy extrication. He stood still, gazing at us in imploring helplessness.

Blake came impetuously to the rescue. "Run!" he shouted, "run!" Palmer obeyed. The rod dangling behind him, he darted away across the ice. With a mighty splash the fish shot from the water and ricocheted merrily in his wake. Still Palmer ran and neither paused nor looked back until two hundred yards or more lay behind him! Then he turned and, the fish having buried itself in the snow, looked enquiringly in our direction!

Blake, speechless, signaled him to run

further but he began slowly to retrace his steps, his very gait indicative of disappointment. He wound the line about his hand as he came. Then suddenly he stooped, seized the fish and held it up. It was a most anaemic specimen but it was a genuine treat to see the doctor's face light up and the sprightliness with which he came towards us.

"I'd rather Palmer got that one than get a dozen myself," said Pipmore in an undertone.

"Same here," agreed the others heartily.

Palmer was almost excited for some little time afterward.

When noon came and I advocated the preparation of lunch, my suggestion met with nothing that even remotely resembled approval. Pipmore and Blake treated my advice with ridicule, Lindsay, the always agreeable, told me that there was no hurry and Palmer curtly declared that he wanted nothing to eat. I was glad to perceive that they were enjoying the situation to such an extent (I felt in a manner responsible)—so glad that I prepared the grub and refrained from indulging in the kick which I felt was my right. Palmer was unanimously elected to watch the lines while I and the others ate.

The tea was black but hot and well sweetened. We had wheat bread, sandwiches, ginger bread, cake of various kinds, cold (mighty cold) roast beef, two apple pies and a jar of strawberry marmalade. Appetites? We were gluttons!

We had finished and were leisurely filling our pipes, when Palmer sprang, rocketlike, toward one of the lines and began to take it in. The energy which each yard cost him told us that the fish was a good one and was fighting hard.

Blake, as usually happens, chose to be facetious.

"Palmer looks as if he had a pain," he cried, "while in reality he has a hake!"

"It's a submarine boat he's hooked!" shrieked Pipmore derisively.

Palmer paid no heed to these sallies but pulled lustily, a sparkle of determination in his solemn eyes and the frown that comes of effort knotting his forehead. When, after a last spasmodic tug on Palmer's part, the fish lay threshing

to and fro upon the ice, we gasped. It was a cod and fully four feet in length!

The doctor listened to our enthusiastic applause in apparently unappreciative silence but as he sat at lunch I noticed that at frequent intervals his gaze would turn toward the spot where lay the cod. I guessed then that he was indulging in a few quiet moments of self congratulation. It made up, I knew, for a great deal of his earlier disappointment and I was mighty glad that he and no other had caught that cod.

Lunch over and the dishes stowed into the boxes on the sleds we settled down to enjoy the long afternoon. The air was still keen but the wind had died and a great tranquility lay upon the river and shore. The smoke from the fire hung in a blue cloud above our heads, the sharp yelping of a dog came to our ears from the woods far away on the right and the sound echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

An hour passed. We had a score of bites and added a half dozen hake and one skate to our catch,

"Better go ashore and get some wood, Pip," I suggested; "the fire's getting low."

The indignation depicted upon Pipmore's rosy countenance was very pronounced. "Doesn't cost anything for that advice, does it?" was the caustic enquiry.

"Not a cent," I replied cheerfully; "if it had I would have asked for the cash before offering it."

"Be careful, Pip, my boy," cautioned Blake; "Mac has his tongue with him today,"

"He always has," replied Pipmore, "and the sad part of it is that he has a habit of using it."

"Yes?" I returned. "Be sure and bring dry wood!"

"What foolish remarks that boy makes!" was his rejoinder.

"No doubt," I returned, "no doubt. I usually try to adapt my conversation to the mental calibre of those whom I happen to address!"

"You're supposed to be down and taking the count, Pip" declared Blake. I laughed with the others. My hilarity was somewhat premature.

"What awful rubbish Mac must get off when he talks to himself," was Pip's final thrust.

After a moment or two of mental groping for something that would serve to turn the tables, I gave it up, seized the axe and set out for shore. My departure was taken under a pelting fire of derisive remarks.

When at last the bleakness of twilight came, we took in our lines and piled them on the sleds with the balance of the outfit. On top of each load we placed a portion of our catch, in all forty-two fish. The big cod we placed, of course, in the most conspicuous position possible. Then, standing about in readiness to start, we munched each a chunk of gingerbread, all that remained of the apparently too abundant supply with which we had that morning set out.

As we set foot upon shore, the night was fast deepening, and when we turned our faces toward the long hill that lay beyond, the lights of the village shone out invitingly suggestive of warm supper and cozy firesides. Our shoes squeaked harshly at every step and our cheeks burned and smarted from the unaccustomed long exposure to the wintry wind.

Half way up the discouragingly steep ascent, our pace grew less rapid in response to Pipmore's fervent and not unwelcome suggestion. We were tired, hungry and cold, and when a clatter of bells came to our ears from behind, were all ready to pause and discuss the possibility of a drive to the city.

A huge sled, with an ark-like box, drawn by two heavy though lively stepping horses, came out of the darkness. The driver, we saw, was an old man and muffled so that only a small portion of his face was visible. In answer to Pipmore's hail he pulled up.

"Will you let us drive with you to the city?" asked Pip. "We'll pay you whatever amount you think is proper."

"Git right aboard, gentlemen," replied the old man in a voice full of meek aimability. "Git right aboard!"

We went at the side of the box like boys at an orchard wall.

"Cost you two dollars a head," remarked the driver in a manner that seemed to apologize for the mention of

an unimportant fact.

We paused. Pipmore spat out a word that sizzled.

"Say, mister," he protested hotly, "we don't want to buy this rig; we merely ask to ride with you to the city!"

"I judged yo wouldn't want to buy the whole rig," was the gently spoken reply, "but I've got a pair of traces for sale if ye'd care to make me an offer!"

Blake sniggered and Pipmore's mien at the prospect of battle, waxed defiant.

"I suppose you wouldn't charge for your society on the way," he remarked with pompous interrogation.

"It don't cost nothin' fer my society," was the mild reply, "but I charge for answerin' fool questions. Be careful and don't git into debt!"

Pipmore seemed oddly at a loss for words and, after a moment of waiting, Blake sprang into the breach,

"How much would you charge to let us run behind?" he asked in his suavest manner.

"Wouldn't cost ye a copper," was the ready answer. "I wouldn't mind that a bit; the horses has blinders on."

Blake stooped to fasten his overshoe.

I advanced to the attack.

"What would be the cost of riding one yard?" I asked with a show of courage which I was far from feeling.

"You'll always be poor," said the old man a note of genuine pity in his voice, "yo're so awful extravagant!"

I retired. Blake pushed Lindsay forward but Billy balked and, covered with confusion sought safety behind us. "I wish my wife were here," I heard him mutter darkly.

Meanwhile Pipmore had collected his resources. He again took up the gauntlet.

"Look here, mister," he queried with much confidence, "do you ask the same prices of all?"

"Not by no means," replied the driver with an air of innocent pride, "not by no means. The price depends on how wise they look, the wiser, the cheaper. Two dollars in a case like this, would be the highest notch."

Whether or not Pipmore had a master stroke in reserve to follow his first remark we never knew; he looked utterly crushed. We had little hope as Palmer timidly advanced to do his part.

"We'll each give you fifty cents if you'll allow us to ride with you to town," he said, "and we'll pay when we arrive there!"

"Make it sixty, mister, make it sixty," was the eager reply.

"Very well, then; sixty cents," agreed Palmer. We gasped with surprise.

"Now that's what I call talkin' business," was the old man's cheerful comment as we tumbled into the capacious box which we found, to our huge delight was half filled with hay.

We fastened the hand-sleds to the rear stakes, then rolled into the hay in a clawing, writhing, laughing heap. The whip cracked, the horses sprang forward and we were fairly started on the three mile journey over the frosty road to an accompaniment of jingling bells and hammering hoofs.

"I wish someone would come in," said Pipmore that night, as we sat about the fire in Palmer's office.

"Why?" asked Blake.

"I'm anxious to tell about our catch."

"Pip caught one, I think," I remarked.

"Two, was it not?" queried Blake.

Pipmore grinned lazily and puffed at his cigar. He was too tired and luxuriantly cozy to give battle.

"What did you say when the doctor was wondering what the fish thought while it was being dragged through the water?" Lindsay suddenly asked of Blake.

Blake carefully explained.

Billy gave vent to a rumbling laugh. "I'd forgotten," he said, "and—"

"And you wanted to tell Mrs. Lindsay?" interrupted Blake solemnly.

Billy nodded.

The acme of perfection in comfort can never be attained without strenuous toil inducing a desire for rest and an enjoyment of that rest which the constant lounge fails to realize. The fine day in the keen air gave us the boon of appreciative appetites, and the restfulness allowed us to enjoy in retrospect and by contrast the events of the day over again. This is a part of the gain from the healthy outdoor life which make any discomfort appear as positive pleasures when calmly surveyed from the comfortable altitude of a cosy chair in a warm room.



# Told in a Logging Camp.

## Some Bear Stories From the West.

BY CAROLINE D'A. LANG.

**W**HAT ! Not at the snow-shoe tramp St. Valentine's night a year ago! You missed a jolly good outing I tell you!

Where?

Oh, the start was a little village snuggling between the Rockies and the Selkirks.

Ah, what a night for a tramp! St. Val himself must have superintended the work of the winter fairies!

The Snow Queen worked unceasingly from early dawn, spreading a new white carpet over the old one, covering everything displeasing to the eye, beautifying all the time-worn logs and damp grey stones with billowy snow, putting mushroom heads on the stumps so that little white cupids might sit on them unobserved and piling the evergreens with feathery snow heaps until they assumed countless fantastic forms. The Frost Fairies festooned and interlaced all the leafless branches of the trees with a delicate white tracery and scattered frost gems everywhere to catch and reflect any wandering rays of light from the vault above.

Towards evening the Snow Queen gathering together her white draperies floated away beyond the mountains and out peered the stars in countless myriads twinkling with intense brilliancy while ever and anon a meteor shot across the sky adding its quota of light to the scene. The moon, peeping over the Rockies danced for a while as it surveyed the valley then appearing in full view, started on its course across the deep blue dome to its resting place behind the Selkirks.

And the air—Oh, ye who try to drink health out of patent medicine bottles, here in abundance free to all is one of the Creator's great specifics!

The party assembled, a leader was chosen, and the others followed with song and shout willing to go anywhere or everywhere.

What if the beginners stumbled or fell, what if they went head first over bank or fence? Who grumbled? Not they, good natured chaffing only begot merry retorts!

The party turned their backs on the Rockies, crossed the Kicking Horse River, then leaping clear of a bank down into the bed of a narrow creek walked under a canopy formed by the meeting of graceful willows on either side of the bank.

Leaving this fairy bower they climbed a snake fence, crossed a large field, skirted a wood and then struck for the slough where a few months before boating was the chief exercise.

Here the level stretch made walking perfect and a growl of dissent was heard when the leader plunged into a dark wood following a surveyor's line where all had to go in single file.

Just as the foremost ones of the party emerged into the open a coyote ran across the path and with hue and cry they started in pursuit, the rest of the party taking up the cry and joining in the race.

The animal darted through an opening in the trees on to the Columbia River and soon sped out of sight but its tracks could be distinctly seen on the snow.

The love of the chase impelled the party to follow, not that they expected to see the animal again, but soon the pace got beyond the endurance of many and they dropped behind by ones and twos until only four were left in the field.

The tracks followed the tortuous windings of the river for some distance then crossed a slough till they finally disappeared in the brush on the first bench of the Selkirks.

It was when the four stopped here they began to realize how tired they were. "There's a lumbermen's camp not far away," remarked one of the men, "let's pull up there and have a rest."

This met our approval so we went on



(Courtesy of Gould, Photographer, Golden, B. C.)

TEAMING LOGS FOR THE COLUMBIA RIVER LUMBER COMPANY IN THE FOOTHILLS  
OF THE SELKIRKS.

till we came to a road that wound up the foothills and in a short time we saw lights that proceeded from some log shacks.

Western lumber camps are composed not only of the typical lumber jacks, but also of many men brought up in a different sphere in the East, consequently one stumbles on accomplishments quite unexpected amid such rough surroundings. When we entered, one of the lumbermen who had been playing a violin hastily cached it behind his bench, a couple who had been smoking dropped their pipes into their pockets when they saw the two ladies and offered them their seats. There was a cheerful fire burning in a camp stove near the middle of the room, and alongside were bunks made of slender peeled logs, and neatly laid thereon were dark grey camp blankets. The benches were home made as were also the washstand and table but all showed neat if rough handiwork.

One of the men was stretching a coyote skin, and we told him of our chase.

"I shot this chap from the door where he was after some food that was thrown out yonder," he remarked.

"That reminds me of my first bear," said I.

"Your first bear!" mockingly cried one of the party, "Your first bear, that would imply two or possibly a score or more, pray how many bears, O, mighty hunter, have you chalked up to your credit?"

I pretended to look hurt and dignified.

"What is the story of your first bear?" queried the lumberman who had first spoken.

"Oh, if my friends discredit what I say there is no use—"

"Not at all!" they cried in chorus.

"We assert the bear was genuine, let us have him served up right away," in which request the lumbermen all joined.

Nothing loath I proceeded—"You must know that from the first time I de-





(Courtesy of Gould, Photographer, Golden, B. C.)

SUNDAY DINNER IN THE LOGGING CAMP, ON THE FIRST BENCH OF THE SELKIRKS.

cided to leave Ontario for British Columbia my chief ambition was to shoot a bear. I had heard many stories of these animals coming right into the town after food, and I had no doubt in my mind that I should get one easily. Judge my disappointment when the first winter set in and I had not even seen one although I had diligently tramped over miles of mountain land in search of them.

"Well, spring came by express that year, and with it house cleaning. Some vegetables principally turnips had been lumped into a barrel and left in the back porch to be carted away. One dark night I heard a strange noise there and peering through the window could distinguish in the dim uncertain light the hindquarters of a black bear. The animal was half way into the barrel which was tipped at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Only a short time before a large timber wolf had been shot in a yard a few doors off and here I had a chance of distinguishing myself by shooting a

bear! I wasn't a minute getting my rifle and loading it, but when I started to raise the window it shrieked and evidently frightened the animal for I heard the barrel drop to the floor as it resumed its vertical position and peering out I could just distinguish the retreating form of my intended victim after which I sent a hasty shot. Opening the door I rushed out after it through the shed, but came to the conclusion after searching the yard and lane that I had shot the saw-horse as it was the only body in the shape of an animal that was on the ground.

"A few days after I heard the members of the family laughing heartily.

"Entering the room I enquired the cause of the mirth.

" 'Oh, nothing,' said one in a tantalizing tone while the others smiled meaningly.

" 'But you could not laugh at nothing,' I insisted, 'what was it anyway?'

" 'Oh just that Murphy's black calf was found dead in that clump of trees



beyond our lane.' "

One of the lumber-jacks grinned, and kicking his feet towards a black bear skin on the floor, said—"that's my first black calf and last too!"

"Was he looting a barrel?" one asked.

"Pretty much the same," he answered, "Last spring the cook reported hearing a bear grunting around his shack one night and next morning the grub he had thrown out after dinner was gone and there were bear tracks sure enough.

" 'I'm going to have that gent'l'man,' says I. So the next night I camped out in the open in sight of a nice fragrant meal good for bears.

"It was intensely cold, and towards midnight I felt like a blamed fool and wished I was under my blankets. I was thinking of turning in when I heard a twig snap in the bushes not far off and what did I see but the darndest big—I beg your pardon ladies—a huge black form making for the grub pile! I grew hot all over but got ready to nail him. He stopped and put his nose up as if sniffing the air, then he turned and before you could say blue blazes was out of sight in the bushes!

"I found I hadn't taken a right position with regard to the wind so next night fixed on a better place. At one in the morning Mr. Bear hadn't arrived so thinking he had struck this camp off his visiting list I turned in. Wasn't I mad next morning to find the fellows had the laugh on me as the old chap had come after all!

"Next night I said I'd hold the fort till I got him. Making a blind of small trees I entered on my watch at about half after eleven. I did not mind it so much this time as I was pretty well protected from the cold and had enough room to scratch myself and keep from getting cramped. It kept getting colder and colder as the hours advanced but I didn't feel a bit lonesome till rummaging through my pockets I found I had used up all my eating tobacco, then I was in a fix! I wondered if I dared make a sneak to the shack, but I made sure if I did that cussed bear would come along and I'd lose him. So to pass the time I took to sizing up that dump pile, yonder, calculating how many loads would have

to be teamed down to the river allowing an average number of logs to a load. My head got as heavy as lead and I found it hard work trying to shake off the drowsiness that was stealing over me!

"Next thing I knew the boys were carrying my stiff body into the shack.

" 'He's stone dead!' said one!

" 'Logging's over for him in this world!' said another.

" 'We'd better bury him at once,' said a third.

" 'Ground's frozen solid as a rock,' commented another.

" 'Let's pack him in ice and then plant him decent in the spring and have a parson!' said one of my chums.

"It seemed no time before they had dug a deep hole in the snow on the top of a mountain, and chucked me in. Then they gathered ice and laid it on top of me with a layer of snow, and a bucket of water was added to cement things.

"Now I wasn't dead by a long sight. I was conscious what was going on but powerless to move a limb. I couldn't even move my eyelids, but I realized that if I didn't get a gait on I would be buried alive. Making a great effort I shot out one arm.

" 'G'out!' "

"I opened my eyes and the only living thing in sight was that bear finishing the meal I had prepared for him.

"Gosh!

"These involuntary explosives seemed to scare him for he shuffled off at a lively pace.

"I seized my rifle but my hands and arms were stiff as pokers.

"I fired anyway and shot him as I afterwards found out in the joint of his hind leg.

"This kind of crippled him, and he didn't get along so fast after that.

"I started after him but my limbs were as stiff as the legs of a saw-horse. I stumbled along somehow knowing I daren't face the boys if I let him go again. I commenced to limber up a bit and gradually gained on him and when I was fairly near I put a bullet into him behind the ear and you bet I was glad to see him drop.

"Some of the lads helped me and we

skinned him and stretched his pelt on the side of the shack before breakfast was ready."

"Your story," remarked one of the lumber-jacks nodding at me, "puts me in mind of a little incident up Windermere way. An Englishman came out from the Old Country to learn ranching. He was dead anxious to kill a bear and had an idea they were easy to get, so some fellows put up a job on him thinking he was pretty green. They got a grizzly bear rug that had a mounted head and carefully cached it in a clump of bushes. Two fellows offered to accompany the chap, whom they had nicknamed the Kid, on a bear hunt and after giving him some lessons with the rifle and other instructions in the art of bear killing, they started out making a long detour to tire him and gradually working down to the bench where they had the cache. Some distance off they chose a position behind a fallen log and told the Kid to keep watch while they tried to round up a bear and drive it towards him.

These two men went off in different directions, one to crawl cautiously under the rug, the other to take up a position where he could watch the fun, for they fully expected to see the fellow take to his heels.

"They had substituted an unloaded rifle for the charged one he had been carrying so felt no fear of a disaster.

"All went well, some twigs were snapped to draw the chap's attention,

then a bear's head peered through the trees and looked savagely around.

"The Kid took aim, pulled the trigger but of course no report followed, and the fellow on the look out saw him bend down as he thought to examine the rifle, but in reality he was loading it from a cartridge belt under his coat which the fellows knew nothing about.

"The Kid raised his rifle again, took aim, a sharp report followed and a bullet whizzed over the head of a surprised man in bear's clothing. In a second he crouched to the ground the stuffed head dropping in a ludicrous position to one side.

"The Kid rushed excitedly to the spot only to find out how he had been fooled. Without a moment's delay he started in thumping the trickster and didn't let up until he had given him a black eye and other tokens of his anger!

"Of course when this leaked out the laugh was turned on the perpetrators of the joke, but the only remark the Kid made was—

"Deuced sorry I didn't shoot the beggar!"

Well rested, warmed, and re-invigorated by our stay and the stories told we made good time on our snowshoes on the return trip and the rest of our journey was unmarred by a single slip. The fine exertion and the pure air induced dreamless sleep, though some had thought we might mix up bears and snowshoes in inextricable confusion during the night.

## How to Grow Wild Rice.

**T**HERE are very many lakes in Canada suitable for growing wild rice, and where if rice were grown, it would furnish a great attraction for the numerous flocks of ducks crossing the Dominion in the spring and fall. Duck shooting will always be a sport appealing to large numbers of sportsmen, and many who cannot afford to go hunting for big game may hope to enjoy a day

with the ducks. A number of correspondents have made enquiries in this matter, and with a view of giving our readers the benefit of information and advice upon matters of such wide interest, the following authoritative article was prepared on the subject by one who has had a long and personal experience on a lake where wild rice grows in profusion:



"In planting wild rice high water is the thing most to be dreaded—high water and dry weather, for strange to say this plant needs rain equally as much as the grains grown on land. To properly gather the grain for growing it should be harvested when fully ripe, and not allowed to thoroughly dry out. It is the drying that kills the vitality of the seed. It should be placed in boxes well lined with moist packing, such as excelsior moss, with paper between it and the seed. Many mediums will do, provided they retain the moisture in the seed. Then express it—never ship by freight—as the sooner it is sown when once gathered the closer it will be to the imitation of Nature. In its native state it falls while yet moist and full of its natural juices directly into the black muddy beds prepared by years—aye by centuries—of the decaying straw of the plant itself. This seed is in turn covered by the straw on which it grew, preserving it from the frost, as this seems to be as fatal as the drying out.

"If the lake in which it is to be sowed has a muddy bottom, with anywhere from two to six feet of water over it, and is not subject to very high and very low water, and the seed is planted in the fall while it is yet fresh, there is no doubt of its growth, provided it stays there until the next May. There are several causes at work to remove it. Wild ducks will dive for and pick up every seed visible; it may be covered too deeply to germinate by spring floods, and consequent flow of mud; or the ice may carry it away.

"To escape these dangers have the seed placed in tanks in cold storage, covered with fresh water, and kept at a temperature just above freezing point. This seed, sown in the spring while it is still moist, will bring forth a full crop. It can also be shipped in common barrels, with the seed well covered with water, and if kept at a low temperature will reach its destination in perfect safety, while the seed will germinate over seventy-five per cent.

"Now as to the sowing of the seed. I have poured the freshly gathered seed into the canoe, and kneeling behind the front thwart was paddled up and down the shallow places I intended to plant. I found the best results were obtained by planting thickly, as the heavy growth seems to lend strength to the entire bed, acting as a windbreak, etc. It is possible for the seed to remain many years in the black liquid mud and still retain its germinating powers, quickly showing them when once near enough to the surface to retain the heat from the sun.

"Above all things keep carp out of the wild rice sown waters. Do not scatter your seed too widely; rather cover a small place well, and it will rapidly spread itself. Wild rice seed gathered from shallow shore beds seem to grow best in similar depth of water. The long black grain from the beds in mid-lake replant the deeper places most successfully. Beware of fermentation taking place. This will occur if the rice becomes heated in shipping, or the water in the tanks or barrels is not kept at a sufficiently low point—the nearer freezing the better, without allowing this to actually take place.

"Do not allow any seed to be gathered until the beds have become fully filled. So thickly should it be allowed to grow that it is almost impossible to force the canoe through a luxuriant crop of wild rice.

"I have had no experience as to plant growth where the bottom is of a clay or alkali formation, but know from experience that this provender of the web footed ones will grow and flourish against great hardships. The only thing to which it seems to submit is a state of low water early in the season. Then, when the long green ribbons are floating on the surface, to flood the plant, submerging it a foot or so below the water, is to kill it, or at least to have only a grand crop of straw, and not a single grain of rice."

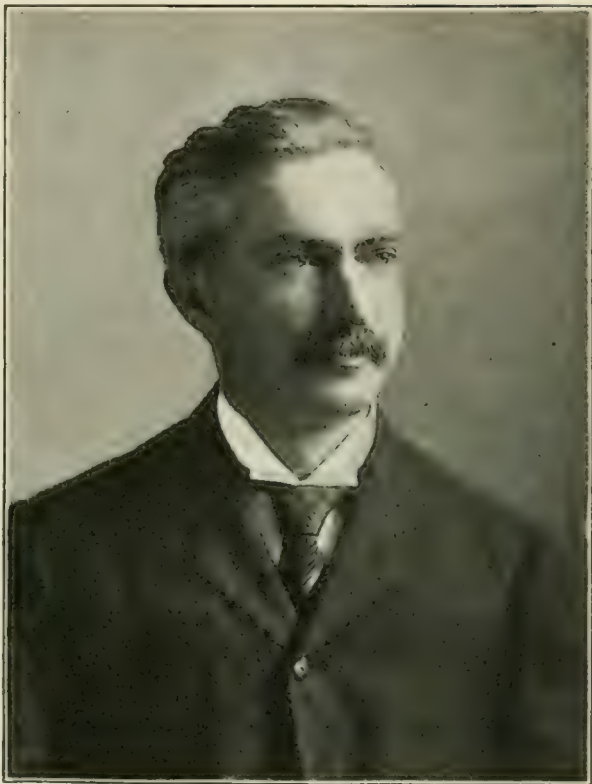


## Mr. C. E. E. Ussher.

**A**N announcement, which cannot fail to prove of interest to a very large number of both native and visiting sportsmen, has been made by the Canadian Pacific Railway. This is the promotion of Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, the General Passenger Agent of the eastern lines, to the position of Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager with headquarters at Winnipeg.

Mr. Ussher's long connection with sporting matters, and particularly his work in connection with the formation and successful career of the North American Fish and Game Protection Association, has brought him into contact with many sportsmen. Few of those who even knew him well were however aware of a tithe of all he has done in their interests. Being a thorough sportsman himself, with a complete knowledge of all transportation matters he has, while strictly adhering to the interests of the Company he has served so well, been able to arrange facilities and concessions which have had much to do with the great developments of sporting traffic both from outside and also within the Dominion. His knowledge of sportsmen's requirements, and just what concessions would best serve their interests, while developing the traffic to the benefit of the Company, has proved invaluable. In both railway and sporting matters, Mr. Ussher has proved an earnest and devoted worker, and his services in both have come in for some well merited encomiums.

It is no small testimony to Mr. Ussher's efficiency as a railway worker for him to be sent to Winnipeg in the capacity of Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager. The development of the West is proceeding at such a pace that a man who is able to fully grasp the situation and deal with the many problems daily arising, is required at Winnipeg. The Company are fortunate at such a jun-



ture in having a gentleman with Mr. Ussher's capability and experience to place in such a position. It is certain that the West will gain much from Mr. Ussher's careful oversight, his wide views, his thorough knowledge and practical experience of railway work, and his acquaintance with all transportation problems. Mr. Ussher's sporting experience should likewise gain, and no doubt he will in many ways continue to show his deep concern in all that makes for the benefit of sport and sportsmen. In his new position he will be able to aid this particular portion of western development, and his work will prove none the easier by reason that the country both north and west of his new headquarters furnish the best big game in the world.

Mr. Ussher has had over twenty years' service with the C. P. R., and this long experience will now stand him in good stead in the new and responsible position he is called upon to fill.

# The Maganetawan River.

**T**HE charm of the delightful region throughout the Maganetawan River District is in its rugged scenery, its magnificent rivers and its inland lakes dotted with myriads of islands set on the bosom of the waters like gems scintillating in an emerald setting, the entire picture surrounded with a frame of loveliness in its make-up of pine and birch forests. This is the spot that appeals to the weary worker from the din of a busy city life—a place where rest and recuperations from the toils and troubles of bus-

of this portion of the "Highlands of Ontario" is its altitude above the sea level (1,000 feet), and the health giving qualities of the atmospheric conditions together with the odor that ladens the air with the balm of pine and balsam wafted from along the river shores. During the summer months, hundreds of campers and canoeists pitch their tents and enjoy the many pleasures that accompany a life in "God's out-of-doors" and with the smell of burning brush and the delights and picturesqueness of the campfire flick-

ering against dim tree trunks, while the party sit close hoping for good weather and good sport can a more enjoyable holiday be imagined than this free and glorious outing far from mundane things.

There is another side to the life in the Maganetawan River region besides that of the camper, angler and sportsman. The cottages and hotels contain a set of people somewhat different to those who long for the woods



ON THE MAGANETAWAN RIVER.

iness is found and where health stalks in every nook and cranny awaiting the denizen of the strenuous city life. The region is a delightful one for the summer tourist who can secure comfortable accommodation at several hotels and resorts situated at different points along the river. It is also a paradise for the angler and sportsman and fish of the gamiest species, and abundance of large and small game are found throughout the surrounding country in easy distance from the centers of tourists' stopping places. Not one of the least attractions

and brooks. There are the family who take their belongings, a maid and the children and leave the dusty city early in the season and spend the entire summer in this lovely place where care can be thrown to the dogs, where the bother of dress and fashion is lost sight of and where the children can run barefoot and do as they feel disposed. Bathing, boating, canoeing and forest walks are among the attractions that appeal to the children and here is where they can enjoy them. The hotels present another phase of life. Here are the people who seek an outing



just for a change of scene and who spend their holidays in lackadaisical idleness enjoying the perfect rest and pure air that is found here, and returning to town with a coat of tan that lasts until frost, and with the satisfaction that their outing has done them good and that they have had a good time.

Summer is the ordained time for loafing and the "Highlands of Ontario" is the Elysium of the loafer, and the loafer to enjoy himself must get away from the hurry and scurry of metropolitan life, the puffing and whistling of locomotives and the rumbling of traffic along busy streets. Byron sang:

"There is pleasure in the pathless woods,  
"There is rapture in the lovely shore  
"There is society where none intrudes,"

This aptly applies to the Maganetawan River region where one can roam through the forests and study nature in all her varying forms. The woods are alive with deer and it is not an uncommon occurrence to see these pretty animals in herds.

The Maganetawan is reached through Burk's Falls one hundred and seventy miles north of the city of Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway System, and opens up a magnificent region to steamboat navigation, to the tourist and particularly the sportsman. This territory is just equidistant between the Muskoka Lakes and Lake Nipissing, and the river drains a surface of about four thousand square miles. Some idea may, therefore, be gathered of its magnitude and of the possibilities offered to canoeists by the ramifications of the numerous tributaries and their connected lake enlargements. It is the very heart center for sport, with rod and gun. Its rivers and lakes can be ascended and descended in canoes, amid the best of sport, while the eye is fascinated by the fresh unsullied wildness of its forest haunts.

Burk's Falls—stands on the banks of the Maganetawan at the head of steamboat navigation and about half a mile below the forks of the river where the two

great north and south branches join. From Maganetawan Dock the starting point of the steamers "Armour" "Menorah" and "Wanita" and to which passengers are carried direct by the Grand Trunk trains, the trip down the river is made. A more lovely one is hard to conceive. Burks Falls is a busy town steadily growing and picturesque in its situation. It has a population of one thousand and a number of stores above the average found in small places. Campers, canoe parties and hunters will find all the requisites here for necessary supplies. Long distance telephone and telegraph service is available and the town is lighted by electricity. The hotel accommodation is good and the town boasts of three hostleries where guests will be



GOOSE AND CECEBE LAKES. MAGANETAWAN RIVER.

made comfortable.

The steamers of the Maganetawan Navigation Company are modern and handsomely fitted up for passenger traffic, they are lighted by electricity and are equipped with search lights.

For fifteen miles the river is followed, winding to and fro as all Muskoka Rivers seem to do. Lake Cecebe forms the next link for ten miles, at the foot of which is the village of Maganetawan.

After passing through the locks, the steamer continues for three miles more in the river, and then enters Lake Ahmic. This is another of the gems of Muskoka, most quaint in form. The lake is twelve



miles in length. This is also another excellent route for boating, as there are no rapids to interfere, or portages to make: a nice diversity of paddling or rowing in the river is interspersed with sailing on the lakes.

From here on, the more adventurous can continue their canoe route by the Great River, twelve miles to Lake Wawa-keah, and thence to Bying Inlet, about fifty miles away on the Georgian Bay. In this distance there are twenty portages of varying lengths, from one of some two miles to most of only a few yards.

It is a trip not to be attempted without first-class guides. These portages made, there are few difficulties to be overcome.

The angler will find an abundance of salmon trout, bass, pickerel and other varieties of fish. The speckled trout,

necessary to get back one's strength and accustomed health. The disease is also called by other names, such as "autumn catarrh," "hay asthma" and "rose catarrh." In some cases it comes on in June, with the advent of the roses; in others, with the new mown hay; but in the vast majority, during the month of August. At this season of the year the district recommended above is in nature's most beauteous dress, and flies and mosquitoes are unknown throughout the regions described.

The complaint usually continues until frosty weather, and is aggravated by dust, riding in street cars, and by the pollen of hay or flowers. Few are aware that in almost a stone's throw (comparatively speaking) of their own doors, lies a locality rich in beautiful scenery, re-



FROM ECHO ROCK, MAGANETAWAN RIVER.

plete with historical interest, a land where health and pleasure go hand in hand and where perfect immunity from Hay Fever is assured. This region is the Maganetawan River district which is recognized as the "Mecca" of the tourist and a haven for sufferers from Hay Fever.

Physicians generally recommend a change of climate for the relief of the complaints where such weeds and flowers as ragweed and honey-suckle are not indigenous, as these

and many other flowers and grasses aggravate the disease. Many localities, have been recommended such as mountainous regions and the seacoast, but generally at these resorts a great deal depends upon the direction of the wind, and results are not always satisfactory, as if the wind should blow off shore, as it frequently does, there is no relief.

In the Maganetawan River district conditions are different. It is of no consequence which way the wind blows. The preponderance of water area to land surface, the curative odors of balsam and pine, together with the elevation of a thousand feet, renders Hay Fever an impossible condition.

The district altogether finely deserves its high reputation and those who make its acquaintance will not regret it.

Thousands of people throughout the habitable globe suffer annually from that most distressing and annoying ailment commonly known as "Hay Fever," many of whom are not convalescent for weeks after an attack of the malady, and often days of rest and recuperation are

# Sport in Saskatchewan.

## Duck and Chicken Shooting on the Prairies.

BY C. W. YOUNG.

**I**T is a long way—from Cornwall to Saskatchewan—to go for the fall shooting, but it is worth it, especially when one has a small share in the great Canadian heritage, and is anxious to learn by personal observation the size of the unearned increment from one season to another.

There is plenty of good hunting country between Montreal and Winnipeg, but one sees little game from the car windows. Here and there on the outward trip, a hunter drops into the smoking room full of anticipation, and coming homeward parties drift in above Ottawa, who have been in the woods; either way the talk is of moose and deer and partridges, and perhaps some lucky fellow has a big head in the express car, which all go out to see. There are hundreds of lakes and rivers, on many of which one would like to cast a fly at a more congenial season, but save for a stray gull breasting the wind over Lake Superior, not a feathered creature is to be seen.

Only a few miles west from Winnipeg, one begins to see prairie chickens. We are told that these birds are decreasing, and that in a few years they will follow the wild pigeons and the buffalo into oblivion, but it doesn't look like it. In the neighborhood of Portage la Prairie, where the land has been farmed for half a century, chickens are still fairly plentiful. Farmers in the West appreciate game more than they do in Ontario, and it is not possible for men and boys to roam over the face of nature with guns and without permission, as they do here, so the birds have a chance. The game laws are strictly enforced, and shooting in the close season and on Sundays is too expensive a luxury to be indulged in.

Some hours after leaving Portage, ducks as well as chickens, are to be seen, and the numbers increase as one goes further west.

Some four hundred miles west of Winnipeg on the Canadian Northern, are the Quill lakes, three of them, and quite re-

spectable bodies of water they are—Big Quill, the largest, being about eighteen miles long, and so wide you can hardly see the opposite shore—the others somewhat smaller. The shores of these lakes are mostly marshy, breeding places for many ducks, and the half-way house for millions more as they travel the great aerial route from the far north to the tropics.

At present this is practically virgin country for the sportsman, as very few of the ducks have ever heard the crack of a gun, and the shooting is of the kind one reads about in old books, but is not often permitted to enjoy.

They do things in a hurry out west but I was hardly prepared for the transformation scene a year had effected along the line of the Canadian Northern Railway. Hamlets were budding into villages, villages into towns and embryo cities, and newly-built elevators were to be seen at every station. About the Quill Lakes, the first settler only three years ago put the plough into the land that had been bearing natural crops for untold thousands of years, with only the buffalo to use a little of them. Last year my good friend Vokes of Winnipeg began operations as a farmer, yet at the end of a drive of three or four miles from the railway station, I found his modern residence—Wetasto—with every convenience and luxury, a breakfast served by a Chinese cook, an artist in his line, and a welcome to be remembered.

In 1905 a few acres of wheat and oats represented what had been done; now there was wheat in shocks and stacks as far as the eye could reach, a steam thresher with a gang of thirty or more men in attendance, and work to keep it going for a week. In a fenced section were a hundred or two thoroughbred shorthorn cattle, the foundation of the Wetasto herd, which will be famous some of these days. This is a great country for cattle as well as for wheat,



and will be the home of many prosperous mixed farmers. It is over one hundred miles north of the main line of the Canadian Pacific, but there is no need to house cattle carefully as in Ontario. Mere shelters are built, open to the south, and food need be given only in stormy weather. At all other times they help themselves from the haystacks nearby, and come out in prime condition in the spring. Cows would be sorry looking sights in the East under similar treatment.

But we didn't go West to look at wheat and cattle, nor did we spend much time over them in Saskatchewan this year.

One doesn't walk a great deal on the prairie, and soon after breakfast on the morning of arrival three of us got into a wagon and drove a mile or two to a slough to have our first shy at the ducks. There were not many there, as ducks go in that part of the West, possibly three or four hundred, and they were somewhat wild, but we accounted for several mallards and teal, and picked up a chicken or two on our way back. In the afternoon we strolled along Wetasto creek, and by the time we were ready to retrace our steps, each of us had all the ducks he cared about carrying.

This was only in the way of beginning, and next afternoon we drove to a bridge crossing the channel between Big and Middle Quill. It was a bright, nippy day, with a strong wind blowing, and had we made it, could not have been better for sport. As we came near the water we could see that it was literally covered with ducks, which rose in clouds as we approached and dispersed to safer quarters. These they found in the open lake half a mile or so west, or in a little bay about the same distance eastward, but neither place seemed to suit them, for they were continually rising and flying over us. The bridge could hardly be considered a blind, but it served the purpose, and we crouched behind the rails, and kept an eye for what we were after. "Look out, ducks coming," one would shout, and the others would see a single bird, a double or a treble, or maybe a flock of a score or so. They would keep near the water till near the bridge and then rise to pass it. When they were

close by, we would get up and let them have it, with more or less success. Sometimes each would despatch a duck or two; more often only one would fall to the three guns, and occasionally not that. It was the most difficult kind of shooting, and decidedly puzzling to a tenderfoot, who was making his first acquaintance with the sport. Had it been a salmon, or a sea trout—but that is another story. The speed coming down the wind was terrific, certainly sixty or seventy miles an hour, and it required a good deal of experience to judge how far forward to hold to do the business. Nothing less than six or eight feet was any use, and sometimes it would have to be a good deal more. Using smokeless powder, one could see if any feathers were knocked out of the bird, and that was not always by any means. Vokes was using a twenty-gauge gun, which carried like a rifle, Drayton and I had No. 12s. We used No. 6 shot at first, but subsequently found No. 4 or 5 more deadly.

There were all kinds of ducks, but most of them were canvas backs, great big fellows weighing three or four pounds each, and fat as butter. They were fairly difficult to kill, and struck water hard enough to pound every bit of life out of them that was left. But if only wounded they would give themselves a shake or two, dive and swim off under the water until out of range. The safest way was to give them a second shot if they didn't turn up white at once, and sometimes it took two or three to do the business. If you never shot a duck sitting in the water you have no idea how hard it is to hit them.

When the birds fell on the land there wasn't much trouble, as the shock of striking the earth usually settled them, and sometimes they actually split open from the force of the impact. If they happened to drop where the grass was long and were only winged, the dogs had their work cut out in finding the cripples, which scuttled away in short order.

Next to the canvas backs, teal were most plentiful, both the blue and green winged varieties—the latter the smallest of all ducks, but most delicious eating. There were quite a few mallards, great.



handsome fellows, fully as big as the canvas backs, an occasional widgeon, blue bill and pin tail, and once in a while one that none of us could identify—possibly a cross-bred. Spoonbills or shovellers were quite plenty. These last do not frequent Ontario waters as a rule, and are despised by hunters in the west, though in the fall, when good and fat, they are not at all fishy and excellent eating.

On such a day the ducks flew pretty continuously all the time, but a good deal thicker as evening came on. Then there was no question of a single bird, it was whole flocks at a time, and the destruction was greater. We shot till we could see no longer, and then heard them in swarms like bees overhead. We could feel the whish of their wings and sometimes they almost touched us as they passed. The result of this part of a day, for we didn't go to the bridge till after lunch, was over two bushels of ducks, and several prairie chickens.

So far there has been comparatively little shooting in this part of Saskatchewan. The first settler went in only three or four years ago, and most of them have neither time nor inclination to monkey with a fowling piece. At the bridge the ducks had been shot at a little, but elsewhere we were the first shooters this year, if indeed some of our haunts had ever been visited by a white man with a gun. One of these was where Wetasto creek empties into Little Quill and there is a narrow channel between two bays. When some distance off, it seemed as if all the ducks in the world were having a picnic, and completely covered the water. Though comparatively tame, they had no particular use for people that came in wagons, and didn't wait long enough to get a close view of the intruders.

We had sent down a little steel dinghy, which was a cranky craft, but served to get across the channel and retrieve crippled birds. It was not necessary, but we set out a few decoys, just to see how they would work, and one of us going to the other side, we had the ducks pretty well between us. It was exciting to watch them rising from the water, away across the lake, and see them coming nearer and nearer until within range,

when they would swoop down to make acquaintance with the dummies that were bobbing up and down, and find they were victims of misplaced confidence, leaving several of their number behind. The flights were incessant, and the constant banging made no difference. There were a good many misses, as was inevitable, but fun enough to keep one's blood tingling, and we quit only when the ammunition gave out, and it was too dark to see any longer. It was quite easy to retrieve the birds, as one could walk almost any distance with waders, and we had the boat and the dogs to help us out. The latter were not at all anxious to go into the icy water, and it was hardly fair to expect it of smooth pointers, whose talent lies in another direction. With so many flocks, there were quite a few doubles, and one lucky shot brought down three big fellows.

Queer, isn't it, the objection most game dogs have to golden plover. These delicious little morsels were plentiful, and occasionally we varied the programme by taking a stroll along the beach to take toll of a flock. Neither old Semi or Matchi would bring them out; they might go to them and perhaps take them up, but would drop them as if they didn't taste good, and many were lost that way. As a rule dogs will not eat game; ours made short work of the bones of a chicken or a duck, but couldn't be persuaded to touch what was left of a plover.

Prairie chickens were scarce this year. Last season, in the same locality, we got plenty every day, and they came well through the winter, but seemingly did not have good luck with the hatching, or perhaps the little fellows were drowned by the heavy rains when they were comparatively helpless. Shooting chickens is not hard work, as practiced in Saskatchewan. We had two ponies, Rosette and Bluetie, who had been hitting the trail for ever so many years, and were well used to prairie ways. Two princes of dogdom, Semi and Matchi-Manitou, smooth pointers, always accompanied us on our journeyings. They seemed to know instinctively where chickens were to be found, and would trot alongside or behind the wagon for a mile or so, when, of a sudden, they would branch off to

right or left, and soon find something to interest them. There is nothing more delightful in the whole range of sport than to watch the field work of good dogs. They quarter the ground, hardly leaving a yard untouched, and when the scent is found, the tails begin to wag, and with nose to the grass, they follow the path of the chicken. As the scent grows stronger, they become more intent, till they stiffen out as if cast in bronze, and wait for the man with the gun. When near together, one will usually back up the other's point, but sometimes each has a bird of his own. The chicken is usually only a few feet ahead but crouches in the grass till flushed by the hunter, when a shot generally settles the business, or perhaps a couple are knocked down right and left. One day, as we were driving to the lake, Matchi, who had been taking little interest in anything, wheeled like a shot and pointed within ten feet of the wagon. Two birds got up, only to fall with two quick shots, and before they could be retrieved, other two met their fate, and one more within a couple of minutes. The rest of the covey took to the scrub, but we had no time to follow them.

There are quite a few partridges in some sections of the West, but being smaller than the chickens, they do not get much attention. One afternoon we got several, while following up some chickens that had taken to a bluff, and side by side on a hot plate there was little to choose between them, though the flesh of the partridges was white and that of the chickens quite dark.

Sometimes it happens that the chickens seem to look for the hunter. After a morning's driving, we sat down beside a bluff near a wheatfield for lunch, and were enjoying cold duck and Budweiser, when a covey of half a dozen or more came out of the stubble and walked into the scrub. We could have potted the whole bunch had the guns been handy, but by the time we could get them out of the wagon and loaded, the birds had disappeared, nor did we get one of them, though we fired several shots. A prairie

chicken is easy to kill on the wing if he is in the open, but among the bushes the issue is uncertain.

One is constantly reminded of the presence of a little animal that is quite common among the fauna of the prairies. Not at all timid, one often sees these little black and white creatures, with great bushy tails, running in front of the horses, or padding through the grass. There is seldom any anxiety for too close a view, and never an opportunity is lost of putting a charge of shot into them. They are not added to the game bag, but left to rot where they fall, as they are credited with all sorts of mischief, especially if there are any tame fowls about, for they are inveterate thieves, and have a liking for eggs and chickens when they can get them. The skins are valuable and masquerade as Alaska sable when dyed and converted into muffs or ruffs, but the men on the prairie seem to have no time or inclination to remove the pelts. Dogs as a rule avoid these animals, but there are exceptions, and of such were a couple of Chesapeake spaniels, on the Wetasto ranch. These dogs liked no better fun than nosing out these unsavory creatures, and when found would rend them in pieces, regardless of consequences, although they were invariably banished to the outskirts for a day or two after every such performance.

During the summer, Mephitis Americana dwells mostly out in the open, feeding on mice, birds and such small deer, but as the weather gets colder he seeks human company, and camps near the houses and barns. One of them was in the habit of stealing ducks and chickens from the pile we brought home in the evenings, but we had no idea where they went, till we discovered the marauder under the verandah, from whence he was only dislodged after an hour's hard work and digging under the steps where he was ensconced. This fellow was a wise guy and had piled away several dozen of birds for his winter supply, as much easier than hunting for them or robbing hen roosts. He stole too many or he might have enjoyed some of his thievings.



# A Wilderness Cat.

BY HAROLD RAYMOND.

**I**N the old barn beside the river, forming one of a litter of five, he first opened his eyes; big green eyes in a setting of jet, for he was a black cat; black all over, from tip of nose to tip of tail. It proved a lucky color in his case for he was the only one of the five to be saved from a watery grave, and he was chosen by the city cousin on account of his rich glossy coat.

All that summer he was petted and glutted by the small members of the farm home until he became as fat as Dutch butter, then he was carried off by the cousin, to, or rather toward the city, for he never reached his intended destination. He had been dropped into an old hat-box, strapped firmly as was thought, and was given to the cousin to carry. While on the way to the station

Here began his adventurous career. He threaded his way carefully through the brambles and bushes deep into the shadows. where the sun pointed long fingers of light through the closely woven leafage. His glossy coat became tangled and knotted as he strove against the prickly creepers, while vines tripped him up occasionally, no matter how careful his steps. All day he plodded; till the pangs of hunger brought him to a standstill. He looked around for his expected saucer of milk but the only object approaching in appearance his favorite farm dish was a huge white growth sticking to the side of an old dead beech. He went up to it, it looked queer, sniffed it, but his hunger was not sufficient yet to overcome his prudence; he didn't like the strange smell and walked away.

Deeper and deeper into the woods he went till soon those long grey fingers of light faded from the forest and the grass, the tree-trunks and the leaves melted into dark grey shadows growing darker and darker. He had now become impatient and more hungry. The way he went became fuller of thorns and brambles and he left, alas, quite often, tufts of black, glossy hair along the path. With the going of the light, too, the songs of the birds died away and the coming of the shadows brought a change of noise and a feeling of danger to the wanderer. The greyness sank into solid gloom. The hoot of an owl close by gave him cold shivers, and now he was quite nonplussed whether to go forward or remain where he was.

Gathering courage he started afresh. Presently the sharpness of the brambles grew less and the bushes were fewer and farther between; the air became fragrant with the scent of resin, pure and sweet and the ground beneath his paws went velvet soft to his touch, needing less care in the treading. There was a continuous song of sighs in the trees overhead; large high tress they were, that held their branches over him as though giving him



HE CAME DOWN UPON THE LITTLE BROWN BIRD.

in the new double-seated wagon, master Puss wriggled the bottom out of the box and during the excitement of the ride jumped out of the rig, unnoticed, and into a thicket at the side of the road.



the assurance of parental protection. He passed through a wilderness of shrub whose leaves were long and waving, soothing him into a purr of satisfaction. He stayed here some time resting, but moved forward again under stress of hunger and newly added thirst.

Loud sounds about him stopped him abruptly. The howl of a fox, the cry of a whip-poor-will; the splash of a leaping trout in a stream near by, it was all so new to him. After the passage of the pines and the ferns he came out again into the brambles and suffered anew the cruel stings and torn sides. He went up rocky hillsides where the way was perilous and long. He descended them to encounter more thorns and woeful hedges. Deeper and deeper he got into the lonely woods a hungry, little, black-coated cat.

That same night two men camped on the bank of a river. They had paddled up stream all day and were sore and tired. An appetizing meal, a short smoke and they lay down in their blankets to sleep.

The younger man before retiring was building a smudge for the insects had not all gone, when a strange cry came from the darkness of the trees behind their tent. He paused in his work, again the wail, plaintive and weird came to his waiting ears. He looked at his companion: "What noise is that, Ned?" The other man listened a moment. "Pshaw! it's only a cat bird, Billy, come to your sleep, lad, you'll need it 'fore to-morrow's over," and he moved to settle for the night.

The two men were about dozing when again that strange cry echoed itself upon the quiet forest air. This time it was just a few yards from where they lay. The younger man, the most susceptible to the sound got up and went out. He came back in a short while and in his

arms he held, tenderly, a little, black cat. Perhaps it was the memory of home, associated as it always is, with the appearance or name of a cat, that made the men keep their foundling. However, keep it they did, though they were bound for a region that knew neither house nor home, scarcely a human being in fact, in all its tangled wilderness.

After a meal of fried fish, the remains of their own last repast, the men became staunch friends of puss. He followed willingly wherever they led. Up long tortuous rivers, threading through rocks and islands, across the many lakes they went, puss gradually learning to take his place in the canoe as one of themselves.

Once only had he to be chastised for stealing from the pack; a douse in the cold water was sufficient punishment for the purpose; after that he became quite obedient and docile.

Eventually the men reached their hunting camp, a lean-to in the woods. During the time spent in securing their game, they left puss in the camp, where, put to his

own resources, he often had to find his own food. Fish had been usually his allowance, as fish were plentiful and to puss the most toothsome, but when the hunters were away, and they sometimes stayed more than a day—there was no one to catch his coveted article of fare. He went down to the shore to investigate, but the banks sloped down too abruptly for any chance of obtaining a finny member of the depths himself. So he gave that up.

Then he turned back into the forest. Passing through some leafy bushes, curiously prying into nooks and corners as he went along, he noticed a movement, a flutter of wings and he stopped short. A little brown bird stood proudly upon a quivering limb, lifting a voice of rare



THE SQUIRREL CAME TOWARDS HIM ALONG THE LIMB.

sweetness to mingle with the anthems of the wilderness. Puss had no ear for music. He crept up close to the singer, closer, and remaining quite still, without the flicker of an eyelash, he suddenly made a spring and with claws out-thrust, mouth partly open, he came down upon the little brown bird. Short was the song, and owing to a sharp closing of puss' jaws, it never sang again. This was the cat's initiation into the art of hunting, and after that many a little brown bird and also grey and black, met a sudden and disastrous end.

One cool morning while lying down on a flat rock by the river, trying to receive



THE END.

what warmth he could from the rays of the sun, he was startled to hear a sharp whistle quite near him. He raised his head to see a snipe hopping about from rock to rock. It was approaching him, and crouching low he awaited with interest the progress of the newcomer. The snipe had reached the water-edge of the very rock on which he stood hidden by another overhanging boulder. It was strutting about with bobbing tail, darting a long bill, now and then, into the moss for hidden grubs. It began to walk away from him when fearing to lose so enticing a meal he made a rapid unerring spring. The snipe was caught firmly in that gaping mouth but puss had not reckoned upon the slipperiness of moss or

water. His sharp claws, though they held their victim safely, refused to hold their master, and he went shooting down the short declivity, like the launching of a boat, never stopping until the water was up to his chin. He was frightened but still game. He held fast to his snipe and though forced to swim ashore he never let go the bird till he and it were well up beyond the water, and on the sunny bank where his coat was soon dried. He enjoyed his well-earned meal.

Along came the day when the cat out on one of his hunting excursions failed to return in time to get aboard the canoe on the voyage back to civilization. In fact, puss had been in camp so seldom of late that the men had almost forgotten him, and when he failed to turn up on the day set for the return, and after a vigorous search in the surrounding woods, he could not be found, the hunters forced themselves to believe that their little friend had become a prey to some larger animal. Taking their stock of heads and antlers, they were soon far away from the little third member of the voyage out. Did puss whine at their absence? Not a bit of it! He was now as wild as anything in the woods, but as if he could not forget his contact with humanity, he never went far from the rough lean-to. He would sleep there at night, and when tracked by some beast of prey he would make for the low shed and hide among the spruce branches that formed the single bed of the abode, and where, scenting the late vestiges of man, his enemies never followed.

Fortunately for puss game in all shapes was abundant, deer-mice fell easy victims to his rapacious maw and were always within reach. Red squirrels were sometimes caught unawares, but chipmunks were his most skilful opponents, and very rarely did he manage to dine at the expense of these winged-like creatures. It was extremely galling to the cat to be beaten in a game of stealth, and there was one chipmunk especially which counted puss his most attentive foe. This cunning creature made his home at the bottom of a natural pile of boulders in the centre of a small valley, a short distance away from the lean-to. Puss would sit watching for hours at a hole where he



had seen his enemy enter, only to find, after his tedious vigil, the chipmunk seated on a rock some dozen yards away, gallantly and noisily chewing a nut. He would then in the most unsophisticated manner, start washing his face, or biting the burrs out of his black, glossy coat. Sometimes he would chase him in one hole and then slip around to a supposed exit, only to be again fooled by the vision of the little striped back a good safe distance away. There was a fair-sized rock of globular shape which formed the apex of the pile. On this puss would be stationed in a crouching attitude, hour after hour, waiting for his prey. Once or twice the chipmunk, goaded by a fear of danger came out, first a nose-tip, then a head, then with a mad scamper he would be bounding away over the leafy floor of the valley, with puss in wild pursuit but the flying leap of the squirrel was always too much for the cat, who had generally to be careful where he dropped for fear of a broken limb or some such accident, and this carefulness lost time. The day however came at last when the cat won out. The chipmunk had strayed away a little farther than usual from its rocky den and on its way back, it saw puss running to camp with a bird in his mouth. Thinking perhaps that a bird in the mouth would elicit more attention from puss than a chipmunk in the bush, the latter gave vent to a few short chuckles, which contrary to expectation, immediately drew the cat's attention, and he, catching sight of the squirrel took the chuckles for a challenge. Dropping the bird, with the speed of his best, he sprang after the enemy. The chipmunk flew up a maple tree, puss at his heels; along a low hanging branch to the ground; along the ground for a dozen yards to a huge boulder; up the boulder, down one side and off at a right angle to a large beech; up the beech on the far side to the first crotch and here with another chuckle the squirrel disappeared. Puss, on investigation, found a hole in the tree, over which he watched for a few minutes, when to his disgust he saw the chipmunk sitting on the extreme lower branch of the tree, watching him with wide sparkling eyes. He crept after it. The squirrel came toward him along

the limb, as it was a little too high up from the ground for a jump, and just when the cat was about to seize it, it made a quick spring in the air, and lit cleverly on the bough just behind him. Again puss was outwitted, for by the time he had turned around, his prey had slid down the trunk and was careering along to his hole in the rocks. Stung with a defeat so smartly effected, puss followed, determined yet to conquer his ingenious foe. He took a station on the rock at the top of the hole where he had seen the squirrel enter. In a short time the chipmunk looked out. Puss made a dive but the hunted one was again too quick and eluded him. However the sudden spring of the cat, loosened the rock on which he crouched, and sent it toppling down, immediately in front of the hole, completely blocking the exit. Puss noticed the advantage thus gained and with the patience born of fresh hope, he hid himself near the hole, the only remaining orifice by which the chipmunk could effect his escape. Presently the squirrel appeared, slipping about from rock to rock. When the cat had got it a good distance from the hole he made after. The chipmunk bethought himself no doubt of the other aperture but on reaching it he found to his dismay entrance was impossible. It was too late! On turning round he made a dash for an opening in the rocks, but puss was the first, and with a last chuckle—this time it was full of pain—the unlucky squirrel was fast in the claws and teeth of its arch enemy and conqueror!

The snow was tardy that year, not appearing till late in November. It came down during the night, a mere surface layer of a few inches. When puss crept out of his hiding-place in the lean-to, squeezing through the slightly opened door, amazement showed in every hair of his hide. He looked about him, stepping gingerly on the soft whiteness, and smelling every spot where he placed his feet. The trees were familiar, however, and as no danger seemed to lurk in the silent covering of the earth he strode bravely forward, bent upon a morning's foray. He liked the snow when once he became used to it, and it was a great help to him in his search for food, the



white undermass seemingly forcing into silhouette any furred or feathered creature careering over its surface. In this way he caught a fine grouse the very morning of the first snow. He was cunning enough to climb a hemlock and blend his black form with the dark needles of the tree while he watched for a chance arrival on the ground below. Was it instinct of species that led him to follow the hunting custom of his wilder kind? For puss had soon learned that greater chances of success lay in the plan of hiding in trees and laying in wait for a passing prey. Especially was this fact borne to him, when the snow came and his black pelt looked blacker against it and more easily seen.

He lay upon the bough as though glued to it. In his wild strenuous life he had learned the foundation of success—patience; and this morning he had lots of it, for the sun had risen high and was shooting warm rays through the dense woods, rapidly licking up the limp snow that had so lightly fallen, ere his keen eyes caught a sign of life. It was a deer mouse flitting about at the base of the tree. He glared at it from between the branches then quietly stole along and down on the far side. Little precaution was needed before the wee creature was punctured by a half dozen sharp teeth, and about less time was taken up in the dining thereupon. Back to his bough he went and presently a shaft of warm drowsy sunlight struck his resting place. It also struck a chord of drowsy feeling in the cat. The snow melted and glistened like diamonds, dropping from the trees and bushes. The cat fell asleep! The sun growing warmer drew the snow gradually from the earth in strings of slowly ascending vapor. Belated birds that had awakened to the approach of winter at sight of this first virgin message and had ceased to sing, now opened their throats in sad farewells. A few days and they would be on the wing and away to the south!

A sudden whirr of feathers beneath him awoke puss to the recollection that he was hungry. Looking down he saw three grouse tramping about the slush feeding on lichen and berries. He rose,

too keen to stretch himself, walked along the bough until he was almost directly above a bird and with nice reckoning, dropped fair on the back of the victim. With a loud whirr the others flew up and escaped. Puss held his grouse by the neck till it was dead, then dragged it off to the lean-to, there to appease his hunger in silence and content.

A few days after this the snow came down in earnest and when the cat made his way out after a whole day and night of the silent fall, winter was lord indeed of the wilderness world. Puss fared ill at first in the deep loose snow, but a night's freezing put a crust on that held firmly all winter. The cat, though never fat, was in good condition and his carnivorous propensities had a range scarcely equalled by any other habitue of the forest. He grew quite fearless and would take longer periods of time away from home, until he thought nothing of staying away the whole day, though he invariably sought the lean-to on the approach of night.

The winter sped apace. One cold day in February master puss had wandered far away from home. Food had become scarce, hence, the wider radius of travel. He went along at an easy lope stopping now and then to look about him, or startled at the crackling of a dead limb in the tense frost, then on again. He came to a cedar swamp where the sour-killed trees stood or lay about in grotesque confusion. He was in the act of leaping over a fallen twin-trunk, when his sense of smell caused him to turn his head. He saw a dead grouse lying in a hollow between the trees. He went up cautiously to it; a sniff was the short prelude to a seizure when z-zing with a howl of pain he dropped the bird and snapped his jaws angrily at a ring of serrated steel that held him by a hind-leg to the fallen tree.

"B'en, ah teenk ah'll have been marten for sure, dees time," muttered little Nezaire Rouleau, the French trapper of Gros Point, as he moved noiselessly and swiftly up to his last trap in the frozen cedar swamp. The early winter twilight was closing in rapidly and the things of the forest took on a lurid indistinctness in the gathering grey gloom.

"Boh gar! dees wan fetch twentee fahv' dollaire, an—Sauver moi! la Chat Diable!" with a choking yell, the trapper turned giddily, almost falling over his snowshoes, and started back on his trail through the woods, not once stopping to look behind.

Alas for puss his one chance of escape was gone! He meowed piteously at the fast receding form of the frightened trapper, who never turned back, and the cat after many painful but vain efforts to release himself sank into silence, and curling himself into a fluffy ball lay in the hollow of the logs to await events.

The stars sprung up out of the vast blue as though struck sharply from the steely depths. The moon arose. Far back among the black shadows of the forest, a grey shadow dodged in and out of the trees on a snowshoe trail. It kept up a steady, tireless trot along the hard crusted snow, occasionally lifting his shaggy head to utter a long, low howl. In his painful position by the fallen tree puss heard those howls and sniffed the air suspiciously and after a while with fear. The noise drew nearer. Puss made a last effort to release his numbed and bruised limb. Of no avail! He was

held firmly fast. He sank back again to the hollow in the log. Presently the blood-curdling voice shot echoes around and about him. It was coming nearer, nearer! The cat raised his head. Soon he saw the great form stealing forward in long, silent strides. Puss's tail went up and he nerved himself for a great effort of defence. The wolf saw him and with grinning chops and lolling tongue made straight for the fallen log. The cat scrambled to one side at the first lunge but the steel trap clogged his agility. The wolf turned sharply, quick for another spring. This time the cat threw himself fair against the glaring eyes of his foe. The wolf dodged, not in time, however, to escape the savage scratching of puss' claws down his lank, frothy cheek, leaving it bleeding and bare. Alas, the effort was final for the cat! With a great snapping of his jaws the wolf closed his teeth on the victim, and tore the broken-backed body voraciously from the trap. The end had come!

A short while and he was renewing the quest of the snowshoe trail, weaving his gaunt, grey shadow in and out of the network of the cold, black shadows of the forest.

## Ontario's Commercial Fisheries.

**M**R. Edward Harris, whose interest in and writings upon the subject of the fisheries of the Great Lakes, are well known, has issued a pamphlet entitled "The Ontario Commercial Fisheries: How and Why Destroyed" (Toronto. William Briggs,) which should be read by everyone, and in particular by those concerned in the preservation of our fisheries. It is a sad story of waste and neglect that Mr. Harris has to tell, and he tells it very plainly. While it may be hoped that Mr. Harris takes an extremely pessimistic view of the present and future of our Great Lake fisheries, there are quite sufficient uncontradicted facts, apart from any opinions, to show the very serious nature of the position, and the need for a strong policy on the part of the Government.

There are less fish caught—the figures

show that notwithstanding more plant, more men, and more waters fished, there was a decrease of five million pounds in 1905 in comparison with those of 1899—and an increased price obtained of no less than half a million dollars, due to the greater demand and scarcity of fish. The worst feature of all, however, is that ninety-five per cent of the entire catch goes to the States, and the miserable balance of five per cent only is left to Ontario.

The revenue fees obtained from net licenses etc. are placed at \$46,303, and this allows a small surplus above expenditure. To achieve that surplus by depriving the people of the Province of a healthy fish diet is a heavy price to pay, and a deficit should be cheerfully borne if the fish remained at home.

If the nets, and with them the licensing



fees, are abolished the revenue goes, and the cost of the Fisheries Department would come upon the taxes. If the present system is continued the fisheries will collapse, and the same result brought about, only when that happens the fisheries will also be gone.

Mr. Harris describes the nets which are at present licensed. Of these the worst is the pound net by means of which ten tons of fish can be taken at a lift. Sometimes millions of recently spawned fish are mixed up with the larger fish when a lift is made, and thus destroyed. To use the seine net all refuges of the small fish—these refuges in many instances serving them for food as well—are taken away. The gill net has fewer objectionable features than the others, and these could be remedied. At present the mesh is too small, and they are used too late in the fall. The hoop net when set out destroys the game fish, and consequently rod and line fishing. The trap net is the poacher's, and in the opinion of Mr. Harris if our fish were not shipped to the States from every fishing point the poacher's occupation would be gone. It is the high price now paid for our fish shipped to the States that makes poaching pay.

A strong plea is put in by Mr. Harris for the extension of the close season for black bass to July 15th. He holds that an angler who takes a black bass before that date practically destroys from three thousand to ten thousand fish which might otherwise reach maturity. He thinks the efforts to protect the black bass which may be described as the last of the game fish of Old Ontario, have not been successful. As the black bass protect and look after their young for a few weeks after they are hatched, piloting them to localities where they can feed in safety from their predaceous enemies, the crop of young fish is fairly complete.

Instead of the present regulations limiting the catch and prohibiting sale, Mr. Harris would simplify matters by concentrating all efforts upon enforcing the close season. If that were done he believes the general public would approve every conviction for a violation of the law. There is much to be said for this point of view, though some record catches would be

made if the restrictions were removed.

The sturgeon, which is now about as valuable as a cow, is becoming scarce, and its taking should be prohibited. The eggs cannot be fertilized and hatched artificially; experience has shown that the process of nature cannot be improved upon. It is an abnormally reproductive fish, and if properly protected might be expected to again become fairly general. A full grown sturgeon will deposit from fifty thousand to one million and a half of eggs, and the young soon after hatching are so well protected by natural formation as to be all but immune from attacks by predaceous fish. "To protect this fish would mean an almost fabulous increase of wealth in our waters. For its destruction the Province may be said to have received practically nothing in return."

From figures quoted Mr. Harris considers that one quarter of a pound of lake fish per head per annum is all that is consumed by the inhabitants of Ontario. "This means that hundreds of thousands of people never taste fish. In fact we have ceased to be fish consumers. Even Toronto, the centre of our intelligence, is a wretched fish market compared with an American or any other civilized city of the same size. Half a pound of fish supplied daily for a year to each inhabitant of Ontario (which would be a quarter of a pound when cooked) would require 456,250,000 pounds. That would be twenty times the entire catch of our waters at the present time."

When the late Government took over the fisheries in 1898 the American tariff should have been considered. That alone, apart from the depletion of the fisheries, was a justification to encourage home consumption. There was then, and is now, an import duty on our lake fish going into the United States. That amounted to \$59,884 on the 21,553,884 pounds we sent there in 1905. That was the smallest sum we ever paid the United States for allowing them the privilege of eating our fish. Had we salted or smoked those fish then we would have paid three-quarters of a cent per pound duty, or \$161,652. That latter duty was, of course, prohibitory, on salted or smoked herrings, and in-



tended to be so. Were it not so it would be increased. We have thus not only destroyed our fisheries for the benefit of the Americans and given them \$58,884 in Customs duties (yearly), but we have been instrumental in building up a great salting and smoking fish industry in the United States, which had we restricted exportation might have been a Canadian industry."

While throughout the world there is a cry for pure food we are sacrificing "to the gain of a few that article of absolute purity the fresh fish of our lakes, which Nature gave us as a free gift." The healthiness of an addition of fish to our ordinary diet is dwelt upon by Mr. Harris.

The author holds that there can be no future for the fisheries under the present system, and suggests it is but courtesy to await the report of the Commission recently appointed by the Dominion Government to inquire into the whole question of our lake fisheries.

Mr. Harris contends that if proper regulations were made and enforced by the Dominion or Provincial Governments the present catch would be reduced by one half. "The coarse fish, large in quantity, and not marketable in Ontario, would still continue to be exported. If taken under Provincial management, the license system being abolished, profits would be made from exported coarse fish that would pay the greater portion of the expenses in carrying on the industry. The catch of yellow pickerel, whitefish and lake trout, no longer caught immature, would be greatly reduced in quantity and sturgeon no longer taken. A very limited number of tugs on the Great Lakes would be ample to carry on the fisheries on these lines. Canadian poaching would cease. A carefully considered report, made under authority by a competent Commission, might disclose that Ontario, city, town and country could be supplied with the purer kinds of lake fish in perfect condition at rates within the reach of all the people, the industry at the same time easily maintaining itself."

The description applied by Mr. Harris to this destruction of the fisheries of Ontario is an "enormous wickedness." The report of the Commission of 1893 he

calls the "record of a public crime," and reprints some of the most important items of the evidence given before the Commission, one sentence of which in particular may be quoted:—"The fisheries will never recuperate unless better protected and they get into better hands." Mr. Harris adds:—"The people of the Province are now beginning to understand the full enormity of the reckless, senseless and to put it mildly, questionable management of this great heritage."

It is more than doubtful, thinks Mr. Harris, whether the sucker is a spawn eater. "The suckers were placed in our waters by the great Creator as a good food for other fishes. They are the first to spawn in the early spring running up the creeks and rivers in advance of all the other fishes. All fishes can follow them with a certainty of having their proper food. Suckers are not only a pilot fish but a complete commissariat department in our waters."

Mr. Harris proceeds to analyse the reports of the Ontario Fishery Department, the result leaving him in doubt as to whether it is not possible to "fool all the people all the time." "You search in vain throughout the fishery reports for one line indicating that cheap wholesome fish for the people of Ontario is even thought of, always excepting the first report which promised them. The whole system of management seems to have been dominated by the American plan of unrestricted fishing, export to the States, and hatcheries as a remedy for depletion."

The three hatcheries of Ontario have their work described, and it is asked what has become of the six hundred millions of white fish, salmon trout and pickerel that have been planted in Ontario waters? These hatcheries have been kept up at a great expense and apparently to no purpose. All fish that survived to be as large as herrings were caught in our fisherman's small meshed nets and shipped to the States." Professor Prince is quoted as saying:—"As I have repeatedly pointed out in various Blue-books it is useless to expect results in artificial stocking of rivers and lakes unless proper protective measures are taken to prevent the fish being exterminated. The Great Lakes—Erie, Ontario, Huron and Super-

ior— have been planted for long periods of years with vast quantities of fine fish, and yet the old plenteousness has not been restored. Incessant over-fishing, and all kinds of destructive fishing, as well as the capture of small immature fish, has gone on without limitation."

The surrender to the American Trust is described as complete and the people of Ontario are said never to taste good fish. The Province practically makes nothing and gives away everything.

Emphasis is laid upon the necessity for engaging an expert to deal with the many matters which arise in connection

with these fisheries, and for efficiently dealing with which expert knowledge is required. There are many open questions in connection with the fisheries which require further knowledge before a decisive opinion can be expressed or a decisive policy adopted with regard to them. Ontario's stake in these fisheries is sufficiently large to make it well worth the while of the Province to go to the expense of such an expert whose work should soon tell upon both the fisheries, and the manner of the disposal of the fish. It is a work that cannot be undertaken too soon.

## Geese and Swans.

### Distribution and Migration in North America.

**I**N continuation of the paper given last month dealing with "Ducks, their distribution and migration," compiled from one of the excellent publication of the United States Department of Agriculture, we proceed to give particulars of similar inquiries regarding geese and swans taken from the same publication.

As becomes their importance geese is first taken. The lesser snow goose was the object of careful inquiry though much remains to be learned as to the boundaries of its summer home. They are known to breed along the Arctic coast east of the Mackenzie River and to cross to Victoria Land, but here the record ends. "Vast numbers" were reported in the springs of 1851-2, but with the exception of wanderers, the absence of further reports seem to show that the great bulk of them breed south of a line drawn from the north end of Southampton Island to the south end of Melville Island. It is believed that the lesser snow goose breeds at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, and the greater snow goose is restricted in its breeding range to an area about half as large as Greenland, and as yet scarcely visited by an ornithologist. Their principal winter range is in California, although numbers visit much further south and also north as far as southern British Columbia. In the spring migration some continue up the coast to Alaska, but all observers

agree that they are not common in Alaska. On the other hand the species is an abundant migrant along the Mackenzie at Fort Simpson just south of the breeding grounds. In spring the flocks fly at a great height on their course towards the north.

The lesser snow geese are the earlier migrants, though they travel in warmer weather than their eastern relatives, owing to the higher degree of temperature along their line of flight. Those that reach their breeding grounds by way of Alaska probably winter at least eight hundred miles further north than those of the Mississippi Valley, and spring opens on the Pacific coast much earlier than in the interior. During the spring migration there is much difference in the length of time spent at different points on the route. The dates of the fall migration indicate that the most northern breeders do not remain so long as ten weeks on the breeding grounds, and that they occupy fifty-eight days in retracing the path that required sixty-eight days during the spring migration.

On both the eastern and western shores of Hudson's Bay the great snow goose is enormously abundant during the spring migration, and they might be supposed to pass from these points north to their breeding grounds. It is strange however that they have never been found breeding on any of the northern islands;



nor have they been noted in migration anywhere north, northeast, or east of Hudson's Bay, with the exception of a few stragglers at different points. It is probable that these Hudson Bay geese eventually turn to the north westward and breed for the most part in Victoria Land. While the winter range is from southern Illinois to the Gulf, it has appeared in considerable numbers at different times in the West Indies, though it is not usually common anywhere south of of North Carolina. The spring migration commences in February, and that in the fall takes place in October.

The blue goose is a rather rare bird, and while according to Indian reports it nests in the interior of Northern Ungava, both nests and eggs are unknown to science, and there is no record of the birds anywhere in summer. During migration the species has been noted as an occasional visitant as far west as the western shores of Hudson's Bay in the vicinity of Fort Churchill, and east to New Hampshire. Its winter range is principally the lower portion of the Mississippi Valley, while its presence has been recorded at many other places at various times. The few records of the spring migration indicate that a move is made about the latter end of March and Manitoba is crossed at the end of April or beginning of May. The bird is exceptional in the selection of its migration route. The general trend of migration among waterfowl in North America is north-west and south-east. Apparently the blue goose breeds entirely east of Hudson's Bay and winters for the most part west of the Mississippi River, so that its spring migration flight is towards the north-east across at least twenty degrees of longitude. At this season the large flocks pass north along the eastern side of James Bay, these flocks containing a few snow geese; while the enormous flocks of the latter that migrate along the west side of James Bay are accompanied by a few blue geese. The fall migration occurs in October.

Somewhat of a mystery is the Ross Snow Goose, the nest and eggs of which are still unknown, and of whose breeding range there is no summer record. The westernmost Arctic locality known is Fort Anderson, and it ranges thence east to

Hudson Bay. It is rare at each extreme, and the natural supposition is that the breeding grounds are to the north of the intervening district. While observations on the birds of this region have been made by several observers none seems to have distinguished this small white species from the larger snow goose. The present winter home of this bird is in California, though a few have been found elsewhere. The migration path is different with this species than any other. It is a fair presumption that the principal route coincides with the districts in which the species is most common. The greater number pass from the breeding grounds to Great Slave Lake and Lake Athabasca, continue south to central and western Montana, and pass to central and southern California. It is April before the birds move and September before the fall migration begins.

The American white fronted goose breeds on the shore of the mainland from the mouth of the Yukon at least as far as Fort Yukon. The bird winters in the whole southern half of the United States. Along the whole Atlantic slope it is rare. Its principal home on the Pacific extends from lower California to southern British Columbia. The spring migration commences in March and the fall migration about the middle of July, though the latter is so slow that the birds do not appear in southern Manitoba until the end of September, and it is the middle of October before they reach their winter home.

As becomes its name the Canada goose has its principal summer home in the interior of Canada, from Saskatchewan and Alberta north to the limit of trees. Eastward it breeds commonly in the interior of Ungava, and rarely on the coast as far north as Okak and Ungava Bay. It is not a rare breeder in Newfoundland and is fairly common on the islands of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and then west through Quebec and northern Ontario to the southern end of James' Bay. South of this district any occurrence is accidental. In the interior the breeding range extends somewhat further south. A century ago the species bred not uncommonly right down to the latitude of St. Louis. Now the number breeding south of the latitude of central Iowa is very small though even of late years it has



been known to breed in Tennessee. All through the north it breeds in larger numbers as one goes north, the western boundary of the breeding range extending from the interior of British Columbia to the upper Yukon, with a few stragglers west to the mouth of the Yukon. The principal winter home is the southern half of the Mississippi valley west of the Mississippi River but the species is not rare in the eastern States, and has been recorded during the winter in Maine, Nova Scotia, Quebec and even Newfoundland. On the Pacific coast it includes the whole region to British Columbia, while it is an accidental visitor to some of the islands of the West Indies. More records on the movements of the Canada goose have been contributed than on any other three waterfowl combined. The spring migration begins in February on the Atlantic side, while it extends over March and even April in some localities. As a matter of fact it is about the earliest water bird to migrate in the spring, and throughout the whole course of its journey from its winter home to the Arctic coast it keeps close to the melting ice and the opening streams. Very careful records which have been kept at the Hudson's Bay Posts, show that the Canada goose is amongst the most variable of birds in the time of its arrival. This is natural since its migration seems to depend almost wholly upon the presence of open water, the time of which varies much with the seasons. The average date of arrival at Lac du Brochet Post on Reindeer Lake, Saskatchewan, is April 30, with extremes of twenty-four days from April 17th to May 11th. The fall migration starts in August and goes right on till the end of November.

The Hutchins goose is the most northern of the several forms of the Canada goose nesting along the shores and islands of the Arctic coast to the mouth of the Mackenzie, and through the interior of Alaska. It does not seem to breed in the interior south of the barren lands, but on the Pacific coast it breeds in the valley of the Kowak River and abundantly in the western Aleutians. There appears to be no breeding record east of Hudson's Bay. In winter it is more common in California than elsewhere, although num-

bers spend that season in the rest of the southern United States west of the Mississippi River. Its normal eastern range is to Hudson's Bay, Illinois and Louisiana. It is a rare winter migrant in Maine, and a few pass through Ontario. On the Pacific it winters as far north as southern British Columbia. While spring migration records are insufficient to allow of exact statements it is generally later than the Canada goose, while in the fall its flights begin early in August.

During the breeding season the cackling goose is confined to Alaska, but also breeds abundantly on the western Aleutians. It winters in southern British Columbia, and has been known to wander east to Hudson's Bay. In spring it is the earliest goose to reach the mouth of the Yukon arriving there about the end of April, and the fall migration does not begin till late in August.

There is a lack of knowledge as to the dividing line between the white bellied brant and the black brant. The latter breed on the east Arctic coast and reach their summer home by migration from the west and south-west, and not from the south by way of the Mackenzie Valley. There is no record of brant for nearly a thousand miles on the Arctic coast of the mainland between Franklin Bay and Boothia Peninsula, and yet some form of brant are common on all the islands that lie between. They have been noted at various points but there is no clear evidence to show whether these were the eastern or western form. The eastern brant breeds on the west coast of Greenland, and probably also on the islands. Its winter home is along the Atlantic coasts of the States, and records of its visits to the interior are few and include one in Ontario in the fall of 1887; Lake Manitoba spring of 1889; and Comox, British Columbia, January, 1904. Since no brant in spring pass north along the west coast of Hudson's Bay all the individuals of the species must perform their spring migration on the Atlantic coast. By the end of March the van has already reached northern Nova Scotia; they spend the next month around the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and then move slowly northward. All observers agree that the brant do not go around the east shore of New-

foundland, but steer more directly north across the Labrador peninsula. They are not over three months on their breeding grounds when the fall migration sets in. In the Gulf of the St. Lawrence they reappear late in September, and at Long Island about the middle of October, occupying less than sixty days in re-tracing the flight to cover which one hundred days are taken in the Spring. In the fall migration great numbers pass south along the western shores of Hudson Bay, but as the species is almost unknown in Manitoba and Ontario these birds must pass through northern Quebec to gain the Atlantic coast.

The principal breeding ground of the black brant is along the Arctic coast and islands. It is common on the Siberian coast and west to the New Siberian islands. The main body winter on the coast of California, while there are many on the Atlantic coast, and from both coasts they penetrate far inland. They begin to move northward in early March, but so slowly that it is the middle of May when they arrive at the mouth of the Yukon. Instead of taking the long course around the north-west of Alaska, some brant that nest near the mouth of the Mackenzie make a short cut across the interior of Alaska, and for a few days each spring the birds are abundant at Fort Yukon, Fort McPherson, etc. Migrants return to the south of the Yukon from the middle to the end of September, appear in British Columbia a month later, and reach the California coast in November.

The barnacle goose has been taken twice in Canada—at Montreal and near Rupert House, James Bay and both of these may have been strays.

A fine Arctic species is the emperor goose with a very restricted range in the vicinity of the Behring Sea. It breeds along the Alaskan Coast, its principal breeding ground being near the mouth of the Yukon River. The Aleutian chain is its main winter home, though stragglers have been taken twice on Vancouver island and three times in California. At the extreme south-western part of the range the northward movement begins late in March, and a few start south about the middle of August, though the

bulk remain on the breeding grounds till October.

The two species of swan are known as the whistler and the trumpeter. The former breeds principally north of the Arctic circle but a few nest on the islands in Hudson Bay. It is fairly common during the breeding season along the Arctic coast in the vicinity of the mouth of the Mackenzie, and not rare throughout much of Alaska. In its winter range it is probably about as common at Chesapeake Bay as in any part of its winter home. It is more common along the Pacific coast and winters regularly from southern British Columbia to southern California. The northward movement begins in March. Since the species breed to the westward of Hudson's Bay and winters commonly in Chesapeake Bay, and yet is practically unknown in spring in north-eastern North America, it follows that its route in spring trends to the north-westward, and it is evident why at this season the species is not uncommon in the region of the Great Lakes and Manitoba. The fall migration begins in late September, but few individuals arrive at their winter quarters on the Pacific coast before November.

In the interior from the western shores of Hudson Bay to the Rocky Mountains is found the principal summer home of the trumpeter swan. No nests have been found in Alberta later than 1891, though it is supposed to still breed in the interior of British Columbia. As its summer home is in the interior so likewise is its winter home, and while it is not rare south to Texas, it remains as far north as it can find open water. On the Pacific coast it is not uncommon from southern British Columbia to southern California. Early writers agree in considering it one of the earliest migrants, arriving before the geese but later records do not bear out this view. The fall migration begins early in September, but the birds do not reach the Gulf of Mexico till about the middle of November. The last remain on the breeding grounds till October when they are forced away by the gathering ice.

The preservation of the numerous species of ducks, geese and swans, is becoming an important matter of legislative enactment in the States as well as in Canada.



## Long Point Bay, Lake Erie.

**L**ONG Point Bay is a considerable body of water, situated a little east of the center of Lake Erie on the north shore. It is formed by the Long Point Island, which extends in a southeasterly direction for about thirty miles. As a result a magnificent bay is enclosed, affording unparalleled feeding grounds for all varieties of game fish that frequent Lake Erie. This bay is nearly enclosed at the eastern end by projections of land both from the island and the main shore, while at other places it is nine and ten miles in width.

Black bass are exceedingly plentiful, and it is not exaggerating in the least to say that during the summer of 1906 it was often possible to catch the legal number of eight good sized bass in less than eight minutes. The writer has stood on the stern of a tug, and while he and two companions were each playing a bass, hundreds of other bass could be seen swimming all about, looking for the bait. A party of eighteen anchored a sailboat one afternoon about the middle of the bay, and in less than an hour, fishing from the sides of the sailboat, they took in one hundred and twenty-five bass. The best bait for bass in this locality is minnows, and these can be procured in quantity and without difficulty. The writer has fished nearly all the prominent bass grounds of Ontario, and without exception the best bass fishing he has ever had has been found in and around Long Point Bay.

The fishing grounds are reached by the Grand Trunk Railway. Excellent accommodation is provided at Port Rowan, at St. Williams, and at Port Dover. A new hotel containing seventy-five rooms is now in process of construction at Port Rowan and it will be ready for the tourist traffic of 1907. A splendid houseboat is anchored throughout the season right on the best fishing grounds, and a small steamer meets all trains at Port Rowan. A limited number of guests may be entertained at the cottages belonging to the Long Point Company and kept by Walker Ferris. These cottages are situated nine miles across the bay from Port Rowan. Many first class private

families in Port Rowan are prepared to receive guests. Some six or eight speedy gasoline launches and a number of sailboats are available to carry parties to the various fishing grounds in the bay. At St. Williams mine host McRoberts provides excellent service at the Palace Hotel, which is situated about half a mile from the shore, where boats can be secured. Port Dover already has a continental reputation as a summer resort. Its bathing beach and boating facilities are well known. Tourists can find first class accommodation at the Dominion Hotel, and Mr. Barlow, the proprietor, will provide every facility for enjoyment. At Orchard Beach visitors are excellently cared for. A large naphtha launch under the management of capable engineers will carry tourists to the fishing grounds. Parties desiring cottages for the summer can secure them either at Port Dover, Port Ryerse, Normandale or Port Rowan.

When the shooting season comes, Long Point Bay with its quantities of wild rice and wild celery, is the home of millions of ducks. The redhead and canvasback are found there in vast numbers, and the hunter can find unlimited sport. It is said that the canvasback duck of Long Point Bay possesses a delicious flavor that is nowhere else attained. Thousands of deer frequent the protected shores of Long Point Island, and the whole region is one of surpassing beauty and an ideal spot for a summer vacation.

The angler can find all the bass that the law will allow him to take practically every day that he is on the water. When his bass fishing ends, he can amuse himself with pike and pickerel, which abound in these waters, or an occasional 'lunge' may be taken. A few large mouthed bass are found.

Camping sites may be located at almost any point for miles along the shore front.

It might be mentioned that Long Point Bay is the spot from which the Government of Ontario have, for some years, taken the parent black bass to be used in re-stocking less favored lakes and streams within the Province.



# Beagles in Nova Scotia.

BY E. F. L. JENNER.

**I** think that the great majority of the people who read "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," are, like myself, men of very limited means. Furthermore, many of them have families dependent on them, and their time for indulgence in sport is limited to the few days' annual vacation they take, and to public holidays. Moose hunting and wood cock shooting are out of the question for such people. The first sport involves considerable expense, to say nothing of the loss of time: even in Nova Scotia, where there are moose within thirty miles of Halifax. Cock shooting is not quile so expensive, but it means the upkeep, and training of a setter or pointer, the ability to go to the woods at the time the birds are numerous, and the purchase of a more or less expensive dog. In the old days of falconry, writers spoke of the sparrow and kestrel hawks, as "the poor gentleman's birds." I think I am justified in calling the beagle "the poor sportsman's dog." The price of a well-bred beagle pup, in Nova Scotia is something like five dollars. He eats practically nothing, he is pleasant to look at, and he requires absolutely no training. He makes an excellent house dog, and he does not chase sheep.

The only thing that can be said against him is that he is a fool. All beagles are fools, but some are bigger fools than others. You cannot teach a beagle any tricks, the word obedience does not occur in the beagle vocabulary. His ambitions are limited to three things; rabbits, warmth and food. He will chase a rabbit all day, and half the night, he will pass all his spare time under the stove, and he knows exactly where his food-pan is kept. Now I said that the beagle requires no training. He trains himself. The best thing to do with a young beagle pup, is to send him out in the country to some cottage or farm house where the rabbits are numerous. His natural instinct leads him to chase them. Chasing them in a natural manner, he soon learns their ways; and adapts himself to them.

It is a rare thing to find a self-trained beagle who is a "back-tracker." It is still rarer to find one who is a "quitter." (These are two of the most odious faults of which a beagle can be guilty.) On the other hand, the beagle who has been brought up in the house, or in the kennel, may have the sporting instinct; but he is apt to fail at the very time you want him most. I know nothing more exasperating than to have three or four dogs in full cry after a rabbit, or rabbits, and one dog who has grown tired of the chase, skulking in the bushes, and heading off the rabbits as they come up to the line of guns.

I am not alluding to a dog who is tired out, footsore or sick. Dogs, like men, will play out if they are overworked; but some beagles seem to make a specialty of hunting for an hour or two, and then leaving the chase until they feel good and ready to resume it. For such animals I recommend a charge of No. 6 shot at close quarters, and a grave under an apple tree. The "back-tracker" is another most exasperating nuisance.—albeit, a well meaning beast. He maybe pushes up his rabbit, follows him faithfully for some time, and finally is "at fault." Then he begins to cast round; possibly he is too eager, and overruns the scent, then he comes on the track he has just been following. He takes it up again, and proceeds back "to the place of beginning," when he finds himself at fault again. Possibly he starts another rabbit, and circles him down to the guns. About back-tracking; I believe that beagles are like setters and pointers. "Bad shooting makes bad dogs." For a quitter there is no excuse, the man who kills a large percentage of his rabbits at the first shot, will rarely be bothered with a back-tracker. The man who "lays well ahead of his game" will rarely be troubled with his dogs eating, or mangling rabbits—he will either make a clean kill, or a clean miss. On the other hand, when a rabbit goes away with one leg broken, the dogs will chase him for sev-

eral hundred yards, or possibly for half a mile, before they pull him down. If no one hears him squealing, and runs in to the rescue, they will probably tear him to pieces, and eat more or less of him. If he is killed stone dead, they will give him one or two shakes, and go after another one.

I have never hunted rabbits in Ontario, or Quebec, but in Nova Scotia we hunt them as follows: From four to six men, with as many beagles as they can muster, arrive at the rabbit grounds about ten A. M. By that time the sun will have taken the chill off the morning air, and the sportsman who shoots from ten to half past four in December, or January, will have had enough of it by the time the light begins to fail. One or two members of the party should have snow shoes if the snow is at all deep, and the crust is heavy enough to carry a man on snowshoes. Each man should also have a leash in his pocket, as it may be necessary to catch up the dogs at any time, and change from one place to another. The best home-made leash I know of, consists of ten feet of stout cod line, with a snap at each end of it. It weighs nothing, takes up very little room in the pocket, and it does not chill the hand like an iron dog chain does. The beagle rarely tries to cut a cord leash with his teeth.

The party spread out along some old wood road, and when they are all in position the dogs are let go. It will often happen that they will have as many rabbits on the go as there are dogs. Now some people say that this is not right, that the whole pack should be laid on one track, and follow that one rabbit until he is brought to bag. I don't agree with them, and for this reason: If several rabbits are going at the same time they become confused, hearing the continual baying of the different dogs in all directions, and instead of hopping leisurely over the snow, and making an occasional sprint when the pack is close behind him, 'Brer Rabbit, decides that the sooner he quits such a dog infested locality, the better for his health. He can travel when the fancy strikes him, and under those circumstances it takes some skill to stop him. An old buck rabbit clearing

ten or twelve feet at a jump, is a target worth shooting at; the same animal pottering along, and stopping every now then to listen to the dogs, scratch his ears, or take a nibble at some particularly succulent bit of browse, is about as "sporting" a target for a shot gun, as an empty quart bottle thrown into the bushes.

Now though the rabbit can travel pretty fast when the spirit moves him, nature has arranged matters so that he always travels in a circle, or, to be quite correct in a more or less extended spiral. He crosses the line of guns like a white streak, and unless he is killed in doing so you would suppose that he is heading for the next county. This is not the case however. In a few minutes he re-crosses the line some two or three hundred yards to the right or left of the place where he first broke over.

Now and then he will run for half a mile in a straight line, and commence to "make short circles" in a patch of low soft wood brush. Then one or more members of the party who have snow shoes cut across country, guided by the hound's voice, and cut the rabbit off, or catch up the dog. It is quite a task to conduct a fractious beagle pup out of an alder swamp, on the end of a leash, in say two feet of snow. He treads on your snow shoes, winds his leash round the brush, and if two dogs are coupled together, they may elect to vary the day's adventures with a free fight. By the time the beagle has hunted a couple of seasons however, he becomes accustomed to being in leash. He also knows that it is not advisable to trip his master up by treading on his snowshoes. He may even learn to come to the whistle—when he feels like doing so.

One thing about beagles, NEVER, NEVER, use the whip on them. They won't stand it. A cut from a light switch for offences committed in the house, or for chasing hens, may be all right; but to beat a beagle in the woods is to ruin him. Another little tip. Your dog may be at fault, or he may not have found a rabbit. If he is not giving tongue, and you have any young sportsmen in the party, the dog may come up to the line of guns, and receive a charge



of shot from some youngster who mistakes him for a rabbit. It is useless to bell a dog in the snow; the bell freezes up. Take two cents and bore a good-sized hole in them. String them on a split ring, and attach them to the dog's collar. They will keep up a continuous "tink-a-tink-tink-tink," wherever he goes. Two cents is a small insurance to pay on a good beagle.

Never hunt your dog without a collar. The collar should be of plain leather, an inch and a half wide with a good sized ring in it. In the event of a difference of opinion arising between your dog and one of his friends, the collar will save him from a mauling. If he happens to run into a wire fox snare, the chances are that the collar will save your dog—even in the event of the snare being set with a spring pole, he will stand a fighting chance.

There is one phase of sport with beagles, which is great fun, but not very productive of game. It is the shooting of rabbits with the .22 rifle. For this work a single dog is definitely preferable to a pack. The slower he is the better the chance for making a bag. I need hardly allude to the necessity for caution when using a rifle, even a small bore, in the vicinity of cultivated land, or near people who are working in the woods.

At the present time, beagles are common in the counties of Digby, Yarmouth,

and Annapolis. There are some nice ones in Kings County, and a few in Halifax. It is only in recent years that the rabbit has attracted much attention as a quasi game animal, but every year sees an increase in the number of beagles, and in the number of people who prefer to hunt rabbits over them, to purchasing them from boys. One good thing has resulted from the adoption of this sport. There are not nearly so many rabbit snares set, and left untended to become death traps for partridges. Then there is another point.

All through the winter months, when the partridge is an easy victim to the poachers, the woods are full of men and boys who hunt with beagles. Some of them no doubt kill birds on the sly, but they never know at what moment they will be up against someone who observes the law. Before the beagle became an institution, the poacher had the woods to himself. If any one met him, he was shooting rabbits, or looking after some imaginary traps.

The rabbit disease is playing havoc in some sections of Nova Scotia this year. In the county I reside in it does not seem to affect the covers which are hunted the hardest. Possibly because they are not overcrowded; and nature has no cause to apply her own remedy for over-crowding and inter-breeding.

## New Brunswick Corps of Guides.

**T**HE fine game Province of New Brunswick possesses a corps of guides who are as good a lot of men in their knowledge of the backwoods and of their interesting inhabitants, as can be found throughout the Dominion. The organization possessed by these guides is a model upon which the guides of other Provinces might well found similar associations! It is the custom of the New Brunswick guides to hold annual meetings at which all subjects in which they are interested come up for discussion, and the views of these men with their practical experience and knowl-

edge, have great weight with the Government and influence the course of future legislation. The last annual meeting of the Association was held at Fredericton in December when the guides gathered from all parts of the backwoods on a visit to the Provincial capital.

Mr. W. H. Allen, of Penniac, who presided, expressed the conviction, in which the guides agreed, that the hunting season which closed on Nov. 30th was one of the most successful in the history of the Province. The number of visiting sportsmen was larger than the previous year and the great majority of



them carried to their respective homes splendid evidences of the fact that New Brunswick is a fine big game Province. He expressed keen regret that no scheme had yet been devised for keeping an accurate record of the numbers of moose killed in the Province each season.

The funds of the Association showed a balance in hand of \$27.50.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as under:

Honorary President—L. B. Knight, Chief Game Commissioner.

President—W. H. Allen of Penniac.

Vice President—David Manderville, Northumberland.

Secretary-Treasurer—R. P. Allen, Frederickton.

Executive Committee—Adam Moore, Arthur Pringle, Hiram Manderville, Henry Braithwaite, George E. Armstrong.

Committee on Membership—T. H. Pringle, W. T. Griffin, John Moore,

The following were elected to honorary membership in the Association:

Hon. F. J. Sweeney, Surveyor General.

Mr. Carl Rungius, New York.

Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, New York.

Mr. Edward Cave, Recreation, New York.

Mr. Emerson Hough, Chicago.

Mr. W. J. Taylor, editor Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, Woodstock, Ont.

Mr. George L. Carnegie, New York.

Mr. Lloyd Roberts, New York.

Mr. Stanley Miller, Newcastle.

Mr. W. T. Whitehead, M. P. P., Fredericton.

Mr. J. J. McCaffrey, Fredericton.

Mr. J. S. Neill, “

Mr. F. B. Edgecombe, “

Mr. J. W. McCready, “

Mr. Daniel Lucy, “

Mr. A. M. Gibson, “

Mr. Norman McDonald, “

Mr. C. W. Whelpley, “

Mr. J. A. Bell, “

Mr. G. A. Beatty, “

Mr. R. T. Mack, “

Mr. J. H. Hawthorn, “

Mr. George Y. Dibblee, “

Mr. George J. Barrett, “

Mr. Joseph Walker, “

Mr. John J. Bodkin, “

Mr. John Palmer, “

Mr. W. A. Lindsay, “

Mr. W. T. Chestnut, “

The guides expressed themselves as so thoroughly satisfied with the high aims and policy of “Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada” in making the wonderful sporting resources of the Dominion known to the tourists of the world, and its fine advocacy of the effective protection of the people’s inheritances in forest, fish and game, that they unanimously adopted the Magazine as their official organ. This step on their part will give an additional impetus to the conductors of the Magazine not merely to continue on the lines laid down, which have already proved so much in accord with the views of our numerous readers, but likewise to make further efforts to prove of use in all branches of sport throughout the Dominion.

The Provincial Government were requested by the guides to establish a special license for deer for both resident and non-resident sportsmen.

They likewise urged the Government to adopt means for the better protection of small trout in the streams and lakes of the Province.

A reunion was held in the evening at which speeches were made, songs given and a selection of readings etc., rendering the gathering both an enjoyable as well as a profitable occasion. A fine game supper was an appropriate wind-up to a most successful Convention.

Reports from the old country show that the fishing there was good up to the end of the season. A number of large pike were captured, one going up to twenty-two pounds. Fine baskets of roach were taken from several rivers. A member of the British Sea Anglers’

Society took a nineteen pound nine ounce cod at Deal, and another member over sixty pounds of mixed fish. Fishing from a boat in Great Yarmouth roads an angler took a twenty pound cod on a rod and a line, while he also secured four others aggregating forty pounds, besides some silver whiting.

# Canadian Timber Wolf Hunts in Mid-Winter.

**T**HE two timber wolf hunts, organized by the Canadian Pacific Railway for the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, have created a vast amount of interest on both sides of the line, and it is reported that some hunters have even come from England in order to take part in this campaign against these enemies of Canada's big game. The hunt for the Province of Quebec started from Montreal on January 21st, and that for Ontario is scheduled to leave Desbarats, Ont., twenty-eight miles east of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., on February 9th.

The undersigned will furnish all the necessary outfit to those who are not supplied and will be glad to get from those who are supplied, a detailed description of their outfit, in order that they may bring the right thing only. The utmost comfort that it is wise to have will be furnished.

The following, which will be included in the outfit, will be the property of the sportsman after the hunt :—

2 Pairs 10 lb. blankets.

1 Axe and holster.

1 Sheath knife and holster.

Rifle gloves.

Arctic mittens that can be hung around the neck (to wear over gloves.)

Snow-shoeing coat (extra good.)

Eskimo Dickay.

Sweater.

Buckskin moccasins.

Oil tan moccasins (in case of a thaw.)

One pair of felt and 5 pairs of woollen socks.

Snowshoes and strings.

Woollen helmet with wind guard.

Ammunition belt.

Ammunition.

Camp outfit, railway fare, sleeper, food, guides, and all things necessary, excepting rifle, in addition to the above list, will be furnished for a lump sum of about \$110.00 to Western sportsmen for the Ontario Hunt. The prices will vary according to the distance from Chicago, \$110.00 being the cost from Chicago. The trip will take ten days from Chicago to Chicago. Different starting points

and destinations will, of course, cause a difference in price.

The expense from New York and Boston to Desbarats, Ont., will be slightly greater—probably about \$125.00.

Each sportsman will need to bring one complete change of heavy tweed suit and heavy wool underclothing. The drawers should be particularly heavy, but loose. We will furnish the rest, from the gloves and stockings to the head coverings, including rifles or guns, if necessary, which would, however, cost about \$2.50 in rental per week in addition to the lump sum above given. We will furnish ammunition, which is dutiable to American Sportsmen. Sportsmen bringing their own guns should advise us as to their make, so that proper ammunition may be provided. We much prefer furnishing everything, as we know best what is needed, but to those who have good outfits, the bill will be reduced according to the cost to us of the articles they bring. Those wishing to have everything furnished will be required to send in their tailor measurements ahead.

Special attention will be paid to the shooting, so that there may be no chance shots that will reach men instead of wolves. The ammunition, will, therefore, be specially prepared and a special training given in its use.

After much thought it would seem to be best to have the encircling band hunt in couples; one man to have a low-power rifle and one a shot gun with buckshot cartridge. In case of an attack by wolves (which is barely possible) the shot gun, with knife and axe, would make two men safe until help came.

Every man will be required to bring a compass. His course will be laid out for him each morning.

Good outfits will be furnished and we will guarantee no freezing, no hardships or great discomforts to any of the party who will be good and do and dress as they are told.

The hunting party will take the train to the nearest station to the hunting grounds selected. Then after an hour's practise on snow shoes (which is enough



A FINE TIMBER WOLF.

to teach anybody their use) the party will drive by settlers' or lumber roads as near as possible to the camp, which will be made ready in advance. At the end of the drive the snow-shoes will be tied on, the toboggans loaded and the start made for the camp of tents, with a stove in each. Any trunks or valises will be taken no further than the station. Each tent, which will be well ventilated, will hold eight men, and have its own guide and cook.

From the permanent camp we will try to encircle a lake with an island in the centre or a promontory extending into the middle of the lake. On this island or promontory will be stationed some of our best shots. They will be buried in the snow, all but their heads, both for warmth and concealment from the wolves. The snow is dry in the country we will hunt in, and this scheme works well. Information just received would indicate that Desbarats is a good place for a wolf hunt. Island Lake, eighteen

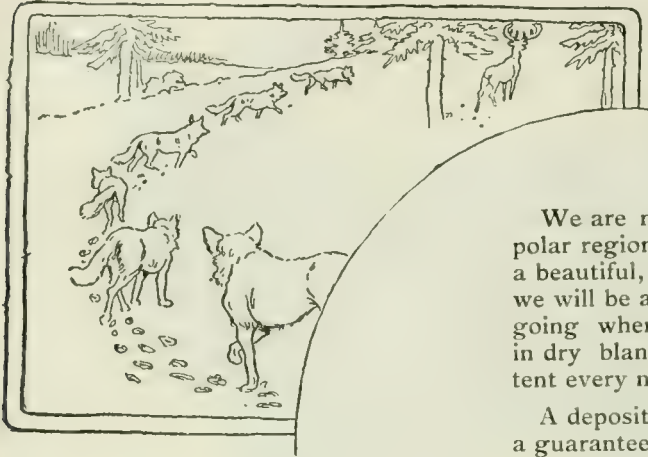
miles north thereof, can be surrounded with ease.

In addition to the drive various schemes for trapping will be tried.

Wolves are increasing with the increase of big game and they must be destroyed. Following a heavy fall of snow it would be quite possible to secure many wolves. There is a bounty on each wolf, and it has been suggested that the total amount of bounty accruing from the wolves killed shall be divided among all the sportsmen. The skin of each wolf would go to the man who shot it, as far as it is possible to trace it.

We do not promise a wolf to everybody or anybody — because a fox is a dunce in the great school of wood-craft as compared with the wolf—but wolves are being shot at the present moment in our territory, and our hopes are high. The reports we are receiving from wolf centres are good. We will certainly learn something about wolf hunting before we return.





Any sound man under sixty is good for a wolf hunt under these auspices, and some men that are over that age would do. The hardest work will, of course, be done by the guides.

The hunt will be a most enjoyable mid-winter break. These snow-shoeing camp trips have been held twice already

L. O. Armstrong,

Colonization Agent, Can. Pac. Ry., Montreal.

with the greatest success and the keenest enjoyment ; but this one, with the wolf hunt thrown in, will exceed all that have gone before in novelty, helpfulness and pleasurable excitement.

We are not going to Labrador or to a polar region, but to a forest primeval in a beautiful, well sheltered country where we will be able to keep a good wood fire going whenever needed. We will sleep in dry blankets in a new heavy canvas tent every night, with a fire inside.

A deposit of \$25.00 will be required as a guarantee, and all names with deposits must be made one week ahead of time of departure. Payments must be made by Express order, which should be addressed to L. O. Armstrong, Colonization and Tourist Agent, Can. Pac. Ry., Montreal, who will be pleased to answer all enquiries regarding the hunts. The balance of the payments must also be made in Montreal before the issuing of the tickets.

## Alpine Club Notes.

Special meetings of the Club were called at Winnipeg on Jan. 17th for the purpose of making such changes in the constitution as the practical working of the Club have shown to be necessary. In addition to constitutional questions, the preparations for and publication of a Year Book, and the arrangements for the next Summer Camp in the Paradise Valley, Alberta, were planned and mapped out.

nipeg and lectured at that City, which is the headquarters of the Club. The proceeds of these lectures will go towards the cost of the publication of the first Year Book.

Amongst the new members of the Club is Mr. Cowdry, of Waterford, who has climbed six of the highest peaks in the Swiss Alps, including the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn.

Mr. A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S., President of the Club, visited the Capital at the end of last year, and spent the last few days of the year, and the opening days of the new one, in Alpine Club work. At Ottawa he addressed the Canadian Club on the aims and work of the Alpine Club, and likewise delivered his finely illustrated lecture on the Wonderland of Canada to a good audience of the general public. Mr. Wheeler lectured also at Toronto and Woodstock and on his return to Calgary stopped off at Win-

It would greatly facilitate the work of the Secretary and Assistant Secretary if those desirous of joining the Club would write for application forms early, and return them as promptly as possible after they are properly filled in. When it is remembered that the ballots have to be sent by mail to every active member of the Club, and that election has afterwards to be declared at a regular or special meeting it will be obvious that the longer and fewer the lists the less trouble is given and the smaller the expense incurred.

# A man is only as old as he feels

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Some people are always young—in spirit and vigor. The man who feels his age is the man who neglects his stomach and liver. As the years pile up the delicate organisms grow weaker.

## Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

strengthens the system to resist the added strain. A perfect laxative -- it removes all poison from the system, purifies and enriches the blood and keeps the liver and kidneys active without any reactionary effects.

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS — 25c. & 60c.

# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## The Montreal Show.

With each passing month the prospects for the success of the Sportsman's Show at Montreal improve. The amount of space taken up, the number of entries of important manufacturers already made, and the interest taken in the Show by the great railway companies of Canada, all ensure such a Show as has not yet been equalled throughout the Dominion. It is certain that the very latest developments in the progressive and pleasurable art of automobiling will form by no means the least interesting portion of the great Show, and all who can make it convenient to be in Montreal from April 6th to 13th should be on hand to see the Show. It will be interesting to note the progress made in Canada in an industry which, unless all indications are proved false, has a wonderful future before it. The comparison of American vehicles with those of European manufacturers will prove deeply interesting, and educative, and many an automobilist will derive pleasure from studying developments on both sides of the water. At present it is a nice point which country carries off the palm of superiority. There are points in the French vehicles which seem to give them the lead, until it is discovered that the American machines can show other points which may well commend themselves to those who indulge in the new form of locomotion. There are also points in which the Germans and Italians can show we have still something to learn, while there are those as to which we on this continent feel ourselves competent to give lessons. Although so much has been done, and done in a short time, there remains much still to do, and every manufacturer and member of the general public interested will be glad of the opportunity of seeing in

Canada a Show that will display all the advances recently made in the world of automobiling. It is right too that this Show, which it is to be hoped will meet with such marked success as to become an annual fixture, should be held in the commercial capital of the Dominion. From Montreal the whole of Canada can be covered, and it is the place to which the Canadian public are drawn in ever increasing numbers. No better city could have been selected, and the great Arena, although it has proved too small, provides a home for the Show, the like of which could not be found elsewhere in Canada. All sportsmen should remember the date and assist in swelling the numbers of visitors if their engagements render such a course at all possible.

## The Speed Question.

As long as automobiling endures (and enthusiastic autoists can be found who confidently predict that this will be as long as the world lasts) we shall have the speed question with us. We still have reckless drivers of horses, although the reckless driver is now frowned down and looked upon as a discredit to himself and those unfortunate enough to be connected with him. When we have reached the same stage of public opinion with regard to autoists the battle will have been won. Speed in automobiling, as in driving, is very largely a matter of discretion on the part of the individual driver. What is dangerous in a city should be allowable on a country road. The man of ordinary common sense should with a little experience be so able to regulate his speed that at all times he may keep within the bounds of safety. Of course accidents will never be entirely avoidable, though



these should be reduced to the lowest minimum, and will be when every driver uses his discretion wisely. In all cases of great changes heavy responsibilities rest upon those who adopt new forms. Particularly is this the case when the new form is one of locomotion, and the public roads are used. Careful discretion is all that can be expected from them, but this discretion should be acted upon in a very generous manner. We shall always have the indiscreet man with us, but autoists themselves can do a good deal to make his position untenable, and reduce the number of such individuals by making their conduct a little less than criminal, and declining in all cases where they are caught to give them the crown of martyrdom. Much can be done by such methods to break down the country prejudice against the automobile.

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#### The Good Roads Problem.

A series of road tests for automobiles has resulted in the decision that better time can be made over a macadam road than over brick and asphalt pavements or a dirt road, but the brick pavement is preferable for dust. Observations show that the macadam, unless oiled or sprinkled, is dustier for all classes of travel than the brick. While macadam is the best for speed, and under ideal conditions for comfort too, it is less desirable than brick under every day conditions. These tests do not help us much in Canada. Brick may be ideal, but it is in the region of the impossible, though if we could get a great extension of macadam roads we should have taken a long step towards the day when the good roads problem, in which our country people are very closely interested, will be solved. It is just as well we should know what is the right thing to do, even if at present we find it impossible to do it.

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#### More About the Glidden Tour.

The story of the Glidden tour was worth the telling several times over, and it has been told from many points of view. One of the best of these stories is given in a finely illustrated booklet by Leroy Fairman, entitled "With the Lucky

Thirteen." In brief but telling phrases the chief incidents of the tour from day to day are recorded. The run it will be remembered was from Buffalo to Bretton Woods, Maine, and included a Canadian route. Originally it was intended to mark the routes through a portion of Ontario, but the harsh restrictions of the measure passed last session induced the managers of the tour to alter their plans, and lay down a new route by means of which the Canadian portion of the tour was confined to the Province of Quebec. The Canadian border was crossed at Rouse's Point, and it is gratifying to know that the Customs officials were so obliging as to release each car in the space of one minute, so well had everything been prepared beforehand. In Canada the tour was a veritable triumph. At Montreal the reception was something to be remembered, and although there was some grumbling about the accommodation afforded at Three Rivers; the old and romantic city of Quebec more than made up for any deficiencies elsewhere. While both in Montreal and Quebec the tourists were treated to a round of receptions that left no doubts on their minds as to the genuineness of their welcome to Canada, it is to be noted that the warmth of their reception was equally as keen in the country districts. Again and again the writer bears testimony to the enthusiasm of the French-Canadian country people, who when their supply of bunting ran out improvised flags out of table cloths, and took other means of showing that they were not troubled with any prejudices against autos and autoists. In this respect the feelings of the French-Canadian country people are in marked contrast to those of the people of Ontario. Quebec gained what Ontario lost, and the Quebec people not only saw a sight, which was in itself a liberal automobile education, but gained materially from the passing through their midst of three hundred tourists who paid liberally for the whole of their supplies. The title of the booklet is due to the fact that thirteen cars went through the tour, complying with all the onerous conditions without a breakdown. The roads and the hills are stated to have been so bad in places that

their badness was beyond belief and it needed actual experience to demonstrate to the autoists that people could continue to live alongside them while such conditions remained in force. If the tour had no other result than to call public attention to this matter of good roads it should result in much good. As a matter of fact it had many other results, one of which was to make the country people familiar with some of the good points of the automobile in contrast to their drawbacks of which they already know enough. It is to be hoped that the Glidden tourists, for all their stated intentions to the contrary, will find it possible to visit Canada again next year.

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#### Do Not Neglect the Car.

The importance of caring for the motor car cannot be too strongly emphasized, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that good and regular care of the car will double its working life. Cars should be well cleaned and oiled every time they are returned to the garage, and if this is done they not only retain an appearance of which their owners may well be proud, but also enjoy a longer term of life which vastly increases their value. At first sight constant cleaning seems like a kind of slavery, but this method like many others is wonderfully easy when regularly practiced, and is only a matter of a few minutes at a time when both knowledge and skill are brought to bear on the work.

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#### Russell Car Successes.

It is gratifying to hear that the Russell car shipped to England for the personal use of Mr. Warren Y. Soper, of the firm of Ahearn and Soper, electricians, Ottawa, has come in for high encomiums and done excellent service. The car was a Model B. Russell touring car, and has been used by Mr. Soper and his family while touring in England and on the continent. It was shipped in one large case, with every adjustment made ready to run, so that when uncrated it was only necessary to pour in the gasoline, and the machine could be ridden from the dock on arrival.

A Russell car has been supplied to Sir Joseph Ward, Premier of New Zealand. While on a tour in both Europe and America last year Sir Joseph made personal inquiries and inspections with a view of purchasing an automobile for his own use. On his return home he decided that a Canadian car would suit him best of all, and ordered one of Canadian design and workmanship. One of the 1907 Russell Models has been prepared and shipped to New Zealand.

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#### The True Value of Brakes.

Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, has this to say on the brake problem: "This may be summed up in a few words. Given two sets of brakes, one for service, the other for emergencies, each of which will hold when engaged and drop free from the drums when released, and either of which will lock and slide the wheels under full load and on a good surface—as dry asphalt or macadam—and you have an ideal brake equipment. Obviously more than this is "ridiculous excess." In a more practical sense excessive braking ability is a decided disadvantage and a most expensive luxury. The limit of braking possibility in an automobile is the point at which the wheels lock and slide—in other words the maximum efficiency point is to be found, not in the area of contact surface in the brakes themselves but in the traction afforded by the contact of the rubber tire-shoes with the road. In the case of a very heavy car of course the traction would be greater and the tire cost correspondingly higher—for every time a tire is slid on a hard surface it takes dollars out of the pocket of the owner. He is an unwise driver who relies on locked brakes and tire traction for sudden stops. The true art of driving consists in control by throttle and spark, with a keen eye on the road ahead and on all cross streets, depending on brakes only to bring the car to a full stop after it has slowed down under closed throttle. Excessively large brakes are a temptation to reckless driving by reckless persons, while to the knowing buyer the exploitation of large braking surface is a confession of excessive weight in that car. Excessive

weight nowadays signifies either faulty design or poor materials—the use of quantity instead of quality to obtain strength. So great is the expense of locking wheels on a heavy car that it has been said: 'It is cheaper to keep agoing than to stop.' "

#### International Courtesy.

The statement made by Mr. Henry Ford, of the Ford Motor Company, of Detroit, at the close of the Vanderbilt races in which he frankly admitted that the best car won (the gist of which statement was published in "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" at the time) has drawn forth the quoted response underneath from the distinguished inventor and builder of the Darracq cars, one of which was the victor in the international contests. As a fine example of international courtesy it is worth giving in full, and this we have much pleasure in doing: "I have been deeply touched at the congratulations which you have been good enough to send me on the occasion of the victory of our car in the Vanderbilt Cup Race. Your praise is the more appreciated as it emanates from one whose reputation is well known in Europe. I wish to assure you that the delicacy of your sentiment is appreciated and I wish to thank you with all my heart. French cars will doubtless again meet American cars in an international contest. I hope you will be represented and that the meeting will always be in a friendly and sportsmanlike spirit as in the past. I thank you again for your kind words and send you in return my best wishes for the success of your cars for the season of 1907. Please accept, dear sir, the assurances of my most distinguished regards. (Signed)

A. DARRACQ."

#### A Small Car.

The smallest Columbia gasoline car made by the Electric Vehicle Company is the two cylinder eighteen horse power which has had a good sale for two seasons. This is held to prove the accuracy of a statement of the President of the Company to the effect that the two cylin-

der car is still the most desirable for many people who do not care to invest in a car of more than moderate size and power.

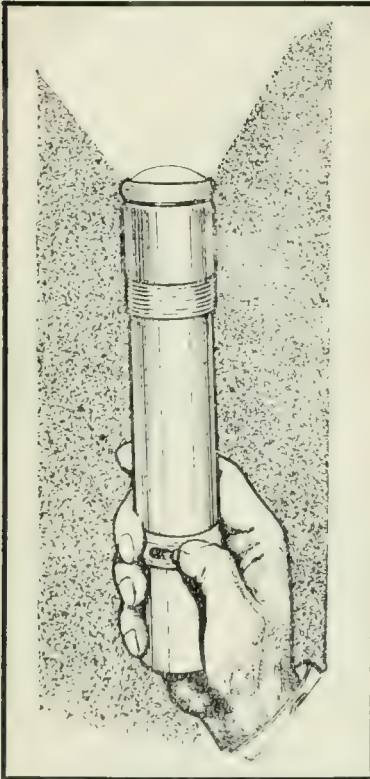
#### Pure Luxury.

Pure luxury in vehicle furnishing is said to be best exemplified in some of the models for electric town carriages for private use. The interior of the latest electric brougham is lined with dark green heavy broadcloth. The furnishings are of the very highest grade of material and workmanship and include dome electric light, card case, memorandum pad, mirror, toilet set, umbrella holder, electric bell and speaking tube connecting with the driver's seat, and electric cigar lighter. The utilization of electric current for other conveniences is in vogue to some extent. Electric foot warmers for winter use and electric fans for summer have been installed in a number of vehicles. These however are not recommended by some experienced users on account of the possible danger of overheated connections. The fan is also a rather awkward addition to the interior of the vehicle as the best patterns are not always easy to keep in order.

#### Superstitious Autoists.

One would scarcely credit the pioneers of a new means of locomotion with superstition. Several cases however have occurred which show that both owners and drivers are not above that feeling. In the last contest for the Vanderbilt Cup the Committee heeded the protest of Foxhall Keene, and replaced the number thirteen which he had drawn by a large X. As a concession to this human weakness no number thirteen car was sent out of the Thomas factory last year. The cars shipped in the early part of the season jumped from number twelve to fourteen, number thirteen being kept at the factory for experimental purposes. Some of the men fought shy of this particular car for sometime, but after it had been out for several times and nothing in particular happened to it, there has been no further difficulty in obtaining drivers, and





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the number that is supposed to bring ill luck is almost forgotten.

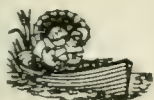
### Just Push the Button.

Jones, the New York manufacturer of the well known speedometer that bears his name, has added the Jones Auto-Anunciator to his list of inventions and productions—the first American instrument of the sort. It is designed for communicating instructions to the driver of a car by the push-button method. The plate, which is fixed on the dashboard in plain sight of the driver, is lettered: "Start, Stop, Fast, Slow, Left, Right, Home, Club. Pressure of a button inside the car rings a bell and also illuminates a particular signal.

### A Great Cycling Event.

The greatest cycling event of the year the six days' race at Madison Square

Gardens, New York,—has resulted in a win for Joe Fogler and Eddie Root, on Iver Johnson truss frame bicycles. Both riders attribute their victories to the many excellences of the machines they rode, giving particular praise to the rigidity of the frames and the light easy running qualities, which from their point of view made them superior to any other machine ridden in the race. The tests through which the machines were taken were pretty severe. They were in continual use for six days, in that time they covered 2,200 miles, and on several occasions were ridden through smash-ups and had sufficient hard usage to test the strongest and most enduring of frames. To say that this success is a great triumph for the Iver Johnson truss frames is merely to state a fact, and the further fact that it took place under the eyes of a multitude of people attracted to the Gardens by the event, should proclaim far and near not merely the triumph of the cycle but also its wonderful wearing qualities.



## 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

LOU. E.  
MARSH

### A Duggan Boat For Ottawa

Lake Deschanes, where Ottawans do their sailing and a whole lot of their paddling, is to have another Duggan designed Seawanhaka Cup boat. Glencairn 111 is now up there, the property of Mr. Brigham, and the latest addition is the Ivaloo purchased by Mr. Douglas McNair, from a member of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club, and though she never competed in any of the Seawanhaka Cup races, was one of the fleet built to defend the trophy in Thorella's year and has since trimmed up the best of them. Glencairn 111 is a cup winner of the old days, but Mr. Brigham has maintained her well and, she is in shape to give the new ones a red hot battle for Lake Deschanes honors. Mr. McNair is a keen racing man, and with a little experience with his new racing machine, should be able to do some good work with her. He has renamed the Ivaloo the "Lady of the Lake" and will sail her under the Britannia Boating Club's burgee. Ivaloo is thirty-five feet over all, nine foot beam and with her board up draws on nine inches. Her spars are all hollow, her sails silk and her fittings brass. Her racing outfit embraces everything in the line of spinnakers and reaching and baloon jibs.

### T. A. E. World is L. Y. R. A. President.

The Lake Yacht Racing Association of Lake Ontario, the organization which under the leadership of such men as Mr. Aemilius Jarvis of Toronto, Mr. E. H. Ambrose of Hamilton, Commodore Mott of Oswego, brought about the adoption of the Universal Rating Rule by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes, has adopted the rules, and next year's Canada's Cup races will be sailed under

them. Of course the adoption of the rules by the L. Y. R. A. was purely formal for the L. Y. L. A. is the governing body, but at the same time the adoption of this rule guarantees that no racing machines will be recognized on the racing circuits of any of the Great Lake Yacht racing organizations. Seaworthiness, wholesomeness of model, staunchness of construction, and moderateness in rig, are not now sacrificed to extreme speed, and the man with the good comfortable cruiser can no longer excuse his craft when the other fellow goes by with "Well! that's a racing machine and this is only a cruiser!" Boats built under the new rules must have all the attributes of a cruiser, and speed is only a relative matter—a case in which a designer does the best he can in the speed line with rules which compel him to turn out a cruising model.

At the annual meeting of the L. Y. R. A. held in Hamilton recently Commodore T. A. E. World, of the Queen City Yacht Club, Toronto, was selected as the new President of the Association while the Commodore of the Kingston Yacht Club becomes vice president. Mr. M. Ross Gooderham of the R. C. Y. C. Toronto, was re-elected secretary-treasurer and the executive council includes such well known and genial yachtsman as Tom B. Pritchard, of the Rochester Yacht Club, Guy R. Rudd, of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club, James S. McMurray, of the R. C. Y. C. Toronto, and Mr. J. P. Mott of Oswego.

### Canadian Yacht For Jamestown.

The chances are that Canada will be represented in the racing at the Jamestown Exhibition next summer. Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club Toronto, who is the Canad-

ian member of the Yacht Racing Commission of the Exhibition, attended a meeting of the Commission recently at which the entire scope of the racing was discussed. The meet will be one of the best ever held down the Atlantic coast, for trophies have been received from King Edward, the German Emperor, President Roosevelt, and Sir Thomas Lipton. The President's cup is the one Canadians are interested in, for it has been allotted to the twenty-seven footers. The twenty-seven footers are Canada's Cup size boats, and Vice Commodore Nickolls, who is building a new Fife boat for the Canada's Cup Challenge says that if his boat is successful in lifting the cup, he will send her to Jamestown in search of the President's silverware.

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#### Only Two Canada Cup Boats.

After all this talk of five or six Canada Cup challengers the field has narrowed down to two, and the same two designers, as were represented in the contest of 1905, will be utilized by Canadian yachtsmen in their latest endeavor to wrest Canada's Cup away from the Rochester Yacht Club. For a while last fall there were rumors of boats to be built by various syndicates, and it was said that the Royal Hamilton Yacht club would again have a candidate. This Hamilton boat was supposed to be under the wing of George Tuckett, owner of the twenty-five foot champion of Lake Ontario, Keno. It was said that he would sell Keno and obtain another design from George Owen, the designer of Keno and such fast ones as Petrel II, Whirl, Chirya and other L. Y. R. A. champions. The sale of Keno, however, did not take place, and the genial George will get his annual and extensive dose of sunburn from her decks, and Bill Burnside will be along just to see that George does not forget to come back home.

Two Canada's Cup boats will be built by R. C. Y. C. members. Vice Commodore Nicholls still pins his faith to Fife, the great Scotchman, who designed Temeraire, the unsuccessful challenger of 1905, while a syndicate headed by Mr. Aemilus Jarvis, the renowned racing skipper, is building one from lines and

frames supplied by Mylne, who designed Zoraya, the unsuccessful candidate for the honor of representing Canada in the race of 1905, and the boat which so handily defeated Iroquois, the cup defender of the year before, in the contest at Charlotte for the Fisher Cup.

Mr. Jarvis likes Zoraya. In fact he liked her from the day he first saw her and always said that she was the superior of Temeraire. That she was superior to the Fife boat was amply proven last season when she defeated her in thirteen straight races, and, then went across the water and trimmed Iroquois which had beaten Temeraire for Canada's Cup the year before.

As per usual the Cup boats will be built at Oakville by Captain Andrews, who has built every cup boat Canada ever sent after the silverware, or utilized to defend possession against the foreign invader. The frames, which were sawn out in England, at the shops of the designers, have arrived and are now set up at Andrew's shops and the planking will be proceeded with right away. Both boats will be canvassed by Ratsay the famous English sailmaker.

Trial races to enable the selection of a challenger, in which Zoraya and Temeraire will also compete, will be held here in July. The old boats should prove great pacemakers for the new ones.

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#### A. Misplaced Letter.

I have received a letter from Mr. J. H. Palmer, of Treesbank, Manitoba, regarding the new Universal Rating Rule for racing yachts. Though this letter is prompted by a misinterpretation of the formula for discovering racing length following upon a typographical mistake, the letter is well worth space. It shows that Mr. Palmer is a careful reader and does some tall thinking over matters aquatic though he is buried pretty well inland. The letter follows—

"I would much like to know the models of the N. Y. Y. C. for finding sail area especially, when the lengths (water line I presume) and displacements are known. If there is any rule for displacements and lengths outside of actual measurements would like to know what it is. According to the "Amended Universal Rating



Rule," you seem to say that the rating measurement is got by multiplying the length (water line ?) by the sail area in feet and dividing this by 5.5 the cube root of displacement.

Now I won't conclude off hand that this process contains no atom of reason, but will confess my inability to discover it.

The cube root here is the edge of a cube of the same capacity as the subaqueous portion, but the five and a half is not variable and whence comes it? It is certainly a curious combination and is to be divided into another curious combination of sail area and water line. There may be some possible ratio, but not necessary, between sail area and water line, but why involve them, and also divide them by the other funny business? The resulting numbers by such a process with different vessels may have some ratio for classing, but it seems, on a cursory glance, to be a real funny way of getting it. Then, after all this mathematical puzzle, in looking a little farther down the page, the classes seem to depend simply on the length;—which puts me still deeper in the mist,—mistified as it were.

This latter is about the only rule advisable, I should think, in classifying, or where is there any play for ingenuity in designing for extra sail power to the weight to give speed? Compelling a boat to carry inside ballast is to lower its chances. The more grip the better for pointing up, but the harder in tack, and the lower and heavier the counterpoise the better for sail area. Leave the designer free on all such points and let the best boat win.

Yours truly,  
J. H. Palmer.

Treesbank, Man., Dec. 26th. '06.

Now for the explanation. If Mr. Palmer will pick up his "Rod and Gun" for December again and read the rule putting an "r" in place of the "f" in the second word of the second line of the formula it will make sense. The corrected rule will then read—The new rating rule shall be—The length multiplied by the square root of the sail area, divided by 5.5 times the cube root of displacement shall be computed according to amended universal rating rule."

#### The Ottawa Four.

I have also received the following letter :—

Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

To the Editor.

"Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

I have read with some interest your jocund article in the Xmas. number of the magazine, entitled "Sore Blow to Ottawa" as touching Mr. Grierson's recent investigations into the amateur standing of the Ottawa Rowing Club's Four.

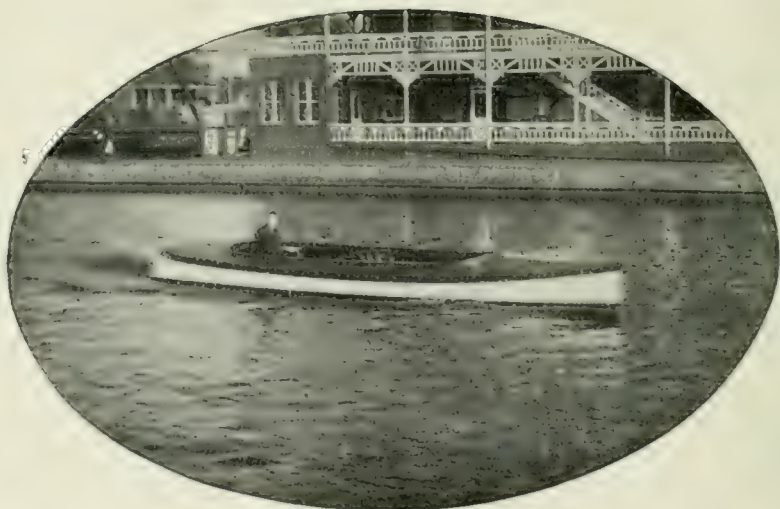
After commenting on Mr. Grierson's veracity and renowned reputation in Ottawa as an authority on sporting matters, which by the way, is somewhat previous news and as yet not fully established, your narrative proceeds to confuse charges of professionalism in foot-ball, hockey, and rowing in such a loose and careless manner as to give the reader the impression that each and every one who participated therein committed the awful crime of "not refusing to accept good money." As there still remains a few of us, and among them the Ottawa Four who are as clean as ever, this is rather unfair, to say the least.

Mr. Grierson, having a great lot of leisure time, may, by a long hazard, disclose a few horrible and desperate characters, so that the innocent and unprotected public may look out for them; but it will require something more than hearsay and rumor to prove this heinous charge against the Ottawa Rowing Club.

To assert that because members of the Ottawa Four played football and hockey with certain ones who subsequently may have collapsed under the paralysing scrutiny of this new reformer sounds rather arbitrary, to say the least. According to this argument it must surely be an oversight to leave our popular and jovial friend Mr. Haycock unlabelled and alone.

What will become of those foot-ball gentlemen, such as Toronto University and Montreal, who played against the mercenary and avaricious Rough Riders? And what will become of all the Rowing Clubs who competed against the tainted Ottawa Four? Shall we have to skidoo,

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or will life still be worth living ? It is a gloomy prospect surely.

With regard to the so-called disgusting conduct of Ottawa athletes on the field, the most intense disgust displayed has generally been that of the supporters of teams who meet defeat from Ottawa. It is a matter of the commonest observation that the rougher the game, the larger has been the crowd assembled to witness it. The majority of the public, in any city, enjoy watching a little friendly slaughter, and the papers advertise it. The bluff works splendidly.

But "win at all costs," and "anything to get the money" is certainly a new slogan for Ottawa. However it has a determined ring to it and Ottawa hockey-ists should be induced to adopt it this winter, and no doubt they will.

Mr. Grierson's frantic efforts "to wade through blood and slaughter to a throne" of purity and innocence reminds one of a boy blowing a bubble larger and larger till it bursts and there is nothing to it. We all know how great an athlete Mr. Grierson has been but if Ottawa is to receive such purging as has been stated he will need to prove himself a greater purgative than he did an athlete.

After we are all rounded up and pickled, and this brave Patsey has worked himself into the king row of cheap notoriety, there will be no one left but himself, (and Mr. Haycock, whom he has seen fit to spare for some reason or other.) But when that great work has been accomplished we trust that he will not fold up like a pocket-camera and sink back into oblivion again. We presume that with all the prestige he has gained as an authority on purity he will turn his superfluous time and experience toward the pure food investigation, and do a good work there.

Being situated at present at a rather remote distance from Ottawa we do not come in touch here with the daily reports of the great reform going on, but now and again a faint wail reaches us as a fresh batch of victims are being slaughtered at the capital.

Your article in the last issue of this magazine is, no doubt, written in proper humor but I regret to notice, not only that the main point of argument against

the Ottawa Four is that it was a good crew, and therefore, ought to be black-listed, but also the apparent vein of exultant pleasure at the prospect of such an event. Surely this is not consistent with the truly genuine amateur athletic attitude.

We admit that we were a pretty good crew, but it can scarcely be used as an argument against us.

As a believer in Ottawa I submit the above observations and trust they will be kindly received.

(Sgd.) One of "The Four."

The above letter is signed by a member of the grand Ottawa Four which Mr. Grierson promises to disrupt by his disclosures. I plead guilty to hasty pre-judgement of the case, but, at the same time, it is remarkable that the letter of protest contains no direct word of denial of the charge. The writer contents himself with jocularly.

Sometime during last season the Crofton Storage Battery Company, of Toronto, announced their intention to add to their usual lines one of sparking batteries contained in transparent celluloid cases. In the meantime however, the results of experiments and observations of similarly enclosed batteries justify them, they consider, in withdrawing this notice. They find the chief objection against celluloid contained batteries to be as follows:—First, the excessive rapid disintegration of the positive plates owing to internal local action ; second, constant leakage of the celluloid battery cases caused by the swelling of the plates during process of disintegration ; third, the highly explosive and extremely inflammable nature of this material. The firm states that each of these reasons is substantiated by all the successful battery makers of Europe and America, and no better proof can be shown than the Company's own collection of unsatisfactory celluloid accumulators, which is open for inspection. The company are the sole manufacturers in Canada of the "Vulcan Accumulator," and wish to maintain the high standard they have already secured.



# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Dr. Franklin Hawley, whose paper on "Scientific Deer Hunting" in our October number aroused a very widespread interest among sportsmen on both sides of the line, has expressed his willingness to answer inquiries on this subject, and judging from the number of unsolicited communications received by us from our readers, Dr. Hawley will be kept busy for some time to come. All letters addressed to Dr. Hawley, care of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," Woodstock, Ont., will be promptly forwarded to him. It will be of interest to many of our readers to know that Dr. Hawley proposes to write further on the same subject, and if those interested will let him know upon what points they desire definite information he will, in the course of future articles, deal with those points in the able and practical manner in which our readers now know that he is a past master, and they will thus assist him in making his future contributions more effective and of greater service to themselves. We are sure this subject is far from exhausted, and that our readers will agree with us in welcoming further efforts from Dr. Hawley on a subject of intense interest to all of them.

The unwritten law of the woods was recently upheld by the law of the land in a case heard before the district judge at Parry Sound, Ont., and the facts are of interest to every sportsman. Mr. W. A. Clarke, who is the clerk of York Township, and Mr. W. J. Hill, registrar for West York, enjoyed a hunting trip to the Parry Sound district in 1905. In the course of the hunt the party encountered a three year old bull moose, which charged them so furiously that it looked like a case of kill or be killed. The hunters—no blame to them—selected the former course, and although they had no license for moose, killed the animal, which they hung upon a tree, while they

proceeded to get the necessary license before removing it. After they had secured the license they returned for their game and found it missing. With some trouble the thief was located, brought before a magistrate, and the case sent for trial. At the first trial the jury disagreed but on the second occasion in November a conviction was forthcoming. Sentence was deferred and no one was anxious to send the prisoner for incarceration, the object being to obtain a legal ruling to the effect that a hunter's booty is his property and that the theft of it is a punishable offence. Now that the unwritten law of the woods—which is generally honorably observed—has been declared the law of the land every hunter will be satisfied that in this instance at least the old declaration that the law is "an hass" is not true.

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From returns received by the Grand Trunk Railway System whose lines tap the best territory for fish and game, we find in comparison with the season of 1905, that the hunters of last fall had a full measure of success. During the fifteen days open season of 1906 the Canadian Express Company alone transported 3,100 carcasses of deer with an aggregate weight of 318,215 pounds., all of these being shipped from points on the Northern Division and Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk, against a total of 2,796 carcasses in 1905, or an increase of 304 deer with an increase in weight of 11,820 pounds. The districts from which the largest numbers were shipped were the Maganetawan River (Burk's Falls), Trout Creek, South River, Lake of Bays (Huntsville), Kearney, Powassan, and the Haliburton region. This number of course cannot be taken as an estimate of the number killed as a large number are eaten, by the hunters in camp and a larger number are transported home by the settlers. When it is con-

sidered that nearly 5,000 hunters were in the several districts during the open season and that each hunter is allowed by law two deer, it can be conservatively estimated that close upon 10,000 deer were killed during the fifteen days of the open season between November 1st and November 15th. From other authentic information it is found that during the last seven or eight years deer have been seen from 150 to 200 miles further north than they were found before. Instead of diminishing in numbers, the deer in the "Highland of Ontario" are increasing. The woods are full of them and the game laws are so well enforced by the Ontario Government that good hunting in that territory is assured for years to come. Without a doubt the hunting season of 1906 in the Province of Ontario has seen the largest influx of hunters that has ever been. Not only from the towns and cities of Ontario have the Nimrods turned out in large numbers, but from the sister Province of Quebec and from the United States many have taken advantage of the well known attractions that appeal to lovers of sport and the life in the woods following the chase. There has been some discussion in the newspapers as to whether the large number of hunters who go in each year in quest of deer will eventually have a tendency to diminish the supply but this has not been borne out by the facts and by the returns received each year. This game is not on the decrease but on the contrary they seem to be multiplying in the several districts in which they are found, though the regions in which railway construction has been going on for same time has had the effect of driving them further north or to other parts of the Province where the more sparsely settled districts are found.

The Dominion fisheries are no less wonderful than the other resources of Canada. According to the last report of the Department of Marine and Fisheries the whole catch of fish in Canadian waters by Canadians, including fish products, seals, etc., during 1905, aggregated the large sum of \$29,000,000, nearly as much as the total production of both gold

and coal in the Dominion during the the same period. This constitutes a record, exceeding by \$4,000,000 the large output of 1901 which was considered an exceptionally good season. In productiveness Nova Scotia lost the lead which the Province has hitherto held, and British Columbia becomes in this particular the banner Province. All the Provinces with the exception of Prince Edward Island, which shows a slight diminution, have substantial increases to their credit, the change in the position of British Columbia being due to an increase totalling over four and a half millions, the following table giving the figures;

British Columbia.....	\$9,850,216
Nova Scotia.....	8,259,085
New Brunswick.....	4,847,090
Quebec.....	2,003,716
Ontario.....	1,708,963
Saskatchewan.....	1,811,570
Prince Edward Island.....	998,922

From a commercial standpoint the five most valuable kinds of fish are:

Salmon.....	\$8,989,942
Lobsters.....	3,906,998
Cod.....	3,421,400
Herrings.....	2,303,405
Whitefish.....	1,051,161

During the fiscal year the fish and fish products, including marine animals, exported from Canada to foreign countries, chiefly the United States and Great Britain, amounted to \$16,040,000, being an increase of over \$5,000,000 over the previous year.

An angler in Scotland met with an exceptionally game salmon on the Liddie. After an hour's fight, in the course of which it ran for a mile and gained the Esk, a communicating river, it was caught in the landing net and secured. It turned the scales at sixteen and a half pounds, and was entitled to be designated as one of the light weight champions.

The stories that are told of the practical extermination of the buffalo afford melancholy reading. By courtesy it was termed "hunting," but "slaughter" was the correct definition. If the hunter were concealed and to leeward of the an-

imals, they were really at his mercy. At first the buffalo's thick hide afforded him a certain amount of protection, but when the extra heavy Sharpe's rifle was perfected the doom of the animal was sealed. The demand for buffalo robes increased and the slaughter became a systematized business. A first class hunter had half a dozen skimmers with him, and established a camp in the vicinity of the ranging buffalo herds. This camp was generally a dug out in the ground, made so as to attract the least attention. From twenty-five to fifty were often killed in a day, and it was only a question of persistence for the man with the gun and the duration of daylight, as the ignorant brutes absolutely refused to stampede. No more were killed than could be handled at once, as a frozen buffalo was not a thing with which it was profitable to wrestle. Now captive herds in the possession of the Canadian and United States Governments are practically all that are left of the immense numbers which once roamed the western plains in countless thousands. The necessity for the effective preservation of our remaining big game was never better illustrated than in the story of the buffalo.

Sport was remarkably good in New Brunswick last season, and some of the results are to be seen at Mr. Avery Moorehouse's taxidermy establishment at Zealand, N. B. One head sent to him for mounting contains twenty points, and has a spread of sixty-two inches. Another, shot by Mr. Crab, has antlers described as "enormous," while a third, shot by Mr. Lee Brewer, has fine antlers containing thirteen points.

Mr. Wesley Crouse, of Zealand, N. B. holds the record for the last season, having killed two deer with one shot.

Mr. B. Cronse, of Zealand, N. B., had a tame fox which he kept chained near his house during the summer. Not long ago it broke the chain and took to the woods. A trapper named Brewer succeeded in capturing it, and the parties are now squabbling over the ownership of the fox.

One of the essentials to a thorough enjoyment of the Canadian winter is a sufficiency of warm under clothing, together with warm sweaters for out door sports. With these at hand one can be out of doors with complete enjoyment and great advantage to health all the winter through, without any fear of taking cold or feeling ill effects. In all clothing there are many kinds, and not equal efficiency is to be found at all points. Strong claims are put forward on behalf of the Knit-to-Fit under clothing, one advantage of which is the shaping of the garments in knitting so as to avoid the drawing and binding one has often suffered from in using ordinary combination suits. As every garment is produced complete by itself on a separate hand operated knitting machine they can be and are made to special measures as readily as in standard sizes. They can be made in all weights and materials (though the best of the latter are always chosen) and are handsome, warm and guaranteed unshrinkable. The underclothing is healthy, and the warm outer clothing form splendid auxiliaries, making a complete whole with which it is easy to maintain comfort throughout the winter season. The Knit-to-Fit Manufacturing Company, whose address is 597 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal, issue an excellent catalogue giving very full particulars of their underclothing for men, ladies and children, together with a method of self measurement, quality, weight, fabric, color and price. The absolute comfort of these garments is strongly insisted upon, while their variety is such as to meet all tastes and requirements. Equipped with Knit-to-Fit garments one is able to meet all weathers, not merely with equanimity, but also with the absolute enjoyment that adds a new pleasure to life.

Bird-reservations form a most interesting portion of the work of the United States' Bureau of Biological Survey, and as several of them are on the Canadian border the good effects of their establishment and work can scarcely fail to be felt on the northern side of the line. During last year five small unsurveyed islands situated on Lake Superior, four miles



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from the south shore, were established as the Huron Islands Reservation. These islands are occupied as breeding places by about seven hundred gulls and a few mergansers. In the summer of 1905 from 1,200 to 1,500 young gulls and a few mergansers were hatched. All the unsurveyed islands lying near the mouth of Siskiwit Bay on the south side of Isle Royale in Lake Superior are now established as the Siskiwit Islands Reservation. These islands are well known breeding places for gulls. Both groups of islands contain the most extensive breeding colonies of herring gulls in the interior. They are small, low, swampy or rocky, and of no value for agricultural purposes. They are the breeding or winter resorts of large colonies of useful or interesting birds, and in setting them aside as reservations the States are carrying out a policy which has been successfully adopted in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, the British Colonies in Africa and other parts of the world. It may also be mentioned as interesting to Canadian sportsmen that the establishment of similar reservations off the coast of Louisiana has preserved thousands of wild ducks from slaughter

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With the progress of the steel towards the north new names become familiar, and Latchford, which was a little more than a name a few months ago, is rapidly developing into a town. It is now a station on the Temiskaming and N. O. R., and Mr. J. B. McKinley, who is known as a guide to the Montreal River districts, has opened a large boarding house there. No doubt it will soon become a headquarters for parties taking to the woods, and it will, by reason of its position, form a good starting or returning point for much of the northern country. It is a little startling to hear that at Latchford, an outpost of civilization, there is a billiard parlor in connection with the new house.

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A correspondent writing from Saskatchewan says: "I succeeded in getting a large black timber wolf, in fact I got two and should have had more but it got too dark to fix my baits properly and as a re-

sult I missed—just how many I don't know, but enough to eat up entirely the carcass of my moose. This was done in one visit in one night. I had an idea the deep snow would hamper the moose in their efforts to escape from the wolves, but from the amount of trotting I have seen them do this season in snow up to their bellies it looks as if the loose snow was little or no impediment to their speed while the jumps of the wolves seem to indicate that they lumber heavily through the loose, deep snow. The droppings of the latter show that they eventually get there all the same as the stools are almost entirely of moose hair. It is further noticeable that there are few if any cows with two calves, though in the spring many indications of twins were seen. Clearly there has been poaching somewhere. No fine heads have been got this season as far as I have seen, and I must have seen more than one hundred of those taken. This year the moose have been almost as tame as barnyard cattle, and on the Friday before open season I ran fourteen before sunrise. Only a week afterwards when I was alone I stalked into a bunch of seven (the most I have even seen together) getting within seventy-five yards of the one furthest away. Though all saw me they were careless in moving off. Only one had horns, and they were poor. As I wanted a big head I allowed them all to go. Familiarity with the railway may have caused this apparent carelessness. The visiting sportsmen have been few this year, for which fact I am not sorry. As the moose have been phenomenally plentiful this season a large number of visiting sportsmen would have brought more in their train next year to the great destruction of the game next season. Wolves are reported to be very numerous among the caribou."

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They are troubled with wolves in Manitoba as well as in Quebec and Ontario, and are able to organize hunts even in the neighborhood of Winnipeg. Last winter Mr. G. A. Merrick, a well known resident of the Prairie City, killed between twenty-five and thirty of these pests in a radius of twenty miles from that place.



He is likewise organizing some hunts during the present winter and on a recent occasion had a grand day's sport resulting in the killing of a wolf. It was a cold day, the glass registering twenty-five degrees below zero and a keen north wind blowing. There were six hunters in the party with a pack of ten dogs—eight staghounds, an English Foxhound, and an Airedale terrier. Four of the hunters were mounted and two were driving. They had not gone more than a mile and a half from their rendezvous, ten miles out of Winnipeg, when they sighted a wolf stealing away from a haystack where he had no doubt been having a comfortable nap. Although the snow was three feet deep on the level, with drifts a foot or two deeper at short intervals, the four riders got well away, and in three quarters of a mile almost overhauled him. He was turned within a couple of hundred yards of a barbed wire fence, and the dogs who were much hindered by the heavy going, were given a chance. One of the staghounds managed to delay the animal till the whole pack dashed in and then the end soon came, although the quietus was given by a blow on the skull with a stirrup iron. The quarry was rescued from the dogs, and an attempt made to find more wolves. It was not long before two were seen away in the distance, but a barbed wire fence made a detour necessary and they escaped. The foxhound picked up a scent which was followed for a mile and a half, but the wolves could not be located, although fresh tracks were found. One of the hunters, Mr. Wilford Wallace, who happened to be by himself, started a wolf and ran him for three miles, once getting within one hundred yards of him. The wolf was big and fresh, and as the dogs had not been called up, he got away. In this chase Mr. Wallace's horse went at a gallop through drifts big enough to make the average horse founder at a walk. Mr. Wallace was mounted on a thoroughbred stallion on which horse, when hunting in the same district last year, he chased a wolf for thirteen miles.

Thos. Johnson, the well known sportsman of Winnipeg, is the proud possessor

of a pair of black ducks, which he shot at Lake Manitoba last fall. The birds are perfect specimens of their species, which is so rare in Manitoba that a hunter of Mr. Johnson's experience had never seen any before. They are now in the hands of the taxidermist.

Of the handy things devised for the benefit of sportsmen and others who go into the woods by Mr. Marble, of the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich., there appears to be no end. The latest is a folding pick attached to the Safety Pocket Axe. More than ever can the Safety Axe be now described as "the handiest tool a sportsman ever carried." Every one who has tried the Safety Axe knows its advantages, and there is no need to expatiate upon them here. No one who has used it once would ever willingly be without it again. With the Folding Pick, which can be securely and instantly locked either up or down and will stand unlimited service, the usefulness of the implement has been vastly increased. It will now be indispensable to every mountaineer, prospector, miner and geologist, as well as every camper, sportsman and guide. When the pick is folded the axe head can safely be used as a hammer. The Pick will be attached to the No. 2, twenty ounce axe after May first at an additional charge. Even more than before will it be necessary now to include this axe in any outfit for the woods or mountains. It means three tools in one, and those just the very tools one must have if any expedition is to be even a moderate success.

Local naturalists are making some interesting experiments with a view of increasing both local and general interest in the collection of native animals and birds in the Exhibition grounds at Brandon, Man. A collection of Canadian live squirrels is one of the ideas to carry out which an effort is now being made, and with that end in view the capture of a black squirrel alive from Ontario was solicited. A backwoodsman whose advice was sought as to the best methods of capture said: "Bait a box trap with pine, hazel or walnuts. The trap which is about fifteen inches long by nine inches



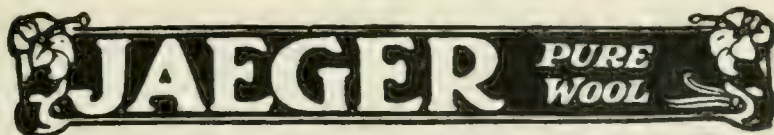
in depth and width should be taken to the haunts of the squirrels, and nailed or tied well up among the branches of an evergreen tree. It should also be covered with moss or green branches to take away the appearance of its being a trap as squirrels are both cunning and suspicious. The box trap acts with a sliding door and is held up in position by a piece of stick. A small piece of green sewing thread is tied to this stick and drawn tight across the inside of the trap, two inches above the floor in such a way that the squirrel will have to climb over it to get at the nuts. It can also be set with a "figure of four" if preferred. A wire trap is the best. If a wooden one is used it should be examined night and morning as the squirrel will soon eat its way out."

An important decision has been arrived at by the Ontario Government with respect to the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. The End of Steel, so far as present contracts go, will take the line to the junction of the Black and Abitibi Rivers, and it is now the intention to at once push forty miles further north. The junction of the Black and Abitibi Rivers is one hundred miles north of New Liskeard and over two hundred miles north of North Bay, bringing up the total mileage, with this authorized extension to about two hundred and fifty miles. The railway is notable as an experiment in Provincial Government ownership, for its success in opening up a country which has proved so rich in minerals as well as in timber, and in running north instead of taking the usual trend to the west. This stretch of two hundred and fifty miles of railway is a long step towards Hudson's Bay which has been looked upon with more or less indefiniteness as the eventual goal of the line ever since the first mile was laid from North Bay. A good many ideas concerning the North Country have been revised in the light of actual experiences gained by the construction of this line, and the developments which have followed, and it seems in the light of the present by no means unlikely that what may be termed a new annexation of the Bay will do much for the

further developments of the great resources of the Dominion.

The sportsmen, and indeed the people of Manitoba as a whole, are much agitated by the action of the Dominion Government in granting a lease of some seventeen sections of marsh lands on the southern shores of Lake Manitoba for twenty-one years at \$5 per section yearly. Many people think the Government have failed to realize the situation, as this lease means the shutting out of sportsmen generally from some of the choicest shooting grounds in Manitoba for the benefit of one man. It is generally recognized that Senator Kirchkoffer, to whom the lease was granted, is a true sportsman, but the mystery as to how and why the lease was granted at all deepens the more the matter is considered. In this case the Dominion Government is injuring the Province for no apparent benefit as the small amount of rental cannot be an inducement sufficient to justify the granting of the lease. If this lease is permitted to stand the agitation in favor of the lands being placed under Provincial control, as in the older Provinces, will gain much in strength and compel the Government at Ottawa to give attention to it. Either that will come about, or the lease be cancelled together with the permanent setting aside of these marsh lands as inalienably the property of the public. The latter is the only alternative to a very unpleasant, if not untenable, position.

The story of an interesting hunting incident comes from the Province of Quebec. Mr. P. Twohey, of Thorne, near Shawville, who has spent a lifetime amongst the picturesque hills of that portion of one of the best of Canada's many fine gamefields, never until the last hunting season, succeeded in getting a deer. His good luck this last time however, made up for a good many previous disappointments. In Peter's own words:—"It was a cracking big buck and I fairly jumped with joy when I saw him drop after the third shot!"



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Wolves are not only numerous in Canada but their depredations have also given rise to much trouble in the States, and the following sentences appear in the Report of the acting chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey (Mr. H. W. Henshaw): — "Gray wolves are still numerous in the West and in certain sections are so abundant that they cause much loss to ranchmen and farmers. Their large size and strength make them formidable enemies of calves and colts and even of full grown animals. The problem of ridding the forest reserves and cattle ranges of gray wolves was taken up by the Biological Survey at the request of, and in co-operation with, the Forest Service. An experienced field naturalist was detailed for the work and visited parts of Wyoming and New Mexico for the purpose of determining the extent of the losses in live stock and game and of studying the methods most effective in destroying wolves. The protection of

stock on the western ranges, and of wild game in the forest and game preserves from the depredation of wolves, coyotes, panthers and other carnivorous animals is of such growing importance that it is intended, if funds are available, to employ assistants acquainted with the habits of these animals to visit the several reserves and contiguous stock ranges for the purpose of devising methods for the destruction of the animals."

In accordance with the unanimous decision of the delegates at the first Convention of the National Organization of Casting Clubs an International Fly and Bait Casting Tournament will be held at Racine, Wis. in the month of August next. This will be the first official series of events to be held under the rules and regulations of the National Organization, and the Racine anglers are putting forth every effort to make the meet successful in every way. They have issued a taste-



fully gotten up card extending a cordial invitation to all interested to attend the gathering and participate in the events. They have elected the following committees to take charge of the tournament, and these in their turn have appointed the undermentioned gentlemen as their Chairmen :—

Program.....Dr. C. F. Brown.  
Publicity.....A. H. Barnes.  
Tournament.....J. R. Dishington,  
Financial.....C. H. Washburn.  
Reception.....E. B. Hand.  
Entertainment.....A. J. Horlick.  
Trophies.....O. F. Botsford.

A large entry list is confidently expected. Any club in process of formation, or any sportsman or angler who is interested or desires to keep in touch with the situation can have all information on addressing A. H. Barnes, Secretary, Racine, Wis.

To be able to double the producing capacity of a manufacturing business after a quarter of a century's existence, speaks well both for the article manufactured and the methods of business that have been pursued. This is the happy position of the Enterprise Manufacturing Company, of Akron, O., who are well known throughout Canada and the States for their productions of fish hooks and fishing tackle. Founded in 1880, with Mr. E. F. Pflueger as the leading spirit, it has been successful from the start. Many of its products were the result of Mr. Pflueger's inventive genius and are protected by patents owned by the company. On Mr. E. F. Pflueger's death in 1901, his four sons — J. E. Pflueger, G. A. Pflueger, E. A. Pflueger and G. T. Pflueger—succeeded to the management and have since conducted it with such marked success that extensions are now absolutely necessary. Some idea of the present dimensions of the business may be gathered from the fact that during the past season the Company sold from one hundred to one hundred and fifty millions of fish hooks of their own manufacture—it being repeated with emphasis that this is no fish story. There is a good deal of reality about the story when it is accompanied

by the building of a five story brick structure, one hundred feet by fifty feet in ground dimensions in a business part of the city. Great as the number of Americans who follow the "gentle art," they are unable to take such enormous totals of hooks as those quoted, and the Company's products now find their way into many foreign countries in addition to thoroughly covering the North American field: Their fishing tackle catalogue is one of the most complete ever published, and both illustration and letterpress are such as to make it valuable to all consulting it. Dealers should send for a copy of this catalogue, which they may procure for the asking, if they will only mention in their request the name of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

The changing aspect of the country owing to the manner in which the forests have been and are being cut down is becomingly increasingly serious in Old Ontario, and the subject is being discussed with special reference to the large but sparsely populated townships in the north of Peterborough county. Lumbering, which not so long ago formed an important industry in those parts, is not only on the wane but must soon cease for want of supplies, while much of the land thus denuded of forest growth is unfit for agriculture, and if left alone will soon grow up in a wilderness of brush. It is suggested that the government should take the matter in hand, buy out those who have interests in this rough land, and seed it down with pine. The project is a large one, but if conducted on a large scale by the Government would undoubtedly pay. In twenty-five or thirty years the trees would have reached a size making them of commercial value, and then, cutting in accord with the latest forestry knowledge, the pine might be

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made practically inexhaustible. What this would mean to the future of the older portion of the province can at present be only vaguely imagined and not realized. Both directly and indirectly the benefits would be enormous and more than justify Government interference and expenditure. The experience in this older portion of the Province should also be a guide to the Government in disposing of the lands in the new portion of the Province. Ample should be retained for forestry purposes, and wherever the land is not fit for agriculture the beneficial influence from planting such areas with trees should not be overlooked.

The paper read by Mr. Judson F. Clark, late Chief Forester of Ontario, at the meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association in Vancouver (a summary of which appears in the December number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada") was reprinted in full in "Forestry and Irrigation," the organ of the American Forestry Association. The second title of Dr. Clark's paper was "A

careful discussion of the forest wealth of the Dominion, with suggestions as to its proper exploitation," which expresses tersely and completely the objects of the paper. In the same number is given particulars of a course in practical lumbering established at Yale. Another important point dwelt upon is the dependence of mining upon the forest while the progress of the United States in their forestry work is recorded. Some particulars of this work appeared in connection with our account of the Canadian Forestry Convention, though this referred almost entirely to the west, while the Government, not satisfied with that alone, now purposes extending its good work to the east.

The reports of the wanton destruction of eggs of wild geese and ducks in Alaska have roused the States' sportsmen on the West coast, and they are sending a petition to President Roosevelt asking for Federal protection for the birds and that efforts be made to punish the "butchers."

One traveller and sportsman said ; "They are slaughtering birds and destroying eggs by the thousands in Alaska. It is partly on account of the wanton destruction of the nests there that ducks are becoming so scarce on the coast. The Alaska ducks and geese come south when the real cold weather sets in. I know of one man employed by the Government of Alaska who makes more from the sale of ducks and duck eggs than he does from the Government. The man has boasted of the fact. He has a gasoline launch which he uses in his work and goes to the nesting places for eggs. He takes a small boat around in the marshes to collect the eggs. He told me he got eggs by the barrel full and sold them to the miners for food. Alaska is not the only place where the nests are robbed however. There is a great deal of this work done on the Coast and it should be stopped."

Mr. L. O. Armstrong writes :—

Waukegobing Lake in Ontario is the summer home of a good many sportsmen and their number is increasing. These people spend money freely among the settlers and are popular with them. They are scrupulous observers of the game laws. There are a few Indians on a Reservation near by who came up to this lake and net for fish out of season. Everyone of these Indians can get work at \$1.50 per day and upwards. Why should they any longer be allowed to destroy the game? I believe in giving the Indian the same privilege as anybody else but no more. Where he can get plenty of work he should be treated quite as well but no better than any other citizen.

I was very glad to read Major Hendrie's contribution to your Medicine Bag in the January number and would like to add my opinion to his. Those who know me know that I am a friend of the Indian. I should have one law for white man and Indian.

There is another man who needs looking after and that is the white settler who uses nets and dynamite out of season. He takes his own share and the share of fifty or a hundred settlers around him besides. Public opinion wants to be reformed on this point, so that the Government

will be asked to do what is right by the people of Canada.

I would like to have an expression of opinion from people who are conversant with these offences and I know that they are legion.

That there is an illegal traffic in both game and game birds between Canada and the States is scarcely open to doubt. The solution of the difficulty is to make this traffic unprofitable when it will no longer be pursued. Deputy Inspector Game Warden George Shelley, of Niagara Falls, made a seizure of several hundred ducks at Chippewa just before they were taken across the border, and confiscated the whole consignment. Without doubt they were sent to Chippewa that they might be taken across securely by water, and avoid the supervision of the Customs officials. The birds were believed to have been shot along the shores of Lake Erie. It is alleged that there are launches both in Lake Erie and along the Detroit River regularly engaged in this illegal traffic. If so, it is high time the authorities traced out this matter and made it warrr for those thus engaged in law breaking.

The Desbarats, Ontario, Wolf Hunt will start from Desbarats on Saturday morning, Feb. 9th. Participants should leave their starting points in time to reach Desbarats Friday evening, Feb. 8th.

The conditions are right. Guides and local authorities say that wolves and snow conditions suit. They have had a heavy snowfall and W. J. Smith, son of W. R. Smith, M. P. P., writes "There are lots of wolves found around Bass, Island, Patton, and Stuart Lakes north of Desbarats." This is, fortunately the exact spot chosen for the Ontario Hunt. We will encircle Island Lake from every side, and put our first permanent camp just south of it.

The *Quebec Hunt* must, however, be postponed. There is barely a foot of snow now in the great wolf-country triangle, whose base would be a line drawn between Maniwaki and Nomining, and whose apex would be Piscatosing Lake.

There is just now a crust that will bear a wolf anywhere. Then the very light covering of snow makes showshoe



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ing difficult, owing to thickness of the brush, to cover and press down which there is not enough snow. Add to this the fact that the wolf gets so much good food just now in the far back country that he is not tempted to the front and that he is therefore at present almost inaccessible. Sum up all this and you will have the reason why it is advisable the hunt in Quebec be postponed until conditions improve.

There is a very large band of wolves about Piscatosing Lake about three hundred in number, roughly speaking, I am informed by one who helped a wolf-bound person out of a scrape.

Wherever I have been in Quebec on the border settlements I have found that the newspaper wolf campaign has done a world of good. The wolf is being trapped, poisoned and hunted with success and much enthusiasm. The educational value of the information about bounties and the mischievous nature of the wolf has brought out a crusader kind of feeling to get at the wolf from which nothing but good results will obtain.

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FOX, MINK, Coons, Lynx are easily trapped with the Bentley Methods—many ways on land, snow and water. Price and testimonials for a stamp. I caught ninety foxes and seventy mink last fall. It's the only method published by a professional trapper. Satisfaction guaranteed.—Jesse Bentley, honest old trapper, Arlington, Vermont.

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# THE TRAP

*ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.*

## Tournament Dates

1907.  
August 7, 8, 9—Toronto, Ont., Seventh Annual Tournament of Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, under auspices of Stanley Gun Club. Thomas A. Duff, Secretary-Treasurer, 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, Canada.

## Stray Pellets

The many friends of the well known trap shooter, Mr. F. H. Conover, will regret to hear of the sudden death of his father, Mr. Peter Conover, which took place at his home in Leamington, in December. Deceased was a fine type of the old English gentleman and was held in the highest respect by all his acquaintances. Although he had reached the ripe age of eighty-four his death was nevertheless a great shock to his family and friends. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the family of the deceased.

D. C. Ripley, the well-known trap shooter of Hamilton Gun Club, was one of the Tigers of that city which swallowed all the competing Canadian football teams in 1906.

A New Year's Day shoot at live pigeons was held at Blerheim, Ont. The scores at sixteen birds were—Robert Rumble 13, Jas. Robertson 12, Reg. Marksby 12, Dimon Garrod 12, Fin. Robertson 12, Percy Slater 11, Jas. Laurie 9, Albert Marksby 8.

Jack Marcon's annual live bird shoot at Lagoon Park, Sandwich, Ont., Dec. 20th, was attended by a large number of devotees of the game. One of the features was an old fashioned match, gun below the shoulder, 21 yards rise, one barrel. Donaldson, Windsor, won out with seven straight, with Chappell, Sandwich, one behind. In the ten bird race, Jack Marcon won first money with a straight. Youngblood, Pike and Joe Girard scored nine each and Joe Marks, Wood and Fillion eight each.

W. M. Ford won the amateur trap shooting championship of the United States at Fraser's Island, N. Y., out of a field of eighty amateurs, with 94 out of 100, after shooting off a tie with F. W. Moffatt. The special prizes for professionals were won by Sim Glover, Ballistite representative, with 96, first, and H. S. Welles, Dead Shot Powder man, with 93, second. The shoot was under the auspices of N. Y. athletic club.

At the special 100-target handicap shoot of Boston Athletic Association Gun Club, Dr. Gleason demonstrated that he still has his shooting with him by topping the list with 96, outclassing all his opponents all of whom had the assistance of a handicap by added birds.

A number of "Over the Border" Thanksgiv-

ing day shoots were held. At Cleveland, O., W. H. Heer, the professional, was high with 136 out of 150. The high amateurs were:—C. E. Doolittle 136, C. A. Rice 135, R. E. Guessit 131, R. W. Ewalt 131, J. Seborn 129 and L. Burton 122. At Marquette, Kar., H. Anderson was high for the day with 172 out of 200. At Gate City, N.D., Tonsager was high with 35 out of 45. At Johnstown, Lee M. Battlefield slaughtered 92 out of 100 and was easily first. Some of the professionals were at Patterson, N. J. Elliott broke 92 out of 105, Fanning 78 and Butler 76. Elliott subsequently broke 148 out of 155.

"Gaucho" (Capt. Dr Bray) discusses entertainingly in "Shooting and Fishing," a continuation of an interesting series of articles on trap shooting, the respective merits of the 32 and 34 inch barrel as compared with the accepted standard length, the 30 inch. He comes to the conclusion that in the hands of a large, powerful, broad-chested, muscular, long armed man the 32 inch and to a still greater extent the 34 inch barrel has an advantage over the shorter barrel. The advantage of the longer barrel lies in enabling the shooter to align it more accurately and to discover any inaccuracy of aim more readily. As to the shooting power of the long and short barrel there is little difference either as to velocity or pattern. There is slightly less variation with the longer barrel. The disadvantage of the long barrel is that it handles less slightly, more weight and leverage being naturally thrown in the left arm and wrist. The writer properly emphasizes the necessity of the long barreled gun being built to balance properly and to avoid muzzle heaviness which would be fatal. It is interesting to note in this connection that both Gilbert and Crosby use 32 inch barrels.

The Grand American Handicap for 1907 will be held at Chicago. The handicap distances will be 16-23 yards instead of 14-22 yards as formerly. The amateur and professional championship events will be at 200 instead of 150 targets as it was last year. Professionals will be barred from competing for the money or trophies in any Interstate Association events anywhere except the G.A.H. and the professional championship at Chicago. The Southern Handicap this year will be held at Richmond, Va., and the Western Handicap at Denver, Col. where it was so successfully held last year.

The Philadelphia Arms Co., makers of that splendid shooting arm, the Ansley H. Fox Gun, has been elected a member of the Interstate Association.

The top scores at the Tournament of Pale-faces held on the grounds of Boston shooting Association at Wellington, Mass., were Marshall 156, Elliott 153, Griffith 131, Dickey 149, McArdle 149, German 148, Buffalo 146, Gleason 145, out of 170.

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### The Trap Record for 1907

It may, at the beginning of another trap shooting year, be of interest to take a survey of the work done at Canadian traps by Canadian amateurs and we, therefore, give below a resume of the best scores at the various tournaments reported in Rod and Gun in 1906.

We have also compiled the total scores of the most active amateurs with the average of each. In this record is included only the names of those who shot at 1000 targets or more in the different tournaments and who shot through the programme for the tournament or for the day. It cannot be fairly said that this table of averages is more than approximately correct as showing the relative ability at the traps of the different shooters for the reason that their scores were, for the most part, made on different grounds, under different weather and other shooting conditions. The record is interesting, however, as showing what a small percentage of difference there is between most of the shooters named and what a delicate task a handicap committee has before it in attempting to make a distinction between them. All these scores were made at extreme handicap distances and are more creditable than the percentage would indicate.

### HIGH SCORES.

Hamilton Mid-winter Tournament, Jan. 16-19, 440 targets:—G. L. Vivian 381, Thos. Upton 375, G. M. Dunk 372.

Ottawa, April 16th, 200 targets: A. W. Throop 195, E. G. White 194, T. M. Craig 190, G. M. Howard 189, W. J. Johnstone 187, W. H. Ewing 184.

Toronto Junction, April 12 and 13, 400 targets—Tryson 368, Bradannaz 336, Dunk 350, Jennings 347, W. A. Smith 343, Thos. Upton 341.

Ridgetown, April 19 and 20, 400 targets—H. Scane 366, D. McMackon 361, Fred Galbraith 343, C. Scane 328.

Montreal, Good Friday, 140 targets:—W. H. Ewing 134, Edwards 133, Westover 131, Throop 129, Johnstone 129, Howard 129, Pepin 129, Redman 129.

Owen Sound, May 10th, 205 targets:—G. B. Smith 185, G. M. Dunk 184, W. A. Smith 181, C. E. Harris 179, W. M. Morrison 177, H. A. Mallory 175, T. Upton 174, Harrison 173. May 11th 165 targets:—Dunk 149, Upton 149, G. B. Smith 146, Harris 145, Morrison 143, Harrison 142, H. A. Mallory 140, R. Luck 140, W. A. Smith 139. Both days—370 targets:—Dunk 333, G. B. Smith 331, Harris 324, Upton 323, Morrison 322, W. A. Smith 320, Mallory 315, Harrison 315.

London, May 17th and 18th—First day, 200 targets:—R. E. Day 194, H. Scane 194, F. Galbraith 191, A. Mahler 190, B. W. Glover 190, W. A. Smith 189, T. Upton 184. Second day, 200 targets:—H. Scane 190, R. E. Day 186, A. Mahler 184, B. W. Glover 183, F. Galbraith 182, W. A. Smith 182, T. Upton 182. Both days, 400 targets:—H. Scane 354, R. E. Day 380, Mahler 374, Glover 373, Galbraith 373, Smith 371, Upton 366.

Canadian Indians — Montreal, May 24th and 25th:—

1st day, 200 targets:—W. H. Ewing 189, D. McMackon 185, T. A. Duff 185, J. E. Jennings 185, B. F. Paine 183, P. Wakefield 183, Geo. Dumont 184, J. H. Rainville 183, H. Scane 183, Geo. McCall 183, Geo. Beattie 183, A. W. Westover 182, C. G. Thompson 181, C. Aubin 181, G. L. Vivian 180, E. C. Eaton 180, T. Upton 180.

Second day, 200 targets — Westover 193, Throop 191, Ewing 189, Paine 189, Dumont 188, Beattie 188, Scane 187, Rainville 185, McGill 184, Vivian 183, C. G. Thompson 183, Wakefield 183, Craig 182, Howard 182, Upton 182, McCall 182, W. A. Smith 180, E. J. Marsh 180.

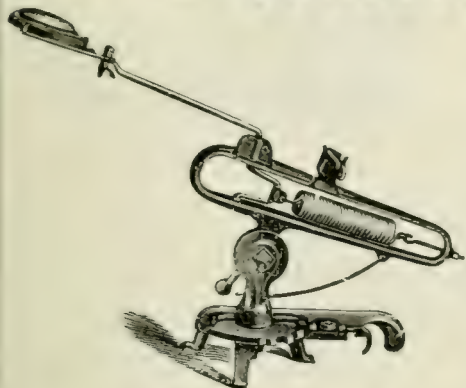
Both days — Ewing 378, Westover 375, Dumont 372, Beattie 371, Scane 370, Rainville 368, Wakefield 368, Throop 366, McCall 363, Duff 364, Thompson 364, Vivian 363, McMackon 362, Upton 362, Jennings 362, Howard 360.

Ayton, Ont., June 5 and 7—First Day, 165



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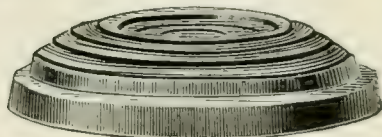
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targets—G. M. Dunk 169, T. A. Duff 164, H. A. Mallory 164, W. A. Smith 162, R. E. Day 193, A. Mahler 157, G. B. Smith 153. Second Day, 195 targets—H. A. Mallory 178, G. M. Dunk 176, G. B. Smith 174, R. A. Day 174, W. A. Smith 173, A. Mahler 165, C. Harris 165, T. A. Duff 164. Both days, 380 targets—Dunk 345, Mallory 342, W. A. Smith 335.

Quebec, June 16th, 265 targets—W. H. Ewing 184, G. M. Howard 181, H. des Rivières 181, T. M. Craig 176, C. G. Thompson 172, Boswell, Rainville and Dumont 171.

Winnipeg, July 25 and 26—Both days, 250 targets—F. H. Sprague 219, T. N. Williamson 217, Paul Johnson 216, H. W. Lightcap 211, W. E. Rowe 209, J. H. Stair 206, F. G. Simpson 206, E. K. Cavalier 200, Tom Brodie 197.

Elmwood, Ont., July 6th, 155 targets—H. A. Mallory 140, G. B. Smith 137, W. A. Smith 132, Dr. Cook 128, Dr. Perdue 124.

Clifford, Ont., July 20th, 140 targets—W. A. Smith 130, G. B. Smith 137.

Drayton, Ont., July 27th, 180 targets—H. A. Mallory 166, Dr. Perdue 165, H. Cull 161, G. B. Smith 161, Dr. Cook 145.

Dominion Tournament, Hamilton, Aug. 8, 9 and 10—

First Day—200 targets—A. W. Throop 190, Geo. Beattie 190, W. Slaney 188, F. Galbraith 183, J. H. Rainville 187, Redman 186, Glover 185, Dr. Green 183, G. M. Howard 182, G. M. Dunk 181, Dr. Wilson 181, W. P. Thompson 180, P. Wakefield 180.

Second Day, 200 targets—H. Scane 190, W. H. Ewing 190, Dr. Stockrell 189, J. E. Jennings 186, M. E. Fletcher 186, R. Day 185, F. Galbraith 185, B. Smith 185, Dr. Wilson 184, Geo. McGill 184, G. M. Dunk 184, T. M. Craig 184, G. M. Howard 184, Geo. Beattie 183, Geo. Cline 183, Thos. Upton 181, A. W. Westover 181, W. J. Johnston 181, J. H. Rainville 180, J. E. Hovey 180.

Third Day, 200 targets—T. M. Craig 192, Dr. Green 189, J. E. Jennings 188, M. E. Fletcher 187, W. A. Smith 186, P. Wakefield 184, J. Hunter 184, Redman 183, Mallory 182, Galbraith 182, W. H. Ewing 181, Dumont 180, Johnstone 180, N. G. Bray 180, Hovey 180, R. Day 180, W. P. Thompson 180.

Three days, 600 targets—Galbraith 555, Jennings 552, Ewing 549, Redman 548, H. Scane 547, T. M. Craig 546, Dr. Green 546, Geo. Beattie 546, R. Day 544, Howard 543, Rainville 542, Dunk 541, P. Wakefield 540.

Stratford, Aug. 6 and 7—300 targets—A. Mahler 278, G. M. Dunk 276, W. C. Turnbull 272.

Neustadt, Ont., Sept. 21st—140 targets—G. B. Smith 131, Dr. Perdue 126.

Clinton, Ont., Oct. 10th 180 targets—Roy Luck 167, Geo. Beattie 164, R. E. Day 163, Fred Galbraith 162, B. W. Glover 160.

### THE AVERAGES.

Name.	S. A.	Broke	Per Cent
G. L. Vivian .. .. .	1240	1054	.85
G. M. Dunk .. .. .	2900	2372	.82
G. W. McGill .. .. .	1400	1214	.863
Thos. Upton .. .. .	2630	2297	.874
A. W. Throop .. .. .	1200	1098	.90
T. M. Craig .. .. .	1403	1269	.89
G. M. Howard .. .. .	1405	1274	.893
W. H. Ewing .. .. .	1405	1294	.92
C. Redman .. .. .	1200	1075	.896
F. A. Heney .. .. .	1075	1014	.845
J. H. Rainville .. .. .	1200	1071	.892
T. A. Duff .. .. .	1780	1519	.854
P. Wakefield .. .. .	1400	1203	.86
J. E. Jennings .. .. .	1400	1261	.90
Geo. Beattie .. .. .	1200	1093	.911
W. A. Smith .. .. .	2985	2608	.874
B. W. Glover .. .. .	1400	1247	.89
R. E. Day .. .. .	1580	1432	.90
H. A. Mallory .. .. .	1725	1484	.86



D. McMackon .....	1600	1425	.89
H. Scane .....	2000	1848	.92.4
F. Galbraith .....	1400	1271	.90.8
W. P. Thomson .....	1200	1068	.89
Geo. Dumont .....	1000	900	.90
A. W. Westover .....	1000	905	.905
C. Kenyon .....	1000	856	.856
Geo. S. McCall .....	1000	888	.888

#### Toronto traps

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on Saturday, Dec. 8th. There was a fair attendance of the members, but owing to a driving snow storm only five events were shot, including the first of a series of spoon shoots, at 25 targets. The Spoon Shoot is a handicap with extra birds to shoot at, and was won by McDuff, with a straight score. The following is the score of the spoon shoot—25 targets—Kemp 15, Fritz 18, Herbert 13, Douglas 23, Buck 24, McDuff 25, Thomas 17, Edkins 13, Masor 18, Dey 18, Dunk 21, J. G. Shaw 17, J. A. Shaw 19, Chapman 12, Ely 19, Thompson 19, Ingham 22.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club took place on their grounds on Saturday, Dec. 13. In addition to regular events a spoon shoot was held at 25 targets, the spoon shoot being a handicap with extra birds to shoot at. P. Wakefield with a handicap of one made 25 straight without his extra bird, thus winning one spoon. Mr. Ingham, with three extra, also made a possible with his handicap. In the shoot-off for the second spoon, Mr. Ingham won. The following are the scores:—

Events—	1	2	3	4	5	6
No. targets—	10	10	10	10	25	25
W. Wakefield .....	9	9			19	
P. Wakefield .....	8	10	9		25	17
McGill .....	10	8	9	9	23	23
McDuff .....	8	6	9	9	24	22
Dr. Cook .....	8	9	3		18	
Herbert .....	5	5	6		14	
Fritz .....	10				19	
Buck .....	8				24	
Dunk .....	7	5			19	
Brown .....	7	5			19	
Thompson .....	5	6		9	24	
Ely .....	7	9		9	24	23
Edkins .....	8		7		23	
Thomas .....	7				19	
Dey .....	7					
Ingham .....	7	9	10		25	21
Murray .....	5				23	
Lucas .....		6			17	
Martin .....		7			21	
Dorf .....		6			19	
Townson .....					24	

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club was held on Saturday, Dec. 22nd the day being fine and cold. As usual, in the spoon event, No. 4, many close finishes occurred. Mr. Edkins and Mr. Williamson made straight scores—in the shoot off Mr. Williamson won. Following score of spoon event—

25 targets—McGill 23, Thompson 24, Dunk 24, Cashmore 23, Fritz 18, Kemp 24, Buck 17, Beeth 22, Hulme 24, Farmer 19, Marsh 23, Ely 24, Ingham 15, Dr. Cook 19, Lucas 17, Edkins 25, Hogarth 20, Mason 23, Wilson 20, Williamson 25, Townson 17.

The Balmy Beach Gun Club held its first shoot of the season on its new grounds on Eastern Ave., just west of the Woodbine on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 15. President Draper celebrated the occasion by making a straight in the first event and John F. Ross followed suit in the 25 target event. Following are some of the scores:

At 10 targets—Draper 10, Davis 8, J. A. Shaw 8, Ross 8, Ten Eyck 7, J. G. Shaw 7.  
At 10 targets—J. A. Shaw 10, Mason 9, Cassel 8, McGraw 8, J. G. Shaw 8, Ross 7, Draper 7.  
At 25 targets—Ross 25, Cassel 23, Ten Eyck 21, Davis 21, J. G. Shaw 21, J. A. Shaw 20.

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The Riverdale Gun Club held a shoot on Saturday, Dec. 22nd. Scores

Events.	10	20	25	20
F. Bredannaz .....	9	15	24	16
J. Jennings .....	9	16	23	18
E. Hiron .....	8	14	24	
D. Walton .....	6	15	21	14
W. Brown .....	9	15	19	17
J. Logan .....	8	15	19	13
W. Murray .....	6	16	17	16
G. Logan .....	8	16	14	16
W. Lowe .....	7			18
F. Logan .....				12
H. Hiron .....	1	11		
W. Duncan .....				12

#### National Gun Club Shoot

At the last regular meeting of the National Gun Club a very pleasant evening was spent, when two of the retiring officers, Mr. W. Taylor, financial secretary, and Mr. A. Parker, corresponding secretary, were presented with a beautiful gold locket and gold ring, suitably engraved. The presentation was made by the

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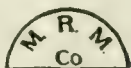


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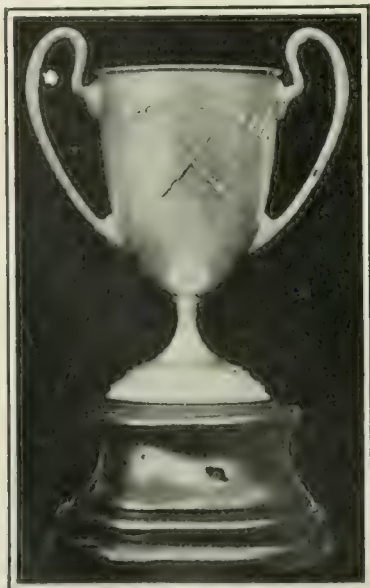
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VONGE ST., TORONTO

president, Mr. C. B. Harrison, on behalf of the members of the club. Mr. Taylor and Mr. Parker replied with suitable words, thanking the members of the club for their kindness and wishing them every success in the coming league shoot. The regular weekly shoot of the club took place on their grounds on Saturday, Dec. 22nd. The following are the scores:—

Event No. 1, 10 birds—Harrison 7, Williams 5, Hooey 5, Dr. Vanduzer 7, Westwood 3.

Event No. 2, 10 birds—Dr. Vanduzer 9, Roulston 5, Coath 1, Hooey 7, Davis 8.

Event No. 3, 10 birds—Ross 6, Waterworth 5, Usher 9, Jordan 7, Lawson 5.

Event No. 4, 10 birds—Turner 7, Jordan 2, Dr. Vanduzer 6, Westwood 5, Cockborne 7.

Event No. 5—10 birds—Waterworth 4, Westwood 6, Coath 3, Wallace 4, Turner 7.

Event No. 6, 10 birds—Davis 4, Roulston 6, Westwood 6, Robertson 8, Coath 4.

Event No. 7, 25 birds—Hooey 17, Westwood 13, Ross 17, Roulston 8.

Cup event, No 1, 25 birds—Harrison 19, Williams 18, Hooey 22, Turner 15, Dr. Vanduzer 20.

Cup event, No. 2, 25 birds—Cockborne 20, Jordan 18, Westwood 12, Wallace 22, Waterworth 19.

Cup event No. 3, 25 birds—Usher 23, Lawson 25.

### New Year's at London

The Springwood Gun Club held a most successful shoot on New Year's day with a splendid attendance of shooters. The day was a trifle dark for gunners, but good scores were made. The winners of the high average were: Remington 1, Day 2, and Graydon 3. The prize winners in the different events were: Event No. 1, Graydon, Day and Avey; event No. 2, Bryce, Webb and Crow; event No. 3, Remington, R. K. Walker and Breckon. The scores were:

Percentage handicap, 15 bird events:—				
	1	2	3	Ttl.
*Day .....	66	89	73	245
Breckon .....	71	70	90	231
Webb .....	58	90	71	219
Bryce .....	53	91	86	230
Simcox .....	75	66	73	214
Brock .....	68	73	46	187
R. K. Walker .....	48	86	93	227
*Glover .....		80	86	172
Blackburn .....	70	55	68	193
F. Brown .....	68	66	53	187
Avey .....	75	93	68	236
J. Brown .....	58	63	83	204
Burns .....	38	63	44	145
Crow .....	63	88	63	219
Remington .....	75	80	100	255
R. B. Walker .....	55	51	61	157
Graydon .....	88	76	76	240
Joe Bissett .....	55	53	31	142

### \*Scratch.

Special event, sweepstakes, 25 birds:—Webb 17 yards, 21; Glover, 20 yards, 22; Day, 20 yards, 19; Crow, 17 yards, 18; Graydon, 17 yards, 19; Breckon, 17 yards, 22.

### Woodstock Wins From Ingersoll

A team match took place between Woodstock and Ingersoll shooters at the former city on New Year's Day and resulted in a victory for Woodstock by 68 to 60 out of 110 shot at. Three other events at 10 targets were shot during the afternoon. The visiting marksmen were entertained by the Woodstock club. The following are the scores, event No. 3 being the team race:

Woodstock.				
Targets	10	10	10	10
D. Miller .....	4	6	7	4
J. Thompson .....			7	7
J. Dutton .....	8		5	7
Dr. Welford .....			6	4
L. Walters .....	7		5	5
F. Farlow .....		5	5	5
Dawes .....	6	9	9	5
J. Maynard .....			7	6
Ed. Dutton .....		4	5	
Walker .....	3	6	4	
John Dawson .....				



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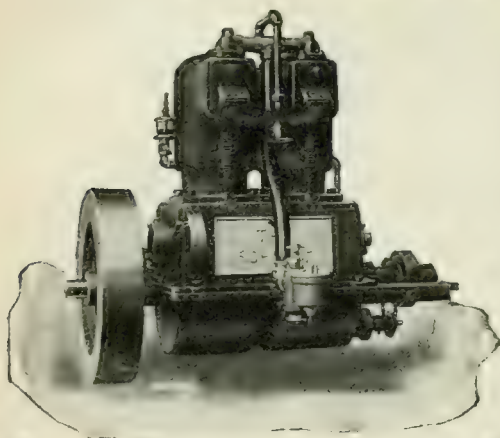
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### Ingersoll.

J. Staples	7	8
James	2	4
Kirbyson	9	6
W. Staples	7	6
R. Harris	6	2
Brebner	6	3
Ruckle	3	1
Partlo	4	2
Cole	3	
Nichols	5	
Harris	6	

The Woodstock shooters also won the live bird shoot by a wide margin, killing 25 to Ingersoll's 12. The birds were fast and the weather none too favorable for the sport. The scores were: Miller 5, Harris 1, E. Dutton 3, Herbertson 1, Dawes 4, Partlo 2, J. Dutton 4, W. Staples 3, Farlow 5, James 3, Dawson 4, Cole 2.

### New Year's Shoot at Kingsville

A very successful sparrow and blue rock shoot took place at Kingsville, Ont., on New Year's Day. The piece de resistance of the programme was the case of Sovereign shells kindly donated by the Dominion Cartridge Co. Montreal. The prize was offered for team competition and proved a great attraction, bringing out many of the old shooters who had not been seen at the traps for many moons. A large crowd of interested spectators were also attracted to the grounds. The shells were won by a team captained by Dory Wigle. The second prize, \$5.00, was won by the team captained by W. A. Smith.

The absence from the shoot of "Injun" Conover, Dupont representative, was greatly regretted, but as he was scheduled for Toronto shoot the same day and could not very well be in two places at the same time there was no help for it. "Injun" is the daddy of trap shooting in Western Ontario and is always a welcome figure at local tournaments. The day was very mild for the time of year, although a too dull for the best shooting.

### Scores at Sparrows:—

No. of birds:—	5	10	6	21
W. A. Smith	5	9	5	19
A. Cascadden	5	5	1	11
Delbert Quick	1	5	2	8
Will Malatt	2	5		
W. Duggan	2			
Windle Wigle		5	3	
Howard Wigle		3	3	
Dean Duggan		3		
Gordon Wigle			4	
J. Pastorius			2	
C. A. Quick			2	

### Scores at Targets:—

Team race—25 targets—Dory Wigle 21, J. Miner 21, W. J. Malott 21, Dean Duggan 17, J. Pastorius 16. Total 96. W. A. Smith 22, D. McKenzie 18, Byron Wigle 20, Tom Pastorius 18, Windle Wigle 9. Total 87. Nelson Wigle 20, Gordon Wigle 17, Monroe Wigle 13, W. Duggan 13, Dr. Jenner 20. Total 83.  
Sweeps—10 birds—Dory Wigle 7, W. J. Malott 4, W. A. Smith 9, Tom Pastorius 5, Nelson Wigle 8.

### Live Birds at Essex

Frank Stotts held his annual live bird shoot at Essex, Ont., Dec. 21th. The day was fine and the birds a good strong healthy lot. Shooters were present from Windsor, Sandwich, Amherstburg, Kingsville and other local points. The best shooting was done by Joe Girard of Petite Cote, who ran through the regular events without a miss, scoring 27 straight. Louis Youngblood of Sandwich, the hero of many a bloody battlefield, was present and as usual had the goods with him ready for delivery. Jack Marcon, the Lagoon Park crack, also



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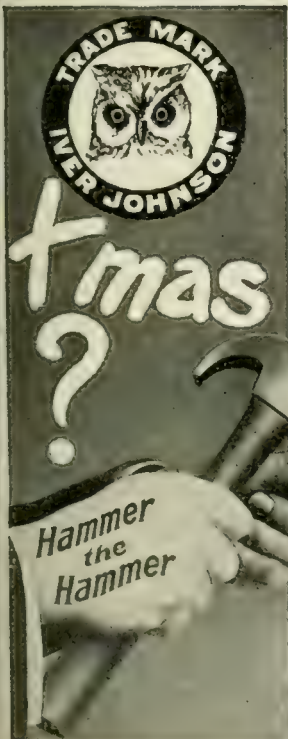
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came down to "show them." Jack, however, had trained down a little too fine trying to shake off a cold and he missed a few. Charlie Thresher of Amherstburg did good work as did also Rebidoux, the crack field shot of Malden. Garnet Wigle of Ruthven, the youngest shooter of the lot, surprised everyone by proving himself to be almost the best. The genial Frank, as usual, gave everybody a good time, both inside and out, and when he pulled one's tooth as he did in the last event it was, after all, a sort of painless extraction, which did not hurt much. The scores:—

Event, No. 1, miss and out—Girard 1, Young blood 2, Roden Gunn 1, Marcon 2, Stotts 1.

Event No. 2, 7 birds—Girard 7, Youngblood 6, Donaldson 6, Roden Gunn 6, Marcon 5, Thresher 5, Rebidoux 6, Malatt 4, Stotts 6.

Event No. 3, 10 birds—Girard 10, Youngblood 10, Roden Gunn 10, Don 8, Thresher 9, Marcon 7, Rogers 7, Wigle 9, Malott 6, Rebidoux 6, Stenlake 6, Stotts 8.

Event No. 4, 10 birds—Girard 10, Youngblood 9, Roden Gunn 8, Don 8, Thresher 8, Marcon 7, Rogers 5, Rebidoux 7, Stotts 6, Wigle 7, Healey 5.

Event No. 5, miss and out—Girard 2, Youngblood 2, Marcon 0, Roden Gunn 2, Thresher 0, Malott 0, Wigle 0, Rogers 0.

Event No. 6, miss and out—Girard 2, Young-

blood 5, Roden Gunn 11, Marcon 2, Thresher 0, Stotts 12.

### Exeter Gun Club

The Huron Indians held a holiday shoot when the following events were shot.

Event:—	1	2	3	4	5
Targets—	10	10	20	10	10
Fittion .....	10	8	15	9	42
Cashing .....	10	10	16	9	54
Bissett .....	5				
Treibner .....	8	9		8	34
Johns .....	8	10		8	26
Kerr .....	8	10	19	7	53
Carrick .....	3	9		9	27
Smith H. ....	7			7	14
Smith Wm. ....	8	9	11	7	40
Hartlivb .....	9	9	15	7	46
Stanlake C. ....		9		8	25
Sanders .....		9		9	27
Creech .....				6	6
Salter .....				6	6
Stanlake N. ....				3	4
Green .....				6	6

The Club will hold their second annual shoot on Good Friday, March 29th, 1907. Programme later.

### Wardsville Celebrates

At the New Year's shoot of the Wardsville, Ont., Gun Club the following scores were made:

	Shot At.	Hit.
Bert Miller .....	25	18
A. B. O'Hara .....	25	23
Frank Henderson .....	25	20
D. G. Reid .....	25	20
C. E. Lang .....	25	20
A. McIntyre .....	25	20
Jacob Wilson .....	25	24
Neil Edwards .....	25	22

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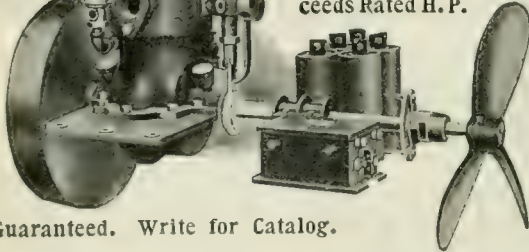
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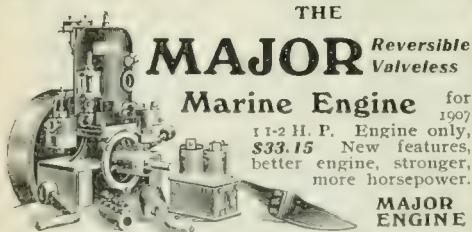
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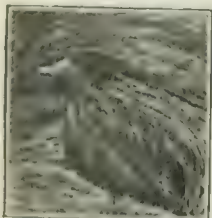
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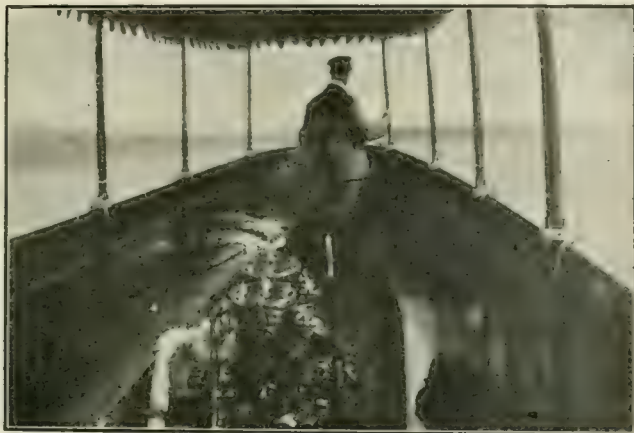
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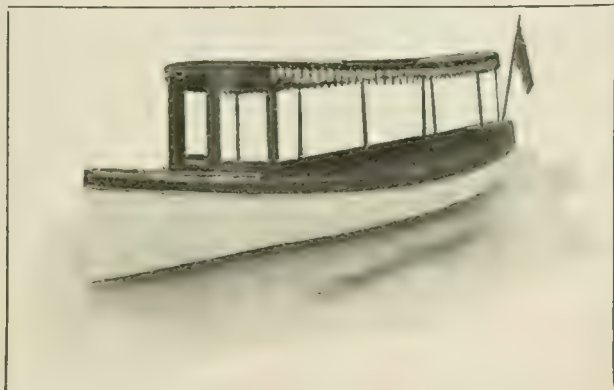
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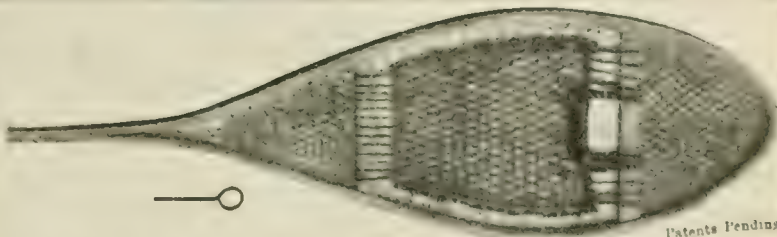


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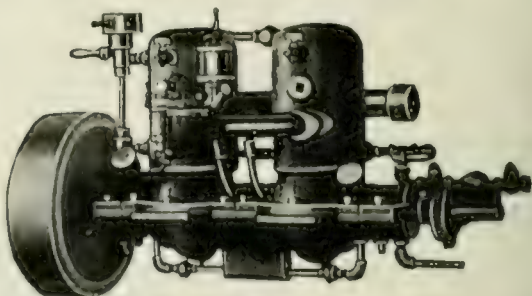
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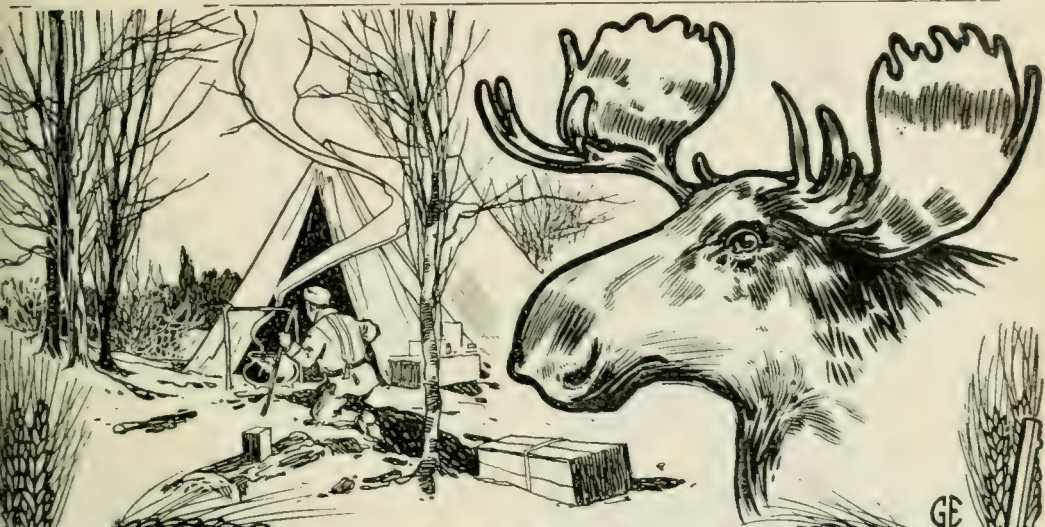
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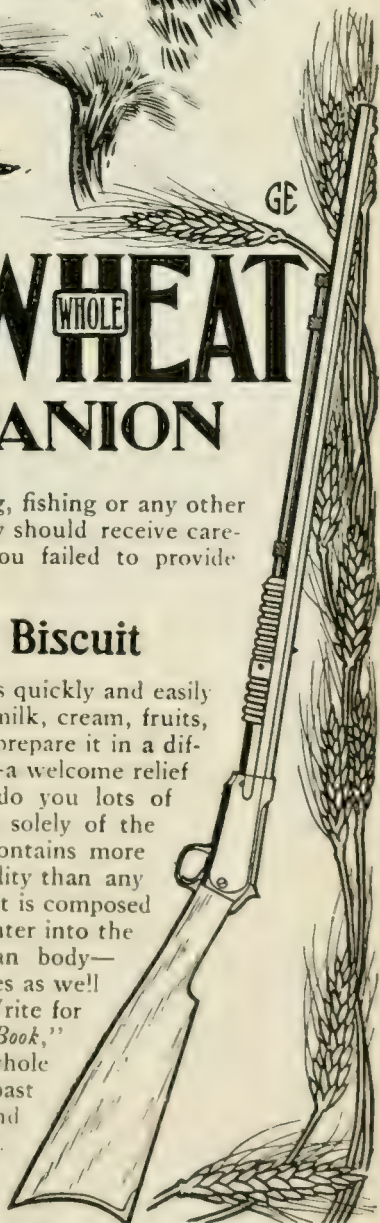
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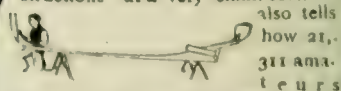
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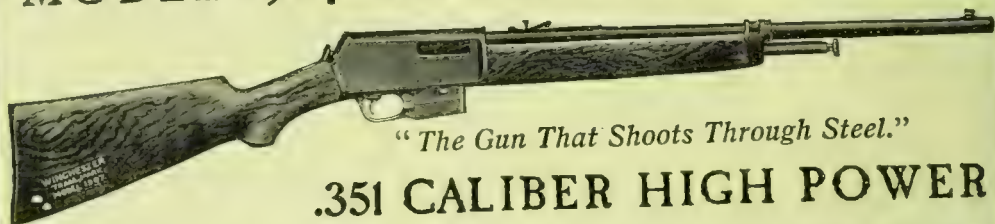
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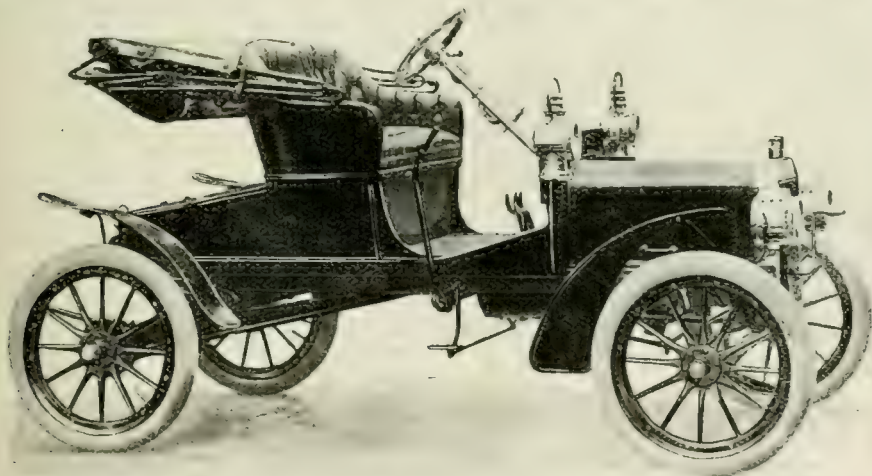
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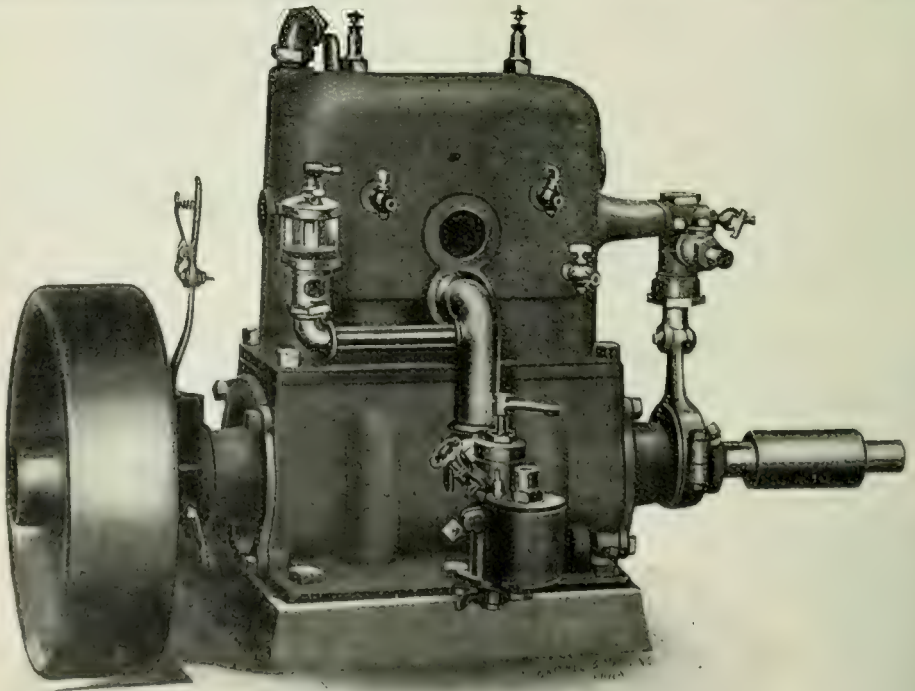
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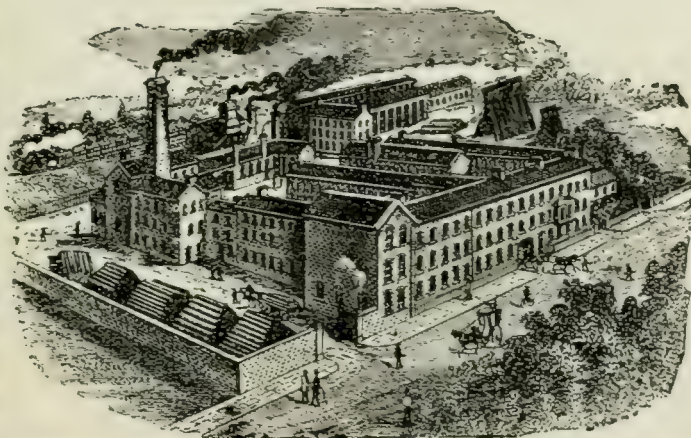
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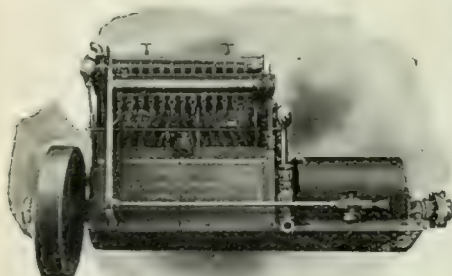
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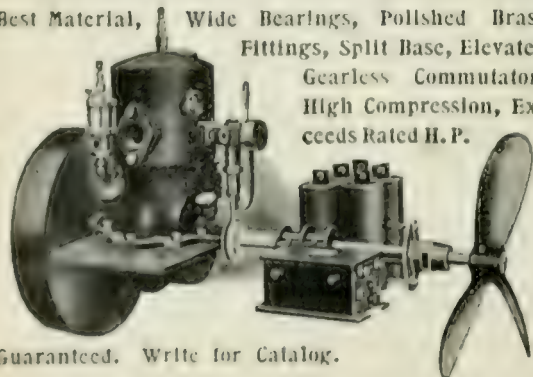
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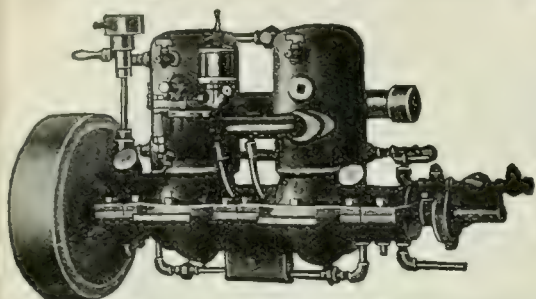
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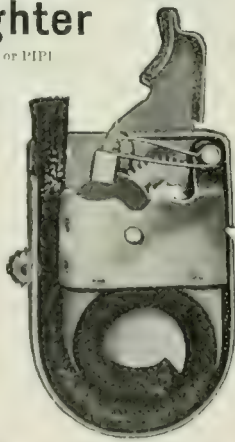
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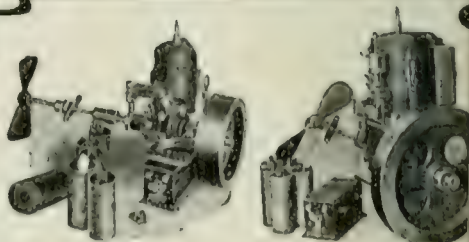
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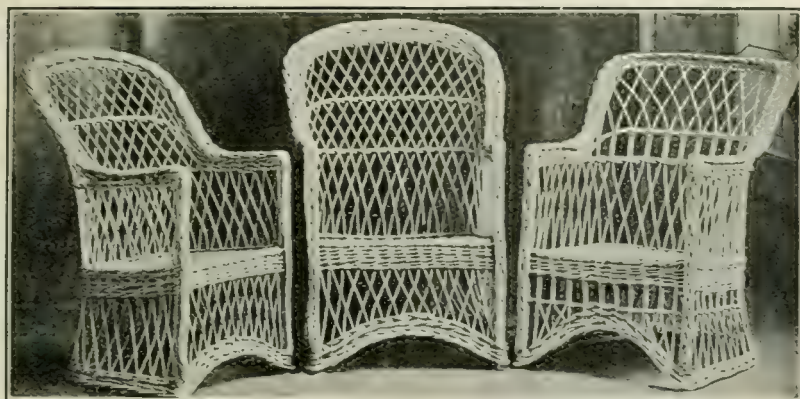
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Size of seat . . . . .	16x1	19x19	18x17
Height of back from seat 23 in.		26 in.	24 in.
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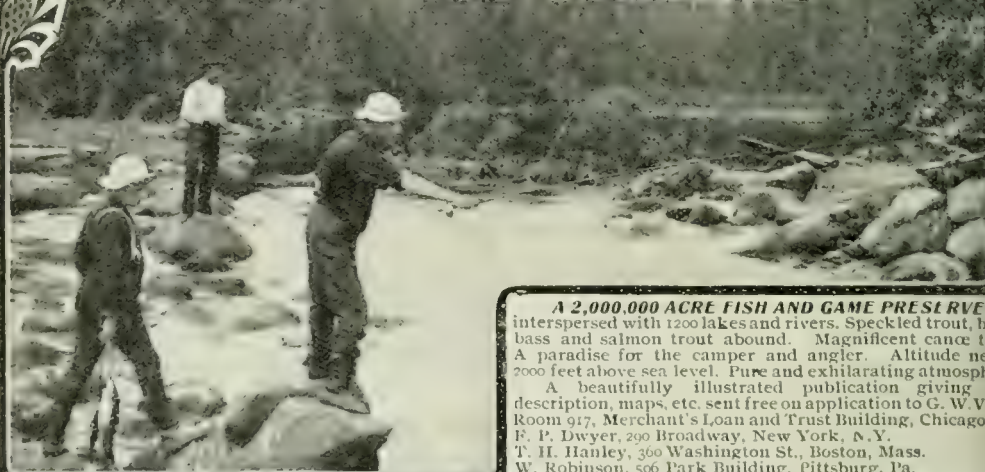
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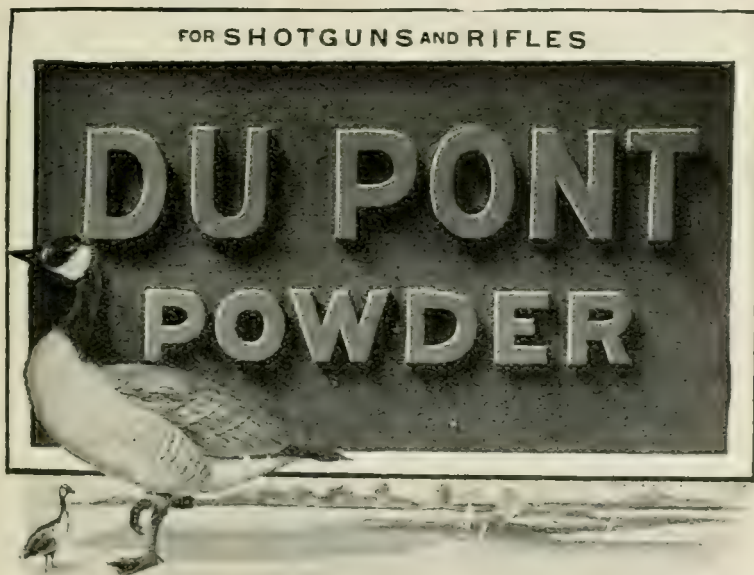
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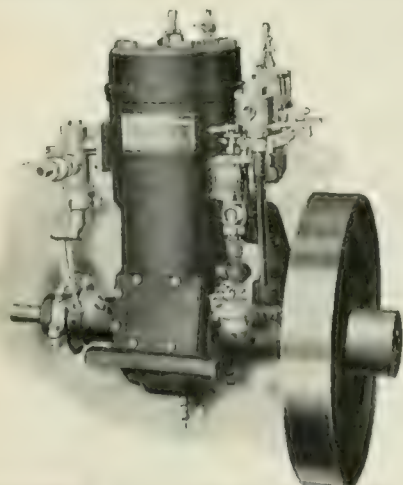
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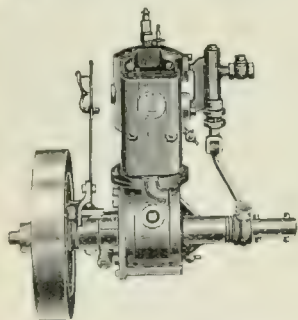


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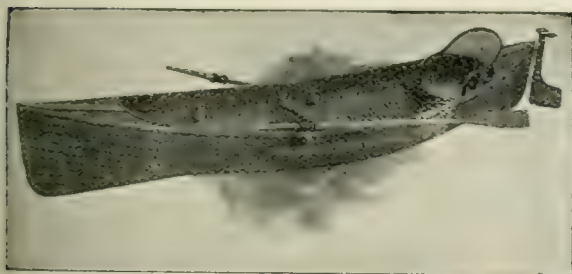
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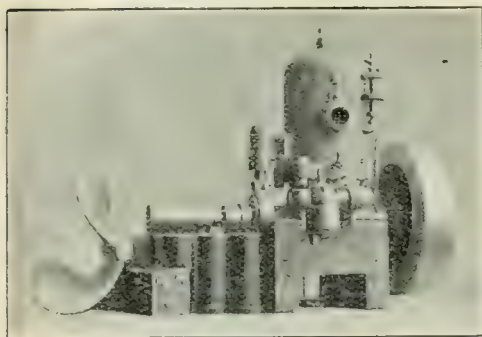
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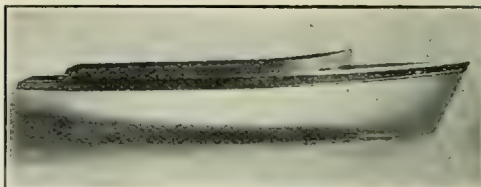
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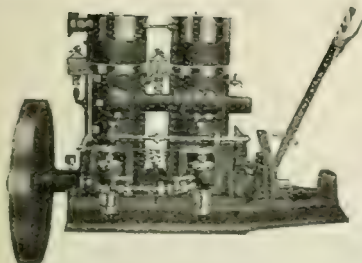
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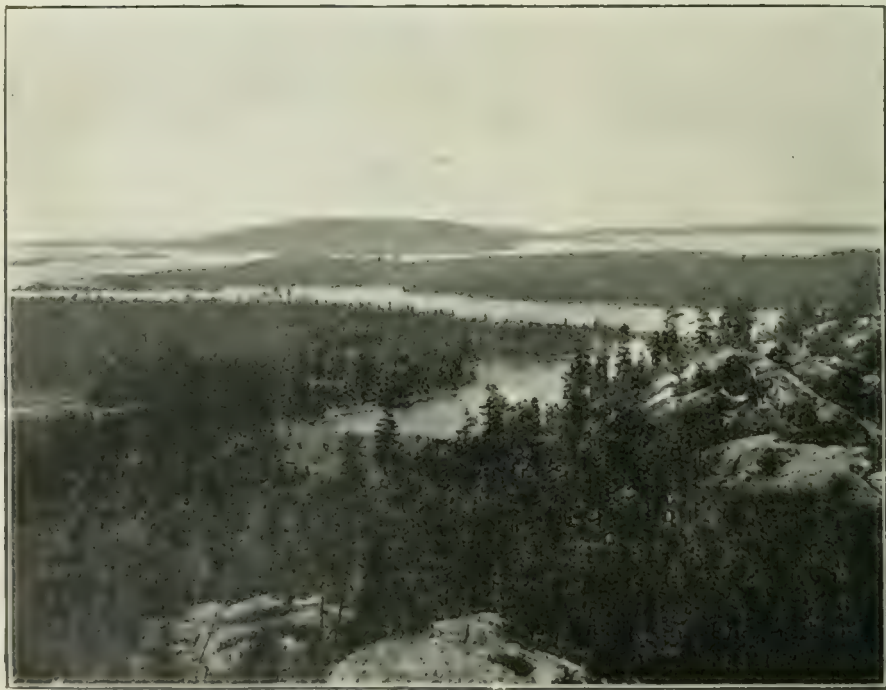
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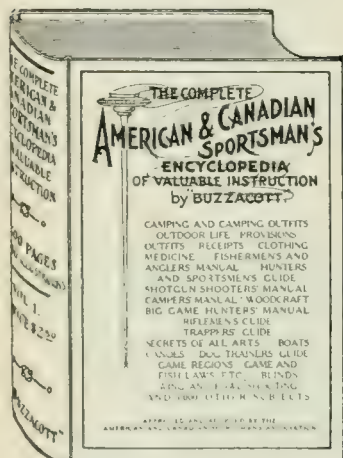
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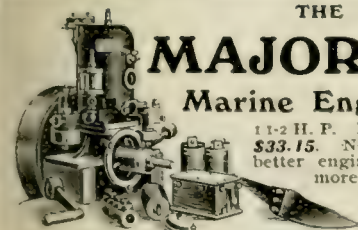


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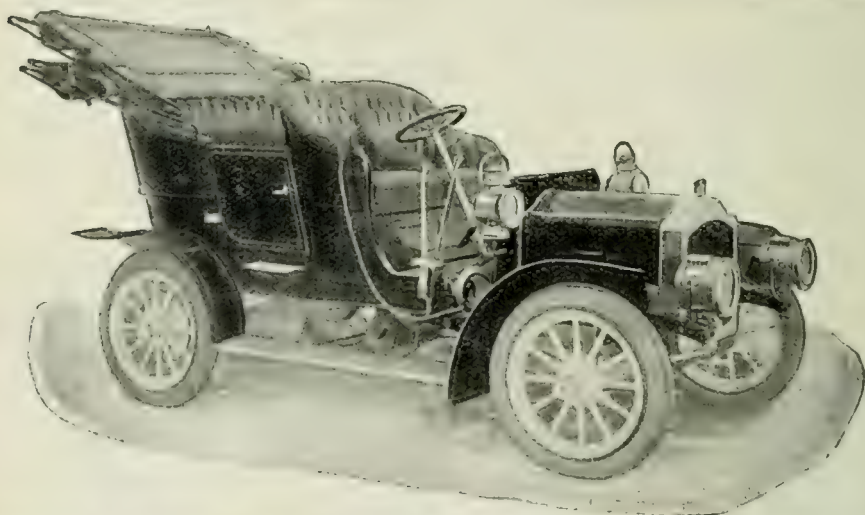
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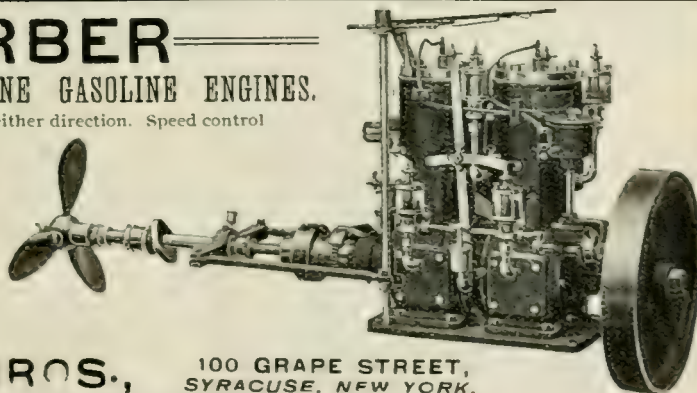
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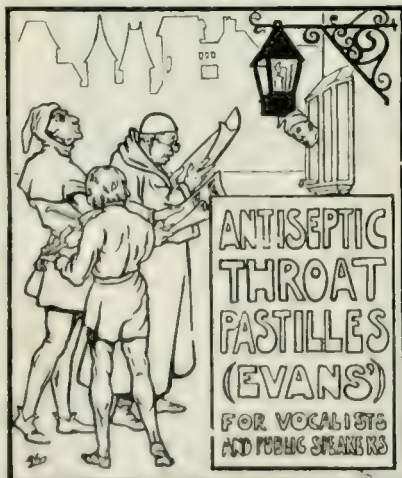


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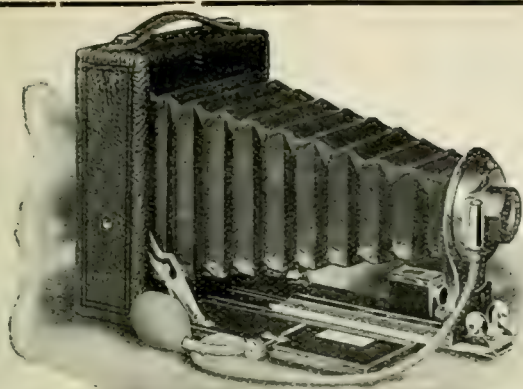
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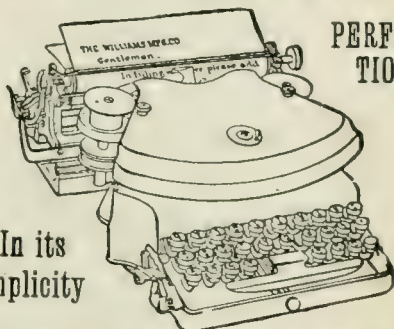
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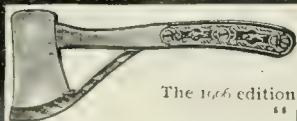


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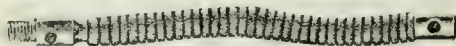
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## and Motor Sports in Canada

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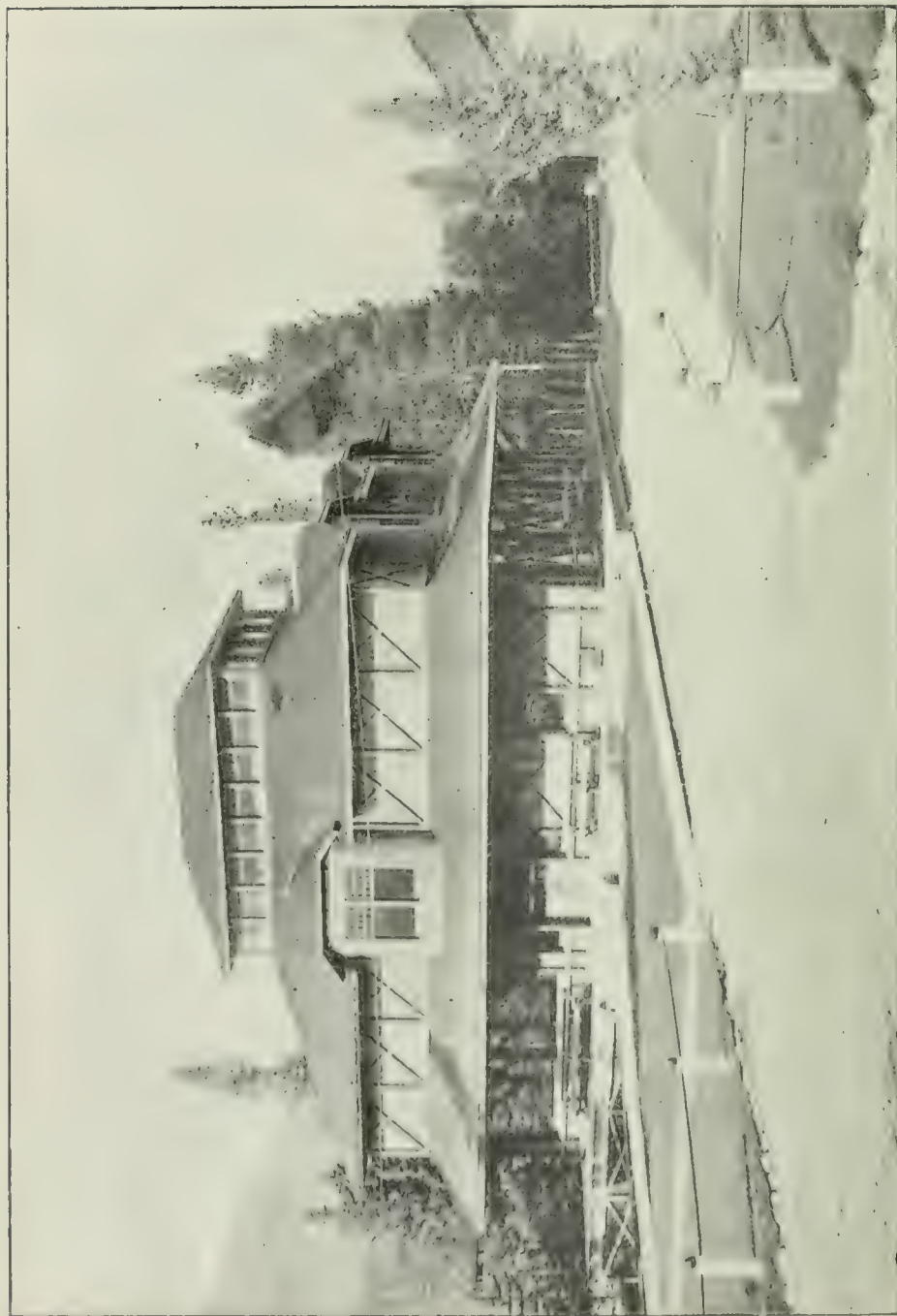
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# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

MARCH, 1907

NO. X

### Our Vanishing Deer.

BY THE REV. DR. MURDOCH.

**T**HE most interesting, and at the same time, pathetic, objects I saw on a visit to the West were the deep-worn, but now long deserted, buffalo trails still visible, and the huge boulders here and there on the prairie, each surrounded by a deep trench; these stones smooth worn, where, for perhaps a million years, the shaggy inhabitants of these plains had rubbed and scratched themselves. These appeal strongly to the imagination; for they speak of glory departed, and departed forever.

The same feeling comes to one who loves the woods when, after an absence of some years, he again revisits a run way in the northern wilds. One day last September I struck back from the shore of Lake Joseph, Muskoka, to hunt up a pond where, I had heard, a couple of beavers were at work. Running the little steam launch Midget pretty well up towards the head of the lake, the guide and I started west, crossing the Canadian Pacific Railway and the James Bay Railroad tracks, which here run side by side close to the shore where we tied up the launch. We traveled along an old lumber road running through a beaver meadow and cranberry marsh, and in five

minutes we were in the depths of a wild uninhabited country, which extends from the Severn River on the south to the Rainy River on the north. Twenty years ago deer swarmed over this entire territory. Even in 1892 they were still numerous. There are still a few, even in the country between Parry Sound and the Severn; but not one where there were scores even ten years ago, and only a few scattered tracks are now seen. The old runways are there; and we followed one some miles; but the narrow track, in some places cut deep into the hillside, is no longer used; is filled with leaves and fallen twigs, and only here and there could a recent track be discovered. The fact is the deer have vanished and are gone, except a straggling doe and fawn. The same thing is true in the country along the Maganetawan, which until within the last few years was the best deer country I know of. But there, too, friends report to me a sad change; the deer scarce, and camps of hunters with their dogs at intervals of a few miles.

And what has brought this about? Why are the deer vanishing over these vast tracts of forest land?

*Not the encroachments of civilization. I*

doubt if there are as many settlers in the region under discussion as there were twenty years ago. In travelling along the government roads where such exist, deserted homesteads are frequently met with showing that former settlers have moved away. This region from the Severn to Parry Sound is largely uninhabited and uninhabitable.

*Not the depredations of the grey wolf.* In the dark forests west of Commanda Lake and north to the French River, I believe there are some wolves. But south of Parry Sound I could hear of none.

*Not the destruction of their food or shelter by the clearing away of the native forests.* For though the white pine has been removed, yet the whole country is now covered with a dense growth of young pines, poplars, white and yellow birch and wild cherry, affording an ideal cover for game and especially for deer. The cedar and tamarack swamps remain untouched by forest fires, and afford a warm and secure shelter for the deer during the storms of winter. In fact deer cannot do without these swamps. Few even of those who hunt deer and have assisted in dressing them know that *our deer have no gall gland*. It is for this reason, and to supply this lack, that deer must have the bitter browse found in these swamps. They are especially fond of pine needles; and when the lumbermen fell a tree the deer are on hand, as soon as the men quit work in the evening, to feed during the night. This is the reason that deer kept in parks do not thrive. The men in charge do not know enough to supply this essential part of a deer's diet; so they soon pine away. I saw in the Zoological Gardens in London one of our Canadian deer. He was a poor little specimen, and would not weigh more than sixty pounds though he was, by his horns, a mature buck. I was ashamed to let anyone know that it was a Canadian deer!

In fact the whole of Northern Ontario south of the Canadian Pacific Railway is ideally fitted to be the home of tens of thousands of deer, even as it used to be at a comparatively recent date.

Why then are the deer vanishing?

The answer is DOG! D-O-G!! And I

was almost going to say Hog.\*

I am not unmindful of the increased number of enemies that deer have had to encounter in recent years; the increase in the number of summer tourists, some of whom at least are not always careful to observe the game laws; the multiplication of rifles and guns of all descriptions in the hands of irresponsible parties; the formation of unnumbered Gun Clubs the members of which with their camp followers invade the woods in increasing numbers.

But after an experience in hunting deer with dogs and without them (for the last twenty-five years without them) extending over forty years I know what I am talking about when I affirm that the use of hounds in hunting has been the chief cause of the rapid depletion of our forests of this, the noblest of our Canadian game. While as I have said this is not the only cause it is the chief cause. You may tinker the game laws as you like; but if hounding is not stopped, and stopped soon, the deer, outside of the Algonquin Park, will continue to vanish until they will be like the wild pigeon and the buffalo, only the memories of long ago.

Closely associated with the hound in the destruction of the deer is the Gun Club, where a dozen or more take their hounds and camp followers and settle down in a locality which they systematically hunt until they clean out the deer; and then they move on to pastures new.

In the year 1892 I saw the work of such a Club from Pittsburg, Pa. They were camped on the Severn near the Lost Channel about twelve miles up from the mouth. They had a pack of hounds, colored cooks and a numerous retinue of attendants. They had men underbrush paths to the runways, and erect comfortable seats at convenient points. Then the guides distributed the hounds at intervals through the woods, and the slaughter began. Fawns were shot and left to rot where they fell, or fed to the dogs. They cleaned out that entire locality and then moved on. There were a few deer still remaining when I was there. I managed to shoot one; (I could have shot two fawns) but when my companions went back two years afterwards

\*Dogs can penetrate into the dense swamps and windfalls, and drive out the deer from these their natural hiding places, where the still hunter must be content to leave them.

\*When some years ago, firms engaged in lumbering in the Moon River country, they had two skilled hunters employed all winter shooting deer for their camps. This is only one example of the hog.



they did not get a deer. The Pittsburg Club had gone, but so had the deer!

My companion of last September pointed out to me a small lake we passed where the Maple Leaf Club (I do not know whence they came) had built their camp and had hunted deer with hounds. They had certainly made a clean sweep before they moved on.

I am not going to theorize about dog or no dog. We are confronted not with a *theory* but with a condition: deer vanishing from favored localities where they were until recently numerous.

Look at the question of game protection from the point of *Geography*. There is a false assumption that because our heritage of unexplored forest and lake extends almost to James Bay, that, therefore, the deer territory is practically unlimited. This is entirely erroneous.

The *Habitat* of the Red Deer in Ontario is practically bounded by the Kingston and Pembroke Railroad on the east, the Canadian Pacific Railway on the north, the Severn on the south and the Georgian Bay on the west. There are a few deer north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, but they have to fight a hard battle with the great depth of snow and the timber wolves.†

As one goes north of Lake Nipissing the deer give place to the lordly Moose fitted by Nature to cope both with the wolves and the deep snow.

Now this small area which I have described as the special home of the deer is penetrated by a number of railroads: The Kingston and Pembroke Railroad runs through what was one of the grandest deer countries in Ontario, penetrating to the head waters of the Mississippi and Fall Rivers. There is a railway clear up to Haliburton; and another to Coe's Hill. There is the Grand Trunk to

North Bay; and more recently the Canada Atlantic from Parry Sound running down through the Algonquin Park and crossing the Kingston and Pembroke at Renfrew. And now, within the past two years and just opening for traffic, we find two new Railroads, the Canadian Pacific Railway and the James Bay Railway running west of the Muskoka Lakes, and *cutting right into the last refuge of our Ontario deer*, penetrating a large tract of country that hitherto could be reached by the hunter only after a long wagon ride over rough roads. These new roads

cross the Maganetawan in the neighborhood of Deer Lake, cross somewhere about Wolf River, pass through a splendid forest land west of Commanda Lake and so go on to the north. The last time I hunted on the Maganetawan near Whitestone, I drove from Amic Harbor, a distance of fourteen miles. Were I to go back next fall the Railroad would land me right at the hunting ground.

Look at this question of hounding deer in the light of the *experience* and *mature judgment* of the sportsmen of our

sister Provinces, as well as those of the Northern States *without exception*.

*Every Province* of the Dominion, except Quebec, and *every State* of the Union has long since found it absolutely necessary to put a stop to hounding deer. I say except Quebec; but there dogs are allowed for only *ten* days; from October 20th till the end of the month. This too, only in restricted areas. Is the universal verdict of our brother sportsmen in all these States and Provinces wrong? Are the Solons who here tell us that our Canadian deer really enjoy running with heaving sides and tongues lolling from their mouths, to plunge into the icy waters of a lake;\* are these alone right?



REV. DR. MURDOCH.

†I saw on an island in Temagami Lake the hair and a scrap of the skin of a deer that had been killed the previous winter by the wolves.

\*Last November a buck hard pressed finally took to an ice fringed lake, waded along the shore for some distance till he came to a bay. He then lay down in water about four feet deep among some logs and drift wood hiding from dogs. From deer thus chilled if they survive at all, *the hair drops off in large patches*, and they perish of cold when winter sets in.

And then another most unsportsman-like and cruel thing of which the Ontario hunter is alone guilty, is the *shooting of fawns*, that is deer under a year old. The fact is that the fawns brought down by our hunters are barely *five months old when killed*. I saw one killed with the red hairs of its baby coat still adhering. It was not much bigger than a Jack rabbit! Even Quebec that allows hounding during ten days of the warmest part of the open season, draws the line at fawns.

I have actually heard the objection raised by a grown up man: "But how am I to distinguish a fawn from a lawful deer?" Any man who cannot tell a fawn from a grown up deer as far as he can see an *ear* or a *tail* or even the *outline of the back* had better take a few lessons from an experienced hunter. That is just one more objection to hounding; it does not lend itself to the training of a race of self-reliant woodsmen. Any duffer can have a guide place him on a runway and can blaze away at a passing deer, making sure that the guide will call and get him back to camp without his getting lost. But such a man will never know the joy of getting out alone in the still, solemn forest, with the dead leaves falling around him, and the fragrance of the autumn woods in his nostrils, pitting himself against the cunning of an old buck, every sense on the alert, his eye scanning every nook, watching the direction of the faint breeze, feeling at every step with the toe of his "*botte sautoire*" lest he break a twig; and then at length to see the gleam of an antler, and by a well placed and merciful shot to drop the buck in his tracks! No, the still hunter alone is the one who knows anything about the real joys of our Canadian forests and streams, or who can understand the poet when he sings:

"There is pleasure in the pathless wood,  
"There is a rapture on the lonely shore!"

And in addition to the prohibition of hounding and doing it at once, and making it a criminal offence to shoot a fawn, there are other restrictions that

would greatly help the re-stocking of these depleted solitudes with deer:

A check placed upon the indiscriminate slaughter of the deer by Indians and settlers \* at all seasons of the year.

The appointment of competent and energetic Game Wardens, and the appointment of a sufficient number of them to practically cover the ground, and to insist that these men keep moving over the game country. These men should be permanent and well paid Government officials. They should be appointed not by political favor but for their fitness and integrity. A local man is simply no good. I know of an instance where the Game Warden lives in the settlement he is supposed to watch. He is related by marriage or otherwise to almost every family in the locality; and he himself is one of the chief offenders against the game laws. There is supposed to be a game warden and fisheries inspector for the Lake Joseph district. Yet the guide of whom I spoke gave me the name and address of a man who had *six salmon trout nets* in Lake Joseph in the autumn of 1905 and who *shipped his catch in boxes to Toronto*.

Let every dollar of the thousands collected each year for shooting permits go to paying for game protection. If more money is needed charge more for permits.

Let the Chief Game Warden see to it that his subordinates do their duty. Let him remember that the game laws will never be enforced from an arm chair in the Parliament Buildings, nor by men appointed by political favor. If the present Government of Ontario will make as great an improvement in the administering of the game laws as they have in improving and enforcing the liquor laws of our Province they will earn and receive the lasting benedictions of all who love and are proud of the glories of our Canadian woods, and who desire to think that their children and children's children will still have a heritage in the splendid deer which are now threatened with speedy extinction over large areas where they were abundant even in recent years.

\*One morning last July I heard the crack of a rifle thrice repeated. I found that a neighboring settler had seen doe (her fawn's track was found in the edge of the woods) in the meadow and had fired three shots with his savage rifle at her, fortunately missing her.

# August Days in Temagami.

BY FRANK J. CLOWES.

## Temagami.

Far in the grim Northwest, beyond the lines  
That twin the rivers eastward to the sea,  
Set with a thousand islands, crowned with pines,  
Lies the deep water, wild Temagami:  
Wild for the hunter's roving, and the use  
Of trappers in its dark and trackless vales,  
Wild with the trampling of the giant moose,  
And the weird magic of old Indian tales.

All day with steady paddles toward the west  
Our heavy laden long canoe we pressed;  
All day we saw the thunder-traveled sky  
Purpled with storm in many a trailing tress,  
And saw at eve the broken sunset die  
In crimson on the silent wilderness.

—Archibald Lampman.

NOTE—It was in the fall of 1896 that Lampman made the trip by canoe to Lake Temagami, and return, via Lake Nipissing and the Metabechawan River. Special interest is lent to the expedition by the fact that it was here the poet sustained the injury to his heart that brought on his premature death.

**T**HERE were only four of us all told, but we were a whole international alliance in ourselves. It began when "Friar Tuck" and myself together, took our trial trip in the summer of 1905 up the length of the Kawartha Lakes—Gull River system over into Upper Muskoka waters in Lake of Bays and Fairy Lake. Before "Friar Tuck," who is a glossy browed young attorney-at-law from New York City, departed across the invisible frontier line, we had entered into a reciprocity treaty to join forces for a Temagami raid in the then-distant August following, each with an extra recruit. I enlisted "Romeo," a fervid, youthful engineer from Mount Royal, and was happy in the acquisition of a kindred spirit, endowed with no meagre fund of camp-lore. "Friar Tuck" impressed into the service his fellow citizen, the mercantile "Daffydowndilly." The writer, sole Toronto member, completed the Canadian contingent, and held the post of camp secretary-treasurer (by self appointment.)

Thus, when the whole cosmopolitan quartette assembled at North Bay on the

morning of Sunday, August 5th, the months of planning and calculating amid alternating hope and fear that lay behind were all forgotten in sheer exhilaration that our cherished dream had come true.

As our train drew near Temagami about five p. m., there loomed up ahead a black summer thunder cloud that volleyed and flashed and rent open the windows of heaven. Floods of rain were gushing down as we jumped off at the gateway to a domain of watery mazes. Prisoners of the deluge, under dripping eaves, Friar Tuck and I interchanged satisfied self-assurances reminiscent of a similar start in persistent rain the year before, and prophetic of a like happy journey. Hardly had the heaviest fallen before our twin Lakefield canoes dipped their first into the waiting lake. Six-thirty saw us striking down the northeast Arm to make a start, were it only a start, from our launching place for the first night out. Ignoring desultory volleys of rain, spattering like a rear guard fire on the trail of the storm, we paddled a good half hour down channel, winding out among the thick-set islands. In the





ON THE WAY NORTH; THE INTERNATIONAL ALLIANCE AT NORTH BAY AWAITING THE DEPARTURE OF THE TEMAGAMI TRAIN.

drenching of a renewed steady, down-pour, we landed on one of the smaller islands against the north shore. There, with rain drops dripping off our hats, trickling down our backs and running down our legs, we set up the silken pyramid we called Home, built our stone stovelet and coaxed our fire into flame with birch bark. Shortly the shower ceased, and a speechless quartette sat about a cheery hearthstone silent save for smacking lips, crunching jaws and the increasing sighs that bespoke the content that reigned in the inner man. Discomforts melted, hearts warmed up, mirth held sway; we stretched our clothing and persons by the heat of a blazing pile of driftwood; the jovial campfire hour sped by; we turned in about ten to our couch of boughs, the artistic work of Friar Tuck, official tent-erector and bed-layer; and all slept the sleep of minds at peace with themselves and the world.

Daybreak disclosed a sky heavily overcast; the wind was east; early gusts of

rain delayed our departure till mid-forenoon. Once aboard and away, eyes were opened wide to the wonders that Temagami even here at its threshold unfolded. We journeyed among park-like islands, between shores heavily timbered right down to the water's edge; through narrows into broad stretches; and so coasted past those erratic capes and twining bays that give the lake its shore line of two thousand two hundred miles to its hundred square miles of surface. As we traveled we trolled; our American allies with copper line and "otter" bait; we with linen hand line and spoon. An uneventful hour and a half was broken suddenly; for while both canoes, side by side, were passing a point on the south shore, all in a moment, first to one and then to the other came a smart tug at the line. We Canadians drew our first bass; while our comrades landed a strange fish that Daffydowndilly thought a pickerel, Romeo held to be a dore, I guessed to be a wall-eyed

pike, and Friar Tuck did not know. We later learned we were all right. Just as our line, in the act of being let out again, was dangling fifteen to twenty feet behind, it was greedily snatched by the third fish, which came up another surprised wall-eyed. He dispatched, and the line out-slipping again, immediately number four anticipated our fondest hopes promptly scooped in the spoon, and the next moment lay gasping and goggle-eyed in our hold. Four fish, all about of a size at two pounds apiece, all within five minutes or so, allayed the fishing fever. So we hied us for the nearest island on our route, situated breezily in mid-channel, ten miles from the head of the arm and at the foot of a long wide stretch of clear water. The gloomy clouds scattered and gave place to brilliant sunshine, beneath which the lake rippled and sparkled enchantingly. We lunched off bass and wall-eyed, tasted one against the other, and found both so good that neither excelled.

Soon after resuming paddles, we reached the foot of the North-East Arm, and the parting of the ways. A charming blue avenue of lake set with purple islands beckoned us towards the south, but our course led northward and westward, skirting the rear of Temagami Island. On our right, deep bays opened and receded into obscure shores. To our left we caught a glimpse of Temagami Inn, soon hidden behind Bear Island, to the north of which we held on our way. That island astern, we headed into the broader, more open reaches of the North Arm. Just then we sighted in the distance, beneath the steep, rocky, evergreen-laden bluffs of the eastern shore, a gleaming strip of level beach. Thither we turned aside and revelled in an ideal bathing spot sunny, sand, stoneless with clear, pure water. Then we broke away again, the American section to troll slowly along under injunctions to bring in a trout for supper, the Canadians to go on ahead to choose and prepare the camp site. We pioneers landed at the southern extremity of Rabbit-Nose Island, whence we gained a magnificent view of the noble lake stretching south to Garden and Bear Islands and many beyond, and north past Squirrel Point to Devil's Mountain. Al-

most on our heels came the fishers with, sure enough, a salmon trout of four pounds weight, gracing their canoe. The evening was transparent. We raised no tent to shut it out,—indeed, we set up our tent only four times on our trip,—but spread our blankets on spruce boughs laid in the open. Fanned by light airs of night, lulled by incessant waves lap-lapping against the rocky shore, smiled on by clear bedecked sky and bright full moon, we slept the night away right in the all-out-of-doors.

We awakened to a morning perfectly still and a lake as of glass. We pointed our bows northward again. Steep forested heights rose on the right; on the left we passed in an hour the rugged features of outstanding Squirrel Point, crossed the mouth of Granny Bay, passed Granny Island, and, opposite the wide-agape mouth of Devil's Bay, arrived before noon at Keewaydin Camp, headquarters of the well known American camping organization, situated on Devil's Island. It is a choice spot, a level point, with wide view both up and down the lake. The throngs of sun-tanned boys and men, the log headquarters' lodge, dining-hall and store-houses, the numerous white-walled tents gleaming among the groves behind, and the gaudy blankets sunning on the line, formed an animated scene. The freedom of the municipality was extended to as by an old comrade of Friar Tuck's. Disaster all but befell us here, for Romeo had pulled the nose of one of our canoes, loaded as it was, high up on the dock, and left the stern afloat. Playful waves lapped at it in our absence and we were suddenly called out of the lodge by the alarm that our canoe—what canoe would not in such a plight?—had capsized and discharged its cargo into the lake. Luckily it was not the grub-pack; so tragedy became comedy. The sun, too, was kind to us, and blazed on our soaked dry-goods outspread in the clearing, while we engaged in doing full justice to the plenty of Keewaydin's table. The other boys ate as if they never expected to get a square meal again; and I did fairly well myself, being relieved from the burden of cooking for the crowd.

Immediately after dinner a Keewaydin-





CANOEING PARTY IN THE WILDS OF TEMAGAMI.

inite party set out southwards for the Temagami River, and by the time they had shrunk to black dots down the lake, we were reloaded for the north. The lake continued to reveal its wonders of wooded shores and islands. At 4:30 we reached the new store, postoffice and hotel of Lady Evelyn on the northernmost extremity of Deer Island, and not on the lake whose name it bears. Instead of wheeling in sharp to the left past the hotel we blundered on up the lake. In this we were furthered by a passing fisherman, who, when asked where we should strike the head of Deer Island, replied "Keep right on." When we did jibe in to the left two miles further, the narrow boulder-bedded cut we wormed through admitted to a placid expanse of lake, that Romeo and I, being the scouts, explored to its furthest recess only to find no exit. It was a land-locked inlet off Whitefish Bay and easily two hours out of our course. So we fell back on the opening, crowded the second

canoe just entering, back out of the gap, and diligently set about retiring from our position before night fell. We were obliged by hastening sunset to pitch camp at the first best spot, a sloping rocky landing place on the west shore of Whitefish Bay.

The deviation had paid for itself, however, for, as we had been coming up the bay, not far north of the hotel, the boys in the other canoe got the bite of the trip on the "otter." A keen tussle ensued. The lancewood rod bent under desperate sustained tugging, the reel ground in slowly and hard, the copper was tense with the strain and flashed as it swayed in the sun; we all sat around watching Daffydowndilly carefully winding, pausing, releasing, winding again. For fifteen minutes we watched the game, then of a sudden the line went slack, the bait came in, the battle was over and we had not even caught sight of the fish.

After a quickly made meal, on landing, we built a hot fire close to the water's



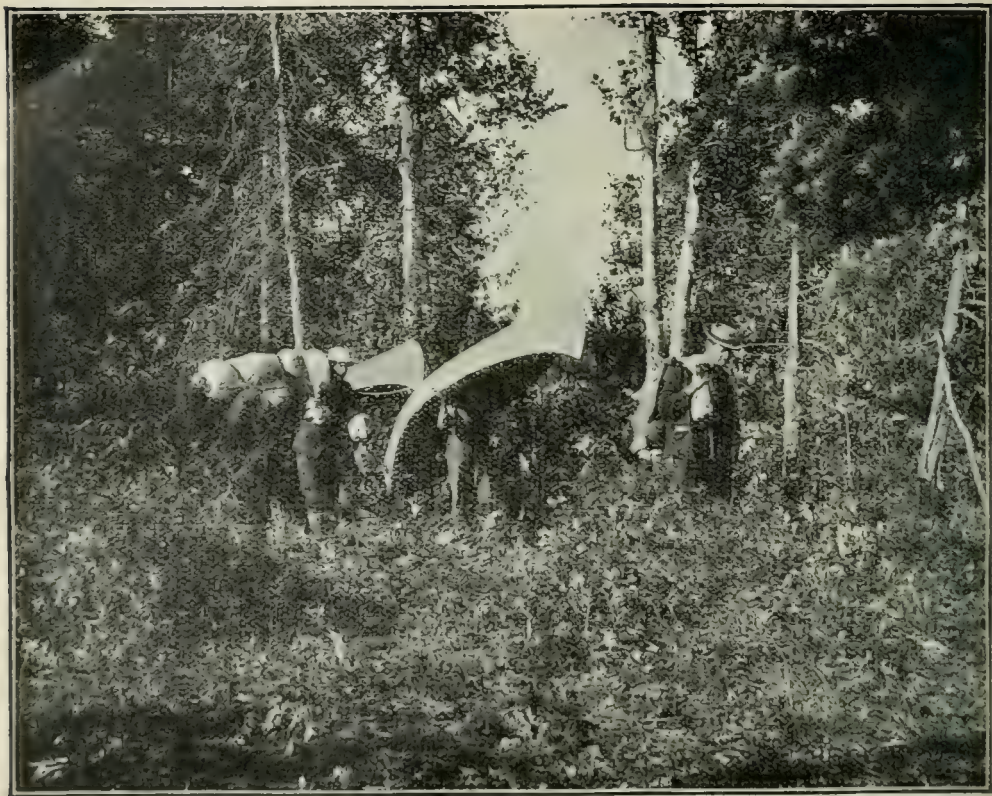
edge, and before it finished the drying of our clothes. Campers across on Sheepsh-head Island called over in friendly warning: "Did we know we were building a fire on the mainland? The fire rangers had driven them off the mainland some days prior, and the rangers might be along again, though not that night." We admitted a strong suspicion that we were on the mainland, and confessed it was a fire we were building; but we were not calculating to abide on said mainland till the fire rangers came in the morning, and were disposed to lay us down in peace for the night. As we sought our couches of moss and spruce, low in the clear northern sky the auroral lights were flashing brightly. Later, over the dark bold shore line opposite, up rose the blood red moon, paling as she rose, and drifted calmly through the spotless sky and the night.

Next morning (Wednesday) we rose to meet the rising sun fairly flooding into our camp from in front. (Whenever possible our camps were placed, at Daffydowndilly's express desire, where the first rays of the sun would strike; but we noticed that Daffy generally took his "early morning sun" in bed). As we retraced our way southwards, the ripples in our wake were the first to ruffle the long shadows of a peaceful lake wherein the twin of the main shore drooped downward from the land's edge in flawless perfection, to kiss the reflected blue beneath. Before Lady Evelyn Hotel we swerved to the right, navigated the boulder-strewn slit between Deer Island and the mainland, and wheeled to the right again in Sharp Rock Inlet. An innocent porcupine down for a drink drew a fusilade from Romeo's revolver; our partner chased him ashore and up a tree, but the peppering of ten shots only served to make the poor lubber climb higher and cling tighter. It was striking to observe the contour of the lake bed, exposed by the sun's brightness, through the marvelously clear water. Massive boulders strewed the rocky bottom, and often rose up as though threatening shipwreck, but we glided high above them. Camps gleamed from several of the numerous islands. We crossed the main body of the inlet diag-

onally and followed up a narrow, lengthy arm north and northeast to its extremity. This was marked by a log shack on the hillside, by a babbling brook, the northern outlet of Lake Temagami, and by—the inevitable—our "first portage." The carry is not over four hundred yards, by a well-trodden path, with some stones and grades. Daffydowndilly and I each bore, helmet-wise, a canoe; the other two shared the one hundred and sixty odd pounds of baggage, trimmed and packed for the one trip per portage to which we had pledged ourselves. We were feeling proud of ourselves until a party of four, two tourists with a guide apiece, came tripping past us on the trail; and as the nimble heels of one guide vanished out of the limited field of vision framed by my canoe, the proprietor of the heels handed this parting bouquet to me (grunting and smothering and wobbling over the stones); "Take longer steps; you won't wear out your moccasins so fast." I noticed, however, that the "gentlemen" fussed with cameras while the guides had to go back again for the balance; and we went on our way.

Diamond Lake, to which Sharp Rock Portage ushers, is a silent, glistening gem, studded with islands. Romeo drew in a two pound bass enroute, on the Devon minnow; our comrades likewise pulled in a wall-eyed. We traversed the width of the lake—its length carries it out of view to the east—and entered a narrow inlet retreating into the north. We listened long for the hum of falling water; this broke on us suddenly, and led aside into a passage at the right up to the head of Lady Evelyn Falls. The portage is hardly more than three hundred yards in length; but it has ups and downs all its own, over big rocks and little, before it drops to the river below. After lunch at the foot of the portage in the heat of the day, we plied the rod again. A voracious wall-eyed, the only self-sacrificing inhabitant of the upper pool, came to my first cast with Devon minnow; then Romeo and Daffydowndilly with flies landed two bass at the foot of the lower falls.

We left the Falls behind, threaded the rock-reefed channel below, and wended amidst the charms of the islet-strewn



ON THE PORTAGE.

Narrows, to issue thence upon the bewitching glories of Lady Evelyn Lake. Before us spread noble vistas of blue lake, flanked by wooded islands posted in parade ranks, and overlooked by dark shores purpling away to the dim north. Impressed by the grandeur of the scene, with one voice all said: "Why push on in the mere effort to compass distance? Is not this the Promised Land? Can we come upon the peer of this the most beautiful lake in America? Let us camp here amid the beauty till time to go." Thus we landed along in the afternoon, near the south end of the lake, on a point facing three ways, and full in the broad view of the most gorgeous of sunsets and rosy after-glow. Just at dusk we were visited by three young men from a Keewaydin crew of three canoes, who had passed on down the lake just as we landed and had camped on an island half a mile further north. Genial chaps, hailing respectively from Harvard, Yale and

Princeton, they spend their summers in the bracing wilds of Canada and were then off with their guides on a three weeks' trip through the trout streams, the east branch of the Montreal, the Sturgeon and Obabika back to headquarters. When pipes had been smoked empty, our guests paddled away into the night; but we ourselves still chatted on keeping watch on the pole star and the playing Northern Lights, or gazing out into a sky brimming with a myriad of stars not seen in these less transparent southern latitudes. Then we turned in just as the ruddy moon popped over the eastern shore; and slept as one can sleep after a day of heat and effort in a night of God's free fresh air.

Day dawned clear and still. We tumbled up just about as soon as the sun peered over the forest horizon. He forthwith began to make his power felt. We entrusted the bulk of our chattels to Providence and our faith in human na-





THE END OF THE FIRST PORTAGE, LOOKING ACROSS DIAMOND LAKE FROM SHARP ROCK PORTAGE.

ture and, with a day's provisions on board, embarked for anywhither. We followed down the centre of the lake, stretching seven or eight miles ahead, with rows of islands on both sides, and long reaches of water between them and the shores. A bass hooked himself to our troll just a few minutes out; and Friar Tuck and Daffydowndilly reported a small common pike, which they returned to his native element. A strip of sand was the invitation for a scamper ashore, a swim and a sun-bath. The south wind, risen considerably meanwhile, carried us along at a smart clip. Towards the north end of the lake, we pulled up for lunch on the tip of a rocky island, from which we could see the purple ridges, the source of the trout streams rising to the west. We made a circuit up the arm of the lake towards those ridges. It was an alluring prospect; shores drawing together in front, the left low, the north girt by a high bluff, but both thickly wooded. Back of the head

of the arm ranged forest-clothed slopes, the distinct outlines of the lower blending with the dim and still dimmer purple of the higher, till all were capped by a mountainous, upstanding ridge that cut the horizon sharp across from south to north. Was it because we must needs face about on the southward trail that those hazy terraces glistened with that fascinating glamour and made at least one of the party inwardly resolve that another summer would carry him deep into their heart? But for this time it was about ship and set to with a will, for the veil drawing over the sun, the sigh of the wind and the scent of the air foretold rain. We kept towards the west shore to study its configuration. While spinning along at our best gait, we caught two more athletic little bass. The wind dropped with the sun and by the time we reached "home," the horizon was screened with moist, slant-wise streaks. Up with the tent was the first order; bass, sago, prunes and bannock



the second; the third was—spruce boughs.

The rain held off from our niche in the landscape till daylight; then came beating on our silk roof in guerilla showers, drenching the woods well. It kept us a-bed in the dry till ladylike hours and placed us on the two-meal-a-day plan. Our first repast might have been named either breakfast or dinner, but assuredly served for both. Repacked about two p. m., we again took up the thread of our travels, despite the damp day. Our last lingering look on Lady Evelyn the splendid was of shores gloomy black and skies dull grey, but entrancing as ever even in such mood. The Falls were reached and passed by four thirty, another half hour took us across Diamond Lake. Not yet had we emerged from Sharp Rock Portage when rain came on again, steady and business-like. We struck down the Inlet to the first camping-place spied, a clump of spruce on an island of sloping rock. Miserable though it be to land with sodden clothing under a soaking shower, a brief space sufficed to fit us up perhaps our cosiest, handiest little camp of all. Then when the shower had ceased, to see Romeo, costumed in his only dry change, toboggan off into the lake again, was enough to put us other three in the best of humor; and, after a hearty meal, we were all, Romeo included ready to enjoy in good fettle a blazing hot, drying-fire, under a sky swept clear of every last wreath of vapor, and with "every star that ever was made" out aglow.

We wakened to face Daffydowndilly's "early morning sun" beaming from the opposite shore square into our wide-open tent. Clear dawn's promise of a fair day faded before a cloudy sky that remained hazy all forenoon. Daffy, getting into the canoe to catch a front view of our camp, performed us an avalanche down our smooth-faced landing into the lake; but religiously held aloft his camera. Romeo followed suit with his second dip. It was time, we thought, to get away from there. We first recrossed Sharp Rock Inlet, and detoured to the west of Beaver Island, through a narrow twisted channel to regain the lake below Deer Island. A moderate south wind was blowing in our

faces as we continued down the lake. The now familiar landmarks of Keewadin on the left, Granny's Island and Squirrel Point on the right, had been already passed when the wind veered to the south-east. A moment more and it switched right round to the east. It began to blow squally. Distant thunder grumbled. Clouds obscured the sun. Storms were seen riding along the horizons. By the short time Rabbit Nose was reached a great gale was blowing from the east. It was then past noon, and quite in order to halt right there on the northern tip of the island; and a northward bound party of two appeared to find our old location on its southern point no premature haven for themselves. We had made just enough headway with the preparation of our dinner to be fixed to the spot, when the gale shifted plumb around to the north and swooped with redoubled fury full on our bare bivouac. In a twinkling that whole lake north of us was lashed into a riotous mass of black surges and foaming white-caps, magnificent to behold. Seething rollers boomed and echoed on our rock-bound shore. The wind howled fiercely, chilled us to the bone, tossed our hair, shook at our footing, fought with our fire and cooled our pots. We munched our meal in gratitude that we had any to munch. Then, as staring at the tumult served not to abate the violence of a storm that seemed good for days, we freighted through the underbrush to a sheltered cove on the east side. A party composed of an American gentleman, his two sons and two Indians, were harbored at the same spot.

They bye-and-bye essayed the weather. We saw them safely started, man and boys seated, an Indian paddling each canoe, steering broadside on for the northwest arm, and immediately re-embarked ourselves. Once out in the open lake fair in the path of the storm, we wondered what kept us back so long. Have you ever known this the crowning joe of canoeing—to ride before the storm? The waves heave up astern; they threaten to go over you; they lift your light craft, teetering buoyantly with them; they surge hissing along the gunwale and pass forward in powerless rage; then

your canoe slips easily down the onswelling billow, to rise again to the next; this measured, graceful undulation falters not while wave advances, wave rolls by; and you, a fleck on the bosom of the uproar, may enjoy it in safety so long as water buoys, wood floats, mind rules and you watch your waves. It was an exciting ride. Forty minutes out, and we rolled under the lee of the dock at Bear Island nearly five miles below.

We stopped just long enough to buy out the Hudson Bay store and fill our packs, and started again for the south. The wind had perceptibly increased, and we headed a little east of south to gain the shelter of a cluster of islands a couple of miles distant. More than once in the scurry across, swamping seemed imminent; the waters frothed and foamed, tossed high frantic arms, reached up angry fingers clutching at the canoe's sides—once or twice waves lapped over a little, and a spent crest sprayed in; but always the waves fell back broken and discomfited. We sped on, until we slid behind the first island; thence forward it was leisurely paddling, the thick set clumps of rock-rooted trees breaking the wind's rage.

At the southern fringe of the archipelago, where unbroken lake again opened out, appeared an island well wooded, whose tip projected a flat spacious shelf into the lake. On this cape stood upright a massive rock the size of a trapper's hut. In the lee of this rock we landed, close behind it kindled our fire, beneath it snuggled and ate our thankful evening meal to the orchestral whistling of the wind around our cosy nook. In the silent sunset radiance floated clouds of black edged with fluffy pink; clear blue showed between; stars twinkled as night came on, and later, a fragment of moon glimmered. Not for one moment throughout the night did there cease the roaring of a blast that old-timers pronounced a "rip-snorter," and that in winter would have been a young blizzard. It swished the waves running by the point, whipped the shore with ever recurring rumble, rustled among the rushes and crooned among the dark fir trees. We half froze. Undressing (?) for bed, we mummied ourselves in every

garment our wardrobes contained; and so passed the night in tolerable comfort in our nest of boughs and blankets, with our tent laid flat over all, and held down by stones.

Sunday morning (August 12th) dawned fair and white, but the wind careered with velocity unstayed, and the lake yet ran high. A forty minute paddle through another rough stretch landed us about 10:30 a. m. at Camp Temagami, summer paradise for boys. The island and its surroundings render it an ideal place for the end it serves. Our whole party were so generously welcomed by Mr. Cochran, the moving spirit of the island, and by our friends there, that it was three hours before we could tear ourselves away.



ENROUTE THE INTERNATIONAL ATLANTIC  
LEAVING CAMP TEMAGAMI SOUTH BOUND.

We crossed the South Arm, and with one last look at the blue waters sparkling amid the islands away to the distant north, we bade farewell to Temagami, queen of all lakes, passed into the confines of Outlet Bay, and entered on our river travel.

In retrospect, the Temagami River trip seems a three days' idyll, adrift down the rippling sun-dappled current amid a country pleasant to look upon. Right and left rose high banks, thick set with musical pines, watching, as they have watched through generations, the ever flowing stream. Now it runs smoothly; now expands into pool or lakelet; now darts down a handsome little rapid; now roars full voiced over rocky ledge; now passes





THE SKIN OF A THREE POUND BASS.

through open lake, low-shored devious Red Cedar, or gem-like Lake of Islands, each pine crowned islet an ideal tarrying place. Finally, canoes glide gracefully down the six mile rapids, angling dash after dash, curve after curve, to where the river takes its last leap just before joining the Sturgeon.

Reveries were, ever and anon, brought up short, however; for there were little rapids to shoot, falls to be approached cautiously, and portages to make. Of these last there were thirteen, none severe but yet sure death to day-dreams. They began, for instance, with that at Temagami Falls, where the walking is through low-lying brush and the mosquitos ate, drank, and made merry upon bare arms; and there was, again, that at the log-chute below Surveyor's Lake, where the short trail climbed sheer up the bank across prostrate trunks waist high, and then sheer down again; there was the first island-portage where it was only a lift over the rock into the eddy below; there was that where the innocent looking root tripped the foot of the secretary and brought him low, to find a branch jammed

through the timbers of his canoe; furthermore, there was that of the dividing ways and the likewise dividing comrades. It happened thus:

We landed on the left bank at the head of Portage number ten, to make what was described as a jaunt of eight hundred and fifty paces. I, being first off, followed the path up to where, just past the brow of the hill, it forked into two branches of seemingly equal proportions. On the principal of keeping closer to the Falls, I chose the right, and, after trudging about a quarter of a mile along an uneven winding track came out in plain sight of the foot of the Falls on to an open space perched on the precipitous river's brink, but littered with traces of former wayfarers. Hallooing back I got no reply, I returned, hallooing, to the forks—again no reply; to the brow above the landing still no reply. There was but one thing to do. I chased along the left branch, calling at the top of voice. The path, at first easy, began to wind, to go down and up, became more and more narrow and twisting and rough, crossed fallen trees, scaled steep rocks, ran along the tops of





AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH—SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS, TEMAGAMI.

logs, writhed between saplings set thick as berry bushes. Surely, methought, they never came through here. At the end of three-quarters of a mile, my cries were answered. I came upon Friar Tuck and Daffydowndilly, the later with his canoe wedged tight in an impassable groove. After turning them back, I hastened to overtake the ardent Romeo, who enjoys a portage as some men enjoy their meals, and once started goes forward at an all day lope. It was another half mile before his welcome voice responded and verily, but for being overhauled he might be going yet. A humbled party we plodded back to the foot of the Falls.

Though we saw no other human beings

during three days, animal life abounded. It began a mile below Temagami Falls, at the entrance to Cross Lake, with a flock of ducks, which at the behest of Romeo and Daffydowndilly, must be stalked. We chose the Armada formation, and our whole navy advanced in line on the prey. Of course, we got nowhere within range, but this incident opened the revolver warfare that was waged whenever teal, or blue-bill, or mallard, or snipe, or swan, or flamingo, or other wonder of Romeo's vocabulary, happened, in the ordinary pursuit of its livelihood, to be sitting on the river along the route of our trip. The feud continued into the outskirts of civilization. At the junction of the Sturgeon where we

purchasad fresh supplies from a French Canadian habitant, Romeo volunteered in what he called French to execute the pullet Madame had granted us to appease our hankering. Twice he crept stealthily up and fired point blank; twice the fowl promptly squawked and screamed and scuttled off limping. Finally it took refuge under a wood-pile, whence it was ignominiously dragged by Madam's little girl to a less romantic martyrdom. The closing episode of the campaign was a thunder of broadsides from both canoes at a pet porcupine slaking his thirst out of the Sturgeon; and was effective only in bringing down on us the rage of the owner, raking hay on the bank above. He waxed more and more wrathful the more his startled wits came together, and the last we saw of him he was fairly breathing fire.

Below the first Island falls we saw our first moose, a calf, feeding among the lily-pads. He waded ashore on our intrusion, stood a moment eyeing with ears wide outstretched, then trotted away in to the woods. At our last camp on the river, also, Romeo, who had crossed to a vacated cabin to bake in a beneficent stove left there, came back near bed time with his heart jumping. He reported that just as he came out of the cabin to go to the canoe, he heard a grunt and a splash, and held the candle high to see the vanishing hind quarters of a full grown moose.

The fishing in the Temagami was good. A few minutes casting with Devon minnow in the eddies below rapids would bring all the bass we needed, fresh for our meal.

We entered the Sturgeon Wednesday noon, and accompanied thousands of pulp logs down its course. At the end of the afternoon's hard paddle down a tortuous, monotonous, dilatory current, among increasing habitations, we found further progress down stream barred by extensive log jams. The next morning, was, therefore, occupied in a fourteen mile wagon ride over a characteristic rough country road to the town of Sturgeon Falls. There our generally uncouth and unbarbered appearance excited the admiration of all the small boys; but others seemed suspicious of our respectability.

By evening we had made the mouth of

the Sturgeon, and five miles of Lake Nipissing to Duke's Point. The following day (the seventeenth), old Nipissing whose tempestuous capabilities we had dreaded, lay one level, unruffled sheet beneath the blazing sun. Across that sheet, stroke after stroke, hour after hour, we crawled one whole famous live-long day. Well out from shore as we were, the bank seemed to keep right abreast, and the land marks ahead to walk right away. But we did catch up toward sundown and arrived at last in North Bay.

\* \* \* \* \*

So the twelve day cruise that had stimulated for months the tingling of anticipation passed, like a dream of last night, into the realm of reminiscence. Yet such a hold does that nomad life get upon the heartstrings that Romeo is already planning a honeymoon paddlé there next June. His less favored associates content themselves with living those scenes over and over again in vivid memory until, sure as warming suns rekindle the "big woods" into life, summers to come will see us on the trail again. For the the call away from here is a mysterious thing, as the far flight of the wild-fowl in the dark hours. Agony of sun-blistered arms; ache of frost-numbered limbs; fatigue of rugged portage, long drawn and oft-repeated; distress of relentless downpour and cheerless clamber ashore; harassment of malicious gusts, puffing out again and again the flickering flame, or blowing all ways into smarting eyes; these, and more than these, the true lover of the woods bears with cheerful fortitude. These only test his mettle; these only prove him of the kin,—

"I think heroic deeds were all conceived  
in the open air,  
And all great poems also."

For there is an indefinable something radiating from the glint of chaste waters, the flash of murmuring river, the calm of brooding forest, the splendor of rising and setting sun, the unspeakable majesty of heavens alight with twinkling worlds untold — an indefinable something that lifts one out of himself, and brings the spirit face to face with the primeval and eternal.



# The Alpine Club of Canada.

## Notes and News.

Shortly before Christmas the Calgary members of the Alpine Club of Canada gave a reunion dinner at which the President and his wife were the guests of honor. It was followed by presentations to the President (Mr. A. O. Wheeler) and the chief mountaineer (Mr. M. P. Bridgland) of handsome gold watch fobs on which the Club's crest was engraved in a charming design interlaced with rope and ice axes. The evening was spent amidst mountain scenes, as depicted by numerous fine photographic views, and the Camp of last summer was lived over again in the telling of many thrilling reminiscences. The Club yell was given amidst wild enthusiasm, and carried each individual member back, in imagination at least, to the triumphs achieved on the heights of Mt. Vice President. It is gatherings such as this that bind the members together in a spirit of patriotic comradeship that means success to the Club.

During the month of January the President gave a series of illustrated addresses in Eastern Canada with the object of spreading the Alpine Gospel, and making known the Alpine Club of Canada. Canada's mountain regions, and the doings of the Club in the Yoho Valley last summer, at its first Camp were vividly depicted to more than one thousand persons, and indirectly the magnificent mountain scenery of the Provinces of Alberta and British Columbia were made known to many thousands.

Addresses were given to good houses at Collingwood, Ottawa, Woodstock, Toronto and Winnipeg.

The Collingwood address was given under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

At Ottawa the address was under the management of the Canadian Club, and the vote of acknowledgment was moved by Sir Sandford Fleming, K. C. M. G.

At Woodstock the address was under the auspices of the Alpine Club. It was ably managed by Mr. J. D. Patterson, whose energetic work on behalf of the Club is known to every member, Mr. W. J. Taylor, the enterprising publisher of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," the Club's official organ, and Mr. A. H. Smith, who is on the editorial staff of the same publication.

The Toronto address was also given under the auspices of the Alpine Club of Canada. Professor A. P. Coleman, the eastern Vice President, was in the chair. The vote of acknowledgment was moved by Mr. Byron E. Walker, President of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and seconded by Professor Ramsay-Wright, of Toronto University, who stated that although he had always been of opinion that Switzerland held the grandest mountain scenery in the world, he was now forced to admit that there was something to be said for the Canadian mountains in this respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler arrived in Winnipeg on the delayed train at ten minutes past six o'clock on the evening of January tenth. The energetic President of the Club was however at the Auditorium of the Y. M. C. A., where his lecture was to be given, fully twenty minutes before the hour announced. The pictures were pronounced the finest mountain scenes ever shown in the city, and the lecture was listened to with marked attention. To see these pictures was the next best thing to a month in the Rockies. The Rev. C. W. Gordon D. D. ("Ralph Connor") presided, and paid a well deserved tribute to Mr. Wheeler's services to the mountains, and through them to the whole of the Canadian people. Mr. Wheeler was coming into his own not a moment too soon. If his work ceased now, Canada would be his debtor, but they all hoped he would be spared for many years to both the Club and the country. After the lecture the local members of the Club, to the number of twenty-four, adjourned to a supper, with



the President as the guest of honor. Unhappily Mrs. Wheeler was confined to her hotel during the whole of their visit to Winnipeg and was not able to be present. Dr. Gordon again presided. There were only two toasts—the King and the President. Mr. Laird, Treasurer of the Club, spoke in warm appreciation of Mr. Wheeler as man and President of the Club, and found himself in hearty agreement with those present. In reply Mr. Wheeler thanked the members present for their kindness and good will and their hearty support in all that had been undertaken in the name of the Alpine Club of Canada. He outlined in a few practical sentences some attainable schemes in view, when the Club shall have trebled its membership, as it has now a speedy prospect of doing. Amongst these is a habitation at the present headquarters, for the library and other property of the Club. Notably there will be a drafting room such as the English Alpine Club now possess in London.

On the following day a meeting of the Winnipeg members was held in order to discuss the affairs of the Club. The revenue, program for the coming year, next summer's camp, the immediate publication of a Year-book, and the publication of a hand-book containing the constitution and list of members, was amongst the business before the meeting.

On January seventeenth a second meeting was held at Calgary for the same purpose. The action of the Winnipeg meeting was unanimously endorsed. The results of the two meetings may be summarized as follows: It was decided to publish immediately a hand-book containing the Constitution and a list of members, to be distributed to members and prospective members for purposes of reference. It was further decided to publish, as soon as the material can be collected, an illustrated Year-book, similar to the publications of other Alpine Associations, setting forth the organization of the Club, the records of its members, the work done during its first year, information of interest concerning the mountain regions of Canada, and accounts of climbs made by its members in the Canadian Rockies. Scientific studies already made of prominent glaciers and

the first steps taken in that direction, during the Club's first meet in the Yoho Valley, will be a feature. An appropriation was made from the Club's revenue for this purpose.

On the motion of the Rev. Dr. Herdman an appropriation of \$50 was voted towards the amount still due upon the handsome granite monument recently erected at Laggan, in honor of Sir James Hector, the discoverer of the Kicking Horse Pass, a pass that is now traversed by the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Paradise Valley, one of the beauty spots of the Rocky mountains, was selected as the site of the second annual camp. It is situated about four miles east of the beautiful Lake Louise, and is reached from the pretty little station of Laggan on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The official climbs for graduating members will be Mts. Temple (11,600 feet above sea level) and Aberdeen (10,300 ft.)

Both meetings unanimously confirmed the elections of members held by ballot at intervals since the annual meeting in July, 1906.

The Club has now a membership of six honorary, nine associate, ninety active, and seventy graduating members. The membership extends not only throughout Canada, but to England, the United States and South Africa.

The President wishes it to be known that any member desiring an ice axe for the coming season can obtain the same by making an application to him. If such applications are received in good time the ice axes will be imported from Switzerland, the cost being from five to six dollars. In the same manner members desiring Swiss edge nails for climbing boots can obtain them by making application in the same manner. Address Arthur O. Wheeler, Calgary, Alberta.

The terms of the Art Competition, open to members of the Club, will shortly be issued. Those entering will be requested to submit six mounted photographs of mountain scenery. The views will be on exhibition at the Summer Camp when judges will be selected and prizes awarded.

The Library is growing. Dr. J. Norman Collie, who is a member of the English Alpine Club, as well as the Alpine Club of Canada, is sending two books: "Climbs and Explorations in the Canadian Rockies," by himself and H. E. M. Stutfield, and his own book on the Himalayas. Professor Hornaday's book, "Campfires in the Canadian Rockies," and an English book containing two Alpine articles by Dr. Collie have been presented by two officers of the Club. If any friend of the Club should find on a second hand bookstall or old library Paul Kane's book on his wonderful journey from "Muddy York" to the Pacific coast it would be a very valuable and acceptable gift.

Among the active members-elect are Mr. Allston Burr, of Chestnut Hill, Mass., and Miss Gertrude Benham, of London, England. Both Miss Benham and Mr. Burr have made good records in Switzerland and Canada.

Three new associate members, Mrs. P. Burns and Mrs. C. W. Rowley, Calgary, and Mr. Byron E. Walker, Toronto, have been added making this important list number nine. Mr. Walker has, from the very first, been a friend of the Club, and it is of happy augury to have a gentleman of such influence with young men all over the Dominion in such close relationship with the Club. There is no better sport for bankers than mountaineering.

The estimated revenue for the year will exceed thirteen hundred dollars, and the opinion was expressed that by some means or other, and preferably by an entertainment at Calgary, an effort should be made to increase this revenue to fifteen hundred dollars.

There will be plenty of climbing in front of those who attend the next Camp in the Paradise Valley. Mt. Temple is described as more of a strenuous than a difficult climb. Both Mts. Temple and Aberdeen, however, will provide work

enough to ensure that the graduates earn their qualifications.

There are some mountains within range of Paradise Valley which are stated by Mr. Wheeler to be amongst the most difficult of all the mountains in the Rockies.

The financial results of the President's eastern tour was an addition of \$100 to the funds of the Club.

The two days' round trip, which proved such a popular feature of the Yoho Camp, will be repeated at the Paradise Valley Camp. Many amateurs heartily enjoyed their experiences of sleeping in the open and as the nights were fine there were no drawbacks except from the porcupines and other small deer which attempted familiarities. There is no better way of seeing the country immediately surrounding the Camp than by joining in such a trip.

It is suggested that accommodation be provided for two hundred members at the Paradise Valley Camp. Last year's undertaking was a big one, but this year's efforts promise to overshadow it.

At the Yoho Camp last July forty-four members graduated, fifteen of whom were ladies.

It is proposed that in future the Club's financial year close on December 31st., instead of the end of March as at present.

The manner in which the name and fame of the Club has spread abroad is astonishing. It was a notable feat for such an organization to hold a Camp at all, and it speaks even more for the latent talent in mountaineering amongst young Canadians that so many amongst them were sufficiently enthusiastic to go through the hard work necessary for qualifying.

# A Leaf From a Naturalist's Notebook.

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE.

I had heard it stated that the alarm clock was a fruitful source of madness. If the word anger had been used it would just have hit our case. Fritz winding the clock last night had inadvertently moved the hour hand back. Br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r it went; several hours later the innocent hands pointed to half-past three. I leaned out, threw on an old dressing gown, and stumbled down the steep island path for my dip. I noticed the stars sharp in a dark sky, not a line of light in the east. It was May and I shivered through my plunge, chattered my way back to the "shanty," lighted a little camp stove, urged the fat boy to arise, cooked the simple morning meal—we ate it and stepped outside to see what the morning looked like.

It was even darker than before. Fritz eyed me as I stepped in doors, walked over to my hunting coat, detached my watch, and came and fairly stuck it in my face, laid it down and deliberately started to undress. The clock said four fifteen; the watch just midnight. The bunk creaked as the fat lad bumped heavily in.

Unable to sleep I sat on a great log that had drifted and lodged high on the rocks by the annual spring flood. I was on the north point of Beaver Island, mid-

way across Rice Lake. Several times before the first dim grey line spoke of the coming day I heard migrants passing over. The low plaintive calls were from spotted sandpipers and Wilson's Snipe; the loud shrill whistle of the big Yellow-legged plover; the flight of the waders was on. I could just distinguish the rude steps in the bank

when I returned to finally awaken Fritz. He insisted on seeing the watch before he moved. Half an hour later we were gliding north, the Otonabee River our objective point.

Nature had decked the winter withered marshes in a low dress of springing green, reeds were sprouting, flags were unfolding their sword-like points, puckabush was drawing up enough moisture to send out swelling buds—"Pussy-willows" as the children call them—Kah-shugans of the

dusky faced papooses with their great brown eyes. We saw a wee toddler near the Indian landing, a shy wee maiden of the Mississaugas, running away from us up the river bank, her fat little dusky arms laden with these furry blossoms; she was fully as shy as any other animal we met this day.

Now the canoe was urged into the meandering paths, the waterways, the



NEST OF THE GALLINULE: COMMON MUDHEN.



streets of these industrious marsh dwellers' quaint villages. We often wonder if they pre-empt their lots without violent quarrels as in the case of certain bipeds. Here, right in front of us was a little strip of bog, not more than thirty feet long by six to ten wide, on it was one partially built muskrat house, several foundations for the nests of wrens, many a half finished red-winged blackbirds nest. In a cut out centre of a clump of flags a pair of Virginia rails were establishing their basket-like home, myriad snails crowded every twig and root and branch of the stunted "drowned land" trees. In the hollow of one tree, a mass of white phosphorescent wood, was the nest of a tree swallow; in the forks of

the same d warfed black ash a wool crowned nest of the kingbird showed, and directly opposite, not ten feet away, a pair of crow Black-birds—the purple Grackle, one of

the starling family—are occupying the first flat of an old oak stump. The shallow pools beside this bog island held many a darting bunch of fry, young maskinonge mainly, although we saw one lot of young big mouth bass. All about the edges of these ponds young bullfrogs, those born twelve months ago, were busily feeding on the gnats and flies that had hatched out last night. On one log we saw a fine specimen of the black snake. It watched us from its cruel slant eyes and wriggled off into the black liquid mud as Fritz aimed the camera at it; "April Fool," he cried—his blood was bounding with the wonder of the scene.

It was remarkable to hear this busy colony suddenly cease its low twittering

murmur as a hawk, a heron or even a crow swept over. If it passed closely a perfect wail of terror followed its flight, but the warning cry of the mother bird to the brood was wanting. It was too early in the season for this.

"Look at Methuselah!" laughed Fritz, pointing to a great snapping turtle that poked its evil looking hooked head out of the marsh within twenty feet of us. "I wonder what kind of animals they are?" no doubt thought the turtle; we must be a regular puzzle to the inhabitants of the wilds, with our semi amphibious habits, half bird, half fish—paddling along in our shell, leaving it in two separate bodies, paddling with our long arm like blades, hoisting our white winged

sails, and during the open season emitting fire a n d s m o k e and death from our pointed arms.

O n e nest of a Gallinule—the common mud-hen, was so daintily built that Fritz sim-



MALE LOON AND YOUNG—UTTERING HIS ANGRY TREMULOUS CRY.

ply had to picture it—so he said. Along we went, paddling where we could, pushing over the half dry swamp where we must, disturbing gaunt blue herons, striped harlequin bitterns, orange red flashes of least bitterns, quaking black-ducks, squealing woodducks, soft flying little hooded mergansers and a rare nesting blue-winged teal.

Suddenly darting out of a marsh channel we almost ran into a male loon that was leading two coal black downy youngsters to the larger safety of the outer lake. Down went the little chaps like the lumps of coal they resembled and the loon said something—now if some of the professors of languages could translate this I fear it would be naughty—it sound-

ed like the cross between a saw mill and a maniac's screech and plump Fritz trembled all over his fat body. Really it is uncanny the way these great northern divers alarm and disturb Nature students—then I could fancy the bird saying: "Well if that don't beat all, here's the woman left me to tend to these birds until they are big enough to dive for their own fish, there's the lake not a full mile ahead, and here's one of these dangerous big animals. Look out!" (this was yelled at the youngsters who popped up like black corks right near us, dipping down instantly again)" Why I bet this one's twenty feet long'—four eyes, two heads, four arms, why what a monster! Ah; would you!" and down the loon dived as Fritz vainly tried to net one of the little ones. We secured a picture of the big angry bird and the two babes and soon lost sight of them in a bend of the river, but we could hear him talking about us for half an hour after.

That day we spread our lunch on one of the ancient battle grounds of the red mens' ground so eloquent of the days long gone, when every tree concealed an enemy and your epidermis was soon liable to resemble a magnified pin cushion, with pins sticking in it the size of arrows. Fritz managed to upset the old black tin that held the strong hot tea; he had been trying to watch the trees behind and pour tea at the same time. "Say can't you talk something about food when a fellow's trying to eat instead of those bally Indians!" Then he went down (hurriedly) and threw cold water on top of the tea, I really fear he has scalded his fat legs.

But it was worth landing here, Indians or no Indians. "Kill—deer—Kill deer" sounded out behind us and a fluttering, broken winged bird stumbled and rolled

off ahead of the advancing boy. A mother bird endeavoring to decoy an unwelcome intruder away from her nest. Out came the camera. A pile of brush was builded within six feet of the nest, we took one full hour to find it, although we knew within fifty yards of where it was. Then, while Fritz ate everything there was left in that big lunch basket, except a few handfuls I had warily stowed away in my camera case, I waited, bulb in hand, for the inquisitive, watchful bird. She ran all about me, playing a really pretty game of hide and seek, poking her head up over tiny hillocks and watching me with bright eyes, the clearly marked black and white ring on her neck giving her away every time. Finally after each and every mosquito had sampled me,

she returned and I made a picture, just as she stood over the nest and eyed the camera.

It was our intention to return and try to get a picture of the industrious muskrat that was building on the little bog island we had visited the



SHE EYED THE CAMERA.

first thing in the morning. We well knew it would not appear until almost sunset, making the light very weak for photography, but we had one of the latest lenses. So as long as we could see fairly well ourselves, so long could we take the busy furbearer's picture.

The sun was very close to the horizon when we finally got our camera float staked out in front of the partly built house, got it well covered with wild rice straw and flags, secreted ourselves and our canoe far back in the marshy bog. There we lay, eyes centred on the weed covered stump that would soon be a fully built house, pipes secretly puffing out that which we feared would be a tell-tale of our hiding place. Luckily the wind blew from the camera towards us.



Fritz no doubt wanted to warn me he saw the muskrat, but why should he deem it necessary to pinch so hard? No doubt he wanted to impress it on my mind—well he did. There was the animal, just a black nose and a pair of bright eyes among the floating debris from which she was building her nest. We three sat perfectly still—watching one. Then, satisfied we were stumps



THE BUILDING OF THE MUSKRAT HOUSE: SHE STAMPED DOWN THE CUT UP FLAGS AND WILD RICE STRAW.

or roots or what not, she leisurely climbed out on to the half built house and dragged a mass of wet flags, parrot grass, wild rice straw, willow cuttings, alder branches, floating bark, up with her and stood stamping them down. At that instant the curtain sang out a merry tune, the muskrat leaped into the water and sank with hardly a splash, and Fritz said "For goodness sake let's get home, I'm being eaten alive!" Out of the marsh we dashed, followed by a host of buzzing mosquitoes. Fritz's head, as seen from

behind, looked not unlike a small beehive with the insects greatly disturbed, and his waving arms reminded me very much of Don Quixote and his windmills.

A great peace seemed brooding over the wide calm lake. All the marshes behind us were sunk in the silence that precedes the darkness; the very wind had respect for the quiet of the twilight; not a ripple disturbed the mirrorlike surface of the water, excepting where two very hungry animals were urging a canoe for the distant dim shores of the Beaver.

## Game and Bird Life in Saskatchewan.

**M**R. Bruce E. Johnson, of Picton, Ont., who during the past summer has been doing some pioneering in Saskatchewan, writes:—

"All your numerous readers, like myself, have heard and read much of our great North-west and of its infinite possibilities. One has only to be out here to realize something of what the future holds in store for this wonderful country, and to share the faith of the pioneers who are now adding to the population of our new Provinces by thousands every summer month. Many of these pioneers leave

comfortable homes in the east and bring out their effects, carve out new homes for themselves, assisting to make this new portion of the world contribute its share to the breadstuffs which now form such an important item in the world's bill of fare. A good many of these settlers live in sod houses which would be a curiosity to the easterner, though here there is no choice, and most of the new comers cheerfully make the best of the situation. They succeed in making these homes far more comfortable than many who have never seen them would imagine to be at all



possible. Lumber out here is a valuable article and prices run high. In addition many have not the means of hauling it the long distances required, and therefore have to use the materials they have at hand. The poplar is found in the sand hills and on the river banks, and with the help of this wood, and a plentiful supply of ingenuity, it is astonishing what warm and comfortable sod houses are made. Later on, as good returns are reaped from the hard work put into the soil, more substantial and better houses will be built, but in the meantime those who take the discomforts which must accompany any change with good humor and courage are doing well, and finding a good deal of enjoyment in life even under the conditions which all pioneers must face.

Now your readers will doubtless be interested in hearing something of the game of the country. I have only had two months out here and have as yet much to learn. However I have been out here quite long enough to see that the Indian has had his share of both fish and game in the past, and has in addition wasted a good deal more than he used. This was the home of the buffalo and his trails are still to be seen in every direction, while innumerable quantities of his bones are still strewn over the plains, mute evidences of the immense slaughters made in years gone by for the sake merely of the hides and tongues of the animals. In those palmy days no one thought the numbers could be materially lessened, far less extinguished, and no care was taken to place reasonable bounds upon the greediness of individuals. To have some conception of the immensity of these herds one has only to see their trails which are still deep in the prairie sod. Within a few rods of my sanctum there are eight trails running side by side, which seems to show that they travelled in such immense herds that a number of trails were necessary. If a crook or curve occurs in one of these trails it is found in the whole group, showing the military order in which the herds passed to the different feeding grounds. Some fifteen miles west of the great Saskatchewan River I picked up a horn in a good state of preservation and also a mammoth skull. I am keeping these

as relics of the plains. They are all that remain for the modern hunter, and we have to be content with them.

Some time ago I saw a flock of six antelopes a long way off. They are quite plentiful among the sandhills, though only occasionally do they wander on to the plains as the settlers are occupying the ground so fast. It seems to me that hereabouts at any rate they will soon be a fine game animal of the past. There are also some varieties of deer hereabouts. Many settlers expect to find the game very plentiful but such is not the case. There was not too much shelter for big game at first and the settlers are now taking all the timber in sight for firewood, driving what game there is to the sandhills where the hunter must follow them if he expects success.

There are several varieties of game birds here. Prairie chickens and grouse are most plentiful even where wheat has been grown the longest. Wild ducks are at home, and lay their eggs and hatch out their young on the prairies. Mothers and youngsters are often to be seen making their way to the sloughs and lakes where the water is often covered by thousands of young ducks. Several kinds of plover abound, and these are fine game birds. Wild geese are plentiful and make a fine show when a flock of them flies overhead. There is also a large blue crane which fly in large flocks, and are similar to wild geese.

Several varieties of insectivorous and singing birds are natives of the country. The meadow lark is by far the best singer, and he keeps up his song all through the summer to the joy and pleasure of the settlers. There are blackbirds and buffalo birds which are very tame, their favorite resting place being on the backs of cattle and horses. They keep the settler company as he breaks up the prairie. There appears to be a number of varieties as they differ in size and plumage, and some fine specimens are seen. There is a bird which I think belongs to the gull family, but which also resembles a tame pigeon. These are numerous and appear to be particularly fond of grasshoppers. They follow the plough closely and hopping on the ground are easily seen and captured."

# The Mysteries of the Caribou.

BY ADAM MOORE.

**F**OR the last fifteen years I have been studying the habits of the caribou in the Little Tobique country in New Brunswick. It is difficult, if not impossible, to account for their actions, although I think the food supply must have something to do with them.

The country is heavily wooded and much of it is covered with a tall growth of fir trees that are covered with moss. Whenever there are heavy gales many of these trees break down, and the moss on the windfalls supplies the favorite food of the caribou in late fall and winter. There is also a little three leaved plant that grows in these open fir groves and form the caribou's favorite food in summer.

The caribou were apparently increasing every year until 1901, and in that year they were more plentiful than I had ever seen them before. The same year the reports from Maine were to the effect that the deer were so thick they were eating all the food and the caribou had left the country. I took little stock in these reports as I knew that rifles were plentiful in the Maine woods, and caribou are such fools at times that it looked as if they had all been killed instead of migrating. Now, however, I begin to think that perhaps most of them did migrate.

Up to 1901 there had always been enough windfalls in the Little Tobique country to make a fair supply of food for the caribou. In August of that year there was a terrible gale in the Pictou Lake region which lake is the head of the Little Tobique River. This gale broke down so many trees that there was an over supply of moss that fall and winter. The caribou gathered in there in numbers I have never seen equalled. In November and December these blow-downs were alive with them, and we were sure that caribou were on the increase.

Between August, 1901, and October, 1906, there has been no heavy gales in that country, and every year caribou

have been getting more scarce. Still, Arthur Pringle, and some other guides who hunt on the headwaters of the Miramichi and Nepisiquit Rivers, where the country is mostly barren covered with the white caribou moss, reported them more plentiful every year, and they also said that 1901, when we had them so plentiful, was their poorest season. These barrens are from thirty to fifty miles south and east of the Little Tobique.

Last year all the Tobique guides reported caribou very scarce, and the general opinion was that the caribou were leaving us as they had left Maine. We knew however, that in our case they had not been killed off as we supposed had been the case in Maine.

Early in last September there were quite a number of caribou near Pictou Lake, but they had all gone at the beginning of October, and we saw no signs of them till late in November.

In October there were several terrible gales and the trees were blown down worse than they had been for a long time. Our trails were filled with windfalls, and I remarked at the time that if there were any caribou in the country they ought to be there but I had no hope of seeing them as plentiful as they used to be.

We had been to the barrens on Nepisiquit River with our sportsmen after caribou late in October and early in November, and found them plentiful. We found no trouble in each man getting a good head, and were well satisfied that by going thirty miles from our home camp we could get caribou.

On November 22nd I saw the fresh tracks of a small band of caribou moving west. On the 26th of the same month I went six miles south from Pictou Lake. It had snowed a little the night before, and there were fresh tracks of four bands that had crossed the trails, all going west, from six to fifteen in each band, as I could tell by the tracks. When I came back in the afternoon I found that two more bands had crossed the tracks I had made in the morning, and all the bands



were going the same way. From that time until I left the woods on December 11th the whole of the woods were alive with caribou, all drifting west but scattered over the country eating the moss off the trees that had been blown down in the recent gales. I never saw caribou tracks so thick over such a large piece of country as they were on Little Tobique last December.

Word comes from the guides on Miramichi that caribou are scarce there this season. Now if it isn't the food supply that causes the caribou migration, or rather drifting, it looks very much like it to me. When the green stuff they live on in summer freezes, and there is a scarcity of windfalls off which to get the moss, they go to the barrens, but I think they prefer the tree moss to the barren moss, when they can get plenty of it.

Just what this present migration will amount to it is hard to say at present, but I don't think the caribou will cross the St. John River, as the deer are so plentiful on the west side that there will be no moss left for the caribou.

One of the most peculiar things about the caribou is their way of drifting. All the caribou in a certain piece of country for miles will be drifting in the same direction. There will be hundreds of them broken up into little bands, all moving the same way yet each independent of the others. They will keep this up for days, until apparently all have passed.

There may be no more tracks for weeks, when they will begin to come back again, and the drifting will be in the other direction—just the same, bands, pairs and singles. This will be kept up for more days, the caribou sometimes traveling steadily for miles without stopping for food, then again scattering and feeding, but always moving in the same direction.

Does each little band know where the others are, or where they are going? If they don't how can they keep going as they do? If they do, how do they know? They are not in sight of each other. How does the movement begin and why? I am fain to confess that the ways of caribou are still mysteries to me.

## Two Deer With One Shot.

**I**N the February number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" we gave a note stating that Mr. Wesley Crouse, of Zealand Station, N. B., was so fortunate as to make a hunting record and kill two deer with one shot. This occurrence was rare enough to justify further particulars in order to place the full facts before our readers. Mr. Crouse's story is plain and straightforward, and is confirmed by several hunters who were in the neighborhood at the time. One of our contributors, Mr. Avery Moorehouse, also vouches for the truthfulness of the story as do several neighbors.

Mr. Crouse, accompanied by his son Harley, was on a hunt for moose on the banks of the Keswick River in New Brunswick. The time was the middle of September and the trees had retained a considerable amount of foliage. Both hunters were on an old lumber road, Mr. Crouse being somewhat in advance of his son. All of a sudden he saw a deer ahead of him, and with the quickness of a practised hunter fired at the neck. He saw the animal fall, and both hunters at

once went forward to examine the game. They were astonished to discover the carcasses of two deer instead of one, both being warm and just shot. The two deer must have stood exactly in the line of fire, and the bullet passed through the necks of both animals. Mr. Crouse declares that he saw only one deer at the time he fired, and had not the slightest idea any other animal was near. Every possible examination was made at the time to clearly ascertain the correctness of the statement which it was foreseen would be received with some shadow of doubt, and on the deer being taken to the settlement seasoned backwoodsmen and hunters carefully examined both carcasses and expressed themselves satisfied. Mr. Crouse is also declared to be a modest man, not one who usually boasts of his exploits or exaggerates them in any way, and his neighbors say they are convinced of the truth of his story. He is to be congratulated on his success, and all sportsmen will agree that the woods of New Brunswick must be pretty thick with deer when it is possible to kill two of them with one shot.



# Hunted by Wolves.

## One Night's Thrilling Experiences.

BY E. S. SHRAPNEL.

**I**T was towards the end of November in the year 1863, that I with several others, went on a hunting and trapping expedition, some thirty miles north of the city of Quebec. Our camp was on the banks of the Montmorency River.

We were near a small clearing belonging to a settler whose primitive log shanty was the most remote from the city in that direction, his nearest neighbor being over five miles away.

In those days the roads after about twelve miles north of the city, were nothing but indifferent trails, in most cases impossible for a wheeled vehicle; so we experienced considerable difficulty in dragging in our supplies for several weeks.

The fur bearing animals were very plentiful in the neighborhood, and consisted of moose and caribou, deer, lynx, bears, wolves, mink, marten, fisher etc.

While conversing with the settler on our arrival, we were informed that an old Indian had passed the shanty about six weeks before with the intention of trapping higher up the river by several miles, but although he mentioned he would return that way inside of a month, nothing had been seen of him since. We did not give this matter a second thought, but after erecting a comfortable camp, arranged matters for a hunt on the following morning.

There had been snow enough for us to bring in our provisions, tent and camping utensils on toboggans, and that night about six inches more fell and the weather got considerably colder. We started out next morning separately each taking enough food for a lunch, more to explore the neighborhood than to hunt or set traps, but of course taking our guns with us.

I went in a northerly direction for several hours, but saw little evidence of game except hare and lynx tracks; one of the latter I shot as it was sneaking out of a swamp on my right pursued by

a black pointer bitch which I had taken with me. As the skin was a very fine one, I concluded to take it with me, and accordingly soon stripped it off the carcass. After proceeding a mile or so, I was resting a while and discussing my lunch, when I noticed a deer crossing the far end of a beaver meadow about three hundred yards from the position I then occupied. It was too far away for me to shoot with any certainty, so, after the animal had disappeared I headed towards the spot intending to follow.

When I reached its trail which was quite distinct, I had little doubt that the snow being so soft I could soon get near enough for a shot. This I did inside of an hour but only wounded the animal which dashed off. I eagerly followed, especially as blood was plentiful along its trail. But hour after hour passed without my being able even to sight the object of my pursuit.

Night was approaching and it was commencing to snow, so I judged it wise to return to camp. Naturally, I had not noticed the direction the trail had led me for several hours, so considered it safer to return on my own tracks, but when I recollected how soon it would be dark and the distance I had traveled, I commenced to have doubts as to my ability to reach camp that night, especially as there would be no moon until towards morning, and I had no previous knowledge of the lay of that part of the country. However, I hastened at my best pace, occasionally breaking into a run when the nature of the ground allowed it, my dog keeping close to my heels.

It grew colder and the wind rose almost to a gale, blowing the snow in minute particles into my face and soon filling completely the tracks I had made earlier in the day. I halted then to consider my position. Already it was nearly dark. I was aware the general course of the river was north and south. I had

a compass and started due east feeling confident I should strike the river in that direction and then I could keep down it until I reached camp.

Every few minutes I had to stop and consult the compass for my direction and then plunge on again. Shortly it became so dark that to proceed seemed impossible. Already I had fallen heavily several times over fallen trees and hidden logs, as their coating of snow rendered them invisible in the intense gloom of the woods.

"Lost!" Now I knew however it would be impossible for me to reach camp that night. So quickly seeking a more sheltered locality I set about making a fire. That was easier said than done. I had first to find some dry birch bark and sticks to make a blaze, to give light for collecting dry logs with which to feed the fire. In day time this would have been easy enough, but what with the darkness and the materials being covered with snow, I occupied fully half an hour before I could warm my numbed fingers in the cheerful blaze.

The cold was now intense and in spite of my exertions in collecting wood I felt chilled to the bone. Added to that my provisions were all disposed of at noon, and there was the certainty that I had to remain alone all night in that howling wilderness. However in another half hour I had quite a pile of branches and logs collected, and as the fire was now throwing out some heat I seated myself and lit my pipe, determined to make the best of a bad job.

Have you ever been in a similar situation? There is nothing I can assure you romantic about it, when every hour seems like three and all your previous sins are brought before your recollection like a ghostly panorama!

Well, an hour or so passed, my pipe was refilled and more logs placed on the fire. I felt very tired and in spite of miserable surroundings felt drowsy. I must have dozed off as I reclined on a heap of cedar boughs. Anyway, I was suddenly awakened by a long drawn melancholy howl that seemed to vibrate through my whole system. I started up to a kneeling position to ascertain the cause. My dog who had previously been

curled up asleep before the fire was now sitting up and staring full in my face, her eyes gleaming fearfully in the flickering firelight.

While I gazed, she again howled, commencing with a low moan and ending in a most unearthly yell, all the time keeping her eyes fixed on mine in a most unaccountable stare. It made my flesh creep to that extent that I seized a small log and hurled it at her. While reflecting on the cause which I attributed to our uncomfortable location, I distinctly heard what at first sounded like a distant echo of my dog's lament. But as it ended with a few sharp yelps a new interpretation flashed across my mind—"a wolf!"—and not so far away either!

It now occurred to me that it must be following on my trail. Evidently the scent of the reeking hide that had been hanging from my belt was the attraction. It had dragged after me on the logs and fallen trees I had lately crossed, especially as the snow had increased considerably since the storm commenced. I listened for several minutes feeling anything but comfortable; perhaps there was more than one following.

Again came the weird howling echoing through the aisles of the forest. This time I was confident it issued from more than one throat and evidently nearer my position. I jumped up, seized my gun and placed fresh caps on the nipples.

What should I do? It was so dark I could not travel without a light of some kind and I hated to leave the fire, but to remain and perhaps be serenaded by a pack of starving wolves the rest of the night was more than my nerves would stand!

Once more came the yelping chorus, and from the different tones I concluded there must be quite a number of the vicious brutes following.

Without loss of time I climbed into the lower branches of a hemlock tree that was within a few yards of my fire. Then I thought of my dog, who was now showing every sign of fear, and was vainly trying to follow me to my elevated position. I knew it would be impossible to get her up, as it was as much as I could do to get myself up with my gun. All this time I

could hear the howls of the hungry brutes getting rapidly nearer.

Suddenly there was silence; they had evidently approached within view of the fire. A minute or so passed, when a low growl from my dog told me plainly they were at hand, and only prevented from rushing in on my dog by the nearness of the fire. I could plainly see their eyes reflected by the firelight, but could not distinguish their forms as they slunk about in a wide circle of the intense gloom.

I now felt safe for a time. How long could I stand the bitter cold of which I was at once reminded on leaving my position near the fire? Then again, that would soon burn out if not replenished, and then good-bye to my poor dog.

Perhaps a half hour passed. The cold increased and my limbs were becoming so numbed that I felt I must do something to promote circulation or I would certainly freeze to death. I made up my mind at last to descend at all costs. First I would try what a shot would do. I fired where I saw a pair of eyes reflected. There was a sharp yelp, and then from the howling and whining gradually receding I concluded there was a stampede among the brutes.

I now scrambled down and hurriedly piled some more wood on the fire. My fingers were so numbed that it was only by the greatest efforts that I managed to load my gun. Away in the distance the hateful noises still continued as if my late neighbors were holding a sort of consultation.

Remain where I was I would not, but how was I to proceed? To reach the river in the dark was impossible; I had had recent experience of that fact. I rapidly thought out a plan. Why not construct a bundle of torches from birch bark? There was plenty in the neighborhood. Whipping out my knife I soon had as many as I could carry. I lit one and at once commenced a rapid march in the direction of the river. Luckily the snow had ceased and the wind had fallen considerably, enabling me to advance with more comfort. However I still had a nervous dread that my late tormenters who had so recently retreated might pluck up courage enough to follow. Therefore

I was continually breaking into a run wherever the nature of the ground permitted which was generally where some beaver meadow intercepted my course.

The violent exercise did me good for I was soon in a warm glow. As my torches burnt out I lit others and within a couple of hours I had the satisfaction of hearing rapids. I therefore knew I was nearing the river at last, and in a few minutes I had reached its banks where I rested a short time and lighted my pipe.

Resuming my journey in a more leisurely manner, I soon perceived indications of a trail leading down the river. This encouraged me wonderfully, for it recalled the conversation at the settler's shanty about the old Indian being trapping a few miles north of our camp, and consequently the trail I was following would likely lead me to his headquarters. This it eventually did, for I had not proceeded more than a mile when I almost walked up against it. It was very small built of rough logs with a birch bark roof. This I noticed almost at once by the expiring flicker of my last torch. I noticed also with surprise, that the door was open. I called out several times but no answer came. I then endeavored to urge my dog to enter, but she would not, only starting one of her unaccountable howls.

While I was hesitating whether or not to enter, the matter was settled abruptly, for echoing along the river again came the horrid yelling chorus, which seemed to increase in volume every instant, showing the pack were coming down the river at their best pace.

I hesitated no longer but bolted through the cabin entrance calling for my dog to follow. To my intense surprise she would not do so but continued her wretched howling. Quickly lighting a match I inspected the door and its fastenings. It was of stout split slabs and the bar that secured it inside was of solid maple.

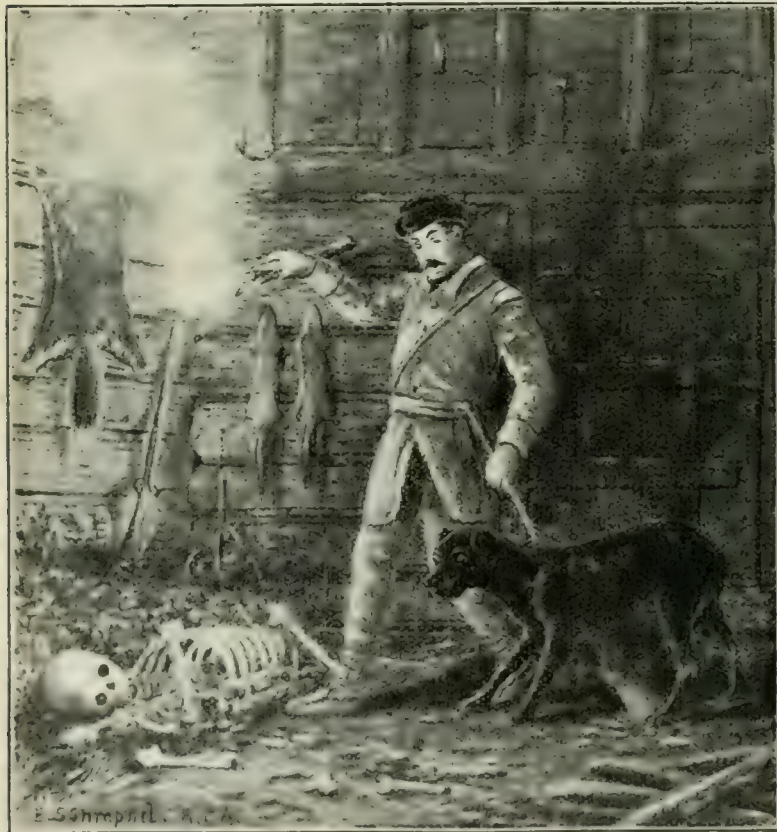
I was about cutting a strip of bark from the inside of the roof to make another torch when the dog suddenly leaped through the half closed doorway snarling fiercely. I swung the door to instantly and fastened it. None too soon, for of all the hellish noises I have ever



heard that was the worst. It made my hair stand stiff on my head and great drops of perspiration trickled down my face in spite of the severe temperature. To make matters worse my dog kept up a furious barking until I kicked her into silence.

It was some time before I could sufficiently collect my thoughts or do anything except lean my back against the door. I could hear the whining and

of traps and an old gun near the door. On turning about for further examination I was simply horrified. A ghastly skeleton was jumbled all of a heap in the further corner with the flesh freshly torn from the bones, several of which had been wrenched from their sockets and lay near, together with torn shreds of clothing. It was a fearful sight and almost paralyzed me after my late excitement and recent experiences. However,



A GRUESOME SPECTACLE.

snuffing of the brutes as they slunk about outside.

I thought of my gun again but could hardly make up my mind to open the door to shoot, and besides the darkness rendered every object invisible. However on reaching up above the low doorway I managed to rip off some of the bark the roof was composed of and soon had a light.

Hanging from the walls were numerous skins, and in a corner was a bundle

without losing time I set about starting a fire. Luckily there was a heap of wood in one corner and I soon had a cheering blaze leaping up towards the center of the roof, a hole in which had been left for letting out the smoke. Then gathering up an armful of cedar boughs that had evidently formed the bed of the poor old Indian I scattered them over what was left of him, as the horrifying sight sickened and unnerved me in my present unenviable position, which unluckily I seemed likely to occupy until

daylight appeared.

After what seemed to me hours had passed, interrupted frequently by the snarling and scratching of my disappointed pursuers, I became aware that the moon was lighting up the surrounding objects and a spirit of revenge seized me.

Cautiously I opened the door enough to allow the barrels of my gun to protrude a little, and then waited a chance to shoot. I had hardly got into position

when my opportunity arrived. A group of five huge grey wolves suddenly appeared from behind a bunch of stunted hemlock trees and advanced boldly towards the door. I waited until I got several in line and then fired. The effect was instantaneous—two rolled over while a third commenced a rapid retreat on three legs uttering discordant yells followed closely by what appeared to me to be over a dozen others who seemed to spring up mysteriously from the surrounding undergrowth. I helped them along with my remaining barrel which seemed to increase their pace considerably although without visible effect. The excitement over, I barred the door and feeling utterly worn out stretched myself by the few embers of the fire remaining, to endeavor to obtain a few hours' sleep. This was useless. The sickening musky odor which impregnated the cabin, together with the consciousness of what was scarcely hidden by the cedar branches, seemed, after my late terrifying experiences to be too much for my over-strained nerves. In vain I argued with myself that the danger was over, and that it would be wiser for me to remain where I was until daylight. I simply could not. So, seizing my gun and calling my dog, who appeared to be still trembling in the most unnatural manner, I boldly left my gloomy shelter, glanced cautiously around the moonlit glades and then started at almost a run down the river trail. I must honestly own however, that I frequently stopped and glanced back, for all fear of my late pursuers was far from gone.

I must have traveled several miles when the (to me) blessed dawn appeared in the east. I stepped out with renewed vigor and shortly, as the sun appeared above the tree tops I entered the clearing where our camp was situated. There I found my three friends just about start-

ing to search for me.

I soon gave them particulars and lost no time in demolishing a hearty breakfast after which, and a short rest, I returned up the river trail with them. We gave the old Indian's bones a decent grave, skinned the two wolves I had killed, and then packing what effects remained in the cabin on a toboggan returned to camp. On consulting the settler he was of opinion that the Indian had been seized with some illness, neglected to close his door securely at night, and the wolves had taken advantage of and made a meal of him.

I have hunted and trapped in all the Provinces of Canada for years since, and have had many dangerous experiences, but never one that so greatly affected my nervous system, or thrilled me with such a night long horror as this true story I have so indifferently endeavored to relate.

I had heard previously from numerous hunters and backwoods settlers that the large grey timber wolf was cowardly in the extreme and that he would never attack man. This may be true in most instances but not always. I have been told often in out-lying districts of people mysteriously disappearing when traveling in wild sections of unsettled localities, especially in winter time and on frequent occasions. When the snow had left in the spring their bones have been found and in some cases identified by means of portions of their clothing lying near.

We saw nothing more of the wolves except one, which we trapped in the old Indian's shanty, although their weird howling was heard nearly every night during our stay in that neighborhood. I need hardly add, that all of us took care to be not far from camp when darkness set in during the remainder of our hunt, which altogether was very successful.

The severe weather in the west has evidently emboldened the wolves out there, and driven them in their hunger to take desperate courses. From Badger, (Man.) it is reported that Arthur Dore and Louis Moore, two veteran woodsmen of the district, were treed at evening by a particularly voracious pack,

and had to spend the whole night in that unpleasant position. The mercury registered twenty below, and only the heavy clothing of the men prevented them from succumbing. As it was they were badly frost bitten, when the next morning brought them a welcome rescue by some wood cutters.



# Black Duck Shooting in the Creeks.

BY R. L. FORTT.

**T**O the man who can sit all day, half submerged in a frozen rushbed, cramped and numb, with a cold wind singing in his ears and still enjoy life, this article *may* appeal. To the others and, let us hope the minority, those "who do not care for shooting," my advice is turn over this page and get busy elsewhere.

The Black is perhaps, the finest all round Canadian duck that flies. It nests in Ontario, in fact all through southern Canada and the northern States. Sly, wary and most suspicious, to make a creditable bag you need to know their habits like a book—to discover their roosts—unearth their feeding grounds, their hiding places and learn all their little peculiarities. Further you must take advantage of every bit of local condition. Besides all this you must be able to handle your gun with deadly precision or this precious duck lore is wasted.

In early October, when the heavy fall winds and edge ice begin to make themselves apparent, the Blacks desert the large lakes and shore marshes to push far up the little creeks and inlets where they hide away, evidently perfectly secure and with abundance of food the choicest of wild rice and lily roots always within reach. When I say creeks I always have East Creek in mind. For, of all the streams I've ever shot through East Creek is my ideal, and indeed it would

captivate anyone who has once paddled its lengthy, snaky course. About fifteen miles in length, it runs the most erratic, listless course imaginable through one great big marsh. The creek itself is hardly ten feet wide in places, and averages a scant ten yards. Winding, twisting, turning in all directions so much so indeed, that there is not a single stretch of more than fifty yards and every succeeding bend seems the same as the last. It is here we find the Blacks and added to such conditions as heretofore described

such creeks spell "s n a p-s hooting" in capitals.

A c cordingly c h o o s e your day, you want a s l i g h t head wind, and be at the mouth of the stream by daylight. For snap shooting, where the man in the bow does all the shooting and the stern man all the work, you want a light fifteen foot open cedar o r b a s s w o o d canoe. Never let the man behind you have a gun. It is quite easy and satis-

factory to take turns in the bow or divide the spoils. If you are going to paddle to the head of the creek the best way is for one man to take the bow going up while the other has all the shooting coming back.

The man with the guns should always have one ready in his hands, the other cocked between his knees. In snap-shooting it is a great comfort to have an experienced hand behind you. The novice ships water, bangs the canoe and probably treats you to a paddle's worth



UP AGAINST IT.



of creek every few minutes. On the other hand "the man who knows" pokes the nose of the canoe around every little point and into every little bay without making a sound while, with each succeeding motion of the boat you realize that he is intent on shoving all the water he can reach right behind him.

Such sport is unequalled—to turn a bend and flush a huge pair of Blacks—then as they climb high with mighty rush of pulsating wing to cuddle the ever ready gun to your cheek and—outwardly cool but jubilantly excited within—to pick your birds and lay them low—one duck per barrel. Can you beat it? I think not.

As to the guns for such work there is very little choice and this can be easily left to the individual taste. Many cling to the ancient thundering 10, while some, and they are a growing community, sing the praises of the little 16. However the general run upholds the 12-

gauge weapon both barrels full choke. Such an arm, loaded with  $3\frac{1}{4}$  drams bulk smokeless or its equivalent and  $1\frac{1}{3}$  oz. chilled 6, is a very hard combination to outclass.

So much has been written on the best gun that it seems superfluous to once again rehearse and confirm the general opinion. To come down to facts, there is "no best" and any standard maker can easily supply your needs. Just one point though; never make the great mistake of using black powder loads in your creek shooting. The hanging clouds of smoke will invariably spoil your chances for a second barrel, while under its friendly shadow many cripples get into the edge marsh unnoticed. Re the gun question again: A good many people prefer a repeating shotgun for their snap-shooting as an extra barrel or so often means

more birds and sometimes stops cripples which otherwise would escape.

Once, in East Creek, when using a Winchester "pump" I downed four birds out of five flushed; each bird required a charge of shot and I missed the fifth clear. The other Blacks were all stone dead. This was a case where a double would have been away outclassed. Once—but this speaks very poorly for my shooting abilities—I missed a big Black five times, then got him with the last shot. To get in six barrels you have to work the action pretty fast and your shots are liable to be careless ones which merely "punch holes in ozone." Far better use a double, take your time and

place two telling shots.

Now let us swing to the other, and possibly the most interesting page, of creek shooting. That is, stand shooting and here we should subdivide again into three classes—Morning shooting in the feeding grounds the roost and



SNAP SHOOTING.

the flight shooting in which you catch the birds coming to roost or towards the feeding grounds. No use going at it helter skelter and hoping to get ducks. Once in a very great while you may be on the edge of a shoot and pick up a few Blacks but this method never pays. Do the thing with a system. First find the particular part of the creek—probably some rice filled bay or hole which the Blacks seem to frequent and investigate carefully—from a distance. Learn exactly where the birds congregate, what time they come in, and from what direction.

If you must build a hide choose it some time before the shoot, then leave it severely alone, and above all things disturb the ducks as little as possible. In the way of stands it is far more satisfactory if, perhaps, not quite so comfortable



ENJOYING THEMSELVES.

always located on some big stretch, well grown with rice. If in paddling up stream you should chance on a shoot—they are easy to discover as both shores of the Creek are one mass of feathers for perhaps one hundred yards—do not delay at the outside twenty-four hours in taking advantage of it.

Indians and market hunters are always on

to take advantage of any little clump of rushes and to substitute a short board or so for the somewhat elaborate and imposing affairs one sometimes comes across. The latter though they may be comfortable usually spell "duckless" mornings, for as I once heard an old shooter remark, "Blacks ain't sleepy birds"—and they aren't.

If in a morning shoot, give yourself lots of time and pull into your hide, at least, fifteen minutes before daylight. Remember that the early shoots are the shoots; for Blacks, especially, fly very low and with seeming carelessness in the semi-darkness of early morning. In the Creeks the shoot is nearly

the look-out for such shoots and as they clear them out pretty thoroughly take the shoot before it's too late. In the early shooting practically all through September, decoys are not a great advantage but if you do use them, do not take more than half a dozen and remember that



BUILDING A HIDE FOR LATE FALL SHORE SHOOTING.



four decoys well set out are worth about two dozen carelessly pitched in. Always set them head on to the wind and make sure the string is fastened well under the bow of the decoy.

Never smoke in your stand. If the 'skeeters are very bad just grin and bear it—far better to do with a little discomfort than to miss say half a dozen chances. As soon as possible after pulling into your hide get settled, sit still, and open your eyes. When a flock or any ducks show themselves on the sky line get down and stay down until they are well within shot. Then don't hurry but pick your birds. Hurried flock shooting rarely counts and it is better to waste an extra second or so in aiming than to blaze



THE HUMBLE HOME OF BRE'R MUSKRAT.

away carelessly as soon as you have the general direction. An old Indian named Tobico, once wisely remarked: "Ducks is big things, but there's lots of air all around 'em."

Never turn to watch a bird circling behind you—this invariably spoils a possible chance. And in calling do not try to

see how many "quacks" you can sound in a minute. Hurried quacking usually indicates sudden fright or disturbance among the ducks; so study the birds themselves and call "artistically."

Above all things never go to pick up your birds—if in a morning shot—until you are practically sure that all your chances are



A FEW CHOICE ONES.



gone. Shooting in the timber, your dead birds are very easily marked down and picked up three hours later.

Once in a while, as in the case of a winged duck, you may go by the maxim, "a bird in the hand is worth two in the marsh," but then only on condition that the shooting is very slack and you are practically sure of a few birdless moments. This picking up before the shoot is over brings to my mind a very foolish thing I once did away up West Creek.

West Creek is built very much on the order of East, but runs in the opposite direction. We had found a little shoot on the lower end of the Big marsh—a vast rush-bed through which the Creek winds. I was stationed on a well known point called the Big Elm—a leaning log affording splendid cover on the edge of the Creek.

I had twenty decoys out and had fired a dozen nice shots. Eight Blacks lay on their backs in the

open stream and I was feeling at peace with the whole world. At nine o'clock the shoot seemed over—not a duck had I seen since a quarter to eight and it looked as though there would be nothing else doing.

I slipped the canoe into the water intending to run out, pick up my birds and be back in my hide within five minutes. All went well in theory but in practice it was not a success. I paddled sixty yards down the Creek where two birds had drifted with the stream and as I turned to go back something caught my eye and made me glance hurriedly up.

There, coming from three different directions, wings set and necks stretched

out were Blacks galore. At least one hundred and fifty birds were setting their wings for my decoys while I was lying out in my decoys one hundred yards away. Of course I kept still where I was but they caught sight of me too soon and "skidoed."

In the hope that they would come back I crawled dejectedly into my stand and waited another two hours. But they never did. I have often thought what might have happened if I had remained hidden—but it's ever so in shooting and it's always the things which might have

happened that we dream about.

However, it is needless to say that since then I leave my dead birds until the shoot is over.

The fascination of duck shooting can never be fully appreciated except by the true devotee of the sport. If only reasonable success attends the shooter any discomforts are speedily forgotten, and one remembers only the thrills fol-



A LIKELY SPOT.

lowing the good shots. No one can attain any success in this sport without discomfort, but the compensations are more than ample, and the amateur may be assured that he will be repaid many times over for any unpleasantness he may experience in his efforts at the beginning of the day. This "roughing it" is all part of the sport, and it is the part which, when you know something of it from actual personal experience, you would be very loath to forego. It forms not the least pleasant portion of some very delightful reminiscences, which are the inalienable property of every duck shooter and which in after days lives he over again to his continual pleasure and delight.

# The North American Fish and Game Protective Association.

## Successful Conferences at Quebec.

**B**Y the general consent of all the delegates present the two days' conference of the members of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association held this year in the city of Quebec proved the most successful in the history of the organization. Readers may be reminded that the aims and objects of the Association are in brief the efficient preservation of forests, fish and game throughout North America. So far the Association has only succeeded in covering a portion of the Canadian Provinces and a number of the States of the Union. Year by year its influence and its work grows both in area and in effectiveness and the reports presented this year showed remarkable progress along the whole line. To further mark the international character of the Association its annual conferences are held alternately in Canada and the States and the President is selected from among the citizens of the country in which the conferences are held. Last year the meetings took place in Boston and this year the turn of Canada coming round it was felt that it would be a marked compliment to the energetic and able spirit shown by M. Jean Prevost, the Minister for Colonization Mines and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec to meet in the capital city of his Province and accord him the honor of the Presidency.

A prominent feature in all gatherings of the members of the Association, and a characteristic which marks its whole work is the broad minded spirit and the wide outlook shown by the consideration which is given to every subject brought in view. Many of the members and lease holders in the Province, have had their personal interests touched by the legislation produced and carried through by M. Prevost. But with the generosity and fair mindedness that always marks the true sportsman they recognized the fact that the hon. gentlemen was doing his duty and nothing more than his duty in bringing with-

in the purview of the license duties the members of incorporated clubs. Throughout the Quebec gatherings there ran deep feelings of gratitude to the Minister who has set such a good example to all charged with similar duties in other Provinces. It is perhaps not too much to say that M. Prevost is the first Canadian statesman to take a statesmanlike view of his departmental duties. At the risk of his political future he inaugurated a new departure and when the wrath of vested interests were poured out upon him he stuck manfully to his guns and succeeded in partially carrying out a policy with which his name will be ever associated. It was fitting, therefore, that the most successful series of gatherings in the Association's history should be held under his Presidency, and that this and other testimonies given by individual speakers should reward the efforts he has put forth on behalf of the cause. Compliments for criticism proved no doubt a pleasant exchange and the commendations of experts were probably gratifying after the fault finding and criticisms to which the hon. gentlemen is no stranger.

The Mayor and Council of the City of Quebec placed at the disposal of the delegates the fine Council Chamber and the adjoining committee rooms at the beautiful City Hall; and the Mayor (Mon. Garneau) added to this kindness by attending and personally welcoming the delegates. He emphasized this welcome to the delegates from the States while assuring the members from the sister provinces that they were at home in the city of Quebec—"that city of antiquity so full of historical research and scenic beauty, which guards the great forests to the north, the haunts of the moose and the caribou, together with the rivers and lakes which are the homes of the trout and ouananiche, the salmon etc., truly a sportsman's paradise." He freely admitted that this great wealth of fish and game was due in no small respect to the



good work of the Association in strengthening the hands of those upon whom fell the duty of protecting fish and game. He extended to them "the welcome of a brother sportsman whose pleasure it is to roam through the forests, to navigate its rivers, to cross its lakes and to delve into the haunts of the game of this magnificent paradise".

M. Prevost responded to this welcome and proceeded, after thanking the delegates for electing him as their President to point out that after taking office he found that ever since the Association's establishment they had consistently and persistently pressed upon the Governments of the various Provinces and States the adoption of measures calculated to aid the efficient protection of fish and game such as the tag and coupon system for the shipment of game, the abolition of netting in inland waters, severe penalties for infraction of the fish and game laws and in particular for the dynamiting of fish. He found, when he assumed office, that these reforms had not been granted in the Province of Quebec but as they commended themselves to him he was delighted to find himself clothed with the authority for introducing them into the Legislature and pressing them upon the members. He was glad to say the Legislature acquiesced in their joint demands and the Province of Quebec was now on record as having adopted the larger majority of the planks of the Association's platform. While living under different flags and while separated by an international boundary line these formed no barriers whatever to the sportsmen of the two countries. "In aims in sympathies, in the love of nature for nature's sake, as well as for her healing and restorative powers, in our ideals of true sportsmanship, our respect for law and order, our efforts for the protection of fish and game and our fraternal regard for brother sportsmen we are one and undivided."

The report of the committee presented by Mr. E. T. D. Chambers, the Secretary-Treasurer recorded the resignation as representative of the Province of Quebec on the executive committee of Mr. C. E. E. Ussher, and also of Mr. D. G. Smith, the representative of New

Brunswick who has moved from Chatham, New Brunswick, to New York. Both gentlemen were original members of the Association. The Secretary also recorded that the Province of Quebec had made the biggest leap forward in fish and game protection in 1906 of any year in the history of the Province. Remarkable progress had also been made in New York State while the progress of the Provincial Fish and Game Protective Association in Ontario had likewise proved notable. There had been five resignations during the year and twenty-four new members had joined, the present membership standing at a hundred and forty-two.

Mr. G. H. Richards of Boston, submitted the report of Massachusetts, which stated that several important laws had been enacted during 1906 in furtherance of the objects for which the Association was formed viz:

1. A close time for pike perch from the first of February to the first of June has been established and transportation of said fish within or into the State between said dates has been forbidden wherever they may have been caught.

2. Prohibition of the sale of trout except those artificially raised, has been extended for a further period of three years.

3. The close time for trout, landlocked salmon, and lake trout has been lengthened by six weeks. Hereafter it will be from August 1st to April 15th following, thus adding a month at the beginning of the close season and two weeks at the end. Sale is prohibited during the close time.

4. A close time till November 1st 1911, has been created for the heath hen, and the sale and possession of the same has been forbidden and efforts made to efficiently protect and propagate the hen.

5. Woodducks have been protected from killing and sale until September 1st, 1911.

6. The snaring of ruffed grouse upon his land by an owner of land has been forbidden.

7. The sale and possession of ducks and teal during their respective close seasons is prohibited.



8. The open season for quail is November and the sale is prohibited. Quail killed elsewhere may be sold in November and December provided they are not killed or transported in violation of the laws of the districts in which they are killed.

9. The sale or possession of prairie chicken, whenever or wherever taken, has been made unlawful.

10. The shooting of pheasants during the open season for quail has been made unlawful.

This legislation marks a great step in advance, and the spirit of reciprocity is seen throughout these new laws. No prairie chicken exists in the State of Massachusetts, and this law is enacted entirely for the protection of other States and Provinces.

Dr. J. T. Finnie, of Montreal, submitted the report from Quebec as follows:

In my report at the last meeting of this Association in Boston 1906, I stated that the Minister of the Department, who controls our fish and game interests intended to introduce amendments to the "Game Act" which would bring this Province more in line with the other Provinces and States. The Hon. Jean Prevost kept his promise and succeeded in making changes such as were recommended by the Congress called by himself in December 1905. The "tag system" has been adopted and it has worked wonders in putting a stop to the wholesale slaughter of our deer herds—and has certainly been a great aid to the public carrying bodies, such as our railways and steamboats in compelling the hunter to obey the law. Complaints have been few comparatively speaking as to the wanton killing of our large game, and 1906 will long be remembered by those interested in the work as being a year marked by a decided improvement by the public in respecting the law. The sale of woodcock and partridge has been prohibited until 1908. Let us hope that the department will still further extend this prohibition for at least two years more. I regret to say that some leaders continue to evade the law. If those who persist in encouraging this sort of thing, and they are people, who

by education and social standing ought to know better, would only think that as Mr. Charlton stated at the Boston meeting, they are buying *stolen goods*, and therefore equally guilty before the law, with the one who sells it, then possibly they might look at it differently. They buy what belongs to the Province or the State, and no dealer has a right to have them in his possession. Another advance in the new Act is that each and every bird constitutes a 'separate offence, the penalty increasing with the subsequent infractions of the law. Our license fee for hunting remains the same, except where a non resident of the Province is a member of an incorporated club, then, the fee is only ten dollars (\$10.00), providing the hunting is done on the territory of the club to which he belongs. A bounty of fifteen dollars (\$15.00) is now given for every wolf pelt, when properly vouched before a justice of the peace, providing such wolf has been killed by a resident of the province. In some of the counties this should be ample to make such profitable. I have not been able to get returns from the Department since the Act came into force, but hope that the work has been taken up by some of our people, who live in the districts where these pests abound as they are most destructive to our deer herds. With regard to fishing—Non-residents whether a member of an incorporated club or not, must for *salmon fishing* pay \$25.00 for a license—and for any other kind of fishing, non-members of a club pay ten dollars (\$10.00), and members of a club five dollars (\$5.00.) The law allows such licensees to take home with them twenty-five pounds of fish—provided the conditions of the *Fishing Act* are fulfilled. So gentlemen you see that a marked change has been made in our fish and game laws, and the benefits resulting, therefore, have been very marked and I trust and believe that the revenue will show a much larger sum than in the past year. Our game warden system has also been much improved, most of the old wardens have been dispensed with, and a few have been appointed in their places, at fairly good salaries, to devote their whole time to the work, and are expected to do their duty without

fear or favor. With regard to duck shooting, the law has been changed so as to eliminate the exceptions made in the previous act to sheldrakes and loons—so that now no shooting is allowed at any time after 1st day of March until December 1st. The question of cold storage is one that is far from satisfactory. There are abuses under the head that should be remedied—either have no cold storage of game at all, or see that the conditions demanded by the Government are carried out. As it is at present the officers so appointed are of no use and should be dispensed with. No regular visits are made to take an inventory of what is there and of what has been sold. Apart from this, I believe it is the belief of many, that game kept in cold storage for months is really not fit for food—and the same applies to fish, and the subject is one that should receive the serious consideration of this Association. In conclusion I would once more refer to the long open season for our large game. I may say as I have already said, that our open season is far too long, and, if we in this Province of Quebec wish to preserve our magnificent game preserves for future generations, we will have to be up and do something, ere it be too late. With every Province and State around us realizing fully what it means for the future, shortening the open season to, from ten days to six weeks, our Province goes on, in the same old way and makes no change. A four months open season for our large game is far too long. I have pleaded before and repeat it again, that unless a change is made quickly, there will be little left for our children. I trust the department will not be influenced by those who cannot see beyond their own selfish interests, but be guided by those, who have given time and thought to this question, and who feel that it is for the best ultimate good of the Province, that a shortened season should be enacted. In conclusion I must repeat what I said last year that there has been a great awakening in this Province towards the better protection of our fish and game and much is due to the present Minister who controls this work, our worthy Chairman and President, the Hon. Jean Prevost.

Mr. Wilson, of Glen Falls, N. Y. brought in a report from New York State in which it was recorded that never in the history of the fish and game department had they had men more capable and more honest. Business men, who having succeeded in business matters, are making a business of operating the hatcheries, of properly planting the several varieties of fish produced, and in a conservative but sure way are enforcing present laws regarding protection of fish and game, and recommending the passage of further legislation at the present session of the Legislature. It was the determination of the New York members to secure proper protection for white fish in New York waters of the great lakes in harmony with those of their neighbors, pending the coming of international control of all joint waters on this continent, especially those of the great lakes. At no time in the past has there been so much thought given to this question, and thousands of sportsmen are in favor of such an arrangement, believing it to be the only satisfactory solution of the question of the preservation of fish life in those waters. They have had the usual difficulty in settling the question of sale of fish and game coming from other States, at a time when these States have a close season, and also the cold storage question. The present Legislature will undertake to pass a license law for all gunners. The Commissioner has asked for a law preventing pollution of waters, absolutely prohibiting refuse of all kinds being put in the waters of the State other than tide waters. He has also recommended a law prohibiting dogs in the forest reserves, and for an amendment to the grouse and woodcock law limiting the bag to not over six birds a day, and not allowing transportation for over six of each variety at a time. There seems to be a few moose, and deer are plentiful even in well settled districts adjacent to the forest reserves. Several colonies of beaver proved successful, and arrangements have been made to secure more. A bill has been presented to the Senate stopping spring shooting of wild fowl, and there is one before the Assembly making the close season for wall eyed pike from March 1st to April 30.



Mr. L. O. Armstrong, Colonization and Tourist Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, read the following paper on wolves:

I believe that the Great Creator of the Universe and Maker of animate things made wolves, pike, suckers, ling, dog fish, sharks and other creatures that are great destroyers of better lives than their own. I cannot find any other purpose for which the Infinite Power intended these than to afford man an opportunity for the exercise of patience, ingenuity and perseverance in destroying this entire wolfish series of families, whether on land or in water. I began to hunt the cruel, cowardly, crafty, sneaking wolf over twenty-five years ago. I have always felt grieved that I have not had more time and cunning to put up against his in the game. I have done my best under the circumstances. I suffered and have sent many substitutes in my place. I have several friends on the plains of the Northwest who hunt very successfully in the old way on horseback and with dogs. One Winnipeg friend has been very successful. He has instituted one novelty which is worth mentioning. He has built a big toboggan upon which he hauls his wolf hounds as near as possible to the wolf and then lets them out fresh upon the game. The fish and game authorities of the State of Michigan are getting up a wolf hunt with hounds. A trial is to be made with Irish and Russian wolf hounds. These both run by sight. The Southern hound may also be tried, but he runs by scent and gives tongue. It is a question which is the best. I think that with deep snow and good snowshoers the Irish and Russian hounds would prove the best. They could be brought up to the wolf in leash, following on the snowshoe track, and let loose on the wolf, who would be more tired than they would be. Before the heavy fall of snow I would like to try the hounds that hunt by scent. The Irish wolf hound is very fierce, very swift, very powerful. A friend writes me: "They are the fastest dogs on the Australian plains and the only dog I ever saw that would pull down a "Blue Flier" in a straight run. I have used them in Australia hunting kangaroo and

wild pig. They run silently and by eyesight." We are starting tomorrow on a snowshoe wolf hunt—the first of a series that will last through the coming winters as long as the wolves last. We will come back wiser regarding the wolf, whatever success we may have against the enemy. We expect to drive out every wolf, lynx and fox (and have a certain small hope of wakening up a bear) out of two townships. We aim high with regard to wolves in general; we shall try to aim right for the individual wolf. This is the time and place to ask our President to endeavor to have a grave defect in the Quebec wolf bounty statute remedied. Its present conditions shut out any but the inhabitants of Quebec from receiving a reward for killing a wolf. Mr. President and gentlemen, if it is a good thing to kill a wolf (and who will say that it is not) why should not any and every man be invited and encouraged to slay him? It is not a money making enterprise for the sportsmen. No individual sportsman can hope to make more than a quarter of his expenses out of bounties; but undoubtedly the larger the hunt the more successful it will be. Then why should not the Government contribute \$15 towards these expenses whatever his nationality or Province may be? Every deer is worth \$100 and every moose \$500 to the Province in the way of revenue. Each wolf slain means the salvation of several deer and moose. I would therefore ask the Honorable Minister (not the President in this case) the following question, namely: Is there not a tendency on the part of the Government to look only at the Government revenue side rather than at the revenue of the Province. I would ask the Government to look at the matter from a selfish point of view (if it is possible to make the average politician look at anything selfishly) and if it looks at it in that light the Statute will be widened, so that any Jew, Turk, heretic, infidel, Doukhobor, Vermont or Massachusetts Yankee may get that \$15. I am very glad to note that the press of America has taken up the idea of a general wolf campaign with much sympathy. The press has given encouragement generously and three States and two Provinces



are organizing large wolf hunts. In our Province of Quebec the effect of publicity has been to turn a very large percentage of our settlers into enthusiastic wolf hunters and trappers. I have kept two people in my office busy for the past two months almost entirely on wolf hunting matters. It would take too long to tell you of the many suggestions and plans that have been given me about giving the finishing touch to the wolf during the past winter; but a few of them might be interesting. One of the successful baits used in poisoning them has been butter. Pieces of well washed butter, taken out of the water with wooden pallets, so that the human hand may not touch the butter, are rolled together with a good dose of strychnine in the centre, placed there by the same wooden pallets. These are placed in not too conspicuous places; in fact, I think it is better to cover them with snow, as the wolf will smell it several feet away under the snow. The dose of the strychnine must be a good one, because the wolf is hard to kill. Both the wolf and the bear take a great deal more poison than other animals for which it is used. The pallets are to be used again when placing the butter into position, thus to a large extent keeping the human smell away from the bait. Another lure for the wolf is the cooking of meat in camp; also cooking bacon, in fact, it is wise to keep it sizzling all the time on the stove in order that the savour may attract him. Another way is to place a hare that has been freshly caught near a tree after having been dragged along the trail made by snowshoers. The hare is cut so as to allow the blood to drop on the trail, which will entice the wolves up to the tree in which a couple of men are hidden. Still another method used is to put some live animal in a wooden cage covered with strong wire. Men are stationed within easy shooting distance of the cage, so as to shoot the wolves while, they are trying to get at their intended victim in the cage. Some of these methods we will use and in addition we will have night and day hunts. We will ferret out the animals in the dense growth of the valleys and hunters will be posted on the large ridges to watch for

them if they take to the hills. A second hunter will follow each man so that if a wolf doubles back and hunts the hunter the second man may be fortunate enough to get on the trail of a tired wolf and run him down. We will at least have one large wolf hound with a mountain lion record. He killed a mountain lion in the Rockies. We will have some thoroughly experienced wolf hunters and if we do not get wolves we will know the reason why and be prepared to do better next time. We believe that if our members are sufficient we will get some wolves; if not those who are fortunate enough to be with us may have a chance at lynx, bear or fox. The section of Ontario that we have selected is a good bear country and we will have one or two guides who are particularly good at locating the sleeping bruin in winter. One thing we have started to do and that is to popularize winter sports in the woods of Canada and help materially in the long run, directly and indirectly, to lessen the number of wolves, whether it be in the forests of the east or in the mountains of British Columbia. The sportsman can have just as good a time in mid-winter as in mid-summer—in my opinion a better time, but I may be prejudiced in favor of snow and snowshoes. I think there is no doubt but that wolves this year are destroying beaver, all the deer family, partridge and hare in greater numbers than ever before. There are exaggerated stories about him, but it would take a man with a good imagination to tell stories that require more ingenuity, craftiness and boldness than the wolf possesses. My own experience with the wolf goes to show that he has learned the range of the modern rifle. When I first made his acquaintance I could shoot him from the seat in a sleigh with a shot gun. That day is over. We will have shot guns with us on this hunt, but in this case we will have snowshoes and the help of deep snow that will tire out the wolf quicker than it will a good man. The study of the wolf howl is interesting. It is certain that he carries on a conversation with other wolves. When a solitary wolf finds his prey a little too hard for him to tackle alone that howl of his is equal to wireless tel-

ography in telling other wolves that there is something doing in his vicinity. The howling becomes a steady and continuous sound when the hunting of the prey begins. The jaw of the wolf is strong enough to break a young colt's or heifer's leg and he will tear a piece of flesh right out of a strong healthy horse or cow. The wolf is the hereditary enemy of the fox and that is about the only pest that he helps to destroy. He is particularly fond of the spoiled fat dog; and he does some good in destroying the few that he gets of these. He will sometimes bury his prey to hide his presence in the neighborhood. He not only scents danger, but he sees and hears it better than any other animal. He does not mind the presence of women and children and the thought has suggested itself to me that we might on our hunt dress some of the hunters as women. This might give us a better chance of success. The wolves can kill a single horse or cow, and when they have a particularly vicious animal to down they hunt in relays. The moose, for instance, is hunted by different bands; when one band tires in the chase another will take it up until their prey is run down. When brought to bay or slightly wounded the wolf will tackle anyone. When caught by a band of wolves the proper thing to do is to light matches and make a fire if there is no tree to climb. They will not attack a man alongside of a fire. C. H. Deutschman, the discoverer of our Nakimu Caves, near Glacier, (he is reliable in these matters) tells me that he knows of a girl of seventeen or eighteen who was pretty nearly killed by a wolf. When the wolf made for her throat she protected it with her arms, which were terribly lacerated. A big Newfoundland dog, which accompanied her, attacked the wolf from the rear. The wolf turned upon the dog and killed it, but in the fight between the two animals the girl escaped. I have yet to find the proof of a wolf or wolves in Canada attacking and killing a healthy active man who was not tired out; but I have evidence that is satisfactory to me— and have it in abundance—of wolves treeing men. Now, I would rather not demonstrate in person what these wolves would have

done to one of these men if he had come down out of the tree while they were there. There are other wolves that this Association has to deal with. There is the lumberman wolf, who is at the present moment supplying his camp with meat and fish out of season; there is the Indian wolf who refuses work at from \$2 to \$3 per day, but would rather kill fish and game out of season, and there is the mercenary hoggish settler who will kill eight or ten deer, eat a little and sell the rest, and sometimes let it spoil in summer. Every member of this Association ought to have the feeling of a first-class wolf hound against these other wolves as well as the four legged hound. There are many lumbermen, Indians and settlers on the other hand who are good sportsmen. I have known some of them to rebuke so-called sportsmen for unsportsmanlike conduct.

The rest of the sitting was taken up with discussions on these papers. More than one speaker objected to the raising of the wolf bounties although there was general agreement that the wolf slayer, whether resident or non-resident, should be entitled to the bounty and the resolution to that effect was unanimously agreed to.

Considerable attention was given to the best means of preserving the remaining specimens of the genuine American bison. These specimens are, it was pointed out, only to be found in the far Northwest. The President of the United States (who it was stated would shortly join the Association as a member) has taken considerable interest in this question. The Association unanimously agreed to request the Governments of Alberta and British Columbia to take steps to safe guard the last remaining herd of bison by enacting a perpetual close time for bison, by increasing the bounty on wolves which prey on the calves, and by setting aside the range of these bison as a public preserve.

Attention was called to the fact that in New York State a method has been found for disposing of mill refuse at a small profit and the Provincial Governments might now be called upon to put in force the laws against the contamina-



tion of water without any danger of hindering or driving away large industries dependent upon water supply.

A long discussion ensued upon a suggestion put forward to allow the shooting of sheldrakes on salmon streams, it being contended that sheldrakes were no good for food and seriously injure the salmon fisheries. Strong opposition was engendered to this proposal on the ground that if sheldrakes were allowed to be shot other birds would likewise be killed and at least the whole family of ducks be disturbed on their feeding grounds. The whole subject of spring shooting would receive a set back if once spring shooting were allowed and sportsmen having made progress in this direction should not give up one inch of the ground they had gained with difficulty. The Chairman pointed out that if sheldrakes were allowed to be shot they would be seen not only on salmon rivers but also at Sorel and near Montreal. Several speakers agreed with this and it was ultimately decided not to recommend any alteration. Last spring only three permits were granted for spring shooting and each of these were given to natural history professors.

The dynamiter came in for strong condemnation and several speakers urged that a year's imprisonment without the option of a fine was not so severe even for a first offence. It was also advocated that in the case of dynamiting the informer's name should be withheld.

Strong advocacy was also given to an increase in the penalties for the killing of beaver it being pointed out that half the fine on the present limited penalties did not pay a man for his time and trouble in securing the evidence necessary for a conviction.

The afternoon session was largely occupied with the discussion of a bill brought before the Legislature by Mr. J. Hall Kelly member for the county of Bonaventure. This bill would allow the killing of a second bull moose on payment of a further fee which Mr. Kelly suggested might be fixed at one hundred dollars. He calculated that if one hundred extra bull moose were killed under the provisions of his bill the number of moose in the Province would not be seriously diminish-

ed while the revenues of the Province would benefit to the extent of ten thousand dollars. Money was required by the Province, particularly for educational purposes, and he believed that sporting interests would not be injured in the least by the enactment of his proposals. Many sportsmen would willingly pay an extra hundred dollars for a chance at a second head. Uncompromising opposition was put forth to the entire proposals of the bill and the Association declined to go on record in their support.

Early in the afternoon the conference adjourned for the purpose of allowing the delegates to accept an invitation offered by the Provincial Government for a trip to Ste. Anne de Beaupre and a banquet at Montmorency Falls. A special car was placed at the disposal of the delegates by the Quebec Electric Railway and by special arrangement with the Redemptorist Fathers, who have charge of the famous shrine, the church was illuminated and the organist was present and played on the grand organ. The treasury of the church was shown to the delegates and all the questions asked were very courteously answered. Every delegate was impressed with the records of the immense numbers visiting the shrine and the huge stacks of crutches left by those who have been cured at that place. The Church is a wonderful monument of the faith of the people and in its richness and beauty is marvellously attractive even to those who stand outside the faith it represents. At Montmorency Falls a splendid banquet was provided at the Kent House. The Premier of the Province was expected to preside but as the Legislature was in session he was detained at Quebec. In his absence the Hon. Jean Prevost proved a gracious and entertaining host and under his presidency both the meal and the after proceedings were heartily enjoyed. The menu, which was got up in a most appropriate style, included caribou soup and other dainties which were particularly enjoyed by the sportsmen. The toasts included the King, the President of the United States, the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, the Stars and Stripes the Press and His Majesty the Wolf. After the formal toasts had been drunk



the proceedings were delightfully informal and enjoyable and it was with regret that the time for parting came. The special car conveyed the guests back to Quebec, the party breaking up with many hopes of meeting again under similar auspices.

On the following morning the Executive Committee reported in favor of legislation for the destruction of sheldrakes on salmon rivers, such legislation to be so framed as to avoid the risk of killing other ducks. It was suggested that the difficulty might be overcome by issuing special permits only to fish wardens.

Mr. Watson of Glen Falls, N. Y., read a valuable and interesting paper on the white fish which was described by several of the experts present as a most valuable contribution to piscatorial history. The paper in full will appear in a future number of this magazine.

In the course of the ensuing discussion Mr. A. Kelly Evans expressed his firm conviction that the fisheries of the great lakes if properly developed and managed would prove a more valuable source of income to this country than all the mines of Cobalt.

The subject of Federal control of international waters gave rise to an interesting discussion. Mr. Wilson contended that in the States public opinion was ripe for Federal control and at a recent conference in Chicago, at which several Canadian representatives were present a resolution was passed in favor of such control. On the other side Mr. Kelly Evans contended that Ontario was almost alone concerned in this matter in Canada and would not yield one tittle of her rights in this Province to the authorities at Ottawa. The chairman on behalf of Quebec confirmed this statement and Mr. Wilson ultimately yielded to the assurances of the Canadian representatives that the time is not yet ripe for pressing this matter in Canada and agreed to await future developments. It was likewise pointed out that there is at present an international Commission dealing with all questions affecting international waters and from this Commission may come developments which cannot at present be seen.

Upon the recommendation of the Execu-

tive Committee it was agreed to recommend the prohibition of the exportation of maskinonge, black bass and speckled trout and also to limit the legal catch of the fish and the number of partridge to be shot.

An interesting discussion took place upon a proposal to make the lessee's of salmon rivers *ex officio* justices of the peace in order that they might deal with poachers on their preserves. The chairman speaking for himself declined to agree to any such proposition as it would make the lessee's both prosecutors and judges in their own cause. As this matter will very largely affect the Province of Quebec he would agree to make the guardians of salmon rivers justices of the peace. This was declared to be quite satisfactory by those making the suggestion it being pointed out that they only put forward the proposition because in the districts concerned there was no one else capable of filling the office and to have to go fifty miles to find a magistrate meant that the law was inoperative.

The conference also agreed to recommend the preparation by the Provincial Governments of a special pamphlet describing the powers of the justices of the peace in order that they might make themselves acquainted with both their duties and their powers and be able to deal properly with the cases that came before them.

Mr. A. Kelly Evans gave an address describing the formation, progress and work of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. The Provincial organization now consisted of thirty branches scattered throughout the Province and with nearly three thousand members. He especially dwelt on the work done by the branches at Parry Sound, Penetanguishine, and Lindsay through whose exertions the Ontario Government has been led to provide a swift gasoline launch for patrolling the Upper Georgian Bay and enforcing the fishing regulations in those waters. The Hastings County branch had likewise succeeded in coming to terms with the net fishermen of the Bay of Quinte and thus helping to preserve a very important

fish spawning ground. As an illustration of the value of organization he pointed out that for fifteen years the anglers of London had been endeavoring to prevent net fishing at and near the mouth of the Thames. They failed in their endeavours until they became a branch of the Association, when, with the full influence and power of the Association to back them up, they succeeded in inducing the Minister to abolish all net licenses. As a further instance of the interest taken in the work by all classes he mentioned, the Woodstock branch which although situated in a district in which there is neither game nor fish has a membership of one hundred including the most influential residents in the city. In dwelling upon the success of their first Annual Convention he explained the work of the committee on transportation. On that committee they had six representatives of the two great railways, one each for passenger, freight and express, and only four representatives of the Association. After a strong fight the recommendations arrived at by the committee were unanimous. This meant that the railway and express companies would assist them in stopping illegal transportation and if successful in stopping the market would render unprofitable the work of poaching. He trusted when he met them next year that the Association would have sixty branches with six thousand members.

Upon the request of the President many of the experts present gave their opinions on the use of automatic guns. The use of these guns was generally condemned as unsportsmanlike and the only voice raised in mitigation of this condemnation was Mr. Robert Plumb, of Michigan who thought the automatic gun was merely following upon the lines of improvements which had been taking place since the change from the old flint lock. The conference by special vote recommended the prohibition of automatic guns, which were described as amongst "devilish devices."

The committee on elections brought in their report, and nominated officers for the ensuing year:—

President Hon. Jonathan P. Allds, of Albany, N. Y., and named the next place of meeting, Albany.

Mr. E. T. D. Chambers was elected secretary-treasurer, and the following vice-presidents of the association:—

Hon. L. R. Carleton, Augusta, Me.

F. S. Hodges, Boston, Mass.

Hon. J. F. Sweeney, Moncton, N. B.

Hon. W. C. Witeerbee, Port Henry, N. Y.

A. Kelly Evans, Toronto, Ont.

Dr. J. T. Finnie, Montreal, Que.

F. J. Butterfield, Derby Line, Vt.

S. A. Megeath, Franklin, Pa.

Dr. George E. Porter, Bridgeport, Conn.

Henry Russel, Detroit, Mich.

Executive Committees—J. F. Sprague, Monson, Me; Geo. H. Richards, Boston, Mass.; Henry Russel, Detroit, Mich.; C. F. Burhans, Warrensburg, N. Y.; Oliver Adams, Toronto, Ont.; Nelson W. Fisk, Fisk, Vermont; F. A. Phelps, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; J. C. Chamberlain, Bridgeport, Conn.; W. J. Cleghorn, Montreal.

Auditors, L. O. Armstrong and W. J. Cleghorn.

Dr. Finnie, of Montreal, read the following paper on "A Plea for a Shorter Season for our Large Game:"

At the present time in this Province the idea seems to be too generally accepted that we have such a surfeit of large game—by which we mean moose, caribou and red deer—that there is no need for the present to curtail the long open season, which extends from September 31st, to December 31st, and in the case of caribou to February 1st. You hear it said that in spite of the long season, deer and even moose are on the increase, and in the case of caribou they are well able to take care of themselves, and there is little fear of anything happening to seriously effect their numbers for years to come. This argument has gone on for a very long time and possibly twenty years ago or even fifteen years ago, the argument had some weight. But latterly, with the rapid increase of our railway systems where thousands of men are sent out to our wild bush lands, many of them armed, and who in every spare moment think of nothing else but the wanton destruction of our herds of moose and deer at all seasons of the year, this is no longer the case.



The rapid increase of our immigrant population who are largely imbued with the idea that it is the proper thing to kill every game animal they met with no matter in what season of the year; the devastation of our bush lands not only by the lumbermen but by the Corporations who are wanting pulp for paper manufacturing without limit as to the size of the tree, are having a very grave influence on the future of our game preserves and unless some very stringent limit is put upon this scandalous work, that is going on, on every side, the day is almost measurable in its closeness when the fauna of this country will be something to read about only. It will have gone the way of the buffalo, wapiti, and the elk that roamed in large numbers in this great country and all of which have gradually become extinct years ago. Moose and red deer are plentiful all through the Eastern Provinces, also caribou. Settlements were few and forest was evident everywhere. There was ample cover for them and consequently plenty of food, but as the country became cleared the game had either been killed out of it, or had retired to forests still undisturbed by the invader. Now as I have said this process is going at a greater pace than ever and just as surely will the same result follow—the modern gun with its rapid fire, the increasing desire of taking a holiday in the woods—all are having a most important effect upon the future of our game, both large and small. Now I feel that we in this Province should take heed and insist upon not only a shortened season, but also that the stretches of land that have been set apart for the preservation and propagation of our game should be rigidly guarded against the vandal, who is also too evident on every side, guarded from the intrusion of everyone no matter how high a position he may hold. There is positively no excuse for allowing hunters to go into the woods in the month of September. Not only are the trees laden with their beautiful autumn foliage, but the temperature is such that game will not keep twenty-four hours, and would be and is utterly useless for edible purposes after that space of time. Then again there is the

great danger of human life, when, particularly those who are not well versed in woodcraft and whose ideas of objects at a distance are somewhat vague, are apt to aim at any moving object that in color and position leads them to believe is a deer or a bear and unfortunately too often turns out to be a human being. For these reasons I believe that September should be cut out of our open hunting season; the early days of October are almost as bad—flies are yet plentiful and the foliage is still abundant and the dangers already mentioned apply with almost equal force. For these reasons I would suggest that this Association recommend a much shortened season—say from October 15th to December 15th. In the case of caribou I would not for the present insist upon any change as they are largely found in the extreme east of the Province and are better able to look after themselves than the others. In offering these few remarks on this subject I am prompted solely by a desire to see the season shortened and a minimum of waste of our game with a maximum of pleasure to those whose tastes lead them to our forests for securing a fair return for their time and money. We are fortunate in having as our President one who is keenly watchful of anything that will lead to more satisfactory protection of one of the most valuable assets of the Province, and I hope that the Association will express itself with no uncertain sound on this question—the Association being composed of those whose thoughts and wishes are for any measure that will help to perpetuate our game and fish from practical extinction.

Dr. Johnson, of Boston, gave a charming nature talk on the higher ideals of sportsmanship. He described the true sportsmen as one who never had a heavy bag or a full creel but who, nevertheless extracted the highest enjoyment from his experiences with nature's wonders. He himself as a fisherman, was always lessening his chances with the fish. For some years he had had much pleasure in fishing with a single number twelve hook with the barb filed off—as a matter of fact it was little better than the time honored bent pin. He lost plenty of fish but he got lots of fun and supreme pleasure.



There were many hunters too, who were hunting with the camera and not with the rifle. They were friends with every bird, animal and wild thing and they extracted from Nature the highest enjoyment she could bestow upon her votaries. In a beautiful word picture he put forth a powerful plea for the preservation of the Canadian forests. As long as they existed Canada would be the most powerful attraction for every sportsman, and the true sportsman would be elevated by a visit to her majestic forest aisles. A true sportsman might have less success as the world counted success, but he would acquire more skill and he would lead a higher and a better life. He assured them from personal experience of the supreme delights to be attained from following the higher ideals of sportsmanship and urged the youngest amongst them to give those higher ideals a trial, being assured that the result would be more satisfactory both to themselves and their friends.

Mr. Van Felson of the Tourialle Club drew attention to a mounted trout at the end of the hall. He stated that four years ago his club stocked some small lakes which were at the time devoid of fish life and the waters of which were slimy and impure. The fish had thriven and multiplied so well that forty of them averaging four and a quarter pounds, had been taken during the past season and the waters of the lakes were now pure. It was the intention of the Club to stock the whole of the ten lakes on their preserve with brook trout.

The conference passed votes of thanks to all those who had assisted to make the conference proceedings so successful, particular mention being made in complimentary terms of the efforts put forth by the Provincial and Civic authorities of Quebec.

The Chairman in bidding the delegates *au revoir* expressed a hearty hope that he might be able to meet them all again next year. He dwelt upon the broad view taken by the members of the Association and the evidences, constantly, accumulating of the effects of its work as shown by the reports made by the vari-

ous Provinces and States represented in the Association. He mentioned that from reports in his possession he believed the Caspecedia River to be the finest salmon fishing stream in the world. In two years when the lease of that river expired it would represent to the people of the Province a capital of several hundreds of thousands of dollars. He urged them to continue in the good work to which they had set their hands. Let them assist in preserving their forests, to protect their fish, and to multiply their game. Then they would deserve well of their fellows and the good word of posterity!" *Au Revoir!"*

One of the most pleasant of the many pleasant functions in the series of gatherings which took place during the Conference was the luncheon given on the second day at the Garrison Club by the Mayor of Quebec and local sportsmen. The great advantages of the fine Club were placed at the disposal of the delegates, and the noon interval was pleasantly passed in its luxurious rooms. The luncheon was served in the beautiful dining room under the presidency of the Mayor (M. Garneau) who accorded a hearty welcome to the delegates, specially emphasizing the warmth of the feeling of Canadian sportsmen towards their fellows from the States. A splendidly arranged and well cooked lunch was efficiently served, and the delegates had great temptation in lingering long beyond the hour appointed for re-assembling. The toast list was commendably brief and merely included the King, the President and the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. In speaking to the latter toast the Chairman emphasized the broad platform upon which the Association stands and attributed its marked success mainly to this fact. The Hon. Jean Provost replied, acknowledging with hearty appreciation the great services rendered by the civic authorities in making the gatherings in the old city of Quebec a series to be long remembered in the history of the Association.

## Wolves and their Destruction

**T**HE subject of wolves and their depredations has been taken up with great interest recently in Canada, owing largely to the general belief that these animals are increasing in numbers and that they are causing havoc among the big game of the Dominion. It is no use preserving our moose, caribou and deer for the wolves, and it is little wonder that sportsmen feel strongly upon the matter and are inclined to use emphatic words where wolves are concerned.

Wolves are not merely troublesome in Canada, but their ravages are also causing deep concern in the States, and more particularly in the western States. On the western cattle ranges the losses by stockmen through wolves are described as "enormous," and the big game on forest preserves have suffered so seriously in the same way that the Biological Survey, in co-operation with the Forest Service of the States, have been led to undertake special investigations with the object of ascertaining the best methods for destroying these pests. The result is a pamphlet compiled by Mr. Vernon Bailey, assistant in charge of Geographical Distribution, entitled "Forest Service—Bulletin 72," issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The pamphlet shows the same care and completeness in its compilation as has so long distinguished the publications of this Department, and given them world wide fame and interest.

The writer divides the wolves of North America into two groups—the smaller coyotes or prairie wolves of the western United States, Mexico and southwestern Canada, comprising several species and sub-species; and the larger grey, black, or timber wolves distributed practically throughout the whole of North America from Florida and the table land of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. The latter include half a dozen species comprising amongst them the dark grey wolf of eastern Canada, the almost white wolf of northern Canada and Alaska, and the large black or dusky wolf of the northwest coast region. As a rule the largest forms occur in the far north.

Wolves still occupy most of their original ranges, except where crowded out of the more thickly settled regions. The inquiry is held to demonstrate that the increase in the number of wolves is not due to the forest reserves. In the States these reserves are largely in the mountains, and the wolves breed largely below their edge, or on the reserves only when open foothill country is included. The wolves are said to follow the cattle from the valleys to the mountains and back again, as in the old days they followed the buffalo.

The report then proceeds to discuss the present situation as regards wolves in nineteen States. Incidentally statements are made that in eleven years \$67,866 have been paid for the destruction of 20,819 wolves in Wyoming; in one county in New Mexico \$2,540 in four years for 127 wolves; and \$119,952.38 for 29,346 wolves in Minnesota.

This is succeeded by the following paragraph: "The few recent reports to hand from Alaska, with others from numerous localities across Canada, indicate that wolves are more generally distributed over the northern part of the continent than in the United States, but also that they are generally less numerous there than in some of the western stock ranges. North of the agricultural and grazing areas of Canada wolves depend mainly on game for food, and usually follow the herds of caribou and musk ox, in some cases killing moose and deer."

The stock killed by wolves is mainly cattle and young ones, though if these are not available full grown ones are killed. They are usually attacked from behind and literally eaten alive. The ranchmen in the wolf country maintain that an animal even slightly bitten by a wolf will die of blood poisoning. More cattle are therefore killed than are eaten. Evidently the wolves prefer freshly killed beef. In summer they rarely return for even a second meal from the same animal; but in winter, when in the snowy north the cattle are gathered into pastures or stables, they often return to a carcass until its bones are picked.



It is believed that in the western United States the wolves kill far less game than either coyotes or mountain lions. "Many deer are killed by wolves in the timbered regions of Northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and in parts of Canada, especially during the winter when snow is deep and domestic animals are housed. On Grand Island in Lake Superior, a grey wolf appeared on the game preserves of the Cleveland Cliffs Iron Company, in January, 1906, when the snow was two feet deep. Within the next thirty days it killed thirteen deer and one caribou, the carcasses of which were found by the party organized to hunt the wolf. Wherever wolves inhabit timbered country they are destructive to game in proportion to their abundance, to the abundance of game, and to the scarcity of domestic cattle. In the far north caribou, moose and musk ox are their principal prey, while in some parts of the United States and Canada they kill many deer every year. Over the central plain regions of the United States wolves in great numbers originally preyed on the buffalo herds, but the buffalo wolf has now become pre-eminently the cattle wolf."

In the way of protective measures wolf proof barbed wire fences are recommended for the protection of domestic cattle, the cost often not amounting to more than one season's losses.

Bounties, even when excessively high, have proved ineffective in keeping down the wolves, and many ranchmen are questioning whether the bounty system pays. In many cases in the States three bounties are paid on each wolf killed. The system lends itself to fraud. To exterminate animals like wolves is a long and costly process. It is pointed out that although Virginia encouraged the killing of wolves almost from the first settlement of the colony, and sometimes paid as high as \$25 for their scalps, wolves were not exterminated in that State until the rewards had been in force for more than two centuries. Wolves did not become extinct in England until the beginning of the sixteenth century, although efforts towards their extinction had begun in the latter half of the tenth century. France, which has maintained

bounties on these animals for more than a century found it necessary to increase the rewards to \$30 and \$40 in 1882, and in twelve years expended no less than \$115,000 for nearly eight thousand wolves. Dr. T. S. Palmer holds that bounties cannot be said to have brought about the extermination of a single species in any State.

Wolf skins are often ruined by the requirements of bounty laws, especially when the head, feet or ears are cut off. The importance of preserving the skins in condition to bring the highest market price is as great as that of making it impossible to collect bounties twice. A slit in the skin can be sewed up so that it will never show on the fur side but cannot be concealed on the inside. A single longitudinal or vertical slip, or double cross slips four inches long in the center where the fur is longest, would serve every purpose of the law without seriously impairing the market value of the skin.

Hunting wolves with rifles, or with dogs and horses, capturing the young in the dens, trapping and poisoning are all considered and recommended. In no other way can the number of wolves be kept down so surely and so economically as by destroying the young in the breeding dens. As more applicable to Canada however we quote in full the descriptions as to the best methods of poisoning and trapping.

Many wolves are killed by poisoning, and more would be so killed if the methods followed were less crude. Strychnine is generally used with nothing to disguise its intense bitterness, the powder being either inserted in bits of meat or fat or merely spread on a fresh carcass. In most cases the wolf gets a taste of the bitter drug and rejects it, and if the dose is swallowed it may be too small to be fatal or so large as to act as an emetic. An old and experienced wolf will rarely touch bait poisoned in the ordinary way, but sometimes a whole family of young may be killed at a carcass. Usually when wolves are poisoned they go so far before they die that if found at all it is not until their skins are spoiled. To encourage poisoning it must be possible to secure the skins in good



condition, or at least to find the animals after they are killed, so that the ranchman may have the satisfaction of knowing that he has accomplished something towards the protection of his stock. In the case of poison it is of the first importance to determine the amount that will kill with certainty in the shortest possible time. According to German and French authorities on toxicology, the smallest dose of strychnine that will kill a twenty-five pound dog is approximately one-fourth of a grain. Quadruple this for a hundred pound wolf and we have two grains. Mr. B. R. Ross, of the Hudson Bay Company found that this quantity would kill a wolf quickly. Experiments by Professor David E. Lantz, of the Biological Survey, would indicate the best results from a still larger dose. One grain killed a twenty-one pound dog in seventy-five minutes, while two grains killed a forty-pound dog in twenty-seven minutes, without acting as an emetic. For a wolf therefore, four grains of pure sulphate of strychnine would seem to be a proper dose. Tests of forty pound dogs with one and two grains of cyanide of potassium in capsules caused the dogs to vomit in about fourteen minutes after which they fully recovered. Other more deadly poisons can not be safely handled, and strychnine is the only practical poison that can be recommended.

For wolves place four grains of pulverized sulphate of strychnine in a three-grain gelatin capsule, cap securely, and wipe off every trace of the bitter drug. The capsules should be inserted in a piece of beef suet the size of a walnut, and the cavity securely closed to keep out the moisture. The juice of fresh meat will dissolve the gelatin capsule, hence only fat should be used. The necessary number of these poisoned baits may be prepared and carried in a tin can or pail, but they should not be touched with naked hands. Old gloves or forceps should be used to handle them. The baits may be dropped from horseback along a scented line made by dragging an old bone or piece of hide, or may be placed on, around, or partly under any carcass on which the wolves are feeding, or along trails followed by the wolves. Partial concealment of the bait usually lessens

the wolf's suspicion, while some kind of scent near by or along the trail insures its attention. The gelatin capsule will dissolve in about a minute in the juices of the mouth or stomach. When the strychnine is taken on an empty stomach it will sometimes kill in a very few minutes, but when taken on a full stomach the wolf may have time to travel some distance before dying. In experiments on dogs the animal usually becomes helpless in one or two minutes after the first symptoms of poison and dies five or six minutes later.

Most of the wolves trapped are less than a year old, generally spring pups caught the following fall or winter. After a wolf has reached his third year and ran the gauntlet of traps, poisons, guns and dogs, its chances of dying of old age are excellent. For wolves nothing smaller than a number four double spring trap with heavy welded or special wolf chain should be used. If the trap is to be staked or fastened to a stationary object, the chain should have a swivel at each end; if to a drag, one swivel next the trap is enough. A wolf will bite and break an ordinary flat steel chain and will break any ordinary chain that is allowed to twist and kink if it is fastened to an immovable object. The best anchor for a wolf trap is a stone drag of thirty or forty pounds weight to which the trap is securely wired. A long oval stone is the best, but a triangular or square stone can be securely wired. Ordinary galvanized fence wire or telegraph wire should be fastened around the ends of the stone and connected by a double loop of the wire and the trap chain fastened to the middle of this loop. A jerk on the trap tends to draw the trap together and the spring of the connecting wire loop prevents a sudden jar that might break trap or chain. Twisted or barbed fence wire may be used if sufficiently strong, but it is not so easily handled. If no stones are available, or if the trap must be immovably fixed, it should be fastened with twisted iron stakes that can be driven below the surface of the ground. They should be at least eighteen inches long and of good iron straps three quarters of an inch wide and three sixteenths of an inch thick.

In light soil they should be still longer. If a picket pin sufficiently strong, provided with a swivel that will turn in all directions, can be purchased at the local hardware stores; it may not be necessary to have a pin made to order. The trap, chain and stone drag should be buried out of sight close to the runway where the wolves follow a trail or road, cross a narrow pass, or visit a carcass, with the trap nearest the runway and flush with the surface of the ground; to keep the earth from clogging under the pan, the pan and jaws should be covered with an oval piece of paper, and over this should be sprinkled fine earth until the surface is smooth, and all traces of paper and trap are concealed. The surface of the ground and the surroundings should appear as nearly as possible undisturbed. The dust may be made to look natural again by sprinkling water upon it. Touching the ground or other objects with the hands, spitting near the trap, or in any way leaving a trace of human odors nearby should be avoided. Old, well scented gloves should be worn while setting traps and a little of the scent used for the traps should be rubbed

on the shoe soles. A little piece of old cowhide may be used on which to stand and to place the loose earth in burying drag and trap. A narrow trail may be made by dragging the stone or scraping the foot from across the runway to the trap. A slender line of scent should be dragged along this drag mark or cross trail, and more of the scent placed around the trap and six inches beyond it, so that the wolf will follow the line directly across the trap, stopping with his front feet upon it. With old, experienced and suspicious wolves however, it is better not to make the drag mark, but to set the trap with great care, close to the side of the trail and put the scent just beyond it. If possible place the trap between two tufts of grass or weeds, so that it can be readily approached from one side only.

The use of scents is strongly recommended experience having demonstrated their value, and it is further stated that many of the methods recommended for the destruction of wolves can be applied, with slight modifications, successfully to the destruction of coyotes which are likewise very destructive animals.

## The Destruction of Deer by Wolves, Lynx and Pot Hunters.

BY E. J. MCVEIGH.

**R**EFERRING to the question of reducing the number of wolves in Ontario, I have been writing to a few of the men I know who have knowledge of this subject and quote below from two of the replies received to date. I select these as one deals with the Pot Hunter and the other with four legged animals.

For the present I will not use the names of my correspondents but hold them for future use if required.

The first letter is from one of the best known hunters in the Province and reads as follows:

"Your letter to hand enquiring about wolves and deer. Now as to the quan-

tity of deer a wolf will kill, I think at a small estimate would be, fifty deer a year to each wolf. I am satisfied that an average of one deer a week don't excuse them and there are lots of times that ten deer a day don't any more than excuse a wolf in winter season, for they kill them then for fun for themselves when the snow is deep. Now I have been in the woods all my life and I have studied their nature better than I can explain.

"Three years ago there was a gang of twelve wolves close to my place, and I was after them all winter, and I know from other winters that the yard of deer was anywhere we will say about four hundred head. This gang got into the

yard about the first of January, and the first of March there was not a living deer in the yard for I went around behind them throwing in pills at every deer for a couple of weeks, until I had about \$7 worth of strychnine distributed. Notwithstanding this I never got one of them owing to the quantity of deer. They didn't need to touch anything only what they had killed themselves. We will say that in the circle of ten miles each way from here will contain two hundred wolves at least. There is nobody knows but them that travels the bush, and I have seen more than I would tell for nobody would believe it unless they were hunters or something like that.

"And another thing that should be exterminated is the lynx, for they kill deer right and left as well as wolves, and there is nothing thought of them at all, as the wolves gets the blame that should go to them."

The second letter is from a lumberman who is also a sportsman. It reads as follows:

"Your favor regarding the destruction of deer by wolves to hand and noted. I may say that just in this section of the country wolves are not numerous, although I sometimes find the remains of deer that have been so killed. There are another kind of wolves that destroy more deer than those with the four paws, and I refer to the mighty hunter, who in season and out of season by every unlawful means destroy deer. Last summer I spent a great many nights at my summer house on ————Lake, and as

soon as the sun went down during the months of July and August, you could hear the rifles crack for miles round as far as you could hear the reports. This seems a disgrace in a civilized country, and it will be only a short time until our deer will be wiped out, not by sportsmen, but by the man who fancies he has a right to kill whenever and wherever he likes or can. There is a big field open here for the Government, the Game Associations, and any Sportsman."

You will note that these letters support statements made in the article on "Our Deer and Its Enemies," and brings the lynx under the limelight. I confess I had overlooked him for the moment, but he may be dealt with while the wolf is receiving attention.

The more you study this question the more urgent seems the necessity for the Government to take action. You will note where our hunter speaks of the destruction of four hundred deer in his district. Had there been one good man devoting his full time and attention to hunting the wolf in that vicinity is it not likely that these deer might have been saved? This man when he says he "was after them all winter" means that he went out to try to get a wolf when he felt like it, he did not devote his whole time to it. Our other correspondent speaks most bitterly of the pot hunter and his doings. Now I am familiar with the district he has reference to and I know that one good man could stop the destruction now going on, or ninety-five per cent of it, but there is nothing being done.

The figures with regard to the Indian population of Canada are at present of doubtful value as a means of deciding on the growth or decline of the Red men. The latest figures show an increase, but this is declared to be due to the inclusion of Indians hitherto not counted, but now brought within the count by the opening up of the north country. Mr. E. Stewart, Dominion Superintendent of Forestry, who recently returned from a visit to the far northwest, states that the Indians up there are dying off rapidly. In 1887 there were over eight hundred

Indians at Fort Simpson, and today the number is less than three hundred. Consumption is the scourge and is largely due to the Indians adopting the white man's habits in an exaggerated form. They build small houses, and during the cold weather keep them at a temperature which would kill a white man. There was not a physician within one thousand miles of Fort Simpson, and in his opinion the Government should send doctors into the country to endeavor to check the ravages of consumption and other diseases amongst the Indians.



# Fish and Game Protection in Alberta.

**T**HE sportsmen of the new Province of Alberta are alive to the importance of protecting one of the best assets of their rich Province—its fish and its game, and an energetic and wide spread organization has been set on foot for that purpose. The Association is receiving commendations from all parts of the Province, and is likely soon to become a power in Provincial affairs.

One of the most active branches is that located at Calgary, the members of which had a recent meeting and a long discussion at the City Hall over matters affecting fish and game interests in Alberta.

The bylaws of the Ontario Association were adopted without a dissenting voice, so far as they apply to the foundation of a local branch:

The following were elected the first officers of the branch :—Hon. President, Hon. W. H. Cushing ; President, Rev. G. H. Hogbin ; Vice-Presidents, Mr. R. A. Darker, Dr. Ings, and Mr. Osborn Brown ; Treasurer, Mr Peet ; Secretary, Mr. K. D. Johnston ; Executive Committee, Messrs John Drewe, W. C. Thompson, Chas. Comer, A. G. Woolley Dodd, Dr. Mason, Jas. Short, Wm. Reilly, G. W. Bryan, and J. Mosley.

A draft of the proposed new game laws for the Province was submitted, and the members of the local branch expressed their general approval of the same. The principal changes proposed are the extension of the close season for beaver until 1912, and the protection of prairie chicken from Sept. 15th, 1907, till Sept 15th, 1909.

A long discussion ensued and various opinions were expressed as to the results of an open season for mountain sheep and goats instead of closing the season for the next two years.

In the opinion of Mr. Laxton, of Banff, who contended that the game had not decreased during the last ten years, the result of the closing would be the drifting of the game from Alberta.

The majority however were in favor of the closed season.

The branch expressed approval of the licensing system for big game hunters, both resident and non-resident, and suggested that the resident license be fixed

at \$2.50.

Support was given to the proposed clause imposing upon every fur dealer the sending in of returns to the Government, showing the numbers of skins handled by them during the previous year.

A trappers' license of \$10 was also approved. Upon all heads leaving the Province a fee of five dollars will be payable, and they will be stamped with the Government seal which will allow them to be sold.

Approval was expressed of the proposal to prohibit the hunting of big game with dogs, and it was suggested that it would be advisable to give legal authority to anyone at any time to shoot any dog found hunting big game.

The sale of wild game is to be prohibited if the new law passes as proposed. It will then be unlawful for hotels or restaurants to supply wild birds unless the proprietor shoots them himself.

An exactment is also proposed similar to that in force in the Yellowstone Park in the States (and the Temagami Reserve in Ontario) by which all guns taken into the Canadian National Park will have to be sealed until they are taken out again. All unlicensed guns found in the Park will be confiscated and the penalty imposed will be twice the amount of the license.

The next session at Edmonton will take up the question of giving a bounty on coyotes.

It was decided to approach the railway companies regarding transportation to game wardens. Mr. Lawton the game warden from Edmonton, was warmly thanked for the great services he had rendered to the organization in the initial stages.

It was reported that several cases of flagrant violation of the game laws had been taken up by the Association and successful prosecution proceedings taken. One in particular was a case where twenty-one head of deer were slaughtered "not a thousand miles from Calgary."

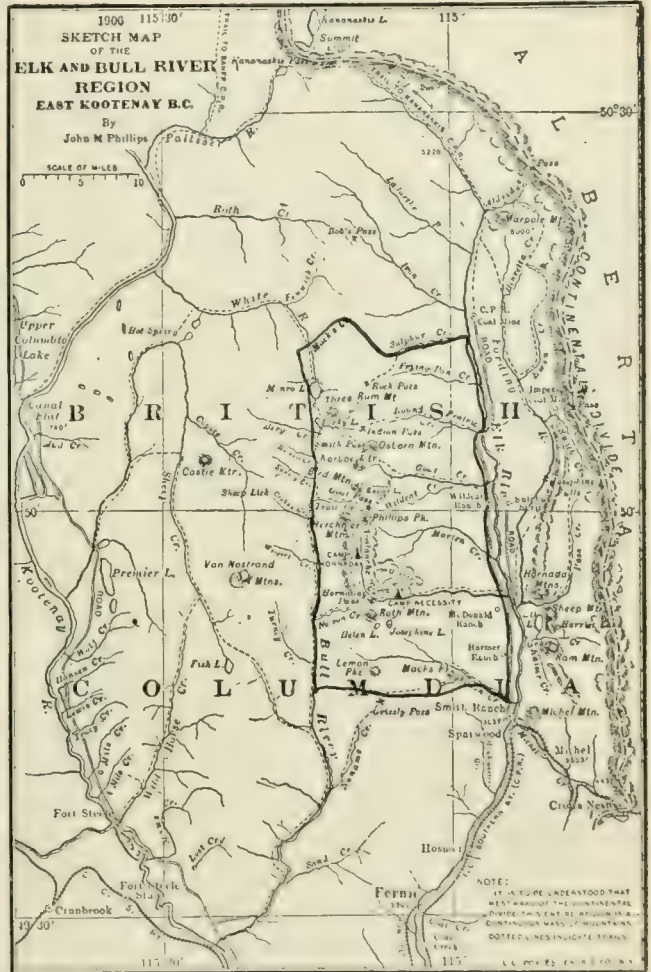
A Provincial Convention for the whole of Alberta was announced, and arrangements were made for the same, including particular attention to the part which Calgary and its delegates are bound to play in such an important gathering.

# Proposed Forest and Game Preserve for B. C.

**T**HE Provincial Government of British Columbia is now being strongly urged by Dr. W. T. Hornaday to set aside the fine mountain area between the Elk and the Bull Rivers in the Fernie District of southeastern British Columbia as a game and forest reserve. The region in question is that visited by Messrs. Phillips and Hornaday in September, 1905, concerning which and their adventures in it, they have recently published a book, entitled "Campfires in the Canadian Rockies." Beyond question, the territory described must be highly picturesque and attractive from a scenic point of view, and also well stocked with mountain goat, mountain sheep, grizzly bear, black bear and other animals. The mule deer which once were numerous, have been shot out until that species is now rare, and of elk only a few solitary individuals remain. Marten, lynx and wolverine are still fairly plentiful. The works of nature as found in that region are extremely interesting, and the country as a whole, if preserved in its present natural wildness, would make a grand resort for camping parties, of Nature-lovers and photographers. It would be in every sense a paradise for camera enthusiasts, desirous of photographing mountain scenery and both large and small game in its wild haunts.

Dr. Hornaday has drafted a bill and submitted a map showing the boundaries of the proposed reserve. The reservation as proposed by him would be about thirty (30) miles in length by fifteen (15) miles in width, and would therefore contain a total area of about four hundred and fifty (450) square

miles. The region thus delimited contains no coal nor other valuable minerals, no agricultural lands and no timber of commercial value, so that, commercially, and industrially, the people of British



MAP SHOWING THE LOCATION OF THE PROPOSED FOREST AND GAME PRESERVES.

(Length 30 miles; average width 15 miles; total area 450 square miles.)

Columbia would make no sacrifice in carrying out the idea proposed. The reserve is situated between two main lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and would be accessible from three points—Michel and Fort Steele on the South, and



Banff on the North.

Owing to the natural conditions of the country, it would be entirely possible for two game wardens to effectually protect the reservation. Dr. Hornaday proposes that the enabling act shall designate the mountains between the Elk and the Bull

Rivers as the "Goat Mountains" and the reservation as "Goat Mountain Park."

From the encouragement and sympathy which the author of this move has received, there is some reason to hope that the scheme may be carried into effect.

## A Life and Death Struggle.

**T**HAT wolves are numerous in Ontario, whatever may be the case with Quebec, is certain, and the residents in the immediate neighborhood of Port Arthur have good evidences of that fact.

In the lumber camps not far from the town wolves have not only been heard but also seen, and repeated attempts have been put forth to kill some of the savage brutes. One afternoon, before winter was far advanced, the men at one of the lumber camps saw a wolf in pursuit of a deer. It had just pulled the animal down when the men drove it off, but the deer was dead.

Later on in the same camp a resort was had to poison. The howls of the wolves were so persistent, and they grew so bold, that it was felt an effort must be made to clear them out. A large quantity of poisoned meats were put about and two days afterwards one of the men, Paul Lemouraux, who is well known in Port Arthur, went the rounds to see if any results had followed. He found two huge brutes dead, and a third as he supposed in its death struggles. Incautiously he ventured too near, and the animal making a jump at him tore his clothes from him and also badly marked some of his flesh. A desperate struggle ensued. Fortunately for himself Lemouraux had retained possession of his axe, and made repeated attempts to get in a fatal blow. The wolf dodged and got in some nasty scratches with its powerful claws, not merely tearing the man's clothes to ribbons but also inflicting deep flesh wounds. Nothing but desperation enabled the man to keep up, and

strengthened his arm for the delivery of a blow landing on the animal's head stunning it for a time. Before it could recover a second blow put it out of business forever and only just in time. Exertion, loss of blood, and bodily pain had done their work and the man was all but exhausted. Even when the battle was over he was far from safe. He was exposed to the bitter cold and unable to proceed to camp except at the slowest pace, and by dint of great effort. Nothing but dogged determination enabled him to make the journey. As soon as his situation was discovered in camp every attention was paid to him, and in a few days he was in a fair way towards recovery.

Mr. McDougall, of the firm of Messrs. Todd and McDougall, at whose lumber camp these events took place, is one of the members of the Moose Lodge Camp, to which a number of sportsmen throughout Ontario belong. Mr. Dan Miller and Mr. Hodder of Woodstock, Ont., who belong to the same camp, shot a moose in the immediate neighborhood the season before. They returned to camp for the purpose of making arrangements for getting out the moose, and on their return found that the wolves had saved them all trouble in the matter, having cleaned the carcass so well that scarcely enough was left to make a meal.

There were many other reports of the boldness and persistence of these animals, and it seems by no means improbable that sportsmen will have to organize for the destruction of wolves if the big game of the country is to be saved from destruction.



# Exploring Northern Ontario.

BY JAMES DICKSON, O. L. S.

**N**O seeker after some rural retreat in this Ontario of ours, trying to find a place where he may spend his brief summer holidays away from the haunts of men, need ever be at a loss where to look for a quiet nook within a few hours' run of any of our centres of population. There are numerous spots where, at a minimum cost, he can luxuriate in the healthiest atmosphere, enjoy the purest water under God's heaven, and have all the necessities, and many of the luxuries, of life at his tent door.

Numbers of those who have been blessed with a sufficiency of this world's goods to afford the outlay, hie them away by one of our ocean racers to the lands of their fathers in the east; or to the awakening Orient by wending their way westward, to study there strange peoples, and view those mystic lands where the inhabitants have recently exchanged their baby linen for the clothing of manhood, and laid aside their childish toys for the implements of civilization, thereby fitting themselves for their place amongst the nations of the earth.

One day a Cabinet Minister expressed to me the dearest wish of his heart, and that was to bury himself and his family in some out of the way place, where for a few weeks neither the telegraph boy nor the postman could find him, and where mentally and physically he could have a real rest. I could thoroughly sympathize with him, as I know there are very few gentlemen who are such public drudges as members of a Government, and knowing as I do from personal experiences the effects of a holiday in the woods.

So numerous, so easily accessible, so glorious in their beautiful scenery, and all other accessories which render an outing enjoyable, are these haunts that the difficulty lies in the matter of choice. To any inquirer after such a retreat I would simply say that if you wish to remain in touch with your fellows and within reach of the daily mail bag, pitch your tent on the shore of the first lakelet any of our railways leading in a northerly direction winds around, and you will wonder how you could ever think of any other spot. If it is your intention to

cut loose altogether from civilization for a season launch your canoe on the nearest waters at the end of any of the lines running northerly, or on the first stream crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway west of Pembroke, ply the paddle for a short time, and you have it.

In either case there is no difficulty in the way which need deter any man from taking all the members of his family, of both sexes, with him. The fact should not be lost sight of that the ladies and children of the household both require and enjoy these outings quite as much, if not more, than the head and grown up boys thereof. In the great majority of cases the daily occupations of the head of the household brings him in contact with variety both in persons and places and gives him both mental and physical changes. The position of both wife and little ones is entirely different. With them it is the same monotonous routine day in and day out, unchanging from month to month.

I care not how elegant the home, how luxurious the furnishings, or how pleasing and healthful the surroundings may be, a complete change for all periodically is a big factor in invigorating and renewing the strength of body and mind.

I have read how the "Sage of Chelsea" maintained two residences equally healthy and pleasing in every respect. He sojourned in each alternately and was always benefitted by the change. I have never felt the slightest respect for those fellows who rush off for annual outings and leave wife and little ones at home to a humdrum course of existence. Why even a run out for a day would do them good.

It frequently happens in Canada that the contemplated trip is so far away in the wilds that no white woman could either go herself or take her children with her. In such cases it should be a first lien on the amount of money set aside for the outing to provide some cozy nook for those other members of the household. Your readers may all depend upon it that they would find such a course a first class investment.

In the discharge of my professional duties I took such an outing last year,

but made provision for those I was obliged to leave behind. I traveled more or less over thirty-two townships, did several hundred miles of canoeing, paddled across many picturesque lakes and along magnificent rivers with easy portages, where ladies may travel one hundred miles from any railroad without any dread of torn dress or wet feet. As I have never seen that section of country described except in the official reports of surveyors, I have thought that a brief account of my four months' trip might be interesting to some of the readers of "Rod and Gun."

Acting under instructions from the Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines for Ontario (the Hon. Frank Cochrane) I left home on June seventh last year to inspect the newly surveyed townships which were officially described as lying "north of the watershed." My party consisted of four men with a cook, and we had three canoes. Our first objective point was Chapleau, the second divisional point on the Canadian Pacific Railway west of North Bay. After spending a day in North Bay purchasing supplies we reached Chapleau on Saturday morning, June ninth.

On stepping off the train very little is visible except the Company's buildings with forest clad hills beyond. A few paces from the station however, and the visitor realizes that he is in a clean well kept little hamlet with two good hotels, several up-to-date general stores, and various branches of industry. Five minutes' walk from the station brings one to the shores of a beautiful lake. This stretches five miles across the railway track on the west, while on the southeast it gradually narrows down to a river, the Nebusquashing with its fountain head many miles to the south. On its shore there is an Indian reserve, and here by some freak of nature, as in all other places where the natives have had dealings with either Anglo-Saxon, Celt or Gaul, the younger generation have been so successful in imitating the whites that one would almost think they had thrown in their lot altogether with the aliens. It is different with the older members who retain the complexion, features and all the characteristics of the aborigines.

Here we were north of the watershed, or what is commonly called the Height of Land, which divides the waters flowing south from those which meander north into the Arctic seas.

Our canoes were unfortunately carried a station further west and we had to await their return. When they arrived we found that a general overhauling and re-painting was absolutely necessary before we could venture out in them. It was therefore not until the morning of Tuesday the twelfth of June that camp was struck and a start made. We had a clear and uninterrupted run of fifteen miles down Chapleau and Henderson Lakes. Two short portages took us into Edith Lake, a lovely sheet of water stretching northwards I know not how far, as one mile of its southern end was the limit of this route.

We returned to within a couple of miles of Chapleau, then turned east and went two miles more up a crooked bay with a portage of one mile into Loon Lake. The Lonely River has its source here rising in a deep bay at the north end. Loon Lake is a magnificent sheet of deep pellucid water, with many stretches of shallow water and hard sand bottom along its rock bound shores. It is fully six miles long from north to south terminating in a narrow point, if such a term is permissible when applied to water. There are several small and one large rocky island near the north end.

Paddling for two miles up another bay opposite the east end of the largest island, we went, with short portages between, across Emerald, La Blanc and West Lakes, three small gems nestling amidst the pine clad hills, into Lonely River at Twin Lakes. Descending this, a sluggish stream a trifle over one chain wide, for a couple of hours, we crossed a portage of thirty chains situated on the left bank and landed at the south end of Trout Lake. This is another delightful sheet of water surrounded by rocky well timbered mountains. It is some two miles wide and looks as if it might extend fifteen miles north. Loon River enters a short distance east of the end of the portage, and by taking this short carry one avoids several miles of very rough stream. Re-tracing our steps for three



miles we packed east one mile into the Nemigosanda River which discharges into Trout Lake, one mile north of Loon River. It is about equal in volume of water to Loon River, is very tortuous, and flows through a wide and very wet marsh. During the hot summer months it is a very great moose haunt.

From this stream we returned by the same route as that by which we came in Loon Lake, and from another point on its east shore made an excursion of some six or seven miles by another network of small lakes which unite together to give the Nemigosanda a start. We returned again to Loon Lake and a few days on its shores ended our work in that section of the country. Accordingly we made our way to Chap-leau, arriving there on Monday the ninth of July, having been gone just four weeks.

The lakes through which we made our way are one and all beautiful with well wooded shores, and nearly everyone stocked with luscious and gamey fish. All the time we had good water and the air was salubrious and healthful. We found many fine and convenient spots where both wife and bairns could be taken for a summer's outing without either danger or difficulty, and where capital summer homes might be erected.

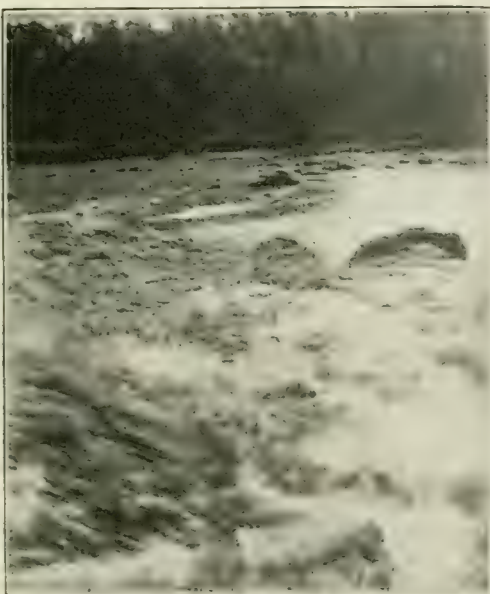
Next day we took train and journeyed east by the Canadian Pacific Railway to Matagami Siding. At this point all goods destined for the Hudson Bay Company's Post on the Matagami River are transhipped, and from here they are transported by means of canoe and tump line to their destination some seventy miles north as the crow flies. At Matagami Siding we were again south of the Height of Land which is about half way

between that point and the Post. As the way to our next field of operations was by the Matagami Post we were bound to follow the same route.

At the Siding we found the supplies on which we were to subsist for the next three months awaiting us. Here also we had to bid good-bye to civilization with not a chance for even a home letter for that length of time.

The following morning we loaded up and launched our canoes on a small brook which after a serpentine course of three miles through a marsh discharged into a

bay of the Spanish River. We found that when all goods were shipped and two men in each canoe the space between the water and the gunwale was so narrow as to leave no room for fooling, at least in deep water or even with a moderate wind. Our course now was up the Spanish River. By mid-day we made the second portage, and a little before sundown we reached the fourth which is named the dam. This dam, which is now nearly all washed away, had been erected by



SWIFT WATER ON THE MATAGAMI.

lumbermen to facilitate the transport of logs, and when in a good state of repair must have raised the level of the water nearly to the head of the river.

The route next day was along narrow lakes alternating with short stretches of river. Here some fine mountain scenery can be seen, but unfortunately the allied forces of the lumberman's axe, and the fire fiend have marred much of its beauty. Where only a few years ago towered the majestic virgin forest there can now be seen many large areas of naked rocks and hills of yellow sand, clothed only with a few berry bushes and blackened stumps. Here and there along the shores dilapidated lumber camps bear testimony



to the fact that the forests in this section of the country are exhausted, and except when broken by the hoot of the owl or the howling of the wolf silence will have undisputed sway for decades to come. The last three miles of this branch of the Spanish River flows through a dense swamp. The river is narrow and the bends are so numerous and sharp that it is only by the exercise of great care that the canoes can be worked round some of them. Finally on rounding one we espied a beaten trail leading up a hill a short distance to the right and turning out of the stream into a small marsh we pushed our way to the landing. There were now only two small lakelets between us and the Height of Land—Perch Lake and Blue Lake with a short carry between them. On the west shore of Blue Lake, and at a distance of only a few chains from the one we were on, another portage started off. This is the



ONE OF THE UPPER CASCADES IN THE FIRST FALLS OF THE  
FREDERICK HOUSE RIVER.

trail to Biscotasing Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and is a few miles longer than the one by which we came from the railway line.

We now had a one mile carry over a good trail to Dividing Lake on the Matagamí River. This is the most southerly point reached by that magnificent chain of waters.

Following the course of this lake for one mile we turned to the right into a brook. It is narrow and stony. The water was low and our deeply laden canoes struck rather heavily against some of the sharp rocks. Accordingly we had to unload two of them and apply white

lead and patches before entering upon the next lake "Molly." When about half way down the "Molly," a fierce squall, which had been threatening for some time suddenly burst upon us. Fortunately we were very near the shore, and although it was not an ideal spot for a camp, we unloaded as quickly as possible in order to prevent swamping. Before we had made things fairly comfortable it was past the middle of Saturday afternoon, and we remained in this camp till the following Monday.

Below Lake Molly the stream increases

in volume and the water is good to the next portage. This is about three-fourths of a mile in length over a good trail and cuts off a long bend of rough river into Minisikogwa Lake. Here we were overtaken by a small flotilla of Hudson Bay Company canoes going to the Post with a cargo of goods from Matagami Siding, where the Company owns

a large store-

house. We had met them going out light on the forenoon of the day we left the Siding.

Minisikogwa Lake has an extreme length of some ten miles stretching north. It is well studded with islands for half its length then tends easterly, finally narrowing down to a good sized river, with only one more easy portage, five miles south of the Hudson Bay Company's Post. At a distance of half a mile from the Post, on rounding a bend of the river, we found ourselves in another lake, and saw the Post in a large green field. Not far from the Company's buildings there were a dozen or more Indian tents

clustered together, for the hunters with their families were in from their trapping grounds. On landing we found that the Post has been built on a narrow point, and that a large sheet of water, the Matagami Lake, with beautifully wooded shores, stretch away twenty miles south, uniting here with the stream we have been descending. At a short distance from the storehouses stands a small Anglican Church in an unfenced cemetery, there being only a small dilapidated fence around a few isolated graves, and the few bovines belonging to the Post were grazing amongst the mounds.

This Post, like all others belonging to the Great Company has what may not inappropriately be called its own hunting grounds, its own section of the natives with whom to trade and keep in supplies and generally look after. I found that there were some twenty families depending upon the Matagami Post for all the necessities of life beyond what they themselves obtained by means of their rifles and traps.

When we were there most of the men were away freighting for the Company, and only the old men with the women and the children were at home. They proved the best clothed and the cleanest lot of Indians I ever met. I did not see a dirty person, a rag, or a naked foot amongst them. I had a talk with one old veteran, who had flowing in his veins the blood of half the nations of Europe, with an admixture of native blood as well. He first saw the light at the Laclosh Post on the Georgian Bay. Born as it were into the Company's

service he had spent his whole life with them and had now reached his eighty-fourth year. He had traveled over many of the backwoods of Canada and also crossed the Rockies, being one of the party with Sir George Simpson when they were so reduced for food that they had to eat their horses and resort to other extremities. He meanders around the Post leaning upon two stout staves. "I am now old and feeble," he says, "and not able to work. I am so nearly blind that I cannot see your face, and I have to subsist on charity."



FIRST FALLS ON THE FREDERICK HOUSE, LOWER WESTERN CASCADE.

We left the Post on Friday, the twentieth of July. What however with broken weather and mishaps to canoes, although we had only two portages to make, it was not until the following Tuesday forenoon that we reached the baseline, fifty-six miles from the Post. This line is the northern boundary of the Temagami Reserve, and for several days we had been traversing its western boundary.

The Matagami River from the Post is a

large deep stream with a width ranging from three to five chains. Its waters are a dark chocolate color, and expand occasionally into long narrow lakes.

Three miles further down we found the portage between the Matagami and the Frederick House chain of waters. As our program arranged for our crossing at this point we cached our canoe and the major part of the supplies, while we proceeded on down stream for another thirty miles to Sturgeon Falls. Before we reached that point we had four portages



to cross and one rather nasty rapid to run. Sturgeon Falls is a magnificent cataract of full thirty feet in a distance of four or five chains. It must be a grand sight at high water.

At noon on Friday August the third we were back at our cache. A thoroughly wet afternoon and night followed, and we disturbed nothing till the next morning. That day we had a visit from a couple of courteous gentlemen who had come from Massachusetts to spend a vacation in the northern woods. Both parties were glad to exchange greetings, and we compared notes to our mutual advantage.

There was now an eight mile portage ahead of us. This long carry was broken by three small lakes and some three quarters of a mile of a creek, which reduced the actual packing by at least two miles. At the end of this long carry we dipped our paddles in Porcupine Lake, a sheet of water stretching to the northeast one and a half miles and discharging its waters into a large brook called the Porcupine River. The distance in an air line between Porcupine and Night Hawk Lakes is only a trifle over seven miles, but by this stream, which is one of the feeders of the Night Hawk, it is twenty-five. This route suited me very well as the stream flows through several of the townships I had come so far to inspect. The Porcupine is a fine canoe stream, almost devoid of either swift water or rapids, and only obstructed for a few miles by fallen timber, which is only troublesome at a low stage of the water.

It was not till the twenty-third of August that we sighted Night Hawk Lake, which is next to Abitibi the largest body of water in this section of the country. If it were reduced to a square it would be fully equal in area to two townships. It has numerous and well timbered islands on its surface.

At one time there was a Hudson Bay Company's Post situated on its western shore. It has however now been abandoned and the buildings are gone. The nomadic families who at one time were dependent upon it for supplies are now distributed between Matachewan on the Montreal River, Abitibi and the Mata-

gami Posts. The volume of its waters is kept up by several large streams which are in turn fed by numerous lakes. It discharges its waters one mile east of Porcupine Creek, and its collected waters are henceforth known as the Frederick House River, which even at its source is equal in volume to the Matagami.

The distance to Frederick House Lake is six miles, a narrow marsh fringing both sides of the stream for the entire distance. The Frederick House is six miles long, by a little more than half that distance at its widest part. We camped for a few days on a sandy point half way down its eastern shore. This point terminated in a miniature mountain top on which are a few Indian graves.

My work took me fifteen miles down this stream. On the way we passed the first obstruction to navigation, a magnificent cataract with a fall of forty-three feet. It is divided into several parts by small well timbered islands. A green moose hide and a pair of velvet covered antlers at the head of the portage bore testimony to the fact that some white man, whose taste for moose meat was stronger than his respect for the game laws, had recently been in the neighborhood. No Indian would leave such a valuable hide to rot in the bush.

Thursday, the sixth of September, found the party back at the south end of Frederick House Lake. From there we made our way to the head of Barber Bay which stretches south for two miles from a point one mile east of the entrance to the river. The portage into Driftwood River starts from the head of this Bay, but as the map we had for our guidance laid it down in the wrong place we experienced some difficulty in locating it. After a good search we found it a few hundred yards up a small creek so shallow that the canoes had to be dragged through the mud. The total length of this portage is seven miles, but the trail is a good one and is broken by three small lakes. We finally launched again on a small pond and proceeded to its outlet, a narrow but deep stream, with the alders frequently meeting overhead. We continued down this stream for a couple of hours when we entered Moose Lake, a shallow body of water two and



a half miles from south to north by a little over half that distance from east to west. Finally three-fourths of its shore is a marsh. Its outlet is Driftwood River which starts on its east shore almost at the north end. This stream is about the same size as the Porcupine. After a run for a mile or two south and east it trends almost due north till within three miles of its mouth, when it turns easterly and discharges into Black River, one half mile above the confluence of that stream with the Abitibi.

The Driftwood has a total length of twenty miles. It is a fine canoe stream but very tortuous. While its upper half is free from obstructions of any kind, the lower half is a good deal obstructed by timber and chutes. The portages are numerous but none of them are either long or difficult.

In order to complete the season's operations the party went down the Abitibi, passing Iriquois Falls on September twentieth, and here received the first news from home since the ninth of July. This river was descended to a distance of twenty miles below the falls, and to within five miles of the crossing of the new transcontinental railway.

From this point a return was made up stream to Couchiching Falls, a short run made up the Mistooga River, another fine canoe stream which unites with the Abitibi from the east, and we wended our way up the Black River to the End of Steel on the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario Railway, ten miles south of McDougall's Chute. There we abandoned the worn out canoes, took the train, and arrived home on the seventeenth of October.

During the whole season we were in a good country. Signs of moose were abundant everywhere and numbers of them were seen. In some places, especially on the Spanish River, both red deer and caribou were also seen. We also saw bear, mink, marten, fox and muskrat. Partridges were likewise numerous. Very few ducks however were seen except at Moon Lake and neighborhood. Where we did see them they were sufficiently abundant to stock a Province.

As the trip was one of business and not of pleasure we did not indulge in fishing except when camped on a lake

shore, on which occasions the camp was always kept well supplied with pike and pickerel. The latter is little, if any, inferior to trout as a table fish, and its favorite haunts are in waters so rough that it would seem impossible for any form of life to avoid being dashed to pieces.

Only in a few places was fresh beaver work to be seen, although old work was in abundance everywhere. This was the more remarkable when it is remembered that that section of country has only been trapped over under the eyes of the factors of the Hudson Bay Company, who never permit any variety of game in their neighborhood to be exterminated. A few years ago some epidemic prevailed amongst them and seems to have gone far towards exterminating the whole species. One Indian told the writer that he had found as many together as four dead in one house, and six and ten in only two houses.

Both the Government and the Churches have spent and are spending large sums of money in their endeavors to elevate the Red man. The whole of the north country has been practically in the hands of a powerful corporation for upwards of two centuries. There has been marrying and giving in marriage, and the propagation of large families. This union of races has however seldom had the effect of elevating the savage; most frequently indeed the mixing of the races has had the opposite effect. This result is no doubt largely due to the fact that the families have neither been removed from the influence of the maternal surroundings nor educated in the civilization of the white man. Thus instead of getting them to a higher state of existence they are taught to be content with their present condition of dirt and misery, and of feasting and starving according as game is abundant or scarce. A few of them cultivate some square rods of potatoes, with perhaps a small onion or cucumber bed. If they would only extend these operations to a few acres, with one half the labor, and none of the hardships, they now endure they would soon be in a condition of comparative affluence. I write in their own interests when I repeat that it is a matter for sincere regret that some means of elevating the younger generation cannot be devised.

# Destruction of Game Birds in Alaska.

## President Roosevelt Interested.

**P**RESIDENT Roosevelt and members of the Boone and Crockett Club have taken up the petition of 200 sportsmen in Spokane to stop the wholesale destruction of game birds and their eggs in Alaska, and it is more than likely that Major Matson, a federal government employee in the Northland, will be called to account. Dr. T. S. Palmer, who has charge of the game preservation in the Bureau of Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., has sent a letter to Al Wiesmann asking for the names of the offenders. His letter in part follows:

"I should be greatly obliged if you would send us any facts in your possession relative to this destruction of wild fowl and their eggs, or any information which can be used to prevent the recurrence of the practice."

Mr. Wiesmann says that Major Matson boasted while in Spokane last year that he makes more from the sale of wild ducks and their eggs than he does from the government. Mr. Wiesmann says that Major Matson has a gasoline launch, which he uses in his work and that he goes to the nesting places daily for eggs, which he collects by the barrel and sells to miners for food. He also boasted of shooting boat loads of young ducks in the marshes.

Dr. Alexander Lambert of New York, a member of the Boone and Crockett Club, says in his letter to Dr. Henry Power, referring to the Spokane sportsmen's complaint of the destruction of Alaskan game:

"I am very much interested in all such matters, and I know that President Roosevelt is also. I shall be very glad to help you in any way I can and I shall be glad to see that any petition you desire to send on the matter is placed in right hands. I will also bring the matter up before the Boone and Crockett Club. It was through this club that the game

laws for Alaska were passed, and the President is a member, very much interested in the doings of the club. Besides, we have members who look after just the sort of thing you desire. Send on your petition, and I shall place it where it will do the most good."

The petition signed by more than 200 sportsmen interested in the protection of game birds and their eggs, has been forwarded and it is expected that the federal government will take some action to stop the flagrant destruction of birds in the far north.

"It is not in Alaska only that the nests are robbed," Mr. Wiesmann said. "It has lately come to our notice that the nests around Moses Lake, west of Spokane, have been robbed in a systematic manner by those who are looking for eggs for food. One woman told me they had no trouble getting all the eggs they needed early in the season, but later were forced to break more than one hundred eggs before they could secure enough for breakfast. Of course, we have laws to cover this, and we intend to see that there is nothing of this sort repeated next season, if it is possible to prevent it."

Wild swan, ducks and geese have not been so numerous at Moses Lake in years as they are this season. Heavy snows and cold winds in the Northlands drove them to the stubble fields in the central and southern parts of Washington. They are also plentiful along the Columbia and Snake Rivers, where good sized bags are not uncommon. The real sportsmen are satisfied with less than the number allowed by the law, but market hunters utilize almost every known means of destruction except machine guns, in their greed to get the tempting prices offered by dealers, who supply the hotels, restaurants and markets not only of this State but also those adjoining.

# The Ontario Wolf Hunt.

BY L. O. ARMSTRONG.

**W**E have joined in some and read of other wolf hunts on the prairie or where a clump of timber is surrounded by five hundred to one thousand people where the wolves cannot get away, although there may be difficulty in ferreting them out of their lairs. We have had the wolf hunt on the plains, which is done on horseback, where the coyote, and occasionally the timber wolf is finished by the hound but wolf hunting with a rifle where the hunter hopes to shoot his wolf in thick timber with deep snow is a novelty and one that has proven to be the very keenest kind of sport. Of all the denizens of the wild woods the wolf is the most difficult to shoot. Occasionally when ravenous he will attack a camp. He has been known to kill dogs outside of a camp when in large bands, but such was not the good fortune of the Canadian Timber Wolf Hunt that has just returned from the wilds. Only three wolves were bagged after much hard work and the keenest kind of hunting, but nevertheless every man returned from the hunt with the strongest possible zest for more of it.

The party started from Desbarats, Ont., on Saturday morning, February 9th. The hunters consisted of Charles Wake of the Equitable Life Assurance Co., New York; J. A. Cruikshank, Secretary of the Canadian Camp Club, 42 Broadway, New York; Lt. G. H. Payne, of the United States Army, now stationed at Fort Brady, Mich.; C. H. Chapman, Game Warden of the State of Michigan; Geo. V. Fisher, Gloucester, Mass.; Messrs. Ernest Tremblay, and L. Laferriere of "La Presse"; Capt. Landriault of "La Patrie" and Military Instructor, Montreal; Lt. Carabon of the 10th Infantry, Auxonne, France; Mr. Forbes Sutherland, Montreal; Robert McCreary, Cleveland, Ohio; L. O. Armstrong, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, and others. The chief guides were Charles H. Deutschman, the discoverer of the Nakimu Caves near the Great Glacier, B. C.; Thos. Barrett of

Big Moose Lake, N. Y.; Harry Spurrway, Desbarats, Ont.; Donald Bell, Desbarats, Ont.; Caribou Jack McLeod, Rydal Bank, Ont., and some local guides who were engaged when we hunted in their vicinity.

Every man in the party was a fairly good shot. Carabon was the best pistol shot. We had two old wolf hunters with us and every man but the French Lieutenant was accustomed to winter camping conditions. He is a very powerful man and had extra weight to carry but all through he was a splendid example of the mastery of mind over matter and in spite of many tumbles on the start while snowshoeing he stayed with the boys to the finish, and made every man in the party a personal friend. His English vocabulary was very small as far as expressions went but his understanding was large and his expressions grew plainer and more frequent as the days went by. So popular was he with the boys that they insisted upon making him one of the Vice Presidents of the Wolf Hunters' Club of America, which was formed in the forest.

The start from Desbarats was made in sleighs. Our heavy Mackinaw coats were made on the Hudson Bay pattern but of better material keeping us abundantly warm. The roads were very heavy and our dinner the first day consisted of soda biscuits and sardines, which we purchased at the little country store and when five o'clock came the ravenous appetites, characteristic of life in high altitudes, had made itself manifest. At the very last settler's house we were fortunate enough to be surprised by a batch of home-made pies that had just come out of the oven and were very nicely browned. The party took the whole baking. The tent and outfit were two hours behind. We drove from the last settler's to the shore of Bass Lake. Using our snowshoes as shovels we cleaned away the snow down to the ground and made room for three tents in T shape, i. e. two at right angles to the



third. We cut boughs, poles, crotches, tent pegs and everything was ready but the tents and provisions at seven o'clock. We made torches of birch bark and began to feel hungry and anxious as to whether the food and outfit would arrive. Just at that time dark forms were seen in the distance and they proved to be the rest of the party. The lady of the hot pies had very thoughtfully sent along a pot of hot potatoes, which she covered with a cloth and they remained hot during that four mile trip. This little thoughtfulness made the sex dearer to us than before, if possible; and she was afterwards referred to as "the pie woman with the mouth of pearls."

On Sunday morning we found that we had three guides who had skill as cooks and the breakfast of corn meal mush, bacon and beans, with the pine apple hunks from Singapore was better than anything we had ever tried in camp. The therapeutic value of pineapple is in no other place so effective as it is in camp. It is easily transported—is not injured by frost—in fact it is improved by freezing. The Hovis bread (made in Montreal) is one that will keep fresh for a fortnight. It is put up in small loaves and is admirable for luncheon on a long trip. Another feature that it is advisable to have when one uses toboggans is triscuit and shredded wheat. Their use is in preparing a hurried luncheon. They are made into a soup with a little spice added and something to enrich it, or eaten with sugar or syrup. The whole time taken to cook it in boiling water is two minutes.

Our camp on Bass Lake was in an exquisitely beautiful spot. We arrived at the lake between two enormous peaks with spring-fed streams of running water between them. We crossed the lake where there was a summer canoe route; its outlines are bold and beautified with heavy uncut and unburned timber. We spent the first morning in looking for wolves. We found large yards of deer and moose, but the mining prospectors and lumbermen had driven away the body of the wolves, so that we decided to strike camp and move further north. With sticks we killed a magnificent fisher. Caribou Jack trapped him and

he had to be killed to put him out of his misery. He is the pluckiest animal of his kind in the woods and showed plenty of fight even when caught in a trap. We had always heard that fisher was not good to eat, but we realized that he had been feeding on rabbits and after skinning him we put him into the pot and found him to be very good indeed. He would have been better for food had he been left hanging for a few days; as it was he was tender enough.

We had a very large log fire outside of the tents, and a square open front sheet steel tent stove inside with a large stove pipe, which gave the greatest possible amount of ventilation. It was a decided success. The open fire when the temperature is thirty-five degrees below zero is enough to eat by but to sit about quietly in the open tent it is not quite sufficient. With this stove in our 12x14 tent, the conditions tending to perfect sociable conditions were all right. Although close to straggling settlers to the South; on the North was the boundless white silence, relieved only by precipitous crags and pine and other trees, stretching to the shores of James Bay. The Hon. Hempstead Washburne said of these lakes last year that few lakes in Switzerland equal them in beauty. The American contingent and the French Lieutenant could not find sufficient expressions to convey their admiration of the scene. Some of the men admitted that they had dined a little too much and too often and that the liquid part of the menu had been too freely indulged in just before leaving, but two days in the woods on snowshoes, enabled them to throw off the bad effects of the delicious poison they had been taking. About the third day every man was fit for the real hard tramping before us. That first day, the twelve miles (as the crow flies) of climbing over mountains in the unbroken forest—breaking our trail all the way, was very hard work indeed. Breaking a snowshoe trail means exceedingly difficult work for the leader, very hard work for the second man, and moderately hard work for the third man. The rest have an easy time of it. Two of the older men took turns at breaking the trail. During the first five minutes, Lt. Cara-

bon on a heavy grade bowed his head to miss a projecting limb, caught another with his snowshoes and took his first decided header. The hole in the snow might have been made by an elephant lying down. Considering Lt. Carabon's weight of two hundred and forty pounds it was not surprising. Coming up with a smile on his face, well covered with melting snow he exclaimed "*mais cest epatant* which might be translated, (holy smoke but it is immense!) He could not find adjectives enough to express his appreciation of his enjoyment of everything and the phrasing in the French vocabulary is unlimited as compared with ours.

Feeling the need of a rest we stopped on a small lake to test and become familiar with our guns. Here we were delighted to find that we had among our hunters seven or eight crack shots. We had the Champion of the Province of Quebec. We had a man for whom a special medal was struck at the Rockcliffe Military School. We had in Lt. Carabon the best pistol shot with the automatic Colt. We had old hunters who took the prize for swift shooting and skill combined.

We portaged over Big Island Lake and from Small Island Lake to Patton Lake. There are two Island Lakes—Big Island Lake and Small Island Lake. We avoided the regular Indian canoe portage to get more into the wilds and in doing this we came to a seven hundred foot precipice which looked impossible to negotiate but after much searching we found a rock slide, which went down to the lake at an angle of sixty-five or seventy degrees or steeper. It would have been impossible had it not been for the many small poplars and birches that grew in the broken rock. It was a snowshoe slide and we went down, catching trees and twigs as we went. This brought from the French Lieutenant "*mais c'est tres cule*" (but it is very extraordinarily exciting, by a literal translation.)

About three o'clock in the afternoon we were within a mile and a half of the house of one of the settlers, who had gone into the wilderness because of an isolated basin of good land in the hills. The leader of the expedition was a mile ahead of the rest, hurrying along to get

tea boiled for the party who had four miles to travel after that. Feeling exhausted there was a call for whiskey but the faithful guide who carried it refused to give it without instructions from the chief. Moving, but almost exhausted, the hunters came straggling in and it was surprising to note how marvelous is the effect of tea in the woods; it is far more lasting than is whiskey.

The French Lieutenant turned up the fifth, leaving some of the older hunters behind and our respect grew greater along with our liking for the representative of France. Four cups of strong tea apiece did not seem anything out of the common.

We found the inhabitants of the farm house down with grippe. This was the case in almost every one of the settlers' houses we met. We were getting rid of all our little bodily ailments and feeling fit to join a Polar Expedition party. Why should they be ill? The reason is that these farm house people keep vegetables in their cellars and travel from the house to the stables without any extra covering. They are very careless about ventilation and breathe vitiated air. We who were out all day long in the open were shedding our clothing. We found it very difficult to dress lightly enough. We found our Eskimo Dickey of canton flannel, thrown over our under coat of great value. It had no weight and helped to break the wind and keep out the snow and cold admirably. We carried our overcoats on our shoulders in military fashion or in our light pack bags. Another valuable article of clothing was the helmet in which we slept at night and which we wore all day. It can be shaped as a cap and worn on the top of the head or can be pulled over the face, covering all but the eyes and nose and even the nose can be covered, leaving the eyes alone visible. This accounted for the fact that in spite of forty degrees below zero and a little high wind, not the least frost bite was experienced by any of the party.

While on the question of outfit I must say something about the McClary cooking stove—small, portable, and capable of being knocked down without injury and packed up in a very small compass—it



proved valuable. It cooked for fifteen hungry men a three course dinner when time permitted. It had an oven that would bake. It was also sufficient to heat the large tent, around which bundles of blankets made seats for the party. Enjoyable social conditions prevailed on the plan of the old Indian tepee. We made much of the evening entertainment by asking each member of the party to give the most interesting episode of his life and these were told under the other exceedingly warm social influences that prevail at night and at night only. We had a variety of apposites of national character. We had the French Canadian gaiety and politeness and the old France exhibit of the same qualities. We had the large American experience of "globe trotters." We had the Anglo Canadian veterans relate their experiences in camping and canoeing extending over thirty or forty years and we had the necessary freedom of roasting and jollying those who entered into too extraordinary narratives. Our three experienced guides made quick work of washing dishes and putting away everything, so that every evening was quiet—in fact in looking back upon those ten days there does not seem to have been a lost hour.

The Ontario Government wired that according to the statutes we could not use hounds on the wolf hunt because of the possibility of their chasing a deer. By telegram we overcame their scruples but it was too late and the hounds returned home to our very great regret, because the Fort Brady contingent went with them.

We now reached the forest home of Alec Ross, ex-Mounted Policeman, the last settler on the ranch about twelve miles north-east of where we were last camped. Here we found that some of the women were afraid to go from the house to the barn on account of wolves. This first night, whether we made too much noise or not, we did not hear any wolves. We had in our party one man who had served in the Mounted Police. He had a decided tendency to teach others how to do things and one consented to be taught, having a little respect for the teacher's reputed qualifications. Lt. Carabon was the good natured victim of his intentions and

when he told the Lieutenant how to run his snow-shoes close together, and when at the third step the Mounted Policeman teacher took the header in the snow, great was the jollying that took place. The man left us later with "cold feet." Before leaving however, he volunteered to supply us with rabbits and, disdaining our copper wire brought for the purpose, he used twine and little sticks, with which to make snares to keep up his record of fifty a day. Next morning we went out to see them but the traps were gone. There were innumerable rabbit's tracks but the hares had eaten the trap strings and departed. We then tried our own methods, which were most effective.

The scenery was exquisite. Every man in the party said it was the happiest day of his life. We had not as yet heard a wolf although we had seen their tracks. On the two last nights of our stay we determined to lay in ambush for the wolves at their crossings. These crossings are well marked paths with plainest wolf signs very frequently in evidence. Twelve of us went in parties of four to the different wolf crossings. We buried ourselves in the snow lying down at full length but did not see even the shadowy form of a wolf. We were excited and pretty tired after our hard work and the three or four additional miles that we had tramped. We had just sufficient excitement to keep us awake. One of those of our party who could imitate well the wolf howl did so. There was a scramble for revolvers, axes, knives, etc. but no wolf came within a hundred yards of us. They smelt the bait, smelt the human beings and prowled and howled around us and did nothing more all night long. We could not get a shot at them.

The wolf feeds in the night as much as possible but the game keep out of his way at night, so that he is compelled to hunt in the day as well. The next morning after the unsuccessful ambush as one of the parties was tramping up an Indian trail a deer bounded across the path, followed by a band of wolves. We gave chase but there were nine inches of soft snow on the top of the crust, which favored the wolves and made it hard going for the snowshoers. However, in about five minutes of running we came to a



lake, two-thirds of which was surrounded by precipitious bluffs so that we saw the deer could not escape except in one direction. We therefore hurried to the other side so as to intercept the whole band. The wolves chased the deer to the foot of the bluffs. Then the deer doubled back and finally it caught sight of us, and bounded across the lake straight for us, as a deer will sometimes do when hard pressed. The animal covered the five wolves so that we could not get a shot until they were quite close. Then there was a crack of fifteen shots. Three of the wolves were dropped, and the other two were wounded but escaped. If we had had a couple of hounds we would have caught these two also. The deer escaped scott free. One of the wolves we shot was a magnificent specimen.

We left poisoned bait over a course of ten miles long behind us. The result from this we shall not know until there is a thaw, as a heavy fall of snow covered what we may have got. We had a thoroughly practical and successful wolf hunter to put out the bait. While it was somewhat disappointing to be able to get only three wolves with our rifles the hunt left every member of the party keenly anxious to go at it again. I never knew a hunt entered into and followed up with so much zeal. The fifteen men who formed the party were extremely good companions. I must particularly mention Lt. Carabon of the 10th Infantry of Auxonne, France, who is now on a three years' leave of absence. Also C. H. Deutschman, a Rocky Mountain Guide who has done a good deal of hunting in the Rockies and formed a valuable addition to the party.

The greatest amount of comfort was experienced by the party in spite of the cold, thus leading us to understand how it was that the Indian who was out of doors so much could go with so little clothing in the old days, when he lived his life continually. The burying in the snow of all but the head was a great success. Nobody need freeze in a storm or lizzard when there is snow enough to over them. When you are entirely covered with just a handkerchief perhaps over the mouth and two inches of snow over that you will soon get to be warm. Our outfit was so nearly perfect that no

fault was found with anything.

One result of a camping trip winter or summer is the very delightful experience of successfully learning to help one's self. In these days of general prosperity we feel a growing difficulty in the already difficult question of obtaining domestic servants. The camp teaches us to help ourselves in great many respects, and turns the absence of domestic servants into a matter of almost pleasure when taken in the right spirit and when it does not happen too often or for too long a period.

We had thorough sportsmen with us and in spite of our many opportunities of getting a deer and moose not one shot was fired at any game out of season. I doubt if the thought of shooting out of season ever entered the mind of anybody present.

Mr. R. L. Low of New York had killed a large moose in our vicinity last fall in the open season and his guide killed another. He took away the head only and one or two roasts, leaving the rest with Alec Ross who preserved it in a barrel of slightly salted water. After being par-boiled it made delicious steaks and roasts.

Writing this account some days after the event the feeling comes very strongly upon us that for the fagged out business man there is no experience, summer or winter, which will do as much lasting good in as short a time and with so much enjoyment as a winter outing on snowshoes with a well organized equipment of tents, blankets and grub. We realize that winter wolf hunts will have a great vogue in Canada in the near future and very many expeditions will start from different points of our three thousand mile wide northern country, (organized on the lines of this one) which will be very successful in the good days to come.

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## AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

### The International Show at Montreal: Forecasts of the Exhibits.

As readers of these pages are well aware the Second International Automobile, Motor Boat, and Sportsmen's Show will be held at the Arena, Montreal, on April sixth to thirteenth, both dates inclusive.

Arrangements have now proceeded so far that success is assured, and the finest Show yet held in Canada of automobiles, motor boats, and their numerous accessories will be seen in Montreal on the dates mentioned. The interest taken in the Show has proved widespread not only in Canada but also in the States, and the leading manufacturers in all departments have taken up space. Every foot of accommodation afforded by the Arena was early engaged, and the directors of that great establishment, who for some time had had the question of extensions before them, hastened their plans forward, and erected at the north end of the building an annex—a two story building of brick and iron, one hundred and sixty feet by fifty, the whole of which extra accommodation is likewise entirely taken up by exhibitors.

It has been wisely decided that all decorations, signs, etc., shall remain in the hands of the management, whose control shall be absolute. All booths are prohibited and the result will be a clear and uninterrupted view of the exhibits and an equality on the part of each exhibitor. The electric light will enter largely into the scheme of decoration,

and strings of these lights will be displayed all round the inside of the building, giving a brilliant effect to the exhibits and presenting a sight which cannot fail to impress every visitor. These decorations will be worked out in white, green and gold, and being multiplied many times over will, particularly in the evenings, give a dazzling and delightful appearance to the vast hall.

The ground floor of the Arena proper will be given up to automobiles, and all the latest and finest models for 1907 will be on show. Not only will the leading Canadian makers be adequately represented but also those of the United States, and in addition English, Scottish, French and Italian manufacturers will have fine displays. Particularly noticeable is the attention this show has attracted throughout the States. The leading manufacturers there look upon it as equal in importance to the Shows which have attained such high positions as those of New York, Chicago and Boston. The Canadian market is yet in its infancy, and is capable of such great developments that the manufacturers of the States are anxious to look over the ground and gauge some of its possibilities. For such purposes as these the Show affords them the best of facilities, and they are not only making fine exhibits—and thus making Canadian motorists acquainted with their resources—but also taking a direct and personal interest in



its success, which efforts will alone go a long way to assure an attendance from a wide area. There cannot be a doubt that this attendance will alone be a considerable factor in the success of the Show. The interests of those who are concerned in it are so widespread as to assure attendances from both Canada and the States as shall make a financial balance on the right side absolutely certain. Special rates will be granted by the railway companies and nothing left undone which can add to the interest already evoked in the show.

In the automobile section there will be found represented such prominent Canadian manufacturers as the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Toronto; the Ford Motor Company, Walkerville, Ont.; the Monarch Motor Company, Montreal; the Chatham Motor Car Company, Chatham, Ont.; the Dominion Automobile Company, Toronto; the Eastern Automobile Company, Montreal; the Franco-American Automobile Company, Montreal; the Automobile Import Company, Montreal and others. The following important and representative manufacturers of the United States will be found to have fine exhibits:—The Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit; the Stevens-Duryea Company, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; the Winton Motor Carriage Company, Cleveland, O.; the Pope Manufacturing Company, Hartford, Conn.; Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich.; Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.; the H. H. Franklin Manufacturing Company, Syracuse, N. Y.; Buick Motor Car Company, Jackson Mich.; Baker Electric Company, Cleveland, O.; Babcock Electric Carriage Company, Buffalo, N. Y.; Knox Automobile Company, Springfield, Mass.; Rapid Motor Vehicle Company, Pontiac Mich.; Thomas B. Jeffrey and Company, Kenosha, Wis.; the Maxwell Motor Company, New York; the White Motor Car Company, Cleveland, O.; the Reo Motor Car Company, Lansing, Mich.; the Wayne Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.; the Dragon Motor Car Company, Philadelphia.

The European manufacturers who will be represented by some very fine cars will include the Napier Motor Car Company, London, England; the Humber

Motor Car Company, Coventry, England; the Argyle Motors, Limited, Glasgow, Scotland; the Darracq Motor Car Company, Paris, France; the Mercedes Motor Company, Paris, France; and the Fiat Motor Company, of Milan, Italy.

The annex will be given up entirely to the motor boats, accessories, etc. In this section will be found the best display of motor boats ever shown in Canada. All the prominent manufacturers in both the Dominion and the States of both engines and accessories will make displays. Amongst them will be found such leading and representative firms as Nicholls Bros., Toronto; the Toronto Gas and Gasoline Engine Company, Toronto; the Canadian Fairbanks Company, Montreal; McKeough and Trotter, Chatham, Ont.; the St. Lawrence Engine Company, Brockville, Ont.; the Economic Power, Light and Heat Supply Company, Toronto; S. F. Boswell and Company, Toronto; the Franco-American Automobile Company, Montreal; the Rubber Tire Wheel Company, Montreal; John Forman, Montreal; John Millen and Sons, Toronto and Montreal; Dr. Jaeger's Woolen System, Montreal; Eerlin Electric Manufacturing Company, Toronto; the Lamb Engine Company, Clinton, Iowa; the Terry Marine Company, New York; C. F. Spitaldorf, New York; Shelby Steel Tube Company, Pittsburg, Pa.; Byrne, Kingston and Company, Kokomo, Ind.; Dayton Electrical and Manufacturing Company, Dayton, O.; Badger Brass Manufacturing Company, Kenosha, Wis.; Prest-o-Lite Company, Indianapolis, Ind.; R. H. Smith Manufacturing Company, Springfield, Mass.; American Coil Company, Foxborough, Mass.; the Buffalo Gas Engine Company, Buffalo, New York; Societe des Accessoires, Automobiles, France; Guyard and Miller, France; Pelo and Redford, London, England, etc.

In the tires and accessories department, which will be found in the annex, and which will also include a fine assortment of electric goods, such well known manufacturers will have exhibits as the Dunlop Rubber Tire Company, Toronto and Montreal; the Canadian Rubber Company, Montreal; the Canada Battery Company, Berlin, Ont.; the Michelin

Tire Company, Paris; the Diamond Rubber Company, Akron, O.; the Chicago Battery Company, Chicago; the Fisk Tire Company, Springfield, Mass.; the Spragge Umbrella Company, Norwalk, O.; etc., etc.

These lines will be handled principally by the following companies:—The Dominion Automobile Company of Toronto; the Eastern Automobile Company, Montreal; the Canadian Automobile Company, Montreal; Wilson and Company, Montreal; the Franco-American Automobile Company, Montreal; the Dominion Motor Car Company, Montreal; Henry Morgan and Company, Montreal; and the International Automobile Company, Montreal.

The Dominion Cartridge Company, Montreal, will show a fine ammunition outfit, and Messrs. Spalding Bros., of New York, will have sportsmen's outfits of all kinds.

From the foregoing list, which is by no means complete, the reader will gather that in whatever branch of sport he may take an interest he will find in this Show all that he may want to examine. The progress made in every department, both large and small, will be there for his examination, and it is not too much to say that for interest and education such a Show has never yet been seen in Canada.

The galleries of the Arena have been taken by the great railway companies of Canada, including the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Intercolonial and Reid's Newfoundland Railway.

The Canadian Pacific Railway exhibit will consist of trophies of the chase. The artificial will be avoided as much as possible. Moose, caribou, deer, lynx and wolf pelts—actually killed in their own country—will be on exhibition in addition to antlers belonging to the first three. The splendid trout country to the north of Montreal will be pictured in a novel way. The most famous of the French Canadian guides from that territory will be brought down, and they will give fifteen minute talks in the lecture hall upon their own country, giving practical lessons on the way they outfit for fishing and shooting trips. The pictorial display will include a magnificent set of pictures of the French River,

Muskoka and Eastern Georgian Bay country never before taken. Few of the people of the East know how beautiful and idealistic this country is from the point of view of the summer tourist, canoeist and camper. The innumerable channels, the infinite labyrinth of islands extending for three hundred miles along the shores, with the historic camping places where De La Verandrie, Marquette, Duluth, Hennepin, De La Salle, and all the long list of storied names connected with the development of our country—the country where they camped, slept, ate, fished, shot, packed and travelled with the Indians—is one full of interest. In this section we have many of the canoe routes and explorations made by the early voyageurs. We have for instance the Voyageurs' Channel near the boundary between Algoma and Nipissing Districts and we have the voyageurs' sites near the mouth of the Mississauga River. We have at Thessalon, the point from which Henry in his realistic narrative, describes the crossing to Mackinac Island, where now is Mackinac City and the witnessing of the terrible massacre in the Old Fort. Then there is the famous stopping place on Campment D'Ours Island, opposite Desbarats, where there was a very old Indian town, which was delivered in the cession to Great Britain—in fact there are one or two old men in that country who remember the place when it was still an important Indian village and trading post of the North-West Company. On the next island west, is the niche in the wall, where tobacco was burned in prayer to Gitche Manitou to give favorable winds. From thence is encountered the swift current of St. Mary's Channel on the way to Sault Ste. Marie. From these places will be guides who will tell all about them. The picture gallery in itself will be well worth visiting. The Canadian Pacific Railway intends to give useful information in such a way that a man may feel that he can go there himself without a guide.

The Grand Trunk Railway exhibit will be based on a series of large photographs depicting hunting and fishing scenes in the several districts reached by the lines of the Grand Trunk Railway System which attract thousands of sports-



men during the open seasons, including the several territories which make up the area in Ontario known as the "Highlands of Ontario" and the districts in Northern Ontario including the famous Temagami Forest Reserve, and the famous Algonquin National Park in the eastern section of the "Highlands." Other scenes that will be shown will embrace the several tourist districts that appeal to the ever increasing brotherhood of travellers who are looking for new fields to explore. These large photographic views will be artistically arranged and their surroundings embellished with a collection of mounted fish, game and feathered fowl that have been collected for the Grand Trunk from time to time, and which represent specimens of the fish and game that are found in the several districts that will be shown.

Representatives familiar with the country and competent to give reliable information will be on hand to answer all enquiries that may be made.

On the left side of the entrance to the Arena will be found a number of Indians living in an imported Indian village. They will be under the charge of Thomas Canadian, will live in a tepee, and engage in the making of birch bark canoes, baskets, and other Indian employments. This village will without doubt prove interesting and attractive to visitors.

In the Arena proper will be shown every evening a magnificent series of moving pictures. They will consist of scenes of moose hunting in New Brunswick, quail shooting, salmon fishing, deer hunting, motor boat racing, on the St. Lawrence, the Vanderbilt Cup race and many others aggregating eight thousand feet of canvas shown on a screen thirty-five feet long.

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#### "Economy of Standardization"

"Just because some people have peculiar whims and are willing to pay for freak ideas in an automobile, other people who buy high priced cars must pay more than the automobile is worth" says Henry Ford in explaining why one maker charges \$6,000 for a car which, to the mind of the laymen, possesses no superiority, either mechanically or in finish over other cars at half the price.

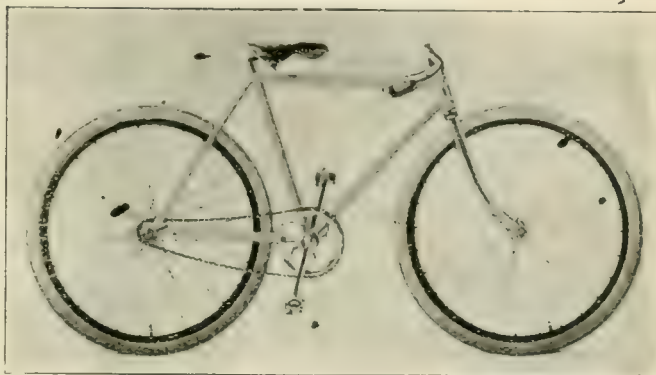
"Wealth enables some people to display bad taste and to insist on having their own amateur ideas carried out in cases where the extensive experience of the manufacturer dictates the exact opposite" continued Ford. "Some makers find it profitable to cater to those whims. It's humorous, but it is a fact, that almost every man believes in his heart that he possesses inventive genius. The attachments and devices they ask us to put on their cars would make angels weep—and men swear. If they have the money, they can always find makers who will put anything they ask for on their car. They pay for it but as it is impossible to estimate what this policy of changes costs in the aggregate, such makers find it necessary to put a high price on the car in the first place as a safe-guard. Then again, some wealthy customers are as stingy as they are arbitrary and so, knowing that such maker will consent to certain variations from his standard design in order to effect a sale, the prospective customer insists on this being done in his particular car, gratis. Of course someone has to pay the bill—hence the exorbitant list price of cars built by concerns which make a practice of catering to caprice.

Ford success has been due, in large part, to our inflexible rule in this matter. Perhaps we have made mistakes—but they have been corrected the instant they were discovered. Our experience with over 8,000 cars ought to qualify us to decide what the average motorist really needs. We build Ford cars accordingly and set the price at a figure which will be profitable when such models are turned out in quantities with absolute uniformity, every part from motor to body being standard and interchangeable. Under no circumstances will we make any changes from such design as we determine for the standard model. Customers who think they want some feature changed—who want to pay again for experience we have already bought—are welcome to get it wherever they may; we will not pander to such. Result. Ford customers receive for about half the price others would have to charge, a car any part of which can be instantly replaced and every feature of which is



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### A British Review.

The London "Times" recently gave a review of automobilism in the old country from 1896 to 1906 and found a truly astonishing rate of progress in that decade. From suspicion, doubt and indifference to enthusiastic support is a long step, but it has been made and in proportion to the progress of the past that of the future will be at a much increased rate. The preliminary difficulties, which were by no means light, have been overcome, and the industry is now on a stable footing and giving employment to many skilled mechanics. The writer holds that one of the greatest gains from the progress of the industry is to be found in the increase of intelligence and interest in mechanical matters amongst the general population. Scarcely less than this is the wider knowledge gained of their own country through touring. In both these

cases Canada would gain from an extension of automobilism here, and the rate of progress, though it might not be as great as in the old country, is bound, when once it takes a leap forward and overcomes all the early obstacles to go forward with a speed that will be equally astonishing as any rate of progress in the old country. The dust nuisance has increased steadily in England and given cause for a great outcry. Till some remedies are found and put into practice the dust will continue to cause "incalculable mischief." It will be seen that motorists have troubles of their own in England as in Canada.

### Beating the Railroad.

To Denver again belongs the honor of placing travel by automobile at the top-notch for speed, serviceability and pleasure as against the railroad. In the recent Denver-Colorado Springs speed and reliability contest nearly every well-known and popular car of the higher priced type

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Ulster.

**Dr. Jaeger Co., Limited** 316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal  
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was entered. Excepting the run to Littleton, which is ten miles south of Denver, it is a prairie road to Colorado Springs. This largely runs through deep arroyos or sharp ravines washed out by the terrific rains cutting through adobe soil, which makes it impossible to maintain bridges in many places. There is a constant rise in the run of forty-five miles from Denver to Palmer Lake. The elevation of Denver is exactly one mile above sea level, while that of Palmer Lake is 7,230 feet. For seven miles there is a constant long hill approaching Palmer Lake. In no place is the road good when the eastern thoroughfares are taken as a standard. The winning car, a 24 horse-power Premier touring car, driven by M. B. Fletcher, covered the 80 miles to Colorado Springs in 2 hours and 28 minutes, which is an average of 32 and 4-10 miles per hour, while the nearest competitor, a popular 60 horse-power car, made the run in two hours and 39 minutes. Since the railway schedule time to the same point is 3 hours and 15

minutes, it is noteworthy that the automobile has a big margin to the good. In assigning a reason for the splendid victory won with his car, M. B. Fletcher says that it was largely due to its wonderful adaptability to rough roads and to its powerful and efficient motor. Not since Linn Matheson a few months ago took a physician in a Reo light touring car from Denver to the bedside of a dying man in a neighboring city quicker than by railroad schedule time has such a sensation been created among motorists as has the recent Denver contest.

#### How to Insure Your Automobile.

The insurance of automobiles promises to become an important and extensive business in the future, and even in the present it is achieving no mean performances. When a man gives a large sum for an automobile he requires insurance against accidents, and it is a mark of the progress automobiles have now made, and of the perfection of this new form of locomotion that insurance men have grappled



with the problems presented by this new feature in our social life and successfully brought to bear upon them the rules which have done so much for human benefit in other departments. The automobile can now be insured under a policy which seems to cover all possible requirements. For such a purpose the Columbia Insurance Company has been established, and although it operates under a New Jersey charter, it is also licensed under the Government of Ontario and has made the necessary deposit. Mr. F. Herrmann, who is perhaps the best known marine insurance man in New York, has taken up the management of the Company, while the Ontario agency is in the capable hands of Messrs George McMurrich and Sons, of Toronto, whose long insurance record is a guarantee of the position and standing of any company for whom they consent to act. The policy issued by the Company contains some valuable features which should recommend it to every automobilist. One of the most important is the "valued" feature, which fixes the value of the auto, prevents any dispute with the company, and ensures the payment of any loss in full. The policy is so wide in its provisions as to include all losses by fire (whether originating in the machine or otherwise,) explosion, lightning, and theft whether in the garage or on the road, on a railroad car or on water, and makes no restrictions whatever as to the use or storage of gasoline. A further valuable feature is that the policy is a full indemnity contract for its full value throughout the term for which it is written, and in case of partial loss and payment for the same, it goes back automatically to the original amount. In cases of collisions etc. it includes payments for damages done to other property up to the amount of the policy. The premium rates are moderate, and such a wide and comprehensive policy ought to be welcomed by every automobile owner.

#### A Spark Plug and Attachment.

Spark plugs do foul once in a while, even with the greatest care, and any device which will make a foul plug work and get you home, or ignite the engine until a convenient time for re-

placing it, is bound to be appreciated by users. The Duplex Ignition Company, 1555 Broadway, New York, have a device which will make the most refractory plug get to work. This consists of an attachment screwed on the top of the plug which acts also as a protector against rain and spray. In this little attachment is a switch which is closed so long as the plug keeps on sparking. If the plug stops working pull the switch and it starts once more. The severest kind of tests, even that of a cracked porcelain within the plug, cannot resist this device. The theory of the attachment is the placing in the high tension circuit of an extra condenser, which highly intensifies the force of the current and compels it to jump where it should, instead of oozing through the short circuit. The saving of annoyance and delay on the road is well worth the price of \$2 asked for the plug. A full description, illustration, etc., will be sent on application to the Company if you will mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

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**Peterboro**





## 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

LOU. E.  
MARSH

### Four Canada's Cup Boats.

Instead of only two boats to back up the challenge for Canada's cup, Canada will have no less than four in the running though only three of them are really eligible for the annual race. The four boats now building are—

A Fife boat for Vice Commodore Frederic Nicholls of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto.

A Mylne boat for Mr. W. C. Gooderham of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto.

A Payne boat for Mr. Cawthra Mulock, of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto.

An Owen boat for Mr. George Tuckett of the R.C.Y.C., Hamilton.

Only the first three are eligible for the actual challenge. The fourth, though built in Canada and owned by a Canadian, is out of the contest because she was designed by an American. George Owen her designer is located in New Winthrop, Mass. He was in Hamilton for three or four years and just left there a year ago. While there he was remarkably successful in designing small boats. He turned out Helen, Whirl, and Chairya, the top notchers in the twenty foot class on Lake Ontario and Keno and Petrel 11 the best boats in the twenty-five foot class. Keno was owned by Tuckett and he liked her so well, that in face of the fact that his boat would, even if she proved the faster of the quartette of twenty-seven footers built this year, be ineligible for the challenge, he gave Owen the order.

The Mulock boat is a new comer in the field. She was held under cover until the very last moment. She is being built in England from the designs of Arthur Payne jr. the son of the man who designed Strathcona, the unsuccessful defender of 1903, and of Gloria, the winner of the Coup de France, the emblem of the Mediterranean champion-

ship, brought to Lake Ontario six or seven years ago by Mr. H. C. McLeod, general manager of the Bank of Hamilton. Payne is said to be "the" man in the younger school of designers, but those who know of the changes he made in the keel of Strathcona after his father died are not too confident in his abilities. However the Payne boat will probably have the advantage of the handling of Mr. Aemilius Jarvis, the great amateur racing skipper, for he is interested in the syndicate, headed by Mr. Cawthra Mulock, which is building her.

This is in itself a tremendous advantage to her in the trial races though it is a well known fact that if Mr. Jarvis takes part in the trial races at all his services will be entirely at the disposal of the committee in charge of the matter of selecting a challenger from the candidates and he will handle any boat or their discretion.

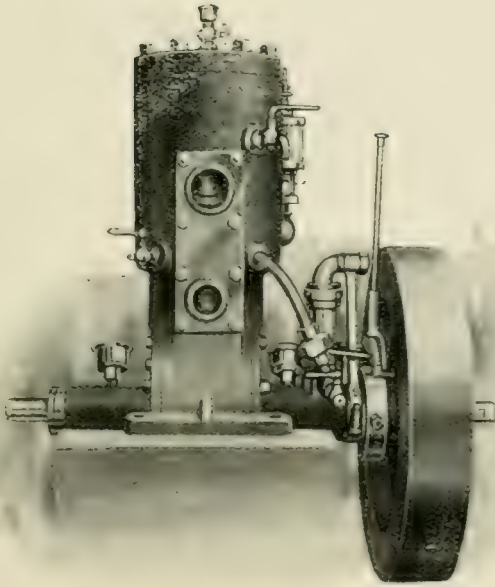
The feature of this year's challenge for the Cup is that two of the prospective challengers are to be built entirely in England and shipped here ready for the water. This has never been done before though of late years the frames for Cup boats have been cut in England and shipped out here to be completed in Oakville, near Toronto.

I was in error last month when I said that two of the challengers were building at Oakville. Only one of the Fife boat is being built there. The other boat, the craft from the blue prints of Mylne, who turned out the speedy Zoraya, is too being built in England. Like the Payne boat she will be planked up in mahogany which is cheaper in England than cedar.

The fact that Canada was to have four boats and that two of them were to be built over the pond has roused the Rochester Yacht Club and, while nothing

# Complete Launches

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2-CYCLE, 4-CYCLE  
**ENGINES**

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HAMILTON MOTOR WORKS,  
*Limited*

Hamilton, Ontario

definite is known of the construction of any other defender except the W. H. Gardiner boat it is freely rumored that they may produce a boat from the designs of the blind Wizard, Nat Herreshoff. If they do, this will be the first time the Wizard has entered Canada's Cup contest. A boat of his design is of course to be feared even though the new rules prevent him designing a racing machine such as he has periodically turned out for the defence of America's Cup. Iroquois which defended the Canada's Cup successfully in 1905, and lost in 1906 to Zoraya in a Fisher Cup race; is a Herreshoff boat but she is from the board of a nephew of the Wizard. Iroquois is an ugly looking big tub but she was a pretty fair craft at last in the light breeze and on a reach. The Tuckett boat will be down at Toronto at the trial races for the selection of a challenger and will be right there with the racing goods to deliver when the other boats get away from the trial racing. They will meet them on their merits in the L. Y. R. A. racing, if there is any this season and will in addition compete in all the Royal Canadian Yacht Club events for the twenty-seven foot class.

#### The Jamestown Race.

And by the bye just while we are talking over the twenty-seven foot class do not let it slip your memory that President Roosevelt has put up a cup for the class at the Jamestown Exposition and that Canada will be well represented there.

The challenger for Canada's Cup will be there and if present arrangements do not miscarry, so will the Tuckett boat and the Nicholls craft if she is not successful in winning the honor of representing the R. C. Y. C. at Rochester. The Jamestown race comes off a month after the Canada's cup race and at present it looks as if there will be a formidable flotilla of Canadian invaders to do battle for the silverware.

The twenty-seven foot class is not the only class in which Canada will be represented either, for Mr. Jarvis is negotiating for the purchase of the double hulled freak Dominion of the Seawanhaka Cup fame. If he gets this unique craft he

will take her down to the Exposition and sail her in the free for all sweepstakes.

Dominion can step along some, and, if she gets her breeze and water conditions, will make the best of them hustle to keep her out of the money.

#### The Fitting Out Season.

We are on the verge of the fitting out season. Every fine day makes the devotees of aquatic sport fidget and in a week or two the fine days will find the yachtsman looking over his craft as she lies shored up in the yards figuring upon the work she needs to put her into grand shape for the coming season, and the paddler will be daubing his second best suit up with varnish remover and hot wax. Already the oarsmen are putting in good stout training licks upon the apparatus at the winter club houses. The smell of spring puts zest into their tedious task of conditioning themselves for the early spring races, and they are itching to get afloat.

Judging from the activity around Hamilton, Toronto and down Montreal way things are going to boom more than ever in aquatics this season. Up in Hamilton they are already talking of another challenger for the Lipton Cup for twenty-one footers at Chicago and around Toronto the thing of the hour in the sailing line is of course the Canada's Cup. Down Montreal way, the question of a challenge for the Seawanhaka Cup has not yet been settled and the indications are that the big thing in the aquatic line down that way this year will be launch racing. In and around Montreal last summer three or four pretty speedy launches were turned out and the rivalry in the game last season has been a potent factor in the construction of a half dozen out and out racers.

In Ottawa the aquatic interest will center around canoeing and rowing, though at that the sailing game is looking up in Lake Deschenes. The general interest of the city is focussed upon the Ottawa Rowing Club's great four and much speculation is being indulged in with regard to the probable action of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen with regard to Harvey Pulford of



the Champion Four since his athletic standing has been questioned by the C. A. A. U. Of course Pulford has been taking the money for football and hockey for a few years but the Oarsmen's Association winked at his declaration. Now that a storm has been raised over the matter it will be interesting to see just exactly what they will do with Pulford. At a recent meeting of the C. A. A. C. held in Toronto it was announced that only amateurs whose standing was of the best would be accepted in the Canadian Henley competitions. Ottawa is the center of the Canadian Canoe Association interests too and the paddlers down that way are making their annual ante-season threats to get together a war canoe crew and a couple of fours and come down to the Canadian Henley and clean up in the canoeing events. If they do come down they will have their hands full for the Toronto Canoe Club war crew has struck its stride again and will be hard to beat. The T. C. C. too has a Senior Fours that is as good as the best of them and there are a few junior paddlers who will be ripe for the top notch events this summer. Orillia, too, is coming along nicely in the canoeing events and Anderson their crack paddler will be a hard nut to crack in the singles this year.

#### The Motor Boat Outlook.

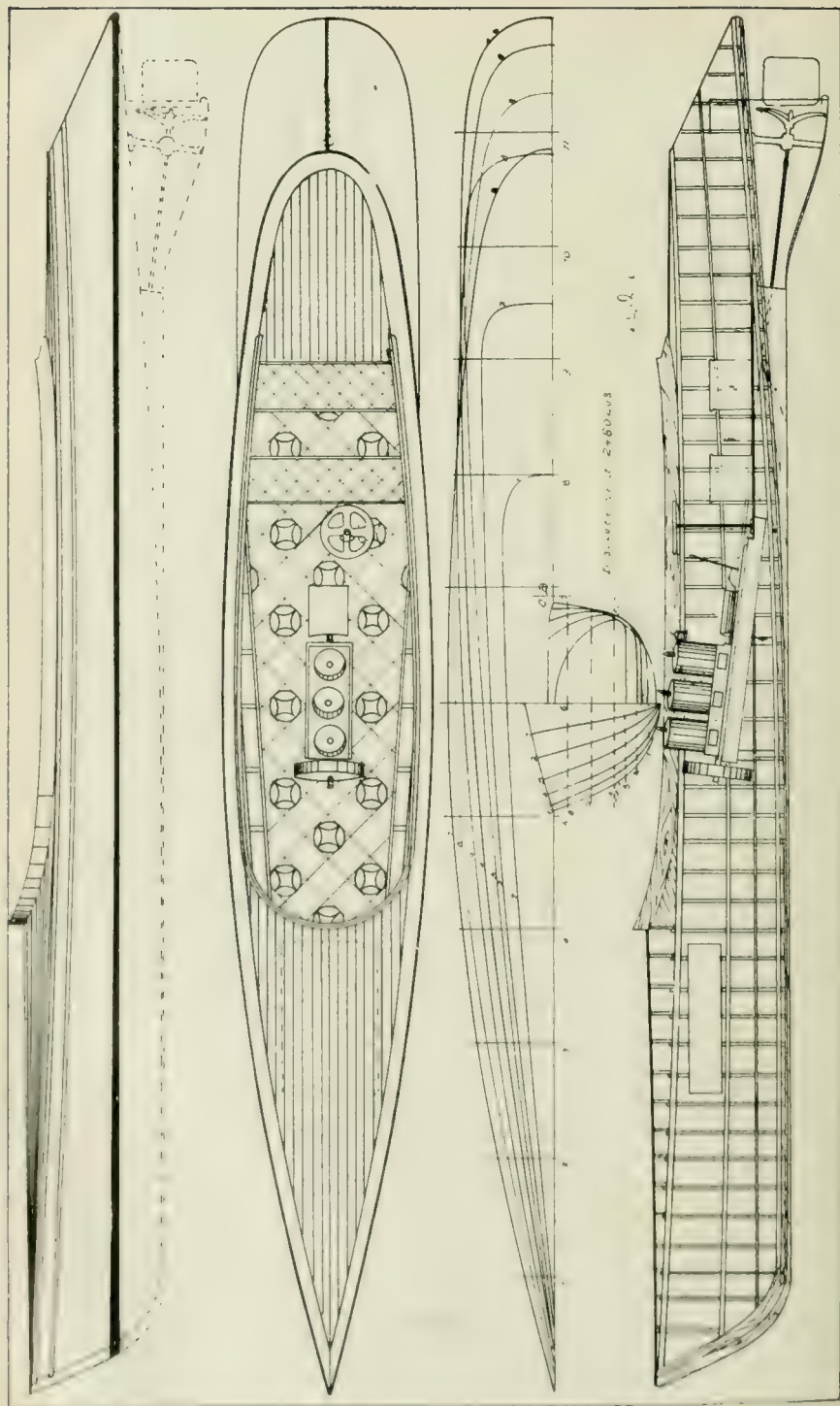
Last year was a cracker-jack season for the motor boat industry but the coming season will, unless the manufacturers' predictions are all awry, make it look small when the final returns of sales come in.

This year Canada is going in more than ever for the semi-racing type. Canadians are demanding speed and Canadian engines are giving it to them, or at least promise to do so. Nearly every Canadian engine on the market has been materially improved during the past winter and the hulls already turned out by the builders show marked improvements both in design, material and construction. There are already built in Toronto over three hundred launch hulls ranging in size from the diminutive sixteen foot to the forty-five footer and they are of every description from the out and

out racer, with flat floors and knife like bow, to the good wholesome full bodies' boat, with ample cabin accommodation. Up in Hamilton Jutton and Robertson have turned out over half a hundred and Kingston, Ottawa and Montreal builders have been working to their capacity all winter.

Winnipeg men are taking a hand in the sport this summer too and before the season is over it is estimated that the Red River and Lake Winnipeg will have at least two score new launches. All through the west where there is any navigable water at all launches are being sold by Eastern firms. The West is getting time for a trifle of sport and many are turning to the water.

Motor engines are growing in demand every day with the wonderful extension of the use of motor boats, which promise indeed to come in more general use than any other boats in the history of the world. Energetic business men have not allowed this marvellous growth to pass unnoticed, and much attention has been given to motor engines. The Caille Bros. Co., of Detroit, who have worthily achieved a high reputation for making fine machines, have added a new department to their plant under the name of the Caille Perfection Motor Co. and devoted it to the manufacture of marine gasoline engines and launch hardware. The Company claims that in their Perfection Motor they possess an engine of an exceptionally good design which they follow up with the most careful construction. Every part is not only carefully made but also thoroughly inspected by experts, and if the slightest degree of inaccuracy is discovered such piece is rejected. All wearing parts are babbitted with the very best babbitt. While every attention is paid to the manufacture of each part, the finish is by no means neglected, with the result that the Perfection Motor well sustains its name throughout. A fine handsome catalogue is published by the company and a copy will be forwarded to any of our readers interested in engines upon sending in a card with the request for the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."



MESSRS. ROBERTSON BROS. THIRTY FOOT RUNABOUT LAUNCH—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.

## A Fine Hamilton Boat.

**T**HERE was a gathering of boatmen and others interested in motor boat development at Hamilton early on the morning of Monday, December seventeenth, when Messrs Robertson Bros., the well known launch builders of that city, held a trial of a thirty-foot runabout launch, designed and built by themselves, upon which they have expended considerable care, and which will probably make a record on the lake during the coming season. Early in the day the weather appeared very favorable for the trial, but later on the temperature fell several degrees below freezing point, preventing the free flow of oil to the cylinders.

While the engine worked well under these untoward circumstances it was not thought advisable to make any lengthy run with an insufficient supply of oil. With the engine turning at six hundred revolutions per minute a speed of thirteen miles per hour was attained, and as the speed of the engine is one thousand revolutions per minute, a

speed development of fifteen miles per hour is confidently anticipated.

Several of the experts present remarked on the total absence of wave making or setting at the stern or lifting the bow out of the water, features so noticeable in speed boats. This indicated that the hull was not driven at anything like its full capacity, and the opinion was pretty generally and freely expressed that the hull, equipped with a more powerful engine will prove one of the fastest on the lake.

There was much comment on the part of those present upon the appearance and

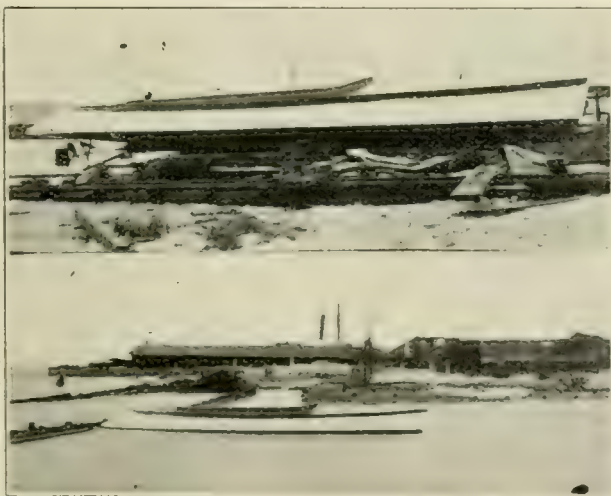
performances of the launch, and if its future proves equal to its promise it will do much to enhance the fame of the noted Hamilton firm. Messrs Robertson in laying out and constructing their launches adopt good shipyard practice and leave out all short cut methods, which are generally considered good enough for small boats. Experience in the building of wooden vessels of every description has taught them that a study of the strength of the materials, and their proper distribution throughout the structure, is essential to success in the building of a launch. They therefore keep closely in touch with all the latest practice in shipyard boat

building, continually acquiring a wider knowledge of the theory, and a deeper one of the practical working of their business, the full developments of which cannot possibly be foreseen.

The launch which has been built for Mr. C. H. Watson, of Hamilton, has an overall length of thirty feet, L. W. L. twenty-nine feet 2 inches,

beam extreme four feet 6 inches, draught extreme twenty-four inches. The distribution of the machinery, placing of the gasoline tank, and arrangement of the seats are shown in the construction plan of which we give an illustration on the previous page. The length of the forward deck is ten feet, of the after deck four feet six inches, and of the cockpit thirteen feet.

The frames are of white oak  $7/8" \times 7/8"$  spaced  $7 \frac{1}{2}"$ , the centres running in one length from gunwale to gunwale. The keelson  $1 \frac{1}{4}" \times 6"$  is likewise of white oak running the whole length and kneed



THE BOAT AFLOAT: SHOWING HER TRIM



to stem and transom. The keel is twenty-two feet long from stem to end of skeg, is in one piece moulded two and a half inches forward, this depth extending back to amidships, then increasing to six inches at the aft end. The siding of the keel is four inches, the keel is notched to receive frames, and the keel and keelson thoroughly bolted together. The planking is of British Columbia cedar finished half inch. The sheer streaks, wales, cockpit coaming, and decks are of mahogany, with lockers and seats of the same material, while the interior of the cockpit is panelled in mahogany. The space aft of the engine is occupied by two seats placed across, and the space forward of the engine is left open for chairs. The floor is of pine covered with linoleum.

The engine which is fifteen horse power, was built by the Hamilton Motor Works, Limited, of Hamilton, and is of the three cylinder, two cycle, three port, type, and during the short trial given the boat on the occasion mentioned above worked admirably. The principal of one man

control has been well worked out by the builders of the engine. Levers leading to the carburettor and commutator are attached to the steering wheel spindle, by means of which the gasoline feed and timing of spark can be controlled by the man steering. The lever operating the reversing clutch is also within easy reach. The engine can be started, stopped and reversed by the man steering without the man leaving his seat.

The illustration which we also give of the boat afloat shows her trim, proving the distribution of weights to be well chosen. The position of machinery with regard to the centre of buoyancy is shown in the drawing.

The boat has sufficient accommodation for a small party, but with shorter forward and after decks considerably more room could be obtained in the cockpit. The builders have now under way a hull built on the same moulds, having a cockpit seventeen feet long, which will seat easily from eight to ten guests or passengers.

We have received the following:—Knowing how eagerly your readers search your very interesting publication for information when contemplating an outing after big game I beg leave to ask a small space in your columns which may prove interesting and afford information to some of your readers. For six to seven years past a very considerable number of sportsmen from different parts of the United States have chosen that section of New Brunswick which is drained by the Tobique River and its tributaries and they have been in nearly all cases most successful. Last year an unusually large number of sportsmen visited that district and were well satisfied with the results. I believe that one reason for the preference given that district is the fact that several of the local guides have not only provided comfortable Camps but have also made arrangements to furnish everything required by the sportsmen at a fixed charge per day. Many sportsmen prefer this arrangement and find it much more convenient to go to their hunting district only taking their rifle, ammunition and clothing, rather than buying a lot of supplies, part of which may never be required, besides the

trouble of getting them into camp. Mr. George Armstrong of Perth is an experienced and reliable guide and can take parties to as comfortable Camps, either with supplies or without them as the party may prefer. The Ogilvie Bros. are similarly situated and are first-class Guides. Mr. Robert Barr, Macnaquack, York County, N. B. has his headquarters in a delightful district where he has comfortable camps for sportsmen. His headquarters are near Sisson Lake. This Lake is celebrated for its four pound speckled trout and is a great resort for moose and deer. There are numerous small lakes in that district and the woods in the vicinity of Sisson Lake are the most favorable for travelling through of any section of that country. I know that several gentlemen from the United States went to Mr. Barr's district and had excellent sport and returned home well pleased with the success they had and with Mr. Barr's unceasing efforts to make them comfortable while they were with him. Mr. Barr's Home Camp can be reached by waggon, four-fifths of the distance being over a good turnpike road and the balance over an unusually good portage road. "One Who Knows."

# OUR MEDICINE BAG

There have been deputations to the Ontario Minister of Public Works, and a conference with the net fishermen of the Bay of Quinte, to see if better arrangements cannot be made by means of which the fishing in the Bay can be better protected and much improved. The Hastings County branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association from its inception has strenuously objected to nets of any kind being placed in the Bay, contending that this bay is the natural spawning ground of whitefish, as well as of game and other fish of many kinds. In consequence of this its waters would be more profitable to the Province if retained for rod fishing alone as such a policy would rapidly improve the fishing and attract immense numbers of tourists to the district. In addition to this it would form an undisturbed haven for the whitefish to spawn, and thus enormously increase the number of whitefish in Lake Ontario. The net fishermen argued that they were themselves anxious to protect the game fish but thought it was not fair they should be precluded from catching the coarse fish and the white fish during the fall for at least a short period of time.

Considerable interest was shown in Winnipeg recently in a fine specimen of a bald eagle, which was shot by G. H. Baird, of the Grand Trunk Pacific engineering staff at Prince Rupert, the western terminus of the line. He forwarded it to Bert Grey, the manager of the Winnipeg Hotel, who had it mounted.

Noteworthy incidents that deserve record here, as indicating the growth of a healthy public opinion in favor of the forests of Canada, are two connected with politics. Don't be afraid, reader—the magazine has nothing political about

it, and is not likely to have. No, but the fact that both the orthodox parties in the electoral struggle in British Columbia put forest protection in the foreground is strong evidence that public opinion in that Province favors safeguarding one of the Province's finest assets. In the Ontario Legislature, the new Leader of the Opposition (Mr. G. P. Graham) in outlining the future policy of his party placed in the very first place "a practical and progressive forest policy." These are something more than straws showing the way the wind is blowing; they are facts which demonstrate that the efforts of those who for so long seemed like voices crying in the wilderness are now having effect, and will produce good results for the future of the Dominion.

That there is much room for development work in northeastern Canada is evident to anyone who will study the map and realize in the very least the conditions that obtain there. The management of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who have done so much for the development of other portions of Canada, are credited with a scheme, which if it materializes, will do much for the whole Dominion. The Company has purchased the Quebec Railway Light and Power Company, and the electric railway from St. Joachim to Murray Bay. These steps are taken to foreshadow a scheme of building a line direct from the city of Quebec to Cape Charles, which lies at the entrance to the Straits of Belle Isle. This would mean a line of one thousand miles in length, and would prove too long and tedious as a passenger route, except for those desirous of seeing something of the country. As a freight route however it has wonderful possibili-



ties. Between Cape Charles and Liverpool three days of the ocean voyage would be saved and fog dangers escaped. The snowfall on this route is not more than half that of western Canada, and freed from this and other difficulties, there should be a freight development that should do much to relieve the pressure now increasingly felt each year in sending abroad the evergrowing agricultural products of the Dominion.

Mr. E. Stewart, the chief of the Dominion Department of Forestry last year made a trip down the Mackenzie River to Fort McPherson, and thence crossed over by way of the Peel River to the Yukon. Mr. Stewart states that the area drained by the Mackenzie is one hundred thousand square miles, more than the whole area drained by the St. Lawrence. He found spruce, poplar and birch at the mouth of the Mackenzie. The log houses at Fort McPherson were built from timber grown in that district. At Fort Providence, five hundred and fifty miles north of Edmonton, he saw wheat in milk on July fifteenth, and afterwards discovered that it was harvested on July twenty-eighth. He also saw tomatoes, potatoes and peas growing there.

The Railway Committee of the Dominion House of Commons have approved of the issue of a charter to the Saskatchewan Valley and Hudson Bay Railway Company to construct a line from Edmonton via Pelican Lake, one thousand miles to Hudson Bay. The promoters are given authority to sell or lease to the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk or Canadian Northern.

A correspondent, who writes under the name of "Nipissing," and addresses his communication from North Bay, alleges that the enforcement of the game laws in that district is a farce. While he agrees that the red man is a law unto himself as far as big game is concerned, he contends that the pot hunter is no better. Last June "three magnificent specimens of moose were shot and killed in the water on the north shore of Lake

Nipissing, between the mouth of the Sturgeon River and Britton's Creek in broad daylight." This act was done on by white men, while the Indians got the credit of it. A big seizure was made a year ago in Sturgeon Falls by Game Warden Pardiac but had to be returned. What is wanted as a remedy for this state of things is now an old story; the full enforcement of the game laws by competent men.

It will be interesting to our many readers to know that the cots and many other articles manufactured by the Gold Medal Camp Furniture Company, Racine, Wisconsin, have been adopted as the standard by the United States Government, and immense quantities have been shipped for use in Panama, Cuba and the Philippines.

They are writing from the States to tell how wolf hunting is there carried on by dogs, but as our readers are aware this kind of sport has been carried on for some time in Manitoba, and with a considerable amount of success.

At the same time it is very encouraging for the warfare on the enemies of our big game to note how very general and widespread the interest in this matter has now become. In several parts of Canada, and in various northern States, the wolves are having an uncomfortable time, hunters and guides alike doing their best to thin their numbers, while sportsmen are lending an occasional hand in the work.

One of the Indians on the Garden River Reserve, near Sault Ste. Marie, wrote thus on the subject of wolves:—"There are men here that would hunt wolf, and would know how to hunt them. When wolves know you are after them or when you follow their track they go right round and come on the same track. They allway come try catch you from behind, and when they do go right around they jump one side on the track into a brush pile or anywhere they can hide so



# DOMINION

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as you won't see him, and they jump at you, so you got be careful when hunting wolf. If I was talking to you perhaps I could explain this better to you. Of course this is Indian. What I have been told by them, those that I have been talking to. Good-bye."

A good story in this connection comes from the far west. Mountain sheep are safe from the wolves above the timber line, but when they go down below that line the wolves are soon after them. Two sheep chased in this way took refuge on a ledge to reach which it was necessary to pass around a narrow path just wide enough for one animal at a time. A pack of seven wolves attempted to follow when one after the other the whole were hurled over the cliff by the sheep butting them. The narrator says he could scarcely believe his eyes. "It was about the cleverest thing I ever saw in fights amongst animals. Both sheep cautiously moved to the edge of the cliff, looked

down on the wolves below, and then leisurely turned backs and began to browse on some root that hung from the rocks that had sheltered them."

The bob-cat, or as he is called by some the tiger-cat, are causing havoc amongst the deer in many sections of New Brunswick. They have put in an appearance at Zealand Staton, while at Beaver-dam and Tracy Station they are destroying the deer at no small rate. If the Government does not put a bounty upon them, or take some other action to exterminate the nuisance, the deer will continue to suffer to a greater extent than many people realize. When they are met in bands hunters, unless well armed, are in considerable danger from these cats. Last fall a single cat attacked two hunters, and so sudden was the attack that they fired their rifles at random, while Mr. Cat made good his escape.

A fine illustrated twenty page booklet issued by the Suspended Tent Co., of Chicago, should go into the hands of every one interested in out door life. It is profusely, and finely illustrated, and explains the uses and advantages of their Tent. To see the erected tent in their Photo—engravings, and gain an inside view, goes far to persuade those who peruse this booklet, of the advantages of this form of tent over those ordinarily erected on the ground. The booklet gives a clear and concise description of these tents, their erection and uses, and show how easy it is, by their means to increase the comforts of outdoor life, and gain the height of enjoyment from holidays spent in the woods. Well ventilated, mosquito proof and firm, and a comfortable bed just the same as one has at home. What more can a camper want? A copy of this booklet can be procured by anyone who will send a card for the same, and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Mayor Hendrie, of Hamilton, writes: "I notice in your February number, page 759, a trip to "The Maganetawan River" page 760 that one of the party who accompanied the writer, "took in one afternoon 97 trout, the largest tipping the scales at two and a quarter pounds." (These are his own words). "What kind of sportsman must this party have been to kill 97 trout for the mere pleasure of destruction? It is wasteful and criminal and is what the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Ass'n. are endeavoring to put down. In the same number 797 in your "Our Medicine Bag" the writer assures your readers that the game laws are so well enforced by the Ontario Government that good hunting in that territory is assured for years to come. This is not so, *the game laws are not enforced in Ontario*, and notwithstanding the number of deer killed last season, they are not as plentiful in the districts where a few years ago they were very numerous."

Picture postcards are as popular as

ever, and the collection of them affords interest and amusement to many people. The Dominion Cartridge Company, of Montreal, have just issued one, which is finely gotten up and likely to prove an effective advertisement for their goods. Two mounted cowboys, whose outfits appear complete, are on a western prairie, and while riding round a board pick out words upon it with shots from their revolvers, the words reading, "Only Dominion cartridges can do this."

Tenders for pulpwood concessions in the district of Nipissing north of the townships of Holmes, Burt, Eby, Otto, Boston, etc., and immediately west of the interprovincial boundary line, will be received at the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines at Toronto up to March 8th. The tenderers are asked to say what they will pay as bonus in addition to the dues charged and successful tenderers will be required to erect mills on the territory and manufacture the wood into pulp within the borders of the Province. All further particulars wished for by tenderers can be obtained from the Department at Toronto.

An interesting conflict of authority has arisen between the Dominion and Provincial law as regards the protection of the big game in the Canadian National Park. The Park is Dominion property and is under Dominion law. Under the laws of Alberta an extensive seizure of game heads took place last year and fines and forfeitures followed. On an appeal to the Supreme Court the convictions were quashed by Judge Sifton who held that the Dominion regulations applied to the Park, and all Provincial laws inconsistent with them were *ultra vires*. The members of the Alberta Fish and Game Protective Association have now set before them the task of endeavoring to bring the Park regulations into line with the strictest game protection laws of the Province. May they succeed in that work and that right speedily, for the sake of the big game in the Park!



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32-38 center fire  
cartridge

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22-32 caliber, \$1.25; 38 caliber, \$1.50; Ivory  
stocks, 22-32 caliber, \$2.00; 38 caliber, \$2.50.

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finish, 32-38 center  
fire cartridge

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Mr. James J. Harris writes from Day Mills, Ont.:—"I beg to state that the criticisms passed by Mr. A. E. Robillard in the January issue of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" apply equally to the conditions prevailing in this part of Algoma, both as to the slaughter of the big game by the Indians and the settlers. I know of one Indian who went out of the woods, eight miles from Thessalon, with fourteen red deer in one-load. This same Indian was hunted up by someone but not fined. Moose and red deer are killed right here out of season by settlers for their own use. We have no game wardens here that I know of so that the Indians and the settlers have full swing. I know one man who killed five red deer the first part of November and the skins of some of them decorated his sleigh this winter. Tourists come here from different States, fish out of season, and have all kinds of firearms. Of course most of the tourists who carry firearms in the heat of summer are quite harmless to the game as they generally shoot up in the air or at a tree; although I could name two tourists, one settler, and one ex-game warden who went out for rifle practice on the shores of Mud Lake and brought back three deer with them. You can be sure that the deer didn't walk back. This killing was done from September 20th to Oct. 10, 1905.—I have lost track of the exact date. These same two tourists took a guide the same season and went up the Canadian Pacific main line west of Sudbury, spending a few days in the woods on both sides of the main line. When they left the Michigan Soo they had three fine moose with them. These tourists, who were from Ohio, took the guide with them as far as the Michigan Soo in order to be able to get away with the third moose. I live on the south side of Lake Waquakobing, at a point where the Mississauga canoe trip ends, and have a fair idea of the actions of some of the tourists. Quite often do I see signs of deer and moose hides in some of the packs, and at other times when one cannot see the signs I can smell the scent of a killing. This would be a good point at which to station a game warden. In addition to his other duties he could tell the tourists the different

kinds of fish caught in this lake. One of these gentlemen fishing here last August caught three pickerel in Clear Lake, east of the Club house, and he called them trout."

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An extraordinary fine consignment of furs was received by Messrs M. Sloman & Co., of Detroit, during the month of January. There were only three skins, but they were unanimously declared by fur experts to be the three most magnificent specimens of the rare black and silver grey fox skins ever seen in that city. They came from Labrador and were so carefully packed that on their arrival they were not in the least injured, despite the long and difficult journey they had made. The pelts measured a little over four feet from tip to tip, and even to the uninitiated the marvellous texture of the fur told at a glance why the Royalties of Europe are so eager to obtain the skins of this almost extinct animal. The value of this consignment can be best appreciated when it is stated that one of the pelts was valued in its raw state at \$1,000 and the other two at \$1,200. The three skins will furnish the material for a large muff and scarf and after they have been prepared and made up only a vague estimate can be made of what the set will bring. The price will be sufficiently high, however, to deter any but the exceedingly rich from using the Labrador fox to defy King Frost. The black and silver grey fox skins are invariably shipped to London, where they are sold at one of the exclusive fur sales held there annually. A small box could hold all that are shipped every year from the United States, and the pelts are becoming more and more scarce every day. M. Sloman & Co., handle over 35,000 mink, and 30,000 raccoon skins in twelve months, and yet their annual shipments of the rare fox skins will not exceed twenty-five pelts. Owing to the danger of injuring the fur the black and silver grey fox is rarely shot. Trappers spend many days arranging large steel traps with which they are captured. The Indian method of poisoning the animals has been also discarded as it was found the drugs deprived the fur of its lustre.

There is only one fur that approaches the black and silver grey fox in value, and that is the coat worn by the sea otter. The fox, however is fashion's demand and as a result the pelts, especially the fine specimens, are as costly as the rarest jewels.

Three Americans—Liger, Scott, and Sieck—were each fined \$25 and \$8 costs for illegal fishing in Niagara River, a little below Queenston. They were arrested by Ontario officer Oliver Taylor, and Chief of Police P. Reid, of Niagara-on-the-Lake. In addition to the fine and costs their boats and tackle were also confiscated.

Estimates—which of course can never be anything more than estimates—have at various times been made as to the number of buffaloes that once roamed the western plains. Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton puts the numbers at sixty millions, though others have gone so far as to double this estimate. All are agreed, however that the numbers were very large, and that millions are not too great at which to put the figures. Now with the exception of a herd of some four hundred, roaming the wilds of the far north-west, all are in captivity, the latter being in the possession of either the Canadian or States' Governments, and now numbering 1297, having increased from 256, which was their number in 1859. The bison is reported to be rapidly increasing, and attempts to interbreed bison with common cattle have proved most successful. The hybrid is called a "catalo," and while it is very hardy and lives out on the plains during winters that would be fatal to domestic cattle, its hide or "robe" is also valuable, being worth indeed more than the entire body of the steer.

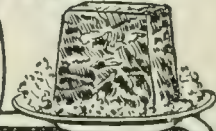
Reports came from Fort William to the effect that the lumber camps in that neighborhood are playing havoc with the deer and moose. Some of the camps are stated to maintain regular hunters, whose sole business it is to see that the tables are supplied with moose and deer.

Those engaged in the railway construction camps are said to be equally guilty in breaking the law. So bad is this slaughter that the descriptive phrase is that men are killing moose and deer the same as they would rabbits. Several of the camps are stated to have more moose meat than beef, while it is further stated that moose meat is served every day in many of the hotels. The deep snow this winter render the animals perfectly helpless, and it is simply pot hunting and slaughtering that is going on. The fine game country out there should be protected, and if there is no game warden for that section (and the people out there say there isn't, or at least they never know nor have seen any sight of one) an appointment should be made at once.

Distinctive Canadian features are attractive enough to supply any amount of material for hangers, show cards, and fine booklets published by Canadian firms. The hanger issued for the present year by Messrs E. L. Drewry, of the Redwood and Empire Breweries, Winnipeg, is entitled "Life on the far famed prairie wheat-lands of western Canada," and represents a horseman riding across a prairie wheat-field, from which the wheat has been cut and carried. While the horse and his rider are prominent in the foreground, the smoke of the threshing machines can be seen in the distance, and the whole is a beautiful representation of a typical western scene. The picture is a fine lithographic production of a water color sketch by H. Etwell of Bulmann Bros., Winnipeg, the original of which is in the possession of the firm issuing the hanger. The whole work is artistically printed and reflects credit upon all who are concerned in its get-up and issue.

The anglers of the River Thames District of Ontario are up in arms against a suggestion that the net fishing licenses for the mouth and lower reaches of the river, which used to be granted without question shall be issued again in 1907. In 1905 the strongest protest possible was put forward against the further is-



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suings of these license with the result that deputations from the net fishermen and the anglers went to Toronto, and each laid their cases before the Premier and the Minister of Public Works. The net fishermen represented that they caught only coarse fish, such as is not used in Canada, and sent them across to the States, and their living depends upon their licenses. On the other hand the anglers point out that the bass and pickerel used to spawn in the river and would still do so but they cannot get past the fishermen's nets. Only an odd fish now and then escape the traps set for their capture, and the angling on the upper reaches of the river is entirely spoiled. Whenever a seizure of fish is made the consignment invariably contains considerable numbers of the finer fish, all bound for the States. The Minister promised restricted licenses for 1906, and then withdrawal from the date. Now the net fishermen are making efforts to have them renewed, and the anglers are opposing the very idea. An attempt to restock the river ended in failure, the fish being

taken from the cold waters of a lake, and not thriving in the warmer waters of a shallow stream. The London members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association are opposing any further grant of net licenses, and have been successful.

In opening the Ontario Legislature the Lieutenant-Governor referred to the proposed extensions of the borders of Manitoba and Ontario. The authorities of the latter Province have urged "that the boundaries of Manitoba be extended northward to Hudson Bay by carrying forward the eastern boundary of that Province until it strikes the Churchill River, and then by following the middle of the channel of the said river until the latter debouches into Hudson Bay, and that for geographical and other reasons the remainder of the territory of Keewatin lying east of the suggested eastern boundary of Manitoba contiguous to Ontario and bounded on the north and east by Hudson Bay and James' Bay be allotted to the Province of Ontario."



A correspondent writing from Saskatchewan says that the moose have been very numerous near the camps since the deep snow fell. "I stalked one on the open and got within thirty yards while he was within two hundred yards of the station. In less than half an hour we saw a cow and two calves crossing at the same place. The snow is now so deep that it is well up on the sides of the little calves, yet they trot along nicely."

A resident of Campbellford, Ont., was recently fined \$20 for killing a cow moose, and a hotel keeper of the same place was fined a like sum for the illegal possession of the skin.

Developments in Temagami are making rapid strides, and "King" Dan O'Connor reports that he will have a new line of steamers running from Temagami round to Latchford in time for the tourist traffic this year.

James Houston, of Chatham Township, Ont., a farmer nearly seventy years of age, had a recent experience with a tame deer which he will trust not to have repeated. He is an enthusiastic hunter and some years ago securing a couple of young deer, he kept them on his farm. A few Sundays ago he noticed that they had escaped from their enclosure in which they were usually kept, and in an attempt to get them in again the buck attacked him. A terrific struggle ensued and Houston only escaped by managing to open a gate against which he was pressed, and after getting through dashing it in the animal's face. Before he could reach the house the deer sprang over and after him, but he managed to secure his gun and shoot the animal dead.

An out-of-the-world mission is that at Nelson House, over six hundred miles north of Winnipeg, where the Indians make their contributions to the work in which they are so deeply interested by means of furs. It is reported that the surveyors for the projected Railway from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay have located

their line within ten miles of the Mission, which will thus, before many years are over, be brought within reach of civilization.

The Chippewa Reserve between North Bay and Sturgeon Falls, Ont., will be opened for settlement, an arrangement having been made by means of which a new Reserve will be created further north and the Indians compensated for removing. The Reserve is over 90,000 acres all of which is described as good agricultural land.

The swamp lands lease, about which so much trouble was raised in Manitoba, has been cancelled by the Dominion Government, and the Minister for the Interior declared, from his place in the Dominion Parliament, that it is not the intention to grant any such leases in future.

The members of the Hastings County branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association and the net fishermen have come to an agreement by means of which seines are in future to be prohibited in the Bay of Quinte, and any net fisherman breaking the agreement is to forfeit his license. A fast boat is also to be provided for patrol purposes.

As the result of a debate in the Senate the Government has agreed to the appointment of a special committee to arrange for an investigation of the resources of the undeveloped portions of Canada. The Hon. G. W. Ross pointed out how much Ontario had gained from such explorations and predicted an equally great return to the Dominion. In Ontario the results had been a surprise to everyone, and the immense resources in minerals, timber and agricultural land discovered had been unsuspected.

The anglers of the River Thames won a great victory by inducing the Ontario Minister for Public Works to consent to withhold for one year, and probably for



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two, the issuing of net licences on that river. For fifteen long years this agitation has been carried on with practically no result. Backed up however, with all the influence of the Provincial Association they have now succeeded, and the absence of the nets will this year give the fish a chance to recuperate. Formerly the fish came from the Lake and used the river as a spawning ground. All the rod and line fishing in the world will do no harm to the fishery, particularly under the limited catches allowed, but the nets have so depleted the numbers of the fish in the higher reaches of the river as to render the fishery there practically non-existent. Whether the fish will return in one year or even two may be questionable, but it is eminently satisfactory that a chance is to be given to them,

On this subject Mr. George Chalmers, who is the Deputy Game Warden for West Kent, writes from Tilbury, Ont., to make a protest on behalf of the fishermen. The letter is notable as showing the want of information on the part of one in an official position. The whole letter is based on a series of misconceptions. Mr. Chalmers should know that net fishing on a Canadian river means that the net fishermen take not only their own share of the fish but also the share that belong to their fellows, and worse than all the net fishermen in the Thames have taken the fish for the benefit of the people of the States, to the exclusion of the people of Canada to whom the fish really belong. The abolition of net fishing on the Thames means that everyone can have their reasonable share, and the man of moderate means can have his fishing just as freely as the millionaire. What Mr. Chalmers advocates, if he will only think over it, is exclusion, monopoly and greed. The interests of a very small class are opposed to those of the whole people, and a great asset, belonging to the whole people, is to be destroyed for the sake of a few. It is surprising to find a public official, who should safeguard the interests of the people, no better informed than to imagine the opening of a fishery to the people is against the public interest. Rod and line fishing means that everyone may

have a share, and that the fishing will remain good in perpetuity. If Mr. Chalmers will look at this question from the side of the people instead of from that of a very small class, he will probably moderate his views if he does not altogether change them. The people of Canada want never to lose sight of the fact that the fish belong to them, and not to a few net fishermen only. The latter have no right to deplete the fisheries for their own private gain, and to the loss of the whole people. When moreover the fish are sent out of the country, and Canadians are deprived of a nutritious article of food, which for health's sake alone ought to be theirs, the position is indefensible.

Mr. Chalmers is wrong in stating that an Ontario Commission for Fish and Game is proposed to consist exclusively of members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. What is suggested is that on the new Commission two seats shall be allotted to Representatives of the Provincial Association—a very different thing. Mr. Chalmers likewise makes a great fuss about the fact that the members of the new Commission are not to receive pay. Evidently Mr. Chalmers is unaware of the fact that the members of the present Game Commission are unpaid, and they have given fair satisfaction. The amount of voluntary public service done throughout Canada has clearly escaped Mr. Chalmers' observations, and the country might be a little better for some more of it. Everyone of us has still something to learn on these subjects, and Mr. Chalmers forms no exception.

The Hamilton branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association held their annual meeting last month when a paid up membership of eighty-one was reported. In the course of the annual report, which was presented by Major William Hendrie, the energetic local secretary, it was stated that as a result of a delegation to the Minister of Public Works some necessary measures had been taken against the carp in Burlington Bay, though much still remained to be done against this fishing pest. There was a lengthy reference to the





A  
Meal  
In a  
Moment

## **Bovril**

### **Will Guard You**

*against the keen "March Winds."  
It contains in the smallest possible  
bulk the entire nourishment of beef.*

## **Warms and Strengthens**

Provincial Convention at Toronto and the report continued :—

The Department of our Fish and Game is greatly in need of the practical advice, so that the vast resources of this country may be utilized and preserved, not altogether for the present generation, but for those who are to come after and that this has not been done, our fisheries, (both fish and game) and feathered fowl, show in greatly diminished numbers. The profits accruing to the people of Ontario for the year 1905 from our fisheries, resulted in the beggarly sum of some \$16,000, the bulk of our food fish, which went to make up this amount, were exported to the United States by the different Fish Trust Companies, who, at present, control all our lakes. "As a food, our fish should be valuable property to our people, but their high price, owing to their scarcity and the demands of the Trust Companies, place them beyond the reach of the great bulk of the people"

The election of officers resulted as under : President, Mr. Thomas Upton ;

1st Vice President, Mr. James Crooks ;  
2nd Vice President, Major R.H. Labatt ;  
3rd Vice President, Dr. Groves ; Executive Committee : Captain Spencer, Mr. John Hunter, Mr. George Dean, Judge Monck, Dr. J. Overholt, Dr. Malloch, Mr. G. Beattie, and Mr. H. Barnard ; Secretary-Treasurer, Major William Hendrie.

With the energy he has shown throughout the work of establishing and up-building the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association, Mr. A. Kelly Evans, the Secretary-Treasurer, addressed the members of the Toronto Stock Exchange calling special attention to the financial side of the efficient protection of fish and game. The general advantages to the Province from such work were immense and particularly so from the financial side. As an illustration he quoted the case of Maine, which State, it was estimated, gained in 1906 the immense sum of \$25,000,000 from visiting

sportsmen and tourists. "Think of the economic meaning of these figures!" said Mr. Evans. "In that year 250,000 visitors came into the State and left behind them millions of dollars for which the State gave none of its material resources in return — not one stick of timber or one pound of ore! It was money-earned outside the State!" Mr. Evans also pointed out the great advantages of Ontario over Maine in the matter of area, and contended that its geographical position was equally as favorable for the great bulk of the population of the Mississippi Valley as Maine for the New England States. Convinced by the facts and figures adduced the members of the Exchange heartily and unanimously endorsed the platform of the Association and expressed approval of its methods.

Sportsmen who prefer an open sight will be glad to learn that the Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y. are now in a position to furnish their Model 1904 Junior Rifle with an open rear sight specially designed by them in place of the regular peep, if so desired. Owing to the many inquiries received for a sight of this nature the above Company took steps to meet the demand, as it is their policy to do everything in their power to meet the wishes of their patrons.

Ottawa is to have a summer carnival of Sport and an Old Boys' Reunion from Saturday, July 27th, to Monday August 6th, both inclusive, and already promises are made that there shall not be one dull moment, night or day, for the whole ten days. All old Ottawans are requested to register with R. Patching, Carnival Secretary, City Hall, Ottawa, and in addition to the many thousands of former residents who are expected to swell the ordinary population of the City on that occasion, many thousands of sight-seers and holiday seekers will be drawn to the Capital of the Dominion on that occasion. Arrangements are to be made for every kind of sport on land and water and altogether those who can possibly manage to be present may be assured of the best of good times.

WE F  
SAVE R  
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YOU M

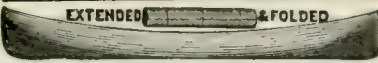
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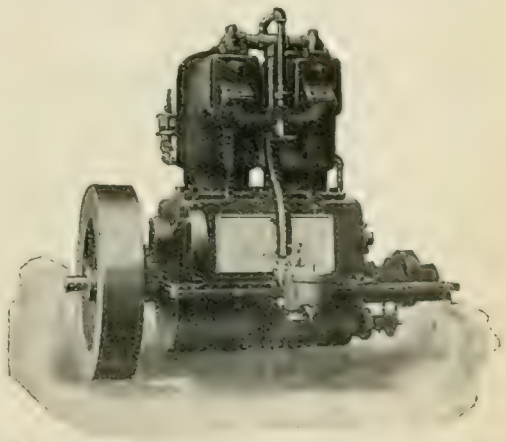
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# THE TRAP

*ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.*

## Tournament Dates

May 9, 10—Ridgetown Gun Club. C. H. Eastlake, secretary-treasurer.  
August 7, 8, 9—Toronto, Ont., Seventh Annual Tournament of Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, under auspices of Stanley Gun Club. Thomas A. Duff, Secretary-Treasurer, 3 Maynard

## Stray Pellets.

The Exeter (Ont.) Gun Club promises a one-day target shoot for Good Friday.

The annual tournament of the Canadian Indians will be held at Clinton, Ont., under the auspices of the Clinton Gun Club on May 24th and 25th.

Montreal Gun Club will have their annual tournament on Good Friday when some rich prizes will be hung up for competition.

We understand that St. Herbert's, Ottawa, will hold their annual tournament on Easter Monday.

Indirectly we hear that some of the gun clubs are putting in good work at their practice shoots, but they are apparently too modest to send their scores in for publication. Verily, the fear of the handicap committee is the beginning of wisdom.

J. E. Cantelon, Clinton, Ont., familiarly known among his shooting friends as "Shorty" and now holder of the pigeon championship of Canada, was royally banquetted by the members of the gun club and citizens of Clinton on Jan. 11th and presented with a fur-lined overcoat, the occasion being his intended departure from Clinton to accept a position as traveller with a Hamilton firm. If "Shorty" leaves Clinton it will be a distinct loss to the local gun club, but the shooting fraternity of Ontario do not intend to lose him and wherever he goes their good wishes will go with him and he will be expected to keep right on the firing line.

On January 17th, that long billed bird, first cousin of Shuhshuhgah, visited the wigwam of the brave Canadian Indian, Chief King Pin, like wise High Scribe and Chief of Wampum, and left there a little Minnehaha, first papoose born to the Tribe. Or, in paleface Choctaw, on the above date, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Duff, Toronto, a daughter, upon which happy event we beg to offer our hearty congratulations.

A very interesting and closely contested shooting match took place at Gladstone, Ont., Jan. 31st., between Dorchester and Gladstone Gun Clubs, which resulted in the following score in a possible 16.

Dorchester—W. Richmond 10, A. C. Stolk 9, W. Pfitzold 13, C. Wallace 5, J. Rennie 9, R. Wallace 13, C. Richmond 14, A. Wallace 10, J. O'Brien 2, R. Townsend 3, Total 95.  
Gladstone—J. Brodie 14, J. Thompson 10, J. Johnston 12, V. Jackson 9, C. Burns 8, C. Ro-

gers 11, W. Topham 5, W. Falls 7, G. Thompson 8, A. Hunter 12. Total 96.

When a man attains pre-eminence in any branch of sport it often augurs, as Herbert Spencer said to the young man who beat him so badly at billiards, "a mis-spent life." But that cannot be said of Lord Walsingham of London, though he is easily the best shot in England. He is an accomplished writer, one of the first entomologists of the day, a fellow of many learned societies and the owner of the finest collection of moths and butterflies in the world. Yet he has devoted enough time to his favorite sport to make himself the all-round crack shot of the kingdom. He is probably the only man in the world who shoots wasps on the wing. That requires marvelous accuracy of aim. To practice on these little pests and other insect game he had a miniature rifle specially constructed for himself. His bag of 1073 grouse to his own gun, shooting for close on 15 hours on end, has never been surpassed. On another day, on the Yorkshire moors, he brought down 421 brace of grouse, using 1100 cartridges, which shows what a large per centage of his shots are fatal. He is an expert with the rifle as with the shotgun, and has hunted big game in Oregon and California, but of late years he has preferred hunting insects.

The 50-target handicap shoot on the Balmby Beach Club grounds for a handsome cup given by Mr. A. V. Pearce was won by Fred Lyonde. The following are the scores: F. Lyonde 46, J. F. Ross 45, P. J. Boothe 44, J. A. Casel 44, J. G. Shaw 44, C. Davis 43, W. Draper 43, J. A. Wilsen 40, C. D. TenEvck 39, W. Seager 38, G. J. Mason 38, W. H. Adams 37, W. T. Wilson 36, G. H. Smith 36.

Woodstock Gun Club have elected the following officers:—Hon. President, John D. Patterson; President, Dr. Welford; 1st vice pres., Frank Hyde; 2nd vice pres., W. J. Bond; 3rd vice pres., J. Dawson; secretary, W. E. Bonnett; Asst. sec., F. Farlow; treasurer, H. Willis; captain, S. Dawes. Managing committee—Messrs. W. Martin, J. E. Thompson, Dr. Brind Joe Maynard, J. Dutton, C. Hubner and G. Walker. The club will hold a one-day tournament, also home and home shoots with other clubs.

The present officers of Springwood Gun Club of London, are: President, W. A. Brock; treasurer, S. A. Webb; secretary, B. W. Glover; executive committee, D. W. Breckon, A. Tillman, R. E. Day, E. Simcox, and Wm. Gibson; auditors, Day and Avey.

## Hamilton Winter Tournament.

The Winter Tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club held on their new club grounds Jan. 15, 16, 17 and 18 was, as usual, a huge success. Owing to the prohibition of pigeon shooting in the adjoining States, this shoot





RUNNERS-UP AND WINNERS OF THE GRAND CANADIAN HANDICAP, 1907

Reading left to right—Buffalo Smith, J. E. Cantelon (winner) and H. D. Kirkover

has for years taken on the character of an international affair and is the one big annual live bird event of Canada. This year there was a great gathering of the clan from all points of the compass. Boston sent a delegation of five "Palefaces", prominent among whom were Buffalo Smith, well known in Canada as a good trap shot and the runner up for the Grand Canadian Handicap last year, and E. O. Griffith, one time winner of the Grand American Handicap, both at live birds and targets. The genial face of Dr. Gleason, however, was absent and this was generally regretted. Eastern Canada sent Walter H. Ewing of Montreal, a trap shooter of the right sort, who cut such a wide swath at targets last year and probably will again this year. From the wild and woolly West came W. J. Saunders, Killarney, Man., who won the target championship of Manitoba last year and was evidently looking for more worlds to conquer in the effete. With him came W. N. Williamson, of Brandon, who learned the shooting game years ago in Old Ontario and has not yet forgotten how. Britton and McBean, Winnipeg, were other welcome guests. Ridgetown came down handsomely and in full force with all their war paint on and the decks cleared for action. Harry and Charlie Scane, McRitchie, Laing, Galbraith and How Bates comprised the delegation, all top notchers and well able to take care of themselves in any company. A. Tolma, Detroit, who has one Grand Canadian East. With him came W. N. Williamson of Bran Handicap win to his credit, was there, quite willing to accept the honor again if sufficiently urged and with him came his friend, J. A. Giehrst of Cleveland, a thorough sportsman. Doolittle and Burns, Cleveland, O., who cleaned up nicely on targets last year, were also there. Harry D. Kirkover of Buffalo came across the border to show us how, and sustained his reputation as a target and live bird

shot of the first rank. Toronto was represented by a strong contingent. "Shorty" Cantelon of Clinton dropped into town the night before with his friend, J. E. Hovey. "Shorty" being of large proportions came in at the dark of the moon so as not to attract too much notice. He brought with him his faithful Parker and a goodly supply of John S. Cole's "Roman candles" and these in the hands of the aforesaid "Shorty" proved a deadly dope for the live birds as subsequent events proved. Hamilton itself, of course, supplied its full quota of contestants. This was no trouble for Hamilton. It is so full of good trap shooters that all it has to do to get an army of experts is, like Roderick Dhu, to whistle and find them, if not behind every bush, at least coming around every corner with shot gun and shells ready for the fray. If there were not so many enthusiastic sportsmen there they would not be able to carry on the game in the splendid way they do. There were other good shots there of course, from different parts of Canada and the U. S. and, as a matter of fact, it was no place for any other kind.

The professional element was well represented. There were present, J. A. R. Elliott, J. R. Taylor and J. A. Cameron of the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., H. H. Stevens and J. R. Cole, Jr., of the Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; F. L. Hallford of the Dominion Cartridge Co.; E. G. White of the Dupont Powder Co. and N. B. Darton of the Marlin Arms Co. "Injun" Conover, of the Dupont Co. was owing to illness in his family, unable to be present and his absence was generally regretted.

The work of the professionals at the traps was exceptionally good and was a good object lesson for the amateurs present. The weather conditions the first two days were extremely unfavorable to good scores and this is shown by the fact that of all the crack shots pres-



SOME OF THE PARTICIPANTS IN THE HAMILTON WINTER TOURNAMENT.

ent, both professional and amateur, not one got to the ninety per cent. mark the first day. Elliott kept the lead on his brother "pros" the first two days, Taylor was high the third day and Stevens was unapproachable the fourth, losing but one target out of 220, a feat certainly creditable to himself and the goods he represents. Stevens was high professional for the tournament breaking 544 out of 600, an extremely good record under the circumstances.

Outside the professionals, only four out of about sixty amateurs had the pluck to shoot through the target programme. These four were from Boston and the high man was E. C. Griffith with 549. Not a Canadian amateur shot through. The fact that there were no average prizes offered, the slowness with which the target events were pulled off and the bitter coldness of the weather, no doubt accounted for this. It is doubtful if target shooting in mid-winter in Canada can ever be a success. It is as much a test of physical endurance as skill under such weather conditions as attended this meet and many shooters declined to risk an attack of pneumonia for the sake of making even a good score at the trap. With the live bird shooting the "time exposure" is much shorter and besides one associates this kind of shooting with colder weather.

And the live bird events created just as much enthusiasm and were just as hotly contested as they ever were. The first event, a 10 bird event with \$200 guarantee, was the preliminary center to the live event of the shoot. In this Buffalo Smith, H. D. Bates, W. J. Saunders and C. Seane had straight scores. In the Grand Canadian Handicap event at 20 live birds over 50 entered and the guarantee of \$500 lived. When the smoke of battle cleared away it was found that there were three candidates for the

honor of winning the Grand Canadian Handicap and with it, in reality, not only the Canadian championship, but the International, as well, for in all respects it is an international contest. The three men with straight scores were J. E. Cantelon, Clinton, Ont.; Buffalo Smith, Boston, and H. D. Kirkover, Buffalo. They agreed to divide the purse which paid them \$66.60 each, and shoot off, miss and out, for the honor. Smith missed his fourth bird and Kirkover his fifth, leaving the plucky little Canadian the winner. Naturally, the home element were much pleased at the result. Cantelon's work in this event and, indeed, throughout the tournament was exceptionally good as he missed but one bird out of 40 shot at.

In the other three 10-bird events of the programme the following had straight scores: J. E. Cantelon, Clinton; F. Galbraith, Ridgeway; T. Upton, of Hamilton; G. H. Haslam, son of Boston; E. C. Griffith, of Boston; J. Martin, Brooklyn; A. King, Hamilton; D. McMacdon, Hiegate; M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton; W. A. Smith, Kingsville and P. Wakefield of Toronto.

Preparation for such a shoot as this involves a lot of hard work and great credit is due the officers of the Hamilton Gun Club in charge of the arrangements for the success of their efforts. The following may be particularly mentioned:

Executive committee—Dr. Overholt, T. Upton, Dr. Groves, Jas. Crooks, and R. Crooks. Tournament managers—Jas. Crooks and Dr. Groves.

Live bird secretary—Dr. Vernon. Target secretary—E. W. Burrow. Field captain—Wm. Wark.

Official referees—Capt. E. V. Spencer, J. E. Morris and Dr. Hunt.



The individual smoker is known by the pipe he cherishes. The change from the old clay pipe of the last generation to the



of to-day is like changing from a freight car to a Pullman coach. It's a step in advance of anything previously attempted.

Ask your dealer to show you the "H.B.B." assortment.

Handicap committee—M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton; P. Wakefield, Toronto, and W.A. Smith, Kingsville.

A substantial warm luncheon was provided on the grounds and altogether the comfort and convenience of the shooters were well looked after.

The money in each live bird event was divided as follows: First event, 10 birds, \$10 entrance, \$200 guaranteed, straight scores \$23.25; nine, \$13.95; eight, \$9.30. Second event, 20 live birds, entrance \$15, \$500 guaranteed, first money \$56.60; pinotem \$28, eighteen \$21, seventeen, \$14. Third event—10 birds, \$7.50 entrance, ten \$4.50, nine \$9.40. Fourth event—10 birds, entrance \$7.50, ten \$11.75, nine \$7.00, eight \$4.70. Fifth event—10 birds, entrance \$7.50, ten \$19.35; nine \$5.80, eight \$6.30. This last was class shooting.

The scores:—

LIVE BIRDS.

Number of Birds	10	20	10	10	10	SA.	K.	
Buffo Smith, Roxbury, Mass.	10	20	8	8	9	60	55	
H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, Ont.	10	18				30	28	
W. J. Saunders, Killarney, M.	10	16	8	8	6	60	48	
C. Scane, Ridgetown, Ont.	10	15				20	25	
M. Reardon, Hamilton, Ont.	9	15	6	8	8	60	46	
"49", Toronto		9	17	7	8	50	41	
"Farmer", Oakville		9	16		4	40	29	
Dr. Wilson, Hamilton		9	15	8	9	30	26	
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton, L.	9	18	9	9	10	60	55	
Norris, Buffalo		9	19			30	28	
E. G. White, Ottawa		9	14	8		40	31	
F. Galbreath, Ridgetown		9	18	10	9	10	60	56
H. D. Kirkover, Fred'a, N.Y.		9	20			30	29	
Geo. Stroud, Hamilton		9	16	7		40	32	
R. C. Ripley, Hamilton		9	15			40	32	
G. H. Haslam, Boston		8	16	8	10	7	60	49
B. H. Powell, Boston		8	17	6	7	6	60	44
E. C. Griffith, Boston		8	16	6	10	7	60	47
J. Martin, Brooklyn		8	16	9	10	8	60	51
C. E. Doolittle, Cleveland		8	18	9		40	35	
W. H. Ewing, Montreal		8	16	9	8	9	60	50

W. A. Smith, Kingsville .....	8	17		9	10	50	44	
R. Luck, Pt. Edward .....	3	18	9			9	50	44
A. McRitchie, Ridgetown...	8	19	8	7	8	60	50	
Alex Tolsma, Detroit .....		6	14			30	22	
S. H. Loomis, Geneva, N.Y. ..	8					10	8	
H. H. Stevens, New York...	8	16	6	9	6	60	45	
J. F. Summers, Easton, N.J.	8	15	9			40	32	
G. Laing, Ridgetown .....		8	15	8		40	31	
A. King, Hamilton .....	8	16	9	10	9	60	52	
J. E. Jennings, Toronto .....	8	16	8	8		50	40	
G. L. Vivian, Toronto .....	8	17	8	8	6	60	47	
C. Crew, Scarboro Junc. ....		19	6	8	7	50	40	
J. E. Hoovey, Clinton, Ont. ...		18				20	18	
D. MacKinnon, Highgate, Ont.	7	18	9	10	8	60	52	
N. B. Darton, New Haven, Conn.	4	18	6	8	5	60	41	
J. E. Cantelon, Clinton, Ont.		20	10	9		40	39	
Dr. Green, Hamilton .....	7	18		7	8	50	40	
H. A. Horning, Hamilton .....	6	17	8	4	5	50	35	
J. A. Gilchrist, Cleveland...	4	16	9	9	9	60	47	
H. Scane, Ridgetown .....	7	16	6	7		50	38	
H. Graham, Hamilton .....		16				20	16	
J. R. Taylor, Newark, O. ....	7	16	9	7	7	60	46	
P. Wakefield, Toronto .....	7	16	9	6	10	60	48	
D. W. Burns, Boston .....		15	5	6	7	50	33	
H. M. Playton, Toronto .....		5	14			30	19	
J. Fleming, Toronto .....		6	11			30	17	
T. Utton, Hamilton .....	7	17	10		7	30	24	
C. J. Mitchell, Brantford .....	7		9			20	16	
A. E. Simpson, Simcoe .....			9	7	9	30	25	
J. A. Sniffel, Brantford .....	5	8				20	13	
A. Brown, Simcoe .....			8	9		20	17	
"Rich", Hamilton .....	6	7				20	13	
W. Dadiak, Toronto .....			9	9	20	18		
R. Fleming, Toronto .....			7		10	7		
J. French, Hamilton .....				5	4	20	9	
J. Crooks, Hamilton .....	6					10	6	
C. S. Chad, Hamilton .....						10	4	
T. Stroud, Hamilton .....	8					10	6	
C. A. Dutton, Winnipeg .....	7					10	7	
H. MacLatt, Simcoe .....	5					10	6	
"20"	4					10	4	
J. W. Broderick .....	2					10	3	



## TARGETS.

No. Targets	1st Day		2nd Day		3rd Day		4th Day		Total	
	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.
Hassam .....	100	71	100	77	180	147	120	103	600	398
H. W. Burns .....	100	76	100	72	180	143	160	140	540	431
Powell .....	100	77	100	82	180	153	220	198	600	519
Griffith .....	100	87	100	87	180	168	220	207	600	549
Buffalo Smith .....	100	83	100	92	180	149	220	196	600	520
Kramer .....	80	54			100	74			180	128
G. E. Burns .....	100	86	100	63	160	130	80	68	440	367
Doolittle .....	100	75		60					160	124
A. D. Bates .....	100	77	100	83	160	137			360	297
Raspberry .....	100	71	100	80					200	151
Hawkins .....	100	69					100	71	200	140
Norris .....	100	74	80	58					180	132
Loomis .....	100	67							100	67
Williamson .....	100	83	60	57	180	159	80	74	420	373
Saunders .....	80	62			40	36	60	49	180	147
Ewing .....	100	79	100	91	180	155	60	55	440	380
Laing .....	100	58	60	47					160	105
Tolsma .....	100	80	100	90	100	87	20	18	320	281
McBain .....	100	70							100	70
Halford .....	60	36	100	65					160	101
Long .....	40	28							40	28
Elliott .....	100	87	100	91	180	164	220	208	600	552
White .....	100	77	100	67	180	159	220	206	600	529
Taylor .....	100	87	100	87	180	175	220	207	600	556
Darton .....	100	80	100	90	180	165	220	205	600	540
Stephens .....	100	88	100	90	180	167	220	219	600	564
W. A. Smith .....	100	82	80	68					180	150
Upton .....	100	78	80	61	20	16	40	30	240	185
J. Crooks .....	100	73	80	57			120	101	300	231
Dr. Wilson .....	100	69			180	153	100	92	380	314
M. E. Fletcher .....	100	81	80	71					180	152
McMackon .....	100	77			140	125	60	55	300	257
Galbraith .....	100	89	80	65	20	12	60	54	260	219
Geo. Beattie .....	100	83	80	66	140	123	80	76	300	248
H. Scane .....	100	76	80	64					180	140
Kirkover .....	100	85	80	65	180	170			360	320
"Farmer" .....	100	70	60	41					160	111
P. Wakefield .....	100	75	100	90	160	137	80	68	440	370
Broderick .....	100	69	80	60					180	129
Konkle .....	80	53	20	16					100	69
McGill .....	100	78	80	75					180	148
Dunk .....	100	88	100	86					200	174
Vivian .....	100	85	100	85	20	19	60	54	280	243
Marsh .....	100	79	100	84			100	90	300	253
Britton .....	100	76	80	64					180	140
Fleming .....	40	28	20	15	20	15			80	58
Ripley .....	40	31					60	56	100	87
Stewart .....			60	56					60	56

	1st Day		2nd Day		3rd Day		Ttl	
No. targets—	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.	Total	
Marlatt .....	20	18	80	54	100		72	
Luck .....	20	8	80	67	100		75	
McRitchie .....	20	17			40	32	60	49
Glechrist .....	20	16	60	41	60	37	149	94
"39" .....	40	30					40	30
Hallman .....	20	7					20	7
Skedd .....	20	18	100	83			120	101
Crew .....	20	15	60	45	100	79	180	139
Spittal .....			40	13			40	13
Graham .....			40	29			40	29
Karr .....			60	53	100	84	160	137
Mason .....					80	67	80	67
G. H. Beatty ..					60	45	60	45
Marshall .....					40	28	40	28

## Toronto City League Tournament.

The first annual tournament of the City Blue Rock League, unfinished from Jan. 1st was completed on Saturday, Jan. 12th. The day opened wild and stormy, but towards noon cleared, and was all that could be desired for good shooting. The scores on Saturday were better than on Jan. 1st. In all 90 prizes and twelve high average prizes were awarded to the successful competitors. The Queen's Hotel Cup, valued at \$50, for first high average, was won by J. E. Jennings of the Riverdale Gun Club, with 107, out of a possible 120 shot at, Dunk of the Stanleys being second with 105, and O. D. Ten Eyck of the Balmv Beach being third with 105. F. H. Conover of the DuPont Powder Co. was present on New Year's Day, and shot in four events. Mr. Halford of the Dominion Car-

tridge Co. was present on both days. The following is a list of winners in each event:—

Event No. 1, 20 targets—C. Harrison 20, O. Spanner 19, Dunk 19, Jennings 19, Stedman 19, Eby 18, Hogarth 18, McGill 18, Thompson 18, Ten Eyck 17, Stanley 17, Wright 17, Telfer 17, Lowe 17, A. Anderson 17.

Event No. 2, 20 targets—Mathews 20, Ten Eyck 19, C. T. Logan 19, R. Wakefield 19, T. Logan 18, C. Mongenel 18, Bate 18, Usher 18, McGill 18, Dr. Cook 18, Casci 18, Hooey 18, Thompson 17, W. Best 17, F. A. Parker 17, Carmody 18.

Event No. 3, 20 Targets—O. Spanner 20, C. Davis 20, Joselin 19, Dunk 19, C. Harrison 19, Hooey 19, Bredannaz 18, Marsh 18, Casci 18, R. Gould 18, Stedman 18, Parker 18, Hulme 17, Hogarth 17, McGill 17.

Event No. 4, 20 Targets—Ten Eyck 20, O. T. Logan 19, Anderson 19, Vivian 19, Lowe 19, Jennings 19, Eby 18, W. Best 18, J. G. Shaw 18, C. Davis 18, C. Harrison 18, G. Mason 18, W. Wakefield 18, Casci 18, Turner 18, Edkins 18.

Event No. 5, 20 Targets—Hulme 20, J. F. Ross 19, W. Best 19, Vivian 19, Eby 18, J. A. Shaw 18, T. Logan 18, Bredannaz 18, Buck 18, C. Davis 18, P. Wakefield 18, McGill 18, Jennings 18, W. Wakefield 18, J. Townson 18.

Event No. 6, 20 Targets—J. G. Shaw 20, J. F. Ross 19, Jennings 19, Vivian 19, Dr. Jordan 19, Parker 19, Dunk 18, Ten Eyck 18, Miller 18, Draper 18, Fenton 18, Mason 18, W. Wakefield 18, A. Williamson 18, P. Wakefield 18.

High Averages—J. E. Jennings 107, Dunk 106, C. D. Ten Eyck 105, W. Best 104, O. Spanner 103

G. L. Vivian 103, C. Davis 103, F. Hooey 103, Eby 102, McGill 102, Dr. Jordan 102, F. A. Parker 102, A. Hulme 101.

#### Parkdale vs. Balmy Beach.

The Parkdale Rod and Gun Club and the Balmy Beach Gun Club met Saturday afternoon, Jan. 19th, in a schedule match of the City League series on the grounds of the Parkdale Club, and the event was thoroughly enjoyed by every one who took part in it. The following scores were made:—

Parkdale—G. Thomas 21, Alex Wolfe 21, Ward 20, Parker 20, Fenton 20, Reed 19, Cluff 18, Williams 18, Godsen 17, Hooey 17. Total 191.

Balmy Beach—J. G. Shaw 23, Seager 22, Davis 22, Casci 22, Ross 21, Lyonde 20, F.A. Shaw 20, Bootho 19, Draper 19, Pearsall 18. Total 206.

#### Riverdale Gun Club Practice.

The regular weekly practice of the Riverdale Gun Club was held on the club's grounds on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 19th, with a very fair turnout of members. In the spoon event the shooting was very good indeed, the winner, W. Joselin, having won out with a straight score of 25. Following is the score of the spoon event:—

J. E. Jennings 22, G. Logan 22, W. Joselin 20, T. Logan 23, J. Logan 20, F. Bredannez 20, C. Logan 21, E. Bond 20, D. Walton 18, E. Hiron 20, W. Murray 17, C. Davidson 18, W. Lowe 18.

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 26th, the regular weekly shoot of the Riverdale Gun Club was held on the club's grounds, when some very good scores were made. In the "spoon event" G. Logan, D. Walton and T. Logan tied with a score of 25 each (including their handicap of 3 targets) and in the shoot off of the tie T. Logan and D. Walton again tied for first honors, G. Logan having missed getting into the running again by one target. Mr. J. E. Jennings, as usual, made his weekly straight of 25 without a miss, which feature is now becoming a strong favorite with Mr. Jennings. Appended is result of main event, the Spoon shoot:—

Spoon event—25 targets—W. Joselin 21, G. Logan 22, T. Logan 22, F. Bredannaz 22, J. E. Jennings 21, J. Logan 21, D. Walton 22, E. Hiron 22, Murray 21, A. Cook 19, W. Lowe 17, E. Bond 17, W. Duncan 14, J. Whitlam 13.

#### Stanley Gun Club Shoot.

The league shoot scheduled for Saturday, Jan. 19th, between the Stanley Gun Club and the National Gun Club of this city took place on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club and resulted in a win for the home team. H. Stevens, the V.M.C. Co.; J. A. R. Elliott, W.R.A. Co.; E. G. White, Dupont Powder Co.; Darton, Marlin Arms Co.; and J. R. Taylor, W.R.A. Co., all professionals, were present, and gave an exhibition of target shooting. The following are the score:—

Professionals.				Total.
J. A. R. Elliott	.....	22	25	24
E. G. White	.....	24	21	25
J. R. Taylor	.....	25	25	24
Darton	.....	23	24	23
H. Stevens	.....	25	25	25
National team—Dr. Jordan 23, Mathews 23, Granger 23, C. Harrison 22				
22, Westwood 21, Davis 20, Lawson 20, Stanley 20. Total 216. Ten men average 21.6-10.				
Stanley team—George Vivian 25, J. Williamson 24, George Cashmore 24, Geo. Dunk 23, A. Hume 23, McDuff 23, J. I' 22, Lucas 22, Ingham 22, W. Lewis 21, F. Martin sr. 21, A. Dey 21, P. Wakefield 21, George McGill 20, Booth 20. Total 332. Fifteen men average 22 13-15.				

#### Hamilton Happenings.

There was a good attendance at the regu-

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\$10.00 will be given as a prize for first high average and \$5.00 for second high average.

The Secretary will be pleased to forward a copy of the program to any trap-shooter on receipt of a postal card asking for same.

**W. JOHNS, Secretary-Treasurer.**  
**J. W. CREECH, Assistant Secretary.**  
**EXETER, Ontario.**

lar shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday, Jan. 12th. The principal event at the day was the Klein & Binkley trophy at twenty-five targets. Following is the score for the K. & B. event

Waterbury 23, Beattie 21, Bates 21, Barnard 18, G. Cline 17, M. E. Fletcher 23, Dr. Green 23, Dr. Wilson 23, J. Crooks 18, Dean 13, Rice 13, Stuart 18, Karr 19, Royal 22, Davies 11, Bowron 17, Jones 18, G. E. Thomson 13, W. P. Thomson 20, Hawkins 20

The regular shoot for the Klein & Binkley trophy was held at the Hamilton Gun Club grounds on Saturday, Jan. 25th. Following is the score:—Raspberry 16, Beattie 23, Court Thomson 21, Jones 20, M. E. Fletcher 22, Bates 21, Dr. Wilson 20, Barnard 14, Dean 18, Bowron 15, Hunter 22, A. Lee 17, Davies 15, Ripley 21

### Ingersoll Item

The following is the result of the shooting for the W. J. Elliott Cup for the season of 1906. The cup was shot for in three events, 20 targets at each event. Some of the members not being present at all three events their scores are only for the events at which they were present.

	1	2	3	Ttl.
E. McMulkin .....	15	13	6	34
W. Ireland (7).....	8	8	13	36
D. Winders .....	16			16
J. Staples .....	16	17	17	50
Geo. James (5) .....	14	14	17	50
F. W. Staples .....	11	15	14	40
W. Cole (10) .....	8	6		24
H. W. Knight .....	14	16		30
W. J. Kerbyson .....	18	16	15	49
Geo. Ruckle (10) .....	9	9		28
Geo. Riddle .....	13			13
Geo. Nichols .....	18	11	13	42
W. A. Edgar .....	15	15	12	42
Jas. Walker .....	12			12
W. J. Ross .....	14	12	10	36

Messrs. George James and John Staples having tied for the cup with a score of fifty targets each, they shot off the tie at twenty targets, the following being the result: John Staples 14, Geo. James 11. Mr. Staples winning the cup by three targets.

### Winnipeg Scores.

A very enjoyable time was spent at Deer Lodge Saturday afternoon, Jan. 5th, when a return match between some of the old time crack shots took place. The strong wind and snow storm made the shooting difficult at times, nevertheless some good scores were made, and of course the usual excuses for missing the fast birds were heard occasionally. Fred W. Scott's team won out with five birds and the losing team had to pay for the supper, which was a credit to any hotel in Canada. The following are the scores made by both teams, the possible being 18 birds each man.

Fred W. Scott's team—Fred W. Scott 15, J. McLeod Holiday 16, Armstrong 11, Phippen 12. Total 54.

Tom Bradie's team—T. Bradie 17, Lloyd 1, S. B. Ritchie 12, Ball 12. Total 49.

The team shot Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12th, resulted in a tie and both captains were obliged to shoot at three birds each to decide the match, the losers to pay for the supper. Mr. Holiday succeeded in killing his three birds straight. Mr. Armstrong losing by one bird. Following are the scores:—

J. McLeod Holiday 15, S. B. Ritchie 15, H. C. Chapman 15, T. D. Lloyd 11. Total 57.

Roy W. Armstrong 15, Tom Brodie 15, Jas. Cashman 15, Wilson 12. Total 57.

Some fine records were made by shooters using Stevens Rifles, Stevens - Pope Rifles, and Stevens Rifle Telescopes at the third annual tournament of the Indoor .22 Caliber Rifle League of the United States held at Rochester, N.Y. The gathering is an important one and crack shots from all sections of the country competed. The first three prizes in the championship one hundred shot match was won by marksmen shooting with the Stevens or Stevens-Pope rifle. Full scores were made in the continuous match by three men using Stevens Rifles. Telescopes were used in all the matches, and were decided factors in raising records and making top-notch scores. There were other victories won by those using Stevens Rifles which demonstrated once more their splendid advantages in the hands of good men.

A fine exhibition of marksmanship was displayed by Mr. Fred Coleman in the Philadelphia vs Harrisburg-Lebanon Interstate Shooting Match held at Point Breeze Race Track last month, when he made the only straight twenty-five score of the match. While giving due



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credit to the shooter, the gun, which made such a score possible, should not be forgotten. Mr. Coleman shot with an Ansley H. Fox gun listed at \$50.00 and he and others were delighted with the shooting qualities of the gun. A booklet of this new gun will be mailed free to any of our readers who will request a copy of the same from the A. H. Fox Gun Co., Philadelphia, Pa., and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

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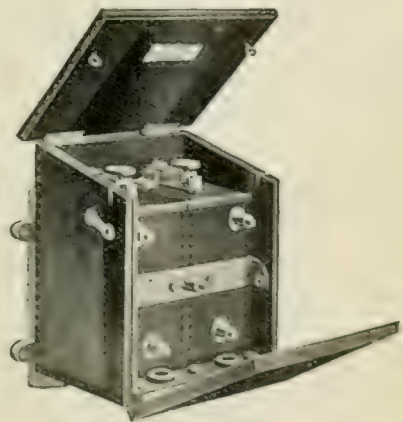
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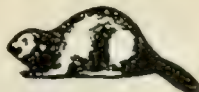
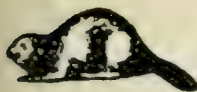
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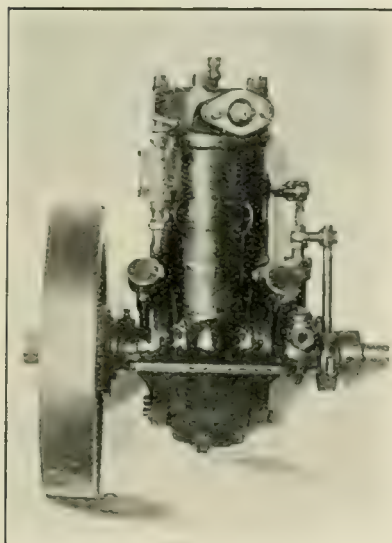
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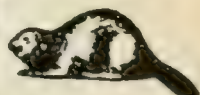
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So you better order now*



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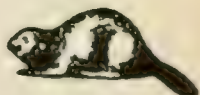


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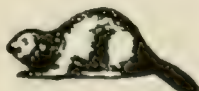


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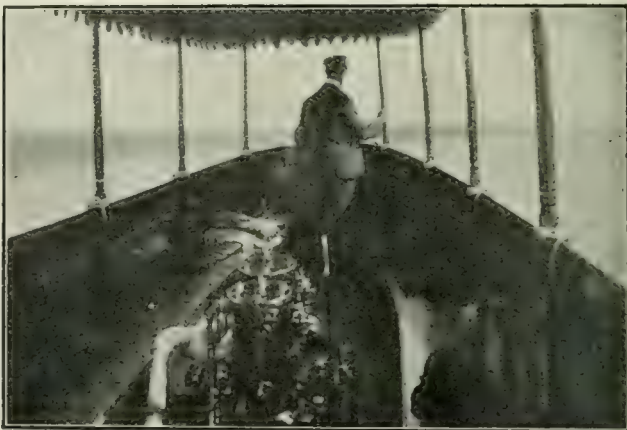
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1907  
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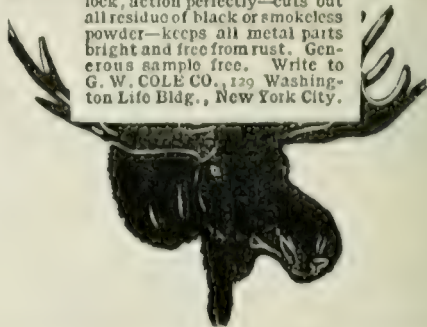
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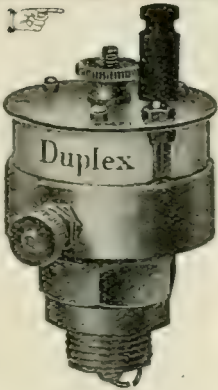
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➡ Pull this **LITTLE SWITCH!**

Saves **Stoppage**  
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**Annoyance** on  
the road

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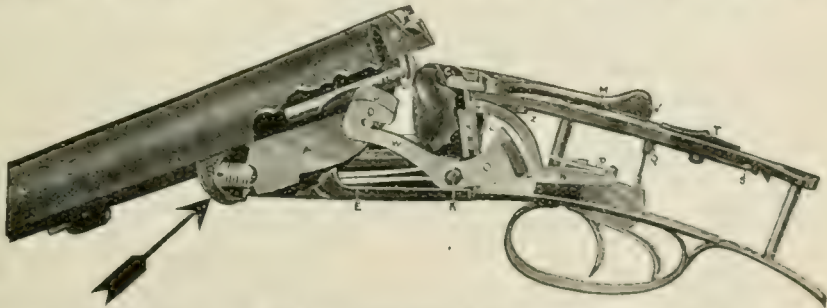
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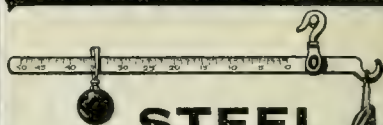
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Any wear in the action can be immediately taken up by turning compensating screw F slightly to the right (see cut). Pretty simple, isn't it? Our handsome 1907 catalog A fully describing the many advantages of the Lefever over guns of other manufacturers is yours for the asking.

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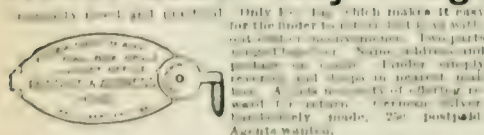
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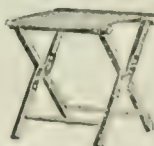
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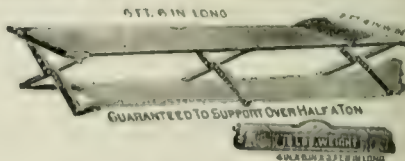
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How well her designer's expectations have been fulfilled is demonstrated by the following remarkable record made in the **British Reliability Test** by the "Squirt" equipped with a **SMALLEY** engine.

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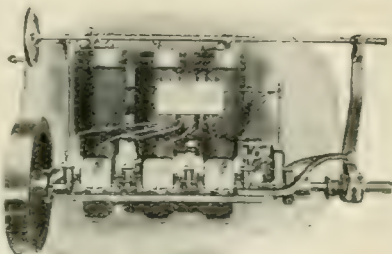
**Control**—Full speed ahead to full speed astern, 20 seconds. Stop and restart 15 seconds.

"Actually the best performance was that of Messrs. Camper and Nicholson's 30-footer "Squirt," No. 13 in class B."—THE MOTOR BOAT, Aug. 25, 1906.

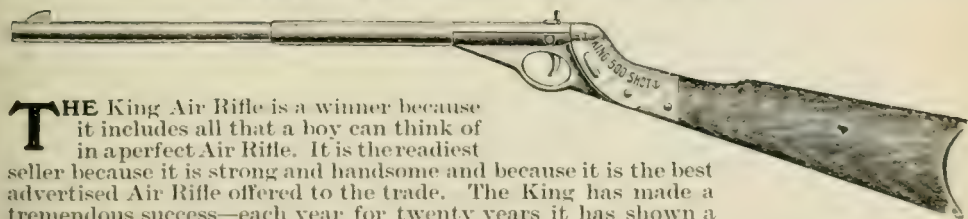
A large illustrated catalog brimful of engine information sent on request.

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**SMALLEY MOTOR CO., LTD.**  
**BAY CITY, MICH., U.S.A.**



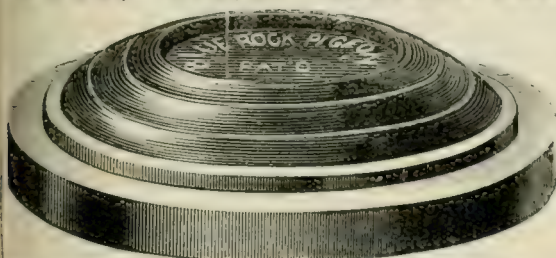
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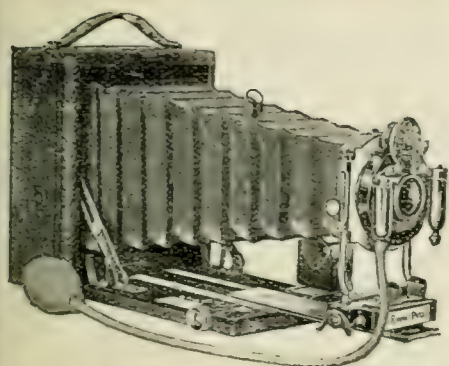
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154 Notre Dame St., West,

229 Notre Dame St., East,

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Canadian Agents for the Buffalo Motors.



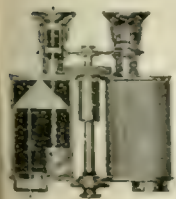
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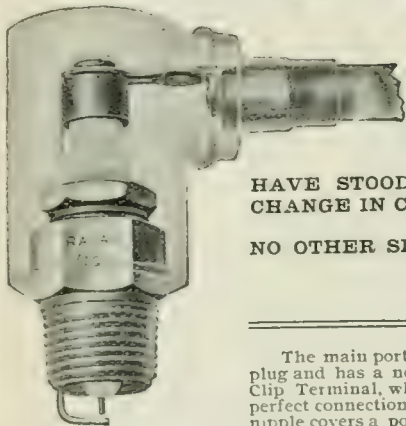
But there is an old proverb which says, "In time of peace, prepare for war." I am doing that now. I am putting up my spring stock of FLY PIZEN. My facilities for filling rush orders are small. I am only a retail druggist doing business in a small town. Both the RETAILER, and CONSUMER should write me without delay. I would rather supply the public through the RETAIL, DRUG TRADE, and the retail drug trade through THE NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, or the CANADIAN DRUG COMPANY, than send out single boxes.

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For particulars as to description of territory, capital required to be invested, etc., apply to the undersigned.

F. COCHRANE,

Minister of Lands, Forests,  
and Mines.

TORONTO, December 29th, 1906.

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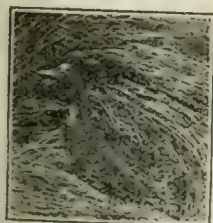
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Darracq Motor Car Company, Paris, France.  
Olds Motor Works, Lansing, Mich.  
Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.  
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Rapid Motor Vehicle Company, Pontiac, Mich.  
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Monarch Motor Company, Montreal, Que.  
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Maxwell Motor Car Company, New York, N.Y.  
White Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio.  
Argyll Motors, Limited, Glasgow, Scotland.  
Automobile Import Company, Montreal, Que.  
Humber Motor Car Company, Coventry, Eng.  
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Carter Car Co., Detroit, Mich.  
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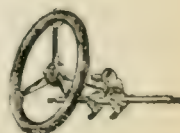
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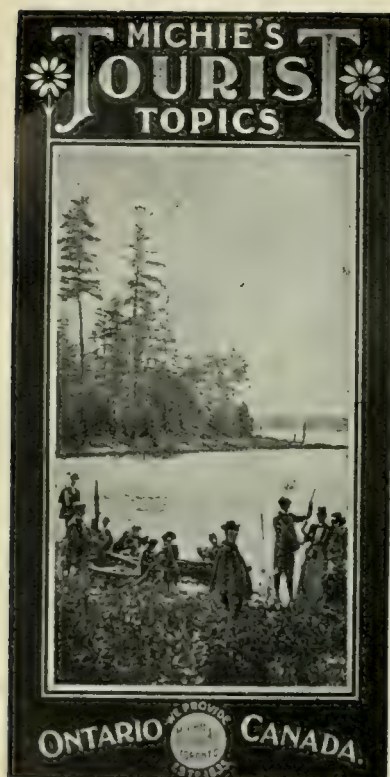
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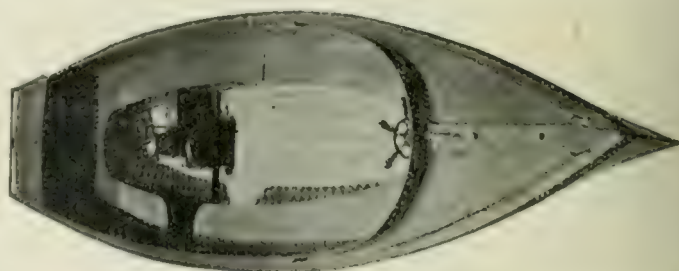
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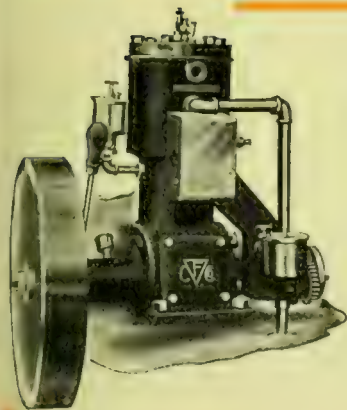
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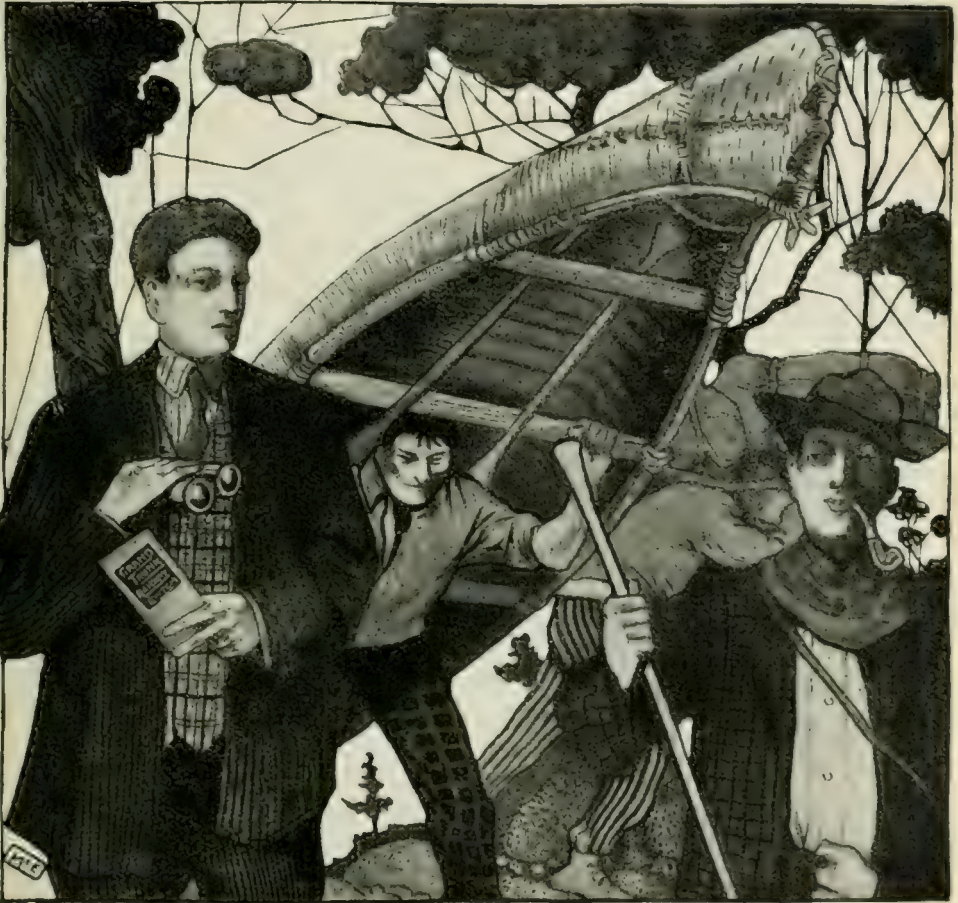
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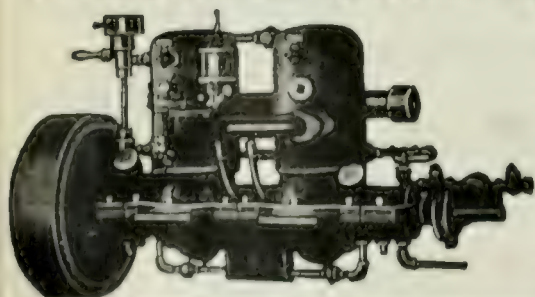
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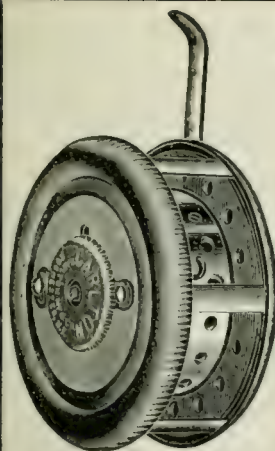
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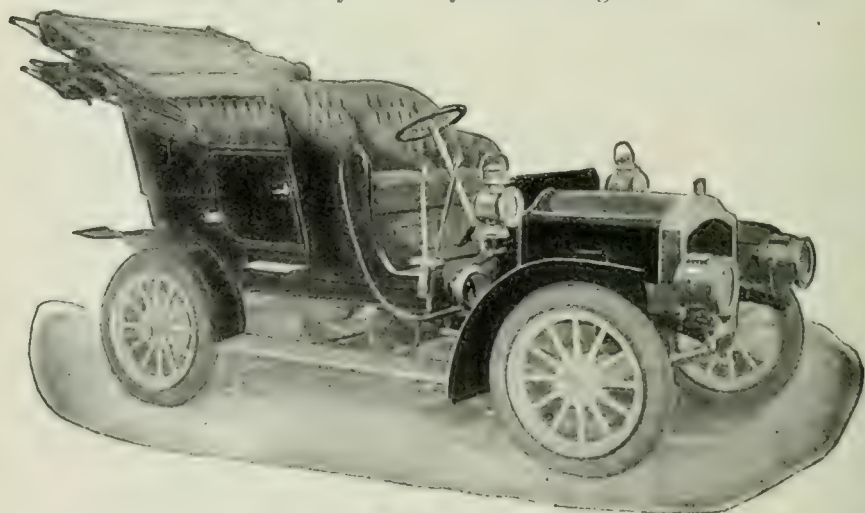
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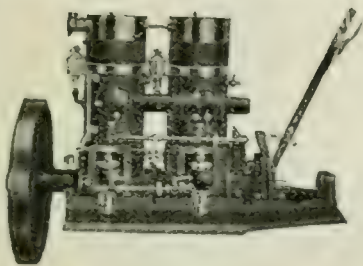
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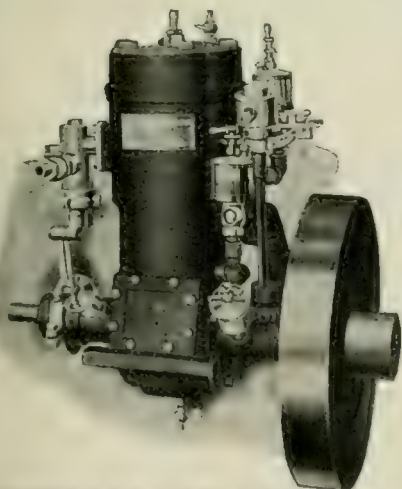


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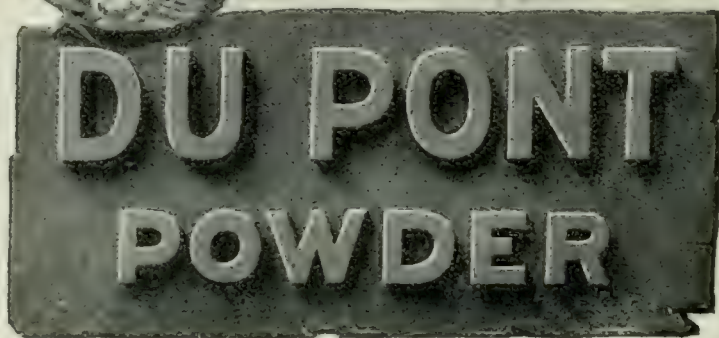
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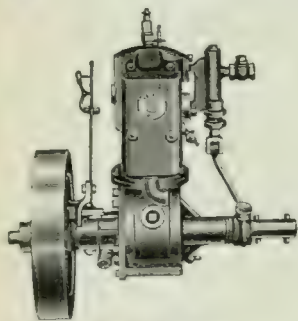
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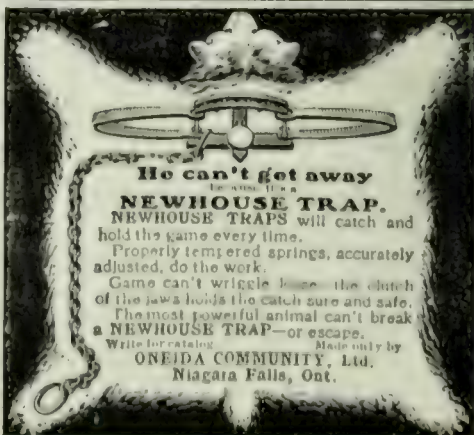
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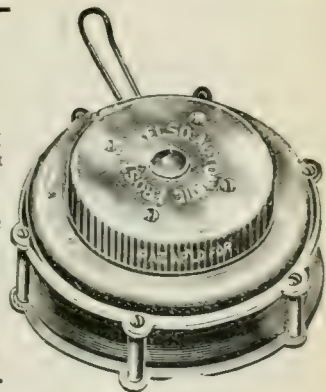


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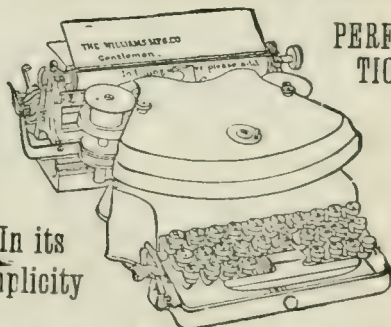
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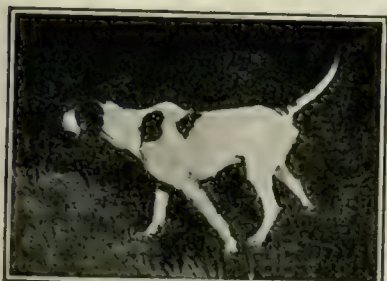
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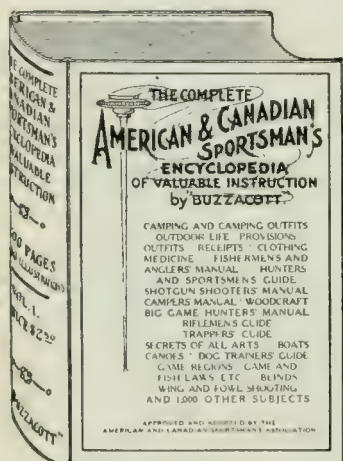
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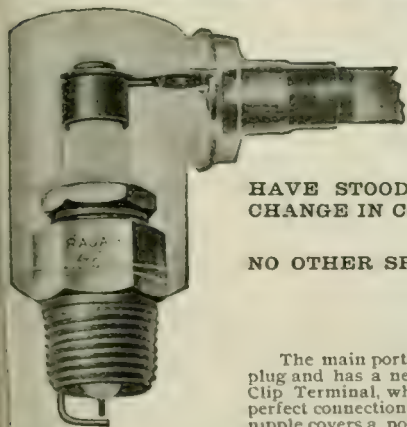
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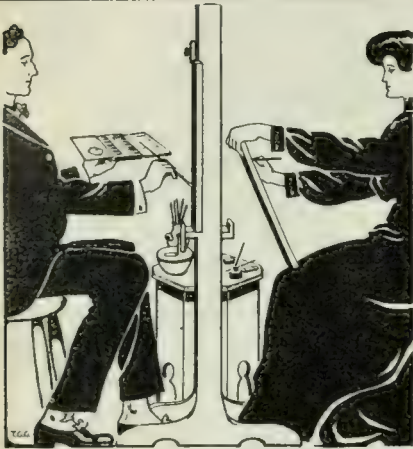
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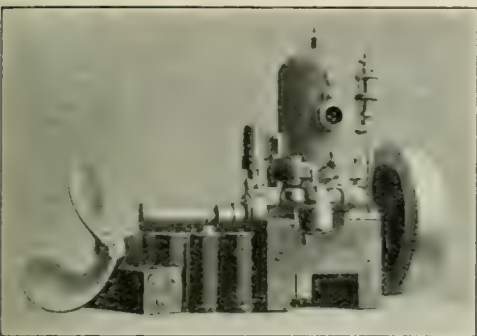
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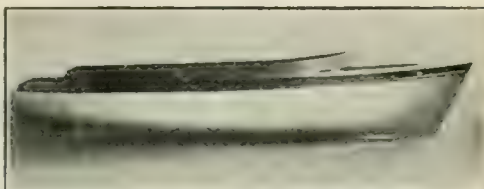
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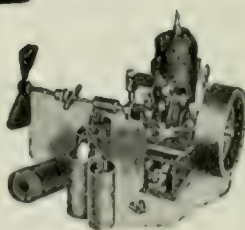
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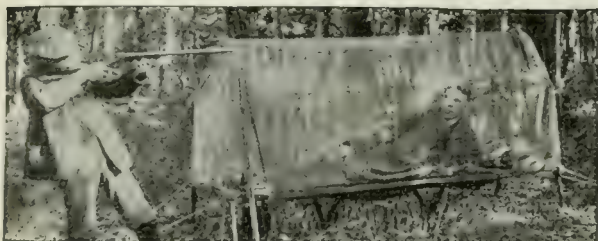
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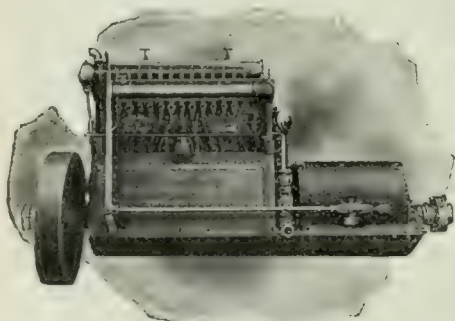
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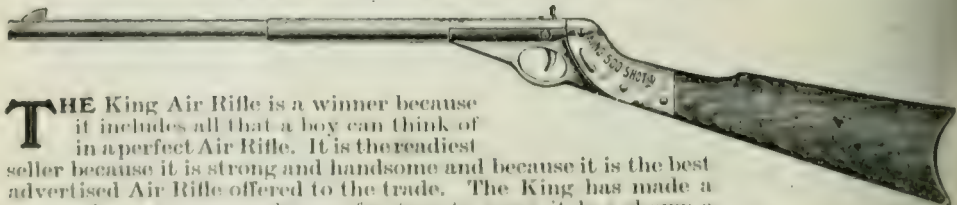
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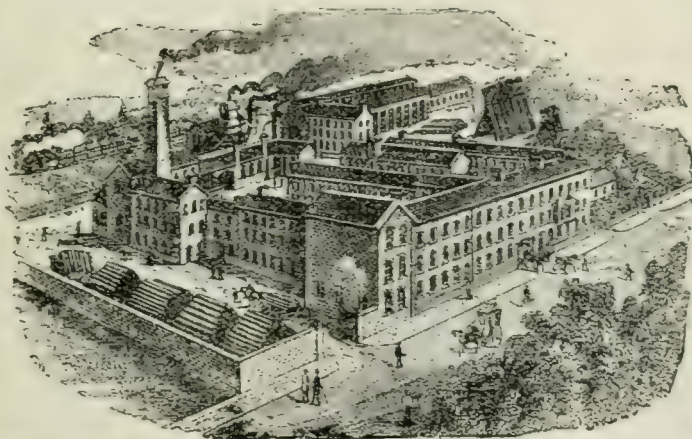
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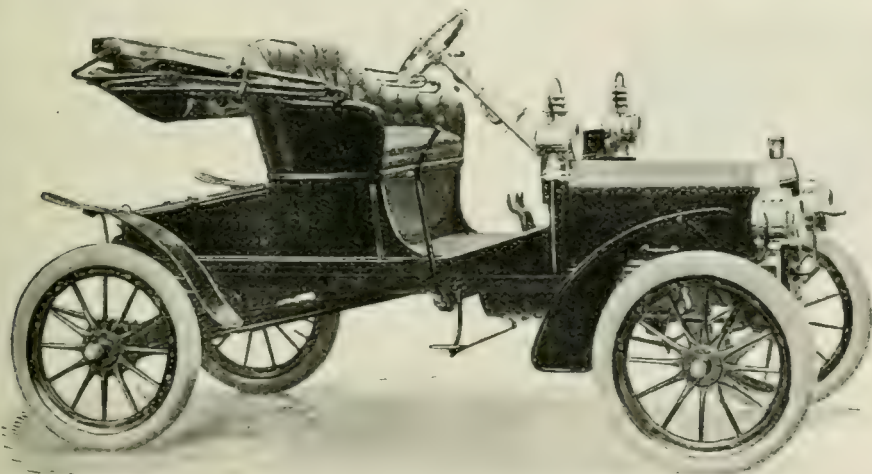
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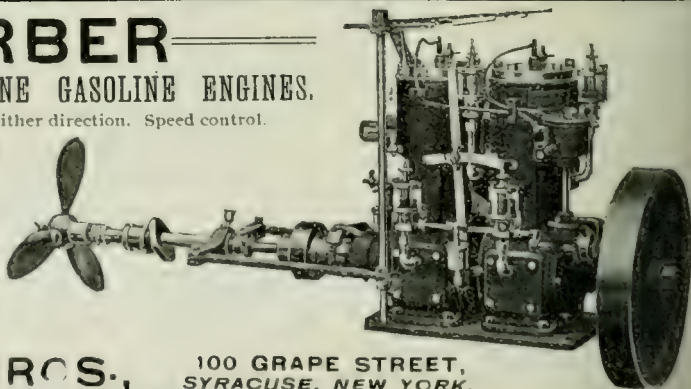
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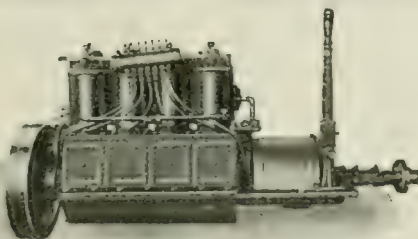
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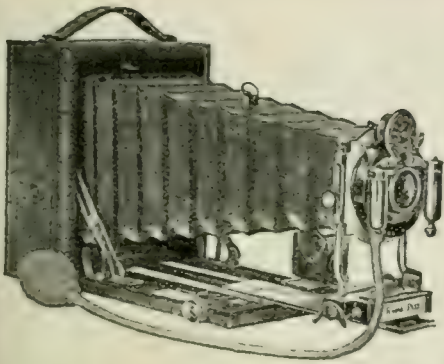
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# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published, if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

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# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

APRIL, 1907

NO. XI

### Our Fishing and Hunting Trip in Northern Ontario.

BY FRANK CARRELL.

**T**HE acceptance of an invitation to join a German friend on a trip to the wilds of Northern Ontario, many miles north of Cobalt, which is so well known to most Canadians today, and a telegram "To come on immediately," intimating that he was waiting for me at Temagami, was the cause of my hurriedly departing from Quebec, one Sunday afternoon this fall, without even a change of clothing. I barely had time to gather up my camping kit, which consisted of a pair of red Hudson Bay blankets, a suit of heavy underwear, a half dozen pairs of thick woolen socks, a pair of top moccasins, made by the Lake St. John Indians, a cheap sailor's rubber suit, a jersey and a few sundry articles. Added to this miscellany was my rifle and eighty pounds of ammunition, and last but not least, my kodak and sixty films, and then I was off for the land of big game and fish in our sister Province.

Within nineteen hours of railway travel, from Quebec, I found myself at North Bay, a town of four thousand population, and a busy railway junction, for here converge the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk, and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways, under whose united schedule for the arrival and departure of their respective trains, it has been made possible for a traveller leaving one train, to find another ready to take him back from where he has come, or, in any other direction he desires to

go, without getting off the railway platform.

It was intensely interesting, standing about this terminal, for many reasons. The train I had left was proceeding on to Duluth, Minneapolis and other American western cities, and was known as the "Soo" flyer, the train which followed in our wake upon the same rails, having joined the Canadian Pacific, a little east of North Bay, was the Grand Trunk express from Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Toronto and southern points, the train going in the opposite direction was the "Imperial Limited" and another train, longer than any one of those I have mentioned, was the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario, bound north for New Liskeard, some one hundred and thirteen miles due north, passing through the wonderful Cobalt mineral discoveries, or the Klondike, of Ontario, and the great sportsman's paradise of our neighboring Province, vieing with our Lake St. John district in its attractions for large game.

On the platform of this station, stood a gathering of a most interesting lot of men, a few women among them, and I felt that I was not the least conspicuous of the motley crowd, with my Sunday attire, of swallow tail coat, white vest and stylishly checked trousers, my leather case and rifle hung over my shoulder, and a great big heavy English portmanteau by my side.

What must the hardy miner or appro-





INDIAN OF LAKE ABILIBI WHO CARRIES HIS CRIPPLED WIFE WITH HIM ON HIS ANNUAL HUNT THROUGH THE WILDS OF NEW ONTARIO, BEARING HER WITH THE AID OF TWO POLES.

priately dressed hunters have thought, as he gazed at my "make-up" as I boarded the long train about to leave for Ontario's most Northern point, in fact, almost as far as the steel rail of modern progress has been laid? But what mattered it if I was not becomingly dressed, or rough and ready in appearance, like most of those who were my companions on that well filled train of eight cars, destined to the different stations intersecting a forest, as rugged and panoramically entertaining as the wilds of our great Northland so grandly set forth, for the lover of nature, to admire in its most majestic state?

We went up grades, winded in and out of mountains, not very high it is true, but just big enough to form obstacles, which the railway engineers preferred to shun rather than put the Ontario Government, who are the builders of this line, to the extra expense of rock cutting, or tunneling, which would bring the cost of the road up to astounding figures of expenditure, for the "oppositionites," to criticise.

We saw the hardy settler burning stumps and clearing soil, and the lumberman felling and preparing for market, the tall and stately virgin timber, until our train came to a standstill at the lunch

counter at Temagami.

Here we found a new station house in course of erection, being built of handsome cut stone, and a settlement of perhaps twenty-five houses, with a fairly good hotel of fifty rooms, and three small general stores. My German friend was on the platform and herein I was taken by surprise, for I had not expected to meet him until I had reached the end of the line, near Haileybury, some forty miles further north, but through an unfortunate delay in securing his guides, we were compelled to stay here for several days, so with bag and baggage, I was invited off the train and a comfortable room secured for me at the Ronnoco Hotel, pleasantly situated by the border of Temagami Lake.

The first experience I had of the strict enforcement of the game laws of Ontario, was fully illustrated, before I had carried my gun ten feet away from the train. Up stepped a smart old gentleman, who threw aside his coat lapel in a most official manner, exposing to view a badge, and at the same time demanding my gun. For a moment I thought this was a pretty way to be invited by a friend to go hunting, and after the laborious work of conveying it through a respectable civilized community with the pompous feeling that everyone who gazed upon me, must have come to the conclusion that I was a promising looking sportsman, in my Sabbath togs, and then to arrive at a point some hundreds of miles north of Toronto, in the hinterlands of Ontario, and be peremptorily relieved of the most essential object of my whole outfit. My abject look of consternation was evidently the cause of bringing forth a good natured smile, from my friend, who said: "Never mind, when we want it we can get it again."

"Yes" replied the efficient game warden, "if you are going to take it away out of here, but you will not get it, if you want to use it around these here diggings."

And so I found I had been up against the Ontario Game Laws, which, during the close season, prohibit the carrying of a rifle, within the limits of its preserved park, which covers an area of over three thousand miles and in which is situated

Temagami, the beautiful lake known under that name. The hunting season is only permitted between the 16th of October and the 15th of November, and even then strict rules are enforced to protect the standing timber and unwanton slaughter of game.

The proprietor of the hotel where I was destined to stop at is one of the best known men in this district, having been engaged in almost every vocation necessary to a country like this for the past twenty years, long before the railway ever made its appearance. Naturally, he has grown rich with the development of the country and may be said to be "well off," owning three hotels, several stores, and a number of small steamboats, which ply up and down the lake. He is an Irishman in every respect, and with his genial and clever wife, do everything to make the tourist, prospector or miner as comfortable as circumstances will permit. And it may be said that little is lacking at Temagami, even if there is not a plot fertile enough to grow a vegetable on, or large enough to pasture a cow. The surface covering is of a rocky mixture, moss covered here and there, to break the monotony, and then the virgin forest, filled with pine, balsam, poplar, spruce and birch, the former being very plentiful, and looking its best, as it stands above its more stunted neighbours with a dignified appearance, offering to the sportsman, charming camping sites throughout the timbered group.

The new Temagami station house, in course of completion and costing over \$17,000, would be a credit to any large sized town, representing the fact, that this point, is destined to be a popular one in the future prosperity of this new railway. The day I arrived in Temagami, the weather was superb, although the 19th of September. It was like a June summer afternoon, so warm and balmy was the atmosphere, while the air was pungent with the scent of pine and balsam.

Shortly after the arrival of the train from the south, the toot of the steamboat is heard, and a few paces away brought us to the pier of the O'Connor Company, which has in commission, a half dozen steamboats and gasoline



launches, for the accommodation of the large number of ever increasing guests, who annually come to this attractive sheet of water.

Lake Temagami (the place of deep water) is about thirty miles long and topographically something like an octopus, with arms stretching out in all directions. It is studded with over fourteen hundred small islands and the canoeist, hunter, or camper, may readily call it the Eden Garden of Sir Izaak Walton, for its waters offer the best of fishing, the forest is overrun with big game, the camping sites are ideal, the shores being of a slightly rocky nature and void of marsh or swamp, while rich foliage affords the finest canopy from the sun's scorching rays in summer or the damp dews of fall, while the opening of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, bring it to within a comfortable car ride of a few hours from almost any eastern Canadian or Northern American city.

Dan O'Connor, the proprietor of the Ronnoco, (O'Connor spelled backwards) Hotel, at Temagami, with the assistance of some associates, has recently erected two commodious hotels, on prominent points along the lake, the "Inn" on Temagami island, and "Lady Evelyn" on Deer island, almost at the extremity of the lake. Both have excellent sites and accommodation for over a hundred guests in each. They are artistically built with rough hewn pine logs, huge fireplaces and large covered in verandas, where the rest seeker can ask for no more quiet, or picturesque recreating home, and where the sportsmen can indulge in all kind of seasonable sport to their heart's content.

It was to be the first hotel for which we took passage on the steamer "Belle of Temagami," the captain of which,

was an old veteran of the sea who had sailed in almost every water on the face of the globe, and who could tell some interesting yarns of any port, a foreign vessel ever entered, but was now running this steamboat in summer, and building fast motor boats in Ganonoque, in winter, an odd combination of occupations for such a worthy seafaring man, but his summer work was only followed to satisfy the innate craving for the sea, which his land position did not gratify.

The purser was a young medical student, from Toronto, spending his vacation in this healthy pursuit, where he could store up renewed energy for his educational studies, and at the same time enjoy a good wholesome outing. Such are some of the people you meet when travelling in a strange part of this country!

We left Temagami at 4:30 in the afternoon, and the trip of over an hour and a half through this most delightful glade of lake, and forest is indescribable. It was a panorama of ever changing views, and

charming vistas, upon a course winding in and out among hundreds of green islands, through channels almost hid from view, and around prettily wooded points, suddenly bringing us into broad expanses of the lake, with the sun's shades and shadows playing about the fringes of the forest, bordering the calm mirrored water, reflecting all that overshadowed it, and making a picture so complete and finished in all the various elements of nature, that one could revel in it for hours.

As the sun began to sink behind the Eastern hills, it shed a halo of tints up into the deep blue sky, the coloring of which, blended in perfect harmony with all things around us. We were thrilled beyond expression. To go on dreaming in this way is one of the latitudes of the



THE RONNOCO HOTEL, TEMAGAMI.



indolent sportsman, for there are times when every lover of outdoor life has to give up his sport to admire nature, and these are the moments when opportunity seems to knock at his door, with inspiration of the wonderful works of Mother Earth in teaching her children the divine lesson of the philosopher, that it is as beautiful to die, as it is to live. In both is there so much mystery, that even the greatest skill and occult science of mortal man cannot solve the hereafter of our spiritual existence, the disintegration of our lives, the inevitable end of all things, or the immortality of the soul. But watching the perfection of nature as it is, we are assisted in having confidence in the evolution that follows death and herein is the strongest plea for the worship of all things that are perfect. The nature we see today, is that of yesterday, and thousands of years ago, and the eyes with which we gaze upon it are the kind of eyes which others have seen it with before, and yet from all that

is written and that has come down to us, from the beginning of the world nowhere do we find one dissenting voice against those perfect works, and if opportunity offers, it is possible for every one of us, with or without riches, to drink of this beautiful portion, and if we do not take advantage of that opportunity, we have missed one of the greatest of all the gems and diadems of life, and its happy ways.

Our boat was not a large one and we were only a few passengers on board, but we all enjoyed that short trip of nineteen miles through Lake Temagami, and when we landed on the wharf, at the end of the journey, it was with regret that we had to turn our backs upon the setting sun, in all its glory, disappearing behind the low lying hills, on the opposite shore. But a good supper, was

awaiting us, in the Inn, and with sharpened appetites, we lost no time in doing it full justice.

I was beginning to enjoy the postponement of the departure of our hunting party, as I was seeing much of this beautiful Lake which I otherwise might have missed.

After dinner we made up a party and hired a small steam launch "The Chance" which, "by chance," happened to be at the wharf that night, with a private excursion party, and went over to Bear Island, about a mile and a half distant, where there is a Hudson Bay Post, and about ten well built houses, occupied by Indian families belonging to the Algonquin Ojibway tribes, who spend their summers there, engaged in fishing and

acting as guides for the visitors. We met the factor Mr. H. W. Wood, who received us very kindly, and hoped we would have a good time, in our search of a pleasant evening's entertainment among the Indians.

We were look-

ing for a house in which to organize a dance, and it was not long before we stood in front of Michael Cat's plain villa, and peering through the windows, and open door, we observed a most picturesque and interesting sight. The head of the household, an old Indian, of some eighty years of age, was standing at a table in the far end of the front room on which was a very modern gramophone with which he was entertaining his devoted squaw, who, was sitting by his side, sublimely happy in listening to the strain of "The Old Folks at Home," unconscious of the appropriateness of the musical rendition, to the surroundings.

We remained on the threshold until the notes of the tune had died away, then our guide, George Friday, stepped inside and in the tongue of the old couple asked for the loan of their house for a dance.



BEFORE WE BROKE CAMP AT HAILEYBURY.



PISHABOO AND DAVID CARRYING OUR OUTFIT OVER THE PORTAGES.

This was readily granted, and the gramophone which I thought was to supply the music, was carefully packed up and put away in another room, but we were not to be without the usual stimulant for a "hoe down" or "pow wow," for one of our party succeeded in finding a fiddle, and for an hour there was a lively time in the old man Cat's house, which woke up all the little Cats who came around bashfully, staring at the strangers from dark recesses of the room. It seemed that our guide had sent messengers around and gathered in all the young Indian girls and in a short time we had two full sets going it at a lively gait. The dances were all new to me and were unlike any I was accustomed to, or like those I had seen danced by Indians before. They were very much in accord with the changing customs of the Indians inhabiting the Temagami Lake, who are more or less a half-bred colony who have adopted semi-white habits, even to speaking the language, which most of them have acquired, with a broad Scotch accent, although our hosts, that evening, did not understand a word, but, they belonged to the school and were the exception to the younger element referred to, who have strong fancies to imitate the white people in dress, customs and habits, sometimes to a ludicrous degree.

A great many of the tribe also speak the French language, taught them by the missionaries, who were among the first

strangers to preach the gospel in these parts, over a hundred years ago.

Bear Island Post, of the great Hudson Bay Company, is a very old one, having been established on this lake for over two hundred years, although its present site is of more recent date, having been removed from Temagami Island where it formerly stood, and where now stands the Inn Hotel. This latter Island was once the meeting place of the Ojibway Indians and among the interesting relics left be-

hind, is the old cemetery.

But to return to our merry dance and the gathering of almost the whole settlement on the verandah of the old man Cat's homestead. I joined in one of the dances with the Belle of Temagami, much to the amusement of my friend, the Colonel, and afterwards took a stroll out doors to breathe the cooler atmosphere, where I was more than astonished to see a number of the Indians smoking cigars and cigarettes. Since arriving in Temagami that afternoon I was witness to this extravagant habit on the part of the Indians, who largely indulged in cigars, which I noticed by the label they were pleased to expose on them, cost ten cents, and not what might be supposed, three for five cents, or cheaper, as the case might be. This is another of the old characteristic traits of the Indian, which does not seem to die out with time, education or even the mixing of Scotch blood, as they are as thriftless and inju-



WHERE WE CUDDLED OUR TIN PLATES ON OUR KNEES.



delicious in spending their hard-earned money to-day, as they were when the white man first came among them, to purchase their pelts for glittering presents of useless value, the Indians being attracted by their brightness or flashing colors. Notwithstanding all the criticisms which may have been passed upon the Hudson Bay Company for their heartless and mercenary exchange of goods, and supplies, for furskins, amounting it is said, to ten and twenty times their market value, they certainly endeavored to educate the Indian to a sense of economy and thrift, by only allowing him useful and serviceable goods, although several very old Indians in the district, one of whom I met, a Mrs. Turner, remembers the time when the Hudson Bay Company exchanged a rifle, or shot gun, for a pile of pelts as high as the top of the barrel, when standing upright on the ground. What kind of furs were exchanged in these barter I did not learn, but, if the old Indians have handed down to their progeny of the present generation, guns with extraordinary long barrels, there was certainly a good reason for manufacturing them in that way.

To-day it is said that the influence of the Hudson Bay Company, is declining, caused to a great extent by a large number of independent merchants, who, with their many wares, are pushing their way into the most remote parts of the North, and attracting, or alluring the Indian to



KLOCK'S FARM HOUSE ON LAKE QUINZE.

their shacks by selling them expensive and oftentimes gaudy goods, which only help in a great measure to impoverish the unfortunate aborigine for the winter as well as cheating him whenever opportunity offers, but, from what I could see of the Indian of the present day, this competition is not going to do any serious harm in the future, as it is calculated to teach the Indian to know where he gets the most for his furs, an opportunity they never had until within recent years. Another very odd feature which I noticed that evening, on Bear Island, was the extraordinary white features and appearance of many of the young Indian girls, several of whom it would be difficult to believe were even halfbreeds, so white was their skin, and certainly the excellent pronunciation with which they spoke the English language, would deceive any one not previously acquainted with their ancestry. Many of them are employed in the several hotels around the lake, and



ON LAKE TEMISKAMING, A FEW MILES OUT FROM HAILEYBURY.

they prove to be industrious and reliable helps. There was also present with us that evening a very respectable looking matron of perhaps thirty years, who made as good a showing in executing the "light fantastic," as any of the Indians on the floor. She was the school teacher of this reserve settlement and this was her second season at this occupation, so, it is evident that she is greatly interested in her work. This school was established through the exertions of Mr. T. B. Caldwell, M. P.,



for North Lanark, who is one of the oldest prospecting capitalist in mining properties in this district, whose efforts in pressing upon the Dominion Government the necessity of this course, in order to educate the young Indian children, whom Mr. Caldwell had seen running around in idleness, at this Post, on his many trips through these parts, were most successful and the Government to-day is proud of the writing and spelling exercises which have been received as a result.

We left the island for our hotel across the lake, about ten o'clock with a very pleasant impression of the advanced state of civilization of the members of the tribe around this Post, and on our way back we could not help being amused at the heterogeneous group on board our little steamer, which consisted of a colored engineer, an Indian captain and pilot, several Indians belonging to three different tribes and other persons representing six nationalities, one of which was a French Canadian hailing from the city of Quebec.

Before breakfast next morning we trolled for half an hour, catching several fine bass and pike but when we returned to the hotel, were made to realize that we were not such successful fishermen as we had thought, for we learned that only a few days previous, a Mr. W. Smith, of New York, had brought up, from the bottom of the lake a thirty-four and a

half pound trout. These big monsters are quite plentiful and if one wants to go to the trouble of using a steel or copper wire line, about two hundred feet long, to reach to the depths of this water, they can count on such catches, without any more trouble than the laborious effort of hauling them in. Although they may not all reach such a ponderous size as the above specimen, they are known to be a common catch at fifteen and twenty-five pounds. Pickerel and rock bass are also

very plentiful and rise to the fly very readily, although trolling seems to be the popular mode of fishing in this lake, presumably because it is the most convenient of the two ways, and requires no bait, only an ordinary tin spoon, although bait enhances the chances of success to a greater degree.

Our return to Temagami, the same day, was another truly delightful sail, over water as calm and clear in which was reflected as plainly as in a mirror, every cloud in the



THE WRITER ON THE PORTAGE.

sky, as well as the tall foliage, which skirted the indented shores of the mainland and islands. We saw numerous flocks of ducks, one of which we almost ran into, creating such a scattering as we disturbed them from their morning's sun bath with much excitement and a furious anger at our daring intrusion among them.

After lunch, at the "Ronnoco" Hotel, we again resorted to the lake for another troll, during which, we witnessed an

interesting incident on the water. We saw a little red squirrel swimming across, from one island to another, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. He was within a hundred feet of his destination, when, we attempted to head him off out of curiosity to see what he would do, or, if we could change him in the course in which he was going, but to our great surprise, he quickly veered around and instead of being frightened, made strenuous efforts to climb into our skiff. His attempts to obtain a footing on the side of the boat were in vain, and as we were afraid our guide would kill him if he succeeded in his struggle to be taken aboard, we issued orders to shove him off with one of the oars, which was carried out, but it was really pathetic to see the little fellow turn around and with his bright eyes bulging out of his head, give us such a pitiful look, as if inviting us to reconsider our decision and let him come aboard, but, on receiving no encouragement, he continued on towards the shore for a few more yards, then made another halt, again turned round, and looked at us for a few more seconds, seemingly in doubt as to whether we were serious in our first decision, or not, and perceiving a resolute look upon our faces, proceeded on his way, finally reaching the shore, where he shook the water off his fur coat, stood on his hind legs, with his tail spread out behind, and licking his front paws, heaped all kinds of invectives upon us, in his own peculiar chattering way, after which, he jumped upon a tree and disappeared into the woods.

After this interesting lake incident we did not think to come across another, equally as fascinating, but nevertheless, such was our luck that afternoon, and further on our course, we again saw the calm water ruffled, and paddling towards the commotion to investigate the cause, we found a small bird fluttering above the surface, with the appearance of being held down underneath the water by some unseen object. The situation was such that we conjectured that some dark eyed monster of the deep had hold of it, and on moving nearer saw the captor in the form of a water-snake, about a foot and a half long. Whether it was our approach, or renewed vigor after a rest for breath, we

never knew, but the bird gradually disappeared from view, beneath the surface, never to come up again, and we could not help feeling that we had been the silent witnesses of a little tragedy in the middle of that lake which was so radiant in its extreme beauty at that memorable moment, and it was difficult to believe that the animal life which had just departed was lost—only gone to complete the evolution of the world, which makes such tragedies lawful.

We returned to our hotel, so satisfied with the entertainment which nature had provided for us, that it required no great effort to entice us to participate in a sumptuous repast.

The next day we began preparations for our northern trip in real earnest, and it was none too soon, for one of our Indian guides, Charley, a fine handsome looking fellow, standing over six feet high and speaking the English with the prevailing Scotch accent, and who had been engaged with us for some days, was drinking himself into as many drunken stupors as he could conveniently sleep off during the day, and when night came he entered upon a finale which made him a thirsty riser early next morning.

We were surprised that the authorities sold him liquor at all because he was well known for his strong aversion to sobriety when in close proximity to a bar-room, but this is one of the greatest oversights in this country where the half-breed, which Charley held claim to, by his birth, is allowed equal privileges in the drinking habit with that of the white man, and this law exists to the benefit of the hotel-keepers, and the degeneracy of the half-breeds. We learned, and had no doubt on the question, that Charley, once in the woods never touched the vile stuff, and could be depended upon, for being one of the best guides in the district when on the trail, but this assertion was doubtful, as we noticed Charley was a spoilt guide and inclined to too much familiarity with his patrons, and not sufficiently disciplined as to his place at all times. He thought nothing of drawing up a chair on the verandah of the hotel where we were sitting, and unhesitatingly making himself one of our group, without any invitation and with as much freedom as if he



were one of ourselves. This fault was as much due to the proprietor of the hotel as anyone else, who allowed the guides to take their meals at the same table with the guests, and drink alongside of them at the bar, the result of which is becoming a serious drawback to the sportsmen visiting this district. The guides are well, if not too well paid, Charley receiving 3.00 per day and living expenses.

All arrangements were made for a start by the up train which was due early in the afternoon and with baggage, guns, and our two guides, filled with an over supply of the "Oh-be-joyful" we left Temagami for Haileybury, over thirty miles further north, and near the end of the present system of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Ry. passing on the way the now famous Cobalt mining camp,

very fertile and suitable for colonization and which the Ontario Government have decided to boom in order to attract the incoming settler. Strange to say this land lies over three to four hundred miles north of Toronto and is considered an improvement, as far as agriculture is concerned over the intervening land which we had recently passed through, which is of a more or less mineral substance. This railway which now covers one hundred and thirteen miles from North Bay to New Liskeard, is destined to run to Hudson Bay, in the near future.

Haileybury, where we spent our last night before embarking on our long canoe trip, is adequately situated on Lake Temiskaming, and promises to be one of the important centres in the present development of this northern country, and particularly at this point which is so



FRENCH TRADER'S ESTABLISHMENT ON QUINZE LAKE.

several photos of which we took from the car platform.

Our train consisted of eight cars, six of which were passenger coaches, and all were crowded with the same description of a crowd which pass up and down this line, every day. They constituted lumbermen, miners, Government officials, prospectors, capitalists, sportsmen etc. Even the Government Ministers have recently been up this way on an official tour, going as far as New Liskeard, the end of the present railway system, and then by contractor's train for ninety miles further where the steel rail comes to a temporary end, from which point they continued on over the surveyed road for many miles more, inspecting the country and observing the nature of the soil, with the object of establishing an experimental farm, where the land is supposed to be

accessible to the inland waterways which seem to stretch in all directions, thereby making it possible to carry on an immense trade in shipping as well as by rail, which must naturally follow in the development of Northern Ontario.

Lake Temiskaming, upon which Haileybury occupies an excellent site at its upper end, is ninety miles long, and in some places over ten miles wide. Up to now there has been little or no colonization, or agriculture, around it, although on the opposite shores in the vicinity of Villa Marie and Murray City in the Province of Quebec, there are considerable settlements, with prosperous looking farms which will in time, be reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway who contemplate stretching a branch line up the east side of Lake Temiskaming paralleling the new Government line on the west side.



Haileybury has a population of about two or three thousand inhabitants, is well laid out and shows signs of forethought in its situation, practically due to the fact that, here, over twenty years ago, before a railway was ever thought of, one of the old Hudson Bay factors realized that this spot was a most suitable one for a town and as the impression became more indelibly impressed upon him, he gave up his position with the fur trading company; secured a title to most of the land and from that moment, has spared no efforts to boom Haileybury, which he christened after the school, by that name in England, at which he received his education. As the little settlement grew into a village and then a fair sized town, this man became very wealthy and there is no doubt his excellent judgement made him very rich. Today he is holding the office of Mayor. He is an exceptionally original character and publishes a newspaper, known far and wide, as the most unique publication of the kind. It comes out in the words of the proprietor, "As the spirit moves him" and as the whole of the editorial and local work is accomplished by himself and done in a manner which would put the writings of Mark Twain in the shade, did his many humorous and satirical articles find their way among the great mass of the reading public, it is not surprising to find him a power and an influential personage of no mean order, in his own domain. While I was in Haileybury I had the good fortune to be present on one of the publication days, and as an instance of some of the many interesting articles which appeared in the reading columns of the "Haileyburian" I herewith reproduce the following for my readers to judge of the style of this exceedingly eccentric and interesting character. Samples:—

#### Hunting Season Opens

We see men armed, 'cap a pie' arriving at this isolated portion of an imperfectly finished Globe. We wonder why they come, and in answer to our wonderment, we are informed that they come for the purpose of shooting Moose and Bears. We grin at the appropriateness of the answer, for the word 'moose' is derived from the Indian verb, 'bemos' (I walk), and the animal is well named, for if a man wants to shoot a Moose, he has to walk, provided that he kills the loose in season. In the matter of bears, it

is well known that this is a bare country, and the expected shot at a bear usually ends with a shot at a squirrel, which is most frequently missed, but which occupation affords endless enjoyment in cleaning the 'trusty' rifle.

#### Men or Moose, Which?

We are nearing the time when men are shot, instead of deer. If we could only pick out the particular men, we would hail this season with delight, but, unfortunately, there seems to be an indiscriminateness about the shooting when men are in season, or rather, we should say deer, that prevents the sure and certain annihilation, of an objectionable relative who stands in the way of a comfortable competency. We would suggest an amendment to the present game laws, to the effect that no man with expectations should be allowed to hunt deer with the expected.

Haileybury was not at its best when we visited it for the reason that a very destructive fire had consumed about half the town, only a few weeks previous to our arrival, burning out almost the entire business section, upon the ashes of which was rising a succession of new wooden shacks, temporarily erected to continue the business of the various stores destroyed, until more substantial buildings could be put up. But the owners and residents, who were the victims of this conflagration were very hopeful looking in their new temporary quarters, and the only drawbacks which we found in doing business with them, was that they were invariably without the articles which we desired. What was still more surprising than any such short comings, was a Government Survey Office with several clerks and not a map of the district which we are going through. One of the officials offered us the same apology as that we heard everywhere when we enquired for something that was not to be had. "We had them before the fire!"

While we might have excused the Haileyburians for such oversights we could hardly do so in the instance of the Government, who certainly showed considerable remissness in not sending a new supply of maps, after the conflagration, which had occurred some four or five weeks previous. But these troubles were not our worst; we found a great difference in the Indian and white guides which we found around Temiskaming, in comparison with these we were personally

acquainted with in the Lake St. John district, and we were not long in encountering our first troubles with them. When we got off the train at Haileybury our two guides, one an Indian, and the other a white man, immediately filled the two remaining seats in the only hotel bus at the station, leaving us to shift for ourselves. When we noticed this, we politely invited them to get out, as we had an express waggon hired for our kit, and we desired them to accompany it. Upon being told that they were to go down with the express waggon they resented it in some very strong language and one of them went so far as to intimate that if we did not intend to board them at the leading hotel, they were not going at all, which threat immediately brought about their peremptory discharge and we were

of the best known guides in the district named Pishabo, with another detailed to look after me, called David. The former could speak English very fluently, but the latter only a few words; but what he did say was interesting and always worth quoting, and we made up our mind if we were to take any notes on this trip, that we would certainly put down all David said. They were typical Indians in social features but in dress, had adopted the customs and styles of the modern white man.

The first information I asked David, was where he had come from, and his answer was characteristically Indian:—

"A long, long, long, way," which elongated reply might have been understood by the aborigine, but to me it was still indefinite, so I had to question him



HEAD OF NAVIGATION ON TEMISKAMING LAKE: LOOKING DOWN THE QUINZE RIVER FROM THE FIRST PORTAGE.

consequently left without guides, the first day out from Temagami.

We had decided to leave Haileybury with an exploring party organized by Dr. Barlow, formerly of the Geological Department, at Ottawa, who had recently left the Government to enter the service of a German Syndicate of capitalists who are looking for investments in this region. They were on their way to Lake Abitibi, in charge of a member of the Dominion Government, Professor Anderson Gordon, and as my friend was the principal promoter and general manager, of the whole foreign company, we decided to join forces as far as the Hudson Bay Post at Lake Abitibi.

We secured two other Indian guides to take the place of those we had dismissed, and in this change, we were more fortunate, for we had obtained one

again on the subject, and this time he replied:—"Way up Montreal,"

From this I understood that he belonged to the Caughnawaga tribe living near the city of Montreal, but I was mistaken for he meant up the Montreal River, which is one of the most important branches of the upper Ottawa, which finds its way into the St. Lawrence and then on to the sea, and which was the river navigated by the first discoverers of this water route between the Great Lakes and Hudson Bay, many years ago. Thus you see how intricate, though interesting, is the understanding of the Indian when transmitting his thoughts into words.

In obtaining new guides we lost a day and when we were finally ready to start, a regular hurricane was in evidence on Lake Temiskaming. The wind had whipped the water into a foaming mass



of waves, which followed one another in such quick succession, that they swept the shore with the fury of a cataract, and made it impossible for us to think of carrying out our arranged plans, so we decided to lay off for a day which happened to come in very appropriately, for it was Sunday.

The hotel system in this country is not the best, while the rates range from \$2.50 and upwards for board and lodgings which could be had anywhere in the Province of Quebec for half the money, but this being a new district, where everybody is supposed to be overburdened with a plethora of greenbacks to buy mines, or stocked with mines to sell, and in this respect there are a few of the latter who you may accidentally come in contact with, and who retain a blush when asking a hundred thousand dollars for some claim upon which they have picked up a few promising samples of ore. One man who heard that we were looking for properties, approached one of our agents with a proposition by which he offered him a small commission of fifty thousand dollars, if he would dispose of his property for five hundred thousand dollars, which he maintained was the lowest price at which he would sell.

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of these cases, in fact as many as you see little tents in every direction you wander and in many instances where you hardly expect to find a tent squatter, you may perceive the signs of the prospectors' hammer, pick or shovel.

Friday night the drinking in our hotel, as well in the other similar establishments of Haileybury was one of the worst features of our stay there. It naturally attracted a crowd of very boisterous and intoxicated men who made the night and day horribly uncomfortable, but the early closing by-law on Saturday night and all day Sunday proved a boon and a blessing to our disturbed feelings in this respect and

we welcomed this restriction and appreciated its good effect in Haileybury more than ever before in Ontario. It might be said that since the conflagration burned out two or three of the thriving bars, the drinking crowd of the town have congregated itself into the remaining few hotels, with the result of over-crowding them and from such congestion emanates the trouble complained of.

So far, and we are told it is worse up north, the water in all this district is of a yellowish colour and very brackish and full of sediment. This is no doubt caused by the composition of the clay soil and soft substance of the beds of the lakes and rivers, but the greatest surprise of all is the fact that in Temagami, Cobalt and Haileybury and we presume in all other places in the vicinity, it is difficult to obtain a drink of pure spring water, which necessitates the use of imported water. This comes from Montreal, almost a thousand miles away, which seems to be a strange paradox when so much water is to be seen in all directions. It was my first experience of being in a country where you had to be careful of the water you drink, and it is not uncommon to be seen carrying about the streets, bottles of drinking water from Montreal, which costs about forty cents a bottle, with a rebate of fifteen cents when the bottle is returned. There is certainly a fortune awaiting some enterprising person who will sink an artesian well near by, which would supply the demand.

Sunday we took a long walk into the woods and crossed over a narrow strip of land on to a small island, a mile and a half distant from Haileybury, the soil of which is composed of limestone and is therefore a great resort for scientists and fossil hunters several of which we found at work with their little hammers, breaking stones, looking for antique impressions of the fauna, and other reptile life. inhabiting these parts many thousands of years ago.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



## The North American Fish and Game Protective Association.



THE HON. JEAN PREVOST.

Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, for the Province of Quebec, Ex-President of the Association.

**T**HE international character of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association is well illustrated by the portraits given herewith. To maintain and even extend its influence on both sides of the border line it is the custom to meet alternately in Canada and the States, and to select as President some distinguished personage who has rendered good service to the cause in the Province or State in which the gathering for that year is held. Thus for last year the honor was given to M. Prevost, whose services to the cause in Quebec

have given him a well deserved reputation throughout the continent ; and for the present year the honor has fallen upon Senator Jonathan P. Allds, of Albany,

Amongst the many enthusiastic members of the Association, and friends of the cause in the State, the next annual gatherings at Albany will be sure to cause



SENATOR JONATHAN P. ALLDS.

Member of the Senate of the State of New York, the new President of the Association.

N. Y. The State of New York is not known as the Empire State without good cause, and in fish and game matters it is well to the front amongst all the States in the Union. The report from the State presented at Quebec was not only encouraging for the good work done but so hopeful for better things yet to come.

great rejoicings. The gatherings will hearten the workers, give information to the general public, and influence the course of future legislation. In such a work Senator Allds is the right man in the right place, and is certain to justify the confidence reposed in him by his fellow members of the Association.



LAKE MINNEWANKA.

WEST END OF LAKE MINNEWANKA.

## Fishing on Lake Minnewanka.

BY C. W. A.

**P**ROBABLY a very large number of the readers of this magazine have heard or read of Lake Minnewanka. If they have not they have still something more to learn about the far west. This lake is an ideal spot for the enthusiastic fisherman,—that is a fisherman who likes to tempt large trout from the deep solitudes of a lake.

In this fisherman's paradise, the best fishing is to be had during the months of June and July. Owing, I suppose, to the cold through the winter the fish do not leave the bottom to look for food until well on in May. The spawning season is very early, they first begin to spawn in August and of course stop biting almost immediately.

The fish caught, are, I believe unlike any other fish caught in Canadian Lakes. In appearance they resemble the landlocked salmon but on observing them closely a difference can be detected. A gentlemen fishing on the Lake this sum-

mer said they were black salmon but we are not quite sure of this. During the month of July the fish is of a pinkish hue almost like the salmon. In weight they run from two pounds to thirty-four pounds the latter being the largest ever caught since the present residents have been here (about seventeen years.) The average weight is from two and a half to four pounds.

The fish are not so gamey as might be expected in such cold water but still a large one on a light rod can give very good sport for a short while. The largest number ever caught in one day was twenty-seven, all averaging about three pounds each.

One Sunday morning, ("the better the day the better the deed") I was out with a gentleman, and we were lucky enough to catch twelve in two hours. We had hardly moved more than a hundred feet in each direction so it showed that the fish were feeding in that one spot. The



day before, the same gentleman had been down the lake about five miles and had caught fourteen, so he went away perfectly satisfied with his fishing on Lake Minnewanka.

The hand line, which is, I suppose familiar to all fishermen is used chiefly for fishing on this Lake, but quite a number of sportsmen bring their rods with them as they consider it more sport to fish with a rod. They are right in this, because there is no sport whatever in fishing with a hand line. If you are in need of the fish it is alright to use the hand line, when you want sport as well as fish use the rod.

Another drawback to the rod fishing is the depth of the lake. The fish keep very near the bottom and therefore very long lines, and also heavily weighted ones, are needed to reach them. Unless you have a very heavy rod and large reel you cannot put line enough on the weight to reach them.

The largest fish ever taken on a rod

LAKE MINNEWANKA.

weighed twenty-four pounds, was three feet, six inches long, and eight and a quarter inches deep. I happened to be the lucky fisherman that time. I was not expecting to catch so large a fish as it was late in the season for these big ones. I was trolling slowly along at the time in about thirty feet of water, with an eight ounce steel rod and about twenty yards of a fine Japanese silk line and had been lucky enough to catch three or four small ones weighing about three pounds each.

When first I struck the big one I thought I had hooked a log, a large number of which are lying on the bottom of the Lake, I was not allowed to remain long in doubt for a fierce tugging at the line to one side soon convinced me that I had a very large fish to deal with, and that it would take all my strength and ability to land him safely. After the first pull he reeled in very easily until he came in sight of the boat, but as soon as he saw that,



DEVIL'S CAMP, EAST OF LAKE MINNIWANKA.

he made a dive for the bottom with such force and speed that he nearly carried tackle and all away. I had only a small landing net in the boat, having foolishly come out without a gaff. It was no use trying to land him without the gaff, so, as I was not far from the house I called for a gaff. It was some time before I attracted the attention of some one at the house but as soon as they heard me and understood what I wanted my father came out in the other boat with the gaff. Meanwhile the fish had been towing me along at a fair rate and had got into deep water. I had to be very careful with him because I was afraid if he took it into his head to make another rush downwards he would take out more line than I could afford to let him have.

As soon as my father reached me I reeled him in again but could not reel him close enough to gaff him. I was afraid to force him too much in case he should break my light tackle and get away. We decided to try and tow him in to the shore where we could gaff him without so much danger of his getting away. We towed him in safely and as he was getting fairly tired by this time we had very little trouble in gaffing him. The gaff, however struck a soft part in the side and did not hold, but just cut a great gash. This woke him up and he made another dash for deep water. He did not go very far however and I soon reeled him in again, and this time gaffed him successfully. We sent him to Calgary the same day to be set up and he is now beautifying the Government museum at Banff.

One drawback to the fishing is that the fish will not rise to the fly. There are

lots of fishermen who will not use anything but the fly, and consequently when they find that only the troll is used, they will not fish. The Lake is not so very much fished as there were only two hundred and ninety-seven fish taken out of it last season; which is too small a number to make any difference to the fish in the Lake, seeing that the Lake is from ten to twelve miles long with an average width of a mile throughout in length.

The outlet of the Lake and the Cascade River used to give very good trout fishing, but thanks to a mining town which sportsmen know is death to all trout fishing, and owing to the inactivity of the Government in not stopping the unlawful means used by some of the miners in fishing, it is a thing of the past.

The drive from Banff to the Lake is a pleasure in itself. The road, nine miles in length, winds through the majestic Rockies with everchanging scenery, across the rustic bridge which spans the beautiful Cascade Canon, (a source of pleasure to all kodak fiends,) and ends up in front of a rustic chalet nestling under a miniature forest of spruce trees, and in full view of the Lake.

At this chalet the smiling face of the host is alone a welcome to all who come. Everything in the way of fishing tackle can be hired at the Chalet, and in season a good meal of fresh fish may always be had.

To those who prefer mountain climbing to fishing, there are a few good peaks close at hand for them to distinguish themselves by climbing. Mt Aylmer 10,365 feet high, and Cascade 9,875 are two of the principal ones.

## The Veracity of Deer Hunters.

**M**R. C. L. Smith, who is one of the best known guides in British Columbia, writes to us:

"I notice an article in your Magazine by Mr. E. J. McVeigh entitled, 'Why are Deer Hunters the Greatest Liars in the World?' Now just why they should

put Ananias to shame is a question which deeply concerns many of your readers seeing that so large a proportion of them are deer hunters. I think I can give some explanation of the matter, and as Mr. McVeigh appears so very solicitous about it I will endeavor to submit to

him and your readers an explanation of the actions of his friends.

"Before I begin however, I wish to thank him, on behalf of the deer hunters and the general public, for the lasting benefit he has bestowed upon us by teaching us how to classify lies by their relative strength, and file them away for future reference, in order that one may be able to name any particular brand of nose paint. As the species and sub-species can only be recognized by their strength one must develop a very fine taste in order to be able to know just what proof a particular lie reaches. Of course one doesn't need to bother about what it is made of, the number of the distillery, or whether the revenue has been paid upon it, for no doubt a "moonshine lie" can be made as strong as any other. Now Mr. McVeigh says he has made a study of deer hunters for twenty years. In that case there is no need for us new beginners to try and do quick work. No doubt Mr. McVeigh can tell the sod corn variety by the smell which marks him at once as an expert and a man of large experience.

"He also gives us another valuable pointer for which we are very grateful. If we wish to be real artists at lying we must first take the measure of our deer and then cut our lie to fit. For instance he says he doesn't see why Joe should tell such a big lie about the spike buck. Then he goes on to tell us that in order to properly classify the lie his friend told him, about shooting a running deer at three hundred yards, he carefully stepped the ground and found that it was twenty-five feet from Joe's gun when he fired the first shot, passed within fifteen feet of him and dropped at sixty feet. Now let me do a little figuring and see if I can't find the strength of this lie. In the first place I find he is very exact in his distances—fifteen, twenty-five and sixty feet. Take the figure five as the initial figure. As Mr. McVeigh can measure the distance accurately by stepping it he is clearly not a new hand at the business.

Now by adding the fifteen, twenty-five and sixty together we get one hundred, and by multiplying this sum by five we obtain the magnificent result of five hundred. Now I like a man who can lie by fives. It makes figuring very easy, brings out the strength of the lie in round numbers, and you don't have to pester your head with fractions.

"Mr. McVeigh wishes to know why a man who can handle a gun like Joe would tell such a bare faced lie. I will try and explain this a little later as we are not quite ready for that yet, because we wish to talk a little more about this lie before we classify it and lay it aside. Taking into consideration that this is the first deer hunt of which he gives us an account of taking any part, and he says a man may not tell a first class lie the first day, I wish to give the brother all due credit, and feel it only just to the rest of us to make certain deductions. In the matter of the second day's hunt of which he gives us an account, I feel that I must give him full credit, particularly as he says we always lie on the second day. With regard to the second day we will therefore say that the whole thing is a lie and is made of whole cloth. Its strength can be placed at par and we surrender the belt. It is not necessary for him to wear it outside his coat for we all know it anyway.

"Now as we have disposed of these weighty matters I wish to have a little talk with the champion and try to explain why his friends have lied to him so shamefully. My friend, it is because you have acquired the habit of showing your friends up at every opportunity, and they have been amusing themselves at your expense. You should have had the wit to have seen through their tales, and the reasons for them. Deer hunters are no bigger liars than other men, but they do not like one who is forever trying to catch them in a lie, and they have taken this course to break you of the habit, giving you credit for smartness sufficient to see the point."



# Speckled Trout and Other Beauties.

ERNEST J. MCVEIGH.

**I**T was while rowing up the Lake that the discussion started, owing I think to a chance remark of my own. There were four of us, and while I want you to know us well there are reasons why our own proper names should not stand out too boldly in this narrative, so I beg to introduce the bunch as John M., the Adonis of the party and known as "Jack," Robert B. called "Bob," Frederick H., the father of the party but known as "Fred," and myself and I was, and am called "Mack." Now I know that this is a bad start for me; you may abbreviate a man's name as you will without doing him serious harm, but once call him "Mack" and his case is hopeless. I am one of those unfortunates, I always have been called "Mack" and fear I always will be. I have known men for years who would shout "Hello! Mack!" at me across the street and the same man would ask me some day "What my name was, anyway?" I had a man, a stranger, come some hundreds of miles to see me last fall, and on his return home he called me up over the long distance 'phone and the first thing he said was, "Is that you 'Mack?'"

But to get back to the boat. We were four tried and proved friends who had escaped from business and family cares for six days' outing in the wilds, and were on our way to the head of a ten mile lake where we were to stay with a family who lived "Far from the madding crowd," and were neither altogether hunters, trappers, fishers or farmers, but were some of all four. The family consisted, so we understood, of the father and mother, one son, a young man, and three daughters, young women, and the dispute arose through me stating that if we were bachelors instead of old married men we would likely have a much better time, as the girls would take more interest in us.

This was denied by John M., who I suspect could not conceive of any conditions where girls would not take an interest in *him*, and somewhat to my

surprise the other two seemed to agree with him and went so far as to say that they had never found any difference since they had been married. Now I had, and I told them about the time I stayed at an hotel in a small country town and the proprietor's daughters pulled hair over who would bring in my breakfast until I told them how long I had been married, and how after that the servant girl waited on me, and how poor the board became. Even that sad and "over true tale" did not move them, and things were said about people who did not "improve on acquaintance," and that even if girls did make a mistake at first they soon got to know a man and knew when and how to "drop him;" and many others unkind and hard to bear things from friends who knew you so well.

They were very stubborn and I was firm, so that finally I proposed that we put the matter to a test. When we arrived at the Dowlings, the people we were to stay with, if we found the girls at home one of us would pose as a bachelor while the others would speak of their wives and children in their most natural and engaging manner, and see what would come of it. I added that to make it perfectly clear as to who was right, I, as the least prepossessing of the party would take the part of the poor miserable bachelor!

Now I hate to say it about my friends, but the glimpse I then got of their true nature hardened my heart against them. They seemed to agree at once with the fact that I was of course the one possessing the least good looks of the lot. John M. nearly upset the boat trying to see his reflection in the water; but I did not mind that so much as to note Father Fred sit up and straighten his collar, while "Bob" just laughed. I had never before noticed what an idiotic laugh he had!

But while they seemed so perfectly agreed on this point they did not accept the balance of the proposition with any great enthusiasm, and it was only after

I had spoken my mind at considerable length that they finally agreed to do their part and help me in mine. Even then it was not what I said so much as the fact that "Bob" remembered that some one had told him the girls would not likely be at home anyway. All this had taken up considerable time and we had been so interested in the matter that I had forgotten to take my turn at the oars, and we were now so close to the Dowling's place that, as I pointed out, it was not worth while making a change, and in a few minutes we pulled up to the landing, the boys in a beautiful glow of health and perspiration. There, coming down from the house "on hospitable thoughts intent," were *two* or the girls anyway.

While the boys were mopping their hot and red faces I stepped ashore and introduced myself, and then, at the same time taking occasion to speak of the beauties of the country and their wonderful Lake that presented such new and delightful charms the nearer we approached their comfortable home. I continued in this strain to give the boys time to get their wind. "I was just remarking to my friends how delightful it would be if they could have brought their wives along, as for me I would like to have my sister with me to enjoy it," I jauntily remarked. I was interrupted at this point by "Bob" who wanted to know "whether if I had brought her along I would have made her do all the rowing?" while Fred remarked that "Some people's sisters knew better than to travel with their brothers." John M. was too busy trying to get his hair to lay down to say anything, but I knew from the glance he gave me that he was thinking things he would like to say but not before the girls. By the time we had got our traps out of the boat the third young lady and the mother had come out to welcome us, and we went up the house to wait for supper, that the ladies informed us would be ready in half an hour.

The old man and the son came in shortly and we were all getting on a most pleasant footing of friendship by the time we sat down to the table. That meal did not make us less friendly I can assure you, even though John M. did remark that some people could get an

appetite from very little work. I retorted that his wife always said he could eat if he never worked. The girls wanted to know if my sister kept house for me, but I said no, that I had my mother with me also. "Bob" had started to laugh but he stopped, and the look he gave me had a sort of admiration in it.

After supper we sat out between the Lake and the house and smoked, and when the housework was finished the girls came out and joined us. One of them asked me if I had ever been in a bark canoe and I said I was a little bit afraid of them but would like awfully well to go out in one with some one or two who knew all about it. She said that she and her sister were very good hands and would take me out, and I could just sit still and watch them. John M. said he always wanted to learn how to handle a canoe, but the girls told us their canoe would only hold three, and there should be two to do the paddling.

Have you ever been out on a broad sheet of water in a bark canoe on a summer evening with a gentle wind blowing, and the little waves giving you a slight, very slight, lift and fall, while the sun went down behind the hills and the shadows stole out across the water, while not a sound broke the perfect stillness, with a soft cushion at your back, a good supper under your vest, your best pipe in your mouth, and two as fine girls as you could find to keep the paddles going? As the sun went down the wind died away and left us floating on a lake of glass. Then the girls sang, and how they could sing. I was almost sorry for those poor chaps back at the house!

When we got back they wanted to know if I had got over my fear of a canoe. I told them "yes, I thought I could stand it, and the girls and I would take the canoe next day and leave the big boat for them as it was so much more safe." John M. seemed to choke on something in the stem of his pipe, and Fred got up and went down to the Lake, while Bob just looked at me. They certainly do act strange sometimes, and I thought I knew them so well. Seeing the humor they were in I suggested that it was time for bed as we had a hard day before us. It was then found that there



were naturally a limited number of sleeping rooms, and the question was who would double up with who? I said that anything would do for me. Being a single man I had the habit of sleeping alone and did not know whether I could sleep double or not, but I could try. The girls said "no," they could do better than that. Mr. M. and Mr. B. could sleep together while Mr. H. could sleep with their brother, and I could have a room to myself. I remarked, "anything to be agreeable," and I would go to my room at once. The lock was not very good on the door and accordingly I braced it with a chair, so that when Jack and Bob came and asked me if I was asleep I told them I was and that they must not speak loud or they would disturb the others. They did not speak loud but they told me some things about myself, through the keyhole, that I had never heard before. I remembered that "a soft answer turneth away wrath" so I told them that being out on the water in the evening always made me very sleepy and I wished they would go away. I did well not to depend on that lock, but the chair held like a hero and at last they went away and I went to sleep.

The next morning was glorious, an ideal one for fishing, and we were all down to breakfast early eager to be off. Bob wanted to know what the arrangements for the day were and I told him there was no change as far as I knew. He and the other two could have the boat, while the girls and I would take the canoe.

He told me he understood I was to show them how to kill trout but I smiled at him indulgently and said I would be glad to teach him after I had a few lessons myself, and I was going to get them today. He wanted to know what Fred thought of that; but he said, "don't ask me you ass, come on and help pull that old tub!"

Jack was out in the kitchen trying to get the third girl to go with them, but she had to stay and help mother, so the three went off by themselves. After they got under way I went down to the landing and told them they looked a merry lot of fishermen, and asked them

if they were going to a funeral. They told me to go somewhere where water is supposed to be mighty scarce, and they said other things to me also that they would not say before their children. I told them so, and asked them what their wives would think of such things. The girls were down by that time and they could not answer any more, not anything worth while anyway. The girls said that my friends seemed to be cross that morning and that we would not go the same way they did. Of course I agreed with them, and we went our own way, and if you think it was not a pleasant way I am sorry for you all, that's all!

Did you ever sit in the bottom of a canoe and fish for and catch fine speckled trout, you in the middle and a nice jolly girl at each end, one with a paddle in the water to keep her steady and the other to use the landing net? If you did you know, and if you did not you can't understand, so what is the use? We landed about ten thirty and had lunch, making tea over a small fire and then loafed for two happy hours, then back to the canoe and more fishing and then home by slow and easy stages, and not by the most direct route either.

The others were in ahead of us and were in somewhat better spirits but the gloom settled down once more when our catch proved the greatest, and the girls praised my fishing until I thought Bob would have a fit. That night the girls played the organ and we had singing. I can't sing, so the other fellows were ahead of me there, and pushed me into the background without mercy, but it was my turn again next day. So it went on, two of the girls going out with me and one staying at home, for the shortest week that we ever put in and the day of departure came all too soon. This threatened to be serious for me when my one time friends got me alone on the way down the lake. There had been dark hints thrown out and it seemed to be up to me.

The night before we were to start I consulted the old gentlemen as to the prospects of a fair wind down the lake next day, and he was of the opinion that we would have it and strong at that. I then sought out the brother and ques-



tioned him as to the ownership of a small sail I had found in an outhouse. He told me to take it and welcome and he could get it back the first time he went down.

Now I was ready for the gang, and told them as they had done so much rowing all week I would agree that they should do none on the way home. This had a wonderful effect, but when we were ready to start and I produced and set up the sail you would think I had done them an injury. John M. looked at the sail then at the water that was rolling down the lake ahead of the wind and said, "Well, I'll be damned!" The other two did not seem to have anything to add to that, so "Good-bye," "Good-bye,"

"Come back again!" "Sure we will," and we were off, with the little sail pulling like a horse. As we settled down each to our own liking I remarked,— "And now gentlemen the question was, I think, "Do girls take more interest in single men than they do in married ones? Shall we resume the debate?" I managed to dodge the fish Bob threw at my head, but Father Fred reached for me with a gaff hook, "Just let me hear any more of that from you and you trail behind the boat. *You* didn't have to sleep with the man who snored like a horse with the heavens."

I am glad to say we are still friends; but while they have forgiven me they don't forget.

## Fly Rods.

BY WALTER GREAVES.

**I** have read a number of interesting articles recently in English, American and Canadian papers and magazines in regard to the merits of various fly rods and the best material for the construction of the same. It seems to me that Hardy's split cane rods with steel centre must be really first class. I should certainly like to try one but they are very expensive. I, too, have such a fine stock of rods that I do not require any more, and to speak the truth I do not see how one could have a better for practical purposes than my 7oz. 10 1-2 ft. 8 strip split bamboo rod that I purchased from the Chubb Rod Co. of Post Mills, Vt. about ten years ago. I have used a great many rods of English and other makes in split bamboo, greenheart, lancewood and hickory &c. and have not yet found one that could beat my Chubb rod for casting against a heavy wind or for playing large fish. I have landed many grilse and black bass and played several salmon with it and it is apparently just as good as the day I bought it. It is german

silver trimmed and cost me only \$15.00 at the factory.

It will thus be seen that, although I am an Englishman, I admit that first-class rods can be made in the United States, and there are other excellent makers besides Chubb who can turn out beautiful rods but for my part I have not used a better rod than the one above referred to nor do I ever expect to do.

I do not favor greenheart as a material for fine fly rods as it is liable to break quite unexpectedly; at least such is my experience. I consider first quality lancewood far superior to greenheart and I prefer "kalaki" to either, but the latter material is not, to my knowledge, used by professional rod makers. Most of my rods are without dowels and with standing guides, and I seldom use one made in any other way.

I am already beginning to repair and re-varnish my rods so as to have them in good shape for the spring fishing. I take great pleasure in doing this work during my leisure moments.

# Royal Trout Fishing in Canada's Killarney.

BY E. A. BRADFORD.

**W**E took our tickets for the Lake of Bays, but had no intention of stopping there. Years enough ago our unsophisticated imaginations might have been fired by the railway literature with picture things something smaller than whales accompanied by text assuring all the world that the hotels were gorgeous, and that the surrounding waters "teemed" with bass and trout which anyone could catch.

Too well we knew by experience that the same dispensation of Providence which makes rivers flow past great cities also provides that fishing shall be bad in proportion to the excellence of the neigh-

A fellow traveler was going to visit a friend who vouched for fishing and good accommodations in the "Huntsville district." This sounds definite enough until you get there and discover that it is as big as all outdoors, with lakes everywhere and the fates of a year's sport depending upon the choice made while the steamer is waiting to haul in its lines. When the clerk asked where we wanted tickets to we asked him in despair whether he was a fisherman, and, upon his answering that he was, he was told to supply a ticket to the fish. "Deerhurst," he said, and threw the tickets out.



HAYSTACK BAY—LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT, "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."

boring hotels—for where the hotels are attractive there tourists abound, and there is almost a fisherman for each fish. We were looking for something less like the civilized Catskills, something more rural than the Adirondacks, and more like the Wild West before it was almost all irrigated and fenced except the National playgrounds, subject to reservation rules enforced by army officers, and that's no joke.

Such spots are easier to find now in Canada's Killarney, to the east of the Thirty Thousand Islands of Georgian Bay and north of Lake Ontario, but just where this year's selection should be made was left to the casual confidence of the "smoker" on the way. Nor was the reliance mistaken.

It cannot be found on any map or time table, but we had no occasion to regret the choice he made for us. We were in search of the simple life and we found it. Across the lake and in the distance a house or two could be seen, but there was nothing like a settlement. There was not even a country store, or a post-office, or a road. In fact, there is but a single building at Deerhurst, but it provided clean beds, fare plain but good, no mosquitos or malaria, and everything was done for sportsmen by a sportsman, whose eighteen-pound "trout" hangs in the hall with the gunshot wound which was necessary before he could be landed. There are horns, too, and stories about them, but this is an article about fishing, and the beauty of fishing at Deerhurst is



A FINE TROUT FROM HOLNOW LAKE. LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.

that you can do it all yourself. There are guides, of course, and pleasant fellows they were, but after one or two excursions in their company you prefer to do your own fishing, a catch "all by your lonesome" gaining in attractiveness, whatever it loses in number or weight.

Since this is not an attempt to rival "resort" literature, but a plain recital of a personally conducted excursion, the truth is set down that not every man can catch bass at Deerhurst, and not even the best fisherman can always get them. If it were so the sport would become an industry, and fishermen who take no interest in fish out of the water, would abandon them to that class of fishermen who take interest in fish in the water. The fish in the Lake of Bays have moods and appetites after their puzzling and enticing kind. It is this which gives the sport charm like a lottery. It is the perpetual chance that some day the great prize will come to you which kindles hope eternal and encourages the fisherman to look ever forward, forgetting past ill luck, and forever seeking solace in future possibilities for past errors and

misadventures. No true fisherman is ever "down on his luck," and some of the craft, there be who have found profit in applying to serious affairs the comfort and consolation of their fishing philosophy.

There was scant cause for philosophy while we were there. Blank days there were, but they were the exception. It was rare that several two-pounders or three-pounders could not be taken before breakfast, and the catch repeated in the forenoon, or in the afternoon's lengthening shadows. And there was one royal day. The air was still and muggy and from the southwest, what there was of it. It was just such a day as country lads are accustomed to say that the fish will bite. They certainly did bite that August afternoon. Three boats were fishing in the same bathtub, so to speak; that is, in the same small, likely spot.

Now there are traditions of bass weighing over five pounds, but they are rare. The peculiarity of this catch is that it not only included a five-pounder, but four successive fish averaging nearly five pounds, and that none of the other



boats had even a bite. Repeatedly the lucky man's boat was towed by his fish, and yet he returned and caught again where those who had not left the spot could not get a strike. The fish were duly photographed, and a record made before the witnesses for the purse of entry in the Toronto Star's annual competition. All were taken on a single gut and a six ounce rod in the manner too familiar for recital.

There is no "salmon" fishing at Deerpur, but it can be had by canoe trips or buggy rides. We went for these "trout" five times, and drew but a single blank. Twice we got the law's limit. They must be trolled for in the deepest water at midsummer, and fishermen who are accustomed to use light tackle even in tidal waters are aghast at the manner of fishing proposed to them. Our guide produced what he called his lucky rig. It was codfish line with fourteen sinkers, each of them an ounce or more. A horse power windlass would hardly have been more becoming the noble landlocked "salmon" and as it chanced, although that identical rig caught ten fish on those grounds last year, the lucky spoon would not work this year. So we landed and with a worm or two dug with a paddle point caught real trout, the true thing, the speckled brook beauties, such as are a day's boast at home. These we used for bait, impaling them upon an "Archer spinner," a British bait much liked in Canada because it spins with its mouth closed, and open-mouthed fish are shunned rather than swallowed. Thus we got what the Can-

adian statute calls a "lake trout." And, truth to say, the catch was disappointing.

He came in like a codfish, small blame to him, dangling at the end of, say, two hundred feet of hand line, decorated with all those sash weights, and impeded in his breathing as fish are when they come up quickly from a great depth. Nor was he any prettier to look at than to catch in such a manner. He lacked the steely sheen of the true salmon, and had the spots without the brilliancy of the real trout, showing damascened sides like a gun barrel or a haddock when he is yet alive, as few people see them in the city.

Trying another day we rigged in more orthodox fashion, using copper wire, which required no sinkers. A fish line copper wire has the defects of its qualities. If the angle it makes at the rod's tip is at all sharp it will not pay out or come into the reel handily. Therefore in order to get a straight draught from the reel, or nearly straight, it is necessary to sit in the canoe facing the guide, and not facing forward, as is more agreeable both to passenger and paddler. And after all is said and done the chance of a kink remains. It happened to us at the cost only of the wire on the reel with its attachments on the business end, including a lead-



THREE SALMON TROUT—11, 19 AND 22  
LBS. RESPECTIVELY, FROM HOLNOW  
LAKE. LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.

er and spoon which could not be replaced in Huntsville. But if a kink be avoided copper wire improves with use, growing softer and smoother, and has been known to be used for years.

We rigged again another day with a twisted steel wire line, which developed still other faults. It suffered as much as

a day's fishing as a linen or silk line will in a year, and became untrustworthy, strands breaking here and there, and throwing out unpleasant little spicules of steel. Also it developed a tendency to coil, so that it would not run through the guides well. However, it lasted through two days'



RABBITS BAY—LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT, "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."

fishing, which yielded eight fish, four being the legal limit to a single rod.

This fishing was in sister lakes whose fish, according to local lore, do not mingle, although there is water connection between the lakes. Certain it is that the fish in the two lakes run differently, but there is nothing surprising in that, as Canada has almost as many sorts of fish as it has bodies of water, each of them producing differences in markings and tint, even when the individual fish are of the same species. But it is not true that in these two lakes the fish do not mingle. Both sorts were caught in each lake, and one was even marked with trout spots on one side and with the damascening on the other side.

The fish took indifferently the Archer spinner baited with either minnow or perch, or the Otter spoon. Probably they would have appreciated a striped bass troll, but time was too precious to justify experiments.

In fishing, as in everything else, it is a pretty good rule to follow the customs of the country. We took these fish to weigh eight, five and three pounds, the latter being perhaps the average, and smaller being quite unusual. Indeed, small landlocked salmon are so rare that there is no minimum fixed in the law, as

in the case of other game fish. They run to over thirty pounds, and are often taken up to fifteen. They are a surprisingly strong fish, more muscular than a bass, but lacking the bass's pluck and wind and trickiness.

They do not know how to run their noses under a stone, or how to swim flatwise instead of following their noses with the hook in them, nor to leap from the water and fall back upon a tautened line. Feeling the barb, they give a rush straight away of amazing vigor, then they either give up or swim toward the rod until it almost seems as though they were off the hook, and at the last they give another rush, which is trying to tackle and deftness in management of net and rod. Finally when even moderate sized fish are taken into the boat it is necessary to stun them with a blow or they would be all over the boat, or out of it, in their leapings. It is good sport enough, but not like fishing with the fly for the ouaniniche of Lake St. John. Sometimes great quantities are taken, one man not being ashamed to admit to us having caught one hundred and three on the line. The natives net and salt them, and they do so most successfully in the spawning season, thus killing the goose which would lay golden eggs for



them indefinitely if they showed more moderation. As it is, the time is near when Canada's remotest streams will have been combed over as thoroughly as the American.

The waters we visited were either spring-fed or drained from forest-clad hillsides. There were almost no streams, and actually none where fly fishing was practicable. We heard of fly fishing in regions familiar to the curb market, in Cobalt, Nipissing and along the French and Maganetawan Rivers. It is seldom necessary to pack into that country. Almost anywhere construction trains will take passengers, even if the regular trains are not taking passengers. And

Easterners will ride upon Canadian roads with the same surprise that they discover that travel west of Chicago is in some respects more comfortable than east of it. Far past the country of sawn lumber and barbed wire, many miles beyond split rails and hewn posts, beyond the stump fences built by loggers, and in the country where you look up to the horizon as from the bottom of an enormous bowl, ranging with the eye over countless miles of pathless forest with never a discoverable trace of human foot or axe, even there the cafe car and the sleeper will take you as quickly and luxuriously as to the Saranac or the White Mountains.

## How I Shot My First Wolf.

BY JAKE LONGER.

"Ah, ma'm'selle, voulez-vous danser? Non, monsieur, j'ai le mal aux pieds."

**T**HIS is what we sang, when from the crest of "La Lac Perdue" we saw lying before us Lake Mozhabong. There were just the four of us in that lonely region—four "voyageurs" we loved to call ourselves. So, for sheer joy, we sang over and over again the only snatch of French "Chanson" that we knew and vivid were the memories that came to each of us then. Seven long weeks we had seen no white faces but those of our party, and even they, tanned and bewiskered were nor so comely as before. But they helped us believe we were "voyageurs" and it was with pleasure that we thought again of our last night at Bisco, when with the French boys and girls we danced all night and almost raised the roof at Legace's boarding house.

Seventeen days we had toiled eastward on Langevin trail. The wily old guide, with the cunning inherent from his mother, had obliterated almost every trace on his travel. He left no blazes on the trees, he avoided leaving foot-prints on muddy shoes and on the Spanish River, he had "hung us up" for nearly three whole days.

But now the grind was over and with

feelings of satisfaction for duty done and work accomplished, we paddled four or five miles up to Moose Narrows and pitched our camp.

The next morning I was up by eight. As we intended to "lie up" that day to bake and do our washing, I slipped on my light mocassins, crawled out of the tent, and looked around. It was a beautiful morning, scarcely a ripple was on the lake, and the sun was streaming through the trees in patches, all around that great oppressive silence which makes itself felt in lonely regions, was broken only by the hoarse cries of a pair of ravens soaring overhead, and the dual-toned nasal vibrations, from the other tent.

Taking my axe I proceeded to cut the breakfast kindling, and had struck but two or three blows, when I heard a splashing to my left, as of some animal wading through the shallow water of the Narrows. I said to myself that it was probably a deer, so running to the tent I took my rifle and crept noiselessly down to the point. When I peered across, I could see no deer or moose or sign of any living animal. Before me was the narrow stretch of shallow water, the high rocky cliffs, and to the right and left the lake stretching out wider and



wider. It seemed strange that no sign of life was there. I was certain that an animal of some kind had crossed for I heard its splashing. A deer or moose could certainly find no such speedy cover on that mountain of rock. Happening, however, to look to the right I saw a movement on the further side—a movement of a greyish animal which for the moment, I took to be a fox, the distance no doubt being responsible for that mistake. Slightly turning, I stooped to take a lean over the big boulder, and just then the animal saw me. Slowly it arched its back like an angry cat, and looked at me through the tops of its eyes. I at once recognized that it was a wolf.

With the discovery came the paralyzing thought "what if it runs before I fire, or what if I miss?" Calming myself, however, as best I could, and taking careful aim, I pressed the trigger. The wolf leaped forward, and bounded along the edge, making for a narrow gully that ran up over the mountain. But I knew he was hit for he ran very erratically, sometimes stumbling and rolling head over heels. I quickly pumped another cartridge from the magazine and was about to fire again when he suddenly fell, and half slid, half tumbled down the rocks into the lake. The sudden immersion revived him, however, and swimming to shore he ran swiftly up the height. I fired again and he made a quick motion forward and sideways and soon gained the underbrush. Disappointed and sick at heart, I heard him crashing his way up the gully. In a few moments all was still. So wading quickly across, I rushed madly up the ascent, rifle in hand. I had gone probably two or three hundred yards when it struck me that I had better proceed cautiously, so as not to come suddenly upon him, and—wounded! It was well that I did so, for scarcely had I gone a dozen paces, when right before me, within twenty feet, partly hidden behind pine-log, he was lying glaring fiercely at me and snarling. I was not long in putting a "bead" on his head, but in that moment I know not what spirit of economy seized me, but I suddenly remembered that I had but one big bullet left, feeling in my vest pocket, I took out the Morris-tube with a little thirty-two

Smith and Wesson revolver cartridge and substituted that for the big soft nose Lee Metford. At this moment the wolf, although bleeding profusely, rose to its feet, but it was too late. Aiming at its head, I fired. He dropped in his tracks and rolled over dead.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at that moment. I had often longed for just such an opportunity and to think that the dream had been realized gave me a taste of the sportsman's exhilaration.

My next thought was of course, to get him down to the camp. Setting my rifle against a tree, I dragged him slowly down to the water, then going up for the rifle I waded across to camp. The boys were up and wanted to know what I meant by making such a noise, I replied "wait until you see the nice fawn I have." "Shure," says Dave, "you're not afther shootin' another deer and us sick, of the blessed venison." By this time Scotty and I were into the canoe, and paddling swiftly across, Dave and Roy watching us from the shore. When we came back, a merry party, it was Dave who lifted that wolf out and carried him up the bank. He was a fine specimen indeed, and measured five feet six inches from tip to tip. He had an unusually large head, and a fine set of ivory white teeth.

Next morning bright and early, my mate and I bade Dave and Scotty good bye and started on our long trip to the taxidermist at Bisco. We paddled hard, and the weather being favorable and the rapids high, we sighted the old Hudson Bay Post in less than three days. Jim Armstrong, the obliging "factor" advanced me the fifteen dollars Government bounty, while Wright, the taxidermist took the skin in charge and forthwith produced an article of merit in the form of an artistic floor-rug.

The next day we waited at Bisco watching the trains go through; then the following morning, having purchased sufficient provisions to replenish our supply back at camp, we went, turning our backs on civilization, and paddling steadily onward through the morning light, every stroke of the paddle urging us on toward the realms of forest and flood, the haunts of the majestic moose, the timid deer and the bear, otter and beaver.

# Our Big Game and Their Enemies.

BY E. R. LA FLECHE.

**I** have read with much interest the article on "Our Deer and their Enemies" by Mr. McVeigh, which appeared in your February number.

Mr. McVeigh says that we should prosecute the pot hunters. He is right, but the question is, how are we to do so?

Sportsmen find poachers in every game district, and they generally employ them as guides. I have always found that a good guide was with very few exceptions also a good pot hunter.

The sportsmen are not to blame for not reporting or prosecuting the poachers, because if they should do so, it would not be safe for them to return to their favorite hunting grounds, or the chances would be ten to one, that their camp, canoes, etc., would be destroyed sometime before the opening of the hunt the following season. And not only this; but they would run a great risk of being mistaken for a deer.

There are many ways in which a few pot hunters can get even with the sportsmen, and in the end the sportsmen invariably get it on the neck. This is so true, that very few sportsmen dare to prosecute or even report the poachers they know.

I will state a few facts. In New Ontario, in one of the Polish settlements, there is a fellow who is well known as the "Big Pole." This man is a regular pot hunter. Not only this, but he will watch the sportsmen's camp and when he finds no one in, he will loot it. There are many sportsmen who when they returned in the evening, have found pipes, tobacco, ammunition and firewater all gone. He also steals hounds which are left chained up in camp, hides them, and uses them with his friends after the sportsmen are gone. Still no one dares to prosecute him; he is known as a crack shot, and everyone fears him. The result is that he has his own way and kills moose and deer the year round. The Game Warden of the place knows him, but he dares not open his mouth for he fears that some morning his horses or cattle might be found dead or his stable,

barns and their contents burned down.

If a sportsman should expose the poachers he finds, he would have to change his hunting ground every year, for the very reason that these fellows are found everywhere.

The Game Wardens do not do much to stop poaching. Some years ago I was hunting in Western Ontario with several other parties. One of them, camping a few miles from me, saw a deer in front of their camp the morning before the opening of the hunting season, and the deer was killed. A pot hunter who had taken the party in, on his way home informed the Game Warden, and up comes the Warden and after the boys had treated him fine, in the way all sportsmen always welcome strangers who call at their camp, he told them that he had a very painful duty to perform. He arrested the party and made them appear before the J. P. They pleaded guilty and were fined according to the law. But where the fun comes in, is to see the same Warden who was so conscientious in making the sportsmen obey the letter of the law, failing to act, when two of his friends killed thirty-two deer during the rutting season the following month. Although he was fully aware of the slaughter of the deer, he did not have them fined. Oh, no! he was too much afraid that should he expose them, it would be better for him to move out of that country. This is the reason why the pot hunters have "carte blanche" to do as they please. I will add that the party who was fined was composed of ten men, everyone of whom had his license, and all the deer they got was eight including the one killed the morning before the opening of the season.

I will also state how a Club got paid for having prosecuted a pot hunter who was fishing with nets and killing game out of season on their reserve in Quebec.

The result was that the sportsmen had to lose much time and money, the poacher was too poor to foot the bill of expenses and the only satisfaction they got, was that the following year they found



on their arrival at camp all their boats, seven canoes and two large skiffs, with paddles, oars, axe handles, etc., cross-cut in two besides all their utensils and stoves destroyed. The pot hunter knew that if he had burned these articles the insurance company would have had to pay. By cutting the boats in two and by boring holes in the kitchen utensils he ensured that the sportsmen would get it on the neck.

It is a well known fact that there are far more game killed by the pot hunters, than by the sportsmen. The time these fellows slaughter the deer is during the rutting season in the month of December.

They know the lay of the country and where the deer are to be found; they watch the runways and if a doe comes along they will kill her and also the buck when he comes. It is an easy matter for a pot hunter to kill several deer every day at this time of the year.

One poacher guaranteed me that if I would go with him we could kill from twenty to thirty deer in one week.

This man is a good guide and always gets \$3 a day during the hunting season. Amongst the party who employs him, are some of the members of the Game Protective Associations. They know him to be a pot hunter of the finest water, but as these gentlemen generally return home with their number of deer, they say nothing.

We blame the Game Wardens for not doing their duties. Well, I don't blame them. The salaries they receive are not adequate to the risks they would run should they prosecute the pot hunters in their vicinity. It is "O. K." for them to soak the city sportsmen. They know that the J. P. will not take into consideration that he is a poor settler with a family, and that he will be fully fined. When however, a man has just a horse and a cow the J. P. will in many cases let him off with a warning.

To illustrate how well our game is protected, I will say, that as I am writing this I have before me a letter dated 24th of January, 1907, from Kenora, Ont., stating that the moose and caribou are being slaughtered in that vicinity by the Indians and pot hunters. The front quarters are left on the lakes, but the

hind ones are sold at \$2 to \$2.50 per quarter, and this sum represents two bottles of whiskey and a spree. Then when they sober up they go and kill more. There is no doubt that there is a Game Warden there, but perhaps he is an hotel keeper. If not, why does he not stop this wholesale slaughter? Well the reason he does not, is due to the fact that pork and beef is very high, and that moose and caribou must be cheap; and that should he open his mouth he would make more enemies than friends.

The law says, that no moose or caribou shall be killed on the western side of the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway after such a date, and the hunting season is so short and framed in such a way that very few moose or caribou are annually killed by the sportsmen who pay their \$5 license. It is a well known fact that sportsmen who go in that district have a very slim chance to secure game at that season of the year. It is nice to frame laws to protect game, but where the shoe pinches, is to see that at the present time the Indians and others have "carte blanche" to slaughter these animals. Why is this tolerated?

It is prohibited to sell whiskey to the Indians; still they manage to get all they want, and as they are now drawing moose and caribou meat into Kenora in sleigh loads they are having a great time.

We often hear the game laws are a farce, and I am of the opinion that there are good reasons for this.

The Government gets a good revenue from the licenses issued and from the furs, etc., which are confiscated each year. Where does the money go? Some say to protect the Algonquin Park. Where does the balance go? Surely it is not all spent in paying bounties for wolf scalps, as there are but very few killed. How much salary do the Game Wardens draw annually? We have here in Ottawa one of the best Game Wardens there is in the whole Province of Ontario. Each year he confiscates thousands of dollars worth of furs etc.; and I am informed that his salary is only \$300 per year, which I consider very inadequate for the services he gives.

What is the use of protecting the game



in the Park if outside of it the poachers are able to do nearly as they please? I am also informed on the quiet that right in the Park poaching is going on, and that the beavers, otters, mink etc., are kept down by these fellows.

It is a well known fact that although the Park is supposed to have been well protected for many years, there are few beavers, otters or mink to be found outside of the Park.

Why not pay a living salary to good reliable Game Wardens and do away with those who are afraid to act?

I have been much amused by the advertisements concerning the extermination wolf hunts. It would be indeed very unkind for the wolves to escape such a well laid plan, but judging from the experience I have with them, I am afraid that the hunters will not get enough wolves to count in very many scalps.

Owing to the declivities of the Canadian Rockies etc., the wolves have now a strong hold and will laugh for many years to come at the sportsmen who will try to exterminate them with snowshoes, dogs and rifles.

Extermination hunts have often been tried in the stock raising States, and the result is, that the wolves are still holding their own in these States.

In my opinion, there is only one sure and safe way of destroying the wolves, and that is by the extensive use of steel traps, and not by the use of poison, because in districts where it is much used, all the small game is destroyed. After a few years the country is completely desolated, and besides very few wolves are destroyed with it. Some of the pups are caught that way but very seldom old ones. With steel traps properly set the young and old ones are caught.

Professional wolf trappers should be hired at a monthly salary the year round, in addition to the following bounties viz: \$15 for pups, \$20 for dog and \$25

for the she wolf. By having fifty or more trappers properly equipped and employed during a few years in each Province the wolves would soon decrease and there would be a good chance to save the small amount of deer we have especially in Quebec.

A wolfer requires several dozen of traps, as each set takes from two to four and to be at all successful he needs at the very least one hundred, which at \$30 to \$35 per dozen, take a certain sum which very few settlers of the North can afford to lay out. Besides there is not one settler out of a hundred who knows how to trap them.

I say that the trappers should be paid a salary besides a good bounty. Some people may think that a wolfer would make good money in such a case. Well, this is not so. There is a lot of hardship in wolfing and although a man be paid \$50 per month besides the bounty he will make just a living. Should some do well, then the sooner the wolves will be destroyed the better. It is well to bear in mind however, that the wolves are not so plentiful as the black flies in June, and with the present bounty of \$15 per scalp there is no living to be made and this is the reason why very few are killed.

All the Provinces should establish an uniform bounty, and one which will be a real inducement for the professional wolf trappers, and which will offer no temptation for the scalps of wolves from neighbouring Provinces.

Booklets with instructions how to trap wolves should be freely distributed in the infested districts, thus enabling the settlers to get a share of the scalps and bounty. There are many sure ways of trapping wolves the year round without having to slaughter the deer to bait them. There is a good scent which can be very cheaply made and which, combined with a water set, is a sure go every time on the wolf.

# The Fine Fishing Waters of Quebec.

BY E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

**I**T was one of the most noted writers on angling subjects in the United States who said some time ago that owing to the depletion of the fish in most American waters, he invariably went to Canada when he wanted the very best fishing.

I have written elsewhere of the trout and salmon fishing of Newfoundland and of the big burley black bass of the Temagami district of New Ontario, and it has been suggested that the present paper should be devoted to some practical suggestions concerning a few of the many sporting attractions open to the angler in the province of Quebec.

The difficulty in complying with such a request is that the subject is such a large one that it is difficult to know where to draw the line. Nettle and Wells and Alexander have written volumes upon the salmon rivers of Quebec, her trout lakes and streams have proved the inexhaustible subject of scores of writers, and once when I undertook to write something for the publishing firm of Harper and Bros. on the ouananiche I found that I had only skimmed the surface of the subject when I had made a book of over three hundred and fifty pages.

There is much good fishing still to be had in the more settled parts in the Province of Quebec, and even to this day there is excellent bass fishing in Brome Lake at Knowlton and brook trout abound in many a meandering Eastern Townships stream and lake. But it is the more distant and often far northerly waters of the Province that appeal most successfully to the angler-tourist. This enormous fish and game reserve of Nature is accessible from at least four main points, and may be divided into as many distinct divisions. Each of these territories is larger than many an European kingdom, and therefore capable of many a sub-division.

There are the upper Ottawa and Gati-neau district, that of the St. Maurice, the northern Quebec and Lake St. John country and the Gulf division comprising

the salmon and trout waters of the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

This enumeration, however, omits the regions of splendid sport to be had in the St. Lawrence and lower Ottawa Rivers, in the Ste. Agathe and other districts immediately north of Montreal, and in the far famed Gaspe peninsula.

Much has been made by individual writers interested in advertising the attractions of rival States and Provinces, of the fact that certain waters in the Province of Quebec have been leased to clubs and private individuals, and that from such lakes and streams the public are now excluded. This is quite true, and I have at present before me a map showing the whole of the waters so leased. Some clubs have quite large sections of country so reserved and leased for their own special use, and yet a glance at the map before me is sufficient to convince the most casual enquirers that the entire territory so leased constitutes but a most insignificant part of the wild country still open for visiting anglers, and in some cases and under certain conditions, available for further reserves.

The Province of Quebec was the first and is almost the only one of the Provinces to lease out these fishing and hunting territories. In so doing it has no desire to deprive its own people of free fishing, nor yet to discourage the visits of those non-residents who are attracted by the wealth of fish in the waters that is to be found scarcely anywhere else. Two reasons have influenced the action of the Government in this respect. It was found that the wild area of the Province was far too large for the Government to satisfactorily protect, and the leasing of portions of this territory to individual sportsmen or clubs was resorted to as a means to, and on the condition of, an efficient system of protection by guardians on the part of the lessees. Only on these conditions were fishing rights leased for the comparatively small rentals paid for them. The amount of the rentals received from these waters goes to

aid in the protection of other fish and game, and furnishes another reason for the policy of the Government in the premises.

What are known as the coarser game fish are found in many localities quite near to the city of Montreal. Both above and below the Lachine Rapids are to be had bass, whitefish, maskinonge, dore, pike and many varieties of other coarse fish. Between Vaudreuil and Montreal there are many good fishing resorts, and especially at the junction of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers, twenty-one miles from Montreal by G.T.R. which is a favorite resort for anglers. Pike and dore may be caught by trolling with a spoon or minnow. Dore run here from one to ten pounds in weight, and maskinonge to an enormous size, one taken in the Ottawa, near Rigaud, some years ago having weighed sixty-two pounds. A gudgeon or a spoon is the favourite bait, and a salmon reel and seventy-five yards of line are almost necessities when angling for these fish. Some specimens have been known to give a two hours' battle. Whitefish are also at times taken in these waters. They are most successfully fished for in oily-looking water where two currents meet, and from an anchored boat. They usually take a white and grey or white and yellow fly of rather small size, and often seize grasshoppers with avidity. Black bass, though scarcer in those waters than formerly, occasionally rise to the fly up to about the 10th of July. For a month thereafter they are generally taken by trolling with either a spoon or a small gudgeon. Like the whitefish they are seldom taken in these wide waters when a north or north-east wind is blowing. Perch are also plentiful in the vicinity of Vaudreuil, and take both minnows and worms freely.

Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis both abound with black bass, dore and maskinonge. Lachine, Beauharnois, Pointe Claire, Coteau Junction, Valleyfield and River Beaudette are all good points for the angler who desires to try these free waters.

The trout lakes in the country north of Montreal may be reached by a short railway run over the Canadian Pacific Railway. Some of these attractive waters

are in the vicinity of St. Jerome, and others within seven or eight miles of New Glasgow. Half and three quarter pound trout are good fish in these waters, and while much larger ones are but seldom taken, there are plenty of the size mentioned. Ste. Agathe is the name of a station in the same neighborhood, but about sixty miles from Montreal, in the centre of a group of most picturesque lakes in which there is good fishing, the trout, however, being of moderate size. St. Jovite is the centre of numerous fishing waters, and fifteen miles further north at the terminus of the branch railway, is Labelle, near which excellent sport may be obtained.

The district of the Upper Ottawa almost rivals the famous Lake St. John waters in the immense number of its lakes and rivers and the abundance of fish with which they are stocked. The Ottawa takes its rise only thirty-two miles south of the Height of Land between the St. Lawrence waters and those flowing into Hudson Bay. It is some eight hundred miles in length, being almost as long as the Rhine, and having three times its volume of water. From its head waters it is possible to pass by comparatively short portages into almost any of the great northern rivers of the Province of Quebec. Thus the head waters of the Ashuapmouchouan, the great feeder of Lake St. John, are not more than fifty miles from the Ottawa. It is only thirty-five miles from the headwaters of the Ottawa to those of the Gatineau, one of its principal tributaries, and from the latter to the source of the St. Maurice the distance is only sixteen miles. Generally speaking there are intervening lakes which enable the crossings to be made almost entirely by water. The entire country north of the Ottawa is one of Lakes. Here there are any number of beautiful waters, suitable for the erection of private camps and club houses on their picturesque banks, which may be leased for almost nominal sums from the fish and game department of the local government of Quebec, and many of which have seldom been fished by white men at all, almost all of them being as well stocked with trout, or it may be with bass, as they were when the first white men visited them.



Lake Kippewa, one of the lakes in this section of the country is fifty miles long by five to six broad. It may be reached by railway from Temiscamingue, where there is a good hotel. Bark canoes and guides can be had at Mattawa. Two steamers ply in summer on the lake, and closely connected with it are a group of smaller waters, their combined area with that of Kippewa exceeding one thousand four hundred square miles. They are all well supplied with fish and discharge their surface waters by the Kippewa river. Lac des Chats, the Mississippi river and lakes, Allumette lake and the Chichester lakes are all famous fishing places in this part of the country.

The Gatineau one of the most important of the Ottawa's tributaries, is nearly four hundred miles long, and the country drained by it is thickly bespangled with lakes of all kinds and sizes, containing all sorts of fish to be found in this region, and connected by beautiful streams. Splendid trolling is to be had in the Gatineau and many of the lakes that discharge into it, and in others of its tributary waters, there is to be had as fine fly-fishing as any to be found in this part of the world. Some of the trout and bass in these waters are of very large size, while specimens of their whitefish weigh as high as thirteen pounds. The Gatineau Valley Railway enables anglers to enter the heart of this paradise of the angler.

In all parts of the country containing the waters above described there are numerous opportunities for the visiting angler to enjoy himself to his heart's content, without trespassing upon anybody's private preserves, while if he desires to secure for himself and his friends a delightful locale for a summer camp, he may lease on easy terms, not only the site for the camp, but also the exclusive right to fish and to preserve a number of the surrounding waters. Full details in regard to the available lakes, streams and territories for lease can be had either from the department at Quebec or from any of the local fish and game officials of the Government.

There are also any amount of such territories to be leased in the St. Maurice district. The whole country drained by the St. Maurice River and its tribu-

taries is thickly dotted with lakes connected with a net work of streams, so that with very little intervening portaging almost the whole country may be traversed by the aid of a birch-bark canoe. On the east this territory adjoins that of the Lake St. John country, and portions of it may be quite easily reached by the line of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway and its La Tuque branch which runs out from it towards the west. There is also a good portage route into it from Lake Edward, a good part of which is by way of intervening lakes.

The St. Maurice River, which gives its name to all this territory, is one of the largest tributaries of the St. Lawrence, being over four hundred miles long. In common with all its tributaries it abounds in all kinds of coarse fish, most of the smaller streams and lakes in the territory drained by it being stocked with the largest and gamiest brook trout. Its principal tributaries are the Shawinigan, Matawin, Rat, Vermillion, Flamand, Ribbon, and Manouan from the west, and Mekinak, Petite and Grand Bostonnais, Coche, Tranche and Vindigo from the east. The St. Maurice is navigatable to La Tuque, now reached by a branch of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, and soon to be reached by the line of the Transcontinental railway. Grand Piles, seventy-five miles below La Tuque, is reached by rail from Three Rivers, and is a good point for obtaining guides and all necessary information concerning the surrounding country and its attractions for the angler. From this point as a centre, there are any number of good angling resorts to be reached. It is possible to get by way of the St. Maurice River and tributaries to Lake St. John by three different routes: by Little Bostonnais river, by Big Bostonnais river and by La Croche river and then from lake to lake. Two days and a half are occupied in making the portages, but there is no river entering directly into Lake St. John from this direction. Fishing is good all the way across. It is from Grand Piles, or by ascending the St. Maurice River in a steamer that the members of the famous Laurentian and Shawinigan fishing clubs reach their preserves. They own a magnificent series of lakes where brook trout have been taken up

to five and six pounds in weight. It is impossible to mention the names of even a tithe of the fishing grounds that may be reached from Grand Piles, but the guides there know the best of them.

The Mattawin flows into the St. Maurice from the west, some twenty-five miles north of the Piles. It is easily ascended by canoes and some of its tributary streams contain large quantities of fish. In the angle formed by the junction of the St. Maurice and the Mattawin, an explorer, some years ago, made out a list of seventy-one lakes, all of which teemed with fish.

There are also a number of lakes containing good fish within easy distance of Shawinigan Falls, a station on the Great Northern Railway, where comfortable hotels are to be found.

From St. Barthelemi station on the Canadian Pacific Railway, good fishing waters can be reached by a drive of about fifteen miles, while the celebrated Mastigouche group of lakes is reached by stage from St. Gabriel, on the Joliette branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, seventy-eight miles from Montreal. The local headquarters for anglers is the Mastigouche House.

The Richelieu river, the outlet of Lake Champlain, flows into the St. Lawrence forty-five miles above Three Rivers. There is fair fishing in almost its entire length, especially for black bass, pike, perch and chub. Guides can be had at both Lacolle and at St. Johns. Similar fishing can be had both at Chambly Basin, ten miles below St. Johns, and again at Beloeil, where the Grand Trunk Railway crosses the river.

In the St. Lawrence, off Sorel, at the mouth of the river, good fishing for bass, dore, pike, perch, etc., may be had in the Chenel du Moine five miles distant, at Ile des Graces, in Baie St. Francois, Baie de Valliere, off Pointe a Mecco, Ile du Moine, etc. Guides from Sorel charge \$1.50 per day.

The city of Quebec is the Mecca during the angling season of fishermen from all parts of the civilized world. They come from all parts of Canada, from every State of the American Union and from many countries of Europe, some for salmon, others for ouananiche and more still for

the various trout waters both in the north and south.

To the south are the splendid waters of the Gaspé peninsula, containing some of the finest salmon and trout waters in the world. Some of these waters, like the Cascapedia, and the Restigouche, with its valuable tributaries, including the Metapedia, enjoy a world-wide reputation. Many of them are leased to anglers. There are many more of them, including both rivers and lakes which may still be obtained from the Provincial Government. Some of these, which were formerly difficult of access, will soon be within easy reach of visiting anglers, because of the rapid extension of railway communication. The proposed new line of railway through the interior of the Gaspé peninsula will open up a great wealth of waters well stocked with game fish.

Then on the south shore also are the well stocked waters of the Temiscouta and other districts reached by the Intercolonial and Temiscouta Railways, several of which will no doubt be rapidly taken up by individual fishermen and clubs. Most of these waters are now fairly accessible, and have been but little fished.

There are still a number of unleased salmon waters on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, though most of these are many miles down the Gulf and require some time to reach them. Anglers of leisure would enjoy no doubt, the sail to them by yacht or schooner, though not every angler can afford to run down to one of these streams as Mr. J. J. Hill does, in his steam yacht, from five hundred to six hundred miles below Quebec.

Space would entirely fail to enter into detail concerning the salmon streams of the Lower St. Lawrence, on either shore, at the tail end of an article of the length to which the present one has grown. And the same remark applies to the trout waters in the same districts, many of which furnish the best of sea trout fishing and to those of the interior of the Gaspé peninsula, of which only merest mention has been made. These require an article to themselves. And even then there is the enormous Lake St. John country with its wealth of salmon, trout and ouana-



niche, and in which may be included the waters of the Saguenay district, as well as the marvellous trout fishing in Lake Edward.

The ouananiche has frequently been described as the gamiest fish that swims. It deserves a series of chapters. And so does the enormous feeders of Lake St. John with their wonderful rapids and waterfalls, and vast supplies of fish. The fish and game department of the

government of Quebec and the passenger department of the Quebec and Lake St. John railway distribute to all applicants, descriptive literature of the fishing waters in this section of the province, which may be depended upon for accuracy, and perhaps "Rod and Gun" may at some future time open its columns to a more thorough description of some of the attractions of this most beautiful of all Quebec's Northern sporting country.

## Fish and Game Protection in Alberta.

**T**HE Provincial Fish and Game Association for Alberta, the formation of which was foreshadowed in the last number of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" is now an accomplished fact, a successful organization meeting having been held in Calgary, and the new Association started on what it is hoped will prove a long career of usefulness and service. The Convention was held at the invitation of the Calgary branch, and the Rev. G. H. Hogbin, as President of the local auxiliary, was called upon to preside over the Provincial Conference. The delegates present were Messrs. Osborn Brown, E. A. Adams, Inspector Duffus, R. B. Darker, and Dr. Ings, of Calgary; Ford and Oakley, of Priddis; Captain Cottingham and Mr. Stephenson of Red Deer; Mr. Stanford of Stavely; Mr. Sibbald, of Gleichen, Mr. Brewster and Mr. Luxton, of Banff; Mr. McDougall, of Morley; Mr. Andrews, of Macleod; and Mr. F. Beddingfield, of Pekisko.

In the first place the delegates pledged themselves to the formation of a Provincial Association, and accepted, with a few minor alterations to meet the special requirements of the Province, the constitution and bylaws of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. These necessary changes were referred to a special committee to arrange.

The election of officers resulted as under:

Hon. President, Hon. A. C. Rutherford, Premier of the Province.

President, Rev. Geo. H. Hogbin, Calgary.

Vice-President for the North, T. A. Brick, of Lesser Slave Lake, M. P. P. for Peace River.

Vice-President for the Center, Captain Cottingham, Red Deer.

Vice-President for the South, Thomas Andrews, of MacLeod.

Secretary-Treasurer, George B. McDermott, Calgary.

It was decided to elect the Executive Committee through the local branches, Calgary to have three representatives, and each of the other branches one. This preponderance was given to Calgary in order to ensure a quorum at any hastily called meeting of the Committee, it being felt that in such cases the Calgary men could be relied upon to attend, and the other branches could certainly muster two—five being a quorum. The membership fee was fixed at one dollar per annum, to be equally divided between the local and central funds.

The remainder of the time was entirely given up to the consideration of the draft measure now before the Alberta Legislature dealing with game protection.

A strongly endorsed suggestion to the effect that the magpie be included in the list of birds that may be shot all the year round was carried when it was found that the name of the bird had not been given in the list.

The clause referring to mountain sheep and goats proposes a close season till 1909. This was objected to by some delegates present as being too long, and it was suggested that one year was sufficient, provided that does and young ones were permanently protected. On the other side it was contended that two years' protection was short enough considering the present position of these animals. Considerable blame for the slaughter of big game was laid upon the railway construction camps, the men



composing which were said to be ignorant of the game laws. Ultimately it was decided to recommend a close season till October, 1908, females and young ones to be at all times protected, and the present season, when opened, to be shortened.

The Stoney Indians were charged with much of the slaughter, and it was stated that this is largely due to a misunderstanding. The Stonies believe that their treaties with the Canadian Government gives them hunting rights, whereas it is alleged that these treaties are subject to the laws of the Province. The only way out of this difficulty would appear to be the negotiation of a further treaty with them which would make the matter quite clear. So long as things remain as they are the Stonies will feel that they are under a grievance, and will persist in their destructive hunts, while the white men will continue likewise to cherish a grievance against them. The Provincial authorities should call the attention of the Dominion Government to the matter and urge immediate action.

As one means to the end aimed at—the stopping of the slaughter of big game, the prohibition of the sale of ammunition to Indians was suggested, but it was stated that the Stonies have a special permit from the Government to purchase a limited amount of ammunition and this could not be easily withdrawn.

Satisfaction was expressed with the clause making it unlawful to kill more than two antelopes during a season and limiting the season to one month, viz: October first to November first. Similar approval was given to the clause allowing only one deer, and one moose, to each hunter and fixing the season from November first to December first. It was further proposed that it be made unlawful to kill the females or the young of the protected game.

Mr. Ford, one of the delegates from Priddis, announced his intention of bringing into the country some Chinese pheasants which he intends to turn out at Priddis, if three years' protection can be assured to them. A clause in the proposed new act covers such a case, and it is therefore probable that before long Chinese pheasants may be seen on the Albertan prairies.

The need for the protection of elk was strongly urged and the delegates were unanimously in favor of such protection till November, 1909.

Messrs. Cottingham, Darker, Andrews and Luxton were appointed as a deputation to proceed to Edmonton with the decisions of the Convention, and press them upon the attention of the Minister in charge of the bill.

Exportation of big game will only be allowed at \$5 per head. Game guides and camp helpers are to be licensed in all cases except when accompanying residents in pursuit of game birds. The onus of seeing that visiting sportsmen have complied with the law in respect to licenses etc., is to be upon the guides, and the penalty for neglect of duty is to be loss of license and fine. Search warrants are to be secured by Game Guardians when suspicion is strong enough to search houses for evidence.

The clause of the new bill relating to ducks etc., which was strongly supported, reads as follows: "No person shall hunt etc., any bird of those species of the family anatidae, commonly known as ducks, geese, and swans between the first day of January and the first day of September, and not more than fifteen ducks shall be killed or taken by any person in one day before the fifteenth of September, nor more than twenty-five in any one day after that date, and that this section does not apply to ducks that cannot fly commonly known as flappers, they being protected under this ordinance."

The draft bill provides for a close season for grouse till the fall of 1909. This proposal found strenuous advocates, while others were in favor of fixing the date at 1908; and others again strongly argued for the alternative of shortening the season and limiting the bag as the best means of arriving at the object aimed at. The latter course was ultimately carried on the casting vote of the Chairman. This, if it is carried into effect by the Legislature, means that the season is to be the month of October, with a limit of fifteen birds in one day, and one hundred for the season. The fine for violation of the law is to be \$10 per bird, each bird constituting a separate offence. Exportation of birds will be allowed at one dollar per dozen, but only two dozen birds will be allowed to be carried out by one person in one season.

Fishery matters were talked over at length, and it was decided to try and arrange a Conference on these subjects with the Dominion Fishery Inspector.

# Thirty Seasons of Maskinonge Fishing.

BY W. HICKSON.

**I**T has been said that fishing for maskinonge is very much like dealing in mining stock—on certain days success lifts you to the clouds, while on other days you are away down in the deep valley of disappointment without a single ray of sunshine to comfort you.

After an experience of maskinonge fishing on the Kawartha Lakes near Bobcaygeon covering thirty seasons, the writer feels inclined to dispute the foregoing assertion, and would amend it by saying that if you go fishing for maskinonge on "good days" your success will always keep you on the mountain top.

I should like to be allowed here to quote an uncouth ballad in which there is "more truth than poetry," and which runs like this:

When the wind blows from the South.  
Then it blows the hook into the fish's  
mouth.

When it blows from the West,  
Then it is that the fish bite the best.

When it blows from the North,  
The old fishermen rarely ever goes forth.

When it blows from the East,  
Then it is the fish bite the least.

Notwithstanding these predictions, as the sixteenth of June draws near all fishermen who fish for maskinonge overhaul their fishing tackle, and have everything ready for the opening day. Bright and early on the first morning of the open season no matter in what direction the wind may be blowing they go out. If the catch is nil they return in the evening declaring that there is no maskinonge in the lake!

Allow me to relate for the benefit of your readers some of my experiences in the exciting sport of taking the maskinonge. On one ideal evening in July I secured a boat, and having made all my preparations was out very early the next morning on the placid bosom of Sturgeon Lake. The birds had just begun their melody in the beautiful coves along the

banks of the lake, and the sun was shooting out his meteor beams across the eastern horizon. Although I fished hard all day using different kinds of bait and different weights of sinkers, I returned at night with nothing but a sunburnt face, blistered hands, tangled lines, broken hooks, tired arms, a voracious appetite, and withered hopes. In those days I was a novice at that kind of fishing, but I remember well that on that day there was a hot, dry, east wind blowing.

A few days afterwards I went from the same landing, in the same boat, and was reeling out the same line with the same bait, when to my surprise before more than half my line was out I felt a tug that made me think I had caught the bottom. However I was soon assured that I had something better than rock at the end of my line. A dart was made to leeward at a rate that made my line sing through the water. As I had never before had hold of a fish of such large dimensions I did not know what to do. I therefore pulled and tugged on my line till I did manage to turn him. Then I warped the line in, hand over hand, till I saw him coming towards the boat at a furious rate. In my enthusiasm at that sight I gave one tremendous yank in order to lift him into the boat. He did not take kindly to this treatment, and just as he touched the boat he doubled himself up, made a mighty slash with his huge tail fin, and broke my tackling off at the swivel. So suddenly was I relieved of his weight that I almost toppled out of the boat and into the lake on the other side. As soon as I recovered my balance, I stood holding up my line in a sort of a maze, thinking how I would have handled him had I managed to get him into the boat. As I was examining the part of the swivel left to me an old Scottie, who had fished all his life, came up to me in his little butternut "dug-out," and greeted me with "Is that yersel?" To this query I replied, "Good morning, my friend!" "An' what's yer luck?" he

further asked, and a recital of my experience followed. He listened intently, and at the end exclaimed, "Hoot, mon! Did'n ye noo h'd brak aw yer tackling? A manan, coom awa' wi' me, an' I'll show ye hoo." To fix my tackling and accept the old Scot's invitation (to have refused which would have been a gross offence to him) was the work of a moment. We were soon off again, the old man taking the lead, as he knew all the good fishing grounds. It was not long before I saw him straighten himself up in his little "dug-out," play his line, keeping it taut all the time, till he had fished out a beauty. Then, with the dexterity of a professional, he poised his gaff, darted it into his prize, lifted it into his boat, and secured it.

It is needless to tell the reader that I noted carefully how the old man played his fish, and how well he secured it. I began to try my luck on the same grounds, and lucky I was for I landed several fine specimens of these noble fish that morning. Those were the times when there was no legal restraint on the numbers of fish caught. There were also few fishermen, no tourists, and an abundance of fish.

Since that first lesson I have caught hundreds of maskinonge, some of which were twenty pounders, and I have had some very exciting sport with some that were over the twenty pound mark. There is only one thing I regret in my dealings with my old friend, the Scot, and that was letting him know that I could beat him in fishing for maskinonge. That knowledge was a pill my dear old friend did not like!

One beautiful morning, some five or six years after my first lesson, I was fishing on the same grounds, and noticed my ever welcome friend the Scot, coming towards me in his fishing craft. When he got near enough he accosted me thus: "Deary me, is that yer self?" followed by "Hoo are ye mon?" I replied in my most courteous manner, and then telling him that I had dulled my hooks in crossing a bar, requested the loan of his file if he had it with him. "A yes mon, an' ye shall hae it wi' a thousand welkums." To hand the file to me he drew alongside my canoe, and looking into it he saw

several fine fish ranging from eight to fifteen pounds piled up in the bow. His countenance fell at this sight and he exclaimed "A mon, a mona, gie me that file" which he had handed to me, and which I at once returned. I saw immediately that he was hurt on account of my large catch. As he started off I went along with him, and strove as best I could to soothe his wounded feelings. He met my advances in a good spirit as soon as his ruffled feelings were smoothed down, and we were soon the best of friends again. From that day however, I never allowed him to know the extent of my catches. In the course of the years he passed away from the lake and this world to solid peace and we hope lasting pleasure.

It is almost a proverb that "one at a time is good fishing," but I have beaten that by one hundred per cent. A friend and myself in the same boat have caught "two at a time" more than once in Sturgeon Lake. About nine years ago on a charming July morning, Mr. H. Fowler, artist, of the town of Lindsay, and myself were out on our favorite grounds. I was in the stern of the canoe and steered along a ledge which is the bottom of the lake at this place. We had not proceeded more than half way along the ledge when I received one of those sharp electric tugs which told me at once that business was in progress. I shouted to my friend, "Now I have a good one!" which he immediately contradicted by yelling, "No, you haven't; I have him!" My retort was as quick as his response: "No, sir, I tell you I have him!" His next interrogatory was "What will you bet, dear boy?" I could only say "No time for betting now!" Indeed each of us was handling his line with all agility, coiling it rapidly near us in the bottom of the canoe. Only a few moments elapsed from the time each got the intimation that "something was doing," till two splendid lunge came, like a pair of horses under control of bit and bridle, to the stern of our canoe, and then, and not till then, did each conceive of the possibility of a fish being on each hook. It was so, however, and as each fish turned his tail towards the stern of our canoe, to dive into his native element



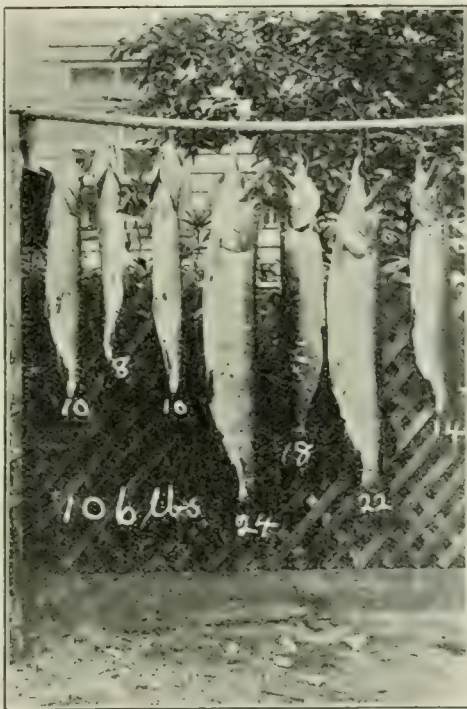
again, each threw the bright sparkling water like a shower bath over us with his large tail fin. With this sight the eyes of my friend grew larger and he could only ejaculate "Well, this does beateverythingyet!"

All this time the lines were spinning out over the side of the canoe, and each was kept busy without any further comment. About sixty feet of line was drawn out taut, and then our fish suddenly turned towards the canoe again.

Once more we were engaged taking in line, and just as we were the busiest my friend suddenly called out, "There, my fellow is running across your line!" I could only say, "Well, we'll have to let him go just now!"—for I had not the remotest idea of going down to see what his "fellow" was doing just then.

On they came till they were within a yard of the stern of the canoe, and quite near the top of the water. As the lines were not crossed I led mine to starboard, and my friend led his to the larboard. There we each played his fish, each "shinneying on his own side," till our prizes were tired out. Then we took them in and knapped them.

As I said before I have caught hundreds of maskinonge, and yet I can safely say that not more than a dozen of all I have taken would each weigh fifteen pounds and over. I have found the greater number to range from seven to ten pounds each. I well remember the first twenty pounder I caught. He kept swelling as I looked at him lying in the bottom of my canoe, till I would have wagered any amount within my reach that he was over thirty pounds. To my



A FINE CATCH FOR TWO FISHERMEN.

surprise when placed on the scales he weighed twenty-one pounds! I have concluded ever since that when you hear of fishermen taking three or four twenty pounders in one day you had better ask them to allow you to see them on the scales. Just once I have seen more than one twenty pounder taken in one day. This was two years ago last season on Pigeon Lake by two fishermen in one forenoon, and an illustration is given of their catch which will give the reader a good idea of their abilities as fishermen, and of the good fortune attending them that day.

The first of September six years ago broke beautifully clear, and as I felt like taking some game I took my gun and red copper bait, and was soon off in my canoe for a bay about two miles from Bobcaygeon, hoping to secure a few black ducks. In my endeavor to get to the far end of the marsh where they were feeding, I broke a dry cedar limb, which caused these wary fellows to rise instantly. As I was too far away for a shot I watched them as they winged their way out of my sight to the west. Then, retracing my course to the Lake, I took off my hunting coat, threw out my bait, and started for Jack's Rock, a few rods away. Just as I got opposite to it and on the east side I took a nice maskinonge. After playing him for a time I landed him, threw out my bait again and continued my course on the east side of the ledge till I came near the north shore of the lake. I then attempted to cross to the west side of the ledge, and was in the act of turning when I got a tremendous pull which caused me to suspect that my hooks had caught on

some sunken log. This tug however was followed almost instantaneously by a steady vibratory motion or feeling which assured me that there was something with more life than a log at the other end. Immediately I seized the line between my thumb and forefinger of my right hand and let out all my line. Then my canoe began to move quite lively towards the line. This continued for several moments when I felt the line slacken. I took it in until I well knew that my fish was within four or five-yards of my canoe. He however kept down deep, and maintained a continuous tugging at the line as though he were trying to find out what was at the other end. Again he went off towards the east till he had all my line out, and again the boat moved quite rapidly towards the fish. This manoeuvre was repeated four times. On his return to the boat for the fourth time he rose to the top. When I saw him I would have declared that he would have weighed at least forty pounds. I picked up my knapping stick, and poised it in my right hand to hit my prize on the head. He saw my movement and darted off at lightning speed. However my knapping stick was descending at lightning speed too, and I struck him right on the centre of the back knocking off a large piece of scale. This only maddened him, and he lashed the water in every direction as he disappeared in an oblique direction towards the bottom. I now held the line in my left hand and felt my forefinger sting. When I looked at it I found that it was burnt as if it had been seared by a hot wire, the cause being the rapidity of the line passing over it. I pursued the same tactics as before and at last had the pleasure of seeing him float passively on



MY CHAMPION 'LUNGE.

the top. This time my knapper descended square on the centre of his head. His muscles and huge fins quivered, and the struggle was over. I lifted him into my canoe, stared at him for a few seconds, and said to myself, "That fellow will weigh between thirty and forty pounds!" Then I looked at my watch and found that I had been playing with him for twenty-five minutes. I also discovered that I was wet through with the water he had been throwing over me. In half an hour I was home, and Mr. C. E. Stewart, Editor of the *Bobcaygeon Independent*, measured and weighed him with the result that he tipped the scales at twenty-four pounds, nine ounces; length forty-eight and a half inches; girth nineteen and a half inches. This is the largest fish I ever landed. Of course I may have had hold of larger ones, and they broke away—as the monsters always do. To be frank about it, I think this is the largest one I ever hooked, and the picture will show that he was a beauty.

On June fifteenth last season, as on the same date many seasons before, I got my tackling ready, and was off in my canoe in very good time the following morning. Before I had gone a mile I landed a nice nine pound 'lunge. As I neared my old grounds I found them dotted with boats, and so did not stay to make an extra one. I had a friend who lived on the shore and went to pay him a visit. At three o'clock in the afternoon I was on the grounds again, and had no sooner reached them than a terrific thunderstorm, accompanied with hail and rain broke over the lake. Ten of us landed on a little island (Muskrat by name) and crawled under our boats. We listened to the thunder as it crashed peal after peal over us, and to the hail and the





NOT BITING VERY GOOD EITHER.

rain as they battered on the bottoms of our boats. Just when the storm was at its height a bolt struck the largest bass-wood on the island, the tree being only four rods from us. The whole top of the tree was carried away, and three of us were badly shocked. By the time the storm ceased its fury we had recovered sufficiently to make our way home. It was five o'clock before we were released from our "prison" as some termed it, though we were glad of the shelter at the time. When we got out we saw a farmer's barns and stables all ablaze about a mile north of us, the fire being the work of the lightning. In less than an hour we were at home, little if any the worse for our unpleasant experience.

In the town of Niagara Falls South, there recently occurred the death of Mr. George Biggar, a noted Canadian taxidermist. The late Mr. Biggar, who had reached the age of sixty-five years, and taking a deep personal interest in his work, succeeded in setting up his specimens in fine imitation of Nature. Their pose and expression were so good that

We strung out our fish and as the picture shows we did not get a bad catch.

Last season I fished for maskinonge six times, and caught fifteen of these noble fish. The greatest number I caught at one time was three, and the least was one, so that all who read this and are good at mathematics may find out how many times I landed three and how many times one.

In closing allow me to say that Bobcaygeon has excellent connections with the outside world by both boat and railway, and lies right in the centre of the ninety mile stretch of the Kawartha Lakes, whose crystal waters and beautiful scenery along their banks afford a never ending delight to tourists.

Mr. Biggar was never in want of work, specimens from far and near finding his way to his place of business. Sportsmen found in Mr. Biggar a friend and helper, who could enter into their wishes and efficiently carry them out, and his death will consequently cause wide spread regret amongst the ranks of the ever increasing army of Canadian sportsmen.



## Alpine Club Notes.

Spring is in the air. The Alpine Club has ceased to hibernate. The tocsin has been sounded and the call to arms gone forth. Below will be found notices relating to the date of the second annual camp, obtaining ice-axes and the formation of an Art Section.

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The second annual camp will be held in Paradise valley, commencing early in July. A circular notice will be issued later giving the details. The fundamental principle of the camp is that only members can attend. Those, therefore, who wish for the holiday of their lives in the mountain regions of their own country should make inquiries whether they can qualify for membership.

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Paradise Valley is a beautiful spot, offering perfect alpine conditions. At its head, within a stone's throw of where the camp will be pitched, is the Horse-shoe Glacier, a huge mass of crystal ice, filling up the cirque of precipices descending from the crests of Mts. Hungabee, Lefroy, Aberdeen, Pinnacle and Temple. Members desirous of studying glaciers and their action can take a sun-shade and stroll over after tea.

The mountains surrounding the Valley are the most attractive of the entire chain. Several of them, viz:—Hungabee, Lefroy and Victoria are peaks of the Continental Divide—the Backbone of Canada. Mts. Hungabee and Deltaform, close by, have only been ascended once; while Mt. Lefroy is the massif on which the daring American climber, Phillip S. Abbot lost his life when attempting a first ascent. All these are within easy reach.

The camp will be reached from the little station of Laggan on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A good driving road extends beside a brawling mountain torrent and through the forests clothing the slopes of Mt. Fairview to Paradise Creek. From here on a pony trail leads up Paradise Valley, besides one of the most picturesque glacial torrents to be met with. The distance from Laggan is about eight miles.

Within a few miles of the camp is situated the luxurious summer hotel of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Lake Louise, a sheet of water of transcendent loveliness, surrounded by towering fir crowned heights, and shadowing peaks of snow-clad white, which form its background. A good pony trail leads to Lakes Mirror, and Agnes—the Lakes in the Clouds.

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On the opposite or eastern side of Paradise Valley are the Valley of the Ten Peaks and Consolation Valley. In the former lies the celebrated Moraine Lake, surrounded by precipices and hanging glaciers and walled in by the serried array of the Ten Peaks on one side and Mts. Temple, Pinnacle, Eiffel Peak and Hungabee on the other. Consolation Valley holds two charming lakelets of transparent blue and at its head are park lands bright with flowers, and dotted with golden larch. At the corner of the two valleys rises the ruined Tower of Babel.

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The Rev. J. R. Robertson, Rupert W. Haggen and two others of Revelstoke, B.C. are planning to make the first ascent of the centre peak of Mt. Begbie, a glacier crowned massif of the Gold Range, situated a few miles south of the town. They will be accompanied by the Swiss guide, Edouard Feuz Jr., who has spent the last two winters at Glacier, near the summit of the Selkirk Range. The climb will be made as soon as the snow is sufficiently off the mountain to permit of the ascent.

It is in the air that J. D. Patterson, of Woodstock, one of the Club's most active members, will organize a party to make the primary ascent of the North Tower of Mt. Goodsir. It is, within a hundred feet or so, as high as the South Tower and is more difficult. In fact it is said to be inaccessible.

All round, there is suppressed excitement in the air. The President is receiving orders for ice-axes, and alpenstocks from all sides, and this year it is

expected will be one of great activity and developement for the Alpine Club.

Members of the Club who desire to obtain ice-axes or alpenstocks for the second annual camp, to be held in Paradise Valley in July, may order them through the President.

As these articles will be imported from Switzerland, all orders should be sent in at once and must be accompanied by the sum of five dollars (\$5.00) to cover the cost.

Address Arthur O. Wheeler, Box 167, Calgary, Alberta.

For the purpose of organizing an Art Section of the Club, it is proposed to inaugurate an annual Art Competition, subject to the conditions named hereunder.

1. Competitors shall contribute six mounted photographic views; size and quality of prints unrestricted, but mounts must be all of one size for each exhibit.

2. The subjects shall be as follows, viz:—Two mountain landscapes (Forest, water, mountain)

One group of figures (In camp, climbing, or travelling afoot or on horseback.)

One landscape with cloud effects.

Two Alpine landscapes (Snow, ice, rock berg.)

3. Entries will be received by the President up to the 30th June, 1907.

4. Exhibits will be placed on view at the second annual camp, in Paradise Valley in July next, when judges will be selected to award the prizes.

5. All exhibits will be the property of the Club, so that each year's Competition may be framed and used to adorn the Club's library, when it has one.

6. Two prizes will be awarded.

7. The Competition will be open to all members of the Club.

Address, Arthur O. Wheeler, P.O. Box 167, Calgary, Alberta.

Applications for membership are still coming in. The latest is one from Edinburgh in which the writer (Mr. Middleton) states that he expects to be in Canada before the summer and wishes to join the Club as an active member. Mr. Middle-

ton has already done some climbing in the mountains round Banff.

It is hoped that before the present year is out an official conquest may be made of Mt. Robson, lying far north of the railway, and the highest mountain in the Rockies. Mt. Logan, in Alaska, the highest peak in Canada is another proposition which the Club would do well to unfold ere that aggressive and greedy individual, the cosmopolitan mountaineer, boldly, though cannily, puts it in the bag of his conquests.

The Year Book will, it is expected, be ready for the market in June. All members of the Club are entitled to one copy gratis, but it is hoped that many members will purchase copies for friends and thus assist in the work of disseminating information regarding both the Club and the history of Canadian mountaineering. Contributions are promised by members of the Club who have done good work in the Rockies. All contributors must be members of the Club.

The first of a series of valuable monographs to be issued under the caption "Americana Alpina," by the American Alpine Club has been received for the library. It is a beautiful piece of work, both as to contents and get-up. Many of the photographs are the full size of the quarto page, and they are all taken from a very high altitude. The letter press is by Professor J. N. Le Conte, who writes about the regions of the High Sierras, Single copies are sold to members of the Alpine Club of Canada for .35 payable to the Treasurer of the American Club, Mr. William S. Vaux, Jr. 607 Bailey Building, Philadelphia.

The Librarian has received two autograph volumes from the author, Dr. J. Norman Collie, an honorary member of the Club—one on the Himilayas, and the other on the Rockies. If any member feels disposed to follow such a worthy example there are some very valuable Alpine books, the gifts of which would make the Librarian's eyes shine.



CROW RIVER AT MARMORA, HASTINGS COUNTY, ONT.

## Our Fishing Excursion.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

**T**HREE causes combined to bring about the effect. I was in Trenton; I wished a trip on a locomotive and I had heard of a lake. The Central Ontario Railway is not built with a view to establishing speed records. It extends from Bancroft—a hundred miles inland—to Picton and runs violently down many steep places with a quite unnecessary multiplicity of reverse curves, rock cuttings and doubtful trestles. Moreover its road-bed is not a feather one. These conditions seemed ideal for my purpose, but as I had decided that the run down on the engine would be "the thing," it became necessary to find an excuse for the journey up. This was where the lake at Marmora became useful.

A pass, kindly furnished by the Chief Engineer of the road lent a certain amount of authority to my proceedings and, coupled with an ingratiating manner of my own soon "fixed" the engine driver.

At noon, therefore, my cousin and I, grasping our rods boarded the "up-train" and proceeded to while away the time with a little game of "draw" with an obliging "commercial" who used his sample case as a card table. It proved an unhappy game. Our car was attached to the tail of an interminable train of empty freights and at every station it seemed necessary to cut out the centre car. These proceedings conducted with a hearty good will on the part of the driver reminded one more of naval tactics

than anything else. The train would be dislocated with a wrench that set every window rattling and then, after a pause the disjointed ends would be rammed together with a crash which unseated the unhappy passengers and filled the car with blasphemy.

Our "traveler's" line was "drugs" and when his samples left the floor and precipitated themselves into his waistcoat his language rose to the sublime. Many a promising "jack-pot" failed to materialize owing to these violent practices and by the time experience had taught us to listen for the coming crash our destination had been reached.

There is little civilization apparent at Marmora Station. A road from the platform disappears into the envioning bush. Down this road we and our belongings were conveyed by wagon to the town, some two miles distant on the Crow River. Here we learned that the lake lay yet another two miles up the river.

With camera, grip and rods we proceeded to tramp up the river bank to our fishing grounds passing many likely looking spots en route.

At the lake dwelt one "Green" who accommodated fishermen for a reasonable charge per diem. His house was the only one on the lake and we, by a happy omen, were his first guests.

But we did not linger to ask questions. The evening shadows were beginning to



stretch across the islands and channels so we unlimbered our tackle and proceeded to work. It being too late to procure live bait I bent on an old reliable copper spoon, presented to me by an octogenarian who, if his testimony be true, had landed with its aid some few hundred weight of fish. Barring a dullness of the hooks it was just as killing as when first used. My cousin preferred a minnow, albeit a dead one. Not knowing the water we trolled along in the likely looking places near at hand but without success. As the sun sank I swung the boat across the mouth of a weedy inlet and trailed the old spoon through an out-lying patch of lily-pads. Here thought I, we will surely get a call.

The slender tip of the split bamboo curved and nilerated to the pull of the lure. Not a sound broke the evening stillness as the boat drifted along between a widening "V" of rippled wake.

Then the expected came.

The rod buckled sharply and thinking that I was foul of a weed I gave line, but in an instant far astern the water parted to the leap and plunge of a maskalonge. Having no apprehension about the rod or line I went to work at once to boat the fish. After all a maskalonge's bolt is soon shot and after five minutes mulish fighting I had him in the net. He proved a youngster of his kind, weighing so little over five pounds that we could not possibly call him six. At this moment the tea horn blew and perforce we returned to the boat house.

We found that Green was indeed a long headed man. His dining room was out of doors, roofed hut, with mosquito netting for walls. Thus by lamp light, immune to insect pests we supped with the evening breeze fanning the table cloth

and blotting out all recollections of high summer heat.

After the meal we smoked in semi-obscurity on the verandah overlooking the lake and improved our acquaintance with Green.

My heart warmed to that man. "Angler" was writ large on his face, in the way he handled our tackle but above all in his deliberate manner of speech. But he was wedded to steel. These all day and every day anglers realise the lasting qualities of that metal in a rod. Split bamboo gets its tips wet and soon doubles limply up. Lancewood and greenheart truly play from the hand to

the tip but "s o m e h o w" he didn't "cotton" to them. B e t h a b a r a, Dagama, and such fashionable materials he had not heard of. Steel served him best.

T h e n we went into the matter of lines, baits and all the other fascinating requirements of Walton's disciples while the



GREEN'S LANDING, CROW LAKE, HASTINGS ONT.

moon slowly rose over the hills, throwing a long silver path across the lake and the weird yells of the loons pealed across the open spaces or faintly echoed from behind the islands.

But I wished to try a cast before breakfast next day—a practice seldom indulged in in these cold northern lakes, so we reluctantly retired to bed, sure of a good sleep by the careful screening of the windows with wire.

An hour before breakfast we were on the lake again gingerly handling oars soaked with the coldest dew and rods and reels the metal of which seemed singularly uncomfortable to the touch.

My cousin had now furnished himself with a trolling spoon having lost faith in dead minnows as bait. But again the luck was against him and a vicious drive

brought me to my feet in a few minutes after leaving the landing.

This time there was no question about a maskalonge. The rapid, wicked dives, leaps and constant worrying denoted the presence of my old friend, the black bass. But a four-pounder (as he subsequently proved to be) cannot be dealt with lightly. He claims the attention in a manner which admits of no wandering thought.

But the steady strain of the old bamboo brought him at last to hook and, as I tapped him lovingly on the head, the triple hooks fell from his mouth—a palpable warning that the ancient spoon needed the touch of a file.

But our time—all too short—had fled and the breakfast horn called a halt to our piscatorial efforts. Slowly we turned to the landing inwardly praying for one more strike—just one before we left the lake on our return journey. But it was not to be.

There are few more unpleasant tasks than unjointing the old rod, emptying the gut and packing all up for the return. We hurry through it sullenly thinking only of the unpleasant things to be. In this case we had a four mile walk carrying our traps and the nine pounds of fish, before us. The sun had grown hot, the road we knew was dusty. Green commiserated. What was better he produced some beer and at last we tramped off only pausing while crossing the dam at Marmora to take a snapshot of the river.

At the station we arranged to leave the fish in the passenger car and then board the engine. As the two would be nearly a quarter of a mile apart I reflected that we would have to do some sprinting.

Presently the train swung in with a shrieking of brakes and succession of concussions as the engine shouldered back against the momentum of some thirty cars of huge saw logs and a few loads of iron ore.

The belated passenger coach swung and jumped at the end after the manner of the cracker on a whip. The few passengers looked dishevelled. We raced to the rear, deposited our fish and then galloped madly along the uneven ballast

to the far distant engine, arriving panting as the conductor—dwarfed by distance—swung up his arm at the rear. But we need not have hurried. The driver had not yet got his pipe going to his complete satisfaction. I called his attention to the conductor. "Let him wave," said he ponderously (why are all engine drivers fat?) and proceeded to tap down the glowing tobacco neatly all round. Then he leaned leisurely forward and "opened her up." "Bang-bang-bang-bang!" went the tightening couplings in a retreating vista of concussions until, when the engine had attained a respectable speed, the unfortunate passenger car was yanked from a state of inertia to some five miles an hour. I could almost hear the inmates swear.

The engine crew were gentlemen; this fact became at once apparent as they gave to us their seats, preferring to stand—easily swaying to the extraordinary evolutions of the foot plates.

An engine is very human. It is always doing something new—or threatening to. Moreover, it is constantly roaring, rearing, rattling and generally "carrying on" in a remarkable way. The engineer looked forward always—with the train behind he seemed to have no care. As the speed increased and the curves multiplied I glanced backward. The long line of high piled cars rushed after us, swaying sideways, tugging at the couplings, doubling round the curves, seeming to hunt the engine down the track like pursuing monsters. I reflected on the momentum of this huge sinuous battering ram which thundered after the scuttling engine with the lurching coach at the rear positively bucking along the rails, until a long train of smoke from a rear axle caught my eye. I shouted to the driver above the roar and din of things and pointed astern. He glanced at the smoke and kindly informed me in a hurricane shout that it was caused by a "hot-box," promptly dismissing the subject from his mind. I wondered. On we thundered through clanging cuttings in the solid rock, swaying over trestles and taking nerve wrecking curves on the outside edge. A cow appeared far ahead between the rails and the driver reached for a lever

overhead. Instantly an ear piercing series of shrieks rose above the general din and Providence put it into that cow's head to step slowly—so slowly aside, while my cousin unthankfully "lammed" her with a chunk of coal from the tender as we tore by,

Half a mile from the stations the brakes would be applied by a simple, scarcely perceptible twist of the driver's wrist. Then amid squealing brake shoes and ponderous heaves and bunts from the rear we would grind slowly past the platform and endeavor to bring the last car within reasonable distance of the station. It was here that the torpedo shunting tactics took place and, placed as we were on the rammer we could afford to enjoy the discomforts of the rammed. Now the driver looked backwards. A hand waved with a circular motion far in the rear. The lever would be thrown back and the throttle gently opened and shut. Again the wave. The driver testily reopened the throttle a little less gently and we backed a little faster. He closed it. Again the wave. "D—!" muttered the driver savagely and jerked at the throttle. We rushed back crowding the cars, banging them one on another until a terrific crash sent the whole train moving back some few yards and frantic waving of arms could be seen on both sides at the rear.

Then again the start—the jerk—the series of increasing jerks and final crack of the whip as the rear car leaped to

motion and the passengers (we could see them in fancy's eye) fell back in scolding heaps on the rearward seats. Then came the gradually increasing impetus, the fleeing before the apparent wrath following and the soothing stories from the fireman of wrecks and smash-ups exactly as we passed the places where such had occurred.

Thus, clutching to the rails provided for the purpose we swung down the line that day, through forests, through cuttings, over trout streams and skirting the edges of little lonely lakes, with a few thousand tons of logs and iron driving us onward and in the distant rear the unhappy passengers and our precious fish.

Trenton drew near. We were part of that merry, irresponsible train crew now. With grimy hands we helped (or thought we did) to pilot the old coughing rattle trap through the yards. My own province was the whistle on which at intervals, with the driver's permission I produced the professional "t o o o o tooot toot" at street crossings while my cousin toyed with the injector. The throttle and air brake were forbidden ground, but we were quite happy and it was with the most real regret that we finally stepped down to the platform after a grimy hand-shake all round and shouted a cheerful farewell. Truly, life was not so bad a thing in this hearty old world while fish still swam the waters and gentlemen piloted the trains.

## Lights and Shadows of the Backwoods.

BY HENRY JARVIS.

"**A**H well!" said Father O'Brien, "I was walking up the railroad, when I met old McWatt, by the cattle guard, at the road crossing. The old gentlemen looked up, and whilst doing so, missed his footstep, slipped into the hole which was some four feet deep, though dry at the bottom. I looked at him and said 'Now I cannot say what's up for Watt is down!' Father O'Brien was a big, husky, kindly man, although it was no safe thing to tread on the tail of his coat, for his tongue was nimble, and scarastic when occasion called!

We four were sitting one cold morn-

ing, in the month of February, in the office of the Hudson Bay Company at their log camp No. 2, in the township of H—, having just eaten an excellent breakfast, carefully prepared by the busy cook, whose zeal to provide for the bodily comfort of his reverence, had produced some extra luxuries from which we all gained considerable satisfaction. There was the doctor, the cook, his reverence and myself, comfortably engaged in enjoying a post prandial smoke. The wind was blowing a hurricane and the trees were rocking to and fro in so vigorous a manner, that if it had not been



for the frozen castle in which they stood, they would probably have been on the top of the roof. The doctor smiling at Father O'Brien's ardent satisfaction, in his own capability of making a joke on the spur of the moment, remarked "I have no doubt, your reverence that you stood shaking your sides, whilst Watt rubbed his bruises, but I can assure you that I do not think I remember a single funny speech I ever made, though I frequently come across some laughable incident in the course of my professional duties. The other day I happened to be in the vicinity of the sleep camp. Coming towards me I noticed, five men carrying a man in a blanket. Operations at that time were at the far end of No 2 cut, some three miles from the camp. It must be a serious accident. I started to meet them in order to ascertain as soon as possible the nature of the trouble. There lay a young French Canadian in the blanket, with blanched face and in a semi fainting condition "Cut foot, bad, doctor," cried out one of the exhausted bearers. "Take him to the sleep camp," I replied "I will be there directly," as I hurried off to the office for the necessaries.

"I found my patient lying on a bench by the stove, with a terrible gash in his deer skin moccasin, from toe to instep, but no sign of bleeding. I noticed that his second pair of socks were red in color, and where cut at the first sight assumed the appearance of the edges of a bad flesh wound. Stripping his foot, I found nothing wrong. He had simply cut the moccasin and the three pair of socks, then in his fear, seeing the edges of the red stockings, fainted. The other stupids, who carried him, were equally deceived!"

We all laughed at the doctor's experience. Harry, the clerk turning towards them, said "Doctor; you know Charlie the Indian? Well he went out last fall to see his brother, who was laid in the hospital with typhoid; whilst there he scraped up an acquaintance, with some young girl, and returned with a great account of her perfections and attractions. After a while I found out her name and told Thomson, the foreman. Now what do you think Thomson did? Why he sat down and wrote Charlie, the Indian, the most loving letter you ever saw. By Jove! it was melting! Next mail, Charlie got the letter, and took it to the blacksmith's shop for Bob to read it.

Bob and Charlie were nuts and Thomson had given Bob the wink Well sir! after that Charlie told every one "While squaw in the spring" and thinks so yet!"

The young scamp then looked at me, as much as to say "Your turn next!" His reverence smiled, the doctor fixed his eyes upon me as if diagnosing my appearance, and Harry chuckling, like the young idiot he is disrespectfully added "Go to it boss!" My experience of life, a solitary life, spent amongst the forest trees and lakes; an odd thunderstorm in summer, a fall of snow in winter, a chance meeting with a bear in a blue-berry patch, or a glimpse of a sneaking wolf, in the shadows, on the edge of a frozen lake. Rather would I set out for a forty mile walk on the point of a compass, than try to spin a yarn, even to such good company as I found myself amongst on this stormy day. But I felt I was up against the inevitable.

"Well gentlemen" I replied, in response to the challenge, "some few years ago, I was inspecting some lots in an out of the way district. There were but few settlers, in the neighbourhood of the one-horse saw mill, when I was boarding. Amongst the few was a young couple, from the old country, recently married, who were trying to make a home for themselves. They were living in a small shanty, busily engaged in chopping for the first burn, of the intended clearance. The weather was fine and warm; and whilst the husband was felling, the wife sat working at some knitting, watched his operations, occasionally chatting as he rested. He was cutting down a large tree, which in the act of falling, lodged in a crutched birch, the trunk holding by a few slivers to the stump. The slivers being cut from the underside, the trunk slid quickly back on the stump, swung, and pinned the unfortunate woman. The poor husband endeavoured with long pries to release his imprisoned wife, but the tree being too heavy he was then forced to leave her and run to the saw-mill for assistance. When we arrived, the wife perfectly sensible, smiled cheerfully. Immediately, with united effort, we released the unfortunate lady, but I am sorry to say, she died in the course of a few minutes. It was sad, very sad. The husband through grief became nearly insane, though afterwards when somewhat recovered he left the country.

# The Common Whitefish.\*

(*Coregonus Clupeiformis*.)

BY C. H. WILSON.

**O**F the nine species of Whitefish in this country the Common Whitefish or Great Lakes Whitefish is the best known and most highly valued as a food fish.

It is one of the most delicate of table fishes, as it feeds upon minute organisms, and a form of this fish found in Otsego Lake N. Y. is as highly prized as any food fish that swims in our waters. It exists throughout the Great Lake region, being especially abundant in Lakes Erie, Huron, Michigan and Superior. The eastern limit of its range is Lake Champlain and it is found in Lake Winnipeg and possibly further west. Owing to its small weak mouth it is seldom taken with a baited hook.

The Whitefishes are by far the most important group of fresh water fishes of North America, probably of the world. This species is the best of the tribe, but some of the others nearly equal it in merit, and all are more or less esteemed for food. Among the fishes of the Great Lakes it ranks next in value to the lake herring, lake trout and wall eyed pike. The Common Whitefish reaches a larger size than any other of its species in the United States, examples of 23 lb. having been taken at an early day, but the average weight is under 4 lb.

The spawning season begins the latter part of October, and continues into December. At that season there is a general movement of the fish to shoal waters of the lakes, similar to the migration of Anadromous fishes from the ocean to the rivers. After spawning the fish return at once to the deeper water.

This fish reaches maturity in the third or fourth year, a full grown specimen deposits from ten to seventy-five thousand eggs,—the rule for determining approximate spawning capacity being to allow ten thousand eggs per pound weight, which in water of 34 degrees hatches in 150 days.

In nature the eggs of the Whitefish are subject to the attacks of many enemies for nearly four months. The Mud Puppy (*Necturus Maculatus*) commonly known as "Lizard" or "Water Dog" by the people along the Lakes is especially destructive. Mr. George Fisk of Ecorse, Michigan, states that at one haul of a net prepared for that purpose he took two thousand of these lizards, and in one of the Detroit papers he reports as follows:—"The lizards were so gorged with Whitefish spawn that when they were thrown on shore hundreds of eggs would fly out of their mouths." In 1883 a full series of these reptiles were collected from the Detroit River of a length of 1 1-4 to 13 inches. When we consider that these reptiles are feeding upon eggs from November until April, some idea may be formed of their capacity for destruction.

Another voracious destroyer of Whitefish ova is the Common Yellow Perch (*Perca Flavacens*.) Other fishes, crawfish and wild fowl make the eggs of fishes a considerable portion of their diet, but the lake herring, owing to the fact that it is the most numerous species inhabiting the spawning grounds of the Whitefish, is considered to be the greatest devourer of Whitefish eggs, and is also considered to be the principal agent in keeping in check the increasing numbers supplied from the fertilized ova.

The principal instrument used in taking Whitefish is the Gill Net, set at or near the bottom in comparatively deep water, although considerable quantities are taken in Pound nets and seines.

The artificial propagation of Whitefish has long since passed the experimental stage, having attained a high degree of perfection, the work being carried on with great facility, its value being especially apparent when it is considered that under natural conditions only a very small percentage of the eggs hatch, while through artificial propagation from

\*A Paper read at the Conference of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at Quebec.

seventy-five to ninety per cent. of eggs are productive.

Carl Miller of New York, and Henry Brown of New Haven, Conn., are credited with the first attempt to propagate Whitefish artificially near New Haven. Further experiments were made in 1858, and in 1868 Seth Green and Samuel Wilmot began a series of experiments. In 1869 N. W. Clark of Clarkson, Michigan, took up the same work, and in 1872 he was aided by the U. S. Commission, a million eggs being taken that year from Lake Michigan. Since that time both the National and State Governments have made the Whitefish the object of their most extensive operation,—the output for New York State in 1906 being over thirty-eight millions : while the national government the same year planted in the Great Lakes alone over two hundred and sixty millions of Whitefish fry.

In the fishing industries of the United States for 1884, prepared through the cooperation of the Commissioner of Fisheries Spencer F. Baird and the Superintendent of the Tenth Census, by George Brown Goode and assistants, we find after stating the Whitefish to be abundant and the most important food fish in the Great Lake region, in quality of flesh, standing preminent among our fresh water fishes it takes up the subject lake by lake as follows :

"The larger specimens are found in Lake Superior. At Whitefish Point out of seventy-four half barrels there was not one fish under six pound in weight, while at Grand Island the fish average fourteen pound, few being taken less than ten pounds. In Lake Michigan, fish of five and eight pounds have been taken. In Lake Erie at Vermillion in 1876, a specimen, weighing seventeen pounds was taken, although the average catch is two and a half pounds, being the same as Lake Ontario."

Three reasons are assigned for the decrease of Whitefish in Huron Bay, Lake Superior and vicinity during the past fifteen years,—namely, sawdust, navigation and over-fishing, as many as seventy-two half barrels having been taken in one lift of thirty-five foot Pound net. In Green Bay City, Wisconsin and vicinity, where in previous years Whitefish have

been the most abundant species, in 1863 thirty-six barrels being taken at one lift of net, now 1883, five hundred pounds is considered a very good catch, and according to the fishermen's language—Whitefishing is played out !

For ten years previous to 1883 there has been a decrease between the Straits of Mackinac and the Delour passage, the principal cause being, probably, that the fish have been disturbed on their spawning beds, an eminent authority stating positively, that some of the once most famous spawning grounds have been entirely abandoned, owing to the above cause, and advocates the stopping of fishing after November 1st.

In Lake Huron at North Point, Thunder Bay is considered the best spot in that locality for the capture of Whitefish, and one of the best in all the Lake region. A few are caught in Gill nets in spring, but the bulk is taken from the latter part of September until winter, the height of runs being from 10th to 15th of November, at which time they are spawning. It is thought that in the last two years, 1882-3, the number of nets have doubled, and fish have decreased two-thirds in number since 1865.

At Huron, Ohio, on Lake Erie, Whitefish are thought to have decreased fifty per cent since 1875, owing to over-fishing.

In Lake Ontario since 1867 Whitefish have decreased. In 1859 forty-nine thousand were taken in one haul of net, many being small and young, fully half of which were thrown away before the net could be hauled in. At Stonington Beach it is claimed that seventy-five thousand fish were taken ashore by one haul of a seine. At Chaumont, where formerly there were from sixty to seventy men employed, taking from three to five tons a day, now 1883 sufficient fish cannot be taken to pay the men for time and labor.

There are abundant reasons for the alarming decrease of Whitefish—a decrease so marked in Ontario that excepting during the spawning season in certain localities of this Lake no fish are taken.

Let us now consider conditious of a



more recent date regarding Whitefish in the Great Lakes.

The Bureau of Fisheries, in its pamphlet of Statistics of Fisheries in the Great Lakes, show a table of catch of Whitefish in those waters from 1880 to 1903 as follows :

	1880	1903
Lake Superior	2,257,000 lb.	794,022 lb.
“ Michigan	12,030,400 “	1,972,594 “
“ Huron	2,700,788 “	692,863 “
“ Erie	3,333,800 “	302,805 “
“ Ontario	1,064,000 “	25,384 “
For all lakes including Lake St. Clair	21,463,900 lb.	3,813,259 lb.

And this in the face of the very successful operation of Whitefish hatcheries on the part of the National and State Governments.

The Michigan Commission, through its statistical agent, makes the following report on Whitefish catch in Michigan waters of the Great Lakes :

	1891	1904
	8,110,000 lb.	4,197,000 lb.

It is significant, perhaps, to note that the catch of suckers in the same waters for 1904 was 5,000,000 lb.

Mr. John N. Cobb, Agent of the U. S. Commission, says—The fisheries of Lake Erie are of immense importance, and far surpass those of any other of the great Lakes or any other body of fresh water in the world, and when one considers the enormous increase of fishery apparatus used in this lake, it is surprising that the catch has been so well sustained.

The American shore, 414 miles in length, is formed by New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Michigan. The total catch for 1899 for all of these States is 2,066,314 lb ; while in 1903 the catch was only 302,805 lb. The report shows that in 1903, as compared with 1899, a reduction of twenty-seven per cent in persons employed, nineteen per cent less investment, and sixty per cent less in quantity of all fish taken, the only increase in any species being blue pike.

Of Lake Ontario, Mr. Cobb states that while 1897 and 1899 shows an increase in the fisheries of this Lake, owing to liberal stocking of same this increase does not apply to the Whitefish.

The five statistical canvasses made by

the U.S. Commission, give no encouraging sign for the future of Whitefish in Lake Ontario, the catch of 1880 being 1,064,000 lb ; while that of 1899 was only 161,935 lb: the report of 1903 showing only 25,384 lb.

Regarding the decrease in the Whitefish of the Province of Quebec, I may say in the absence of statistical reports, from that Province, that the report of the Joint Commission of United States and Canada shows, after a careful investigation on the part of this Commission extending over a period of from March 2, 1893, to December 31, 1896, that in Lake Ontario the catch of Whitefish in Canadian waters, to have been in 1870, 621,400 lb ; in 1895 126,650 lb ; with but two reports intervening, which showed an increase over the figures of 1870. The catch in Lake Erie is shown to have been in 1880, 3,333,000 ; in 1893 1,292,000 ; the loss between 1890 and 1893 being sixty-three per cent, this notwithstanding the fact that the size of mesh of Gill nets had been reduced from five and a half to four and a half inch.

In Lake Huron in 1880 Whitefish stood first in size of catch ; while in 1894 it stood fourth in size of catch, as compared with Whitefish, trout, herring, wall eyed pike and sturgeon ; the catch in 1880 being 762,000 lb ; in 1894 187,000 lb ; the number of nets increased in that time four to one, and the catch of Whitefish decreased about seventy-five per cent. A considerable proportion of all Whitefish taken in the lake are caught during the spawning time.

In Lake Superior the statistics for Canadian waters show a comparatively steady increase during recent years, coincident with an increase of amount of apparatus ; although the testimony obtained in the Port Arthur region indicated a considerable falling off.

In Mississquoi Bay, an arm of Lake Champlain extending into Canadian territory, this report shows in 1880 the maximum year from 1884 to 1893, a catch of 21, 815 lb. as compared with 6,256 in 1893.

The following values of Great Lakes Canadian Catches of whitefish are submitted by Prof. E.E. Prince, Com. of Fisheries of the Dominion.

1889	1894	1899
\$7,002,209	\$4,598,972	\$3,313,970
1904	1905	
\$3,545,100	\$2,895,820	

Professor Prince in his report of 1901 states that the decline of the lake White fish in Lake Erie has been followed by an enormous increase in the takes of so called Lake Herring or lesser White fish, a species of inferior edible quality and of less market value. He also states that the White fish in Lake Ontario where twenty years ago, the white fish ranked of first importance in quality and market value, it is now of comparatively insignificant moment.

Mr. Hutchins of Midland, Ontario, before a Commission which sat in 1892 informed the Commissioners that "Whitefish are the most valuable fish in the Georgian Bay—that is for the fisherman—and should be husbanded more than any other, for they can be destroyed more quickly than any of the other kinds of fish by reason of their innocent nature, they are not greedy or voracious, while salmon trout feed largely upon them.

Mr. S.T. Bastedo in his most admirable report as Deputy Minister of Fisheries for Ontario, in 1902 in connection with the commercial fisheries of that Province regarding Herring and Whitefish says among other things: The most potent argument in favor of a close season for Herring is that it is alleged, and no doubt with more or less truth, that large numbers of trout and whitefish are taken by fishermen while nominally fishing for herring.

The catch of herring during season of 1902 in Lake Erie shows an alarming decrease when compared with 1901.

One of his overseers, Mr. Laird, of Kent, in his report, in substance states: The past season has brought ruin to more than one fisherman, and others have not made enough to pay expenses. If some means are not adopted at once for the better protection of herring and Whitefish, when these fish are on the spawning ground, the fishing industry, as far as they are concerned, will in the near future be a thing of the past.

Mr. Bastedo further reports that a de-

crease in Whitefish is everywhere reported except in the North Channel of Lake Huron, and unless a larger output from our hatcheries is made, there can be but one result,—and that will be deplored—the complete annihilation of the Whitefish. To rely upon its natural increase for reestablishment would, it has been said, be like a farmer relying upon the seeds which fall from the ripened grain for next season's crop.

It might be said here that Mr. Bastedo has made strenuous effort for the enactment of uniform fishing laws and regulations governing international waters, both as Deputy Minister of his Province, and as a member of the North American Association.

The close season for today in the Province of Ontario for Whitefish in Lakes Erie and St. Clair is from the first of November to the thirtieth. The close season for the Province of Quebec on Whitefish is from the 10th of November to the 1st of December.

The Winconsin law reads as follows:

"It shall be unlawful to catch Whitefish by means of net of any kind or set line between first day of November and fifteenth of December. The size limit of Gill net is four inches stretched measure. The size limit of fish is two pounds in the round and one and a half pounds dressed."

The state of Ohio has the following law regarding Lake Erie:

Close season for nets between fifteenth of December and fifteenth of March. After November twentieth, 1906, no Gill nets shall be used with meshes less than three inches, factory measure. Size limit one and three quarters pounds in the round."

In Illinois it is unlawful to take or attempt to take, catch or kill by any means whatsoever in Lake Michigan, any Whitefish or Lake Trout between fourteenth day of October and succeeding thirtieth of November. Size limit of all nets not less than one and one half inches square. Size limit of fish taken one and one half pounds."

The law of the State of Vermont, as applying to Lake Champlain, is that no netting is allowed excepting a license to net sturgeon in open season with nets



with a stretched mesh of not less than eleven inches.

I may say for New York State that the question of a close season for Whitefish has been agitated somewhat but it has not been thought necessary, provided the hatcheries are numerous, and the fish properly planted. No netting whatever is allowed in Lake Champlain.

In Pennsylvania the close season on Whitefish is from 15th of November to 15th of March. Gill nets  $3\frac{3}{8}$  inch stretched measure, and Pound nets 2 inch stretched measure are allowed. No. size limit.

The following laws are in force in Michigan. The close season for white fish on Lake Erie, Detroit and St. Claire River is from 20th of November to 1st of March. Size of Gill nets  $4\frac{1}{4}$  inches extension measure provided further that gill-nets with mesh not less than  $2\frac{3}{4}$  extension measure may be used for taking perch, herring, black fins, longjaws or any fish excepting White fish, lake trout and black bass. Size limit 2 pounds in the round.

I am especially grateful to Professor Prince for statement regarding the laws regulating the Whitefish fisheries which may be summarized as follows: "Close season November 1st to November 30th weekly Sunday close time, a minimum size limit of two pounds weight, a fishing license issued by the Provincial Government (at Toronto) specifying kind, length, mesh and so forth."

Enough has already been said to show, without any shadow of doubt, that there has been an almost continuous falling off of the catch of Whitefish in practically all of the lakes it inhabits.

It has been shown that improvident fishing, absence of protective legislation, or poor administration of such legislation when present, and, perhaps, unwise legislation, have all conspired to produce fatal results regarding the Whitefish on this continent, regardless of State or Governmental lines; and had it not been for the beneficent and successful operation of hatcheries in reproducing the Whitefish it would have been long since disappeared as a food fish, at least in the Great Lakes of North America.

The question now for us is the adop-

tion of a system of Protection that will prevent extermination and will eventually rehabilitate the Whitefish in those waters. Undoubtedly, one reason for the diminution of catch of Whitefish is the class of fishing with attending results, as spoken of by the Deputy Minister of Ontario, namely, the taking of Whitefish in Herring nets and selling same for Herring. This question has disturbed the Department of Fisheries of Michigan and Mr. Bower, the Secretary of that Department, states, regarding immature fish, that according to the estimate of the statistical agent, there are twice as many illegal Whitefish caught in Michigan waters today in number, as there are legal Whitefish. In other words, two-thirds in number of catch of Whitefish in Michigan waters are illegal fish.

The question of proper identification of species here presents itself, and that, too, disturbs the successful administration of the law, and those not familiar with the proper and scientific names of fishes will not convict on complaint of violation, notwithstanding fish have been seized by deputies well versed and well satisfied in their own mind as to the identity of species, after head had been removed and perhaps salted.

It would seem to be necessary that some other than ordinary method be adopted in the identification of the Whitefish and the Herring. This matter has been taken up in Michigan, by Prof. Jacob Reighard of Ann Arbor, Michigan, and a paper "On the identification for legal purposes of mutilated or dressed specimens of Whitefish and Herring from the Great Lakes" is published in American Fisheries Society's report, 1906. This able gentleman has been experimenting successfully with the scales of these fishes, using them as proof of identification of these varieties; and fish seized, claimed as immature or as illegal fish, have been successfully identified and returned to parties from whom they have been seized who claimed they were not illegally taken.

The embodying in the law of the clear definition of what the fish are, including the scientific name of the same, is urged by Mr. Meehan of the Pennsylvania Commission, Mr. Bower of the Michigan Com-



mission, Mr. John W. Titcomb of the U. S. Commission, and Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, State Fish Culturist of New York.

This question of legal identification leads up to the question of size limit of the Whitefish. This question is most important in all varieties of fish life that they may have the opportunity of reproducing their kind at least once before they are taken for the table or market. It is a question that, next to the hatcheries, seems to have been most important in the minds of many, the former Deputy Minister of Ontario intimating that it is more important than a close season. Mr. Samuel Fullerton of St. Paul in an able article on "Protection" speaking of immature fish after having seen a large shipment of fish of one-half and one pound weight; puts it plainly at least when he asks; What is the use of propagating Lake Trout and Whitefish when fishermen are allowed to catch and sell fish of this size?"

The pollution of waters, no doubt, has had a large share in driving the Whitefish from their spawning grounds, as indicated by various heads of Commissions, and this is reasonable, too, as this fish comes on the shoals and in shore to shallow waters to spawn.

There is no doubt whatever that the pollution of waters of Lake Champlain has practically changed the spawning beds of another shoal and shallow-water-spawner, the Wall Eyed Pike.

The writer of this paper stands for a close season for all valuable fish life from the time it reaches the spawning grounds, if there for the purpose of reproduction, until they have performed their functions and have departed in peace. To his mind it is just as necessary as to protect the wild fowl (with eggs already in process of growth) on its way to its nesting grounds there to reproduce and replenish the supply of its kind for the benefit of the whole continent and not for a small coterie of men who see only the present pleasure and profit to themselves to the exclusion of pleasure and profit, yes, and life, perhaps, of the people who own these fish and game birds that should be fairly

plentiful, and for the pleasure and benefit of all

In the discussion of the question of a close season and other forms of protection to the Whitefish in the Great Lakes, there must be the question of harmony of law as between the two great countries that control their borders.

The North American Association was founded upon this *rock*, and there she must stand or fall, and it is to our credit that we so stand. However the question of our position cannot change the necessities of the case regarding the successful administration of protective legislation as between the two nations on the Great Lakes.

How vital are our interests here, not only concerning this one species of food fish which furnish food for the masses of our people, but reaching to all the fish life of these waters, for you may be assured that the same causes that have depleted the supply of Whitefish will, at a later date, apply to them all.

This is our heritage and if we waste it like the profligate, we shall just as surely resort to the husks of the prodigal.

An agreement carrying uniform laws regarding close seasons, size of catch and proper legal identification of species, in the States and Provinces in joint waters and their tributaries, that are resorts for purposes of reproduction, would be a magnificent achievement for the protective elements of both countries, and of lasting benefit to mankind.

The writer of this paper quite agrees with the Dominion Commissioner of Fisheries, Professor Edward E. Prince, when he says "the fisheries laws are too serious in their effects direct and indirect upon the fishery resources of the country, the welfare of the fishing population and the interest of the State to allow of ill-informed one sided or hasty formulations of regulations and injudicious or blindly vigorous enforcement."

Let us not deceive ourselves, however, that this is all of the story, for the proper administration of these laws is a mountain upon which all States and Provinces have wearied, stumbled and fallen. The commercial spirit has ever stood in the way; the thirst for profit of the individual and corporation has blocked the

wheels. The ambitions of men have swept aside the question of justice and the politician has ever had his fatal pull.

Mr. C. D. Joslyn of Detroit, Michigan, former president of the American Fisheries Society, in an address before that Society at White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia, in 1905, speaking of agreements between the States and Provinces, said : "Friendly as our neighbors are, willing as they are to cooperate with us, it yet remains that no State can make a valid and binding agreement with Great Britain or any of its Provinces. The Province of Ontario, and I think the entire Dominion of Canada, are very much alive to the serious condition of lake fisheries, yet, without a valid treaty to bind them, their legislative bodies, like those of the States, are quite likely to yield now and then to the importunate demands which 'vested interests' in the fishing industries may and do sometimes make.

Under the circumstances then, nothing like uniformity can be obtained. Still, if the fish of our great Lakes are not to be entirely destroyed, if they are to be propagated, planted and protected in these waters so as to produce the best or even beneficial results, it must be done in a uniform manner, under uniform laws, uniformly enforced.

It is too plain for argument that this uniformity can only be brought about on our side of the lakes by our National Government.

So forcibly have these things come home to us who live on the Lakes that at the meeting in Chicago, which I have mentioned, it seemed to be the unanimous opinion of those present that the entire matter of propagation, planting and protecting fish in our inland seas should be put in the hands of the Federal Government.

This is certainly and surely the only means of saving the food fishes which naturally thrive in them, for those who are to come after us.

Mr. S. W. Downing of Put-in-Bay, Ohio, in an article on "Close Season for Whitefish" recently said :

"We believe in having laws made for the protection of the fish, and believe in having said laws made very simple and binding so that there shall be no mis-

understanding, and after they are made have them strictly enforced with a penalty sufficiently heavy to effectually prohibit the probability of the same person committing the second offence.

We believe that a law might be enacted and made interstate and international, which would work a hardship to no one, be just to all alike, and yet be almost a perfect protection to the industry, and that would be to simply have a size limit making the limit large enough for each variety of fish so that every fish retained for market or for the table shall have a chance to spawn at least once ; all fish under the size limit to be returned to the water with the least injury possible.

With such a law, with a heavy penalty for having undersized fish in one's possession, with a fearless officer stationed in each port where fish are brought for sale and that the slaughter of immature fish would be effectually stopped, and the work of propagation still carried on to the fullest degree, we believe that but a short time would elapse until the effect would be plainly seen and the Lakes again teeming with all kinds and especially with this the best of all fresh water fishes."

Mr. Oregon Milton Dennis, Secretary and counsel for the Maryland State Game and Fish Protective Association, recommends the passage of a uniform law by the States fixing the minimum size of fish to be had in possession, or offered for sale, thus preventing an adjacent State from receiving in its market fish of the prohibited size which otherwise offers an inducement to the fisherman to evade laws of his own State, and prevents the adjacent State from aiding him in its violation by taking from him undersize fish for sale.

There is little room in this paper for further discussion regarding International control of the Fisheries of the Great Lakes.

You are, no doubt, familiar with the progress already made by the U.S. Government regarding federal government control so ably presented by the Hon. George Shiras, 3rd., of Pennsylvania, the support given by President Roosevelt, also Secretary Root, who recently at a dinner of the Pennsylvania Society, stated



that "only by federal control can our migratory birds and fishes be adequately protected" and the efforts of members of staff of the U. S. Fish Commission and others."

In my opinion this is not a problem too difficult of solution. Mr. Shiras cites many instances of federal control in the States, one regarding migratory fish passed twenty years ago; this law prevented the importation and landing of mackerel during the spawning season, and continued on the statute books for five years—the Lacey Bill and other federal game laws, notably governmental control in Yellowstone Park and the Wichita Game Refuge;

The recent act of June 28, 1906, entitled "An Act to protect birds and their eggs in game and bird Preserves" where the general Government assumes custodianship over birds on land within a State heretofore wholly under the criminal jurisdiction of the local game laws.

These instances, with many others, show the ability of the United States Government to assume federal control of fish and game in the various States while the fisheries' judgment of 1898 states that waters whether vested in the Crown, as represented by the Dominion, or as represented by the Province, in which they are situated, are equally Crown property, and the right of the public in respect of them are precisely the same. The decision of the highest tribunal in the Empire that the enactment of fishery regulations and restrictions is within the exclusive competence of the Dominion Legislature and is not within the Legislative powers of the Provincial Legislature sets finally at rest all question as to the authority of the Federal Government in enacting fishery laws.

I close with extracts from an article

A permanent Forestry Association has been formed for the Province of New Brunswick. This important step was taken at a recent Forestry Convention at Fredericton, at which also a Forestry course at the University of New Brunswick, with a series of outside lectures and inspectors such as exist in the dairy business, was urged. A rigid and comprehensive fire protection service and

by Mr. Samuel Fullerton of St. Paul, Minnesota.

"There is only one solution *Federal Control*." Listen to his remedy:

A federal law and a treaty with the Dominion of Canada making a uniform close season on the Great Lakes so as to protect these fish in the spawning season, a license system for all market fishermen, and a rigid inspection of their catch; no Whitefish or Lake Trout allowed on the market in any state less than two pounds undressed; a sufficient number of boats owned by the Governments of both countries to look after the planting of fry and see the young are placed in the most natural surroundings; that these boats act as a patrol; that no fish be taken for spawn except under direct supervision of proper authorities; that no Gill nets be allowed during the time fish are taken for eggs.

Mr. Fullerton urged the American Fisheries Society to go on record regarding federal control, and go home determined to get their Congressmen and Senators at Washington committed to this proposition.

"Our only salvation" he continues "if we would save our fish is by the Congress of the United States first making a treaty with Canada, for any scheme that leaves out Canada as far as the Great Lakes are concerned, would not be feasible. Then after the treaty is made let the United States with the cooperation of the Dominion assume control, not only of propagation, but the protection,—and I predict before the Convention, that we can have our old time fishing restored in the Great Lakes, not only to what it was twenty years ago, but with the added knowledge that has come to the fish culturist, an increase of a thousand fold!"

stricter enforcement of the laws prohibiting the cutting of logs under ten inches in diameter were pressed upon the Government. An act prohibiting the exportation of pulpwood from Crown lands was likewise recommended. The Convention was largely attended and it appears likely to form the starting point for a new departure in the work of forestry in New Brunswick.



# Why our Deer Are Vanishing.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE.

**S**OME few years ago I was staying with a friend in order to enjoy a few days' partridge shooting. I could not help noticing that this worthy went systematically to work to kill the last bird out of every covey found. Despite my character as a guest I could not refrain from strong remonstrances at such murderous conduct—for I could call it no less—when he replied that he "might not be alive next season, and therefore intended to enjoy all the sport he could while he could get it." Selfishness, with a total disregard for the rights of others—present and to come—could go no further!

This same selfish conduct—merciless in its cruel severity and total disregard for the rights of those to come—is depleting the southern part of Ontario of its big game. Ontario possesses the finest natural game preserve on the American continent—a place intended by nature to feed and shelter countless thousands of deer. It is useless to close our eyes any longer to the fact—patent to all who love the woods and its beautiful fauna—that the deer are yearly decreasing in numbers!

Many theories have been put forward to account for this decrease, chief amongst them being the depredations of the wolves. In theory the wolf is a monster of iniquity; in practice he is nothing of the kind.

In the last thirty years I have been round the world living on my rifle and traps; here game rearing, there fishing and shooting; everywhere studying the Book of Nature. Not once have I ever caught Nature tripping or dared to assert that the Creator was wrong and insignificant man right. It is only man, insignificant man, who makes mistakes. Nature never makes mistakes. If we will only observe and follow her laws—as she insists we shall or pay the penalty—the deer of our woods will not decrease but increase, as it was intended they should when they were created. Nature has a reason for everything she does. If not why were there created two such en-

tirely opposing groups of animals as the carnivora and herbivorous—always found together in every country in the world where wild game exists? It was not intended that one should prey upon the other until only one remained. That both were intended to survive is certain, otherwise they would not have come down to the present day through unknown ages.

The only animal in our eastern woods able to kill a deer is the wolf. If this animal is as destructive as some maintain it is, the deer in this Province should have been extinct years ago. Now I state nothing new to those who have studied the unwritten laws of the woods when I assert that were there no carnivorous, there would be no herbivorous animals anywhere on the face of the globe.

When civilized man took over the North American continent it swarmed from east to west with several kinds of noble game.\* The carnivora of the west comprised the panther, wolf and coyote, with the wolf in the east. We know that the principal food of the Red man at all seasons was supplied by this game. As the wolves were in greater numbers then than they are now—for the Indian never left his wigwam or trail to kill one—how is it that the game was not exterminated?

If there were no wolves there would be no deer, for the latter would deteriorate and become extinct. Why? Because Nature intended the carnivora to prey, not upon the strong of either species, but the weak, old and diseased, not only of its own kind, but upon those of the herbivorous in particular. This is what all carnivora do, and in a lesser degree they prey upon the smaller herbivorous. In like manner the falcon tribe prey upon the insectivorous birds. It is Nature's methods of eliminating the weak from the strong, the diseased from the sound, so that only the strong and healthy should remain to propagate its species for all time—in a sentence, the survival of the fittest, for nature abhors weaklings in beast or bird.

\*The reason for the apathy of the American Government to the slaughter of the buffalo was that the decrease of the buffalo would break the back of the Indian warfare in the middle western States, the then frontier not a very creditable policy for a civilized and powerful nation to adopt!

## ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA.

The idea that wolves live entirely on deer is erroneous. Fully half of their food is derived from rabbits, partridges, woodrats, mice etc. For more than three centuries the fur trappers have pursued the furry tribe relentlessly. Whenever furry animals have been exterminated or nearly so, the rabbits and other small rodents have increased for a time, until interbreeding brings on disease, when they die off by thousands in one season. Again why? Because their natural enemies have been killed. In other words the balance set by Nature has been disturbed. To find few rabbits (when they are not hunted by man) is to find little fur. That is the reason why experienced trappers like to find signs of plenty of rabbits, partridge, etc., on the grounds they have selected for winter's trapping—for fur follows the game. The more fur the more numerous the game. The Red man gave a volume of information in six words—"see plenty wolf track; see plenty game."

Wolves hunt in packs—rarely alone. They eat up everything clean that they kill, and can go from seven to nine days without food if necessary. In spring they kill all weak fawns and old deer; in summer they live mostly on small fur and feather—like the fox and badger they will eat frogs. When deer are forced to "yard" in winter the wolves pick out the weak ones and old with unerring instinct, and unless the pack is a large one will not attempt to pull down the mature bucks. The instinct of self preservation warns the deer not to leave their "yards" unless necessity drives them, or they will fall an easy prey in the deep snow. They therefore present a bold front to the wolves, such as only the keenest hunger will cause them to face. The lone wolf will not attack a healthy deer—only a fawn, or badly disabled or worn out doe. He will no more face a buck than he will walk on glare ice, for he is an arrant coward.

Twenty years ago I was killing—or rather chasing—rabbits in Australia, where they had become a pest. The Government wanted to destroy them root and branch. In order to do this they copied Nature—and failed. Every stray dog that could be picked up in Sydney

and every other dog that could be procured, was sent up country to the rabbit camps. Here they were employed to chase all the strongest rabbits out of one district into another, for all that the many and various breeds of dogs could succeed in catching were the weak, and diseased. The result was that the rabbits increased and swarmed over miles of new country every year. The men swore, broke camp and followed them—to do the same work all over again with the same result. Cats and mongooses were brought from far and near and turned down to assist Nature, which wanted none. These cleared out the weak ones we left, including snakes, lizards, iguanos and other abominations, drove out the rest and struck down on our trail for the new paradise, living by the way on any stray lamb or domestic fowl they came across. Our work reminded me very much of Charles Dickens' "Circumlocution Office" in "Little Dorritt" on "How Not To Do It." The writer ventured to suggest shooting the dogs, replacing them with steel traps, kill all the does caught, and let the bucks go free. The Government "pigeon-holed" my modest suggestions and ordered my immediate arrest as a dangerous irreconcilable. The rabbit is still master of the situation!

The Australian Government copied Nature to destroy—and failed. The Ontario Government is going against Nature to preserve—and is failing. The former killed all the old and weak; the latter are allowing all the young and strong to be killed. Had the latter adopted the former course, and the former taken the latter course, all would have been and would be well. But all is not well now. We are blaming the wolf for that of which he cannot be guilty. Let me reiterate: Nature never makes mistakes.

Away with false theories; let us come down to facts. We have made one law to protect the young of both sexes of the deer tribe throughout the year, made another to nullify it, with several others to make that one law absolutely useless, and appointed one man to enforce this law in an Empire Province.

By Sub-section 2 of Section 8 of the



game laws of Ontario it is enacted that "No person shall at any time hunt, kill or take any cow moose, or young moose, reindeer or caribou under the age of one year." A most excellent law, but one that is rendered useless by the provision at the end of the same section allowing the hounding of deer in the open season.

The several others to which I refer above are the Indian, the settler and the armed tourist. Let us take them in order, the reader remembering that I am only concerned for the game and the scientific and humane hunter.

First the dog hunters. Men who hound deer advertise the fact that they are neither self-reliant woodsmen, humane hunters, respectors of the laws of Nature, preservers of game, or have any regards for the rights of others—present and to come. Seventy-five per cent—at the lowest—of the deer driven past the runways by dogs are does, fawns and young deer. At the highest estimate there are not ten men out of every hundred sufficiently expert with the rifle or versed in woodcraft to pick out a deer over a year old rushing at top speed, especially through trees and underbrush, and drop it clean. For every one killed three are sent away to die. One is sometimes retrieved; the other two go to feed the wolves and foxes. At the lowest estimate then we have a loss of fifty per cent of young deer—a cruel and disgraceful piece of work on the part of those who make such things possible. The old Boer hunter considered two cartridges sufficient to get an antelope on the veldt at long range. The western hunters consider a belt full insufficient to get a deer at fifty yards in the woods!

A yearling buck has two small knobs under the skin and the second year two small spikes. It is therefore very hard to distinguish—I grant you that—jumping through timber. The experienced hunter will pick out a yearling by the color of its coat. There is no more pathetic sight to a humane man than to see a doe plunge into a lake or river or worst of all a muddy creek interlaced with underbrush and fallen timber, struggle through, and then turn to watch with yearning eyes the frantic efforts of her fawn or fawns to get through mud and

brush after her, their large, soft pleading eyes starting from their heads in terror at every bay of the hounds. Yet the writer has seen men inhuman enough to take advantage of this—one of Nature's saddest sights. Some men will, it is true, stay their hands at such a sight, but these men are rarely found using dogs. This is the reason one seldom meets with the scientific hunter—a man who believes in a maximum of exertion to a minimum of destruction, necessary to true sport—using dogs. Out for a good head the scientific hunter knows that the cunning brain in that head is not likely to be met with flying for his life along a runway with yelping curs behind him. Bringing up the rear of his flying harem let his keen nose catch the taint of a human being, and woe betide the dog that comes within range of his forefeet and strong antlers, when he turns in his tracks, as turn he will, to break through where the air is untainted. Does with fawns, and young deer are more afraid of dogs than of man.† It is not contended here that all men using dogs are not sportsmen. The writer is well aware that there are some fine old sportsmen, who are past their prime and therefore unfit to undertake the strenuous labor necessary to still hunting, who use dogs. They are however the exception and not the rule.

Again the hounding of deer where there are settlers causes untold bitterness, disrespect for the law, with sometimes open threats of violence on man and dog. One hunting party with dogs can shoot or wound most of the young deer, and chase the rest, with all the old bucks out of a settlement, twenty miles square, in less than fifteen days, to the complete exclusion of every other hunter who comes in, or who belongs to the neighborhood. The settler who respects the law, along with his neighbor who does not—and the latter are legion—feel aggrieved, wait until the few deer left return, and kill them out of season, often without mercy in their yards. In justice to all then it is most unfair to expect sportsmen to travel hundreds of miles, pay a heavy license fee, and in the end to find the ground they have selected for their hunt in the short time allowed by

†When in British Columbia, some few years ago, a yearling fawn chased by a pack of coyotes rushed up, palpitating with fear, and placed the writer between itself and its enemies—sufficient proof of whom it was the most afraid.



law swept clean before their eyes—often by their own countrymen—with a few dogs. Neither is it justice to expect the settlers, who look upon the deer that they have respected in the close season, which have fed upon their land, and often upon their crops as in some degree their own property, shot or driven out of the country by a couple of unskilled hunters. The settlers have no objection to the still hunter, quite the contrary, let him come from where he may. The still hunter and the dog hunter are however two entirely different men and can never agree.

Secondly we have the Indians, or rather the half breeds, who are allowed to kill our finest game all the year round. This is a most unfair and stupid law. Why should this so called Indian be allowed to slaughter game and net fish when he is able to earn his living—and does—as a guide in the summer and fall months, and at various other work in the winter? Under this law the half breeds slaughter game wholesale, and without regard to age or sex. Much of this slaughter is done for logging camps, and incidentally for other camps. The half breed makes no secret of the fact. Why should he when there is no one to enforce the law? I know an old Indian who hunted moose and deer every winter for these camps. On asking him one day if he spared cow moose he replied, "No, shoot everything I see, white man killing out game; have my share while its young!" Hark! one—two—three—four shots! Our red friends are actually shooting deer (February second) within half a mile of where I am sitting writing this article, and when there is two feet

f snow on the ground! Once when I was on snowshoes I followed the trail of two Indians. The trail led me to a moose "yard" where these men had killed two moose and wounded two more. The dead ones were skinned, cut up and taken on hand sleighs to a logging camp. This was just as I expected. Piled up outside the storehouse at the lumber camp I found the two moose, loosely covered with a few empty sacks. "We employ Indians to kill moose! I defy you to prove it!" shouted the foreman in answer to my charge. "Will you deny

that this is moose meat?" I asked throwing aside the sacks and exposing the meat. "I do not deny it," replied the foreman, "some Indians brought it here and asked me to take care of it until they could remove it to their own camps. Indians you know (with a sneer) have a right to kill game when they like. Now get out of this camp and do your worst!" punctuating his language with certain threats. Certainly I could prove nothing as he knew, neither did I try single handed to rectify a monstrous blunder made by men who seem to look upon the woods of this great Province as being similar to a game shop in a city, which can be emptied one day and filled the next. I am not unmindful of the fact that the Indian is constantly and sorely tempted to break the law—made for his benefit. We may hope that he often does this in ignorance of the fact that base and selfish men are bribing him to his own undoing. They ask him both in and out of season to get them a head worth mounting, paying him an amount which appears to him worth the service. In the same way the logging camps bribe him to bring them tons of meat. When he is set such a bad example by his superiors who can blame this Son of the Woods from learning his lesson thoroughly?

The armed tourist who appears in the summer months is only human, and cannot be expected to drift past moose and deer in his canoe, and withhold his hand. The temptation is too great. Remove the temptation and you remove the cause of so many carcasses being left to feed the wolves or rot along the canoe routes. "I shot a fine bull moose and a deer, and wounded two more on my trip," said a tourist to me, "but I can't take them out." "Why kill them then?" I queried. "Well, I wanted meat, and the law allows one to kill game when one is in want of meat! "One moose and a deer and wounded two more, all in twelve days. No wonder the wolves are getting plentiful. As this tourist was an alien traveling for pleasure his claim cannot be admitted. The summer tourist has a good deal of temptation thrown in his way. A canoe glides upon game, which is always at its tamest when it

seeks cool lakes and rivers, both to find freedom from the flies and to feed on water plants. It would therefore be asking too much to expect all sorts and conditions of men to passfully armed through the best game sections of this Province without some of them taking a heavy toll. It is ridiculous to suppose that men carry arms in the backwoods for the pleasure of packing them over the portages—to catch fish.

Bear hunting! Yes, some keen and conscientious sportsmen carry rifles on the off chance of seeing a bear. Protect the bear in the summer months, and all excuse is at an end.

Wolves? I have had a long experience in the woods, both here and in the West, and except on the prairies, I have never seen a live wolf outside of a steel trap. Further I have never met with an old Indian of the woods who has seen one either. A master of woodcraft, and a coward to boot, it would be strange if we had seen such a sight.

That big game is on the decrease need not, I think cause any amazement when the above roughly sketched facts are considered. As will be seen the big game have no real protection throughout the year—if we except a single man in an arm chair. It is no use passing laws that nullify each other, and it is of no use making others to stop the slaughter of game when there is no one to enforce them—no one but some local politician at a few dollars per year and his living to earn after his salary. Who can expect such a man to enforce laws when such actions will get him into hot water with his relatives and neighbours? and his position in the community made untenable.

The more civilized a people become the more stringent are the game laws. Let the motto be—"Justice to all, particularly the game, and partiality to none!"

Stop the hounding of deer at the earliest possible moment and allow only still hunting with an extension of fifteen days south of the Canadian Pacific Railway main line. Stop the killing of does for two years in badly depleted districts.

Separate fishery and game matters from politics, and give permanent appointments to well paid men as fish and game guardians—one to ten townships in sparsely settled districts, less townships in a fairly well settled district, and more in unorganized districts. Each man

should be a practical energetic woodsman, with a thorough knowledge of all game and its habits—and a stranger to the district to which he is appointed. In all cases the services of these men should be retained only on proofs of ability, and the fearless discharge of duty.

Give them full power to confiscate all firearms, fishing nets etc. illegally used, and to arrest the refractory. Empower them to search all logging and other camps for game, and give them the right to see all hunting licenses, and collect all unpaid license fees from hunters. Each warden ought to collect enough of such fees, which under the present system are unpaid, to cover the cost of his salary.

For the next few years the Government could increase the license fees payable by residents and non-residents until the game increased. With the increase of game more hunters would come in, for there is room for all who may come in this great Province. Every few years change the wardens from one district to another. They make friends fast.

The knowledge that such men are employed, and may drop in anywhere at any moment will hold the Indian, the settler, and the armed tourist in check. Imprisonment should be substituted for fines, as the latter are useless.

Each warden could easily find enough to do destroying stray dogs, wolves, etc!

License all guides and give them the right as deputy wardens to collect all hunting fees on a percentage basis. Hold them responsible for the good behaviour of everyone they take into the woods. Then, despite the real wolf our big game will increase, more licenses will be taken out, and the Government will have plenty of money and to spare. Real and efficient protection is profitable both directly and indirectly.

If I have handled these questions without gloves I have only one excuse to offer—my love for the great woods and its innocent denizens and noble fauna. I was born in them, and want to die under the shadow of the great pines. May I always be near the gentle, mild-eyed, lovable deer, the lordly moose,—yes, and the cowardly wolf! May they walk over my last resting place centuries hence, as they have walked over the same spot centuries before I can make my long rest there!



# How to Help the Taxidermist.

BY HORACE MITCHELL.

**N**OT long ago a lady brought me a canary to be mounted in the regulation way—"In the highest style of the art," as some of our taxidermist friends put it. As I opened the box containing the specimen, I wondered why so large a package was needed for so small a bird. Well, when at last I reached that canary, I found it had been wrapped first, in a silk handkerchief, next in about two inches of cotton batting, then tissue paper around all, and lastly the box filled up with more cotton.

Now this is one of two extremes that I wish to say something about. There are few who show unnecessary care in getting their specimens, or trophies, into the taxidermist's hands in good condition, but many indeed who are guilty of the other extreme, of gross carelessness.

It is a surprising fact that a sportsman, after spending considerable time, money and energy in going into the woods and securing a fine moose head, for instance—which he naturally desires to get mounted—will allow his guide to so mutilate the scalp (skin of the head) as to render it worthless. Yet such is the case, as experience has shown.

Last season, a very fine moose head came in, with scalp skinned off in good shape, but with both horns neatly sawed off close to the skull, the latter having again been sawed in two, down the middle!

Not only is that an instance of the extreme of carelessness, but of lack of judgment and common sense. Again, some time later, there came to hand three good sets of moose from Temagami. The scalps had been taken off, but the entire nose from the nostril, together with the lower lip and chin, were gone!

I have also seen scalps of valuable heads badly damaged by having been dried up by the campfire. Other instances could be enumerated, but they are not necessary.

To the sportsman who does not really know the requirements of the taxidermist as to receiving specimens—such

requirements being very simple after all—I would say, get a book on taxidermy and read up, if you wish to save your specimens, at least the preliminary work, such as skinning, etc. To the sportsman who will trust his moose head in the hands of his guide, I would say, for Heaven's sake, stand over him with a club or an axe, and see that he follows out these simple rules:—Start by cutting around inside of mouth, leaving all the lip, both inside and outside parts, also the full depth of nostril, on the scalp. Then open on back of neck—never on the under side, or throat, of deer or moose, skin carefully past eyes and tear ducts, pare off as much fat and flesh as possible, and then rub in lots of salt on flesh side, stretch out in a cool, shady place to dry till you are leaving, when you can pack your scalp up in good condition.

Goodness knows, it is hard enough even with a good scalp to do a moose head right! Only the scientific taxidermist with many years of practice and experience can do good work, as the numbers of badly mounted heads (birds, animals and fish too) one sees throughout the country testify. However, space will not permit going into the other branches of this line now, but at a future time I hope to have something to say on good and bad work, etc., and hope to see some contributions by other operators who should give us the benefit of their experiences.

It is a wide field, taxidermy. Sportsmen from all over the world come in contact with the taxidermist, and impart to him a mine of information as to game districts, the use and abuse of game laws, hunting and camping experiences, etc.

Then that ridiculous secrecy among taxidermists should be dealt with, and in view of the fact that the public are commencing to discriminate between good and bad work, a free exchange of ideas and information would also help to make matter of interest and of benefit to the sportsman as well as the taxidermist.



## The Future of the Algonquin National Park.

**T**O attempt the task of fish and game preservation without ensuring that the forest shall receive protection first is similar to the old plan we have all ridiculed of putting the cart before the horse. Yet something like this appears to have been the policy of the Ontario Government in dealing with the great Provincial Preserve known as the Algonquin National Park. They have there set aside an area, roughly speaking, of two thousand square miles where the beauties and wealth of the forest might be preserved for all time, providing cover and sustenance for the big game, and the finest of waters for the fish.

There are in this grand Preserve very nearly two hundred lakes, many of them of surpassing beauty and most of them studded with islands, adding greatly to the other natural attractions of the region. Moreover eight rivers watering the Province, and doing much for its fertility, take their rise in the Park and it is of the utmost importance to the people of the whole Province that these headwaters should be preserved. Before the Park was set apart as a Provincial Preserve timber leases had been granted, and at the present time the whole of the Park is stated to be under lease in this way. These leases are annual, but so long as the dues have been paid upon them it has been the policy of the Department to renew them without question. Furthermore at the time they were issued they were understood to include only the pine, then considered the only timber of merchantable quality. Now that timber has appreciated so greatly in value the lumbermen contend that they can cut all the timber, with the result that large areas in the Park are being made bare, and the whole is threatened. Islands of surpassing loveliness have had their beauties spoiled by the same ruthless hands. In one case, if not in others, a foaming, swirling torrent has been reduced to a trickling stream in summer, and unless something is done a similar fate awaits all the rivers. According to the Park Rangers, who should know, all the game within the boundaries of the

Park is increasing and that at a rapid rate. The protection afforded them has proved most beneficial, and provided cover and food is left to them their future would be secured.

In order that they might make personal acquaintance with things as they exist in the Park, the members of the Fish and Game Committee of the Ontario Legislature, of the Game Commission, and representatives of the Press were taken to the Park last month by the Grand Trunk Railway as their guests. The special train left Toronto just before midnight of March fifteenth and the guests were taken to the headquarters of the Park, where a station is known as Algonquin Park. Here, on the banks of Cache Lake, resides the Superintendent, Mr. Bartlett, and several of the Rangers when they are "at home." The special train was ran into a siding and made the headquarters of the party who numbered from forty to fifty, and included two of the Ontario Ministers—the Hon. Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works and the Hon. J. W. Hanna, Provincial Secretary.

After breakfast on Saturday several members of the party set out on snow shoes across one of the arms of Cache Lake. The snow was deep but there was a good crust and walking was easy. We reached an island across which a fine portage had been cut and going was here of the best. There were no end of deer trails and a smart lookout was kept for these animals. The trail led on across other arms which appeared to open upon both sides but we turned to the left with the intention of rounding the island and returning by another way. Several members entered the woods and presently the snowshoers were rewarded by the sight of two deer crossing the lake to seek shelter in the woods on the further shore. We had a splendid view of them for many minutes as the animals went through the crust and found the going very hard. One of our experts, a gentleman from Ottawa, told us that it was just under such conditions that the wolves had the advantage of the deer.

Where the deer with their thin legs and their leaps went through the crust, the wolves could run on top and catch them. In the woods the advantage was with the deer but out on the open and with thick soft snow, the deer had no chance. No wolves followed, and we watched the deer till the dark shadows of the thick woods hid them from view. Then our snowshoe tramp was resumed and we returned to lunch with better appetites for our exertions. Falls were few and most of the trippers took to the snowshoes as though they were old hands.

In the afternoon snowshoeing was again followed by many of the party while others went back on the railway track to visit a beaver colony. It was interesting to note how many were willing to stand patiently in the snow while the beavers, (who had doubtless a good supply of winter food stored away) took advantage of the open water to come out and partake of fresh food. Several young shoots were nipped off by them, and were as clean cut as though knives had been used.

Saturday evening was devoted to a consideration of the future of the Park. It was a revelation to the members of the House, and apparently to the Ministers themselves, that the whole of the Park was tied up as above stated. Various suggestions were put forward with a view of putting an end to this state of things but the only one that appeared to be considered feasible was that of purchasing the lumbermen's rights and getting rid of them once and for all. The Government appears to have regulating powers and could, if they pleased, do much in this way to retain some portions of the Park in a good state. They could restrict the size of the timber to be cut, and they might surely set a time limit. To allow lumber cutting indefinitely all over the Park means that limits can be held till timber grows again and the Province will be held in bond forever. Looking at the matter from an extreme point of view it was agreed that it would be a good thing for the Government even to face full compensation in order to regain complete powers throughout the Park. Many favored the placing of the Provincial Preserves under the same Depart-

ment as that dealing with game and fish, but it was held that superior to everything else was the question of the leases. The dams erected by the lumbermen are also damaging the trees round the lakes, destroying the scenic beauties and drowning out the spawning beds. In some cases the usefulness of these dams has gone but they still remain and prevent the fish from going up the rivers as they otherwise would. There appears to have been no provision for the removal of these dams with the result that after use they are still left to the injury of the Park and without the slightest compensating advantage. The attractions of the Park are so great that their development would repay the Province directly, and many times over indirectly, everything spent upon it. The inclusion of a portion of country to the south of the Park was strongly recommended on the ground that it is unsuitable for agricultural purposes but well adapted for the growth of pine and pine is growing there, which, if protected for a few years will prove an asset of considerable value. The question of accommodation in the Park came in for some consideration, and while the advantages of an hotel from which excursions could be arranged was recognized, it was held that this time it should be well understood that whoever undertook this work should do so with the full knowledge that liability to change of regulations must be assured and questions of compensation not entertained. If something of this kind could be done visitors would simply pour in, for the Algonquin National Park is easy of access and possesses attractions and room sufficient to give health and pleasure to all who may choose to come. One gentleman said he had been in Switzerland and though he had searched diligently he had found nothing so fine as the Park could show them. It was agreed on all hands that the visit had been a revelation in more ways than one and that its educational value could not be estimated. Advantage was taken of the presence of the Ministers and members of the Provincial House to air these requirements for the Park, if in any sense it is to become what it should and ought to be—a great national playground



for the people. Everyone agreed that something should be done to improve matters and the Ministers were assured that here was a chance to do something for the people, which, if accomplished, would cause their names to live in history. Public support would also be assured.

On Sunday morning a short service was conducted in the dining room at the Rangers' headquarters by the Rev. Mr. Chadwick of Windsor, who was present as a guest of Dr. Reaume's. Then a long snowshoe tramp was undertaken by a select few, the majority preferring the comforts of the cars. In the afternoon there was a run down to Joe Lake, and while the train was taken as far as Canoe Lake in order to obtain water for the engine, snowshoes were again put on and a beaten trail taken to Joe Lake. Across this lake could be seen the remains of a mill, the buildings connected with which were surrounded by the houses of what only a few years ago was a busy village inhabited by as many as six or seven hundred people. The timber was cut, the mill was stopped, the firm we were told assigned, and the people who once lived here are now scattered in many distant places. We also saw one of the dams which do so much injury to the

fisheries. Some of the enthusiasts wished to fish through the ice but a reflection of the day and occasion withheld them. On a return to the old place half a dozen of the strenuous ones again visited the beavers and though parties had been down in the morning and failed to see them, they were obliging enough to show themselves again and even to permit a snapshot, although the light was against any success in this direction.

Testimony was borne to the excellence and completeness of the arrangements made by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and it was the general opinion that the trip will be rich in good results to the Province. All the arrangements so far as the Grand Trunk was concerned (and it should not be forgotten that these even included moccasins and snowshoes without which not much could have been seen) were in the capable and competent hands of Mr. H. R. Charlton, Advertising Agent of the Grand Trunk and Mr. W. P. Hinton, Assistant General Passenger Agent while the trip was organized and Mr. H. Maisonville, Private Secretary to the Hon. Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works. The absence of any hitch, even of the slightest kind, shows how thoroughly these gentlemen did their work.

Mr. E. J. McVeigh writes:—

It is always well to know what the other fellow thinks when you attempt to put him on his defence. The following letter gives us a peep under the hat of that much abused individual, the pot hunter:—"To Mr. McVeigh; Dear Sir: I have seen a piece in "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" with your name at the head of it, and I think you are right in most things you say, but don't you think you are a little hard on the man who sometimes kills deer out of the hunting season? It is mostly men who are in the bush all the time who do this and they see how many the wolves kill, and how can you blame them if they think that a few more can't make much difference and if they don't kill them the wolf will anyway? The Government pays fifteen dollars if you kill a wolf, but that is no good; no man can spend his time

hunting wolves at that price or twice that, and if one is killed it is by chance, and no one hunts them at all. If they were hunted they would clear out even if not killed. I think a regular wolf hunter who would work at it all the time as you say, would do lots of good. The time of the year when most good could be done men are not in the bush much, I mean in the last end of the winter, and it is then a man could hunt up dens and kill the young ones. Yours truly."

This idea of tracking the wolf to the den and destroying the pups is one I had overlooked; it looks good to me. But exact knowledge is hard to get. What we want now is information as to whether there is or is not a regular season for the wolf litter, and what that season is. Someone must be possessed of this knowledge and I have hopes we will hear from him. With congratulations on the success of the agitation so far.



## A Fine Tourist Region.

**T**HERE are numberless places in Canada where a fine outing can be combined with the best of fishing and good hunting in the season; and in this respect Ontario is not the least amongst the Provinces. Indeed so well favored in this matter is the great Province of Ontario that choice is difficult, though, fortunately, where there is so much that is good it is hard to go wrong.

The Highlands of Ontario are likely however to long hold their pride of place. To the very finest of scenery, they add all the charms of water, the lakes being abundant and every one beautiful. A fine center for which to book is Dorset, where there is good accommodation and which serves as a splendid headquarters from which to make expeditions of all kinds. It is the starting place for Hollow Lake, one of the finest speckled trout fishing grounds north of Toronto. The Indian name for this lake is Kahweam-hegewagamag, and the tourist will require to extend his holiday if he wishes to learn the correct pronunciation.

Dorset can put forward claims to favor for several reasons. It is easily accessible by railway and being near the best fishing and sporting grounds, trips can be made by all wishing to take a share in healthy recreation coupled with good sport. There are so many lakes in the country near by that trips of long or short duration can be arranged, and the very height of enjoyment attained.

Every hunter, fisherman, tourist and camper knows the value of a good guide and steps have been taken at Dorset to secure this great advantage to every visitor. An organization has been formed which might well form a model for similar ones throughout the Province. The local guides without waiting for the Government to adopt a system of organized guides formed one of their own. They took no local or restricted view either, but boldly and successfully launched "The Ontario Guides' Association." The organization was born only one year ago, but it is in a flourishing condition and promises to long survive and extend its sphere of usefulness and service.

One of the main objects of the Associ-

ation is to promote and facilitate travel in the Lake of Bays and Algonquin Park regions of the Province, a task which in view of the beauty of the country and its many claims upon the travelling public is the least arduous of the lines of work taken up by those forming the organization.

One of the most efficient means by which this work can be done is to secure for the public competent and reliable guides. Every traveller in Canada will endorse that sentiment. It is only those who have been off the beaten track who realize how much the success of their holidays depend upon the competency and reliability of their guides. The Association tests every man before admitting him to membership, and if tourists engage a member of the Guides' Association, the Association guarantees both his reliability and his competency. The traveller, tourist, fisherman, hunter, canoeist or holiday maker can feel quite at ease when he has such a guide to pilot him through any of the little difficulties which the ordinary city man encounters in the backwoods, and may rely upon the very best of treatment.

To be eligible for membership the guide must have a permanent residence in the Province, be at least eighteen years of age, have had three years' experience in work as a guide, possess a character for reliability, and own a thorough equipment. Furthermore he has to be recommended by three members of the Association who must vouch for his standing both as a guide and as a citizen. Having secured admission a member may be dropped on a two-thirds vote of a local committee or of the general executive for violation of any rule of law or conduct unbecoming a citizen of the Province.

Every sportsman may not agree with the next aim of the Association which is to maintain a standard rate of remuneration for these fully qualified guides, that rate being fixed at \$3 per day and necessary expenses. Many a sportsman has paid as much for unqualified men, and all who have had experience will agree that a cheap guide is an unqualified mistake. If fully competent and equipped for his



JOHN SPARKES, R. S. COLE, JOHN REMEY.

CHAS. MCCANN, ARCH. MOSSINGTON, GEO. COLE, GEO. LOUCKS.

WM. C. SPARKES, R. THOMPSON, TOM SPEARS, BEN SHRIGLEY, DON PHILLIPS.

SEC. TREAS. CHRIS. SAWYER. ALVIN PHILLIPS, PRES.

work and a man upon whom absolute reliance can be placed, the price charged is not too high, and those who know how much not merely of their success but of their absolute safety and comfort depends upon their guide will willingly and cheerfully pay this amount, on being assured of a full return for their money.

The Association goes further and is built upon a broader foundation still. It seeks to render assistance to its members in many ways. Not only does it seek to make them the very pick of the guides of the Province, but it will look after them when they need help—in cases of sickness or disability, and when death overtakes them will do all that is possible, with the moderate means at their disposal, for their families. These objects will secure the sympathy of all who know from personal experience what a fine set of good hearted fellows our Canadian guides are.

The organization is very complete in all its details and will undoubtedly carry into practice as far as it is humanly possible

the ideals with which they have set out.

Recognizing as they do that their interests are closely bound up with the protection of the forests, the fish and the game of the Province, they have compiled a code of rules for the guidance of their own members by means of which they seek to live up to their professions. The guides not only keep strictly within the letter of the law themselves but also see that the parties under their charge do likewise. "It shall be the duty of every guide to live up to and protect the game and fish laws of any Province to which he may go."

All honor to the spirit animating these men in founding such an organization and may it do them the best of service! Certainly it is calculated to do them untold good, for sportsmen must prefer to go to a district where in addition to attractions, they can be quite certain of finding the most reliable guides to make their outings a success in the present, and a life long delight in going over in imagination such pleasant experiences.



## The Ontario Game Laws.

**T**HE prominent position assumed by the Province of Ontario in all matters of fish and game protection, and the activity and zeal of the Provincial Association, which has built up a strong organization on the broadest platform, have given a wide interest to the effort put forth by the Provincial Government to amend the game laws of the Province. The Government have had the great advantage of a Game Commission, whose reports and recommendations have been of great value, and several of the amendments recommended by them have been placed in the new bill presented by the Government to the Legislature.

Prior to the introduction of this bill into the Provincial House, it had been arranged that the Premier and the Cabinet would receive a deputation from the members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association for the purpose of formally presenting to the Government the resolutions adopted by the Provincial Convention, and ask them to initiate legislation upon the lines indicated by them. This deputation waited upon the Ministers at noon on March fifth and was composed of representatives of all but the most distant branches. While primarily concerned with pressing their own resolutions, the delegates necessarily made lengthy references to the new bill, the full provisions of which had not been fully considered owing to the short interval between its introduction and the reception of the deputation.

Mr. McConnell, of Belleville, voiced the wishes of the Hastings County Branch, which are an efficient game warden in the northern part of the County; and a good man with a fast gasoline launch to patrol the river and bay.

Messrs. W. H. Chittick and J. W. Weldon of London, thanked the Minister for the good work done in stopping net fishing at the mouth of the Thames, and both expressed the strongest views that this course was in the public interest in its widest and best sense. Now everyone would be allowed a share in the fishing upon equal terms, and it would no longer be a monopoly in the hands of a

few and for the benefit of the people of the States.

Mr. Wilson of Dunnville, advocated an equal treatment for the Grand River. He explained that the fishermen put down their pound nets for days before the opening of the season, and on the opening day they pulled them up with sometimes ten tons of fish in them. He thought they ought to be compelled at least to wait till the opening day before putting down their nets. They were overrun with carp, but also had plenty of other kinds of fish.

Mr. J. P. Downey, M. P. P., on behalf of Guelph, expressed himself as in hearty sympathy with the movement for the better protection of fish and game, and believed the work would amply repay the Government, the Province and the public.

Major William Hendrie, of Hamilton, drew attention to the importance of the Provincial Convention, which was attended by close upon one hundred delegates from twenty-six branches situated in all parts of Ontario. The Association heartily joined with the Government in maintaining much of the northern country, mostly Governmental lands, for the use of the whole people and not for any particular class. The Government must remember that in such a course they took upon themselves a decided responsibility. They placed themselves largely in the position of landowners in the old country who saw that the game that they reared was efficiently protected. It was the duty of the Government to see that the animals breeding in that vast northern country were not entirely destroyed nor the waters depleted of fish. This equally applied to the food fish in which there had been immense losses. There were some ideas in connection with the preservation and protection of fish and game in the old country which might well be adopted in Canada. For instance the care and money expended in the preservation of grouse moors, much of the land composing which was of a wild and uncultivable character, was of great value both to the district and the



land, and if it were not from the revenue derived from shooting, its sparsely settled domain would see very little outside money going into it. In our northern portions there was a vast acreage unsuitable for agricultural purposes, which can be made valuable in such a way as will return a good revenue to the Province, if only wise measures are adopted by means of which the fullest advantage can be taken of the fishing and shooting within its borders. He did not for a moment advocate the principle of private domain, as the Association was a unit in its wishes to have the Government handle the whole of the available shooting and fishing territory of the Province as one huge public game preserve, for the use of the masses of the people irrespective of position and wealth. To give some idea of how this matter was viewed across the line, it had been publicly stated by the Game Commissioner of Maine that "the value of a moose head to the people of the State is \$500." By that was meant that \$500 was spent in the State by every sportsman who endeavored to enjoy the distinction and pleasure of shooting a moose. What a contrast this was to Ontario! Here the largest of our big game was not considered of any great value at all. It was a common thing for a moose to be killed for his hide—the same kind of thing which in years gone by was the cause for the destruction of the buffalo. He would not even go into the more important matter of the food fish of the Great Lakes. A generous and attentive ear from the Cabinet was desired for those who were interesting themselves in these most important matters, and doing what they sincerely hoped and believed would be beneficial to those who would come after them in this great Province of Ontario. They felt strongly that it was only fair to the coming generation that we should leave them lands and waters not entirely destitute of fish and game. The Association did not approach this large and important subject in a dictatorial spirit, recognizing that changes must come gradually—but they must come soon. They maintained their position to be correct, and hoped that the Cabinet would be fully in accord with the deputation on the matter. They had

much knowledge on how the game laws were broken and the fish illegally caught. Many other matters along the same lines could be gathered by such an organization. It was in the spirit of willingness to help that they approached the Government that day, feeling that with their large membership, situated in all parts of Ontario they were in a position to assist with advice and practical knowledge, the Fish and Game Department of the Government.

Mr. Thomas Upton, Hamilton, expressed the wishes of the members of the Association to assist the Government in every possible way. If properly managed the protection of fish and game was a good business proposition for the Province. In ten years the Department had received \$143,131, and only expended \$85,530, leaving a surplus of \$57,596 which had been contributed to the general fund. This went to show that if efficiently preserved fish and game would not only give many good sportsmen much enjoyment and healthy recreation, but also be a source of revenue to the Province. They wished to ask that all revenue derived from this source in future be spent in further protecting the fish and the game, and in order to do this they maintained that game and fish wardens should be paid such a salary as would enable them to devote their full time to the work, both the fish and the game needing protection all the year round. In the new bill there were certain changes with which they were not in entire accord. From the experience of a friend and himself in quail shooting last fall he was satisfied that there would be good shooting next fall, and he supported an open season for quail for 1907. He could see no reason why they should be deprived of the pleasure of a few days of the finest sport of which he knew. In the event of a hard winter, such as we experienced three or four years ago it might have been advisable to protect quail by closing the following season, but at present such a course was unnecessary. He would suggest that the open season for ducks, etc., be altered from September first to September fifteenth, because if this were done it would leave no excuse for carrying a gun before the season was

opened for all feathered game. He thought no sportsman used an automatic gun, but only one who "was out to slaughter the game," and he supported the clause forbidding the use of such guns.

Mr. A. Kelly Evans, the Secretary of the headquarters branch, expressed indebtedness to the Ministry for the new bill and proceeded:

"While we have not yet found time to thoroughly master the details of the proposed measure, we feel that, in its broad scope, it is undoubtedly a great advance towards the objects this Association has at heart. Our Association hopes that the Government will send this Bill, after its second reading, to a Special Committee, and thus give those interested an opportunity of considering, and if necessary, criticising it. We wish to take this opportunity of emphasizing to the Honorable the Premier and his Ministry, that this Association has as its ultimate goal, a much greater work than even the better protection of the Game Fish and Game of the Province, namely: The saving from destruction of the food fisheries of the Great Lakes. It is only necessary to point out that from a total catch in 1893, of 28,623,657 lbs. of food fish, there has been a decrease, equalling in 1905 the enormous amount of 6,051,357 lbs., while the implements of destruction,—including tugs, boats and nets of all kinds and descriptions—have almost doubled. Taking the value of fish as given in the latest printed reports of the Province, it will be found, that an average would be about six cents per pound, and, therefore, these figures show that by a falling-off of six millions of pounds in the total catch, there would be a loss of \$360,000 in 1905, or capitalizing this sum at five per cent, we find that the capital value of the fisheries of Ontario shows a shrinkage at present values of fish of \$7,200,000

The broad principle our Association takes in reference to these matters is that the regulations as to the food fisheries which tend to the benefit of the masses of the community should be carried out fearlessly, even if so doing causes a temporary injury to a comparatively speak-

ing, small section of the population, who could very easily find in a short time other means of employment. It is generally admitted that eighty-five per cent of the food fish caught in the Province go to the United States, and it has been alleged that some of the fish sold in the markets of Toronto, Windsor and other points, was originally caught in our own waters, has gone to the States, and been shipped back—we having to pay the American duty, our own duty and the added freight. I mention these facts and emphasize the interest our Association takes in them at this juncture, in order that no possible misconstruction as to our Association being simply composed of sportsmen interested in a selfish way, should be entertained by the Government. This deputation, the delegates to which have come from many parts of the Province, was arranged before the proposed Act was introduced, and with a view of asking the Ministry to embody the findings of our recent convention in the Bill. I am happy to say that I find many of the suggestions of our convention have been adopted, and I trust it may possibly so happen that when the measure is discussed, amendments and alterations may be made, if we can show that there is good cause for such being done; and that in any case our representatives may be given a patient hearing by the Chairman and Members of the said Committee.

Mr. Graham, of the Iroquois Hotel, Toronto, read the following petition:—

Toronto, February 28th, 1907.  
To the Honorable Colonel J. B. Whitney,  
Prime Minister of Ontario,  
Toronto.

Sir :

We, the undersigned, members of the Toronto Hotelkeepers' Association, who are owners or managers of the leading hotels of this city, respectfully beg to draw to your attention the following facts :

(1) That the Tourist traffic from the United States attracted by the fishing of this Province is of financial importance to us, and can be largely increased ;

(2) That we learn from old customers who have been passing through the town



for years, that the fishing is rapidly becoming very poor where originally it was superb, and that they speak of seeking other places ;

(3) That in our opinion there is not a practical and efficient system for the enforcement of the present Laws as they apply to fish and game ;

(4) We also draw to your attention the alarming depletion of the fisheries of the Great Lakes, and the fact that the great bulk of the fish now caught are exported to the United States, and that we find difficulty in obtaining the finer forms of food fish in consequence ;

(5) As an Association we have become a Branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association and heartily endorse the findings of its Convention, recently held in the University of Toronto; and trust that as far as possible the Laws and Regulations will be amended in accordance therewith : with this exception, however : That we object to the Association's recommendations as to placing any additional varieties of fish and game upon the list already prohibited for sale in this Province, as we consider it only right that we should at any time, be able to provide our guests with at least two kinds of game ; namely : Venison and Wild Ducks, purchased during the open season ;

In conclusion, we are unanimously of the opinion that a great asset to the Province exists in its Game Fish and Game, as an attraction to Tourists, and that it would be a good policy for the Government to quadruple its present expenditure in the direction of enforcing the Laws as they apply to Fish and Game ; that the whole system be re-organized ; and that officers be appointed on living salaries, selected for their fitness for the work.

We have the Honor to be, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed)

G. A. Graham, Iroquois Hotel,  
Wm. C. Sailey, King Edward Hotel,  
Geo. Wright, Walker House,  
Messrs McGaw & Henry Winnett,  
Queen's Hotel,  
C. R. Palmer, Palmer House,  
E. R. Hurst, Daly House,  
P. J. Mulqueen, Tremont House,  
T. M. Bayne, Walker House,

Angus Gordon, King Edward Hotel,  
Alf. A. Ryley, Grand Union,  
L. Shea, Elliott House,  
F. D. Manches, Arlington House,  
Nelson Bros., Rossin House,

The Premier, in reply, expressed the obligations of the Government to the gentlemen forming the deputation. It was their intention to refer the Game Bill, after its second reading, to a special committee, and that committee would welcome such information as the members of the Protective Association could give. Their information would make the work of the Committee and of the Government the lighter and enable them to deal with matters of moment in a more intelligent manner than could be the case if they did not possess the information those before him had it in their power to give. He assured them the course they suggested was the one the Government had chosen, and they might rely upon their recommendation receiving the earnest attention of the members of the Committee, and of the Government.

The Hon. Dr. Reaume also addressed the deputation, laying particular stress upon the difficulties encountered in carrying out the law. It was all very well for the members of the Assembly to go to him and request an Inspector for their county, and then when the law was enforced and one man caught to come to him and beg the man off. He never realized the value of the work of the members of the Fish and Game Protective Association so much as he had done since he took office. The difficulties of enforcing the law in such a Province as Ontario could scarcely be realized, but he meant to make efforts to do this, and he heartily welcomed the assistance of the stalwarts who formed the bulk of their Associations. He pointed out how at the Sault and Windsor he had done something to ensure that Canadians should have at least a share of their own fish. When the fishermen told him that the fish were their own fish, and that they had a right to sell them where they could make the most money, he informed them that if they stood on their rights they would soon learn that the people also had rights. When the time came for the re-



newal of their licenses they would find, if they persisted in their course, that he would have something to say to them. From that heart-to-heart talk great good had resulted, and Canadians could now obtain their own fish if they wanted them. He would like to see the Canadians follow the example of the Americans in respect to the fisheries—to supply the fishermen with the boats, nets, etc. and to take the catch as the Americans are now doing. With regard to the exportation question they must look to Ottawa. So far as he was concerned it would not require much persuasion to induce him to accompany them to Ottawa if any deputation could be arranged for that purpose. He believed the new system of inspection proposed in the bill would act much more efficiently than that at present in force, and he could assure them he was in earnest in his endeavour to secure better protection for both the fish and the game.

The members of the deputation thanked the Ministers for their courteous reception and withdrew.

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The Bill to which so many references appear above, was introduced into the Ontario Legislature by the Hon. Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, who has charge of the game and fishery interests of the Province. The bill is known as No. 137 and entitled "An Act respecting the Game, Fur Bearing Animals, and Fisheries of Ontario." A note on its front page states that the draft includes amendments to the Game Act as recommended in the reports of the Game Commission for the past two years. No substantial change was made in the Fisheries Act, although the language was in many cases altered as was found necessary for purposes of consolidation.

The most important step taken under the bill was the inclusion for the first time of the fish and game under one department to be known as the Game and Fisheries Branch. This is a step in the right direction, and every friend of fish and game was in hearty accord with the proposed measure so far. The extension of the open season for big game to one month all over the Province proved more contentious, though as it is guarded by the regulation that the licenses are

only good for fifteen days, the majority of sportsmen seemed to favor the change. In the third place the establishment of a gun license gave rise to much controversy, although farmers and farmers' sons were exempt, and also the holders of big game licenses, the gun license fee being included in the larger license. Power was taken to increase the non-resident license fee from twenty-five to fifty dollars. An important provision in this connection is the one providing for the reduction of the non-resident fee to Canadians from other provinces to the same amount the several provinces permit residents of Ontario to hunt within their boundaries. The Board of Game Commissioners was abolished under the bill. The use of automatic guns was prohibited.

The cow moose and the young of deer, moose, reindeer, or caribou under the age of one year are to be protected. While two deer to one license is still allowed, not more than one of them must be a doe, and although when two or more persons are hunting together the numbers may be made up so that the aggregate amounts to two each, no one person must kill more than one doe.

Duck protection goes a little bit farther under this bill, and many duck hunters would like it to go farther still.

Under the head of fish it was decided to have a close time for sturgeon. Power was taken under the bill for fishery leases, and for free licenses for guests, points that gave rise to much discussion.

The bill is being considered in Committee as we go to press. The Committee after a strenuous fight, knocked out the clause providing for a gun license. An equally strenuous struggle took place over the clause prohibiting the use of automatic guns in the Province, but it was retained. The struggle of struggles, however, promises to take place over the clause giving the Lieutenant-Governor power to issue fishing leases. A significant sign of the times in this matter was the passing of a resolution by the Committee (on hearing of the application for an extension of the Tadenac Club lease) in favor of the cancellation of all existing leases, and the prohibition of such leases for the future.

# Bait Casting in Canada.

BY BENJAMIN WESTWOOD.

**W**HILE Bait Casting in Canada to a limited extent has been indulged in, and I venture to say that there are a great many fishermen who have never cast an artificial Bait either Minnow, Spoon or Spider after the fashion of Fly casting; hence I write this article to assure my fellow fishermen that there is much sport in store for them in this direction, without the labor and much time spent in the often fruitless search for live minnows.

Here is a method of catching fish standing side by side, as scientifically as Fly casting, with all the relative sport attending it. During this last season I have been very much interested in this newer method of catching fish and secured a fine lot of bass and pickerel as a reward for my efforts. I have for days used only a small

casting Spoon, Devon or Spinner with a two joint six foot casting Rod and double gut leather with a very free running multiplying Reel and enamelled silk Line. I have been astonished to find after making many and frequent inquiries from numerous fishermen that while they may cast many a Fly for trout and bass they have never cast an artificial Bait for bass or

other fish, notwithstanding the fact that our neighbors across the line have been doing so much during the past two or three years in developing this Bait Casting method by frequent Bait Casting Tournaments which have been so popular,

and taken up by the press and reported so extensively all over the United States. In consequence of the great demand there has grown up a large trade in what is called Bait Casting Rods, most suitable for this purpose, and made especially for this kind of fishing. They are generally, if not always, made in two joints from five to six feet.

Being in close touch with the principle centres of the Fishing Tackle trade in the United States for so many years I have observed particularly the large trade that has grown up in Bait Casting Rods and Reels,

and am convinced that Bait Casting in Canada is bound to develop in the near future into large proportions as it is now doing in the United States. While it is admitted by all that Fly fishing is the most scientific fishing for either Trout or Salmon, yet here is a new style of casting for Trout, Bass, Pickerel or Salmon and not fall far short, if at all, as a scientific



MR. BENJAMIN WESTWOOD.

Of the Alcock, Laight and Westwood Company,  
Limited, Toronto.

method of catching fish, and from my own experience just as enjoyable and full of real sport.

In some localities last season where I was fishing it was most amusing to see the astonishment of the natives as they saw me casting from a rock or from the shore or from a boat some fifty or sixty feet with a small Spoon or Spinner and immediately land safely a good sized fish with the small Bait hooked in the mouth, and cast the same Bait and bring out another fish in so short a time. They said "surely this is a new method of catching fish such as we never saw before !"

I have been asked by many persons which is the best way to successfully do this kind of fishing and what is the best outfit to secure. Some of the authorities in the States where they have had long experience in this line of fishing advised a two joint Bass Rod from five to six feet long which is called a Bait casting rod, with large stand up rings and a good sized end ring on tip of Rod so as to allow the Line to run quite freely when casting from a Multiplying Quadruple Reel. They also advised in some cases

a Raw Silk Line but from my own experience last season I favor an Enamelled Silk Line as the most suitable. It does not absorb the water and must run easier on this account, besides it must pass through the air more freely being heavier and smoother, thus enabling a longer cast to be made. Frequently when casting with a light-weight artificial Bait it is necessary to facilitate the casting by attaching near the Bait on the Leader a small Sinkers which will carry the line farther.

The conditions of Bait casting are somewhat different to Fly casting inasmuch as the Bait can be brought back again after the cast has been made underneath the water until such times as the free running reel brings it to the end of the Rod tip again in case there is no fish secured.

I am quite free to confess that I am greatly taken with this method of fishing which offers to the fisherman far more variety and sport than still fishing can possibly do, besides making better use of his Rod, Reel and Line, and developing his skill as a sportsman.

That there seems to be a considerable amount of interest taken in the International Tournament of Bait and Fly Casting Clubs, which is to be given by the Racine Fly Casting Club, at Racine, Wis., August 15, 16, 17 next is evidenced by the many commendatory letters which the Committee are receiving from various sources. The manufacturers are responding nobly to the call which has been made on them, and are particularly moved to do so in view of the recent action of the affiliated clubs in determination not to solicit donations of prizes for club contests or merely local tournaments, and as a result, the prize list promises to be the biggest ever offered. It is the general impression that there will be the biggest crowd at Racine that has ever attended a Tournament in

the history of the sport. It is the earnest desire of all Committees that no favoritism be shown anyone in any way, and this, of course, is meeting with general approval. The National Association has given the matter of the "professional" its close attention. Every consideration and courtesy will be extended to the reputable and sportsmanlike "professional," and opportunities will be given him to display his skill and make records. A sincere effort will be put forth to make all restriction of "professionals" as fair and friendly as possible, and to look after their welfare and enjoyment to the fullest extent. However, it is recognized that the time has arrived to establish a demarcation between the two different interests, and the Racine Tournament will be conducted largely for the caster who engages in the sport solely for the love of same, and who is without trade jealousies or financial interest in the game



## New York Sportsmen's Show.

**T**HE New York Sportsmen's Show appears to go on from success to success and this year formed no exception to the rule. There were larger crowds than ever in the Madison Square Gardens, New York, from March 1st to 9th, during which time the finest collection of sportsmen's equipments ever collected together were inspected by many thousands not only of sportsmen but also of the general public. So large was the

ist displays, while the guides here found their headquarters. The large tank in the centre was used for canoeing and tilting contests.

All the trade exhibits were to be found in the balcony and by far the most conspicuous, both for tasteful arrangement and extent, was that of the New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St., New York. The stand was decorated in green and gold, with a profusion of elec-



NEW YORK SPORTING GOODS COMPANY.

attendance that those responsible for the Show are credited with the determination to keep it open for three weeks next year in order to comfortably accommodate the enormous crowds wishful to examine the exhibits.

Arrangements followed much on the lines of those which have stood the test of actual practice in past years. The ground floor was given up to the great transportation companies of both Canada and the States, and there were taxiderm-

tric light effects which could not fail to gain attention from every visitor. Those thus attracted found their time not wasted, for an examination of the goods displayed showed the wonderful variety of the exhibit. A complete line of camping, fishing, hunting and general outing goods were shown. There was a splendid collection of firearms—Savage, Stevens and Remington. For fishermen the Bristol Steel Rods were prominent. Much interest was taken in the display of

the new Goodyear "Pneumatic" baseball.

In bicycles the Corbin Two Speed Coaster Brake and a complete assortment of Hudson Bicycles were shown.

The widespread interest of the public in everything connected with camp life was illustrated by the continuous crowds around the display of canoes made by E. M. White & Co., of Oldtown, Maine; and the "Gold Medal" cots, tables, chairs

and other articles which add so materially to the pleasures of an outing.

The New York Sporting Goods Company were the sole representative of the wholesale sporting goods' distributors of New York. There were many manufacturers and jobbers unrepresented who might easily avail themselves of this annual opportunity to advertise their goods in one of the most effective and far reaching ways open to any trade.

## The Game Society of Nova Scotia.

**T**HE members of the Game Society of Nova Scotia have held a two days' conference at Halifax. The interest recently aroused on the subjects of fish and game throughout the Province was shown in a marked manner at this Conference, the delegates from the Peoples' Society outnumbering the members of the Game Society. Yarmouth, Digby, Kingston, Kentville, Wolfville, Truro, and New Glasgow were all represented. Game Wardens Cameron and Yuick were also present. The former made a reputation for himself by securing a large number of convictions against people who took part in the killing of moose in the deep snow three years ago.

A long discussion took place on the question of a close season for partridge, the result being that it was decided not to ask any change in the existing season viz. October first to November first. The proposal to change the open season for woodcock to September first instead of August twentieth was accepted.

A lengthy consideration was given to the question of the sale of moose meat. The eastern delegates were opposed to the sale being allowed, but those from the western counties did not wish for a change, and matters therefore remain as they were.

Non-residents fishing without a license was likewise a matter to which much attention was given. It was decided to interview the Provincial Government on the matter, the anomalous condition of the law regarding the fisheries by means of which the Dominion Government and the local authority share the jurisdiction being the cause of much inconvenience. The belief was strongly expressed that a moderate license fee would not adversely affect the tourist traffic.

Spring shooting for ducks is allowed

in Cumberland County, but not elsewhere in the Province, and this anomaly gave rise to much discussion. So prolonged was the consideration given to many of these matters that it was midnight before the Conference adjourned.

The following morning the question of the protection afforded to wildfowl again came up. The different shore birds have of late years been much sought after. The plover, yellow legs and several smaller birds are growing scarce.

No opposition was offered to the proposal to remove the English sparrow from the list of protected birds.

The following sportsmen, gentlemen who are enthusiastic sportsmen and lovers of game, birds, and fish were elected to the council:—George W. Stewart, Truro; Dr. W. B. Moore, Kentville; and Commissioner Kelly, of Yarmouth.

There were many allusions to the ill-fated and unlamented "Petty Trespass Act" of last year, and voice was given to the rumours which have been in circulation for sometime. A projected bill is said to contain clauses which seek to prevent the public from cutting firewood for sporting camps, gathering brush, or even cut a few poles with which to erect a tent.

While the members of both Societies are strongly in favor of any reasonable measures which will protect the forest from wanton destruction, they are unalterably opposed to any measure which seeks to rob the people of their lawful heritage. If a bill of the kind foreshadowed is submitted, or a clause comes up in any bill designed to interfere with the rights of prospectors, trappers, sportsmen or tourists who wish to pass their vacations in the woods, there are enough friends of the movement now on the alert to detect and prevent the mischief.



# AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

## The Montreal Show.

By the time this number reaches the hands of subscribers, the final arrangements for the Montreal Show, which will be open from April 6th to April 13th, will be well in hand, and the only Show of its kind in Canada this year be assured of the success it deserves. The great Railway Companies of Canada have cooperated both by exhibits, which will in themselves constitute no mean portions of the Show, and also by granting reduced fares which should result in vastly increasing the attendance. There are many thousands of people, not plentifully endowed with this world's goods, who would like to see such a Show, and they will appreciate this action on the part of the Railway Companies as giving them a chance of examining the latest inventions in every department connected with outdoor life. The good will extended to the promoters by the manufacturers south of the line ensures such a display as will well repay every visitor, who can make it at all convenient to attend, to do so. The arrangements we described last month all stand and have been supplemented by several others which will add to the effectiveness of the displays in every branch. It is not too much to say that this Montreal Show is giving rise to much interest throughout Canada. It is a fine opportunity for comparing the progress made in Canada with the established reputations achieved by manufacturers in the States. The very finest of everything will be shown and it is a great compliment to the growing importance of the Canadian trade that so strong an effort should be put forth to make a show in Canada that will worthily represent to the Canadian people how much can be done for them by American manufacturers. Canadians will never be satisfied with less than the best and when that best is to be obtained south of the line,

there they will go. The Canadian manufacturers are expected to show up well and the European exhibits cannot fail to attract a large measure of attention. Altogether the Show promises to mark an era in the progress of development in sporting manufactures.

The Railways have made the following rates :

(1)—Special Excursions—Round trip tickets to be sold to Montreal at lowest one-way first-class fare from Quebec, Sherbrooke, Brockville, Smith Falls, Carleton Junct., Ottawa and intermediate stations in Canada. Tickets will be sold on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 9th and 10th, 1907, good for return on the 15th.

(1)—Certificate plan arrangements—One way tickets to be sold at Montreal on Certificate Plan, April 3—13, inclusive, from all points in Eastern Canadian Pass. Ass'n. territory, viz ; Stations in Canada east of and including Port Arthur, Detroit and St. Clair Rivers. Certificates to be honored up to and including April 17th for return passage.

## Shows in the States

Big Shows have been held in Boston and Chicago, and lesser ones in Minneapolis and Portland, Me., each of which is described as the most successful ever held in its immediate district. Boston went in for "Bigger, Better and Busier" and according to local records achieved all three. At Chicago success was so marked that preparations were actively commenced on the ground for next year's show. The Minneapolis Show was described as the first important one west of Chicago and many of the Chicago exhibits were seen there. The Portland show was the second annual event of the kind in the Maine town, and although the streets were piled high with snow the autos gave a satisfactory account of



themselves, all the more satisfactory by reason of the difficult conditions under which the trials were held.

#### **Solving the Good Roads Problem.**

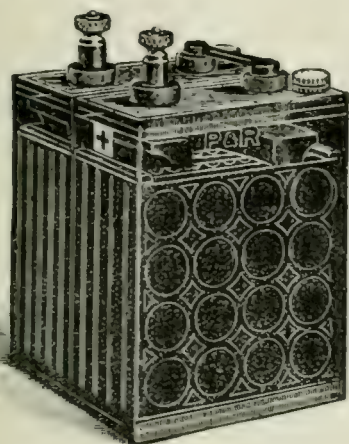
The people of Connecticut believe they have found a solution of the Good Roads Problem. Tax the autos ! What could be easier ? It is proposed to raise no less than \$5,000,000 by loan and to spend the whole of it on making good roads. As the autoists would benefit considerably by such expenditure it is proposed to tax them fifty cents per horse power per annum. It is estimated there are at present 400,000 horse power in automobiles in the State. The tax would thus bring in \$200,000, an amount that would suffice to pay the interest on the loan. The benefit to the farmers from the adoption of such a policy would certainly be calculated to overcome their prejudices against the automobile as they would secure the inestimable boon of good roads, and all that would come to them from the use of such roads, without a cent of cost to themselves. At present this policy could not be adopted in Canada, but it is certainly open to debate whether autoists would not, in such a case as that of Connecticut, gain more than they would lose by the adoption of such a policy.

#### **Preparing for the Vanderbilt Cup Race.**

With the knowledge that lack of preparation has been the main cause for the defeat of American cars in the Vanderbilt and other cup races in the past, work has already been commenced at the plant of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company at Buffalo on the remodeling and tuning up of the three big 115-horsepower racing cars that will represent that firm on the Long Island course this fall. A separate wing of one of the new concrete and steel factory buildings has been set aside for work on the racing cars and lathes, drills and other machinery installed for this work alone. The cars have been taken down and the alterations planned are now in progress. It is expected that they will be on the road early in July which will give them almost three months for final tuning up. The cars have already been given gruelling tests through their par-

ticipation in the race of last year when one of them led the American team in the final by a good margin. When they appear on the course this fall it is expected they will be in trim to meet on equal terms the best that Europe can present. The care exercised in the original design and assembling of the cars is shown by the fact that the changes to be made are merely in detail although they will alter the appearance to some extent. The most important one to the eye is the substitution of separate seats and gasoline tanks. Last year, it will be remembered by those who witnessed the automobile derby, the seats of the Thomas cars were sunk in the gasoline tanks. The danger from flying stones was considered too great, however, and cylindrical tanks have been put on instead. The most important mechanical changes are in the placing of channel-section cross braces under the engine bases and transmission cases. The frames will be shortened to allow better negotiation of turns and the carburetors will be placed on the left hand side of the motor instead of on the right. This will save weight in the intake piping and practically concentrate all the mechanism of the motor in one spot. In so far as the saving of time in a long race like the Vanderbilt is concerned the change of most importance is in the fitting of detachable rims to the front wheels. Last year detachable rims were used on the rear wheels only. The day of the race was ushered in by rain and it became necessary at the last minute to substitute touring car non-skid tires for the racing tires that had proven so reliable in the elimination trial. As a result of this change Le Blon, who drove the Thomas, found it necessary to make nine tire changes, seven of which were on the front wheels, where clincher rims were used. Although he led the American team even with this handicap it is estimated that with detachable rims on the front as on the rear he could have saved approximately thirty-five minutes which would have put him on almost even terms with Wagner, Lancia and Duray the front wheels of whose cars were fitted with detachable rims. Although it will be approximately three months before the cars are on the road preparations are already

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being made for a testing ground. A good portion of the actual testing will probably be done on one of the tracks in the vicinity of Buffalo, but it is realized that this method is not all it should be and road tests will not be neglected. Last year, owing to the speed limits, it was necessary practically to petition the farmers along a stretch of a dozen miles of macadam to allow the cars to be tested out and to keep off the roads for an entire morning. They good naturedly consented and lined the road to watch the fastest travelling they had ever seen. They were satisfied with the sight and several have already said that they would co-operate with the company's officials this year when the cars are ready to be let out. With all this preparation the Americans should make a good showing in the next international contest.

#### A Good Hint.

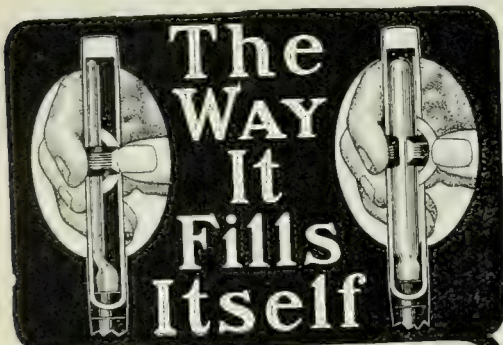
Only those who travel upon roads or are under the necessity of making fre-

quent use of them, can realize even to a partial extent what good roads would mean in the way of saving time, trouble and expense. There is a public awakening on this matter and most of it is due to be maligned automobilist. In the course of a Government inquiry held at Washington recently, Mr. L. W. Page, director of the Office of Public Roads, made this significant statement in the course of his evidence: "The Agricultural Department is teaching the farmers how to kill wolves and how to get better crops, but we are doing scarcely anything to improve the roads."

#### A Sign of the Times.

A significant sign of the times is to be found in a piece of news from Omaha, Neb. It is stated that scarcity of skilled labor has compelled the Karbach Automobile and Vehicle Company to discontinue the manufacture of motor trucks for a year. Although they offered several inducements to skilled workmen to





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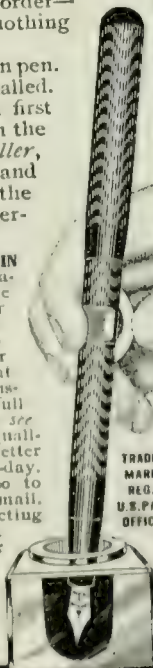
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forsake the east in their favor they were not able to secure sufficient men to keep the work going. They hope to be able to do so in the course of the next year. The moral would appear to be that automobile manufacturing offers a splendid opening for young mechanics. If they put in skill and ability their reward seems certain. Here at least is a profession that is not over crowded.

### New Fields to Conquer.

Automobiles are being made with a view of being used both in the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Mr. Walter Wellman, who is now fitting out in Paris in anticipation of his dash for the North Pole during the coming summer, has been supplied with a special automobile constructed at the De Bion Boutin factory, and this he will use (if his intentions hold good when he shall have reached high latitudes) for his final dash. The Commander of the British expedition to the South Pole is being supplied with an automobile specially designed for ice travel. It would be a triumph indeed if automobiles were to succeed in cases where so many failures—meritorious failures we would call them—have had to be recorded. In the case of such a success the most sceptical would have to admit that automobiles have indeed come to stay. The prospects look fine for such a conquest!

### An American-British Challenge.

Recently the Hon. C. S. Rolls, whose name is well known in auto circles, visited the States and on his return to England made some criticisms on the high grade cars of the States which were considered in the light of aspersions. These were met with an unequivocal challenge which the British manufacturer has failed to meet. He was challenged to a reliability contest between a Thomas Flyer and a Rolls-Royce. The contest was to be under the charge of a committee to be appointed by Judge W. W. Hotchkiss, President of the American Automobile Association, and to be run within thirty days of issue in order that the roads might be in the worst possible condition. To guard against specially prepared cars being entered, the Committee were to be



authorized to select any Thomas Flyer or Rolls-Royce in the country, the manufacturer to reimburse the owner of any car so entered. This wide challenge was not accepted but the result will probably be beneficial to the American cars inasmuch as European makers will in the future be a little more discriminating in their criticisms.

#### A Fine Tested Coil.

Every portion of the automobiles were put to pretty severe tests in the course of the last Glidden Tour, and none came out better than the coils made by the Pittsfield Spark Coil Company, of Pittsfield, Mass. In one case the cover was not even removed from the coil from the time the auto left Buffalo until the end of the tour was reached. The performance was remarkable, and is about the best testimony that could be given to the efficiency of the coil. This however is not all. The Pittsfield Spark Coils are made from a design which has demonstrated in practice all that theory advanced; they are manufactured from the best of materials by skilled mechanics, and under the most careful supervision. The manufacturers show their faith in this coil by offering a full guarantee if their instructions (as published in their little booklet on the care of coils) are carefully followed out. They also make the Pittsfield Timer, of which many good things are said by those who have tested it; the Pittsfield Switch, a double throw switch, which is a handsome and most useful addition to any car or coil; the Jewel Mica Spark Plugs and the Jewel Marine Plug. The plugs are made in all threads and sizes and fully guaranteed. The firm claims, not without good reason, that the name "Pittsfield" on any ignition goods means the very best that can be manufactured. Autoists in Canada will have an opportunity of examining these goods at the Montreal Show and they should not fail to take full advantage of this opportunity.

#### Spark Plugs and Plug Protectors.

All autoists know the importance to be attached to spark plugs and plug protectors, and how necessary it is that in such specialties they should have the best if

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QUARTS)

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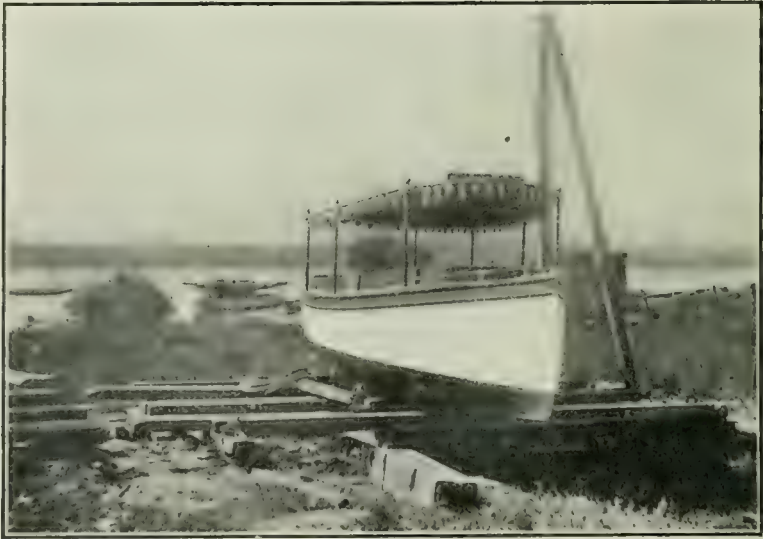
in Canada, mounted in best style with neck cut close to shoulder. A rare chance to secure such a large even set. Photos mailed and price quoted on application to "ROD AND GUN," or

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the very height of enjoyment on their tours is to be attained. The "Sta-Rite" spark plugs and plug protectors made by the R. E. Hardy Company, 86 Watts Street, New York, claim to have reached this high standard and experience has demonstrated good foundations for that claim. Their mica plugs have an inner mica core rolled flat on the bolt, making a short circuit impossible, and this core is in turn protected from heat by mica washers held under great pressure. A separable porcelain plug is also made and both can be had in special sizes adapted to requirements of different motors. In addition to the standard six sizes, they regularly manufacture forty-two different style plugs. The Sta-Rite spark plug protector fits any standard seven-eighths inch shell and is made in a larger size to fit over the entire valve cap and plug on engines so constructed. The porcelain cap withstands any amount of heat from the engines while the rubber tube affords flexibility to the secondary wire.

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and Wave, in White-winged Yacht or Dainty Canoe,  
in Fragile Shell or Swift Power Boat

Edited by

LOU. E.  
MARSH

### Exeunt Ottawa's Four.

Even if the Ottawa Rowing Club does not run foul of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen on the professional question with Harvey Pulford, and Eddie Phillips, their famous champion senior Four is seriously disrupted.

Eddie Phillips has a bad leg, the result of a kick in a Rough-Rider Montreal rugby game last fall and cannot bend it enough to row, and unless the doctors who have been at him for two months now get a move on, Phillips will be out of the boat and it is not likely that Wilfred Poapst will come back from the West to row. He is doing too well out Edmonton way to bother with rowing, and that leaves only Pulford and Haycock available and what the C. A. A. O. will do to Pulford the hockey-rugby-lacrosse man who plays for glory and the long queen is not hard to foretell. It looks as if the Ottawa Club would have to buy wreaths for that grand Four and start in to bring up another Four in the way in which it should go. There is some good junior material lying around loose in Ottawa, the home of champions and every sport which requires brawn and skill, but it will take a season or so to mould it into shape.

The great Four was not evolved in a day.

### Lookout For R. St. L. Y. C.

The Royal St Lawrence Yacht Club will shortly become a factor in Lake Ontario small boat racing. The famous organization of Lake St. Louis has joined the Lake Sailing Skiff Association of Lake Ontario, a Canadian body which looks after racing craft under twenty foot class and promises to try their fortune for the various cups and trophies raced for annually on Lake Ontario.

There are cups for the fourteen and sixteen foot over all dinghy classes, sixteen and eighteen foot racing measurement skill classes and sixteen foot knockabout class. While the Lake St. Louis Corinthians can tackle the whole row of silverware if they desire, the chances are that they will not attempt the latter class—at least for a while. All the present sixteen foot knockabouts of Lake Ontario are deep draught craft and unsuitable for Lake St Louis shallow waters and of course the rule allows the construction of a ballasted centre board craft, but the class, on the whole, is unsuited for the shoal waters of the St. Lawrence River enlargement. The other classes are all skimming dishes and capable of sailing in anything deeper than a heavy dew, so that they are just the caper for Lake St. Louis work. Lake St. Louis is the home of the famous Seawanhaka Cupcraft and the men who build and handle these big skimming dishes can be depended upon to design, build and handle boats for the L.S.S.A. classes which will make the western boats hustle to keep the silverware from journeying eastward. The Royal St. Lawrence is a well to do organization too, and the Club, if it goes in seriously for these Canadian trophies will make things hum along the north shore of Lake Ontario. The entrance of the Royal St. Lawrence, too, will, it is thought, encourage the Rochester and Oswego Yacht Clubs to come in and make the contests international. These American Clubs have been in prospect for some years. The Royal St. Lawrence people have already taken up the L. S. S. A's. new sixteen foot one design dinghy class and will have several of that class this summer. Whether they will take up the fourteen foot dinghy, the most popular small boat class on the Great Lakes, and the new eighteen foot waterline class is not



yet known. The L.S.S.A. has also this year taken in two more clubs, the Alexander Yacht Club and Parkdale Canoe Club, both of Toronto, making the roster of subordinate organizations as follows;—

Royal Toronto Skiff Club of Toronto.  
 Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto.  
 Queen City Yacht Club of Toronto.  
 National Yacht Club of Toronto.  
 Alexandra Yacht Club of Toronto.  
 Sunnyside Yacht Club of Toronto.  
 Toronto Canoe Club of Toronto.  
 Parkdale Club of Toronto.  
 Island Aquatic Assn. of Toronto.  
 Balmy Beach Sailing Club of Toronto.  
 Lakeside Cove Sailing Club of Toronto.  
 Mimico Yacht Club of Mimico.  
 Royal Hamilton Yacht Club of Hamilton.

The Victoria Yacht Club of Hamilton.

#### Eddie Durnan's Defeat.

The defeat of Eddie Durnan of Toronto by George Towns the world's champion in a three mile sculling race on the Nepean River last month was not unexpected in Canada, and in Toronto, where Eddie makes his home, of course there were enthusiastic sportsmen who backed him in betting but outside of that city the Towns' money overwhelmed the Durnan change.

The race itself did not amount to much and Durnan was rather easily beaten by three lengths.

It was Australian methods versus Canadian and the Antipodean idea was superior.

Durnan is a clean oarsman with a great sprint. Towns is steady with a lot of stamina and staying powers.

He "dug right in" and carried Durnan along at such a clip the first mile that he weakened him. Then he kept right at him and when the time came for the Canuck to sprint Durnan was so far behind, and so tired, that he couldn't get within real striking distance of the champion. Durnan made a desperate effort but at no stage of the journey did he look as if he were going to clean up the \$2500.

Durnan was cabled to challenge Towns for a race at Toronto this summer but the latest news from the south of the equator is that he is going to retire, surrendering the title to his brother Charlie who is to

row a race here.

There is talk of Frank B. Greer of Boston, the American Amateur champion turning "pro" and taking a whirl at the Durnan game. Durnan's backer, Mr. Lawrence Solmon, of Toronto, will cover Greer money for a race anywhere.

#### A Herreshoff Boat Out.

When you come to look the situation over it was really funny!

What was funny?

Why the Canada's Cup situation.

Just imagine, if you can, two big club's like the Rochester Yacht Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto trying to play a simple little game of bluff on each other.

All along during the winter influential members of the R. C. Y. C. in Toronto were whispering to sporting writers who had heard of a Payne boat for Canada's cup purposes—the third Canuck boat—"Keep it dark or else the Rochester men will get Nat Herreshoff the blind wizard to design them a boat and then we may not lift the Cup. Shut up and they'll pin their faith to their own Gardiner design and we will lift the Cup."

Well, the Toronto men did keep things dark until the last of February and now the news leaks out that the Rochester men had a Herreshoff boat under cover all the while and they were enjoining everyone in the know in the Flower City to keep mum lest those Canucks should find out.

Well! anyhow both cats are out of the bag and the Rochesterians are pitting the pick of two, a Herreshoff and a Gardiner creation, against the best boat turned out by A. E. Payne jr., William Fife and Alfred Mylne. A Herreshoff boat defended in 1905 but it was by William Herreshoff a nephew of the great blind man. This is Herreshoff's first attempt at Canadian cup boats.

#### Rowing Prospects.

The Argonauts of Toronto lose three men from their Henly eight this year—Joe Wright the stroke, John Walsh and Pud Kent. Wright is retiring, Walsh is in New York, a practising lawyer, and Kent is in Winnipeg. To replace these men

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they have a number of good men from the second eight which won the junior, intermediate, and senior eight races at the Canadian Henly and had the best of the American crews outclassed at Worcester, when they were disqualified for fouling the Riversides. The club promises this year to turn out the finest junior eight which ever represented this great Club. Joe Wright has taken the juniors under his wing and is licking them into shape. He is going to stay with the youngsters too all the way this summer, and thinks that he will just about produce an octette which will take the measure of the seniors in a short race. The Dons of Toronto will have a good eight this year but the Torontos have dropped the big boat and will strive to take down some of the laurels in the fours. Hamilton will not aspire higher than the fours this year but Winnipeg will be right to the front with a first class eight. They have nearly all of last year's crew in line yet. The Ottawa eight plans have faded into thin air but the St. Catharines boys are hopeful of being able to put a big shell crew on the water for the Canadian Henly.

#### Joe Wright Retiring.

Big Joe Wright the greatest aquatic athlete in Canada is to retire from rowing and will devote his time this year to coaching the Argonauts of Toronto.

This is about the 'steenth time Wright has announced his retirement but the chances are that he will carry it into effect this season. Last year he said he would retire but the Argos could not find anybody to stroke the Henly Eight and Wright was persuaded to come out again. This year there is no Henly crew and Wright says he is out of the racing game. Joe is forty-two years of age and has been rowing over twenty years. He has pulled in every style of racing the Argos ever went into and has stroked eights and fours to victory so often that he has forgotten some of them. When he wants to tell you how many races he has won he had to sit down with the club record to look it up. He has rowed all over the continent to say nothing of making three Henly trips with the Argos.

Wright is a big fellow. He weighs in condition 188—192, a chap with tremendous chest and arms, light waist, good thighs and legs, powerful but not bulky. He is not only a remarkably able stroke but he is a thoroughly grounded coach, and a general all round athlete. He used to play a good game of ball and on the rugby field five years ago was said to be the best centre scrimmager in Canada. He is a boxer of championship calibre, a wrestler of more than ordinary ability, and years ago was good with the weights.

#### Yachting Flag Officers.

Things are already shaping up for the yachting season on Lake Ontario. Vice Commodore Judd of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club of Hamilton, will fly the Commodore's burgee while Mr. John Lennox becomes Vice Commodore. Rear Commodore George J. Tuckett the giant yachtsman was re-elected to that office. While the annual elections of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club do not take place until the last of April it is practically certain the Commodore Dr. A. A. MacDonald will be re-elected without opposition. Vice Commodore Frederic Nicholls is also slated for re-election and Mr. G. Marlatt of Oakville will likely be the Rear Commodore. The Queen City Yacht Club has re-elected Commodore T. A. E. World for the fifth term—it may be more but I think it is his fifth—and Vice Commodore Phelan and Rear Commodore Ewing both were again unanimously chosen for the same offices. At the National Yacht Club, another Toronto organization Commodore E. B. Collett gets another term with Mr. H. Jones as Vice Commodore and Mr. Ellis as Rear Commodore. Dr. Weismiller was re-elected Commodore of the Parkdale Canoe Club with Mr. Loughed as his Vice Commodore and Mr. Russell Medland as his Rear Commodore. The latter looks after the sailing and motor-ing sections.

#### After Tacoma Cup.

The Toronto Canoe Club has a challenge event on tap already. On July 4th they will go to Detroit to meet the Taco-





ma Club four in a race for the Tacoma Challenge trophy. The Tacoma claim the western fours championship and have already successfully defended this trophy against several challengers. Last year they tried to arrange a race with the T. C. C. Four but the race fell through. This year the Toronto men are going to send down their strongest crew. At this distance this looks like Kipp, Livingstone, Nasmith and McNichol.

#### Lively War Canoe Racing.

Things are certainly going to be lively in War Canoe Circles this year. Down east the Champion Grand Trunks are taking their defeat of last year by the Toronto Canoe Club hard, and are already talking of revenge, while all the rest of the organizations down that way are in secret conclave trying to devise means for taking the measure of the Britannias of Ottawa, the C. C. A. Champions. Up in Western Ontario the men are already at work in the gym-

nasium with an occasional paddle on the bright warm days, awaiting the time when they can with safety let out a link or two on the water. The Toronto Canoe Club had a pretty good season until the time the Grillias took them into camp and they are working hard already to get into shape to trim the northerners. The Island Aquatics of Toronto which looked good enough for champions before the season opened a year ago, but who took an awful slump on the race course, are saying nothing but sawing wood, while the Parkdale Canoe Club, the baby organization of Lake Ontario, is buying a new war canoe and have already decided to send a war canoe crew to the C. C. A. meet in the east in August. They will be at the Canadian Henly, too, but have determined also to take a crack at the Easterners right on their own mill pond.

It is of course too early yet to predict anything of the Muskoka summer clubs' doings but up along the Temiskaming there will be things doing this summer.

Haileybury already has a vigorous canoe club and New Liskeard threatens to follow suit. Around Cobalt there are plenty of paddlers but in the summer time the men are too busy looking for Cobalt bloom or peddling certificates to bother with such light recreation. However when the Haileybury meet comes off Cobalt will be strongly represented.

#### The Canada Cup Race.

A little slip in the March number may be usefully corrected here. It was stated that Mr. Cawthra Mulock was at the head of a syndicate for the building of the Payne boat which is to be entered for this annual race. Mr. Mulock—all honor to him—is having the work done at his sole expense, and if he wins, as we trust he may, the honors will be all his own. Mr. Cawthra Mulock is one of the most public spirited members of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto, and no expense is being spared to ensure that the Mulock boat has the best of chances for winning the Canada Cup.

#### Marine Engines.

Everyone interested in marine engines—and they are a constantly growing number in most of our communities—should see the new catalogue of the Fairbanks-Morse Marine Engines issued by the Canadian Fairbanks Company, Limited, of Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver. The first place is given to a description of the justly popular 2-cycle, 3-port engines for small launches. These engines possess simplicity, ease of operation and reduced vibration, together with the steady motion due to an explosion at each revolution in a single cylinder engine. They are plainly described and illustrated in the catalogue. The Sheffield 4-cycle marine engine made in 4 1-2, 9 and 18 horsepower, with one, two or four cylinders is likewise described. Attention is also given to the Goodwin submerged exhaust device which enables a two cycle gasoline motor to be exhausted under water without loss of power, doing away with the noise and disagreeable odors resulting from an open air exhaust. The device

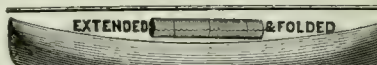
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Designer of Canadian yachts "Martell", "Dorval", "Runaway", "Zingara", "Calleroo", etc.

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YOUR FURS  
HIDES - TALLOW  
To JOHN HALLAM  
TORONTO.  
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makes no difference about starting the engine and the boat may be run backwards. Descriptions of the "Orswell" system of jump spark ignition, and the "wizard" magneto are included, and the whole catalogue is both finely illustrated and printed, adding much to the pleasure of its perusal. A copy will be forwarded to any of our readers who will make application on a postal and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."



# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Geneva Park, situated on the north-east shore of Lake Couchiching, has been leased for a term of years by the Broadview Boys' Institute of Toronto, as a site for its popular Boys' Camps, and as a summer Resort. The Park contains forty-two acres, about one-third of which consists of an athletic field and beautifully shaped groves, the remainder being a dense wildwood, the home of squirrel, chipmunk, ground-hog and birds in rare profusion. This is the centre of the best fishing on Lake Couchiching, and only two miles from Lake St. John the favourite fishing waters of the Rama Indians, whose reserve adjoins. Geneva Park is the starting point for the renowned Severn River canoe-trips. In the Park are cottages and camp sites for rental, and Geneva Lodge which will accommodate twenty guests. A new dining hall erected this season will seat one hundred at one time. A Camp of Boys from twelve to seventeen years of age opens in June and continues until September. Tents with floors are provided. A programme of camp attractions and educational features is arranged. Boys may stay for one day or ten weeks if the number in attendance can be kept within seventy-five. A store of camp supplies is kept in the Park. Geneva Park is the centre of Cottagers and Campers in the neighbourhood. The Provincial Y.M.C.A. Summer School and Senior Boys' Conference will be held at Geneva Park during August. Longford Mills is the railway station for the Park, and there is a steamboat connection from Orillia, Barrie and Jackson's Point. Write for booklet giving full particulars to C. J. Atkinson, Broadview Boys' Institute, Toronto.

On the question of the extension of the open season for deer as provided for in the Ontario Bill a correspondent writes:—

"To do so would be unwise, and result in the past, in wasteful and useless

slaughter. The year previous to the enactment of the present open season, the markets of Toronto were reeking with the stench of rotten venison, which prevailed to such an extent that the officers of the Board of Health were compelled to take action. In other markets similar conditions prevailed. This resulted from the open season for deer being from October 15 to November 20th. Hundreds of carcasses were left in the woods to rot. Not once in ten years could venison procured in October be shipped out of the woods in condition fit for food. Ninety per cent of the hunters are in favor of the open season as at present in force, namely from the 1st of November to the 15th, both days inclusive. As a rule by the 1st of November farmers in the older settled portions of the Province have completed their fall work, enabling thousands of them to enjoy their annual deer hunt, looking forward to it with each recurring year as one of the most enjoyable events of their lives. This also applies, to a large extent, to the rank and file of the residents of our cities and towns. It is a sound policy to let well enough alone, and not meddle or interfere with the open season that has been so satisfactory to such a large majority of those concerned.

The extension of the open season as proposed would necessitate increased expenditure for special patrol service to even partially enforce the game laws regarding deer."

—  
Mr. F. H. Conover of Leamington, Ont., writes:—

"Up to the present time the Quail (Bob White) are wintering in excellent conditions mostly due to the absence of heavy snows and sleet storms. The majority of sportsmen last fall were quite lenient and left over a good supply of birds for the coming season's nesting. Sportsmen in quail sections who are well versed in the habits of these birds know well that shoot-



ing has never exterminated our quail. The well known evil is the hard winters with its deep snow and crust and therefore absence of food. The pesky fox, skunks, the domesticated home cat, (termed by sportsmen, the bush cat) hawks, and that old black thief, the crow, the latter a nest robber are the enemies of the quail. The crow will seek out and pillage more nests than any other known enemy. The suggestion of a close season for a term of years for quail is a most ridiculous one for many reasons. These birds in question only multiply to a certain extent, on account of an increased number of cock birds to every bevy for each succeeding year. Therefore a majority are without mates. The result is meeting and egg breaking contests destroying the whole setting of eggs. This is performed by the male bird. It would appear that some of our exponents of new game bills compare our quail on a parallel with sparrows and the rice destroyer, the German carp. The open season for quail, the month of November is long enough, —We ask no more."

A fine colored hanger has been produced and issued by the Dominion Cartridge Company, of Montreal. The illustration is one of a typical western scene. In the foreground are two members of the Royal North West Mounted Police mounted on splendid horses and with full accoutrements. In the distance are seen cattle peacefully grazing on the prairies, while further back still are the blue hills. The police, with their reputation for marksmanship, are riding round a board on which they pick out with unerring aim, by means of shots from their revolvers, the words "Only Dominion Cartridges can do this." The coloring is most effective, and the drawing of both horses and their riders give great attractiveness to the hanger. The whole forms a picture at once striking and forceful, and should draw an increasing measure of attention to cartridges capable at all times of doing the best of service for those using them.

An application is now before the Ontario Government on behalf of the Tadenac

Game Club, the membership of which is almost entirely confined to inhabitants of Toronto, requesting leases which in the aggregate will give them control over 17,299 acres in the Georgian Bay. The Club, which already controls Tadenac Bay, wish to have all the rights of ownership including the fishing and shooting rights, over all the preserve.

A handy little device which combines simplicity with effectiveness—as all good things do—is a new revolver grip especially designed and manufactured by the Harrington and Richardson Arms Company, of Worcester, Mass. This combines with a pocket revolver the grip of an army model, and offers a better hold than any similar device yet tried. It is as solid as though it were a part of the frame, but can be detached by removing two small screws, thus allowing the revolver to be used either with or without the grip. A drilled hole in the grip enables the revolver to be further secured by a ring or thong. These grips, which cost only one dollar, can be furnished on all H. and R. revolvers except the American, Young America and Safety Hammer D. A. lines.

The Fish and Game Committee of the Ontario Legislature have spoken out on the question of fish and game leases in no uncertain way. They have unanimously declared in favor of the cancellation of existing leases and the prohibition of all future leases.

Fancy a staff of twelve men being set to guard an area of two thousand square miles! That is the case in the Algonquin National Park, and there is little wonder if allegations of poaching are sometimes heard, and even if there is some amount of truth in these allegations.

A thrilling story of exploration in the great North land is told by Constable L. E. Seller of the Royal North West Mounted Police who has been on duty on the shores of Hudson Bay for three years. In February of last year he made a won-

# DOMINION

**Q** We want you to see how our magician produces DOMINION CARTRIDGES and SHOT SHELLS, and if you will visit our Exhibit at the Montreal Auto & Sportsmens' Show, April 6th to 13th inclusive, you will witness this wonderful manufacturing creation.

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Montreal**

derful daring journey covering nearly one thousand miles, occupying forty-five days with an interpreter and one native guide. A supply ship failed to appear and as she was believed to be wintering near Repulse Bay the Constable and his little party determined to patrol to the place. When they reached that point they found that the vessel had gone nearly five hundred miles further north. With their dog train they set out and although short of rations and not fully equipped for such a journey it was accomplished. The natives, comprising seventy all told, are said to live on the ice all the winter. They manage to subsist on seal and live hard lives. The natives told him there was copper and a dull looking material like silver in the vicinity.

On March 11th Deputy Game Warden Colbeck, of Sault Ste. Marie seized over one hundred gill nets owned by American fishermen which were being used in Ontario waters.

Jake Longer whose successful encounter with a wolf is told on page 958 of the present issue, is a licensed and reliable guide. He promises a splendid health-giving canoe trip, with plenty of opportunities for fishing and photographing, in the summer. All lovers of the wild who contemplate such a trip, and wish some one to make the arrangements for them, will do well to communicate with him, care of this office.

Like most other questions that of the Manitoba marsh lands lease has two sides and it is only fair to our readers, having given them a view of one side, to also show them a little of the other. The marsh, about which such a hubbub was raised, extends all round the southern shore of Lake Manitoba, from Westbourne on the west side to Oak Point on the east, eighty miles in length, and four miles wide on an average. The same class of shooting extends over the whole area, and it is contended that if reasonable pro-

tection were afforded at certain points, where birds might have a sanctuary from the incessant shooting that goes on in and out of season there would be a chance for the perpetuation of the sport. As all is open, and shooters pound away without intermission, there will be very little left for anyone in the course of a few years. Senator Kirchkoffer, who has a lodge out there in which he has entertained many distinguished visitors, including the Prince of Wales, the Governor-General, and many old country people and eastern sportsmen, would have given such protection. That point indeed was the strongest argument in favor of the lease. The Senator, as is well known, is a fine sportsman, and never sold a bird in his life. All the game killed is given away, and no one was ever refused a day's shooting, and the use of the Senator's outfit of boats and guides. The lease has gone, and "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" opposed the continuance on high grounds of principle. If, however it was right for anyone to have such an extensive lease, an exception might have been made in such a case as that of a gentleman who behaves as Senator Kirchkoffer has always done. No doubt such reasons largely guided the Dominion Government in granting the lease, and though we still believe such a grant to have been wrong in principle—the Government should give the birds the protection of which they apparently stand so much in need—it is well our readers should be made aware that there were reasons for the step taken.

Mr. A.W. Connor, who has had twenty years' experience in the gun and sporting goods' business, and who is well known in this connection, has been engaged to travel for the Lefever Arms Company of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Connor will doubtless do a great deal to develop the sales department of the Lefever Company.

The importation of Game for re-stocking purposes is growing in favor in Canada, and some most successful experiments have been made, giving promise of far wider and more important efforts of the same kind in the future. It is well

therefore for our readers to know the name of the largest exporter of live game in the world—Julius Mohr Jr. of Ulm, Wurtemberg, Germany. Mr. Mohr has acquired the right of capturing game on the largest manorial estates in Hungary and Bohemia and is in a position to meet any demands upon his resources. He exports annually some thirty thousand pairs of Hungarian partridges, and thousands of pairs of Hungarian deer, hares and other game for stocking purposes. To give some idea of the extent to which Mr. Mohr has developed this business it may be mentioned that he employs two hundred men with five thousand yards of netting for the capture of hares alone in the winter season. The demand in the States has grown so greatly that Mr. Mohr found it necessary to establish an agency in that country and Messrs R. A. Wenz and William J. Mackensen, who have a fine establishment at Yardley, Pa., hold the sole agency for the United States and Canada. All communications addressed to the firm will receive prompt attention and arrangements made to supply the requirements of any who wish to take part in the work of re-stocking some of our depleted sections of country. Mr. Mohr's park, where many of the various game and animals are bred, or kept in stock, runs along the banks of the beautiful Danube River, near Ulm. As Mr. Mohr has patrons in all parts of the globe it is necessary for him to maintain a large and varied collection. Visitors to this wonderful park can there see a finer and more varied stock than in most zoological gardens, and any reader who may happen at any time to be travelling in Germany should make it a point to visit Mr. Mohr's interesting place. There is plenty of room for re-stocking in Canada and probably ere many years are over this work will be carried on in many sections on a large scale.

Professor Macoun, who has spent over twenty-eight years in British Columbia, declared at the last meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association, that unless the eastern slopes on the Rockies are protected from forest devastation the



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plains of Alberta and Saskatchewan will soon become void of moisture.

historical event deeply concerning both countries.

President Stewart took occasion at the last meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association to set right a possible misconception as to the meaning of the term "forest reserve." It does not mean an area of timbered land set aside and never utilized. On the contrary the best possible use is made of it, a nucleus being preserved for future growth and no extermination anywhere permitted.

The Green Bay Cot Company, Green Bay, Wis., is now marketing a new camping comfort in the shape of an off-the-ground cot, which is a great convenience to holiday makers and campers. This cot is light, and can be rolled up in a very small package, weighing only eight pounds. The cot is provided with mosquito netting and a tent over all, providing against the weather, insects, reptiles and mosquitoes.

It is suggested that Quebec should join with New York and Vermont in celebrating on July 11th, 1909, the 300th anniversary of Samuel de Champlain's discovery of the lake which now bears his name and which is within the territory of the Province and the two States mentioned. The event was one of deep interest to both Canada and the States and would call public attention to a great

Several points of great interest were brought out at the eighth annual meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association. The membership now stands at 1,222, a gain of 875 in less than five years. The Association's work extends over 7,200,000 acres of Dominion Forest Reserves.

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Mr. E. Stewart, chief of the Dominion Forest Service, who is leaving Government employment for private work in British Columbia, presided over the last meeting of the Canadian Forestry Association. He was described as the father of the Association and most of its subsequent success was likewise attributed to him. Mr. Stewart, in his address, urged that public influence should be brought to bear upon the Government to press upon them the increasing importance of forestry work.

The Quebec Government are about to create a forest reserve about Ottawa, from Rivere du Loup to the Ontario boundary. This will create a third reserve for the Province and means another 60,000 acres set aside for forestry, fish and game preservation.

### An Auto Speedometer

A motometer, which is described as simple and positive, has been placed on the market by the R. H. Smith, Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Mass. It is most useful for autoists and will

give them accurate records of their spins or tours. It consists of a vertical spindle driven through a flexible shaft from the wheel of the automobile, and carrying upon it weights similar to those of an ordinary flyball governor, so arranged that the vertical movement secured by the pivoted lever arms of these weights as they lengthen out and approach each other under the action of centrifugal force or gravity upon the weights, is communicated directly to the indicating stem carrying pointers that travel over the scales of the instrument. Thus the action of the centrifugal force from the balls of the governor part of the apparatus is communicated directly to the indicator, which makes it extremely accurate. An odometer is driven off the vertical shaft by means of a worm gear. Three of these instruments were tested at the recent Sportsmen's Show at New York and found to be true to the thousandth part, or within one-tenth of one per cent—a wonderfully accurate instrument. These instruments will be on exhibit, and tests will be made of them, at the Montreal Show, and the results will be noted in our pages.



# THE TRAP

**ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA** is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

## Tournament Dates

May 9, 10—Ridgetown Gun Club. C. H. Eastlake, secretary-treasurer.  
May 24, 25—Quebec, P. Q., Canadian Indians second annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe, 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
August 7, 8, 9—Toronto, Ont., Seventh Annual Tournament of Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, under auspices of Stanley Gun Club. Thomas A. Duff, Secretary-Treasurer, 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, Ont.

## Stray Pellets.

A harrowing tale comes from Comet, Ont. The Harrow club arranged to shoot a match with the Comet cracks but failed to show up. Harrow says it was a case of too much cold weather, but Comet declares it was a case of old feet. Not to be disappointed the Comet men had a shoot among themselves. In a 25-rd event, Frank French broke 23 and Godfrey Mason 21. Sides were chosen, ten to a side for 10 birds, with F. French and B. Pigeon captains. The former's team scored 71 and the latter's 75. In a five bird shoot, four on a side, the scores were:—F. French 5, F. Pigeon 4, Anderson 5, G. Pigeon 5. Total 19. P. Pigeon 4, E. Pastorius 4, H. Richardson 4, G. bb 2. Total 14.

Jack Marcon held a successful live bird shoot at Lagoon Park, Sandwich, Ont., Feb. 10. There were three seven bird and one 10-rd event. In the first event, 7 birds, Screaming, Young, Youngblood, Brown, Chapman and Gibson, were high with 6 each. In the second event, 10 birds, Charlie Young was high all around with a straight score. Simpson, Adams, Urks, and Mercier got 9 each. In the third event at 7 birds, Young, Youngblood, Ford and Chapman made straight scores. In the last event, 7 birds, Thrasher, Youngblood, Young and Rabidoux were high with 6 each.

The executive of the Canadian Indians have decided to hold their annual tournament May 24 and 25th, at Quebec City. The shoot will be on the fine grounds of the Quebec Club, located on the "Kent House" property, formerly the residence of the Duke of Kent. The shoot will be over two sets of Loggett traps and there will be at least \$350 added money. Quebec is a city of such historic interest that a visit to it will be a treat in itself. The tournament promises to be "bigger and better" than the last.

The Cincinnati Gun Club house was burned on Feb. 23rd, with all its contents. A number of guns belonging to members and a considerable amount of ammunition was destroyed. The property of superintendent Gambell, who occupied the building, lost every article of clothing.

The following were the averages at the Interstate Tournament at Kansas City: Professionals, out of 450 shot at, C. G. Spencer 420, G. W. Maxwell 418, C. B. Adams 415, D. El-

liott 388. Amateurs—Dan Bray 421, William Veach 410, Alex. Mermod 408, F. E. Rogers 407. Alex Mermod won the Grand Western Handicap at 25 live birds with a straight score.

A Gun Club has been organized at Orangeville, Ont., with the following officers:—Hon. President, E. C. Complin; President, R. H. Robinson; vice-president, J. Z. Henry; Secretary-Treasurer, A. L. C. Kirkwood; members (besides the above officers) W. E. Irvine, J. W. Ruddy, W. H. Riddell, Jas. Lynn, C. W. Watson.

C. W. Budd, a veteran at the traps, has retired and his place has been filled as U.M.C. and Remington representative by Geo. W. Maxwell, Hastings, Neb.

The St. Louis Sportsman nominates St. Louis as the location for the 1908 G.A.H.

A gun club is being organized at Olinda, Ont.

## Sporting Life's Trap Shooting Review For 1906

As usual, the trap shooting review of Sporting Life for the year just passed, is a valuable contribution to the literature connected with this popular and widespread sport. The clever work of the lady editor of the Sporting Life's gun department, is well illustrated in the work before us. If her heart had not been in her work it must have broken in the arduous task of tabulating the scores of the prominent shooters of the country. One has only to glance at the review to see the immense amount of work involved in its preparation. The records of 140 shooters are given including their total scores at each tournament they took part in, and their daily and general average wins. Many of the shooters honored with a place in this "gallery of immortals" are comparatively unknown in Canada but among them we are glad to note several of our well known experts, who, having wandered from their own firesides to make a record on the other side of the line have got into the limelight of the sporting editress and have, consequently, had all their "horrible facts" laid bare, so to speak. Of the Canadians, E. G. White, the DuPont expert, made the very creditable average of .932 per cent. Harry Scano, Ridgetown, gets a .905 per cent mark, and Thos. Upton, Hamilton, .873 per cent. Of the leaders on the American side, naturally the honors fell to the professionals. W. H. Heer won the professional average with a total score of 13,537 breaks out of 14,055 shot at or .963 per cent., beating his nearest competitor Crosby by 3-1000 of one per cent. Crosby shot at 12,155 and broke 11,667 or but two targets less than .96 per cent. flat. Another professional, C. G. Spencer, was third high man with a total of 13,403 out of 13,995, an average of .957 per cent. Fourth high man, the well-known C. M. Powers, who broke 4992 out of 5230 or .954 per cent., was high amateur.

We give below the averages of those who



made 90 per cent. or better shooting at 3,000 or more targets in regular tournament work. The professionals are marked (P) and the amateurs (A).

	S.A.	Bke.	Pct.
W. H. Hoer .....	(P)	14055	13537 .963
W. R. Crosby .....	(P)	12155	11667 .959
C. G. Spencer .....	(P)	13995	13403 .957
C. M. Powers .....	(A)	5230	4992 .954
L. R. Barkley .....	(P)	16420	15513 .944
Ed. O'Brien .....	(P)	8610	8130 .944
T. E. Hubby .....	(P)	5645	5334 .944
W. Huff .....	(P)	8340	7872 .943
J. L. D. Morrison .....	(P)	3330	3143 .943
R. O. Heikes .....	(P)	12705	11930 .939
J. R. Taylor .....	(P)	13995	13126 .938
H. G. Taylor .....	(A)	9950	9341 .938
H. C. Hirschey .....	(P)	7630	7153 .937
H. J. Borden .....	(P)	3940	3694 .937
H. Dixon .....	(A)	3010	2820 .936
J. M. Hawkins .....	(P)	12975	12069 .930
O. N. Ford .....	(A)	13770	12852 .933
R. R. Barber .....	(P)	11385	10580 .929
L. H. Reid .....	(P)	3850	3579 .929
Wm. Veach .....	(A)	4045	3761 .929
H. Money .....	(P)	5765	5354 .928
H. D. Freeman .....	(P)	5650	5246 .928
L. S. German .....	(P)	4740	4396 .927
F. A. Weatherhead .....	(A)	3990	3699 .927
L. I. Wade .....	(P)	5450	5051 .926
D. A. Upson .....	(A)	4810	4454 .926
G. E. "Kelsey" .....	(A)	3750	3469 .925
J. A. R. Elliott .....	(P)	9265	8565 .924
F. C. Riehl .....	(P)	17885	16525 .923
Guy Ward .....	(P)	3155	2913 .923
C. A. Young .....	(P)	11450	10576 .923
L. Willard .....	(A)	5860	5404 .922
A. M. Hatcher .....	(P)	6520	6027 .922
H. Dunnill .....	(A)	3020	2781 .920
E. J. Squier .....	(P)	12075	11102 .919
A. Mermod .....	(A)	5460	5013 .918
T. J. Hartman .....	(A)	3225	2951 .918
G. Maxwell .....	(P)	8945	8205 .917
J. S. Day .....	(P)	3930	3602 .916
S. A. Huntley .....	(A)	9340	8648 .915
C. D. Linderman .....	(A)	3310	3053 .913
J. S. Boa .....	(P)	11380	10403 .914
J. S. Thomas .....	(A)	3280	2992 .912
W. D. Stannard .....	(P)	16485	15032 .911
C. Gottlieb .....	(P)	11235	12976 .911
C. D. Plank .....	(P)	9325	8497 .911
M. E. Atchison .....	(A)	4420	4031 .911
H. C. Kirkwood .....	(A)	4045	3699 .911
J. R. Graham .....	(A)	5425	4562 .909
K. Shephardson .....	(A)	6070	5512 .908
F. C. Griffiths .....	(A)	5085	4621 .908
H. R. Bonser .....	(A)	4170	3787 .908
C. O. LeCompte .....	(P)	13505	12259 .907
R. E. Trimble .....	(P)	7440	6748 .907
G. K. Mackie .....	(A)	10625	9607 .904
W. M. Ford .....	(A)	4670	4224 .904
W. S. Hoer .....	(A)	6640	5977 .900
E. F. Giesbert .....	(A)	3375	3040 .900

#### Other 90 Per Cent Men

or more shots there are 26 men who averaged 90 per cent. or better, shooting less than three thousand shot and more than one thousand. The names are given below with shots fired and percentage made. (P) means professional, (A) means amateur.

	S. A.	Bke.	Pct.
A. I. Carrico .....	(A)	1325	1241 .936
W. Henderson .....	(A)	1380	1290 .934
E. G. White .....	(P)	1850	1726 .932
T. ... ..	(A)	2130	1975 .927
C. L. Callison .....	(P)	1740	1609 .925
W. W. ... ..	(A)	1310	1240 .925
P. Hood .....	(A)	2765	2563 .924
F. L. Belcher .....	(A)	2465	2277 .923
J. J. Robinson .....	(A)	1705	1629 .922
I. Holm .....	(P)	1400	1302 .922
C. L. Lyon .....	(A)	2550	2357 .920
J. L. Crockett .....	(A)	1800	1654 .918
J. M. Velle .....	(A)	1745	1604 .919
C. Desjar .....	(A)	2560	2362 .915
J. H. Noel .....	(A)	2880	2636 .915
A. W. ... ..	(A)	1850	1691 .913

E. H. Storr .....	(P)	2860	2608 .911
H. McMurchy .....	(P)	1670	1523 .911
F. Bills .....	(A)	2635	2400 .910
L. Z. Lawrence .....	(P)	1515	1379 .910
J. W. Garrett .....	(A)	1695	1531 .909
F. Moseley .....	(A)	1765	1601 .907
H. Scane .....	(A)	2440	2209 .905
Mrs. Ad. Tappew'n .....	(P)	2510	2268 .903
O. R. Dickey .....	(P)	2925	2635 .900
B. Dunnill .....	(A)	1810	1629 .900

In addition to the above ninety per centers, there were a number of good shots, with whose names Canadians are more or less familiar, whose average fell somewhat below that mark, but whose records will doubtless interest our readers. These we give alphabetically:—

	S. A.	Bke.	Pct.
Neal Apgar .....	(P)	7130	6262 .878
C. W. Budd .....	(P)	9350	8210 .878
R. R. Barber .....	(P)	11385	10403 .884
C. E. Doolittle .....	(A)	2190	1951 .890
J. S. Fanning .....	(P)	7865	6827 .868
Capt. Hardy .....	(P)	3875	3387 .874
W. G. Hearne .....	(P)	3030	2625 .866
Russell Klein .....	(P)	7190	7141 .893
Thos. Marshall .....	(P)	5600	4824 .861
Stanley Rhoades .....	(A)	2930	2635 .899
H. H. Stevens .....	(P)	9485	8428 .888
Buffalo F. Smith .....	(A)	4160	3560 .855
Thos. Upton .....	(A)	2520	2200 .873

#### The Grand Prix Du Casino.

The following account of the contest for the Grand Prix at Monte Carlo, the principal European trap shooting event of the year and one of international interest, taken from the London Field, will be read with interest by Canadians.

In reading accounts of this tournament one is struck with the fact that this rich prize is won each year by what we, on this side of the world, would consider a very modest score. Either the quality of the birds shot at or the quality of the marksmanship or the conditions surrounding the contest must be vastly different from that on this continent. That 41005 (over \$3000) and a valuable trophy should have been won from a field of 154 shooters with a score of twelve straight, seems to us, very remarkable. Last year the prize was won with but 9 out of 11.

"The cold weather did not interfere with the sport at Monte Carlo, and the stand was hardly large enough to hold all the assemblage. The opening day, Feb. 4, of the Grand Prix, the trophy for which is a very handsome ornamental tea and coffee service with tray and urn to match, even more elaborate than anything which has yet fallen to the lot of those whose names are set forth on the marble tablets at the back of the stand, was accompanied by fine weather, with a bright sun and a good light, and a slight breeze.

The birds from England were of excellent quality, but as there was very little wind to help them, and they were opposed to such good shots, it was only by mere accident that any got away. Experts were, however, puzzled except from the traps or shot out from the corners like snipe to make good their escape. The fact that the English and the Italian marksmen have each taken the leading events a dozen times, and had thus tied, rendered the sport even more interesting, and probably served to bring the seventy Italians across the frontier. Nor H. Grassell, who won for the first time in 1890, and 1893, thus instituting the new rule, that a former winner stands back one meter, and last year's winner two meters, has joined the great majority, but he was replaced by Signor H. Grassell, who won for the first time in 1902, and then repeated his triumph in 1905 and 1906. The Italians brought across the frontier with them some of the best men they could find without omitting Signor Marconelli, who ought to have won last year, had he not missed the twelfth bird. Last year the whole of the money, consisting of the 175 sweepstakes and the

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sum of 800 sovereigns added by the management, was divided among five Italians and a representative of the Argentine Republic, Mr. Luro, and a Frenchman, the best English scores being made by the Messrs. F. Thellusson and Carroll, who killed 9 out of 11. Mr. Roberts today killed both his birds smartly within a brief distance of the traps. Mr. Chase got a very awkward bird, and he was the first of the English representatives to break down, while H. Fraser failed to realize the hopes entertained from his American form. P. Thellusson got a smart pigeon, which had just escaped him in the second round, falling dead outside the boundary. Both Capt. Stratford and Mr. Brace commenced with a miss. Messrs. G. Harrison, Greig, and Erskine followed suit, with Mr. Donald, and Messrs. Walters, Watkins, and Pearce in the same boat. Signor H. Grasselli grassed his two birds in nice style.

It was warmer on Feb. 5 and the wind had quite dropped, and the grayish sky did not improve the flight of the birds. The number of shooters had increased from the 147 on Monday to 154; less certainly than the 175 of last year, but still of the very best class. After the first round of today and 43 misses the stewards decided that those who had failed to kill 2 out of 3 should retire, and when the fourth round was ended 60 out of the 154 withdrew. There were 38 misses in the fourth round, and the day's shooting showed as a result that only 32 had killed 4 birds, while 62 had missed one, with a possible miss out of the 8 yet to be trapped, which put them out of court. Out of the 32 not having missed were no less than 16 Italians, including Signori H. Grasselli and Schiavini, both prize winners and crack shots, supported by Signor Catenacci. The same remark may apply to Count Lazzaro, Signori Marconini, Fadini, Fiachetti, Fortunio, Gagliardi,

Ghirlandi, Chiericatti, di Grazia, Setti and Montani, Count Trauttmansdorff, who won for the first time for Austria in 1892 shot well, and the Marquis de Villaviciosa was in his old form.

The contest for the Grand Prix was concluded in fine weather on Feb. 6, there being a bright sun and a brisk westerly breeze across the shooting ground. In the fifth, sixth and seventh rounds misses were prolific, and the result was pretty well fined down at the close of the eighth round, when Count Trauttmansdorff, Mr. Hall, Signor Interdonato, and P. Thellusson only had killed all their birds. Signor Interdonato was the first to miss in the ninth round, and the tenth saw Mr. Thellusson out of the fray. In the long run Mr. Hall stayed them all out with 12 consecutive birds, which left England winner of the prize for the thirteenth time, the Italians now being second with twelve wins.

Mr. Hall had for many years been shooting at Monte Carlo, but had not displayed capabilities anything up to Grand Prix form. The unfortunate man among the competitors at the very close was Count Trauttmansdorff, who, tying with Mr. Hall, missed his twelfth bird, while the Englishman secured the prize with a smart shot. After that the second, third, and fourth prizes had to be shot for, and the Count passed by Mr. Roberts and Signor Interdonato, he having to put up with a share of the fourth money. Below are the final results:—

Grand Prix Du Casino, of 8 sovereigns each with 800 sovereigns added to a work of art 1035 sovereigns; second 160 sovereigns and 25 per cent of the entries (475 sovereigns); third 80 sovereigns and 20 per cent (330 sovereigns); fourth 40 sovereigns and 15 per cent (225 sovereigns), the balance to the winner: 12 birds, 3 at



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The material we put into it and the care taken in finishing it, have earned for it the reputation of always being up to standard.

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The  
Montreal Rolling Mills  
Company.

26 meters, 99 at 27 meters; last year's winner stood back 1 meter.

Shot At Killed

Mr. Hall (1035 pounds and trophy	12	
H. F. Roberts (divided second and		
third of 805 pounds	15	14
Signor Interdonato (ditto)	15	14
Count Trauttmansdorff (divided		
fourth of 226 pounds	15	13
Signor Schiannini (ditto)	15	13

## Winners of the Grand Prix Du Casino.

1872 G. L. Lorillard	U. S.
1873 J. Lee, V.C., C.B.	England
1874 Sir William Call	England
1875 Capt. Aubrey Patton	England
1876 Capt. Aubrey Patton	England
1877 W. Arundel Yeo	England
1878 H. Cholinondeley Pennell	England
1879 E. R. G. Hopwood	England
1880 Count M. Esterhazy	Hungary
1881 M. G. Camaner	Belgium
1882 Count de St Quintin	France
1883 H. J. Roberts	England
1884 Count de Caserta	Italy
1885 M. L. de Dorlodot	Belgium
1886 Count L. Canali	Italy
1887 Signor Guidicini	Italy
1888 Count Saline	Italy
1889 C. Newton	England
1889 Valentino Dicks	England
1890 Signor Guidicini	Italy
1892 Count Trauttmansdorff	Austria
1893 Signor Guidicini	Italy
1894 Count C. Zichy	Austria
1895 Signor Benvenuti	Italy
1896 M. H. Journu	France
1897 Signor G. Grasselli	Italy
1898 Curling	England

1899 M. R. Moncerge	France
1900 Count O'Brien	Spain
1901 M. Guyot	France
1902 Signor H. Grasselli	Italy
1903 Pellier-Johnson	England
1904 Signor Schiannini	Italy
1905 Signor H. Grasselli	Italy
1906 Signor H. Grasselli	Italy
1907 Hall	England

Fred Gilbert, Ex-Champion Trap Shot of the World, Re-appears after Long Illness.

Fred Gilbert, the Wizard of Spirit Lake, for years champion trap shot of the world, is convalescing after a protracted illness, at Hot Springs. His condition for the past year has inspired predictions that Gilbert who swept all before him in 1903-4 and 5 with performances which marked a new era in trap shooting. Unless he should suffer a relapse, it is announced that he will shoot over the Chicago traps preliminary to the Interstate Association tournaments which begin at Richmond, Va., May 6-10th, closing with the Pacific Coast Handicap at Spokane in September.

Carrying off the highest honors in 1903-4, with phenomenal scores, Gilbert eclipsed himself in 1905 by breaking 590 out of 600 targets in three days' shoot at Des Moines, and then breaking 588 out of 600 at St. Joseph, Mo., an actual record of only 22 misses in 1200 targets shot at during six consecutive days. Whether this performance can ever be duplicated or approached by the former champion is a question the reply to which is scheduled as one of the interesting trap shooting events of the coming season.

## Toronto Rod and Gun Club.

'On Saturday, March 2nd, the Toronto "Rod and Gun Club" held a sparrow competition of fifteen birds per man, on their grounds at Todmorden; the respective teams were chosen by the President and Captain as closely as possible from the members present, and the result proved that the division of forces was worthy of their fair judgment, for, after quite an exciting contest and shooting off a tie, the match resulted in a final "tie" for want of birds. 210 having been disposed of. Notwithstanding the effects of a cyclonic breeze, the average score was very satisfactory.

The shoot was followed by a dinner at the Todmorden Hotel, when Mr. Grange, the genial proprietor, again demonstrated the high excellence of his culinary department. After the usual expressions of loyalty and toast to The King; Our Country, the Club, and its President Mr. G. W. Meyer, the latter gave a synopsis of the club's shoots, up to date, and gave the names of the various trophy winners, at the same time presenting them with the prizes won through their skill with the gun: The "Strother Prize", a sterling silver Beaker, given to Mr. Lancelot Strother, for the best score at the live birds (50 pigeons and 50 sparrows) was gained by the President, Mr. G. W. Meyer, 94 per cent., the next scores were Strother 9 per cent., Patton 91 per cent., Tinning 91 p. c., Skeg 90 p. c., Blatchley 90 p. c., Asling 85 p. c., etc., etc. The "Club Trophy" (cartridge shoots) at 40 live pigeons, fell to L. Strother with 37, Meyer 35, Skeg and Hope 32, etc., etc. The Club Trophy" at 40 sparrows, after a lively tie shoot, went to H. P. Hope with 24 W. R. Skeg 30, Asling 29, Patton 28, Tinning 26, etc., etc.

The "high gun" prize dedicated by H. A. Shaw for best season's average at clay bird was accorded to Percy Blatchley.

A very enjoyable evening succeeded, rendered pleasant by recitals of hunting adventure and experiences of general gun-dore, that could only be surpassed by the capabilities of an angler's meeting; every member left with the



unexpressed feeling of winning those prizes next season.

It should be of interest to gunners to know of the advantages and opportunities offered to the members, through the active interest shown by the officers and executive of the Toronto Rod and Gun Club, whose aim is to develop their capacity, not only in form, but through live bird shooting.

The season commenced on Nov. 3rd, '06, since which time twenty club shoots have taken place, including New Year's Day; the average attendance being ten shooters, with an occasional private shoot, about 1300 pigeons, 2500 sparrows, and 2000 artificials have been disposed of—the paucity of the latter demonstrating the greater interest in the live bird targets. The Club numbers 31 members. The officers at present are: Messrs. G. W. Meyer, President; H. M. Asling, Vice President; Dr. W. R. Patton, Captain; J. H. Teller, official referee; Sydney H. Jones, Secretary-Treasurer, 100 Marlborough Avenue, Phone N. 445. Executive committee, H. F. Hope, W. R. Skey, F. W. Mathews, P. J. Thomas, F. B. Poucher and R. Tinning.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club was held on their grounds Feb. 9th. It being an off day in the Blue Rock League, a spoon shoot was held. The day was fine, and the attendance good. In the spoon shoot Vivian, with two additional birds and Buck with three additional birds to shoot at, made straight scores. In the shoot-off Buck won. Result of spoon shoot, 25 birds:—

Kemp 23, Hulme 22, W. Wakefield 24, Fritz 23, Buck 25, McGrath 25, Marsh 20, Dunk 24, Douglas 23, Ely 21, Vivian 25, P. Wakefield 24, Edkins 18, Dr. Cook 14, Hogarth 24, Martin 21, Townson 21, Thomas 17, Massingham 20, Mann 14, Dey 14, Thompson 20.

The Balmy Beach Gun Club members were visited on Saturday, Feb. 9th by Walter B. Thompson of Hamilton, E. J. Marsh of Parkdale, and a number of members of the Stanley Gun Club, and a pleasant afternoon's shooting was indulged in. The first event was a club handicap shoot, in which all the competitors received extra targets except T. H. Cascl, under a new handicap system that is being tried. The following scores were made:—

25 targets (handicap)—Draper 25, Pearsall 25, Mason 25, Seager 25, Davis 25, Lyonde 25, J. A. Shaw 25, Ross 24, Cascl 23, Hunter 22, Smith 21, F. G. Shaw 21, Boothe 20, J. A. Wilson 19, Dingman 18.

25 targets—J. McDuff 24, H. Thompson 23, P. Wakefield 22, W. Wakefield 22, Douglas 21, Hulme 21, Dunk 21, W. P. Thompson 20, E. J. Marsh 20, Edkins 19, Sawdon jr., 19, Townson 18, McGrath 18.

10 targets—Hulme 10, Dunk 10, Ingham 10, McDuff 10, J. G. Shaw 10, J. H. Shaw 10, Seager 9, Cascl 9, Marsh 9, Davis 8, Pearsall 8, McGrath 8.

The match on Feb. 16th between the Stanley and Balmy Beach Gun Clubs, on the grounds of the latter, resulted in a win for the Stanleys, whose average was 22.1-5 for 15 men, to the Beach Club's 21.1-5 for ten men. There was a big turnout of members of both clubs, sixty shooters taking part in the match. The scores:

Stanley—Fleming 25, McDuff 23, Turp 24, W. Wakefield 23, Vivian 23, Martin 23, Dunk 23, Hulme 22, Farmer 22, Dey 21, P. Wakefield 21, Thompson 21, Parry 20, Buck 20, Lewis 20. Total (15 men) 333.

Balmy Beach—Ross 24, Adams 22, Cascl 22, Boothe 22, Davis 21, F. A. Shaw 21, Lyonde 20, Ten Eyck 20, Seager 20, J. G. Shaw 20. Total (10 men) 212.

The second match between the Parkdale and Balmy Beach Gun Clubs, in the Toronto blue rock series, was shot Saturday, March 4th on

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the latter grounds, resulting in a win for the home team. The scores were as follows:

Parkdale—Reed 21, Fenton 21, G. Thomas 19, Williams 19, Hooley 19, Parker 19, Devins 18, Pearce 18, Ward 16, Wolf 16. Total 186.

Balmy Beach—Booth 22, Seager 22, Ross 20, Pearsall 20, J. A. Shaw 20, Davis 19, Cascl 18, Dingman 18, Draper 18, Lyonde 18. Total 195.

Owing to the wind storm which blew with bulldog tenacity all afternoon, the scoring in the league match between the Stanley Gun Club and the Riverdale Gun Club March 4th was not as good as was expected it would be; however, the shooting was very good under the circumstances, as will be seen from the average as made by the Stanleys of 19.12-15, as against 19.6-15 of the Riverdales. The respective scores:

Stanley—McDuff 23, Dunk 23, Richardson 21, Fritz 21, P. Wakefield 20, Schofield 20, Cashmore

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20. Buchanan 19. W. Wakefield 19. Massingham 19. Vivian 19. Duff 19. Martin 18. Douglas 18. Fleming 18. Total 297. Average 19 12-15.

Riverdales—Best 23. Knox 21. Bennett 21. G. Logan 20. Bredannaz 20. Duncan 20. Lowe 20. Miller 19. T. Logan 19. Bond 19. Davidson 19. Heys 18. Hirons 18. Jennings 17. Joselin 17. Total 291. Average 19 6-15.

The Central Rod and Gun Club held their weekly shoot March 4th. The scores for the spoon shoot at 20 birds was as follows: A. Knox 20, F. Bean 19, J. E. Avan 18, W. Knox 18, A. Bunker 17, E. Earls 15, J. Crewe 14, J. Dean 11, B. Rogers 8, A. Taylor 7.

The regular weekly shoot of the Stanley Gun Club was held March 5th. This being their bye in the City League, a match was held for a silver spoon and four trophies presented by the president, Mr. McGill. The match was shot at 25 targets per man, handicap from 1 to 5 extra birds to shoot at. Mr. Dunk, with one extra, and Mr. Martin and Fritz, with four extra, made straight scores; five scores of 24 shot off for the balance of the trophies. Mr. Vivian and Townson being the winners. The club was also honored by a visit from Mr. E. G. White, the Eastern representative of the DuPont Powder Co. The following were the scores in the special match for silver spoon and four trophies at 25 birds:—

Douglas 11, McGill 22, Vivian 24, Buck 20, Kemp 22, P. Wakefield 22, Dunk 25, Herbert 23, Thompson 21, Fritz 25, McEuff 20, Dey 22, Massingham 24, McGrath 19, Edkins 21, Richardson 17, Ely 22, Cashmore 21, Sennett 17, Martin 25, McBain 12, Townson 24, Morshead 14, Dr. Cook 24, C. Wilson 23, Lucas 19, Hogarth 21, Rod 12.

The league match March 9th on the Balmy Beach Gun Club's grounds, between that club and the National Gun Club resulted in a victory for the latter. The scores:—

Nationals—A. E. Davis 25, Westwood 22, Grainger 22, Lawson 22, C. B. Harrison 21, Balston 21, A. Gould 21, Monkman 21, Carmody 21, Vanduzen 20. Total 216.

Balmy Beach—C. Davis 22, Adams 21, Casci 21, J. A. Shaw 21, J. G. Shaw 21, Lyonde 20, Anderson 19, Boothe 19, Draper 19, Ten Eyck 19. Total 202.

### Hamilton Happenings.

There was a good attendance at the regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun Club held on Saturday, Feb. 9th. The weather was good, and as a result some good scores were made. The club medal and Klein and Binkley trophy were shot for, the former being won by M. E. Fletcher with a straight score of 25 targets. Following are the scores

Club Medal K.&B. Tro.

Both events at 25 targets.		
J. Crooks	21	20
Bentlie	21	18
Stuart	17	14
Bowron	19	18
Rich	11	16
Ripley	21	21
Wark	21	18
Ben It	20	19
Upton	20	20
Bates	17	19
M. E. Fletcher	25	23
Hunter	22	21
Dr. Green	22	24
D. Fletcher	17	
Merriman	15	
Dr. Wilson	22	24
Marshall	21	14
J. Cline	17	12
C. Thompson	19	17
Dean	16	9
Davies	13	9
Cantelon	22	13
Nemmet	9	
Waterbury	22	

The Balmy Beach Gun Club of Toronto, visited the Hamilton Gun Club, Feb. 23rd, and a



team race was shot, which resulted in a win for the Hamilton Club by three targets. Following are the scores:—

Hamilton—Bates 24, Raspberry 24, Dr. Wilson 23, Dr. Green 22, Hunter 21, Wark 19, Court Thomson 19, Marshall 19, Fletcher 20, Cantelon 17. Total 208.

Balmv Beach—Booth 23, Davis 23, Casci 22, J. G. Shaw 21, Seager 21, Lyonde 20, Mason Draper 20, J. Wilson 18, W. Wilson 17. Total 205.

Following is the score for the Klein and Binkley trophy, shot on above date:—

Targets 25—Wark 16, Bates 23, Fletcher 21, Raspberry 20, Hunter 20, Bowron 13, Dr. Wilson 10, Dunham 10, Marshall 11, Court Thompson 20.

## Dorchester Beats Ingersoll.

In a team shoot between Dorchester Station and Ingersoll Gun Clubs, on the grounds of the former on Feb. 14th, the home team beat the visitors with a score of 86 to 79. The score, 25 birds per man:—

Ingersoll—Kirbyson 71, Geo. Nichols 15, A. Williamson 8, W. Staples 16, G. Janes 11, H. W. Partlo 8. Total 79.

Dorchester—C. Richmond 14, J. Rennie 13, A. Wallace 11, W. Richmond 12, W. Fifield 17, Dr. Banghart 19. Total 86.

In a team shoot at Ingersoll, Feb. 26th, between Ingersoll and Dorchester Gun Clubs, Ingersoll won from Dorchester by 31 shots. The visitors brought eleven men, and the contest, which was at 25 birds each, was greatly enjoyed. The weather conditions were very favorable for the season of the year and the scores on the whole were very creditable. The visitors were pleasantly entertained, and it is hoped that the two clubs may have another meeting before long. The scores:—

Dorchester—W. Fifield 21, C. Richmond 16, C. Wallace 15, Dr. Banghart 19, W. Richmond 13, A. C. Steik 17, J. Cawsey 17, W. Rennie 17, A. Wallace 13, J. Rennie 11, R. Wallace 15. Total 174.

Ingersoll—W. Staples 19, J. Staples 24, R. B. Harris 19, F. McMulkin 21, Geo. Buckle 10, W. Ireland 19, Geo. F. Janes 21, W. Kirbyson 24, W. Cole 14, H. W. Partlo 15, Wm. Ireland 19. Total 205.

## Blenheim Club Shoot.

The Blenheim Gun Club held a match at 25 blue rocks Feb. 26th sides being captained by Samuel Burk and Samuel Hartford. The scores were as follows:—

Sam. Burk 17, W. E. Hall 19, Ed. Ridley 6, J. Wetherald 14, S. Lincham 22, F. Magee 15, L. Handy 16, James Rouse 10, G. Bowden 19, J. F. Miles 11, Ed. Ramsden 9, T. Taylor 20, N. L. McLeod 12, A. Burk 19. Total 209.

Sam. Hartford 12, C. Lowes 16, Jas. Burk 20, V. Hartford 20, T. Pickering 17, C. Wetherald 14, B. Burk 13, H. Burk 14, W. J. O'Brien Sam Hartford 12, C. Lowes 16, Jas. Burk 10, Slater 9, O. Gill 20. Total 230.

The losers provided a muskrat supper served at six o'clock at the Vester House.

## Ridgetown Defeated Blenheim.

Ridgetown downed Blenheim in a 20-man

team race at Ridgetown, March 13th. The scores were as follows

Ridgetown—W. Thorold 24, Geo. Laing 20, A. McElchie 16, Fred Galbraith 23, H. Scane 21, J. Scane 18, W. Hardy 16, J. McLaren 21, C. Scane 19, H. Catton 21, F. Gannage 23, D. McMackon 21, J. Brim 22, W. D. Bates 16, Sim Coll 19, Dan Leitch 11, H. Ferguson 10, N. Campbell 21, P. Gilbert 15, Frank Galbraith 18. Total 375.

Blenheim—W. Hattford 17, W. E. Hall 21, V. Hartford 15, J. Wetherald 18, Geo. Taylor 22, H. Burk 12, F. McGee 20, M. Burk 13, C. Lowes 15, F. Philon 19, S. Burk 14, Theo. Pickering 22, M. Burk 18, W. J. O'Brien 13, Geo. Reynolds 17, L. Handy 13, C. Wetherald 14, Geo. Bowden 20, T. Taylor 20, S. Hartford 10. Total 333.

## Dartmouth Doings.

The Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club held their monthly shoot March 6th. The high wind and extreme cold made good shooting almost impossible, and as a result the scores were not up to the average. In addition to the members, quite a number of guests were present. The different events resulted as follows.

1st event, 10 targets—1st A. Edwards and G. P. Monahan, 9; 2nd, J. T. Egan, 8; 3rd, J. A. McLaughlin, George McInnis, A. M. Stewart, 7.

2nd event (sweepstakes)—10 targets—1st J. T. Egan 10, 2nd, J. A. McLaughlin 8; 3rd, A. M. Stuart and Geo. McInnis 7.

3rd event, (Club Cup)—25 targets.			
Name.	Broke	Hdcp.	Total
J. A. McLaughlin .....	15	2	17
G. E. McInnis .....	14	5	19
H. D. Romans .....	14	5	19
A. Edwards .....	19	2	21
G. P. Monahan .....	19	2	21
F. Monahan .....	17	2	19
E. H. McElmon .....	9	7	16
A. M. Stuart .....	16	2	18
T. C. Gue .....	18	7	25
J. T. Egan .....	20		20
Geo. L. Flawn .....	8	7	15

The cup was won by Mr. T. C. Gue.

4th Event—(Egan Trophy)—25 targets, 13 yards.—This event was also won by T. C. Gue with a total of 24, handicap 7.

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The Gun Club at Malone, N.Y., will hold a tournament on May 2nd and 3rd, at which cash prizes of at least \$300 will be offered. While the Club is young they have conducted two very successful shoots and they promise a "good time and a square deal" to any Canadian shooters who may attend.

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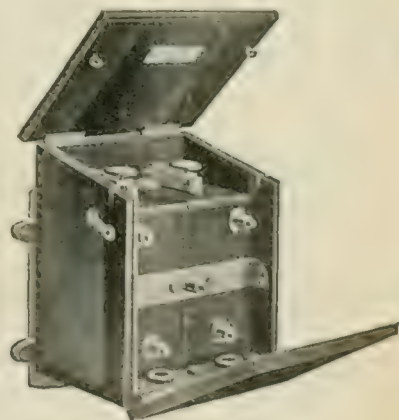
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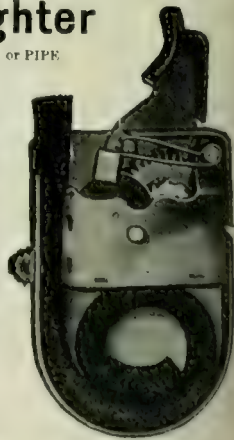
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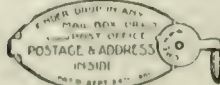
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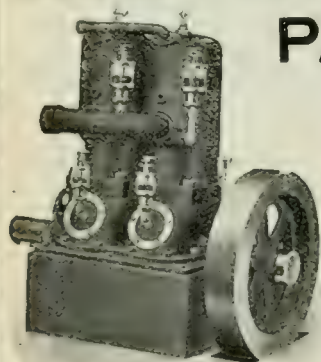
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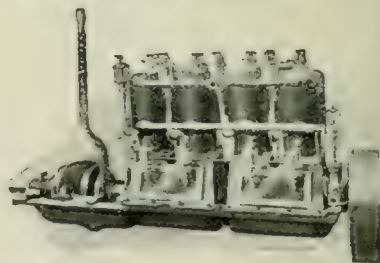
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Offers rooms with hot and cold water for \$1.00 per day and up; rooms with private bath for \$1.50 per day and up; suites of two rooms and bath for \$3.00 per day and up. Weekly rates on rooms with hot and cold water and shower baths, \$6.00 to \$9.00; rooms with private baths, \$9.00 to \$12.00; suites of two rooms and bath, \$14.00 to \$22.00. Send for booklet.

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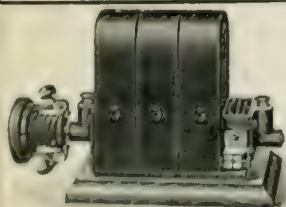
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It is made of selected cane, with fine nickel plated mountings, closely wound in two colors of silk, snake ring guides. Generous sized cork grasp made in an improved manner, each rod has extra tip, put up in flannel covered wood form in neat cloth bag.

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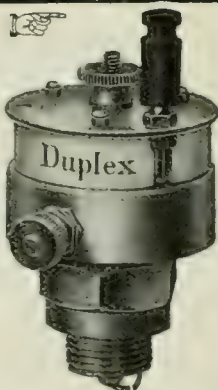
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Saves **Stoppage**  
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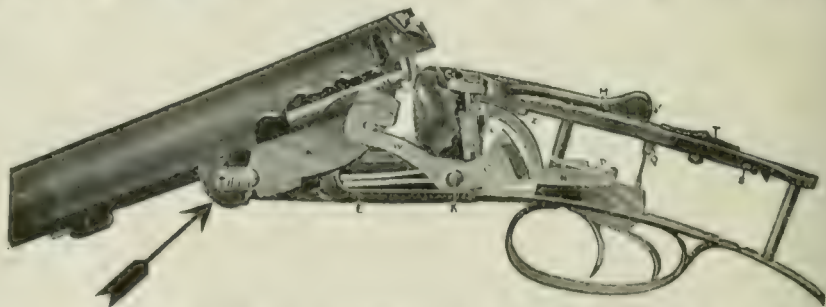
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## CAN NOT SHOOT LOOSE



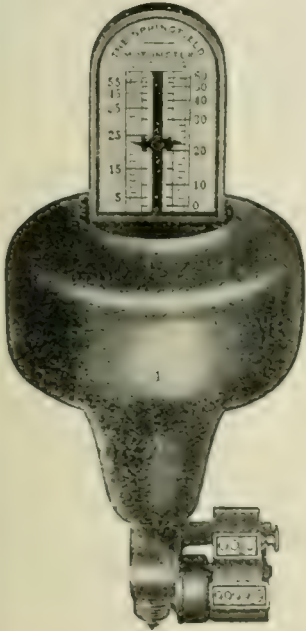
Any wear in the action can be immediately taken up by turning compensating screw F slightly to the right (see cut). Pretty simple, isn't it? Our handsome 1907 catalog A fully describing the many advantages of the Lefever over guns of other manufacturers is yours for the asking.

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Unless a speedometer is *accurate* and *stays* accurate, it is worthless.

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50 Mile Pattern	-	-	\$45.00
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**Because** it can stand side by side with the best monthlies.

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Every well read Canadian reads it.

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If your Life Line (the line forming a semi-circle around the thumb) starts on the Mount of Jupiter it denotes you have great ambition which will be fully rewarded.

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Will either of them be in a position to meet the demand?

The angler with an immunising dose of the best fly preventive in the world, the retail dealer with one of those little red packages, which are so conducive to the fisherman's comfort.

There is no excuse for any fisherman suffering from the intense itching, the disfiguring swellings and the other unpleasant consequences of being badly fly-bitten, when he can purchase immunity for twenty-five cents. Now any sort of man can put up a "remedy" which will keep off flies. If you have no objection to smelling like a pole-cat, and do not mind having your face and hands denuded of cuticle by some crude preparation,—well and good.

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Biscuit and Triscuit. They are ready-cooked, ready-to-serve, and contain all the muscle-making material in the whole wheat grain—made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking.

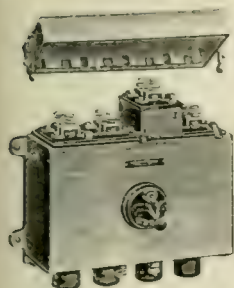
**TOASTED TRISCUIT** (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) is the ideal food for campers, for picnics, for excursions on land or sea. All grocers sell Shredded Wheat.

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Franklin Car Won the Economy Test      Maxwell Car Established the 3000 mile Non-Stop Record

Franklin Car Transcontinental Record—  
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Haynes Car Place in Elimination Vanderbilt Cup Race.

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All these cars were equipped with the Pittsfield Coils and in several cases with our entire ignition outfit. Can there be better proof of the excellence of our product? Slightly higher in price but far superior in quality and efficiency.



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They are 22 ft. by 44 inches, have brass fittings throughout and are equipped with a 2 H.P. 2 cylinder BUFFALO MOTOR. This sounds reasonable, doesn't it?

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Canadian Agents for the Buffalo Motors.



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It is an article of vital importance to every outer—man, woman or youth. It is the "boiled down" knowledge of years of woods life. It will be the means of saving you many discomforts—and perhaps your life. Send for catalog *now*.

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## Canadian Beaver

1 1/2 H. P. \$ 80.00  
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### QUALITY

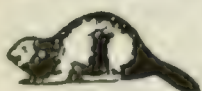
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Ever since our business was started, the one aim has been to make Canadian Beaver quality superior to any other. We believe we have succeeded in this and to-day Canadian Beaver Engines are the **QUALITY** engines of Canada.

Here is what quality consists of as we know it. **GOOD WORKMANSHIP, GOOD MATERIALS, CORRECT DESIGN.** Under one of these heads come every part that can possibly go into a gasoline engine and make or break it as to results, and they are what count, for quality allows nothing but first-class results. Are you interested in quality. Write us for your 1907 requirements.

## SHERMAN COOPER CO.

### Gasoline Marine Engines



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HI-PO Batteries have been—as an extreme test—submerged in water to base of connections for a period of six months and longer without being affected by action of the water.

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Have greater recuperative ability and are less affected by climatic changes or conditions than any dry battery made.

**THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY IMPERVIOUS TO WATER**

Every Motor Boat Owner and all others interested in a WATERPROOF HIGHLY RECUPERATIVE DRY BATTERY, unaffected by moisture or climatic conditions should write us. Samples furnished private users at regular price, retail. Write for descriptive circular and full particulars, addressing

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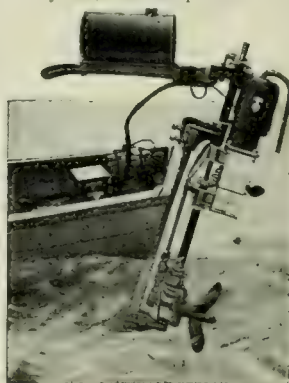
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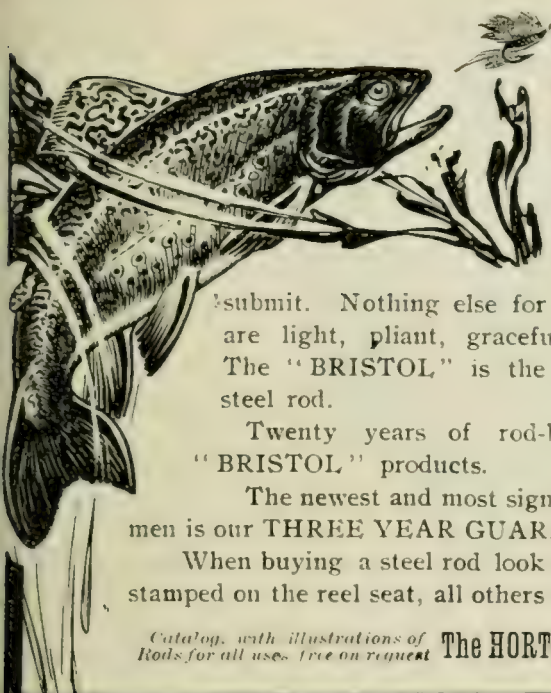
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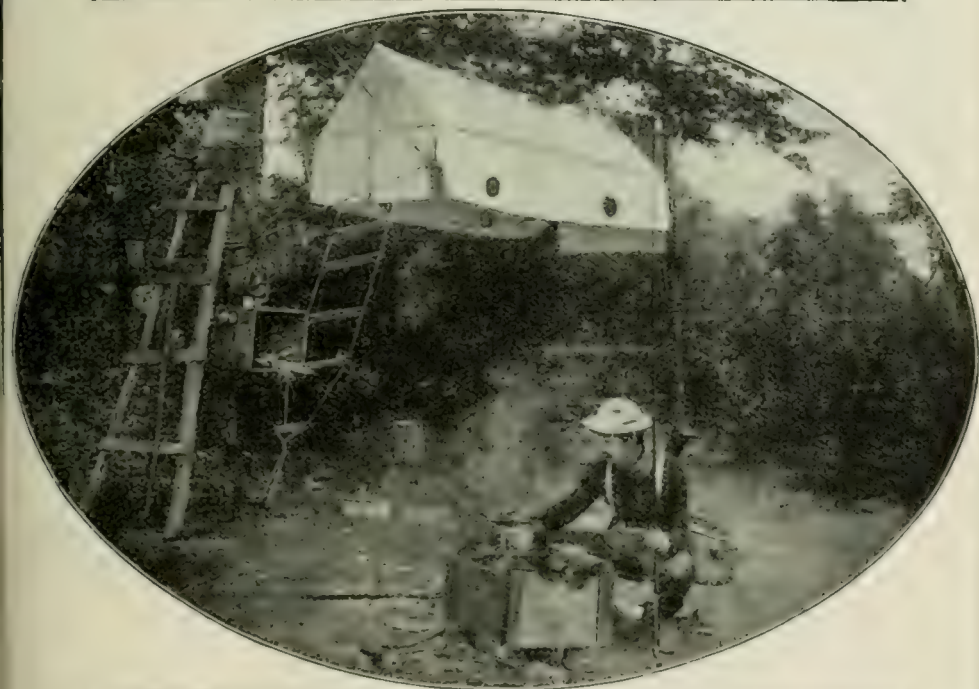
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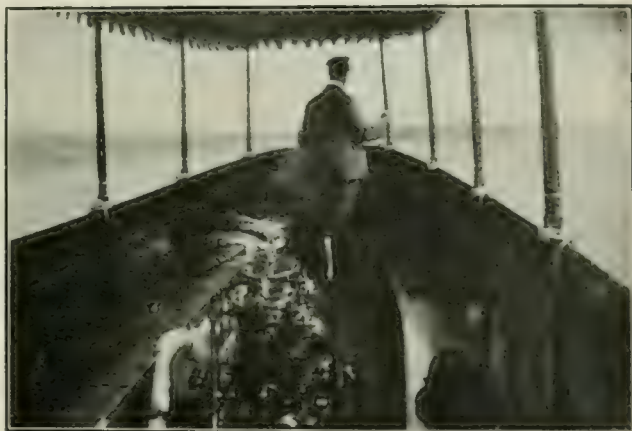
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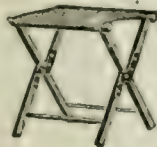
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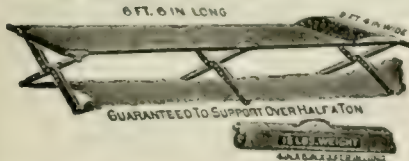
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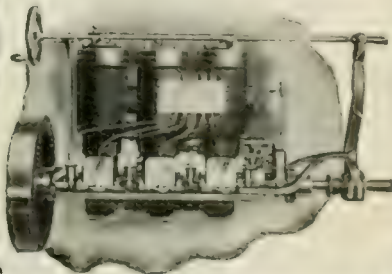
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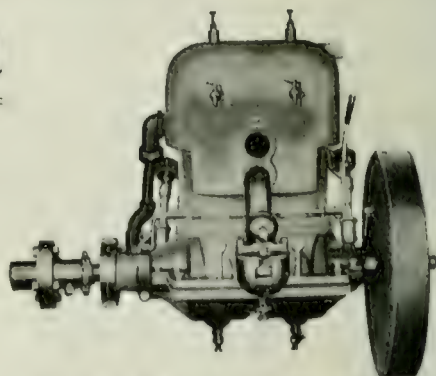
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Size of camera, 6.5-8 x 3.3-4 x 3.1-3.

Size of picture, 2.1-4 x 0.3-4.

Three exposures on any daylight loading film at cost of 20c.

All sales subject to 15 day's trial.

Full leather cover. Rapid rectilinear lens.

Fan movement timing device, adaptable to instantaneous or time exposures of any degree.

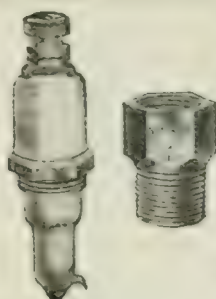
Larger models, \$20 to \$100.

Illustrated catalog on request.

**MULTISCOPE & FILM COMPANY**

MANUFACTURERS

151 Jefferson St. Burlington, Wisconsin



## Sta-Rite Plugs

Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

**Were Rightly Named in 1902.**

**No. 4 Separable Double Porcelain Price Net, F.O.B., N.Y., \$1.25**

Double Porcelains do not break because inner heated Porcelain Tube and outer Porcelain Cap have their own contraction and expansion. Single Porcelain Plugs are handicapped because contraction and expansion is not uniform and tube either breaks or leaks.

**Sta-Rite Joints do not leak.**

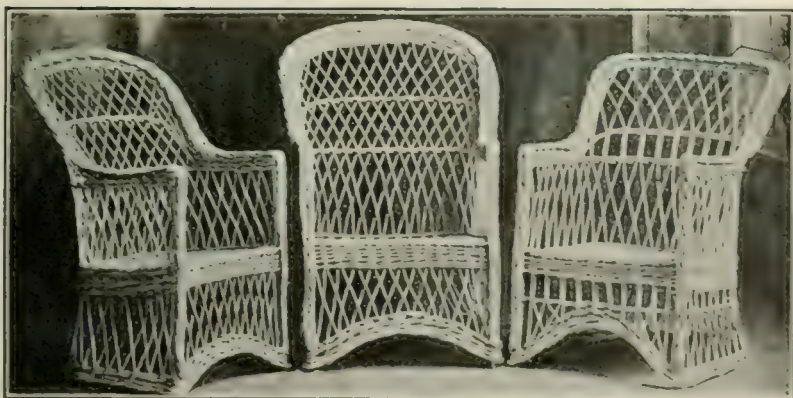
**Tension Springs prevent parts loosening. No Broken Bolt Heads; they are turned from Solid Bessemer steel Rods.**

Sta-Rite air spaces and glazed insulating surfaces permit perfect ignition in oil and soot.

Latest circulars and 25c six inch rule sent free on request. Sta-Rite Mica Plugs \$1.50 each.

**The R. E. HARDY CO., 86 Watts St. New York City.**

JOHN FORMAN, Canadian Distributor  
Montreal  
RICE LEWIS & CO., Toronto



Size of seat ..... 16x11  
Height of back from seat 23 in.  
Height of arm from seat 9 1/2 in.

No. 14. \$5.00  
19x19  
26 in.  
10 in.

No. 12. \$4.00  
18x17  
24 in.  
10 in.

**T**HE distinctive feature about my Willow Furniture is not the price, but the quality—lots of Art Furniture is sold at less, but you would not want it at any price when placed alongside of YOUNGER'S **WILLOW FURNITURE**. I grow my own Willow. I supervise personally the workmanship. I guarantee strength and durability of every article. As to **BEAUTY** of this Furniture, it speaks for itself. The handsome set, illustrated above, sells for \$12.50. It comprises three comfortable arm chairs, made of Willow. That means coolness and comfort. There is no reason in the world why you should sit in an unventilated and unhealthy upholstered chair when you can buy these artistic chairs at prices from \$3.50 to \$10.

We also manufacture a variety of other Rush and Willow Furniture, including Settees, Arm Chairs, Fancy Chairs, Invalid's Chairs, Tables, Picnic Baskets, Automobileists Baskets, and numerous other articles. Special baskets of any style made to order. No extra packing charges for shipping to outside points.

**W. YOUNGER, 686 YONGE STREET, TORONTO**





## There are Many Excellent Canoe Trips in Ontario

Of which we can furnish RELIABLE CHARTS,  
as well as providing the

**Tents, Utensils,  
Blankets, Provisions**  
and the Bait for Fishing.

Our little book of information "TOURIST TOPICS", tells how best to arrange all the details of a Camping Trip, and we send it for the asking.

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Established, 1835.

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Why Pay a  
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necessary.

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sailboats—rowl oats and launches.

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\$3.00. Launches and sail  
boats, 20 ft. and under,  
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ft. inclusive, \$8 to \$10.  
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SYSTEM**

**BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO.**  
originators of the Pattern System of Boat  
Building

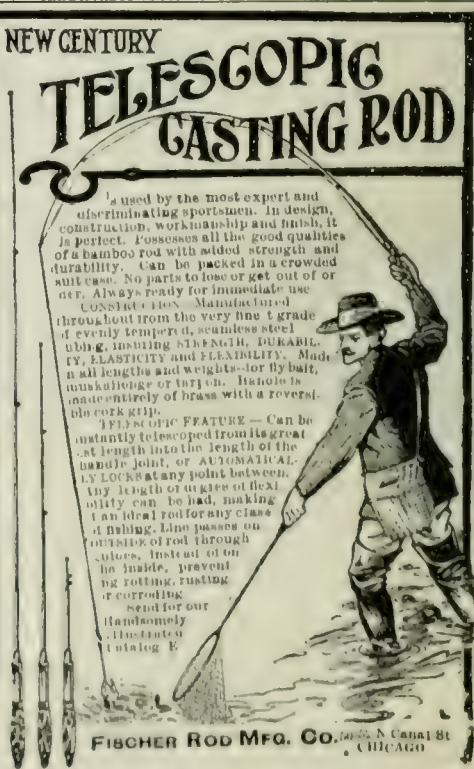
4004 SHIP ST., SAGINAW, MICH. U.S.A.  
(Formerly of Bay City, Mich.)

## NEW CENTURY TELESCOPIC CASTING ROD

Used by the most expert and  
discriminating sportsmen. In design,  
construction, workmanship and finish, it  
is perfect. Possesses all the good qualities  
of a bamboo rod with added strength and  
durability. Can be packed in a crowded  
suit case. No parts to lose or get out of or  
over. Always ready for immediate use.

CONSISTENTLY Manufactured  
throughout from the very fine 1 grade  
of evenly tempered, seamless steel  
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ITY, ELASTICITY and FLEXIBILITY. Made  
in all lengths and weights—for flybait,  
muskhellinger or tarpon. Handle is  
manufactured of brass with a revers-  
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TELESCOPIC FEATURE — Can be  
instantly telescoped from its great  
length into the length of the  
handle joint, or AUTOMATICALLY  
LOCKED at any point between.  
Any length or degree of flexi-  
bility can be had, making  
an ideal rod for any class  
of fishing. Line passes on  
outside of rod through  
cables. Instead of on  
the inside, preventing  
rotting, rusting  
or corroding.  
Send for our  
freedom  
illustrated  
catalog.



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CHICAGO



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## SAVAGE TARGET MODEL

is built strictly on Savage Quality lines, which means the best value and superior quality in every individual party.

Savage Target Model shoots 22 caliber ammunition, and appeals to the target shooter, who requires a masterpiece in workmanship, and accuracy. These requirements are met by our Target Model, as they are in no other low priced gun. No gun "just as good as a Savage" except a Savage.

The Savage Target Model is a nicely balanced gun for off-hand shooting, weighs 43-4 pounds. Sold by all dealers or if they do not carry them, we will send this gun direct for \$8.50.

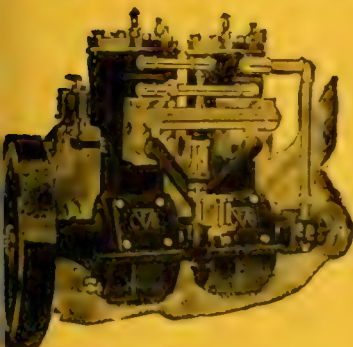
SAVAGE ARMS CO., 453 Savage Ave., Utica, N.Y., U.S.A.

All shipments prepaid.



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The first cost of a Marine Engine deceives a good many people and spoils many well planned pleasure boat trips. When you purchase a Marine Engine you want one you can rely upon at all times.

Get a 1907 Model

## FAIRBANKS - MORSE

Two Cycle, 3 Port Engine and you can depend upon it at all times, and be sure of returning to shore when you start out on a water trip. No valves to get out of order. No springs. Simple to understand. Economical as to gasoline.

See our Exhibit at the Motor Boat Show. Send for our new catalog M E 13

**The Canadian Fairbanks Co., Ltd.,**

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Acorns Grow!"

The Record of a Decade.

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"Reason Why"—We have satisfied the diverse requirements of the Shooting World to a pre-eminent degree!

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**J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.**  
365 MAIN STREET  
CHICOPEE FALLS, MASS., U.S.A.





15¢ copy  
MAY 1907

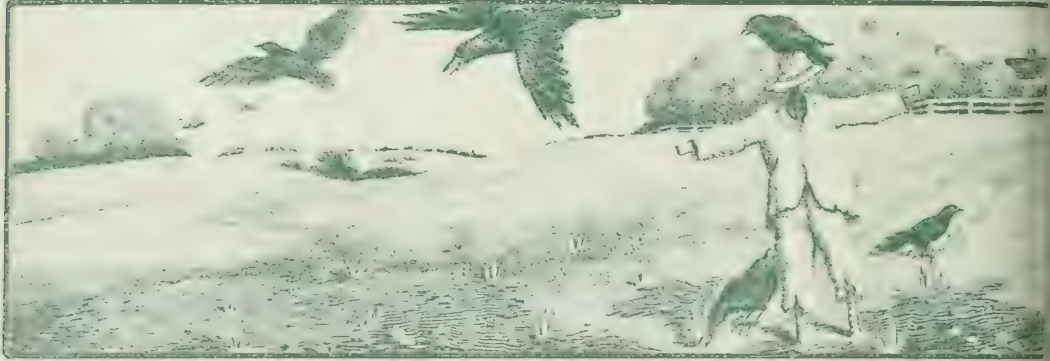
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National Park of Ontario

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## .22 CALIBER AUTOMATIC RIFLE

This wonderful little rifle is in a class by itself for pleasure and sport. After loading it all that it is necessary to do to shoot ten times is to pull the trigger for each shot, as the recoil of the exploded cartridge operates the repeating mechanism. The use of this rifle develops accuracy of aim when shooting rapidly, an accomplishment all hunters strive for. For city, country or camp the .22 Automatic is very handy. To fully appreciate it you should shoot it.

*Winchester Guns and Winchester Ammunition are Sold Everywhere*

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We are supplying them for the  
"Indian" Shoot also for the  
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This is the age  
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On prizes of all kinds--Shoot-  
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FOR

**Ale and Porter**

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Only Gold Medal for Whisky Canada.



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Cigarettes



"The purest form  
in which tobacco  
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—*Lancet.*



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For Target and  
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303 Calibre. Military and Sporting Patterns.

Special calibres to order.

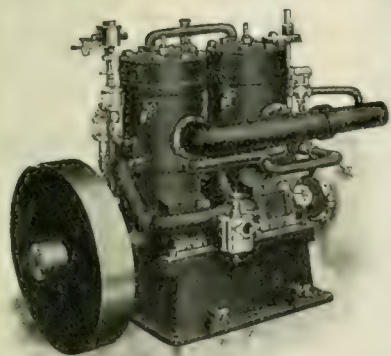
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SINGLE AND MULTIPLE.

**"They Make  
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WHY? Because they are:

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OUR CATALOG TELLS ALL

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**Elliott  
E A R  
Protectors**

Save the ears when  
the Gun is fired

SOLD BY

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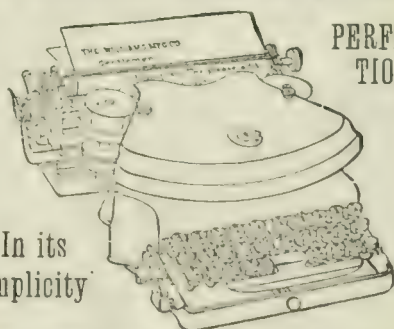
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Every one sold to-day as  
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## The Only 12-Bladed Dollar Razor IN THE WORLD

Guaranteed as good a shaver as any \$5.00 razor ever made. By guarantee we mean money back if you find the "Ever-Ready" otherwise. We want every man to buy and try. We claim emphatically that the razor is not made that shaves better—easier—smoother—safer—cleaner—quicker, or is more lasting or as economical in use as an "Ever-Ready." With 12 blades—each blade critically perfect—true and keen-edged and capable of many shaves—with handsome safety frame, handle and blade—stronger all compactly and attractively eased and all for \$1.25—you make a mistake if you do not purchase an "Ever-Ready" Safety Razor. No knack—no skill required—simply impossible to cut the face. Shaves any growth of beard—thick—thin, stiff or soft.

"Ever-Ready" blades can be stropped. We send prepaid, or your dealer will sell you, extra "Ever-Ready" blades to fit "Gem," "Star," and "Yankee" frames, or to add to your "Ever-Ready" set—twelve blades for \$1.00.

"Ever-Ready" razor sets are sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Department Stores, Jewelers and Druggists throughout the World. Remember it's the "Ever-Ready" razor you want. Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of Canadian Price, \$1.25

**AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO.**  
303 BROADWAY, NEW YORK





WE CARRY THE MOST  
COMPLETE LINE OF

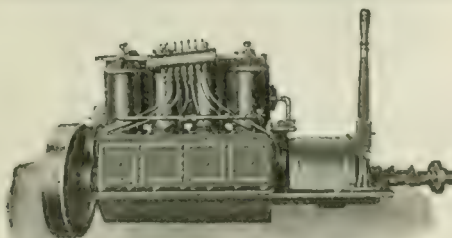
## Fishing Tackle and Guns

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Type of 4 cycle 4 cylinder 24, 40,  
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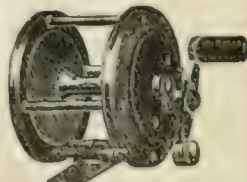
We Are General Sales Agents

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SOLE AGENTS FOR ONTARIO—Nicholls Bros., York St., Toronto.  
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Send for Catalogues { Y for Engines  
3 for Fittings  
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# THE BEAUDRY MARINE '07

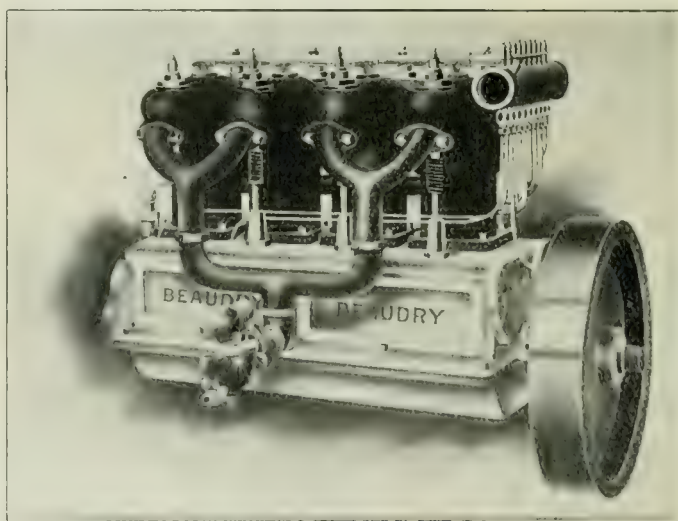
## BUILT ON HONOR

Embodies all improvements devisable, and is a TYPE OF EXCELLENCE that may in some respects be copied, but which cannot be equalled.

## Worth Every Dollar You Pay For Them and More

Cylinders bored and finished by special process, ground piston and piston rings, crankshafts of special .35 to .40 carbon steel, steam hammered, turned and then ground to size. Crank cases of special aluminum alloy.

*All Parts Interchangeable*



*Lightest, Strongest and Most Durable*

All bearings of ample size, insuring easy running with maximum economy of fuel.

*1, 2 and 4 Cylinder 4 Cycle 4 to 40 H. P.*

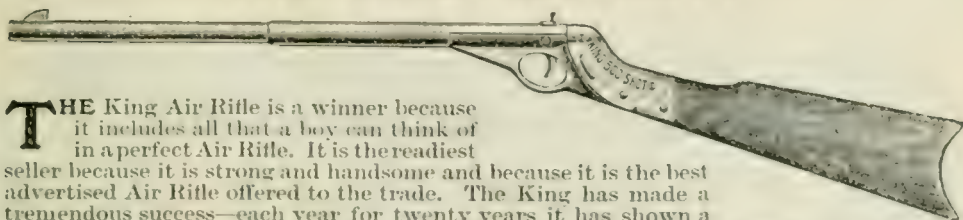
*Larger Sizes Built to Order.*

*Write for Catalog R and Prices to*

# Beaudry Gasolene Engine Co.

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## THE KING AIR RIFLE.



**T**HE King Air Rifle is a winner because it includes all that a boy can think of in a perfect Air Rifle. It is the readiest seller because it is strong and handsome and because it is the best advertised Air Rifle offered to the trade. The King has made a tremendous success—each year for twenty years it has shown a marvellous growth and 1906 was the "KING" year of the twenty. 1907 looks still better—why not make it the Banner Year in your Air Rifle selling business? Get in the King-Row and share in the King Profits. Glad to send you our advertising circulars.

**THE MARKHAM AIR RIFLE CO., Plymouth, Mich., U.S.A.** The largest Air Rifle factory in the world.



The smooth Fox Terrier.

**CHAMPION ALDON TIPSTER**

(Winner of 30 First and Special Prizes.)

Puppies and Grown Dogs by  
'TIPSTER' and other noted  
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**FOR SALE**

**A. A. Macdonald**

Queen's Hotel,

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## CONVINCING REASONS

Why the **WITCH-ELK**  
Hunting Boots are best

For  
**Sportsmen  
Engineers  
& Miners**



They are the  
lightest boot on  
the market, qual-  
ity and material  
considered.

They are made to fit, and wear. They are practically waterproof—if properly taken care of. There are no nails or anything to gall the feet. They will not harden.

**THEY WILL PLEASE YOU**

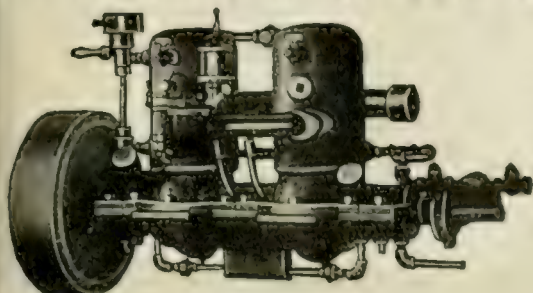
Ask your dealer to order you a pair or write for catalogue.

**Witchell-Sheell Company**  
**DETROIT, MICH**

Manufacturers of Sporting and Athletic Footwear.

## The Victor Motor Marine Engine

1 1/2 h.p. up  
to 20 h.p.



**T**HE Engine you have been looking for. A Safe, Sure and Noiseless Engine. One that will bring you back a new and perfect model, distinctly new and prominent features, such as water-cooled bearings, making a large saving in grease. The grease being always stiff, makes it easy to keep engine clean.

In the construction of this engine my main object was to build an engine for comfort as well as speed. I consider this engine in a class by itself. No Hot Boxes. Grooved shafts preventing blowing from case. End bearings have half boxes to take up wear. All bearings babitted with the best babbit. Crank pins have centre oilers. Although those are new features of construction yet the engine is as cheap as the cheapest. Use only the best material and workmanship. Please call for catalogue before you buy elsewhere.

**BUILT BY R. S. HILL, 78 East Fort Street  
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# THE CHESTNUT Canvas Canoe

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IS undoubtedly the strongest, handsomest, best modeled and lightest canoe made in Canada; and the price is about one half that of other cedar canoes.

We are continually receiving letters like the following :

"My brother has recommended me to apply for the agency for your canoes, which he says are the best on earth."

Parry Sound, Ont.

W. B. W. ARMSTRONG.

"I used one of your canoes last year and found it perfect."

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"Your canoes are alright, as I have been in them while away in the wilds of Québec last summer. I never thought that a canvas canoe would stand the racket, but after what I saw last summer am fully convinced that they are the only canoe."

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GEO. S. BUCKMAN.

If you want the best paddling canoe, the best freight canoe or the best motor canoe in the world, send for catalog

WE ALSO BUILD A CANOE THAT WILL NOT UPSET OR SINK.

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## *R. Chestnut & Sons*

FREDERICTON, N. B., CANADA



# WANTED!

## "THE MAISON"

### JULES & CHARLES



**HAIR SPECIALISTS** and manufacturers of Men's Natural Toupees and Wigs want the addresses of men wearing or intending to wear a toupee or wig. We mail free to any part of the world our latest catalogue on **BALDNESS**, illustrating **Natural Hair Coverings**. Every bald man or those with thin hair will welcome this interesting circular. Mail your address to-day.

The "Maison"  
**JULES & CHARLES,**  
431 YONGE ST., TORONTO.



### LOVERS OF

## Fine Fishing Tackle

will find our 1907 stock a marvel of excellence and novelty. We have spared neither time nor expense in collecting the best makes of all countries and are now prepared to fill all orders for

**SALMON FLIES, TROUT and BASS FLIES,**  
**FLY RODS, BAIT RODS,**  
**ARTIFICIAL LURES TARPON OUTFITS**  
**IMPORTED and DOMESTIC LINES and LEADERS**

Our famous "Touradif" Rods have won more prizes in open competition during the past year than any other make. Send for catalog H.

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# SMALLEY

## MARINE GAS ENGINES

### WE PAY THE DUTY

In order to introduce the high-grade "Smalley Marine Engine" into the Dominion, we will, for a limited time, make a special concession by paying the duty on all engines sold direct from our factory into this territory. This offer is made solely for advertising purposes and will be withdrawn just as soon as a sufficient number of engines is placed to familiarize the Canadian public with the superior merits of this machine. The "SMALLEY" was designed to meet the demand for an engine that should prove **more reliable, more economical, more powerful** and nearer **mechanically perfect** than the ordinary gas engine. How well her designer's expectations have been fulfilled is demonstrated by the following remarkable record made in the **British Reliability Test** by the "Squirt" equipped with a **SMALLEY** engine.

**Reliability**—Non-stop both days, 20 hours. Distance covered, 168 1/2 sea miles.  
**Economy**—Less than 2-1 of a pint of fuel per horse power per hour, 20 h.p. engine, 20 hours running, 37 gallons of fuel.

**Quietness**—Absolute silence  
**Control**—Full speed astern 20 seconds. Stop and restart 15 seconds.

"Actually the best performance was that of Messrs. Camper and Nicholson's 10-footer 'Squirt,' No. 13 in class B." **THE MOTOR BOAT, Aug. 25th, 1906**

A large illustrated catalog brimful of engine information sent on request

Address Dept. H  
**SMALLEY MOTOR CO., Ltd.**  
Bay City, Mich., U. S. A.



# BETHESDA

## The Water of Quality

From the  
FAMOUS BETHESDA MINERAL SPRING  
At Waukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

### *Has Two Important Properties—*

As a Still Water it has wonderful well-proved Medicinal Value, especially for the cure of Kidney Diseases, Diabetes and Bright's Disease—for which purpose it is only sold in new half gallon bottles.

There is a booklet which tells all about this, which you can procure either from the

BETHESDA MINERAL SPRINGS,  
Maukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

or from

MICHIE & CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Canada.

*As a Sparkling Water in quarts,  
pints and splits it is the  
American Table Water.*

For it not only blends perfectly with wines and spirits, but it aids digestion, and removes all uric acid troubles.

The best hotels use it. The best dealers sell it. If your dealer has not got it, write direct to

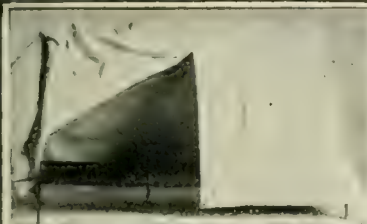
# BETHESDA

AT

Waukesha, Wisconsin, U.S.A.







## "EVER CAMP OUT" BED

These cuts show our bed set up and covered by canvas tent. A netting cover would be same shape and size. It's the lightest and most compact, and, above all, the most comfortable camp bed yet offered. Weighs only seven pounds. With tent and netting complete, it weighs only thirteen pounds.



Quickly set up, easily packed and ready to take. You can't get better. Write for a free book and see the description of this bed.

**GREEN BAY COT CO.,**

Department 338,  
GREEN BAY, WIS.

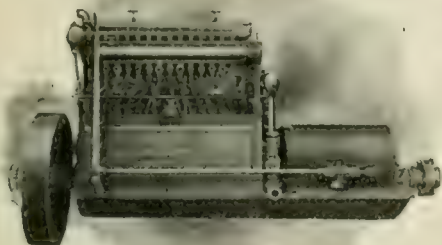
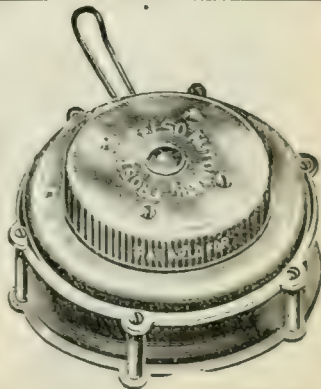
### SOMETHING NEW AND PRACTICAL

## FROST'S IMPROVED KELSO AUTOMATIC REEL

Capacity 100 yards. Case of aluminum, satin finished; steel bearings; only 7 1/2 ounces. It is both light and strong. With ordinary care it should last a lifetime. Can use on rod either above or below band. Guaranteed. Price \$5.00.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address to us and we will fill your order through him. The KELSO' brand LINES, REELS, RODS, LEADERS, FLIES and HOOKS are as good as can be made. Manufacturing and Jobbing; Fishing Tackle is our business exclusively; Headquarters for everything required by anglers. Catalogues to trade only.

**H. J. FROST & CO. 90 Chambers St., New York**



2 to 100 H. P.

## Nothing Useless Put In Nothing Useful Left Out

This accounts for our success. Buffalo Marine Motors are designed and built to give satisfaction *and do it.*

Write for 1907 catalogue and get posted as to new sizes and styles.

*Our New Slow Speed Engine fills a long felt want.*

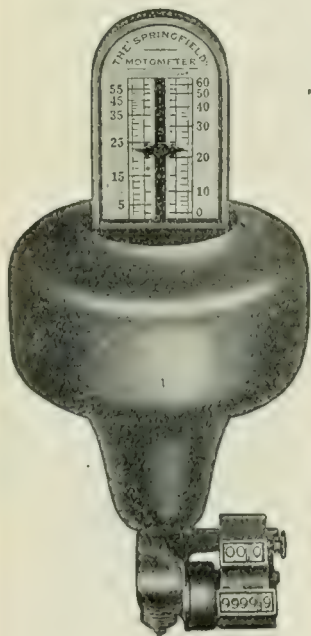
**BUFFALO GASOLINE MOTOR CO.**

1218-30 Niagara St.  
**BUFFALO, N. Y.**



# THE SPRINGFIELD MOTORMETER

## "The Speedometer That Has Proved It"



Unless a speedometer is *accurate* and *stays* accurate, it is worthless.

To *be* accurate and *remain* accurate is its *whole* duty. Every manufacturer is *obliged* to *claim* it. Every buyer is entitled to *proof*.

If you can see with your own eyes an *indisputable* demonstration of accuracy,—holding the watch and counting the revolutions *yourself*, not on *one* but on *three* Motormeters *simultaneously*,—that is *proof*.

If back of this, there is *reputation*, gained by *seasons* of *sale* and *use* under all conditions, that is also *proof*. We offer *both kinds*. The first at *all the big shows*, the second *every day* and *all the time*.

Do you want a speedometer that you can *know* is right? Then specify the "*Springfield Motormeter*."

## THE PRICE IS RIGHT

Costs less than any other speedometer with a *reputation*.

Costs no more than experiments.

For any car made complete with fittings :

50 Mile Pattern	-	-	\$45.00
60 Mile Pattern	-	-	\$50.00

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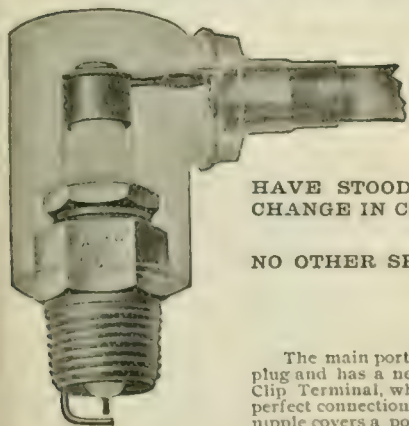
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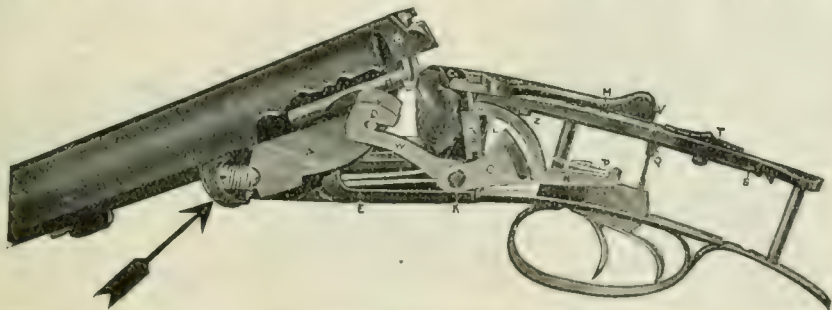
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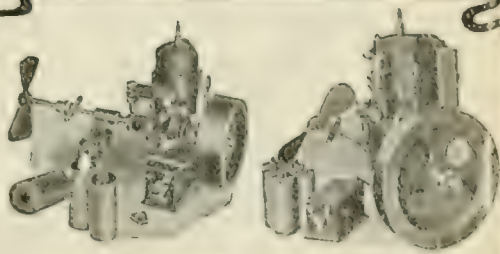
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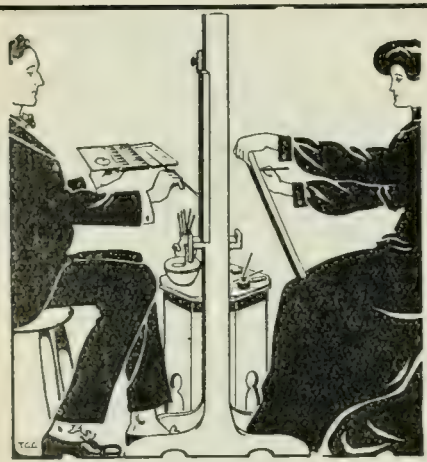
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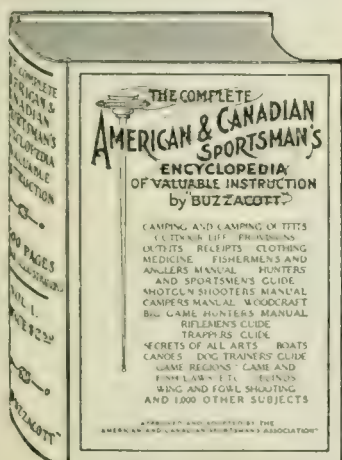
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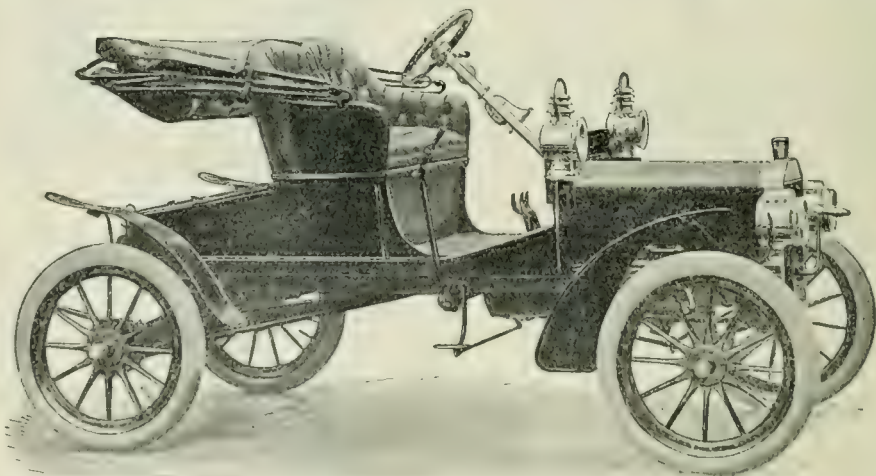
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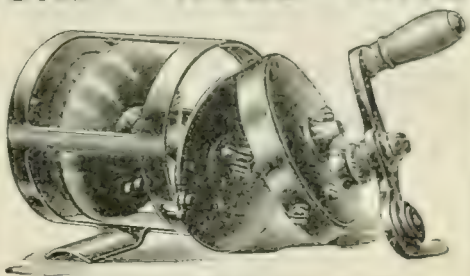
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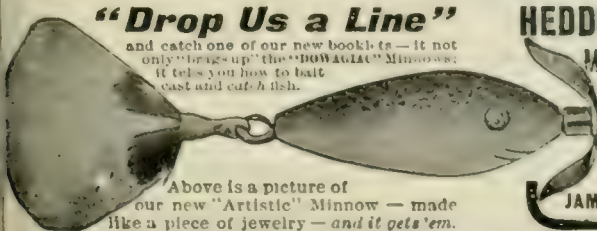
is used and recommended by the largest fire-arms manufacturers in America. Experienced gun users everywhere say it is the best rust preventative on earth—on water, too.

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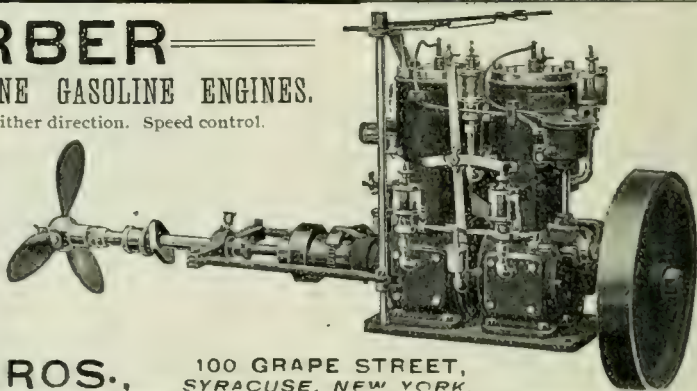
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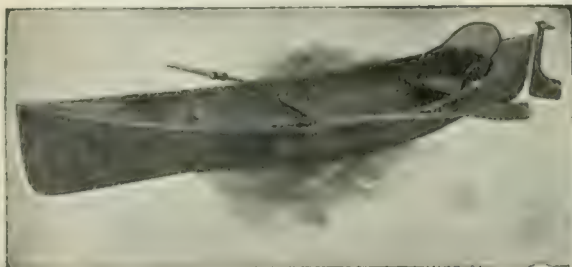
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You never fished "for count;" you threw back all your small fish, and you observed the close season. On the other hand your account carries a heavy debit for profanity during the months of May and June for the last thirty odd years. After that, I only find one day's hard swearing charged up to you. I find two of your friends who have not come here to settle accounts yet, are in the same box,—in fact, my assistants and myself have remarked the diminution of profanity in Eastern Canada during those months, for the past three years. "If you can give me a reasonable cause for this, I shall be much obliged, and you may find it to your material advantage to do so."

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"Your services are not required," remarked the Saint to the imp who was in attendance. As the satellite from the nether regions vanished, the recording angel made a marginal note of the preparation. J-E-N-N-E-R-S F-L-Y P-I-Z-E-N. "Where is the stuff procurable, I may possibly require some if I decide to spend a vacation on earth," enquired the Saint.

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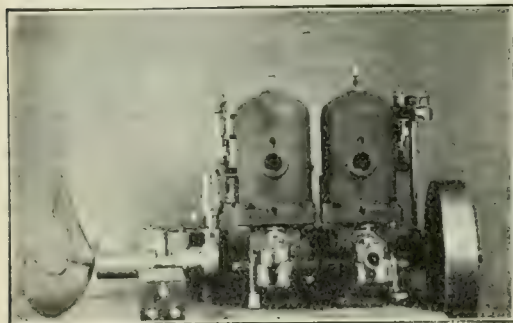
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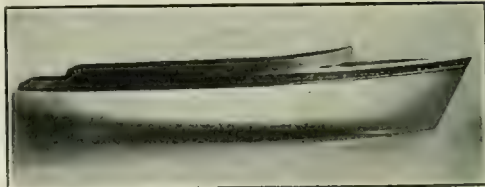
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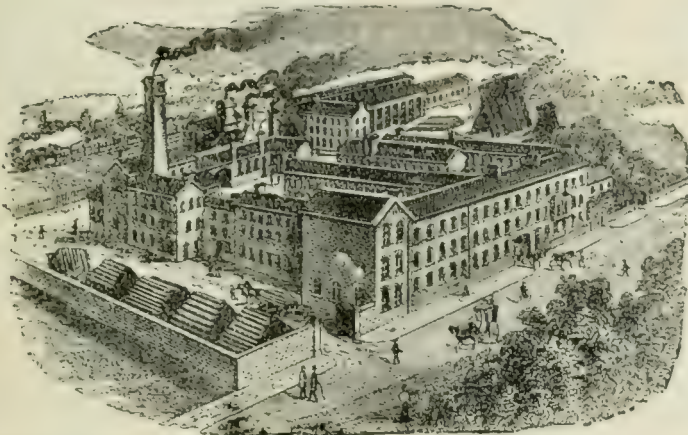
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*Rods  
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Our Tackle has been before the world for over 100 years and stood the test.

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DAY'S FISHING IS  
ASSURED THE  
USER OF A

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The Carlton Automatic Reel not only increases the sport, but assures the catch after it is once hooked. It is almost human.

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**The CARLTON MFG. CO.,**

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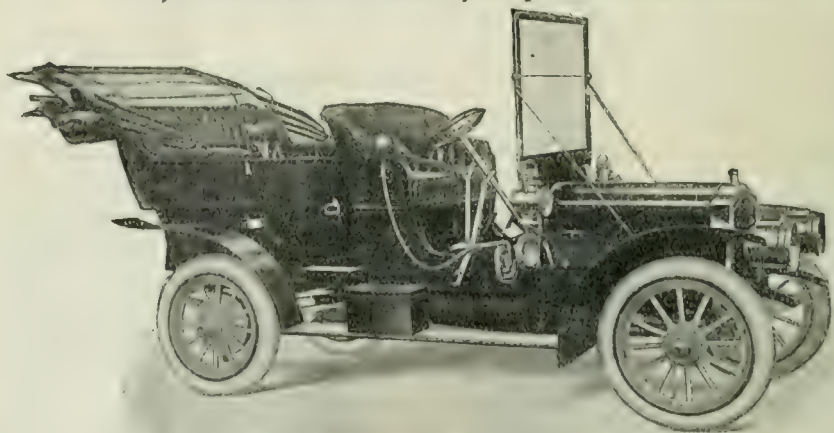
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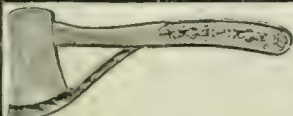
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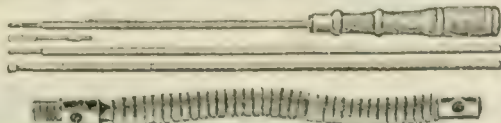
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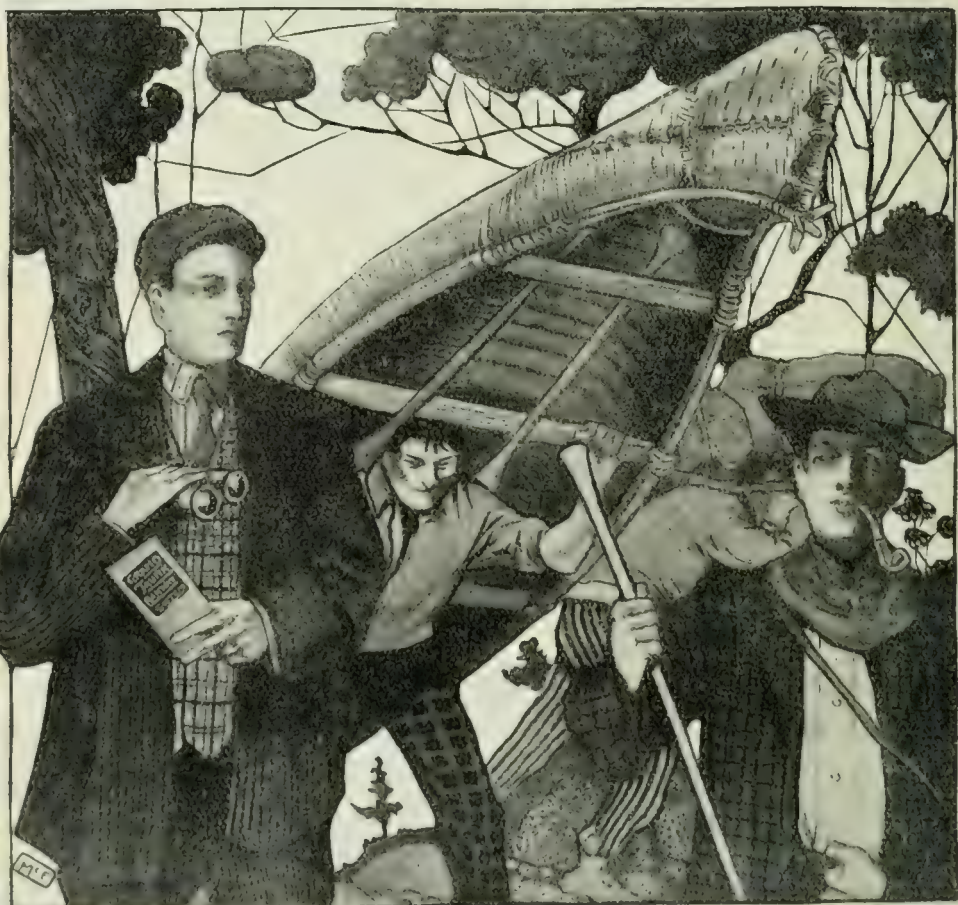
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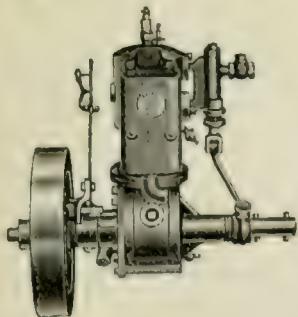
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# ROD AND GUN

## and Motor Sports in Canada

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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published, if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

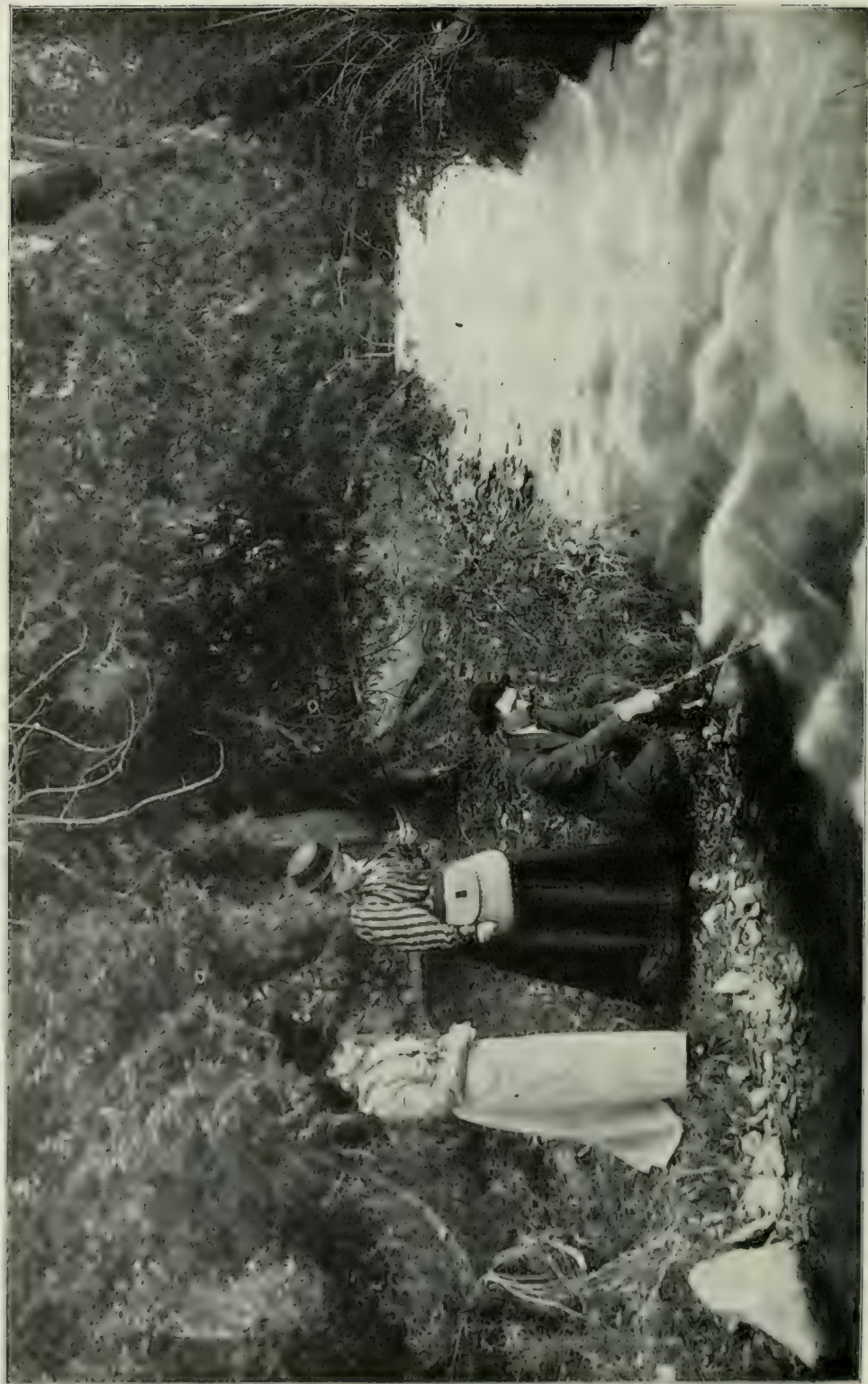
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# ROD AND GUN

## AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. VIII

MAY, 1907

NO. XII

### The Cowichan River.

(Vancouver Island)

BY OSCAR C. BASS.

**T**HE name Cowichan means a great deal to the fishermen who have fished in the waters of Vancouver Island. It is stream named after one of the most war-like tribes of Indians on the British Columbia Coast. The raids and battles of the Cowichans are—but that is another story which I will tell you another time!

At present we are considering the finny inhabitants of the Cowichan waters rather than the dusky people, now peaceful, now peaceable and happy, who spend their days on the rock sheltered and pine clad shores of Cowichan Bay where they have an uninterrupted view and command of the entrance from the sea to the river which long ago brought strange, mysterious stories from the fastnesses of the great

hills in the back-ground. Now, however, the merry, joyous, hospitable Cowichan sings out an invitation to the white fisherman with his modern equipment of Greenhart, patent reel, fly-book and French wicker basket. He is as welcome as the brown man, who sits and watches with a certain amount of stolid

interest the efforts and manoeuvres of his white brother to lure those "beauties" to the surface.

You have read of the thoroughly *English* austere trout of the Koksilah river. He is a difficult chap to get acquainted with, is that Koksilah gen-

tleman; but you have become greatly attached to him when once you hook on. Well, the Cowichan fellow is a perfect Irishman for conviviality. He is a bit of an epicure, however, and has had to have



*Binns, photographer.*

THE COWICHAN IN A RAINSTORM.



invented especially for his refined taste a particular fly, which is called the "Cowichan Coachman." Don't ever attempt to go fishing in the Cowichan without it. If you do, and the trout find you out, the "devil a rise" will you get. The "Cowichan Coachman" is a sort of half-brother of the old reliable "Royal Coachman;" it is built with the same white wings, without the dash of red, but with a claret body, bound with gold bands running diagonally. If you haven't any with you, ask Frank Price of the "Tzouhalem" (bet you a dollar you can't pronounce that right off without a lesson) and he will lend you a couple. }

As the trout of the Koksilah resemble in manner the peculiarities of their home, so do the Cowichans. Their home is in the twenty odd miles from the mouth to the source, a series of glad surprises. The lover of scenery is captivated at every bend of the river; the different reaches, rapids and whirl-pools each have different music; but, Great Scot, it is music, real music! The

waters come laughing, dancing, singing, running, jumping, skipping. There is no sullenness; no frowning; no roaring. The shady places have the appearance of lovely resting spots, peaceful retreats; the open places are bright, merry and as inviting. Some say that the Cowichan gets angry in the winter and in freshet time; but to the lover of Nature it is merely as the addition of a full organ accompani-

ment is to an orchestra from the point of view of a musician; there is merely an added depth to the tone; an extra touch of grandeur and heavenliness to the music. No, the Cowichan never gets angry like other rivers do.

But this is attempting to enter into rhapsodical figures about scenery, and has nothing to do with fishing. However there is yet to be born the true fisherman in whom God has neglected to instil a thorough love, if not worship of Nature.

And where is the fisherman who has not gone into ecstasies over the beauties surrounding the pool where he has waged scientific battle on equal terms with a wily old trout?

The Cowichan trout is a companionable fellow; you can catch a basket full of him (some days;) or you can content yourself with a few. He ranges in size (to be worth catching) from a pound upwards (note the characteristically piscatorial indefiniteness of "upwards.") But along about three or four pounds is the weight from



*Binns, photographer.*

GETTING THEIR WIND ON THE ROAD TO  
THE COWICHAN

which the best fun is obtainable. When struck, he will stop just a second to consider what his particular role in the play is to be. This puts you off your guard, and your arm muscles relax instinctively, and your eyes wander to the tip of your rod for the purpose of following the line down to the water and locating the trouble. You have struck a snag, you think. It is that momentary off-guardedness which

ruins you. That trout has been simply sizing you up, and has probably made a run towards you as though he were simply delighted to see you, with a "pleased-to-meet-you" expression of candour, and just as you think he is going to run between your legs he will make a quick half-circle, so turning the line in the current as to make a kink in the cast, which he then dexterously snaps, and walks away with your Cowichan Coachman and the best part of a fifty-cent cast. Just to show you there is no ill-feeling on his part, he will jump around you a couple of times, giving you a chance of seeing your cast and fly. He doesn't go away and sulk, and get mad and dig his nose in the sand. Oh, no! Then you go ashore and overhaul your tackle.



A LIKELY SPOT AT SAPTLEHM, ON THE COWICHAN.



A MORNING'S CATCH ON THE COWICHAN RIVER.

Having effected repairs, you probably imagine that pool is spoilt by that chap's gambols. Not a bit of it! Go straight back, and ten chances to one the very same gentlemen, with your old fly and cast, still trailing like an admiral's pennant, will give you another interesting run for your money, and probably again beat you. He harbours no ill-will, and you cannot get angry with him.

You may get mad at his Koksilah brother, who is a desperate fighter, an unrelenting antagonist, a terror to expensive tackle, but the Cowichan trout breaks tackle for the mere sport and deviltry of the thing. He seems to laugh at your discomfiture, and, like a true sport, comes back cheerfully to give you your revenge!





THE SKIN OF A THREE POUND BLACK BASS—MANN LAKE, TEMAGAMI.

## How God Made Temagami.

BY CY. WARMAN.

**D**O you know why and how Gitch Manitou made Temagami?" asked old Miniseno, pushing the tobacco down into his pipe, and glancing out over the limpid lake, where a white launch was threading its way through the maze of islands.

"You remember Meniseno, of course, father of Weiga, of Temagami—old Meniseno who went mad and battled with a bull moose and was broken! Well this was the same, but before this fight with the moose."

Nobody knew why or how God made Temagami, and when we all said so, old Meniseno settled back against one of the huge columns that carries its share of the roof of Temagami Inn and made it all clear to us. It is a stupid Indian, if he has passed the half-century mark, who cannot tell you how Gitch Manitou, or Wes-a-ka-chack made all things.

"There is nothing remarkable about the fact that Gitch Manitou made Temagami" said Meniseno, by way of preface, "but it is remarkable that so great a thing could be so simply done."

Here he paused to collect his thoughts, and blew smoke above his hatless head. He put his gnarled hand upon the head of Woodgi, the land-lord's little dog, and gazed wistfully out over the water, while out of the nestling islands a bark canoe came slowly, driven by his daughter, Weiga, of Temagami.

"You must remember" Meniseno said; that all this beautiful wilderness was once a bleak, barren, waterless waste. All the way from the big-sea-water to the salt sea, which is far to the north, there was only wind-swept sand.

"Now when Gitch Manitou saw this, he said, 'This is not good' and he caused countless springs of water to well up



from the sapless sands. He drew his fingers across the face of the earth and furrowed out rivers that run down to the sea, and yet so great was the desert thus reclaimed that he saw the need of more water. It is easier to trail over the open face of a lake in winter than to thread the forests, and it is infinitely easier to paddle in summer than to walk, so Gitch Manitou concluded to make Temagami."

By this time we were eager to learn just how it was done, but Meniseno was in no hurry and removed his pipe and almost smiled as the little bark canoe poked her bow upon the shivering shore and Weiga walked up the bank, bringing with her the White Lady from Bear Island, whom the old man named Kesis, because Kesis is Ojibway for sunshine. So, according to Meniseno, she was the sunshine of the Island.

When the young people had nodded and passed—Kesis carrying the Indian girl up to her own room, the old Indian went on.

"If you were to take a dipper full of molten silver and spill it upon the sandy shore down by the water edge it would sprawl and splash and spangle and then lie quite still. Well, that is just the way our God made Temagami. He simply reached over into the deep sea, scooped up a handful of water and spilled it here on what was then a sandy waste. The water fell heavily. Here and there it drove deep into the sand, and when Gitch Manitou looked down he saw this wonderful lake with its numerous inlets and outlets, and he called it Temagami, which

means as you all know, "Deep water."

The simple child-like faith of the aged Indian was beautiful to behold, and his face told us that he would not hesitate to follow his God to the end of the earth, and beyond.

A white sail glistened among the ever-green isles and the white launch loafed in the offings. Some boys were diving from a huge rock that raised its granite head out of the crystal water, while down on the little wharf big fish floundered and glad children romped and played upon the shingled shore. The little dog rubbed

up against the old man's knee and peered up into the furrowed face, but the soul of Meniseno had gone with Gitch. He was musing upon the history of it all. Presently he said:

"Because of the water the grass and flowers and the forest came. Because of the good God of the Red Man the bear, the beaver, the moose and the red deer came and

what had been a desert waste, became a beautiful world. Yes, he went on with a trace of enthusiasm, "Gitch Manitou made all this—all this entrancing Temagami with its fourteen hundred islands and three thousand miles of shore line."

The summer winds came sighing through the cedars, humming in the hemlocks, lifted the iron grey tresses of the old Indian and puffed the perfume of the pipes through the wide verandah and then drifted out over the clear water to where the white sail shimmered in the sun and the white launch was now cutting figure eights among the islands.

Presently Meniseno was moved and he



A TWENTY POUND LAKE TROUT LAKE TEMAGAMI.

went on, telling us in detail, how each isle and mount was made. "Old Nokomis" said he, "climbed upon the hill behind us here, (it was a mountain then, when first splashed up by the spilled water) and lost her footing. She sat down and began to slide. She dug her heels into the earth, but she was unable to stop until she reached the foot of the mountain, and when she did stop she had pushed a great mass of earth and stone far into the lake, which is now called "Old Woman Island" because an old woman put it there."

At this point someone suggested that these were fables. "I not understand" said the Indian, looking from one to another of the guests. "Fish stories!" the man explained.

"No that was before the white man, whenever thing was true and honest; when we cached only against the wild cat and wolf. Have you seen the grave on Bear Island?" he continued excitedly, "the one marked with a black stone?"

Nobody had seen it, and Meniseno continued, "Well that is the grave of the first white man who dipped a paddle in Temagami. He met a great chief of the Algonquins and asked him for powder. The Algonquin passed his horn over and as the canoes rocked side by side the white man let the horn fall into the deep water. "Excuse me" he said and dived down to fetch up the horn. When the Algonquin

had waited maybe two or three minutes he looked over the side and saw the white man standing there on the sandy bottom of the lake coolly pouring the powder out of the Indian's horn into his own.

"Now the Algonquin had never seen a thing like that done by one man to another. He saw that this stranger was thoroughly bad, so he sat back in his boat and waited and when the white man came up struck him with his paddle and because of all this there is the grave on one side of the grave-yard, marked with a black stone. "That" said Meniseno

significantly "is the way of the white man."

"And is that true, too?" asked the young man who had interrupted the storyteller.

"Well" he answered, and there was the faintest hint of a smile around his eyes: "may beso that was *after* the white man. The rest is true about the lake and the islands."

"And how did he make Cobalt, this

Gitch God of yours?" asked the sceptic.

"Just as he made all else, out of anything—out of nothing." And the old Indian, stretching out his arm, closed his fist on a handful of Temagami air and then opened it as if to show us the nothingness of nothing, out of which his Gitch made things.

"Ah," said Meniseno, "the white man is wondrous wise, yet he knows so little that the ancient children of Gitch could teach them. Of course you must know that there was nothing bad in the days when only the Red men roamed these wilds.



THE DIVING ROCK—TEMAGAMI.





AN AFTERNOON'S CATCH OF BLACK BASS IN THE WILDS OF TEMAGAMI.

The world was wondrous fair. The stars were more brilliant, the moonlight clearer, the sunshine brighter, and the sky was a deeper blue. Why Gitch Manitou used to gather stray sunbeams and weave them into cloth of gold. He had only to put forth his hand, skim the moonlight from the lake, squeeze it dry and it was a solid silver. And yet you, O white man, make empty talk and laugh at the God of the Red men who was ever wise and good. You mock me, an old man, and ask, expecting no answer, how Gitch Manitou made this and that. I need not answer, but I will. He made the forests and streams and the fishes, whose fins he gilded with the gold of the sun. He dipped the wild

rose into the liquid glory that floods the west when the day is dying. He brought the blue from the burnished sky, swept the silver from the shimmering lakes, mixed it with a million sunbeams, and scattered it broadcast over all the earth, and there is your silver, your Cobalt and gold, for which the white man will burrow and battle and fight and die, and die laughing at Gitch Manitou, the mighty who made it all."

The old Indian pulled hard at his pipe, forgetting that the fire was out, and when Weiga, his daughter, came down he rose and without a parting gesture, strode away into the forest followed by the comely Indian maiden who cooked his meals.



# A Bear Story.

BY JESSE BENTLEY.

**S**OME years ago I was boiling sap in the woods in the good old fashioned way. My outfit consisted of two large iron kettles, a lug pole, with side logs rolled up each side of the huge kettles, and wood chucked in around the logs to make the sap boil in grand style.

The day was fine and the sap was chinking finely in the wooden buckets which were of a rather crude construction—large at the bottom and small at the top.

I was quietly seated on a stump, watching the sap boil in the large kettles, and listening to the merry chink of the sap dropping into the buckets. All at once my quiet reverie was rudely disturbed by a man of the name of Elijah—Uncle Elijah we called him—who hopped up to where I was sitting and began excitedly to

tell me about a bear. I noticed that he was in his shirt sleeves, out of breath, and dripping with perspiration. I had no time to note anything further for he at once plunged into his story.

"I have had a great tussle with a bear," said he—"bar" was what he really said, but I cannot attempt to give his statement in the vernacular—"The old varment has killed one of my dogs and is attacking the balance of them! Come along with me and help me to do that old stayer up!"

It didn't take me long to slide off that stump and together we set off in hot pur-

suit of Bruin and the dogs. When we came up to them, bear and dogs were mixed up in a lot of windfalls and brush.

Uncle Elijah had an old smooth bore muzzle loader about as long as a fish pole—it is safe to say the old gun was six feet in length. "Now watch me," said Uncle Elijah, "do that old rascal up. I have had almighty trouble with that bear!" He began to load his old gun and I thought he was going to put in powder horn and all. He pounded down the wad with the long iron ram-rod,

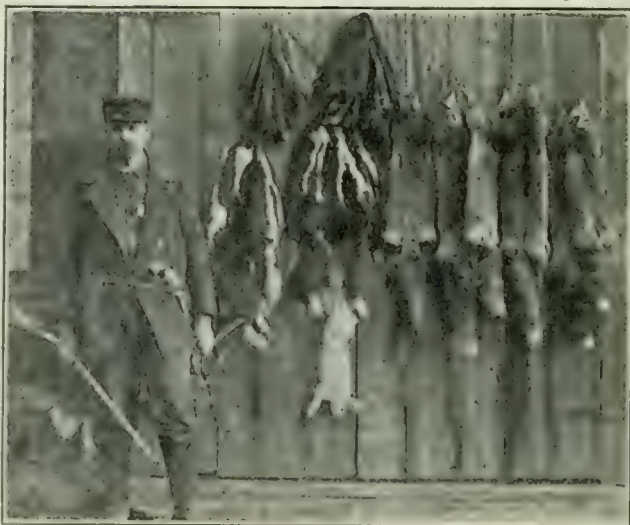
then put in a ball about as large as his fist, and pounded and hammered that down. Finally he pounded on the gun stock with his hand, in order to prime the gun, as he said. Having placed on the cap and cocked the gun, he raised it up to his shoulder and with a look of satisfaction on his

face he said, "Now Bentley, watch me plug that old varment!" At that he let her go.

The sound was like that of a small cannon and when the smoke cleared away—well, all I could see of Uncle Elijah was his two feet in the air. After a while he got up and rubbing his shoulder inquired anxiously, "Did I kill that bear?" adding, as he saw the look on my face, "Is he hurt much?"

"Why, no," said I, "he is not hurt and you never even hit the windfall over there!"

"Well," said he by way of consol-



JESSE BENTLEY, TRAPPER, AND SOME OF HIS TROPHIES.

tion, "I will kill him next time if the old gun tears my shoulder off!" He then looked round for the bear.

As a matter of fact we soon overhauled the bear, who had been mightily frightened by the gun, and between us we soon managed to do him up, take his

pelt, and light out for home.

Uncle Elijah always claimed that it was the old gun which won the victory and contended that we should never have got the bear without the gun—for did it not frighten him out of his wits?—even if it did kick a little.

## Birth of a Cloud.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

**A** quiet lake in rocky pine-clad hills  
Far stretched its arms and inlets set with isles :  
By sheltered shores the Autumn vapors rose  
And hung suspended, tangled in the trees ;  
Or prone upon the surface crept along—  
A misty radiance underneath the rays  
Shed by high and cold September noon.  
A northern silence fast unwrapped the lake  
Save ever and anon from the wide spaces,  
Abrupt and clear and ringing hard the cry—  
Or else with mournful moan the weird, wild wail  
Of the loon, disporting in strange mirth or sorrow—  
Singly or paired—rebounded from the hills  
In dying repetitions bandied back  
And forth. Alike to many a hundred more  
In features, shores and shape irregular,  
And yet no two quite similar—to those  
Who know and love the Northern wild—this lake  
Sent to the sky a misty messenger.  
From out the mouth of several shallow bays  
The warmer vapors gradually enrolled ;  
A chilling breath stole from the shore, and moved  
In slowly eddying whirls and moon-lit spires,  
In whisps drawn through the network of the trees  
The denser masses ; Heavily they lifted  
Obeying natural law, together drawn  
By natural attraction, drifting on  
Until, half-way across the lake, a cloud  
Appeared, and denser still and denser rose  
In the cooler air, and cleared the pine-crowned islands,  
The tops of near environing hills—escaped  
A moon-lit misty mass far over head,  
Borne by the vagrant currents of the air  
O'er many a mile of forest, many a stream  
To distant civilization, there to pause,  
To hover, recondense and fall in rain.

# The Deer and Bear Hunt of "Union Camp."

BY W. HICKSON.

**E**ACH year as the first of November draws near glorious visions rise in the deer hunters' minds. Often enough these rise higher than even those of school boys who are preparing to go on their annual picnics, and who are accustomed to win prizes at their various sports. When the hunting season is over the hunters are very much like these same schoolboys—they have been either successful or unsuccessful. A few have experiences to relate to their brother sportsmen such as far exceed their visions; while others have only tales of misfortune to tell. This will always be, as long as the seasons come and go, and the shaggy bear and the fleet footed deer are to be found in our wide hunting domain.

In October last the hopes of the members of the Union Camp were soaring high, until a week before the hunt, when a damper was put upon our spirits by the announcement that one-half of our party were unable to come. Some pleaded pressure of business, but most of them were engaged in the State elections in New York, these elections having been fixed to take place in the middle of the hunting season. Four of us however—Edward Irwin, of Inviorloch, Sandy Lake Summer Resort; John Marshall and Charles A. Freeman of Lockport, N. Y.; and the writer—determined to take the trail and go a hunting, leaving State elections and business to take care of themselves.

I happened to be down the lakes on a duck shoot and was not far from the Sandy Lake region. One night therefore I made up my mind to cross the portage from Ball Lake to Sandy Lake, and thence across the lake to Inviorloch. The following day found me on my journey. In crossing through the beautiful garden of oak over the portage I noticed where bear had been eating sweet acorns, and on my arrival at Inviorloch I told Ed. his chances for securing a bear on the portage were excellent. A hint like this is quite sufficient for a keen hunter,

and it was more than sufficient for Ed. who is dubbed "the game hog," or "deer slayer," in our party, having a record of fifty-nine deer to his credit.

Having said this much, it is only fair to say further that there is no one in our Club who would not gladly accept Ed's title if they could win his reputation for marksmanship. None of us, however, though some are verging on the three score mark, have had the good fortune, or perhaps I should say the skill, to kill fifty-nine deer. But Ed., though he is called a "deer slayer," had never killed a bear.

On hearing my news he at once determined to add another laurel to his name as a hunter. Next morning, before the first glimmer of silver light appeared on the eastern horizon, he was off to the oak orchard. He arrived on the ground just as the first long plumes of light were dispelling the darkness and causing "the morning star to shine dead." His keen eye swept every point of the compass to find Bruin under one of the oaks. With the patience of the hunter he searched and waited. No glimpse of Bruin did he see! He repeated this work the second morning with the same ill luck. On the third morning he crossed Sandy Lake in his canoe as noiselessly as the wild duck swims. He landed quietly on the portage, stole up to the oaks as gently as a snake, and before he had taken in the full circle of vision a large black object obstructed his range, and there, under a large oak, Mr. Bruin was having his morning repast. When Ed. saw that he was busily engaged with his head down he began to steal on him in order to get a better aim. Bruin soon raised his head to see if all were right. That instant Ed. froze as motionless as a statue. Bruin's head went down, the bear being apparently satisfied with his scrutiny, and Ed. again glided towards him. These actions were repeated several times till the "deer slayer" was within one hundred and twenty-five yards of his quarry. Then in a twinkling he





ED'S FIRST BEAR.

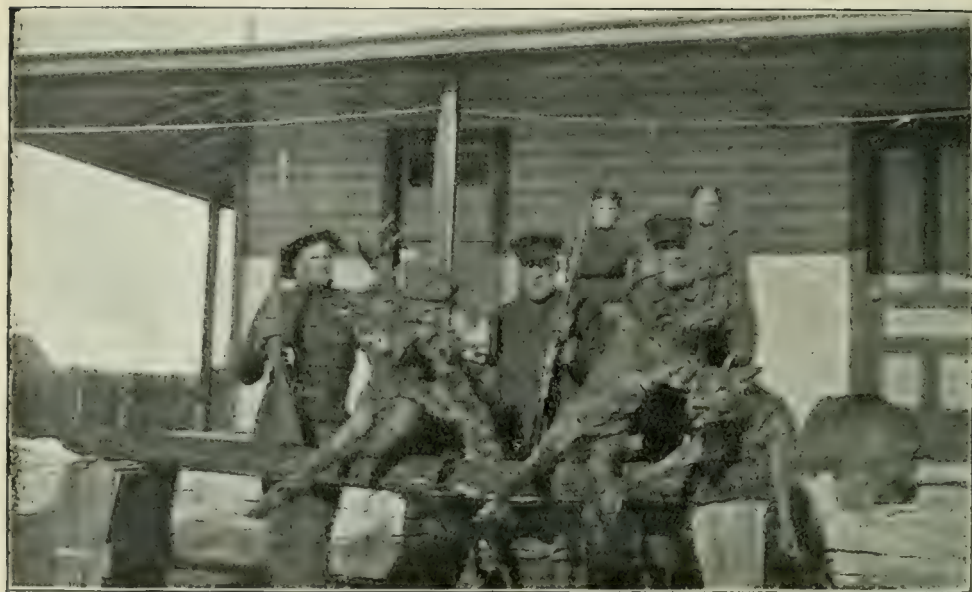
dropped on one knee, there was a flash from his long Savage; Bruin rolled over on his right side, distended all four legs like an animal in convulsions from strychnine, ground acorns ran freely from the under side of his mouth, a few spasmodic motions, and the bear had ceased to live!

While Bruin was departing this life, Ed., with a keen remembrance of all he had heard of bears, was looking to see if his way to the boat were clear, or if there was a near-by sapling up which he could scramble in haste. On this occasion, however, the bear did not follow the usual course and recover, and these precautions proved unnecessary. Bruin never revived in the least, and it soon became evident that the one shot had brought his career to an end.

After examining the work done by the full metal patch bullet on Bruin, Ed. hastened across the lake to tell his friend, John Marshall, who happened to be spending a few days at Invoirloch, of his morning's success. Both speedily returned to the scene of the exploit and it

was only a few hours' work to bring the trophy home and take his photograph.

As I was packing for the chase the news came that Ed had killed a bear as a kind of prelude to our annual hunt. This hastened the meeting of the four of us at Invoirloch. The first subject we discussed was the advisability of abandoning our old hunting grounds, and trying a locality just east of the River Massassaga, where bears were reported to be numerous. The only difficulty in the way was the fording of the river at the point we must cross. As all of us had a touch of the bear fever I think the great St. Lawrence would hardly have been too great a barrier had it been between us and those huge, bare and weird looking rocks, just east of the swift flowing Massassaga. Many times had I looked east of this swift river and over those bleak granite mountains. Old Allen who used to portage us would point with his short stubby gad, with which he used to accelerate the pace of the greys, over them and say, "Plenty of deer over



THE RESULTS OF OUR HUNT.

there, and bears to-o-o!" All these recollections and prospects, together with our then feelings, determined us to go to a camp at Maple Lake, where we would have comfortable quarters, with good bunks, tables and a stove. To get there however was the question. We were told that the five miles east of the river were worse than the "Rocky Road to Dublin," and after passing over it we can vouch for the truth of this statement! The ordinary "cadge road" we had traversed for the past three seasons was a veritable asphalt when compared with it. A team and wagon was secured for the sum of five dollars to take our duffle over those five miles. All went as merry as a marriage bell over huge rocks, through alder swamps and beaver meadows till we came to the Massassaga. Here we halted. We picked out what we believed to be the best place to effect a crossing, and then the four of us with the teamster, and our three dogs, piled into the wagon. Down we went—down a steep red clay bank into the swift flowing current. The horses behaved nobly. They went on to the middle of the stream as steadily as though they were walking along a hundred rod furrow of sod. At the critical point, just as the middle of the stream was reached, the

driver flourished his whip and yelled at the top of his voice, "Take it out of this!" The noble animals strained every muscle, and before the wagon could swing with the current, or fill with water, they dashed across till we reached the other bank. Here however they stuck fast. In a moment we were all over the front, two of us had hold of each front wheel, another yell from the driver, "Get out of there!" and with all pulling together we landed the wagon on terra firma.

When this had been accomplished and we were resting from our exertions on the bank, one of our inexperienced members looked long and earnestly at the turbulent current, and asked in all seriousness, "How in the world will we ever get back over that with several deer and half a dozen bears?" He was replied to in the philosophy of the times—"We never crossed a river till we came to it!"

We continued the journey with difficulty but with a dogged perseverance that showed our intention to get there till we came in sight of our camp. Here a morass, about twenty rods wide, lay across our path. There was nothing for it but to unload, and pack our trappings over the bog to the camp. On arrival we were not long before we succeeded in



making ourselves very comfortable.

As the next morning was October thirty-first, we tied our dogs, and with hunting knives, hatchets, compasses and rifles started out to make preliminary surveys of our new territory. We worked hard and long that day. Trails were blazed through dense swamps, landmarks noted, bear signs discovered, runways located, and things generally prepared for the morrow. We only saw one deer, but as we were not particularly quiet this fact did not greatly disturb us. In the evening we discussed our program and decided, from comparing notes, to hunt deer in the forenoons, and look for bear in the dense swamps in the afternoons.

Just as the upper edge of the sun came up red and frosty looking in the east on the following morning we were all at our allotted places. We could not refrain from admiring the countless myriads of icy particles glittering on every tree and bush in the red rays of the rising sun; nor the beautiful manner in which he tipped the white tops of the black granite mountains with the same rosy hue. What a beautiful morning! The music of the dogs, and the "pings" of the rifles could be heard in every direction, and our own dogs and rifles were contributing to this pleasant harmony. When we returned to camp and counted up results we found that three of the party had been fortunate enough to obtain shots at the big game, but not one hit that succeeded in stopping the deer had been registered. One animal was supposed to be wounded and that was the sum total of our morning's work.

Our mid-day meal was none the less enjoyable, and after a full discussion of it we took our collie and searched one of the thick swamps in the locality for bear. Although we saw many bear signs we got no bear, though two of us shot at a deer at long range without any effect.

Next morning broke as clear, calm and beautiful as its predecessor. We passed through aisles in the woods that looked just like fairyland! Every bough and twig was laden with crystallized gems of hoar frost, and were as though they had come direct from the hands of the fairies. We had not long been settled in our places

when the charming sounds of dogs were again heard. These were followed by the sharp reports of three rifle shots ringing out on the frosty air. The three sharp whistles proclaimed to all within earshot the fact that there was game to be carried to camp. Just at this juncture our two dogs started off again in pursuit of a large doe. Three of us did our best to head her off, but without success. First they went to the west and then turned south, going clear out of hearing. For over an hour we waited for their return but not a sound came from the direction in which they had gone. When we returned we found that Ed. had been engaged in lashing a fine buck to a pole in order that we might carry him to camp. This however proved no easy task, owing to his weight and the unevenness of the ground. By taking short turns we succeeded in arriving at our headquarters a little after one p. m. We dined, hung up the buck, had a pipe and a chat, and waited for the dogs to return. Not a dog appeared until five o'clock when "Gamey" came limping in completely tired out, but the "Nim" dog never returned. On the following morning we tried our luck again accompanied only by Gamey, the only deer dog we had left now. In the course of the morning Gamey took up a splendid chase, and the "Doctor" wounded a large doe, which we followed in the afternoon, after she had lain a couple of hours, but we did not succeed in getting her.

Still missing Nim we took a couple of trips in quest of him but could find no traces of the missing dog. Engaged in this way we did not do much till Wednesday the seventh, except shoot a few partridges which we found plentiful in the vicinity.

As Ed. has always claimed that Wednesday is his lucky day we were off very early that morning, and well settled on the runways by the first streak of dawn. It was not very long before we heard our dog, and to the west of us nine shots followed in quick succession. We knew who was shooting in this masterful way, and when three shrill whistles sounded on the clear air, we did not need any further intimation that Ed. had got game. We speedily made our way to him, and





IT TOOK TWO AFTERNOONS TO GET THE BUCK OUT.

found the "deer slayer" had two deer, a large buck and a doe lying about one hundred yards apart. Although he had such a record to his credit, this buck was the largest he had ever killed. To hang up this monster and take the doe to camp was the work of a couple of hours, but it took two afternoons to get the buck the same distance!

Up to this time we had lived on bread, butter, cheese, pork, beans, potatoes, porridge, fruit biscuit, arrowroot biscuit, pancakes, maple syrup, honey and partridges, together with "bully," the odor of which when cooking would make you swallow your tongue. Now we added venison steaks and venison stew to the foregoing list, and washed it all down with tea, coffee or cocoa.

On the mornings of Thursday and Friday of the second week we had fine runs and rather an amusing incident occurred on one of them. We had placed one of our party, whom we call the "Doctor," and who is said to be one of the best rifle shots in New York State, at a runway which crossed a large beaver meadow. It was not long before our dog brought a nice little buck right into the middle of the meadow. The "Doctor" fired at it, and it at once squatted in the long grass. He was inexperienced in the little tricks

of deer, and was quite sure he had killed the animal. As the sounds of the dog came nearer, the sharp pointed ears and nose would emerge from the tall grass, this manoeuvre being repeated until the "Doctor" had exploded eight cartridges. At this stage of the proceedings the "deer-slayer" came hastily upon the scene and exclaimed "What on earth are you shooting at, Doctor?" The "Doctor" pointed to the center of the meadow, and said, "Don't you see his little ears sticking up, yonder? I have killed him but somehow he won't die!" Marshall joined his forces to the other two and the three all opened fire upon those ears which moved up and down as if by magic to listen to the baying of Gamey. Too well he knew that music, which was sending dread to his heart, was getting very near. He must go! With a bound he was up and out of the tall grass unscathed. In less time than I can tell it the three rifles rang out as one. The writer came up in time to see him fall on his haunches. The "Doctor" shouted, "He went down just as I pressed the trigger!" Marshall yelled "I fixed him, for I had the globe sight of my .35 dead on him when I shot!" Ed. was definite and remarked "I got him behind the flank with the Savage that time!" There

were nineteen empties where they stood, eleven of which were at the "Doctor's" feet, and just one bullet hit the deer through the neck. It is not hard to convince the "Doctor" now that there is plenty of space around a deer's head at eighty yards distance!

We made several sallies through the dense swamps and hardwoods in the afternoons in search of bear, but although we saw many fresh signs they all proved "bare" hunts, and not one of the party ever saw a bear!

During one of our rushes through these thickets, Marshall saw a huge buck coming towards him. He laid him low and this made four bucks and a doe we had hung up.

On the sixteenth we turned our faces toward home. We had all loaded up, and were off before nine o'clock. The rough road to the Massassaga tried us much, but when we reached the river we found that a jobber had put a floating bridge of logs across it just below the place where we forded it when going in. We were thus enabled to cross the river without much trouble and no damage, and got home at three in the afternoon.

This ended another annual hunt, and already we are looking forward to taking our part in the next, and we hope for many years to come. Such pleasant and healthful outings make up for a good deal we have to go through during other portions of the year.

## Salmon Fishing on the Pacific Coast.

BY P. E. B.

**I**T may be of some interest to your readers to hear a little of fishing as practiced on the Pacific coast of British Columbia.

Perhaps I may be permitted to premise that I remember the fishing long ago in Old Ontario, when we could obtain speckled trout, black bass and pickerel without going too far from home. For the most part those days have gone and one has nowadays to go quite a distance to secure a catch of any importance.

The maskinonge, which used to be plentiful in Rice and Sparrow Lakes (the latter a swelling in the Severn River, a mile or two below Severn Bridge) have now become scarce. Gloucester Pool and Six Mile Lake, before the army of campers pushed into the wilderness were ideal spots for the roving bass. At that time deer abounded on the land, and otter, fox, coons mink and beaver were numerous and were taken for their pelts; whilst in the autumn grouse, ducks, and wildfowl were plentiful.

In August the blaze of the libelia cardinalis in the secluded bays was a delight to the eye and a refreshment to the soul. Not twenty years ago all these things were in their glory, but now the Ragged Rapids have been harnessed to supply electric energy for the towns of Orillia, Barrie etc., and further power is

contemplated at the mouth of the Seyern River where it empties itself into Mashidash Bay. These civilizing influences are driving out the sportsmen and the old time campers and trappers. These men loved the wilds, wished to escape from business cares, and to forget for a space all the hum and bustle of our modern life. Lives there a man who does not at some time wish to seclude himself from his kind, and depart to the lakes and woods, either alone or with a chosen friend, and as dear old Walt used to say, "live and loaf at his ease." An American Club which located at the head of Sparrow Lake did a great deal to deplete the fishing in the Severn River. They camped all the summer through in relays and I have known them to kill so many bass between McDonald's Falls and the head of the Ragged Rapids, throwing the fish on the banks, that the river air was polluted with the smell of putrid fish.

Circumstances favoring me I turned my back, not without reluctance, on my old haunts and struck out for British Columbia. From the wilds of Muskoka to the city of Vancouver is a far cry. I found much to interest me on my journey, the contrasts were so wide and so varied from those to which I had been accustomed. The glories of the moun-



tains can never be forgotten. The game large and small and the fish are abundant. The climate ranges from 22 degrees in the winter to 75 degrees in the summer, so that fishing of some kind can be obtained almost every day in the year.

I arrived in Vancouver towards the latter end of June. In a few days I encountered some friends of friends I had left in the east. They very kindly proposed a salmon fishing expedition to the Narrows of Burrard Inlet. I agreed very readily, and it was speedily arranged that Jack Sutton, who in addition to his work in one of the Banks, was also a member of the Yacht and Boat Club, should accompany me the following Saturday afternoon. This arrangement suited nicely as the bank closed at twelve o'clock. I met him at noon and after lunch we took our tackle and proceeded to the boathouse. As none of the salmon on the mainland take a fly we laid in a supply of herring for bait. On reaching the boathouse we found that the tide was just running out. Launching our boat we passed Deadman's Island on our left, along the Stanley Park, and saw on our right the Siwash Settlement. Passing the mouth of the Capilano River as the tide was near turning we did not stop till we reached the Siwash Rock. Here we baited our gang hooks and threw them in. The Inlet is quite narrow at the outer lighthouse at the Park, and we kept in the tide rift, crossing and re-crossing the Narrows.

We had not proceeded far before a vicious tug was felt at the line. On pulling in the hooks we found that nearly half the bait was gone. His Lordship, Mr. Salmon, had caught the bait below the last hook and so made good his escape. I should have said that in putting the herring on the gang, care must be taken to have the bait so arranged that the herring is slightly curved to one side. This makes the bait spin with great rapidity as it is drawn through the water by the speed of the boat.

We rowed and fished by turns, bite about. I now took the line. We crossed and re-crossed a couple of times, until we were opposite the house occupied by the caretaker of the water works when

a most vicious pull on the line assured me that business was on hand. "Hold on, old man," I shouted, "I've got him!" The line was immediately stretched perilously near the breaking point. A race horse on a down grade seemed child's play to the activity of the brute I had in hand. Jack slowed up the boat whilst I struggled with the fish. "Haul him in!" cried Jack. "Easier said than done," retorted I. "My goodness," said he, "Are you going to keep us here all night?" With a good deal of chaff, shouting and laughter I gradually gained on him, although he did surge from side to side, sometimes coming to the surface and again plunging like a mill stone, taking advantage of the tide currents which boil in eddies like a seething caldron on a gigantic scale.

Here there are no pools, and no shallows like the rivers of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, where these fish are caught in pools. The channel was one hundred and fifty feet deep, and one thousand yards wide. Accordingly there was no way of controlling the fish except by the tension of the line. After considerable rasping of the fingers the one hundred and fifty yards of the line was gradually got on board the boat. Jack stood by with the gaff hook which he was almost too excited to use, and I began to be afraid that the fish would escape us at the last moment. After one or two ineffectual efforts Mr. Salmon was taken on board.

He was decidedly a beauty, with clean silvery bright scales, and tipped the balance at thirty-four pounds six ounces. These spring salmon are the heaviest on the coast, running as high as sixty pounds. They have a fine deep pink flesh and are equal in flavor to any salmon caught in the known world.

Many persons in Ontario affect to despise them. No doubt the time taken to place them on the market and the freezing process deteriorates them. Eaten fresh from the water they cannot be excelled.

As one salmon was all we could consume, it was decided to drop down with the tide and go home, our capture having afforded us an exciting outing of three hours' duration.



# Our Vanishing Deer.

BY E. R. LA ELECHE.

**T**HERE is always much talk about amending the game laws both in Ontario and the other Provinces. May I be permitted to make a few remarks on that subject, referring to the various modes of hunting and defining which of these are really destructive, and lastly what measures in my humble opinion, are the best to be taken in order to afford a reasonable and much required protection for our big game?

I am quite ready to believe as sincere and honest in their intentions the members of Protective Associations who make recommendations for changes in the game laws; but the fact is undeniable that some of these people have had but little practical experience and field observation (some none at all); and therefore cannot be thoroughly conversant with the true causes of the diminution of game, to the extent of destruction, and how such destruction is brought about.

As briefly as possible I will now describe the various methods of hunting. I am at present dealing entirely with the subject of big game.

1. "Crusting." This is practiced when the snow is deep and crusty as a result of rain and cold; it is usually at the latter part of February and well into March. At that period of the year, the animals sink in the deep snow, and move about with great difficulty and slowness. Easily approached under such conditions, they are killed at short range which is most destructive and regrettable. This method is a most contemptible, vile and degrading means of hunting; he who shoots an animal in this way is not a sportsman but a brute deserving the severest of punishments. That is one of the first causes of the destruction of our big game. Its ravages can only be estimated by one who has seen such practice, and as I am writing this I have before me a letter of recent date stating that a lot of our noble moose and caribou have been slaughtered these last two months, and that some hotel bills of fare contained daily moose stew, etc., and

this right under the very nose of the Game Warden. Not only this, but moose and caribou meat was daily offered for sale in broad daylight. These facts have been reported to the proper quarters and the only satisfaction and thanks the party got for his information was that they were fully aware of the slaughter. What I advance here I have in black and white before me.

2. "Still Hunting." This is done in many ways. First, by following a fresh track, perhaps for miles, with the utmost care and vigilance, and obtain a shot anyway at all at an animal thus discovered. Secondly, by watching at a runway or at a drinking pool. Thirdly, by hiring men to replace the hounds to chase the game towards the hunters. These hired men know the lay of the country; they station the gentlemen who claim themselves still hunters at the runways or passes, then they go and surround a valley and with their horns, rifles and shouts drive slowly, but surely the game where the crack shots are laying for them, and a drove of deer are thus killed. This sort of still hunting is practiced on a very large scale where the dog is prohibited—and how many deer are wounded by these men which become an easy prey for the bear, wolf, wolverine and lynx! One has only to assist at one of these slaughters to form a quick opinion of the vanishing of our deer. If there are fifteen or twenty deer thus cornered every one will pass through the runways or passes of the opposite direction from where they hear the noise. Consequently every deer will be shot at, those which will have only a bullet through the bowels or a broken leg, will escape, but will in most cases die of a slow and lingering death.

This method has many disadvantages and the gravest of dangers; that of shooting a man for a deer. Again, if a sportsman has the chance of killing a deer, moose or caribou in this manner, it may be that he is miles away from his camp and to bring back his prize is no

easy or agreeable contract. This mode of hunting is accompanied by too many difficulties to make it at all popular. The greatest objection to it, is that more deer are destroyed and that one risks his life by being made the target of some tenderfoot, as well as of some old hunters, whose enthusiasm find no control when they see anything moving in the bush. Fortunately, in Canada, we have not had many of such accidents, as our territories are so large and the number of hunters not so great as in the United States. But take the Adirondacks where still hunting prevails. It is more than astonishing to note the number of people killed there each year. It is simply playing with one's life to go there. See what January 1901 "Recreation," of New York, page 70, says:

"The hunting season which closed with December, resulted in some good bags of guides and hunters. Three men were killed in the Adirondacks, and one man and one woman winged, while a similar record was made in Maine. The fools who shoot at moving bushes and score hits, usually make clean misses when they shoot at deer in the open. This class of hunters has become so numerous that the only way in which any man can be safe in the north woods is by wearing a suit of Krupp armour at least two inches thick."

I can positively state without fear of contradiction that more destruction of game is brought about by still hunting, and that it is the most barbarous way of killing the deer, and I do know that still hunting is doing more to exterminate our deer than hunting with hounds.

3. "Salt-licks." This manner of hunting would not come in for condemnation were it not that it is practised to perfection, and with most destructive results by a certain number of poachers. Would you be surprised to learn that some of those salt-licks are arranged with electric batteries, warning the hunters in their cots some distance off when an animal has reached the licks? These salt-licks are made in advance, and attract great numbers of deer. Poachers can by this means kill as much game as they like in a very short time. Severe punishment should be inflicted on these

poachers, for they cause great destruction to our game.

4. "Hounding." Everyone knows how this is done; and it requires but little explanation. It is simply taking dogs into the bush on some fresh tracks, and the game is run to water, where it is shot or escapes without the least injury. When run by dogs it does not necessarily mean that the deer is bound to become the hunter's target. Sometimes the animal will take to other lakes where there is no hunter and escapes the dogs, and it often happens so. But when killed, it is the most humane way of killing them, as they are shot in the head and death is instantaneous.

Some people claim that a deer which is chased by dogs until he is forced to water is sure to die, and they add that if he survives at all, the hair drops off in large patches and that he is bound to die of a slow and lingering death when winter sets in. Well, if this statement was true, it would now be, a very long time since all our deer would have vanished, for the simple and true reason that there never was a hound able to run a deer with the same fleetness as our "grey wolves," and if every deer which they chase the year round were to die, besides those they kill, there would not be a single deer left. No, the deer is a very fleet animal, and when he is chased by a hound, he takes his time and often stops to listen to the hound, and gallops in the same easy way that a saddle horse does with a lady on his back, and takes to water only when he feels like it.

I may be called a Solon or a tender heart still hunter, but this will cut no ice with me. I don't write here from what I have gathered from right and left, nor from hearsay or books, but from my own personal knowledge and from what I have seen myself. I am an old hand at the trade, I have been through every part of the hunting mill and I have been brought up with the rifle and I know of what I write. I have seen deer in the woods at all seasons of the year and have killed my share of them, and also seen many alive and dead; and I will confess that I have yet to see the deer in this country with the hair dropping off in large patches as a result of having been over-



heated by the hounds. I will add that not only this, but it is very rare that one kills a deer which has even the least scratch of any kind on his skin, except during the rutting season. The bucks are great fighters and they often injure their furs at that time.

It will be readily seen that hounding, allowed for a very short period each year, is not one of the principal causes of destruction. Nor does it scare away the deer from a locality to any serious extent, and in all ages the dog has assisted the gentleman sportsman to bag his game.

As already stated, destruction is brought about by (1) crusting, (2) the use of salt-licks and batteries by poachers and (3) to a great extent by the farmers themselves living in the localities where big game is found.

Owing to the cheapness of arms, rifles and guns of all shapes and forms are to be found in almost every farmer's house, and I positively state, that this class of people pay less respect to the game laws than any other portion of our population. That it should be so is all the more regrettable, because they are the very ones who derive benefits from the presence of game, which attracts sportsmen of good means and standing, who spend thousands of dollars in the pursuit of enjoyable and legitimate sport.

The cry is sometimes heard that city sportsmen with their dogs bring back loads of game, and besides that they feed their dogs with venison. Do you think there is any cause for alarm if a party of say seven or ten men return with ten or twelve deer? If the animals killed illegally and out of season by some of the poachers and other men inclined to destruction could be seen in a heap such as I have seen in the game districts, then you would be convinced of the immense destruction carried on.

These reports that the gentlemen who hunt with dogs feed them with venison are erroneous, for the very reason that those who hunt with dogs always return home with less deer than the law allows them. I will not say that there are not some parties who may have killed more than their number, but these are very rare exceptions.

I have thirty-five years of experience in deer hunting and although I have been with many parties, and though I have also met hunting parties returning home, I very seldom saw one using hounds who could boast of having killed their full share of game. For my part I will say that while hounding deer, the biggest hunt I ever made was twenty-three deer. We were fifteen in the party, thus seven more would have been required to complete our number of two deer each. These twenty-three deer included those we ate in camp, and not a single piece of venison was given to our six hounds. We always brought feed for them, and all they did get from the deer was the waste.

I am sorry to have to state that I have often met parties of still hunters returning home with their full number, besides many hundred pounds of jerked venison in their boxes and bags. It costs less money to equip for still hunting, than for hounding.

Who are those who are opposed to hounding? Well, they are the selfish still hunters as they style themselves, who despise dogs, first, because they hate them, and secondly because they know where deer are hunted with hounds they don't stand and wait for them to creep up close to them which they call the "acme of sport"—killing them in cold blood in any possible way, but often wounding more than they kill! How many are there of still hunters who, after having stalked a deer for some miles if he sees one running away that will not take a chance shot? Well, I will say that the still hunters are very few who will, always shoot a deer behind the ear or through the heart. No, they will do their very best to hit him no matter where. If the deer drops "O. K."; if not, they may follow him if there is snow, but if not, that deer will serve to allow Mr. Wolf and his friends to wax fat on. All hunters of experience are fully aware that when a bear, wolf, wolverine or lynx once strike the trail of a wounded animal they will follow it to the end.

Another point in favor of dog hunting parties, is that they circulate money freely for transportation, both going in



with their camp equipment and supplies and in returning home with their few deer which they share with their friends. The poor settlers of the north will testify to this. I have acted often as Secretary-Treasurer for hunting parties and they often told me while paying them off that they very seldom see the color of money from one hunt to another.

How much money does the still hunter circulate? He is contented to walk with his blankets and few days' rations on his back, just enough to last him until he can kill a deer or moose which (after devouring the liver), he sells at the nearest lumber camp or store. Often he carries on his methods during the whole winter, shooting at them while standing, sleeping or running away from him, killing some, wounding many which escape, often with broken legs or with a few buck shots through their bowels, to die in agony. All this they call sportsmanlike and humane methods of hunting.

Where hounds are used, there is no necessity to pass such a law as the one passed in the State of Maine, stating that the person who shall shoot a human being for a deer shall be fined \$1,000 or be sentenced to ten years imprisonment. What has caused this law to be enacted? It is the class of still hunters who are usually so sick with the "buck fever" that they are sure to shoot at the first thing they see moving in the bush. This law will have the effect of keeping some of them at home. Who is the still hunter who will report himself as having mistaken a man for a deer in the State of Maine when he is aware of the fine or jail which will be waiting for him?

When a still hunter shoots at a deer and notices that he is severely wounded, he will light his pipe and rest himself. He is aware the pains the animal suffers from, will compel him to lie down a few thousands yards away.

Then after a half hour or more, he will again match his "craft and skill" against the deer. But this deer is on the watch and away he goes until exhausted from the several shots the still hunter has put through him and he is at last secured with a finishing shot in the head. This is the humane manner in which over seventy-five per cent of the deer are annually

killed by a lot of that class of hunters.

Why are the majority of city sportsmen in favor of hounding? It is because they don't hunt for the market, and that they are usually men who are so burdened with professional or commercial cares that, although they love sport, they cannot spare more than a few weeks every year of their "busy lives," and also, because they consider hounding is the best and most humane and sportsmanlike way to hunt deer.

It would not be well to prevent those who delight in still hunting from doing so because there are many who improve their health by tramping and creeping like the tiger through the bush who, if they were to hunt with hounds and canoe such as real sportsmen do, would likely end by capsizing the canoe, thereby spoiling their own sport and that of their friends.

The country is large enough to allow ample space for the still hunter who can only afford to buy a rifle and match his "craft and skill" just as the wolf does to steal his prey while it is asleep, as well as for those who prefer to hunt with hounds, and I don't believe that I am barking at the wrong tree in saying, that there is more pleasure in listening to the bell tongue of a well bred hound, than to the melodious tone of the "Tin Band" employed by many of our up-to-date still hunters. But not having a musical ear myself, I cannot enter into the feelings of those who have.

What should be done to abate destruction? Well, I think the following provisions would settle the question:

First. Forbid entirely the sale of game, thus closing the door to poachers and other persons willing for a paltry revenue, to see destruction carried on to extermination. I am convinced that, sooner or later, such a measure will have to be enacted otherwise destruction will certainly continue.

Second. The better enforcement of the game laws by the appointment of Overseers or Wardens at a living salary, who would give their whole time to supervising and visiting the game country or places where it is thought depredations are being committed, and visit each tanner and compel him to keep a journal

of skins supplied by each person.

They should be sworn to fulfil their duties to the strict letter of the law and make it a very severe and costly offence for anyone to interfere with the proper discharge of their duties. The overseers should not be novices, but experienced hunters.

If the sale of game be not prohibited (I hope it will) the least that could be done is to impose a heavy tax on the dealers and the revenue thus derived applied to the payment of Wardens. Game dealers should unquestionably pay a license and be registered; in addition their shops should be visited at unknown times by the Game Wardens, as some dealers are constantly receiving game of all kinds in boxes, trunks etc., labeled "eggs" "poultry" or other fictitious names.

Third. Educate the people at large on the importance from a financial and other standpoints, of observing and helping to observe the game laws, and not abusing the privileges granted by killing more game than is necessary or considered a fair quantity by all truesportsmen.

I may here say that to me and all decent lovers of gun and rod, nothing is more disgusting than to read the reports of men who have actually branded themselves as "game hogs" by their unsatisfied thirst of blood in the destruction of game. They may get big bags of game, but they also get a poor name in the community of true sportsmen.

Fourth. Stop the market hunter, the cold storage man, the banqueting hall with its game entree; make the still hunting season shorter, increase the wolf bounty, instruct the settlers how to trap them, and deer will soon be plentiful.

I am quite convinced that if the means I suggest are taken our game will be well protected and destruction will be minimized. To stop the use of dogs will not change the condition of things at all—as from this source destruction is not brought about.

Supposing dogs are prohibited who are the people who will suffer? Will it be the poachers? Will it be the farmers? No, not at all. These men will always use their dogs whenever they please, and it would require an army to prevent

them. I have always found out in all the big game districts that every settler's dog no matter of what breed he was, could hunt deer and other game. When I would inquire how they had succeeded in making good hunters of those common curs they all confessed that they had trained them in the spring of the year, which meant that they had slaughtered fifteen or twenty deer. I know for a fact that these people always hunt in the spring, and I was often told by them, that the fall of the year was no good time to hunt. Some would even go as far as to laugh at us, because in ten days we would return home with seven or eight deer. "Well," they would say, "Jim and I killed eighteen in one day." They would also boast of some other fellows of their stamp who had killed as many as forty in a few days.

No, if hounding is prohibited, it will be the city sportsmen who will be affected owing to the fact that they don't live in the woods, they don't know the lay of the country as well as those who do, and therefore, they require the use of hounds to get a few deer.

If hounding was practised during seven months of the year, as still hunting is going on in many districts of Quebec and Ontario, then, I would say, stop them at once. But knowing that the city sportsmen can only hunt a few weeks each year, I certainly believe that it would be very unfair to deprive them of their favorite sport.

I know many lakes in Ontario where dogs have been used for the last thirty years. These are situated too far away for the settlers to go and slaughter the deer, and there the deer are as plentiful as ever.

It is very seldom that one or two hounds will hunt more than one deer at a time. I have very rarely seen two deer take to water at the same time, but I have often been with parties who used men to replace the hound and seen them drive a whole family in some narrow part of the lake and force them to take water.

When the hounds start a few deer, the deer will spread and often run in opposite directions to one another with the result, that the dogs will take only after one. If the deer is shot and wounded on



the runways, the hunter will collar the dog when he comes, and the hound will guide the hunter to where the deer is laying. This is a great point in favor of the hound; while if not hunting with dogs that deer would be lost.

One of the worst things which is helping a lot towards the vanishing of our big game, is the "modern pea shooters." Owing to the long range of these rifles the hunter is greatly inclined to shoot at the game as far as he can see it. The result is that the animal is often hit and runs away. The hunter will go where the animal stood, and owing to the fact that he sees no trace of blood he consoles himself by thinking he missed. The deer has been bored through all right, but the first jump the animal took the skin was drawn over the pin hole the small bullet has made thus causing internal instead of external hemorrhage, and the hunter is unable to tell where the game went, while if a bigger calibre rifle had been used it would be easy for him to follow the wounded animal by the trace of blood.

No, it is not the long range nor the penetration which must be considered, but the crushing power. Some people claim that a rifle like the forty-five caliber is too heavy and spoil too much meat. Well, I am of the opinion that it is better to spoil a few pounds and secure the game every time, than to lose it, as is often the case with the small bore rifle.

Since the introduction of these small calibers as sporting arms, there has been far more game destroyed than ever before. It is after all no wonder why the wolves are so plentiful at the present time—and our deer vanishing!

The article by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, which appeared in our March number, on "Our Vanishing Deer," has excited a great amount of controversy and comment amongst hunters and those interested in our big game. It was ably followed up in our April number by Mr. John Arthur Hope who gave reasons "Why Our Deer are Vanishing." We have received the following correspondence respecting the Rev. Doctor's article with a request for publication, and as this is an important subject we wish to have all

opinions represented and give the letters below in full:

"I have read the article on "Our Vanishing Deer" by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, in which he refers to the work of a Pittsburg Club in 1892. In answer I would crave leave to say a word in reply to the charges made by the sportsman named. I was one of the two guides of the Buckskins of Pittsburg, Pa., in that year, and if this sportsman shot a fawn as he says he did more the shame to him. All the time I was a guide for these American gentlemen no fawns were shot by them and no deer killed in the water by any of the party. I have reason to know what was shot as I accompanied them all during the hunt on different days. A rule prevailed in the Club that none of the party were to shoot more than one deer until the rest of the party had got one apiece, and this rule they carried out.

I am a still hunter myself, and have a knowledge of the art, and though the dogs were in the camp they were kept tied up and seldom used. I put the dogs out myself and know how often they were used hunting deer. One of these gentlemen had the opportunity in my presence to shoot two bucks in one morning but refused to do so, complying with the rule spoken of above.

As for killing fawns I give this statement a direct unqualified denial, so that none were left in the bush to rot or were fed to the dogs. Any deer gotten by this Club were used as food by the Club and your Contributor, the Reverend gentleman, ate part of the deer himself without charge. He was treated as I would wish to be treated, and this is the thanks that the Buckskins get for using him as a gentleman. The Buckskins paid their licenses, had their hunt, and sponged on nobody nor made misstatements about them. As for saying that they cleaned out that entire locality and then moved on—well if the deer were cleaned out they rapidly came back as the deer to-day in the hunting season are just as numerous as when the foul slaughter took place, and the Buckskins are in the habit of camping in the same locality still each year.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you will allow a suggestion from a Canadian still hunter



the way to increase the deer is "Stop all hunting for three years, increase your game wardens, and see that they do not slaughter the deer themselves. Watch the lumber camps and then a hope will arise that the deer may be protected." I know whereof I speak having worked in the woods myself and lived in the lumber camp. Trusting in the name of true sport that you give this the same prominence that you gave the other article I am Sir,

Respectfully Yours,

CHARLES ANNIS.

Orillia, Ont., March 20th, 1907.

Mr. Annis is mistaken in stating that the Rev. Dr. Murdoch says he shot a fawn. What the Dr. wrote was: "There were a few deer still remaining when I was there. I managed to shoot one (I could have shot two fawns.)" Surely the context shows the Dr. to mean that he shot a deer, probably a buck, and Mr. Annis in his haste does the Doctor an injustice. Mr. Annis also fits the cap on the Buckskin Club—the name does not appear in the article. At the same time we are glad to publish the protest, and the assurance of Mr. Annis, that Canadian guides like himself not only keep within the laws but see that others do so, is most welcome.—ED.

"One of the Many Who Love Nature" writes from Kenora under date of March 17th:

"In reading your March number I was very much interested in the Rev. Dr. Murdoch's article. How true it appeared to me as I have been over most of the country to which he refers. How well I remember my first visit to the Ragged Rapids on the Severn River, nearly ten years ago. The place was then alive with birds, animals and fish. You could plunk your line in any old place and catch fish, and all night long you could hear the call of the loon and whip-poor-will and between the Severn and Muskoka Lakes deer were plentiful, especially round Nine-Mile Lake. How many are there today? Mighty few. The causes for the decrease are hounds and pot hunters.

Now I believe that there are three

things today that are thinning out the deer: Hounds, wolves and the repeating rifle in the hands of a good marksman.

I want some man to show me where a poor deer that has been run nigh to death by a voracious pack of hounds, and suddenly runs into a shallow creek, a likely spot for the modern hunter, sitting on a big pine stump close by with a modern Gatling gun, and pecks fifteen shots or more at him before he can get cover again—I want some man to show me where that deer has a chance to escape. Even if he does escape the leaden pills whistling around him he will be almost sure to die from the cold plunge when he takes to some lake.

This calls to my mind one time my father took me with them to cook and mind the tent and chore around. We were camped on the Canal between Nine Mile Lake and the Indian Pond. I took my old muzzle loader and went up back of the tent into the forest, as it was then, to see if I could get a partridge. I had no sooner reached cover when, hark! here comes the hounds. I stepped close to a giant pine and waited. Pretty soon I saw the deer. He passed so close I could see his eyes and see the hairs on his body quite plain. I was not more than fifty or sixty yards from the canal. The deer had to go down a steep bank to cross the canal and down this he went brave as brass and boldly took the water which at this place was no deeper than his belly. He soon changed his mind for behind a big pine root a hunter lay with a 40-32 Winchester and by the time he had fired five shots the deer was hitting the back trail at a severe pace with blood, hair and tallow strewed on both sides. I told my father what I had seen, and he said, "Go after it, boy, and you will get it, for those fellows won't go for fear of getting lost in the woods." I was a mere boy then, and as much afraid of getting lost as they were and didn't go. A week after this father went over to Brotherson Lake and took the trail of this deer just for fun. He found him on the shore of a little island but he was spoiled for the weather had turned warm.

About a week after this father saw a deer running along and shot at it. Seeing blood on the trail he followed it up.

After going some distance he found another man who was on the same trail and hostilities immediately ensued. The other man claimed it was his deer, he had shot it in front of his hound, and furthermore that as dad was a still hunter he had no right to hunt near or in the vicinity where their hounds were running. Dad claimed the right to hunt when and where he pleased as the other man did, and it would require more than a dog hunter to move him on. Just here however they took a more peaceable way and started back to where father fired his shot. He said that if there was blood on the ground before this place he would give up. On examination they found the deer had bled before reaching the place where Dad fired and accordingly he said "Good day, Sir, you'll get your buck over in yonder gully dead, for he was shot through," and he started off through the bush. Now do you know that other chump never went an inch further, but left that deer to rot!

Now a man is allowed two deer but if he shoots at ten or more in a season and gives five or six out of that number mortal wounds and never even looks for the effect of his shooting he probably kills a great many more than his allowance. A still hunter would get that deer and even if it took two or three days he would stay right with him till he got him. The hound hunter stays too, but he stays just where he is put on the runway by a guide, and in Muskoka very likely a game warden. Although I am at present a good many miles away from that hunter's paradise yet I could whisper to the Rev. Dr. the name of the game warden he mentions in his excellent article."

Mr. Arthur Calbeck, the Deputy Game Warden stationed at Sault Ste. Marie, writes:

"In the March number of your valuable Magazine I notice a letter by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch, entitled "Our Vanishing Deer." Now I must take exception to some of his remarks. He lays great stress on the word Dog. I have hunted for thirty-two seasons without intermission and I am also Deputy Game War-

den for this part of Algoma, and I think I am in a position to state a few facts in favor of the Hound Dog; I would like to ask the Rev. gentleman how many deer he has shot and wounded and never got. He takes good care not to tell that part. Then the experience of nearly all still hunters is that they shoot at from six to eight in order to get two and must certainly wound some of those which get away and die. Now if we want to preserve this animal let them be hunted with the dog, as it is a well known fact that the buck is the strongest scented. In all cases by natural instinct the hound will take the strongest scent with the result that more bucks are killed than does, and I defy anyone to contradict this statement. As a matter of fact I was out a few days with a party of five in 1906. There was ten deer killed and there was one doe in the lot, and I know of several parties who were out hunting with hounds and they had the same experience. As I visit nearly all the hunting camps to see that there is no illegal work done I am in a position to know the quantity of bucks and does that are killed. Besides there is not the danger of so many gun accidents when hunting with dogs.

Now I am going to enlighten this Rev. gentleman as to why the deer are vanishing. He says it is not the encroachments of Civilization. I say that is the very cause. He would lead you to believe there are no deer to be found only in one particular locality which he describes. I must tell you that there are thousands of those animals as well as moose and caribou in Algoma. The settler in unorganized districts kills all winter. He knows he cannot very well be pinched. Then comes the Indian with his gun who knows no law, next the trapper and poacher and his cousin the grey wolf. Next in line is the American tourist taking his long canoe trips armed to the teeth with the automatic and thinks he owns this country and is at liberty to kill everything in sight. Now there's the man who steals the timber and kills the deer and moose by the hundreds to feed his men. This is where the real destruction is and when the timber is all cut he leaves the country a barren waste.



This is the story of the Vanishing Deer.†

I am just after getting home after a very heavy trip for three days on snowshoes in the woods. It was reported to me from the township of Laird that some of our dogs were killing deer. I went there and the second day I was out I found four which were worried by those canines. I followed the track right to the owner's door and I went inside and found those dogs and saw they were tired and worn out. The owner did not happen to be at home but I went to the Police Magistrate and laid information against the owner who I know to be a poacher of the first water and I expect to have him fined for allowing those curs to run at large. When I got home there was a letter for me asking me to hurry to Thessalon, as the Indians were slaughtering the deer in the vicinity of Basswood Lake. So the butchering goes on just the same.

In the season of 1906 I was out with a party and we had two hound dogs. One evening a man who was still hunting came to our camp. He said that he had shot at a fine buck and wounded him and could not find him. I invited him to stay all night with us and I would take one of the hounds in the morning and try and get him. We were not out more than an hour when we had him killed. The hound took his track and cornered him up in short order. This is only one case but it is a fact. There are many hundreds of deer wounded by the still hunter and are never got. The law allows a

†I will give you the facts of a case which was placed before me in February 1906. Two lumber jacks came to me to lay information against the lumber company which they were working for and which had short paid those men. I took them before a lawyer to have them examined and their statement was that that there had been used in this camp ninety deer and twelve moose during the winter which I believe was true. I handed this case over to the Chief Game Warden, Mr. Hearst, of St. Joseph Island, who prosecuted them and they did not let it go to trial but settled it out of court.

hunter to take two deer in one season. Now if he goes out with his hounds and kills them with a stick or his hounds should start two that were wounded by some still hunter and he shoots them what is the difference? He is only entitled to two. I must agree with the Rev. Dr. Murdoch in regard to Game Wardens. There is no man who can afford to leave his business, throw everything aside and go away to the woods after some law breaker for the sake of the fine. It is a mean way of doing business. Let the Government have good sportsmen appointed, men who are interested in preserving this noble animal, pay them a fair salary and let them devote their whole time to it and the fines turned into the Government. I would venture to say that the work would be self sustaining, if those poachers were gone after. Let them be fined or put them in jail, or leave the country, as they are only a curse to it and we could well afford to do without them.

Then with regard to shooting fawns. A dog will hardly ever take the track of them for they are very cold footed and do not give much scent until they are one year old. For this reason there are few killed while hunting with hounds. Now, Sir, I do not know whether you will agree with me when I make the statement that there are more deer killed in the close season than during the fifteen days open season. It is a fact, nevertheless, and every sportsman in this country will tell you the same.

A well known character in the neighborhood of the Sault, who is known as Ol' Jake Burden, who hunts and traps ten miles north of Searchiomont, on the Algoma Central, recently killed nine wolves. Crown timber Agent Maughan, who was going through the district, saw Jake and also the evidences of the truth of his story. Jake never collects the bounties because to get the money it would be necessary for him to go to the Sault and thus lose a couple of days. It

is stated that there is no official between the Sault and Port Arthur who is competent to take declarations concerning the killing of wolves. As Crown Timber Agents are authorized to take declarations regarding everything else having to do with Crown Lands and Crown Timber, it would seem that they might with advantage be allowed to facilitate the payment of the wolf bounties. Joe says he didn't go after these wolves specially; he just killed them as he ran across them in the course of his day's business.



# A Day On a Salmon Pool.

BY THE REV. DR. MURDOCH.

**A**CROSS the Bay of Chaleur the mountain tops were being touched by the first rays of the morning sun when the night watchman at the Royal Hotel, Campbelltown, N. B., knocked; and I descended to find a warm breakfast ready, and Wm. Delaney, guide and guardian of the Suction Water Salmon pool, waiting for me; and in the meantime placidly smoking his pipe.

The train on the I. C. R. R. leaves at 5:30, and soon landed us thirteen miles up the Restigouche at a station called Flat Lands; though the only piece of territory answering that description that we saw was a narrow strip of meadow land, sweet with clover, through which we passed, "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" as we followed a path from the base of the mountain skirted by the railroad down to the water's edge where Delaney had his canoe drawn up on the pebbles. While the guide was storing away our noon lunch in the shanty I had time to look around on a scene of surprising loveliness. "Surely," I said to myself, "if I do not get a nibble I am already repaid for coming here!"

Before me here, about two hundred yards wide, lay the far-famed Restigouche, gliding down between a palisade of high fir-clad mountains to the sea. How solemn and impressive these green summits looked, standing there robed in white mist, now turning to carmine as they caught the first rays of the morning sun! How these eternal hills, these mountains of God, taunt us with our littleness! How long have they stood there keeping silent watch over the river? And when in the long ago, perhaps when "the morning stars sang together" did this river of marvelous beauty first burst through these mountain barriers on the way to the ocean? When did the first salmon begin its annual pilgrimage to the headwaters, or the first Indian launch his bark upon its tide? And here it flows today, and will flow long after the very name and memory of earth's great ones have passed into oblivion!

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I flow on forever."

In the meantime Delaney had been looking at the state of the water, and his report was not encouraging. It had rained hard two days before and the river was still creeping up. "Salmon rise best on stationary or falling water," said the guide. "But we'll try anyway."

A salmon rod is sixteen feet in length, made of the best greenheart and lance wood. I had one hundred yards of the finest enameled silk line on my reel; for a salmon in these swift waters will sometimes run out more than that and then break away. The leader is six feet long of well tested gimp. The flies chiefly used on the Restigouche and Metapedia are the Black Dose, Jock Scotch and Silver Doctor.

"Which had I better try?" Delaney looked out on the river, and up at the sky and said, "Silver Doctor, and if that won't get them we'll try Jock Scotch." So we pushed off.

The sun was just beginning to overtop the mountains to the east. Across the river the mist clouds still lingered in the ravines. Wisps of white vapor would shoot out from the shadows, flame into crimson for a moment as the slant sunbeams struck them, and then vanish away.

Here I met with a surprise. Just as a Manitoba "Bluff" is not a bluff but a clump of poplar trees, so a salmon pool is not a pool but a rapid. Here indeed was a quiet pool on which we were floating, extending half a mile up stream where we could see it again break into a rapid. But salmon do not ordinarily lie in these reaches of still water, and none are caught there. In coming up from the sea they choose for their resting places the broken water of the rapids, and usually lie just at the brink of the fall. Trout on the other hand are found at the foot of the rapids, where they lie in wait for any dainty morsel that may come down stream to them.

Delaney sat in the stern of the canoe.

and beside him the anchor, a good sized piece of lead attached to a strong rope to hold the canoe against the swift current. The Restigouche is fed entirely from living springs, and retains its wonderful transparency right down to its junction with the Bay of Chaleur. It rises far in the interior of New Brunswick, and for over one hundred miles slips down through the hills with so gentle and even a descent, unbroken by rocks or sudden drops, that it is navigable by flat boats almost to its source. These boats are drawn by horses, usually three attached to a long tow rope. Sometimes in crossing from shoal to shoal they get into deep water almost over their backs but some way they manage to scramble along, and I was told they could make twenty miles a day. In this way all the many lumber shanties at the headwaters of the river secure their winter supplies.

Delaney let the canoe float down with the gentle current, pointing out as we passed it a little cove where, he said, a couple of beavers had their home under the bank. On examination I found their tracks of the night before, and some alder brush that they had cut and drawn into the water. This work was entirely unnecessary and useless. They are what are called bank beavers, living where there is open water the year round giving them access to their food, and so have no need of either house or dam. But the busy creatures could not repress their strange instinct to cut down wood; and as a substitute for a dam I saw where they had piled some drift wood together and plastered it with mud.

A little below us we could see the foam of the rapids, and just before we got to the brink Delaney dropped the anchor near enough for me to reach it with a moderately long cast. To the right I noticed a little island of pebbles still uncovered by the rising water. Six feet from this boulder, approaching the surface caused a likely looking eddy, and just below that boulder the Silver Doctor (only one fly is used in salmon fishing) gently fell. Instantly there was a swirl and a gleam of silver as a fish rose to the fly at the very first cast. But he rose short.

"Don't throw again," said Delaney."

"Rest the water awhile. Let him get back to his place behind the boulder. I'll tell you when to try again!" And I thought he never would give the word. But at last he said, "Now let him have it again!" and the moment the fly touched the water there was another rush, and this time it was taken, and the salmon started down stream to the music of the whizzing reel. Up came the anchor, and at my request, Delaney ran the canoe on the island. The fish was not a large one, but the fight it put up and the number of times it ran the line out after I thought I had him, was a revelation as to the vigor of a Restigouche salmon. Twice he went clear out of the water, his sides shining like burnished silver. At last I drew him into the shoal water, and Delaney landed him in the canoe. But we did not get another rise that day.

In fact the salmon season was past; (this was August 3rd) the first fishing being in June. In some of the upper branches of the Restigouche the fishing lasts into August. But by this time the fish have mostly reached their spawning beds, though spawning does not actually begin till late autumn.

No fish grows so rapidly as does the salmon. The Restigouche is swarming in August with salmon fry that have been hatched out the previous spring. They are five or six inches in length, beautifully symmetrical, their sides ornamented with carmine spots. These descend to salt water in the autumn, and will come back next June as young salmon called Grilse, weighing four or five pounds.

Just why a salmon rises to a fly is an unsolved problem. The trout rises because it is hungry, and flies are part of its natural food. But this is not so with the salmon; for from the time they leave salt water till their return they eat nothing; the stomach is invariably found empty. Perhaps the salmon dashes at the gaudy line just as a bull charges a red flag.

But while we could not tempt another salmon from among the boulders we caught some fine trout, had a delightful outing, and I got back to Campbelltown pleased with a day on the Restigouche.

# Another Fishing Trip in Northern Quebec.

BY W. H. ALLISON.

**S**PORTSMEN may roam over vast territories in various parts of Canada before they will find any place offering so many opportunities for sport as can be found in the forests, lakes and streams of Northern Quebec.

One of these most favored spots is in the vicinity of the pretty village of Labelle, which can be reached in a few hours from Montreal. By taking the Canadian Pacific train from Place Viger station one is given a four hours' ride through most romantic and beautiful country, dotted here and there with snug farm buildings, and apparently affording comfortable homes to a fine population. At St. Faustin the height of eighteen hundred feet is attained—the highest point on the line—and from here most beautiful views are enjoyed. Proceeding northward we pass Mont Tremblant, and for several miles skirt a beautiful lake of the same name.

Here is the dividing line between the two hunting zones which practically give two game laws, so far as seasons are concerned, to the same Province. Shortly afterwards the tourist finds himself in the midst of the great game and fishing resorts of the most delightfully wild country imaginable. The whole territory is a perfect net work of lakes and streams, all of them simply teeming with trout.

It was early in October of last year that my son Cecil and myself left the train at Labelle and crossed the River Rouge, which so much resembles the Red River of the North. From Labelle we penetrated the wilds of a portion of the township of Minerve—twenty miles of a trail, partly over a rough road and the rest over merely a blazed trail to Pierre Nontel's camp on the shores of Lake Napoleon. This camp is hidden deep in the trackless wilderness, nestling under the protection of dense forests, and backed by lofty tree-crowned mountains. At the time of our visit the foliage of the forests had changed to tints of golden purple. No sound broke the silence of the awe inspiring solitude,

save the chirrup of the wild birds, or the sighs of the wind among the tree branches.

Our arrival at Campe Doree was celebrated by the usual rustling of hasty preparations to make things comfortable for the night. As the sun was nearing the horizon, and in these virgin forests sundown means darkness, there was need for haste. Wood was speedily collected and a fire made, while water was fetched, and on the bright blaze the kettle soon sang merrily. In the meantime the guide had collected whole heaps of fresh boughs for our beds, so that with hearty co-operation and good will we were comfortably settled and preparing supper at the early hour of five o'clock. Our long tramp over the trail gave us excellent appetites for that supper, and none of us criticized the menu or the cooking. The team had been dismissed at Lake La Croche (Crooked Lake), and the guide, Ernest, who went forward with us, spoke very little English. Contrary to our usual custom therefore we did not linger long over the campfire that night or listen to many tales, but spent the evening quietly and retired early.

A long dreamless night put us in good condition next morning, and bright and early we were off in the boat and up the lake for trout. Throughout the whole of the morning up to the noon hour we had poor success, and consequently our spirits were a little depressed. They soon arose however, on our return to camp when we found that our friend Pierre had arrived at ten o'clock, and had a fine dinner awaiting us.

Pierre had brought the dogs with him but soon after their arrival in camp they had scampered away unnoticed. In the afternoon we rowed to the Narrows to watch for deer, and found that the dogs had started one within a short distance of the camp.

Quickly wearying of doing nothing we dropped our lines within fifteen feet of the shore and in less than one minute Ernest and I each had a trout. Ernest



landed a four pound grey trout without any apparent trouble but mine was much larger, and after playing it for about five minutes the hook gave out and it was lost. As we had neglected to bring either the gaff hook or landing net there was nothing else to do but to hope for better luck next time. Accordingly I adjusted a fresh hook and soon struck another trout. While I was wondering how the struggle would end this time the guide, in his broken English, requested me to pull the fish to the top of the water. As I did this he picked up his rifle (a 30 U. S.) and shot at it, the second bullet going through its throat, which made it possible for me to land a fine six pound trout without much trouble. During that afternoon we caught ten and lost as many more, the average weight of the fish being from four to six pounds.

At four o'clock we returned to the camp where we found Pierre and Cecil who had been to the woods in the hope of getting a shot at a deer. The dogs however had ran away to the west out of hearing and no game was seen. During the evening the dogs came in looking as if they had travelled great distances.

Again next morning we were all astir as early as five o'clock and the whole party proceeded to the Narrows to fish. The trout took the bait greedily for an hour, and in that time we captured nine large ones. The largest, weighing fifteen pounds and measuring thirty-six inches, was taken by Pierre. Cecil captured the second largest, his fish being a fine one of twelve pounds in weight and measuring thirty inches. My best one weighed ten pounds and measured twenty-five inches. The balance ran from four to seven pounds each. As we had caught about one hundred pounds of fish we concluded that amount was about all we could handle in packing them over the trail, and desisted from further raids upon them.

In the afternoon the dogs were put out again. They ran a large buck west across Lac des Isles, swam the lake, and went out of hearing for about three hours, when they returned across the lake again. They then ran round to the south shore of Lake Napoleon within half a mile of where we were watching.

The deer would not take to the water, and was apparently fighting off the dogs as we could hear them baying fiercely. After a time the dogs came to the shore and were picked up by Pierre. They had been running and swimming so long that they were badly used up.

Just as we were about breaking camp next morning for the purpose of making an early start for home the dogs stole out and evidently started the same buck within a short distance of the cabin. Pierre jumped into the boat and rowed to the upper watch, but just as he reached that point the deer took to the water at the Narrows after a run of only fifteen minutes. Pierre fired six shots at long range but missed each time, though he turned the deer back to the north shore again. The dogs ran it over to Lac La Croche, about a mile away, where it once more took to the water, and no further interference was given to it from us.

Before nine o'clock we had all packed up and hit the trail for Labelle. For a two days' trip it was the most enjoyable time I ever had, and I sincerely believe that no one could wish for a better. So strong is this belief within me that I intend, all being well, to visit the same place again next May.

An incident occurred a few days before we reached camp which deserves mention. Two children named Albrant, the boy being nine and his sister seven, left home one morning with the intention of catching trout in a small stream. They lost their way and at nightfall reached the eastern end of Lac de Saube. Here they found an old boat in which they took refuge from the wolves which were howling in the vicinity. They pushed the boat from the shore and drifted about all night, suffering greatly from the cold. In the meantime an organized search on the part of the neighbors was made and continued all night. At ten o'clock the following morning they were found in an old camp at the west end of the lake, about three miles from the place where they had first taken the boat. Having discovered some matches they had built a fire in the stove and were endeavoring to make themselves comfortable. A diligent search had revealed some potatoes,

and the children were in the act of preparing what was meant to be a hearty breakfast when their rescuers arrived on the scene.

In all the camps in those northern

woods may be found matches and provisions of some kind for the benefit of lost wanderers, or those who may be overtaken by darkness, and compelled to spend the night in such places.

## How a Good Shot Was Missed.

BY A LOVER OF THE HUNT.

**R**EADING your interesting article in "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada"—kindly loaned me by a friend—concerning the two deer killed by one shot, I thought that an experience of mine in which I did *not* kill two deer with one shot, might be of interest to your many readers.

During the hunting season of 1902 our party was located on one of those beautiful lakes near the southeast corner of Algonquin Park, where, as deer were plentiful, the season favorable, and camp comfortable, we had one of the most delightful outings possible.

However this is somewhat of a digression from what I set out to relate and so I will commence the actual story.

One morning we had all set out for our usual stands (we were using dogs) and as my location was about the nearest to camp, I arrived at my runway, on the top of a ridge between two valleys, some fifteen or twenty minutes before I had any expectation of hearing the dogs. Daylight was just breaking on a cold morning, and I was trying to exercise off that chilly feeling, which one so often feels in the early morning, when a sudden sound behind me caused me to grip my rifle and turn quickly in the direction of the disturbance. I was just in time to be in position, before a doe and large fawn bounded into sight, evidently disturbed by one of our hunters en route to his stand.

I followed them along with my rifle and just as they got opposite me they stopped and looked back! They were full broadside to me not twenty yards away, the doe nearer to me and the fawn close to the doe on a little higher ground but almost completely hidden by her. They did not notice me, although it was practically a clear space between us, as I

was motionless, while they were wholly concerned for the moment with the danger behind. I took careful aim for a long shot and pulled the trigger; snap! but neither flash, smoke nor report! nor deer either!

I recovered from my surprise in time to pump and take a snap at them as they disappeared in the brush up the opposite hill, but to no purpose, and for aught I know they still tramp the trail. and I sincerely hope that they both are as lively as they were that morning after the "snap" that marked my downfall rather than theirs.

Had my gun not failed me, I think I could have been reasonably sure of the two with the one shot, unless the bullet deflected or the penetration proved not sufficient for the two, both of which I consider improbable at the distance.

Now what was the cause of my failure to land them? Simply this:—our camp rule is, that no loaded gun must come inside the door. I had no cartridge on the barrel when I left the camp in the morning and had neglected while on the way out to pump one and so pulled on an empty barrel. I felt badly about it at the time, although not sorry now, but never again will I have as good a chance for two deer at the one shot.

I did not tell "the boys" how I missed until the last day in camp but I got roasted enough then to make up. I, of course, expected that when I told them and was prepared to take my medicine.

It all goes to show that eternal vigilance is one of the essentials of a successful hunter.

I know of single deer being missed in the same way by other hunters, but I have yet to hear of as good an opportunity of two deer with one shot being lost in the way described.

# A Few Hints on Flies for Lakes and Streams.

BY WALTER GREAVES.

**A**CCORDING to my experience, the following lists of flies seem to answer well for general fishing at nearly all times of the year. Of course, the sizes of hooks may be varied somewhat according to the height, clearness and roughness of the water. It is impossible to lay down any rules that will apply under all conditions, and I am not pretending to do so, but I merely wish to give a few hints to younger anglers that may be of some service to them in making a selection of flies without having to carry too large a stock.

## Lake fishing for speckled trout.

Parmacheene Belle	Alexandra
Professor	Grizzly King
Queen of the Water	Zulu
Hofland's fancy	Canada
Blue Dun	Silver Doctor
Jenny Lind	Dark Montreal
Governor	Scarlet Ibis
Claret Hackle	Split Ibis
Claret & Millard	Fiery brown

I usually tie these flies on eyed hooks about No. 5 old scale. Of course, I could add very many other good patterns to this list but I have cut it down after many years of careful study so as to include about a dozen and a half patterns that I know to be really first-class killers on many of our trout lakes. The same applies to the following stream list :—

## For stream trout fishing.

Greenwell's Glory	Canada
Parmacheene Belle	Teal & red
March brown	Professor
Red spinner	Indian crow tag
Scarlet hackle	Brown hackle
Claret hackle	Nigado
Dark Montreal	

I usually tie these on hooks from about No 6 to No 10, old scale,—sometimes eyed and sometimes on Dublin Limerick with single gut eyes. I always carry these patterns and feel fairly certain that if I cannot get trout to rise at some of them it is not much use to try other patterns. Notwithstanding this, however, I

always carry a large assortment of fancy patterns of my own designing and many other well-known flies, too numerous to mention—not that I consider this necessary but more as a matter of habit and because I like to feel that I have a large and varied assortment with me. It is true that I have on several occasions, found that it was necessary to go beyond the lists given above and try some of the special or fancy patterns and that I have known them to take well too when all others failed. For this reason I prefer to have a large general assortment, and, after all, it is not much more trouble to carry a fly book holding say two hundred flies than one holding one hundred, especially when they are on eyed hooks or with small gut eyes. If I had to limit myself to any three flies for lake and stream trout fishing I think I would select for the former the Parmacheene Belle, Grizzly King and Claret hackle, and for the stream Indian Crow tag, Nigado, and Greenwell's Glory. I should, however not like to have to thus limit myself to three or any number of patterns.

The bodies of flies should, according to my thinking, be made of seals' fur or pig's wool, where this can be done, as these materials retain their color in the water. I do not use silk for bodies as it loses its color at once on getting wet. It looks very well before having been in the water but is, I think, a very poor material for this purpose. Wool is much better but I like seal's fur better than anything where it can be used. I begin to think that the body of the fly has more to do with its success than anything else, and in many cases it must be the exact shade required. Often have I taken trout on a fly from which the wings, hackle etc. have disappeared, the fish totally ignoring the other fly or flies on the cast and showing a decided preference for the fly without wings, tail or hackle. Neatly tied flies, made by a first-class professional fly tier, are beautiful to look at and very killing too, but I really believe that I can tie flies myself that will take just as



well in this country as, and in many instances better than, the flies made by professional tyers. Mine are perhaps not so neatly tied (you cannot expect them to be) but I think they are quite as good for practical purposes in the waters where I frequently fish. Of course I know, or think I know, exactly what is required for the different waters I visit. I presented H. R. H. Prince Arthur with about a dozen and a half of my own made flies when he was here last Spring and he had excellent sport with them at Lac St. Germain.

In regard to hooks I prefer the O'Shaughnessy, Pennell eyed and Dublin Limerick. I have also used a flat bronze kirby eyed hook lately that seems a very good one. I do not, however, know its name. I have a few flies too, that I dressed some time ago on the patent outboard hooks and from the little I have used them I am inclined to think they are really first-class. They seem to hook well and very few fish escape. However, I am quite satisfied with the three patterns before mentioned, if of the best quality. Flies on the eyed hooks are handy to carry, easy to change, hook, hold and last well, and for these reasons I generally use them for trout flies. For salmon and bass flies I prefer the forged O'Shaughnessy and Dublin Limerick. They are strong and fairly light. In

my salmon and bass flies I use twisted gut eyes, sometimes dressing salmon flies on single and sometimes on double hooks and cannot see that the double hooks possess any special advantage.

In fly fishing for black bass I consider it necessary to use only the following flies: My Massassaga, the Parmacheene Belle and Light and Dark Montreal. I have found that one of these is certain to take bass if used at the proper time of day and with the right height of water. I have tried dozens of other patterns and have at last cut my list down to about the four flies mentioned.

I have been pleased to note a marked improvement in the quality of flies and tackle on sale in Ottawa during the past few years. It is now possible to purchase first-class rods, reels, casting-lines, and flies here. This has been brought about partly, I fancy, through the numbers who have taken up fly fishing lately and from so many American sportsmen passing through Ottawa on their way to our excellent waters north of here.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to a few days with the trout on the opening of the season and purpose trying some new waters near the Algonquin Park. If I meet with success I will let you hear from me. I am already making a few flies for the occasion.

## Angle-mania

**R**ICHARD Barton had a wide view of Lake Erie from the windows of his law office in one of the skyscrapers in Buffalo. When the first warm and bright sunshine came in March he sat gazing at the field of glittering ice and drawing deep breaths of balmy air that came through the open window. His morning's work was ignored and his cigar unlighted.

"Put some weights on your feet and get down from the clouds, Dick," his partner remarked, more intent on their busy life than the charm of the opening spring-time. "You don't feel ill, do you?" he queried.

"No, I don't feel ill," Burton replied: but I've got the Spring fever, Bob, and I want to go somewhere,—some spot where the warm sunshine has melted the snows and the ice, and made the earth and the trees and the grass full of new life, and filled the air with the fragrance of buds and the deliciousness of existence.

"Think of those two weeks last May we spent at Algonquin Park! Wasn't that an ideal outing, Bob?"

"It certainly was," Bob answered. "The train took us into a country that is full of placid lakes, and streams that tumble joyously over falls and rapids and make melodies that fill one's heart with

benevolence and one's mind with the luxury of revelling in the play-ground of Nature !"

"Then Bob, what a magnificent scene awaited us when we left the train at Algonquin Park. The little lake rippling in play with the dancing sunbeams, the tree clad shores that reared to form an amphitheatre, and the far-off delicately veiled, blue horizon. And we waited to feast on that scene and breathe to our content that light, champagne air that transformed us into rollicking boys."

"Well, Dick," Bob interjected, "I couldn't explain it as you do, but I feel it just the same. It is indeed a place of charm. But I am recalling the paddle that afternoon to the end of the lake, and through a long, winding tree-shadowed channel into another little lake, and across to another channel, where we went ashore for a stone for an anchor, and then out again a few yards to where the guide said there was a gravelly bed and plenty of big trout."

"And he told the truth, Dick ! What sport we had catching those big trout. I can feel my rod bending, the magnetic strain on my line as I reeled in, the reach for the landing net and the exultation of lifting the struggling trout into the canoe."

"And when it became too dark to see our lines, Dick, what a whaler you hooked. Crack, smash, went your split bamboo rod. But you hauled in the rascal, hand over hand, got him into your landing net, and had him sure. Then we paddled home. It was fortunate you had taken along the steel rod like mine."

"That next morning, Bob, when we walked through the woods to another lake ! Wasn't life worth living ? I can see the guide, his head buried in the canoe, gliding along the trail with springy strides, bearing the canoe on his shoulders as though it were made of paper instead of basswood. And you and I following, carrying our tackle, basket of lunch and pail of minnows."

"And as we crossed the bit of marsh on the logs, there was a quick break in the stillness, and across the trail and into the depths of the woods sped three deer. How we yelled ! And when we topped a long slope, there was a beautiful little

lake sleeping in a great bed in the forest and ready to show dimples and ripples when awakened by the sun. I felt glorious !"

"Yes, that tramp over the trail was great, Dick. But when we were paddling again you were just as keen after the trout as I was. We didn't get any, although we even tried the copper wire tackle. I suppose it was an off day for fishing. But we had the evening walk back over that trail and we slept the sleep of the just."

"Then you remember, Bob, we went to the trout pools in the river the next day to try for speckled trout. What mad music there was from the first falls we went to, and how the music changed to a basso profundo as we climbed down to where the water was churning foam in a deep, dark pool."

"But to think of a dozen beauties we got out of that pool, Dick ! They took fish-eye or fin bait like a tramp takes pie. And how my two-pounder gave me a lively time of it. I never felt sure of him until I had him in the net."

"Yes, he did taste good at breakfast next morning, Bob. But think of those other pools we went to. Rapids and wide pools, rapids and small, deep pools. Grassy banks, sunshine and melody of flowing waters. An angler's paradise ? Yes, and a paradise for lovers of Nature. —a place for ennobling thoughts and complete restfulness."

"You had the restfulness there, Dick, and I did most of the fishing. When I want restfulness I get it right into my soul when darkness falls on the lake and shores where we left the train, and I am stretched on the grass, smoking a good cigar, and letting my thoughts drift aimlessly. The lapping of the water on the shore is a lullaby sweet as the tenderly modulated song of a young mother to her child. The hush of the night lulls me to a fondness as delightful as were the first caresses from the lovely young girl who is now the mother of my children. That bit of relaxation in the evenings on the shores of the little lake in Algonquin Park is a taste of Paradise. What an emancipation from the fret and fume in the struggle for wealth, and honors.

What a swift change to the simple life. What a delicious contentment imprisons your senses and gives you forgetfulness. It is, as it were, being born again !”

“Bob, we will go again next May. We will go paddling again across those lakes, and around the bends where the rows of young birches make white stockades for the silent forests, and through the winding channels that lead to new delights, and back again when the stars commence to make the night beautiful and our canoe glides as a shadow over the waters to a home where strangers of yesterday are friends of today, and the dogs have learned to bark a welcome to everyone who comes as a guest.”

“When we get there again, Dick, we will try our luck at that gravelly bed the first evening, and the next morning we will be at those river pools at sunrise, and the next day we will cover that trail through the woods, and the next day we will have a long paddle and try for some big ones with our trolls, and after that we will

prospect for new fishing grounds and put on tan and muscle; and I will have my lounge on the grass in the evenings, and you will talk to me of Roosevelt and nation-building and labor problems and your other pet subjects, knowing that I am listening but unheeding, yet content with giving expression to your thoughts. We will live all those delights over again, Dick, and come back in good fettle for going on with the grind !”

“All right, Bob, we will write at once for our rooms for the first two weeks in May. You make sure that we take plenty of fuses with us and I will attend to the supply of chocolate. We have plenty of tackle and all other necessities. Now I guess we might as well go to lunch, and get down to the grind early this afternoon. It is almost as good as a paddle around the little lake in Algonquin Park to have our chat this morning instead of buckling in to work. In six weeks we will be after those trout and not caring for anything in the world but a canoe and fishing rod !”

## The People's Game and Fish Protective Society of Nova Scotia.

**T**HE semi-annual meeting of “The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia” was held at Kentville. This association was first organized at Annapolis Royal on the eleventh of September, 1906, since which time it has spread over a considerable portion of the Province having now a membership of about eight hundred. Delegates were present at the Kentville meeting from the local branches at Yarmouth, Weymouth, Digby, Clementsvalle, Annapolis Royal, Middleton, Kingston, Kentville, Truro and New Glasgow all of which have affiliated with the Provincial Association.

Desirable changes in the existing game laws of the Province were discussed and it was decided among other things to ask the Legislature to alter the present statute by opening the hunting season for big game on the first of October instead of

September fifteenth as at present; also to compel guides to take out licenses for which a small fee should be charged, the guides not to carry fire-arms when guiding, and to report all game killed by their parties.

A resolution was also drawn up setting forth the position taken by the Association on the subject of game, a copy of which has since been sent to each member of the Legislature.

On an evening later on as recorded in our last number, delegates from nearly all the local branches met with the old Game Society at Halifax to discuss matters of mutual interest to both organizations.

There was practical unanimity of opinion as to changes that were necessary in our existing game laws and the joint action of these two societies cannot but be productive of good results.



The resolution sent to each member of the Provincial Legislature reads as follows :—

Whereas, within the memory of the present generation, the big game of the Province had become almost entirely exterminated in many and large sections of the Province ;

And Whereas, solely through the philanthropic efforts of "The Game and Inland Fishery Protection Society of Nova Scotia" commonly known as the Game Society, the said game has since been fostered and protected until at the present time it is fairly abundant ;

And whereas, of recent years a great and widespread interest has been taken throughout this Province in the question of game and inland fisheries, culminating in the formation on the eleventh of September, 1906, of this Association which adopted for itself the name of "The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia ;"

And whereas we now have branches in the leading towns and many of the smaller ones from New Glasgow to Yarmouth, and new branches are being constantly added, and our membership numbers many hundreds and is increasing daily ;

And whereas, this Association is affiliated with the said Game Society and sends delegates to attend as members the meetings of said Society, whose objects are similar to our own, and which said Society by the attendance of our said delegates from all parts of the Province has thus become representative of the whole Province of Nova Scotia ;

And Whereas, it has been rumored that a movement is on foot to persuade the Government of this Province to take the control of the game of the Province into their own hands and out of the hands of the said Game Society ;

And Whereas, this Association is of the opinion that it is in the best interests

of this Province and of the game thereof that all matters relating to the protection and propagation of the game be left as now in the hands of the said Game Society ;

And Whereas, the said Game Society and this Association are agreed as to the changes that should be made in the present game laws ;

And Whereas, the game and fish of this Province are of inestimable value to our people apart from, and in addition to, the recreation they afford them ;

And Whereas, it has come to the notice of the members of this Association that a movement is on foot by the large lumber corporations and others to secure legislation whereby they will be enabled to control this heritage of the people ;

And Whereas, we believe that if the rights and privileges of the people in this regard are taken from them it will tend not only to irritate and discourage them but to further depopulate the Province ;

Therefore Resolved, That this Association is of the opinion that the present prerogatives and control of the game of this Province by the said Game Society should be continued, and we strenuously oppose any change in this respect ;

And Further Resolved, That such changes should be made in the present game laws as are recommended by the said Game Society and this Association ;

And Also Further Resolved, That this Association, representing as we believe the sentiments of the people of this Province, appeals to our legislators with confidence that they will fully protect and guard the interests, rights and privileges of our people so long enjoyed ;

And Also Further Resolved, that this resolution be printed and a copy thereof sent to each member of the House of Assembly and Legislative Council.

Three and a half days' ocean journey from Canada to Liverpool will be one of the results of a railway across Labrador. Another will be the opening up of a country which in its present, and still

more in its future, will probably upset a good many of our ideas regarding our great northland. Such a railway is amongst the possibilities of the future.

# The Alpine Club of Canada.

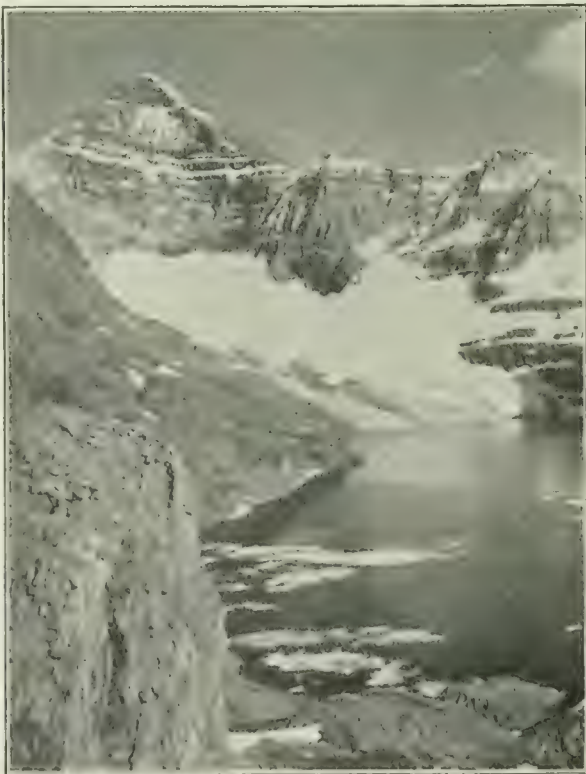
## McArthur Lake.

M. P. BRIDGLAND.

**O**F the many points of interest in the O'Hara Lake Valley, there is none more worthy of notice than Lake McArthur. From O'Hara Lake a good trail leads through the forest and open meadows, past two or three small picturesque lakes to the summit of McArthur Pass, about two miles distant. Above and a little to the east of this pass, seven thousand three hundred and fifty-nine feet above sea level, lies Lake McArthur, a beautiful blue sheet of clear water about a mile long and half a mile wide. It is hemmed in by huge rocky walls except at the end next to the pass. On one side the precipices of Mt. Schaffer rise abruptly from the water's edge and on the opposite side, from the slopes of Park Mt., snow-slides frequently pour down into the lake. Above the eastern end, the summit of Mt. Biddle rises

around two or three small depressions on its surface near the end next the pass, gives evidence of a subterranean outlet through which it flows, until emerging in the valley half a mile below, it forms the source of McArthur Creek.

McArthur Lake is one of the points of interest that will be visited from Paradise Valley Camp by the Alpine Club. Their second annual Camp will be held in this beautiful valley next July.



*Photo by M. P. Bridgland.*

MCARTHUR LAKE WITH MT. BIDDLE BEHIND IT.

over three thousand feet above the Lake and a glacier on its side reaching down into the water gives birth to miniature ice-bergs, so that even in summer the calm surface of the water is always dotted with blocks of floating ice. At first glance there appears to be no outlet, but on closer examination, the water eddying

From here his way leads through Alpine meadows dotted with little lakes. Outcrops of striated rock give abundant evidence that at one time the glacier extended over all this portion of the valley. Leaving the meadows an easy walk across the glacier and snowfield leads to the summit of the pass eight

## The Opabin Pass.

M. P. BRIDGLAND

Another point of interest easily reached from Lake O'Hara is the Opabin Pass. After leaving Lake O'Hara a steep climb of two or three hundred feet brings the traveller to the top of the cliffs above the lake. Resting here, he has before him a magnificent view of the valley beyond with its numerous smaller lakes.



*Photo by M. P. Bridgland.*

SHOWING MT. HUNGABEE AND OPABIN PASS BETWEEN IT  
AND MT. BIDDLE.

thousand four hundred and fifty feet above the sea level. Looking back Mts. Stephen and Cathedral tower above the end of the valley, on the left rise the perpendicular walls of Mt. Schaffer and its ridge culminating in Mt. Biddle, two thousand five hundred feet above the pass, and on the right are the slopes of Yukness, Ringrose and Hungabee. Beyond the pass lies Prospector's valley, the upper part shut in by the huge buttresses of Deltaform and Biddle, while snow-capped peaks beyond seem to beckon the traveller to further exploration.

Opabin Pass is a snow pass that will be crossed by the Alpine Club on one of its trips from Paradise Valley Camp in July next.

### "The Selkirk Range"

The second volume of Mr. A. O. Wheeler's work on "The Selkirk Range" has just been issued by the Department of the Interior at Ottawa. It consists entirely of maps and plans, and renders

addition a l l y valuable to all who consult that book the information therein given. There are four topographic al maps m a d e from photographic surveys by A. O. Wheeler, F. R. G. S. assisted by H. G. Wheeler, and M. P. Bridgland, B. A ; two birds eye view maps of the Selkirk Range, o n e from "Napoleon" and the other from Mount Abbot ; sketches showing the Abbott Ridge; ascents

of Mount Sir Donald and the Uno Peak ; and ascents of Swiss Peak and Rogers Peak. There is a map of part of the Selkirk Range to illustrate the climbing done in 1890 from Glacier House, from surveys and photographs by Messrs. E. Huber and H. W. Topham F.R.G.S ; a sketch map of a part of the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains to accompany the reports of Messrs Drewry and McArthur, Dominion Land Surveyors ; and a copy of of the Rev. W. S. Green's Map made in 1888. A most interesting inclusion is a copy of a portion of a map of the North West Territory "from actual surveys during the years 1792 to 1812." "This map, made for the North West Company in 1813 and 1814 and delivered to the Honorable William McGillivray, then agent, Embraces the Region lying between forty-six and sixty degrees, North Latitude, and eighty-four and one hundred and twenty-four degrees West Longitude comprising the Surveys and Discoveries of twenty years, namely the Discovery and survey of the Oregon Territory to the Pacific Ocean, the survey of the Athabasca Lake, Slave River



and Lake from which flows MacKenzie's River to the Arctic Sea by Mr. Phillip Turner, the route of Sir Alexander MacKenzie in 1792 down part of Fraser's River, together with the Survey of this River to the Pacific Ocean by the late John Stuart of the North West Company, by David Thompson, astronomer and surveyor." This map takes us back to ancient history and shows us how much of the West was included in those days in the operations of the Company and how much might have been, with better management on the part of those who were then in authority, covered by the Dominion today. Every map in this volume will well repay careful study and it is easy to imagine how enthusiastic mountaineers will spend hours in going over them. The views are so good that with them in front of one a climber can easily recall his own experiences and feel over again some of the thrills which were amongst his pleasant feelings in his mountaineering. The maps and plans supplement the book in the most effective way, and complete a work likely to long remain as the standard authority on the Selkirks. The complete work should be in the possession of every member of the Club and will give them a lasting delight in its constant study. They should have these maps and plans in front of them while reading the book, and they will find that by following the descriptions by their means they will obtain

a far more intelligent grasp of the survey and its accompanying details than any mere words can convey to their minds. A long thin slip giving a copy of the profile of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Winnipeg to Vancouver is not the least interesting of the enclosures in this volume. It gives the reader a fine view of the line and brings vividly before his mind the difficulties of the pioneers whose strong faith and dauntless courage alone enabled them to go through with that mighty undertaking. With these maps and plans "The Selkirk Range" should prove more welcome than ever, and no mountaineer ought to fail to often peruse its most interesting pages.

#### Distributing the Certificates.

The official certificates of the graduates who qualified for active membership of the Club by making the ascent of Mt. Vice President in accordance with the programme of the first camp held in the Yoho Pass last year have been distributed. They are finely gotten up and will without doubt be valued by every recipient. Most of the graduates, now full members, will have their certificates mounted and framed. As the first certificates of a Club destined to acquire international fame they will become increasingly valuable as the years roll on and be a perpetual reminder of the memorable day when the recipient, after strenuous toil, qualified as a mountain climber.

## The Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia as an Angling Resort.

BY E. F. L. JENNER.

**I**T is not my intention to devote any time to a description of any of the rivers in Nova Scotia, which empty into the Bay of Fundy. Their proximity to the great tourist route, along the Dominion Atlantic Railway, and their situation near thickly settled districts renders them liable to be "fished out" at any time. I know nothing of those noble

streams, the Liverpool River and the Port Medway; I have often wished to fish them, but the fates have been against me, and I have never wet a line in them.

There is a district, however, which is still practically unknown to the American or Canadian tourist. A few parties from Halifax go there every year; and now

and then a stray American wanders from the beaten track of tourist travel, and finds himself in a region, as foreign to the Annapolis Valley, in climate, local conditions, and social environment as the Mauvais Terres differ from Back Bay Road, or Dufferin Terrace at Quebec varies from The Bowery. This region is situated between the village of Sheet Harbor, in Eastern Halifax County, Nova Scotia and Port Beckerton, in Western Guysboro County. In addition to the streams and rivers I propose to enumerate later on, it contains some of the most productive gold-mines east of the Rockies : a large track of valuable lumber territory, and several of the largest water powers in Nova Scotia. I doubt if there is any place in Canada, where more moose exist "to the square mile," than in this district. In spite of the snarer and the poacher (the dogger is virtually extinct in the Province, thank God)—the moose have more than held their own in this wilderness. As the moose have maintained their numbers on land, the fish have managed to revisit, and replenish the waters year after year. In spite of nets lawfully set in the tidal waters, illicit nets, dipping, sweeping, spearing and dynamiting in non-tidal waters, the salmon and salmon trout still struggle up the falls and shallows, make their way through the fish-ways, (when they are not shut off by a wire screen), and afford sport to the angler. The debris from the saw-mills, the sand from the crushers, and the misplaced ingenuity of the natives have failed to banish them from the rivers of "The Eastern Shore."

There is only one practical way in which to reach the locality I am writing about. "Go to Halifax," engage a passage on the S.S. Dufferin. (Captain Murdoch) and make your way to Sheet Harbor, Salmon River, Ecum Secum, Little Liscombe, or Sherbrooke. You can of course go to Antigonishe, via the Intercolonial Railway and stage it to Sherbrooke from that point, or you can take the coach at Halifax and drive to Sherbrooke, via Sheet Harbor. These routes are both tedious, involve a long ride by stage, and preclude the carriage of much baggage. Incidentally, the cost is about three times that of a journey by boat. The season the salmon and salmon trout are running,

is from the middle of June, to the last of July. The salmon always precede the trout; the tail end of the salmon run, is the time the largest trout come up the rivers.

The first salmon come in the latter part of April, quite a few are caught in May, but it is not until the end of that month that fish are plentiful enough to tempt the angler. Now though most of the rivers which run into the Atlantic in this part of the world, are little more than brooks, they are fed from an infinity of lakes and still waters. Some of these lakes contain splendid brook-trout, which are seldom fished for,—no one lives near them, and the only trout deemed worthy of notice, are the salmon-trout. I can assure the reader, that these despised brook-trout, give excellent sport from the middle of May, until the middle of June. A friend of mine, and myself, bagged twenty-six fish in one day, and they weighed over thirty-five pounds. Of course we threw back the small ones. We fished the North-West Arm brook, near Sherbrooke, and used the fly only. Big Liscombe River is closed to salmon, and salmon trout, by impassable falls, a few miles above the tide. All the lakes and streams above the fall swarm with large trout.

I do not think there is one solitary settler on the lower reaches of the river, nor is there a house on any of the countless lakes which are along its course. The East River Sheet Harbor is another river closed against the salmon, but all the upper waters swarm with trout.

For brook-trout fishing, the best flies I know, are the red palmer, brown palmer, coch-y-bondhu, Parmachini belle stonefly, and the floating May-fly. The latter is a most uncertain lure, only there are times, when it is the only fly the trout will look at. As regards rods, I will not offer any suggestions. I usually fish with a home-made affair, eleven feet long, hideous to behold, and excellent to cast a line with. It is strong enough to land a salmon on ; I have put it to the test on several occasions. Every angler has his own ideas regarding rods, but if any of my readers wish to fish the rivers of the Eastern Shore with extra light trout rods, they should take more than one with them ; I have seen two steel

telescopic rods smashed in one day. The fisherman was somewhat of a novice, and made no allowance for fingerling trout taking the fly in rapid water without his being aware of the fact. Of course a wooden rod would have broken under the same circumstances, but it could have been temporarily repaired with wax-end, or a foot of half-inch Zona's adhesive plaster. The man who goes on these rivers must be prepared for breaks. The salmon fishermen is continually pestered with salmon smolt, which will take the largest Durham Ranger, or Jack Scott he has in his book, and the first intimation you have of the fact, is the "crack" of your rod-tip, when you prepare to make your cast. I know nothing more infuriating, than to rise a salmon, have him drop down just before he reaches the fly, and you feel tolerably sure you will rise him next cast. You reel in your line, light your pipe, repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the ten commandments "doing it slowly," as the old fellow who initiated me in the matter of salmon fishing used to say. Then you commence to work out the line, keeping the fly well away from the spot you imagine the salmon to be in,—waiting until you have line enough to cast above him, and let the fly "tail down over him." You are purposely casting into shallow water, where the salmon is likely to lie, and just as you have the necessary length of line out, and you swing the rod back with the full strength of both arms,—too late, alas; you realize that there is "something at the other end" and your rod-tip smashes at the ferule. Then, with many swear-words, you adjust another tip, and try for your fish. You may get him or he may possibly have moved on before you get your tackle adjusted. But enough about the trials of a fisherman's existence.

I would advise the "foreigner" who would like to try his luck on the Eastern Shore to be prepared to leave Halifax on the following dates:—for brook trout, and early salmon, the end of the third week in May; for salmon and early salmon trout, between June 10th and 20th; for late salmon and salmon trout, between July 1st and July 25th; and for salmon trout after they have left the salt water, August 1st, to the end of the season.

I will say nothing about the rivers between Halifax, and Sheet Harbor. The Halifax people attend to them, and they are somewhat over-fished. The West River, Sheet Harbor, is a fair salmon river. It is mercilessly poached, but a number of trout and salmon are taken from it every year. The East River, Sheet Harbor, is closed against salmon and trout, by an impassable dam. The upper waters swarm with brook-trout.

Half-way Brook, a few miles east of Sheet Harbor, is a grand trout stream. Salmon also go up it, but they do not take the fly at all well. Some years ago a drunken English tourist dynamited this brook, and it is only recovering from the outrage now. The reason the salmon do not take the fly there will be discussed later on.

Salmon River comes next. Before the discovery of the Dufferin Mine this river swarmed with salmon, and they took the fly well. For many years, the Dufferin Crusher poured from forty to fifty tons of sand into the river for six days a week. Thousands and thousands of ounces of gold were taken from the Dufferin Mine, and hundreds of people were dependent upon the mine for a living. At the present time, the mine is not working, and the salmon and trout have resumed their occupation of Salmon River, but in sadly diminished numbers.

Now, like most sanemen I have no grievance against an industrial concern which spoils sport for the fisherman or hunter, and gives employment to the masses. The Dufferin Mine was the mainstay of the Eastern Shore for years. It ruined a lovely salmon stream, but it provided work for some two hundred men. I hope to see the mine reopened, and worked successfully. If this is impossible, I hope to see Salmon River thrown open to the fish once more.

A few miles to the East of Salmon River, Quoddy River crosses the road. One Henry O'Leary of West Quoddy, Halifax County, is the guide, and owns several camps on the stream. It is a mere thread of water, but it furnished splendid sport, when I lived near there. At the present date, the fishing has improved, and it is one of the best little streams in the Province.



Henry O'Leary has no use for the "fish-hog," so I would strongly advise any reader of "Rod and Gun" who has a desire to fish for count, or make a record slaughter of fish and game to give Quoddy River, and Henry O'Leary a very wide berth. Like the celebrated Ned Sullivan, he will do all he can for a sportsman, but he reserves the right to cry "Hold, Enough!"

There is practically no poaching in Quoddy River, so both salmon and trout are plentiful, the salmon are hard to catch, but they do not refuse the fly in the obstinate way the large salmon do in Moser, and other rivers. Were I fortunate to be able to put in a season on the Eastern Shore, I should certainly retain O'Leary, or one of his deputies, for the last half of June, and the first half of July. The fish captured then would not be as numerous as those which come in later, but they are bigger, and in more perfect condition. Given a light rod, a moderate amount of line, and a salmon on trout tackle—What nobler sport could the patron Saint of fishermen ask for? I have had that experience in Quoddy, Moser, St. Mary's and Indian Rivers, also in Gaspereau Brook.

Like all streams on this shore, Quoddy River is absolutely at the mercy of the weather. A fortnight's drought, will reduce it to a thread of water, and the trout and salmon will languish in the brackish water at the mouth waiting for the rain, and the accompanying freshet; like the salmon in Charles Kingsley's immortal "Water-Babies." In addition to being a good guide, O'Leary is a skilled taxidermist.

Between Quoddy River, and Moser's River, only one small brook occurs—Moose Head Brook. I caught some nice grilse in the stream some years ago. Moser's River would be a nice salmon and trout stream, were it not for the Moser-River-ites. These gentlemen are mostly of Dutch extraction. Most of them can cast a fly to perfection,—and tie one too but a considerable percentage of them devote their leisure to poaching. Like Salmon River, Moser River is closed by a dam, but it has been possible to run a fishway over the dam. When I lived at Moser River, and I am informed the

same conditions exist now;—the head of the fishway was systematically closed, and the fish which ascended to the top "bucket," were,—and still are,—laded out in a dipnet, at the sweet will and pleasure of the Moser River Dutchmen. Now, though the lumber company who operate on Moser,—and other rivers,—are technically supposed to keep their fishways clear and to enforce the rules as to fishing under the dams, they are morally clear of guilt in the matter of poaching. They have thousands of dollars worth of machinery, tens of thousands of dollars worth of sawn, and possibly hundreds of thousands worth of standing lumber at stake. Possibly their standing lumber may run into the millions. One match and a few scraps of birch-bark, will even up an almighty big score. (I remember a remark passed to me last year, when the "Petty Trespass Act" was under consideration.)

The upper waters of Moser River do not afford very good fishing. I have made some very nice bags at the head of the mill-pond, at "The Salmon Hole," five miles from the village, and at the head of Mill Lake. Three miles east of Moser River, is Smith's Brook. It is a small stream, and the fishing on the pools and deadwaters is fairly good. The trail over the bogs and barrens is abominably bad. A guide would be necessary.

Ecum Secum River is on the boundary between the counties of Halifax, and Guysboro. It is one of the finest trout and salmon streams in the Province. The fishing rights have been granted, and permission to fish is necessary. The river has changed hands since I was there, but in former years the owner allowed responsible people to fish as long as they refrained from making too great a slaughter.

Some miles further on, there is a little stream called Bear Brook. It runs into Liskeard Harbor, between Marie Joseph and Liscombe mills. It yields a few nice salmon trout, and the lakes and ponds are full of medium sized brook-trout. I believe some grilse go up when the water is high.

Big Liscombe River has both trout and salmon between the mills and the falls. The latter are some thirty feet high; con-

sequently no fish can pass them. Above the falls, the river is a succession of pools and lakes. They are never fished. They absolutely swarm with large trout, but there is no road by which a wagon can ascend the river bank, and the best way to reach the upper waters, would be to go to Sherbrooke, haul the canoes and dunnage to the Mitchel clearing, paddle across Dan's Lake and then portage over the divide into Yankee Lake, on East Liscombe. It would be a pretty hard portage, but quite practicable. A guide would be absolutely necessary.

Gaspereau Brook is half-way between Liscombe and Sherbrooke. There is good salmon-trout fishing in the salt water at the mouth of the brook, during the month of July. There is a long dead-water about a hundred yards from the falls, and when the fish are running, some nice bags of trout and an accasional salmon or grilse are caught in it. I have counted twenty salmon going up the falls at the mouth of Gaspereau, in half an hour.

If the water is low, the fish lie in the brackish water at the mouth of the brook, and the longer they stay there, the less inclined to take the fly are they. I have reason to believe that they are mercilessly poached at night—principally in illicitly set herring, trout and salmon nets.

The riparian privileges on the upper part of this stream are preserved. There is a good deal of open water however, and the proprietor of the lodge on Snow's Pool is usually quite willing to allow responsible people, and sportsmen, a reasonable amount of latitude.

Gegoggan Brook lies half-way between Gaspereau, and Goldenville mines. It furnishes some nice baskets of trout in August, when there is a freshet in the brook, but it is so uncertain, and has been dynamited so mercilessly, that it is hardly worth mention as a fishing stream.

The crusher dams, and the flood of sand which poured down the North-West Arm brook, for some thirty years, have put the stream "out of action" as a resort for salmon-trout. About two million dollars worth of gold, have been collected from the four crushers which formerly stood on this brook. The upper waters still furnish some good bags of brook-trout—

the fiercest fighters I have ever tackled. I have taken twenty-six fish, which weighed thirty-one pounds, from the upper waters of this stream. The right time to go there is the very last of May, or the first of June, just as the alders and birches are coming into leaf. You should drive from Sherbrooke to Stillwater, take the trail in from John McIntosh's across the barrens, and fish the West branch down to the Forks. Then fish up the East branch to the dam. There are some pretty little pools on the brook, and they hold some very nice trout.

The little town of Sherbrooke is situated on the banks of St. Mary's River. The tide comes up above the town, but salmon and large trout are frequently caught just below the bridge. At irregular intervals, large schools of striped bass come up to the head of the tide. They take the spoon, or a vivid red fly very well, and afford good sport. From the head of the tide to the falls, there are several good salmon pools. In former years the spearmen, and net-men played the Old Harry with them, but the citizens of the town take a keen interest in fishing at the present time, and the poachers have realized that their room is preferred to their company. I lived in Sherbrooke for a good many years. It is a queer little place, forty-five miles from a railway, with the finest river in Nova Scotia running through it, and some of the best moose grounds in Canada lying right round it. It is the last remaining "stage coach town" in Nova Scotia. The railway has eliminated the coach from nearly all the roads in the Province, but between Sherbrooke and Antigonish, Sheet Harbor and Wine Harbor, the old method of locomotion holds its own.

For all practical purposes, the salmon fishing in St. Mary's River may be said to commence at the bridge, and terminate about a quarter of a mile above Stillwater bridge. When the salmon ascend the river as far as "The Forks"—some twelve miles, they become dull and "logey," and though they occasionally take the fly, they do not rise at all well. The first run of salmon come up the river under the ice, in March or early in April. While the drive is coming down, and the water is foul with bark, and other debris incidental to stream-driving, a number of



fish go up. The netmen in the tidal water have to contend with the floating trash, their nets are filled with rubbish until the drive is over; and the salmon will not "mesh" in them, and go up stream to the spawning grounds. Fly fishing is out of the question while the logs are running, but as soon as they are past, and safe in the boom, every pool has its attendant angler.

For early fishing in St. Mary's River, the following flies will be found all right:—The Canary, Durham Ranger, Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, Black Dose, and Admiral, all of large size. Later in the season, the Canary is very little use, and the Durham, and Black Ranger, and the Jock Scott are good flies. Salmon and trout flies can be purchased in several of the Sherbrooke stores. As a matter of fact it will pay the visitor to that town far better to buy his flies there, than to take them with him. The parties who deal in flies are practical fishermen, and their advice is worth having.

The big Gaspereau Lake is distant some five miles from Sherbrooke, and can be reached by team. An express waggon can almost get to the lake itself. The lake above it, known as Mitchell's Lake, has some good trout in it late in the season. It is useless for the stranger to attempt to fish these lakes without a guide.

A drive down the Indian Harbor Lakes, across from Port Hilford to Beckerton will take the tourist to Indian River. In July, there is a magnificent, but uncertain fishing at the mouth of this stream. At certain seasons, the seals simply swarm off Beckerton, and the tourist who takes a rifle with him, is absolutely sure of a chance at a seal.

Indian River is the last river I propose to mention. I have enumerated every stream (worth consideration from a sportsman's point of view) which crosses some eighty miles of road. To attempt to describe the labyrinth of lakes, still-waters and brooks, which constitute this vast water system, in detail, would take up an entire edition of "Rod and Gun."

If the tourist wishes to board at some hotel, or farm-house, he will not require a tent. I give the following list of necessities for those who wish to go to the

woods, and be independent of civilization for a time, (I do not specify the amounts, as they will of course vary with the number of the party, and the duration of their contemplated visit):—tent, cooking utensils, canoe, axe, spare clothes, candles, lanthorn, salmon rod (with three spare tips, and a spare second joint,) two trout rods with spare tips, half a dozen six foot salmon casts of the best gut, a spare reel or two, a five yard roll of Z.O. adhesive plaster half inch wide for repairing breaks, a sufficiency of canned vegetables, soup, salt pork, bacon, biscuit, and other eatables to last the party, and all the whiskey they are likely to require, as the supply of whiskey on the Eastern Shore is uncertain, and the quality is infernally bad. Canned goods can be purchased at Sherbrooke, or Sheet Harbor, and it will hardly pay to bring them down.

In August, the mouth of St. Mary's River, and the harbor at Port Beckerton, are full of black-duck, and the yellow-leg plover. Plover are not included in the list of game birds. Black-duck are. I have killed thirty yellow-legs in one morning, shooting over decoys, opposite the wharf at Senora.

About canoes. The natives use dug-out pine logs. They are very cumbersome, and I would advise the visitor to try a light basswood, cedar or canvas canoe. It would be almost a physical impossibility to make a lengthy portage with a "dug-out". With the light cedar canoe, it would be perfectly feasible. A. M. Bell & Co. of Halifax, have a good assortment of canoes in stock. I would advise the intending visitor to the Eastern Shore to go through their rooms.

A line to Captain Murdoch, S. S. Dufferin, Halifax, (or Sherbrooke, Guysboro Co.) will elicit all information as to the sailing of the "Dufferin." I imagine that if sufficient time is accorded him, he will be able to make arrangements as to guides etc.

The tourist must bear in mind the climatic difference between the Annapolis Valley, and the Eastern Shore, and come provided with warmer clothing, especially in June, than he or she would otherwise wear



# Our Fishing and Hunting Trip in Northern Ontario.

BY FRANK CARREL.

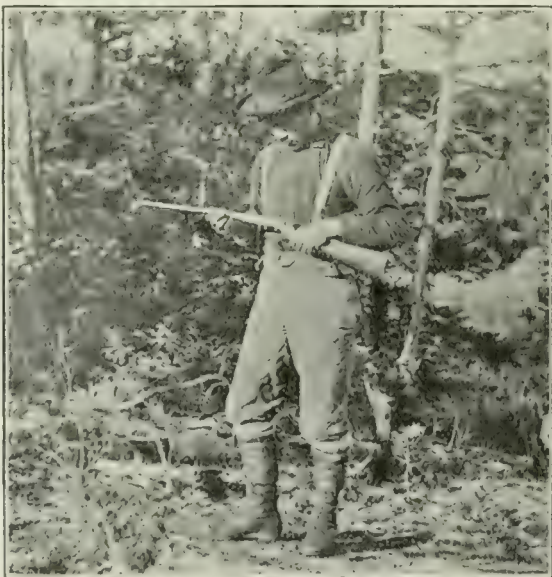
## PART II.

**M**ONDAY was ushered in under most favorable auspices for our paddle across the lake, and up the river, to North Temiskaming, more recently christened Murray City. Tents rolled up and our five canoes, loaded with several hundred pounds of kit and supplies, made quite a formidable appearance leaving Haileybury's shore, about ten o'clock in the morning, with a crowd on the wharf to see us off. The lake was a perfect calm, with the sun shining brightly upon it, and our trip to Chief Island, which we reached about noon, and where we disembarked for lunch, was quite a delightful outing. This island is about half way across, and on it we enjoyed our first camp meal of bacon, bread and tea, without sugar or butter, the absence of which was hardly noticed. It was the best meal we had partaken of since leaving Quebec, which was probably due to the fact that we were certainly hungry enough to relish almost anything, and what was lacking in quantity was certainly there in quality, and it would have been difficult to have asked for anything more palatable than the delicious bacon, which was served up on tin plates, with a thick slice of bread, and a large bowl of hot black tea.

Before leaving this island we had a rifle competition with Pishabo, who, we had been informed was a crack shot

among the Indians. We placed a target at about two hundred feet and while the Colonel captured the prize by coming within an inch of the bull's eye, Pishabo and I were tied for the second place, my shot going into the indenture made by his, about half an inch away from that of the Colonel. We were quite elated over the fact we could shoot as good, if not better than our guide, and this no doubt, filled us with a considerable pride and confidence, for our moose hunt.

We were soon on our journey again, against a strong head wind for the next two or three miles, which brought us to one of the arms of the White River, which we entered after experiencing much difficulty in finding the channel which runs through a huge sand bar leading up to it, but when we got into the river proper, we found ourselves in a charming



PISHABO EXAMINING A NEW RIFLE.

ing stream about one hundred and fifty feet wide, heavily timbered with tall elms, birch and a little pine, while on the banks we saw fresh tracks of bears, who had recently been on a "berry picking" expedition and left traces of their presence by trampling the underbush down to the water's edge. Some two miles up the river we reached the juncture of the Devil's Channel, which connects White River with Quinze River, up which we were going. This channel which is quite narrow, but deep, extends about one and

a half miles, and would almost seem to be an artificial canal it is so undeviating in its width during the whole distance. The interesting feature of this stream is the fact that it runs both ways, that is to say, sometimes east and sometimes west, being regulated by the height of the two rivers which it connects, which ever being the highest, feeding it. This waterway is used by a small steamboat plying between North Temiskaming and New Liskeard as a short route, and on it we came across a gang of men with a Government dredge, at work pulling up the dead logs and stumps in order to make navigation all the more safe. We also discovered a small sulphur spring, which was the only good drinking water, although it had a horrible odor, which we had found up to that time.

As we entered the Quinze River, named after the fifteen portages which are on it, we met a bark canoe, the first we had seen, with two squaws, and an Indian boy sitting in the middle; they turned their heads away from us with the usual bashfulness of the Indian. But no sooner had we passed, than we were stared at until lost sight of round a point of land.

We found the Quinze River a much wider stream than the White, paddling up it for two hours, until we reached a small Indian settlement, known as North Temiskaming or Murray City, which up to a short time ago was the chief point of the Indian reserve in this locality. Here we found a small Catholic church, constructed of wood, in charge of Rev. Mr. Evain, a popular and well known missionary, who speaks the Indian language as well as the Indians themselves and about four or five stores, conducted by

the following proprietors, whose nationalities may be judged by their names: Murray, Foran, Malone, Angers and McKenzie. The former is the latest and most modern, one of the partners of which, Mr. Murray is the recent purchaser of the townsite, after which the village is rechristened. It had to be bought from the Government, with the consent or permission, of the Indians, in whose reserve it is located. Mr. Murray resides in Ottawa, and is well known to the politicians of the Dominion Government, of which he once formed part.

For several miles in the vicinity of the few buildings, forming a little village, the land is under cultivation, and the In-



OUR PARTY WITHOUT THE PROFESSOR.

dian farms looked to be in a very prosperous state.

Bears were very plentiful in the neighborhood, one having been killed the day before we arrived, while swimming across the river, in the very heart of the settlement, the killing of which was very amusing, from the fact that almost every man in the village ran for his gun, when the news was heralded around, and as they congregated on the only wharf, it looked as though the settlement was about to be invaded by an outside foe. Even the cure was there, with his modern rifle, to take part in the defence of the village, as it were, from the inroads of Mr. Bruin, or, the sport his presence afforded the residents, but it is said, the



first shot from an Indian's rifle, took effect in the stranger's head; and in a few minutes afterwards his dead body was being borne ashore, in a bark canoe, a very ordinary event in the usually quiet village of North Temiskaming.

We pitched our tents near the shore, and after another meal of pretty much the same edibles as those we partook of for lunch, with the addition of some eggs, milk and butter, which we procured in one of the stores near by, we were soon under our blankets, making vain efforts to go to sleep upon the hard barren ground, over which we had thrown a rubber sheet, for we were not close enough to the trees to be able to afford branches for an improvised mattress. As it was our first experience of sleeping under canvas on this trip, we were naturally not prepared for the very hard surface of Mother Earth, and it was a doubtful proposition to calculate how much sleep we obtained, but, being up early, and watching the sun rise over the low hills, on the opposite shore was full compensation for any loss in this respect, and the bracing air and clear sky, ushering in another fine day, was quite sufficient tonic for any weariness which might have followed in the wake of a restless night. Two things I have noted about the Colonel; he is no "kicker," and a great military man, for he said little about the hard bed excepting that he had obtained very little sleep, and he seems to be very pernickly about his dress and likes to see everything in "apple pie" order.

At 8:30 a. m., with my friend, the Colonel, we started with shot gun and rifle, to walk a portage of sixteen miles alongside most of our outfit, and one canoe packed on a heavy dray, attached to two plucky looking horses, while our men in charge of Professor Campbell, took the balance of the canoes up the fifteen rapids. Our destination that evening was Klock's farm, on Quinze Lake. The day was ideal for our tramp and all the storekeepers who were somewhat disappointed because we had not made more purchases from them, turned out to see us off. North Temiskaming has evidently been a popular one for supplying the wants of the lumbermen, for

some years past, and one merchant who has spent most of his life there is reported to be worth over fifty thousand dollars, but today the merchants are catering more to the supplies of sportsmen, being on the border line of the great silent North, or the gateway to the immense area of unexplored hunting and fishing grounds which lie beyond and stretch up over both Provinces to Hudson Bay. But one is dubious about leaving the purchase of supplies until the last point is reached, and another better reason is that, heretofore, the prices of everything for the stranger has made trading there unreasonably prohibitive, several cases of exorbitant charges having come to our attention, and if they are to be continued we will be surprised to find any sane merchant expecting an increase of business in this line.

Guides can also be secured there at the top notch wage of \$3 a day, and while there is no union in existence, the white men have arranged matters so that not one of the Indians dare engage for anything less. There is no doubt that while a few first class guides are worth this money, the great majority of them are not worth half the sum, which is a great drawback to the sportsmen who have to accept the latter when all the former are engaged.

Before we finished with this place we had an experience of our own of the extortion practised upon unsuspecting visitors. In arranging to have our outfit hauled by team over the sixteen mile portage, which journey can be performed in about five hours, we agreed to pay \$1.50 per hundred pounds, the goods to be weighed at the other end. Thinking this to be the regular rate for such transportation, we made no calculation of the approximate weight of our outfit, submitting to the charge as being an ordinary and fair one, but, when the lot was weighed at the other end, through a cunning and keen piece of tact, we were asked to pay almost \$25 for this one load. We came to the conclusion to steer clear of Murray City forever again, as there are several other ways and means of reaching Quinze Lake, besides the one we had come, unless other reasonable men entered the field for compe-



tition in the transfer business.

Our morning's walk over the portage was made with considerable disappointment, for we had been told that we would see any number of partridges, and as many bears, and we left keen with the thoughts of a great day's sport, and judging from all the bear tales we had heard of since the time we had left Hailybury, we were not discussing the mere fact of killing a bear or a moose, but how many we would encounter and successfully bag.

To have a cariole full of bear robes, the result of my sporting prowess was among the least of my ambitions, while

we had the good fortune to pick up a horse shoe, and carried it for luck. We thought that we would put the superstitious belief of this mystic charm to a practical test, but it took a long time to bring results, and then only in the shape of a small partridge which the Colonel quickly brought down with his new shotgun. We had walked about fourteen miles, over a very fair roadway, which in this region was considered very bad, but those who have travelled over some of the sandy boulder highways in the back parts of Quebec Province, would never think so. We suffered very much from thirst, only finding one stream that was

fit to drink, and the day being warm, and the walk rather long for two men not accustomed to it, we felt the effects of the journey considerably, during the last few miles. There was not a house on the whole way, except a few unoccupied lumber camps. We met one



INTERIOR OF OUR TENT.

the Colonel saw visions of several big stuffed black bruins, adorning his German Club, which has a name which sounds very much like bear (Berolina). As for moose! We were told that they were so plentiful, that they would sniff around a canoe if they saw one coming, and it took a man with a mean heart to kill them, they were such easy marks.

This made my friend the Colonel, promise several of his Canadian friends "A real good head," when he should return from this trip, as he did not know what he would do with all he was going to kill. But after we had walked about ten miles without seeing a blessed thing on the way, our spirits began to ebb, and our early morning enthusiasm disappeared into the most hopeless expectations. Then

camped by the wayside, the following amusing dialogue, with them:

"How far are we from North Temiskaming?" We asked one of the members of the family, an Indian boy, of about sixteen years of age, to which we received no reply.

"Are we three miles?" we again ventured to ask.

"No," was the response.

"Are we two and one half miles?"

"No."

"Are we two miles?"

"Yes."

This much drawn out dialogue, meant to signify that we were between two, and two and a half miles, but it required an unnecessary lot of tact, patience and dip-

lomacy to get it out of them, and although they were five or six in the family, not one looked up, while the conversation was going on, but the moment we turned our backs upon them, they all dropped their work, and peered after us, until we were out of sight, in the same manner the two old squaws had scrutinized us on Quinze River. Even the female head of this group of nomads, who had hid herself behind a cooking stove under a lean-to, so we could see nothing but her feet underneath it, condescended to strain her neck from behind the stove pipe, to get a glimpse of the wandering sportsmen as they wended their way along the road. There was a dog attached to the family household, but he was well trained for he never even barked, as he gazed upon us, sitting on the verandah of the hut, his back up against a box, looking at us in great curiosity, but no particular desire to give chase or interest himself, in knowing any further who we were by a closer range of scent, or sampling any part of our clothing.

Nothing of special interest occurred on that sixteen mile portage, excepting the welcome sight of Lake Quinze, which we reached about four in the afternoon, with weary step and hungry feeling, for we had brought no lunch, and had nothing to eat since early breakfast.

When we came in sight of Klock's beautiful farm, our surprise was astonishing, for here was a tract of two hundred acres of land, close to the shores of the bay of a lake some sixty miles in length, cultivated and divided into fine fields of grazing pasturage, with oat and hay fields for stock crops, as productive as one could expect to find in close proximity to a city, while there were a number of well built barns, several houses for the farm hands, a number of boats, including a tug, and what is known as an

alligator, which is a boat to run on land or water, and some twenty fine looking draught horses, and about the same number of prime cows. This was an unique picture for such pedestrians as we, and it is not surprising that we hurried our lagging steps to reach the dining room, where we were refreshed with a good supply of tea and fresh milk, and delicious bread, doughnuts and raisin pie, the pastry and baking being much superior to anything in the usual hotel. It was in fact, what might be called home-made cooking, which, naturally appealed to us, in our frenzy for something to eat.

We were, however, careful not to gorge ourselves in this direction, for fear of after effects, but what we refrained from eating, we made up for in liquids, finding it almost impossible to quench our thirst for hours afterwards, notwithstanding the Colonel drank four cups of tea and three glasses of milk at the first sitting.

Klock's Farm is an interesting point on a northern journey. It was established many years ago by a Mr. Douglas, who made it his quarters for lumbering in this vicinity. In other words, he may be said to be the Father of the Upper Ottawa lumbering business. It afterwards fell into the possession of a Mr. J. B. Klock of Mattawa, ex-M. P. for Nipissing, whose reputation for kindness and hospitality under his roof is proverbial with lumbermen, shanty-men and Indians, throughout the whole of this vast zone of new land, and even now, it is an objective point for prospector, sportsman and miner, as well as the different parties of the Trans-Continental Railway who make it one of their caches, in the transportation of supplies, to their various camps some hundreds of miles further North. Of course, Mr.



KLOCK'S FARM HOUSE ON LAKE QUINZE.



Klock is also known for his keen foresight in business as well, and has naturally reaped a great benefit through this farm, and the use of his horses in lumbering in winter, and for hauling freight in the summer.

On our arrival we met a Mr. C. B. Ammond of Ottawa, who is in charge of the Stores' Department of the Trans-Continental Railway, who, with a party of Indians were waiting for supplies to take North. The Indians were camping under tents on the ground around the house, and taking their meals at the Klock farm. There was also camped in the same vicinity, a mining engineer, a McGill graduate, with a swarthy looking Indian for a guide, together with another party of prospectors, so that when our crowd of eight, with five canoes came along about six o'clock, after a most difficult portage up the rapids, their four tents, added to those already erected on the square in front of the house, made the camping ground look like a regular military organization.

Professor Campbell, who was in charge of our canoe party reported a very hard trip up the river, and over the fifteen portages, and most of the men were suffering from sore backs from carrying the canoes through the thick bush.

That night we had an excellent meal at the farm house, consisting of bread, doughnuts, pies and tea, after which we listened to many interesting yarns, from the men living on the farm, not the least of which was one relating to the terrible accident which had befallen their storekeeper, Richard Wilkinson, who, about eight years ago, when working on one of these isolated lumbering farms, a long distance from any medical aid, got his hand caught in a small threshing machine, and completely torn off a few inches below the elbow.

His only companions were a cook and a cattle man, both of whom were strangers to the neighborhood and unfit to go for medical assistance, some eighteen miles away, not knowing the road. The unfortunate storekeeper in his terrible plight, managed to retain sufficient presence of mind to tie up his mutilated arm to prevent the loss of blood, and then buried it in a bag of flour, and remained

in this state awaiting what quite naturally might be expected, a slow and lingering death, unless by some accident, some Indians might happen along in time to render the necessary assistance.

After the fifth day good fortune favored him, with the arrival at the house of a very feeble Indian, of some eighty years of age, who the storekeeper had befriended on several occasions. While the old man was not fit to make the eighteen mile journey, to the nearest lumber camp for medical aid, he was able to locate a younger Indian hunting within a few miles, who hastened for the doctor, bringing him back within ten days from the time the accident happened, and just in time to save the storekeeper from a painful and lingering death, but at the same time too late to save any part of the arm which had to be amputated close to the shoulder.

This story was told to us by the storekeeper himself, who is now employed on the Klock Farm and it represents one of the many cases of trials and hardships which have to be endured by the advanced settlers and pioneers who work out the destiny of the hinterlands of our rich and bountiful country.

One of the fifteen rapids of the Quinze River over which our men had portaged that day, is known as the Devil's Chute and has the worst record of all the rapids on the river for treachery and fatalities, and about it the farm hands told a sad story which had happened on it but a few years before.

Extensive lumbering operations were going on in the district during the winter of the year in question and the Quinze River was filled with logs. Many dangerous jams followed as a natural consequence which had to be broken by the hardy lumbermen or log drivers, as they are known in the woods. A pile of logs had jammed above the Devil's Chute in a strong eddy at the top of the more dangerous, or fatal drop of many feet, where tons of water went bounding over at a terrific force. The whirlpool was known to be treacherous, and to be caught in it meant certain death in the rapids below, but it varied in its dangerous aspect, for sometimes it was not as bad as at others, and it was on one of



these occasions, that one of the bosses ordered the foreman of a boat's crew to go further out into the river to move the jam that was existing there.

The foreman named Polson, responded that it was too risky and refused to go any further than where he had already taken a risk of his life. This angered the overseer to such an extent, that he lost his temper, ordered the recalcitrant Polson ashore and took his place in the stern of the heavy sharp pointed lumber boat, steering it out into strong encircling water, but it was his last stroke of the oar, for boat, and crew of six men got beyond all human aid, and in the most helpless manner, and in the sight of many of their companions, were carried over the falls, and every man was drowned, all due to the foolhardiness of a rash, though daring boss.

Opposite the Klock Farm site, about a mile across the bay, is a splendid vantage point, which commands a most magnificent view of the northern part of the lake, and upon which is to be seen a most picturesque series of small regularly built log cabins, prettily and artistically decorated with moose and caribou antlers adorning the entrance, narrow pathways dividing a small garden patch in front of the main residence, a swing and other touches of civilization, mixed in with the crude, unfinished woodcraft of the forest. Here resides a French Canadian, who came to work on the Klock Farm a number of years ago, but falling in love with an Indian widowed squaw, with two grown up sons, he married her and they selected this lot upon which to spend their future lives, making their living through hunting, fishing and assisting in harvesting on the Klock Farm.

The Colonel and I thought we would sleep in the spare room of the farm house that night, as it would be the last opportunity for such a luxury for some days not forgetting our experience on the previous night.

As I blew out the light I said: "Well, Colonel, yesterday we had exercise enough for our upper limbs, and today we have done equal justice to our lower extremities haven't we?"

"Yes," responded the Colonel, "that

means, we are tired all over;" and in a few minutes we were both fast and sound asleep, although not yet ten o'clock.

As we looked out of the small window of the upper portion of the farm house next morning, we saw a low line of threatening clouds, through which the sun was endeavoring to make its way, and in the race finally won out, so that by seven o'clock, when we made our start for the North end of the lake, the prospects of a fine day were more assuring.

The Colonel and I had partaken of breakfast at the same long table with the Indians, and watched with interest the manner in which they devoured the cold pork, hot potatoes and pies. Strange as it may seem, the Klock Farm, supplies its guests with pie three times a day, and it is so good that it is not surprising to find it in great demand and well relished by the boarders. Mrs. Algiers, the wife of the foreman of the establishment, who does most of the cooking, said that as meat was so scarce they had to vary their meals in this way. With game so plentiful all around it might be supposed that meat would be anything but scarce, but nevertheless it was.

Although the Indians whom we joined at the dining table, belonged to the more distant North, being engaged with the Trans-Continental Survey party, it was surprising to see with what good form they conducted themselves at the table, the last to leave that morning being a little eight or nine year old boy, who received a stern rebuke from his father for taking more bread on his plate than he could eat. We had been noticing the little fellow and it was quite natural to see him give his preference to pie, or which he ate almost a whole one, in several generous helpings. He evidently thought to make good his error of judgment with regard to his father's rebuke about the bread, by returning to his seat and putting the surplus piece back on the bread plate in the middle of the table.

After breakfast, this party of Indians, enjoyed a chase after a little squirrel, which they easily captured and killed. Mr. Ammond, who was in charge of them and who was looking on at the time, stated regretfully, that the spirit of killing, for the mere sake of killing, seems

to be innate with them, whenever opportunity offered, and that it was not sufficient for them to kill alone for want or force, but for the pleasure it gave them.

We had not proceeded very far when our canoe commenced to take in water at such a rate, that we had to go ashore to bail it out. It was one of the oldest canoes in the flotilla and evidently had got badly damaged in being carried over the rough portage, which in many parts was nothing more than a corduroy road, so well described by Drummond in his humorous and original verses in "Johnnie Courteau:"

De corduroy road go bompety bomp,  
De corduroy road go jompety jomp,  
An' hee's takin' beeg chances upset hee's  
load  
De horse dat'll trot on de corduroy road.

Of course it's purty rough, but it's handy  
t'ing enough  
An' dey mak' it wit' de log all jine to-  
geder  
W'en dey strek de swampy groun' w'ere  
de water hang aroun'  
Or passin' by some tough ole beaver  
medder.

But it's not macadamize, so it you're  
only wise  
You will tak' your tam an' never min' de  
worry  
For de corduroy is bad, an' will mak' you  
plaintee mad  
By de way de buggy jump, in case you  
hurry.

We continued on our course again, but our trouble was not at an end, for the canoe was leaking as bad as ever. By this time the sun has disappeared and a very high wind was blowing, which made our position much worse than what it was at the start. We were compelled to go ashore a second time, taking refuge in a small bay which was somewhat sheltered from the rising sea, where, a few minutes afterwards, we were joined by the remainder of the canoes, which were beginning to ship so

much water by the increasing size of the waves that our leading guide, Pishabo, considered that it would be next to impossible to go any further, as there was a very shallow part of the lake ahead of us, over which we could not pass without swamping in such a gale.

Besides this, the outlook was very threatening, and the rain was beginning to fall, so we came to the conclusion to make a halt, after only covering about a mile from the Klock farm, but we had to look upon accidents of this nature, in a most philosophical way, and within half an hour we had our tents up, canoes turned upside down, on the beach, and everything under cover, in due preparation for what we anticipated, would be a wet and disagreeable day. The rain began to fall in heavy showers and kept it up for the greater part of the morning. Notwithstanding this, the Colonel's enthusiastic spirits never failed him, and all dressed up in a long mackintosh, he started out in the forenoon, with one of the Indians, to scour the woods for game, but after spending several hours in such pursuit, he returned with one bird, which he religiously believed the guide who went with him, had carried in his pocket, for he maintained he saw "not another living creature" on his whole tramp of several miles.

At lunch we participated in a repast prepared by the Colonel, consisting of bouillon made from concentrated tablets, canned sardines and asparagus tips, all of which were of a very superior order



THE COLONEL AND PISHABO LEAVING THE CAMP FOR A LAKE PATROL.

and above anything we had ever tasted before in this line, so we proposed a vote of thanks for the Colonel and his excellent German foodstuffs.

In the afternoon the men took a nap, but the Colonel's undaunted ardor never waned for a moment, and he again donned his mackintosh and with the two Indians, this time decked out in borrowed oilskin and rubber coats, left in a canoe to patrol part of the lake, on the scent of moose or any other big game, which might cross his path.

About four in the afternoon the low lying clouds cleared off and old Sol in all his glory, poured down a rejoicing brilliancy, making everything look supremely grand once more.

With the professor and a guide we paddled over to the family retreat on the point opposite the Klock farm and after photographing their tastefully erected log houses, with miniature garden and fence around them, which performance had to be accomplished by standing

our tri-pods in the water some distance from shore, the owner and his Indian wife come out and took part in the picture afterwards inviting us ashore. We wished them "good day" and taking advantage of their hospitality landed to have a little chat with them. We found the former of a very talkative and sociable nature, and learned that his name was Archie Maurice Lafantasie, and that he hailed from Montreal, but on account of marrying an Indian woman, he thought the best thing he could do was to settle in this district, where he for-

merly worked on the Klock farm, and this is why this odd homestead bears a semi-Indian appearance. He had relations in Montreal whom he visited about once a year, only for a few days, but was always glad to get back to his little hermit home, in the far North, and in his own words "felt like a fish out of water," when in the metropolis of Canada.

Mrs. Lafantasie was the first Indian woman we ever met who did not exhibit an uncomfortable shyness, but on the contrary, she sat on the stoop of her doorway and intelligently answered all questions put to her, and seemed very much interested in her husband's actions, especially when he showed us some sam-



LAFANTASIE'S HOMESTEAD ON QUINZE LAKE.

ples of gold which had been taken from a property in the North, which is now being prospected. The poor fellow was suffering from a cataract in his eye which had caused him to give up work with Mr. Henry O'Sullivan, land surveyor, who is locating the boundary line, between the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Mr. Lafantasie verified the story of Rev. Father Evain, killing a bear with a 32-calibre rifle within a few feet of his house.

Of course, land in the vicinity of this district has not as yet, been surveyed by



the Government, and the little clearing and farm which this lonely settler is making, is upon land which he has yet no title to, but which he hopes to obtain as soon as the Ontario Government get this far on their Northern survey.

We enjoyed our visit very much, and in parting, Mr. Lafantasie said he would have a look at his nets that evening, and if there were any fresh fish he would bring them over to us, for which we promised him in exchange some fine fresh bacon which we had just brought up from the South, and thus we left the hermit couple with the best of good fellowship and understanding.

The Professor also promised if he would come over to camp that evening, to open up his famous "twenty-eight-year-old Scotch" which was only produced on very special and important occasions, or through numerous outpourings of our great appreciation of "it's many excellent qualities," while on some occasions we had to resort to other means to get him to turn away his watch dog eye from "wat would make e'en a Scotchman gleeful" if taken in moderation, but the Professor's task in guarding the brown stone jar turned out to be easier than he at first thought, and although it took him some days to learn of our habits, during which he watched us with a cautiousness that was a credit to the clan from which he sprang, he discovered that there "was scarce amon" in the whole party who liked the "Baby" (as our friend, G. M. F. calls a good bottle of A. D. C.) more than he did himself.

We next paddled over to the Klock farm to make some purchases of bread, and if possible, some of Mrs. Alger's excellent "cookies" and doughnuts. We succeeded in the former, but she could spare none of the latter, so the Professor went to the storehouse and while he was bartering away for some canned goods with the keen glee of a Scotchman getting the best of the bargain, I hung around the kitchen, praised all the good cooking we were likely to miss up North and doing so in the express hearing of good Mrs. Alger, I was happily rewarded with a pie, two or three dozen doughnuts and as many "cookies,"

which she quietly slipped under my arm. Although I had watched her making up the parcel in an old newspaper, and surmised her good intentions, I had to appear to be taken by sudden surprise, but there was no necessity to borrow any words to sincerely express my profused, prolonged words of thanks.

When the Professor saw me with the parcel carefully tucked under my arm, his face assumed a discerning longing to be on such good terms with the cook, and it seems to me I noticed an expression of deep dead jealousy creep over his sober countenance. However, I reconciled him from such thoughts by saying that they were for our supper and there was more than enough for the three of us.

While we were at the Klock farm three gentlemen from Philadelphia, arrived with three moose and one caribou head, and when we returned to the camp and reported our mission and the results to the Colonel, he seemed to take as much satisfaction over the arrival of the pie and doughnuts as of the good news of the hunters, but I have a sneaking idea that this was due to my recital of the glowing victory over the Professor's reputation for making impressions of a winning nature upon the fair sex.

The Colonel ordered an early retirement, and likewise an early rising, to make up in a small measure, for the loss of our day. Candle lights went out at 9 p. m. and the party was asleep at 9:30 or at least I was, and from all accounts next morning, everybody else was too.

We were all up early, and after eating breakfast of bacon, bread and tea, commenced pulling stakes and packing our belongings and rolling up tents, and soon the five canoes were gracefully gliding over a perfectly calm water, with not a breath of wind or even a ripple to break its serene quietude. The air was redolent with such a fragrant freshness of the purest ozone that every man was filled with double energy for the day's work. The sun rose a half hour afterwards and then a disagreeable head wind sprang up, notwithstanding the sky was clear of clouds and as blue as we had ever seen it before. We saw a number of grey white ducks and without any great effort,

brought three of them down which we added to the three partridges in store, which raised our expectations for an appetizing stew on the morrow.

About ten o'clock we reached our first portage of about two hundred yards which we covered in quick time, leaving Quinze Lake and entering what appears to be erroneously named on the Government map, "Lonely River," but as this was further on, we came to the conclusion that it was Obikaba River, as it was the outlet of the lake by that name which we next passed into and continued through to its head, stopping for lunch on a pretty island near its source. Here, while eating the same bill of fare, with

The next party passing downward, or Southward proved much more interesting in every respect, and certainly more encouraging to talk to, as far as our prospects for hunting were concerned. It was a party of about eight swarthy looking Indians in a big war canoe, with sails set and going along at a good rate of speed before the wind, which we had been battling against all morning. With Pishabo, I took one of our canoes and we went off from the island to interview them. The sight was certainly a novel one; six of the eight Indians were sitting in couples in the middle of the big bark craft, with one in the stern steering and another in the front, evidently on the

lookout; and sitting all by himself, immediately behind the sail, was a white man, and for all the world the whole was a picture, typical of that of one of the early French explorers, landing at Quebec.

The big canoe, about thirty feet long, all built of bark, and capable of carrying over forty men, or



THE HUDSON BAY WAR CANOE UNDER SAIL.

a ferocious appetite, brought on by a morning paddle against a high wind, we met two parties going in the opposite direction. The first was that of a prospector in a canoe with two guides, who informed us he had come from the head of Barrier Lake where he had discovered an iron mine, and was on his way to bring up a mining engineer to stake his claim. We asked him if he had seen any game, which we were more interested in than mines, the reply to which dampened our ardour, for he reported to having only seen one partridge during his three weeks' prospecting.

We wished him "luck" and he wished us the same, and we christened him "Job's Comforter" of Obikaba, or Barrier Lake.

two tons of freight, was on its way to Longue Point from the Hudson Bay post on Lake Abitibi to convey the factor whom we had met in Haileybury, back to the post, while the white man was a Mr. Jobidon of Quebec, who had been up to the Height of Land to inspect some gold claims for his father. He said the country was running thick with moose and his sleep at night had been oftentimes disturbed by their presence. This was good news to bring back to the Colonel, who was again beginning to think that "all men were liars" when speaking on the subject of sport.

Jobidon had been windbound for three days on Obikaba Lake, and took advantage of the war canoe to get down to Klock's farm at the moderate transporta-

tion fee of five dollars. It was strange that, notwithstanding the fact that he could not speak the Indian tongue, nor the Indians with him his language, a financial bargain could be successfully arranged.

After finishing lunch of the same menu with the addition of condensed cream for our tea, and pineapple for desert, we continued on our journey north, going through a narrow part of the lake and then a very broad expanse and for four hours we paddled with much difficulty

against a stiff head wind, until we reached the mouth of the Lonely River, which we entered about four o'clock in the afternoon under the most favorable weather, with the sun pouring down upon us, making everything look its very best. This river is more of a stream than what it is known as, for it is not more than thirty feet wide at any part of its whole length of about eight or nine miles. It winds in a most tortuous manner through a well timbered low land, and made a pretty ending to our third day's outing.

## Jimmy's Wolf Drive

BY D. D. DESHANE.

**A**BE and I were both feeling distinctly blue. When one has staked all his ready money on the result of a horse race, and lost, he naturally feels a little off color. That was our fix exactly. And it was all Jimmy's fault. Innumerable escapades, adventures, scrapes and mishaps had resulted from our following Jimmy's advice on former occasions, but this was the limit. We had decided to rebel. Our patience was exhausted. So were our resources, and we were in a state of mind bordering on despair.

Jimmy had come to us several days before with a tip. It was a sure thing, there couldn't possibly be any mistake, he had been told by a man who knew; Bluebell was bound to win, and if we placed our money on her, we stood to come out far to the good. And Abe and I, in the face of the erroneous advice he had given us many times before, believed him, placing our money on Bluebell. It was the same old story. Bluebell came out a mile behind. Our money was gone, and we left the field in disgust, repairing to my den to talk the matter over, and to plot treason against Jimmy.

Abe was giving vent to his pent up feelings in a bitter tirade against Jimmy, when that individual strolled calmly in on us. His dress was as immaculate as

ever. From the soles of his well polished shoes to the top of his shiny hat, his attire was spotless, and without blemish. Jimmy is short and stout, his stomach protrudes slightly, but this does not prevent him from dressing well. He wears kid gloves the year around, carries a cane, and considers himself an authority on every question pertaining to men's apparel.

"Hello, fellows!" he said easily, seating himself gingerly on the edge of a chair. "How are you feeling now?"

"Oh, we're in the best of shape," said Abe, trying to sneer, but failing.

"Do you want to make some money!" asked Jimmy, coolly.

"Money!" I broke in, sarcastically. "What do we want of money? We couldn't use it if we had it. Didn't we make more money than we know what to do with on Bluebell? No, Jimmy, no more of your tips for mine. I'm quite satisfied."

"Sore, eh?" said Jimmy, with a look of reproach. "Was it my fault that you lost? I gave it to you straight, just as I got it. Didn't I lose more than the both of you put together? But because I dropped a few hundred on a horse race, I'm not going to sit down and cry about it."

That's one of Jimmy's strongest points. He's a good loser, is Jimmy.



No matter how great the misfortune, or how trying the ordeal through which he has passed, he always bobs up afterwards looking as serene and unruffled as if nothing had happened. He simply can't be kept down, and I began to feel my resentment towards him oozing out with every word he spoke. Abe was also beginning to experience the same change of heart, though he was still too angry to even glance at the author of our latest misfortune.

"I hardly expected this of you two," went on Jimmy, in hurt tones. "Of course, I know that it was through following my advice you lost, but now when I have come over to show you how you can make it up, I think you might receive me in a more friendly way."

"Jimmy," I said, solemnly, "I'm quite willing to follow your lead in matters of dress and table manners, but I draw the line at horse races. If you have any more tips please keep them to yourself, because Abe and I have sworn off betting. We couldn't bet if we wanted to, because we have no more money on hand at present, so you might as well dry up."

"But this isn't horse racing," protested Jimmy vigorously. "It's an altogether different plan. If you'll listen to me for a moment, I'll convince you that there is no possibility of going wrong on this deal."

Plans are another one of Jimmy's strong points. Perhaps I oughtn't to call it strong either, but, at any rate, it was a point. He had more plans for making money than an architect has for building houses. Abe and I knew we were in for it, so we listened to Jimmy's latest get-rich-quick scheme.

"No doubt you are aware of the fact that there is a bounty on wolves," began Jimmy, earnestly. "Well, I have learned of a place where hundreds of wolves can be had for the shooting. I have figured that in a week we should clean up at least a thousand apiece. This will cover our losses on the race track, and then if we want to stay longer the rest will be clear gain."

"Jimmy," I asked with a quaking heart, "do you know anything about hunting wolves?"

"Well, I have read a good deal about it, and, really, there is very little to do.

Where we are going the wolves are so thick that all you have to do is load and fire and count your game."

We were going then! Jimmy said, "Where we are going," and that settled it. Abe and I knew absolutely nothing about hunting, but that made no difference. Jimmy said hunt wolves, and hunt wolves it was; unless the wolves reversed the order of affairs and hunted us.

We left everything to Jimmy. He was the high chief ranger of this expedition, and we were too elated to interfere. I made my will, though the Lord knows I had nothing to leave anyone. I said farewell to all my friends and acquaintances, and went about making my preparations as cheerfully as a man does who is on his way to the gallows.

Abe was like a man half stunned. He went listlessly about his task of getting ready, his mouth drooping pathetically, a grim forboding of evil in his quaking heart. Once he started a feeble protest to Jimmy, and was pulled up before he could say a dozen words.

"Of course," said Jimmy, with a look of lofty disdain, "if you fellows are afraid, you needn't go. There are dozens of fellows ready to jump at the chance, but I thought I'd give you the first show."

Abe wanted to play up sick, but I told him it wouldn't do. Jimmy would see through that ruse in a minute, and he'd be the laughing stock of the town. I reminded him that he had often expressed a wish that we could go down together, and now that the opportunity had arrived not to spoil everything by pretending to be sick. Oh, we were happy during those few days, Abe and I, and our friendship became so firm that neither would allow the other out of his sight for a single moment. But Jimmy was all right. He had all the thousand and one little details to look after, and was right in his element.

I didn't know where it was we were going to hunt wolves. I left it all to Jimmy, my time being fully occupied in trying to comfort Abe. I was convinced that I should never return anyhow, so did not try to remember the unpronounceable name of the lake on the shores of which Jimmy said we were to pitch our tent. All I know is that we rode on the

cars for two days, after which we unloaded our stuff and transferred it to an old flat-bottomed scow, which was propelled by means of oars, wielded by a crew of four men. We were taken up a narrow, winding river for miles, and were finally set ashore in the most peaceful spot on which a weary traveler ever set eyes.

Jimmy selected the site for our camp, as he called it, and we were soon hard at work putting things in shape. We certainly had our work cut out, rigging up that tent, Abe and I. Jimmy sat on a log and engineered the job, and I must say he was the hardest man to suit I ever saw. He bossed us to his heart's content, and we stood it like angels. That is, Abe did, he was too happy to resent Jimmy's manner of giving instructions, but I took a half hour off occasionally to argue with him. There was no gainsaying Jimmy; however, he wanted his own way, and he got it, while I had to content myself with being second in command. I made Abe suffer for every one of my defeats, though, and when night came he he was about as wretched-looking a specimen of humanity as could be found in a year's travel.

We made that old tent bear-proof we made it wolf proof, and we made it burglar proof, though what in Sam Hill burglars would expect to find in that part of the country, I couldn't imagine. But we didn't make it frost proof. Oh, no! The frost seemed to find a way in as easily as the heat found a way out. But on the whole, we were pretty comfortable. By we, I mean Jimmy. Abe and I didn't count. Any old thing was good enough for us, or so thought Jimmy, and whatever he thought went. Jimmy knew all about camping out, and on the subject of fixing up the interior, he was a regular well of information.

Abe was elected cook by a majority of one. I'll do him the credit to say that he warned us that he was no cook, but he was far worse than that. He couldn't boil a kettle of water without burning it. I was glad we hadn't brought a dog, because if we had the poor brute would have been compelled to eat the mixtures which Abe invented, to keep them from going to waste.

Bright and early the next morning, we set out to hunt wolves. When we got about one hundred yards from the camp, Jimmy said we must separate. He said we would never have any luck hunting in company, and that the only way we'd ever get on the trail of wolves was for each man to go by himself. So we separated. That is, Jimmy separated himself from Abe and I, but we two had determined to die together. We hadn't any particular desire to die just then, but when it did come, we wanted to pass out in company. As for Jimmy, he could hunt wolves to his heart's content, that's what he was here for, but we weren't nosing around after any wolves, not just at that particular moment. Of course, we would be quite willing to accept our share of the bounty, but we weren't hankering after glory. We left all that to Jimmy.

As soon as Jimmy was out of sight, Abe and I began to sneak around through the bushes. We skulked in a circle, and in five minutes were back within a dozen yards of the camp. Here we sat down on a log and smoked and talked. Incidentally, we called Jimmy some very high sounding names, and I think, though I am a little hazy on this point, that Abe swore at him in about seven different languages. All this behind Jimmy's back, of course.

When we grew tired of smoking and talking, we made our way cautiously around to the other side of the camp. Here we found Jimmy. He also sat on a log. But instead of smoking, he was reading. He tried to hide the book at our approach, but I managed to see the name on the back, and I knew in a minute what Jimmy was up to. The name of that book was "Warwhoop, the Wolf Killer," and Jimmy was studying up a few good stories to tell when we got home. For once Abe and I got off without a lecture. We had Jimmy in a corner, from which it would take all his ingenuity to free himself.

The next morning while Jimmy was taking his bath, I said to Abe:

"Feel pretty sick this morning, don't you Abe? Never saw you look worse in my life. You'll have to take care of yourself, my boy, or we'll have you on our

hands the first thing you know. You've got to stay in for a day or two, it would be like flying in the face of Providence to let you go out in that shape. Why, man, you ought to be in bed this minute."

And Abe believed me. He fancied himself seriously ill, and straightway began to rock himself backward and forward, groaning as if suffering the most excruciating pain.

When Jimmy came in, I at once acquainted him with the state of Abe's health, pointing out to him how cruel it would be if both of us were to go out hunting and leave him here by himself. I tried to picture to him our sorrow should we return and find Abe dead. To strengthen my plea, I cried a little, and Jimmy was forced to use his own handkerchief vigorously. But he agreed with me—stepped right into the trap I had set for him as innocently as a lamb, as I thought.

"Yes, Billy," he said mournfully, "you are right. It won't do to leave Abe here alone. If anything should happen him, I should never forgive myself. I have a certain knowledge of medicine, so I shall stay in and doctor him, while you go out and annihilate the wolves."

Then I longed for Abe to rise from his sick bed and kick me. I might have known I was no match for Jimmy. In springing my little trap, I had been caught myself.

But Abe suddenly recovered from his sickness. In less than five minutes he was as cheerful as could be, and insisted on hunting wolves. I couldn't understand it, till he told me in confidence that he would rather meet a million wolves than swallow one dose of Jimmy's medicine.

That day we took a lunch with us, and stayed out all day. We had excellent luck, too. Jimmy killed a squirrel. I am strongly of the opinion that he put that squirrel out of business with a stone. I didn't tell him so, but I whispered my suspicions to Abe, and he agreed with me. Anyhow, when Abe dressed the animal for dinner, we both examined it closely, and not a sign of a bullet wound could we find. There was a small abrasion on the top of its head, but Jimmy

explained this by saying he had drawn very fine on him not wishing to spoil the meat by sending a heavy ball through his body. We accepted the explanation, and congratulated Jimmy on his marksmanship.

The next day was Saturday, and we had a caller. Our caller's name was Lindsay, a settler who lived about five miles from where we were camped. His ways of making a living were many and varied. He was a hunter and trapper, a farmer on a small scale, and a raiser of fancy stock, or so he told us. We enjoyed his visit very much, but he made us blissfully happy when he was leaving by inviting us over to his place for dinner the next day.

Did we jump at the invitation? Ask Abe. Jimmy took it as coolly as if dining out was rather a bore than otherwise, but Abe and I nearly fell over ourselves in our eagerness to accept. Lindsay said he must hasten home and tell his wife, that she might have time to prepare for us.

Jimmy possesses many points of excellence, chief among them being his strict observance of the Sabbath. He had been very strictly brought up, and had never been quite able to shake off the effects of his early training. It did not surprise Abe and I, therefore, when Jimmy announced that all firearms were to be left at camp. Abe and I expostulated, but in vain. We pleaded, but Jimmy was adamant. We pointed out to him the danger of tramping five miles through the woods, with wolves running wild on all hands, unarmed, but Jimmy said no guns or no visit, so we were forced to quit.

Our resentment toward Jimmy could not last; it disappeared when we saw him dressed for the occasion. We were overwhelmingly proud of Jimmy. From the soles of his well polished shoes, to the top of his shiny hat, he was perfect. His new Prince Albert coat, which he only wore on state occasions, fitted him like a glove, and as he stalked along with the tails flapping within six inches of his heels, he had the modest apparels which Abe and I wore put to shame. So great was my admiration that I almost forgot my fear of wolves, as we followed the



narrow trail which led to Lindsay's house.

It was nearly dinner time when we arrived, and it struck me as rather peculiar that a successful farmer and stockman should live in such an unpretentious dwelling. I was new to the ways of the backwoods, however, and accepted everything without comment. The house was a one-story log affair, about the size of an ordinary fish shanty. There was only one room, in one corner of which stood the stove, in another the table, in a third a bed, while the fourth was reserved for a bench, made for the accommodation of visitors.

We were formally introduced to Mrs. Lindsay, and dinner was announced. Say, I thought Abe was just about the limit when it came to cooking, but he had that woman stopped dead. She had cooked her potatoes in cold water. You couldn't cut them with a buzz saw. But the meat was done all right. When I bit on a piece of it, Jimmy, who sat on the opposite side of the table, was nearly blinded by the flying particles. But this was nothing to the bread. Had I known of any way by which that bread could have melted down, I would have bought a loaf then and there, and moulded it over into bullets. I'm sure I don't know what kind of yeast had been used in making it, but it must have been something with a decided twang to it, for you could smell that bread for miles.

But Jimmy liked it. He ate of everything in sight, and was not at all stingy of his praises. He praised the food, he praised the cooking, and as if this were not enough, he complimented Lindsay on possessing such an accomplished wife. Abe and I confined ourselves strictly to potatoes. We weren't hungry, anyhow.

After dinner Lindsay showed us his farm. This consisted of about a quarter acre of cleared land, and forty square miles of timber. He was a squatter, and paid neither rent nor taxes. To vary the entertainment, he called up his stock for our inspection. He was a breeder of fancy cattle, but Abe and I didn't fancy them at all. His stock was three lean, mangy calves. It was hard to guess their age, but Jimmy said they were yearlings. We didn't dispute it. Jimmy knew more about stock than we

did, so we took his word for it. We weren't even sure that they were calves, never having seen anything just like them before. They were pot-bellied and shaggy, and they were always ready to eat. They weren't particular what kind of food it was, any old thing went with them, but they preferred bread—the kind we had for dinner. They followed Lindsay about like dogs, and the only way in which he could rid himself of them was by dropping them a chunk of the bread. While they were using this as gum, we made our escape.

We went into the house and smoked. To keep us from feeling lonesome, Lindsay told us some wolf stories. He certainly knew how to tell them, too. After the first one, Abe and I hitched a little closer together on our bench. Just about this time, I would have been willing to wager even money that Jimmy was wishing he had not been so confounded anxious to keep the Sabbath. Lindsay told another story, and supper was ready. While eating, our host began an account of an adventure with a wild-cat, and I began to wonder if he would allow us to stay all night. I couldn't see how it could be done, but still I clung to that idea. The meal ended at last, but not so with the story. That continued without break. At nine o'clock, Lindsay had just reached the most thrilling point in his narrative. I took advantage of a moment when he was looking at Abe to whisper to Jimmy:

"Jimmy hadn't we better be going?"

And for answer Jimmy kicked me. He deliberately reached out with his left boot and landed on my shin. The kick slid all the way from my instep to my knee, and the skin slid with it. He always was more or less of a brute, was Jimmy, but I couldn't see why he should kick me just for saying it was time to go home. I understood a little later, though when Jimmy began to fish for an invitation to sleep on the floor. But Lindsay couldn't take a hint—he was too interested in his story. It was eleven when he finished; then he got up and wound the clock. But at this moment Abe was taken violently sick. He fell off the bench, and lay on the floor rolling his eyes and groaning dreadfully. Jimmy

bent hastily over him, when Abe's legs drew convulsively up to his body, then straightened out again so suddenly as to surprise Jimmy. Abe's feet landed full in his stomach, and Jimmy sat down abruptly and gasped. I was just thinking of going into a fit, when Jimmy scrambled to his feet.

"I know just what to do with him," he said hastily to Lindsay, who stood calmly by, "He's subject to those spells, you know, and I have often treated him for them."

Then, for the second time that night, Jimmy showed his meanness. He snatched up a pail full of water, and slashed it over Abe's prostrate form, drenching him from head to feet.

"You blankety-blankety-blank fool ! spluttered Abe, scrambling up and glaring at Jimmy, every sign of his sickness gone.

For a moment I feared they were coming to blows, but Jimmy showed his generalship by apologizing to Lindsay for soiling the floor, and Abe's anger gradually died away. But as to staying all night, there was nothing doing — everything was all off.

It took us a half-hour to get ready and say good-by, and then Mrs. Lindsay detained us another half hour by stepping forward and solemnly presenting Jimmy with a large sized loaf of her home-made bread.

Jimmy accepted the present gracefully, but Abe and I were just on the verge of collapse. We knew instinctively that we two would be compelled to eat that bread to the last crust. Jimmy would attend to that part of the programme all right.

The partings over, we set bravely out on our five mile tramp. By bravely, I mean that we did not hurry. We weren't at all anxious to run up against anything in the line of wolves just then, and besides if the unexpected happened, we wanted it to come before we got out of sight of Lindsay's house. Therefore like good soldiers, we moved cautiously.

Wow ! it was dark. The moon was due to put in an appearance somewhere about this time, but it was not yet in evidence. We thought of sitting down in the lee of the house and waiting for daylight, but Lindsay was watching us

from the window, so we had to move. But we didn't move far when Jimmy halted us.

"Billy" he said addressing me impressively, "its up to you to cart this bread into camp."

"Jimmy," I said, putting on a bold front, "that isn't my bread. It was given to you, and it just seems to me that if anyone gave me a present like that, I wouldn't let it out of my possession for a single second, for fear something would happen it."

"Yes," said Jimmy, calmly "It's my bread, and that's the reason you're going to carry it. You've got to do something to earn your share, you know."

That's the way with Jimmy, he always thinks of everything. I'd have never looked on the matter in that light in a thousand years ; but trust Jimmy.

I carried the bread. I carried it under my arm. I also carried my arm as close to Jimmy's nose as possible. I didn't want him to forget that I was carrying the bread. Jimmy must have thought that Abe and I loved him well, the way we clung to him that night. The trail was just wide enough for us to walk abreast, and Abe and I nearly fought over who was to have the centre place. Jimmy settled the difficulty by walking there himself. We made rapid progress. About a mile an hour.

Jimmy was our recognized leader, but Abe and I didn't allow him to get a foot ahead of us during that pleasant walk. We were both bigger than Jimmy, but we haven't got his nerve, and when the wolves and wildcats began to arrive, we wanted Jimmy to be with us to receive them.

We all kept a pretty sharp lookout, and I guess we all saw them at about the same time. We had reached a particularly dark spot in the trail when they appeared before us. I think there were at least a million of them, but I wasn't stopping to do any counting. I just turned around and yelled :

"Wolves !"

"Wolves !!" echoed Jimmy.

"Wolves !!!" howled Abe.

Then started the retreat to Lindsay's. But we were too late. The wolves had executed a flanking movement, and our

retreat was cut off. There was nothing for it but the tall timber. At this stage of the game, I usurped the leadership by plunging wildly into the bushes which grew along the trail. Jimmy was a close second, while Abe covered our retreat and brought up the rear. It was every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

I never knew how close together trees could grow till then. There was a tree in the way every two steps, and more often than not I did not take the trouble to turn out for them. I just waited till one would spring up out of the earth and bump into me, then I would sit down a moment and think it over, and start off on a new course. I knew this would confuse the wolves, so I repeated the same trick over and over again. It would have taken a pretty level-headed snake to have followed my windings, but it didn't seem to bother Jimmy and Abe any. I'm long and lean, and Jimmy is short and fat, but places where I had to stop and squeeze myself through. Jimmy seemed to go through like a greased eel. Of course, I was handicapped by the bread. I still clung to that, I don't know why, but it never entered my head to throw it aside, and I held fast to it to the bitter end.

When we had gone about seventy miles, and cleared about two hundred acres of land, I made a discovery. I hereby lay full claim to it. Jimmy has always been eager to claim everything in sight, but he isn't going to get a look in on this—it is all my own. I discovered a creek. I wasn't prospecting for creeks about that time, and didn't know there was such a thing within fifty miles of us. But it was there, all right, and I found it without any difficulty.

It wasn't a very deep creek—just about up to my chin—nor was it very wide, but it possessed one distinct peculiarity. The bottom of it was glue. This made my discovery all the more valuable, and I was just beginning to congratulate myself when Jimmy arrived.

Jimmy's arrival was most hurried; he didn't pause to ask any questions as to the temperature of the water, but shot over my head like a trained acrobat. I heard him gasp when he struck the water,

and then I saw his coat-tails floating invitingly before my eyes. Right here is where I got even with Jimmy for kicking me; I glued myself to his coat-tails, and everything else depended on the quality of the goods. Abe happened along about this time, and walked dry footed over our heads. He always was a luck beggar, that Abe.

Jimmy's coat held good; so did I; so did the glue. It was a hard struggle for Jimmy, but he made it, and we landed safely on the opposite bank, where Abe awaited us, rushing wildly about, like a rudderless ship in a storm.

There was no time for argument for our relentless pursuers had reached the creek, and we knew they would soon effect a crossing. Again we tore up the ground in our flight, and still I held fast to the bread. We struck a thicket of thorn trees, and on these I hung parts of my clothing to dry. I wasn't particular as to the parts—just whatever the thorns preferred was left behind, but each piece caused me a severe wrench.

When we had been running in this way for about four hours, I thought about climbing a tree. I don't know why I hadn't thought of it before, but perhaps it was on account of the bread. At any rate I no sooner thought of it than I began to climb, and Jimmy and Abe followed my example. The tree I selected was about the right size, and I went up about two hundred feet with a rush. It isn't the easiest thing in the world to climb a tree with a loaf of bread under your arm, nor does it add anything to the appearance of the bread, but I was not complaining. I paused to take breath and listened for Jimmy and Abe. I couldn't hear a sound from either of them, but I did hear a sniffing and shuffling about at the foot of my tree, which caused me to ascend another fifty feet in short order. Here I struck a limb. With much difficulty, I drew myself up and straddled the limb with a sigh of relief.

It was too dark for me to see anything more than a yard away, and as I sat there wondering how Jimmy and Abe were faring, the moon suddenly burst out from behind a cloud, and in a moment it was as light as day. My first thought was for Abe, and it took me but a mom-



ent to locate him. He had reached a greater height than I had, and was more securely fixed to his tree. He was suspended from a knot by the slack of his unmentionables, about ten feet from the ground, and was resting comfortably. When I saw that he was quite safe I looked for Jimmy.

Poor Jimmy! He was hugging his tree in the most affectionate manner, using both arms and legs in the process. I suppose he thought he was at the least one hundred feet, when by actual measurement, he had reached a height of just fifteen inches. His coat tails were spread out on the ground beneath him, and had he lowered his feet a trifle of three inches, he would have been much more comfortable.

I looked about for the wolves, and there, not fifteen feet away, stood our camp, looking as homelike and inviting as an oasis in a desert. The wolves were not far away. There were three of them, and being tired after their long chase, they had thrown themselves down to rest and keep an eye on our movements. They looked to me suspiciously like Lindsay's stock. As this suspicion grew into a certainty, I slid down the five feet of tree which separated me from the ground, and approached Jimmy.

"Descend, Jimmy," I said gravely. The danger is over, and we are safe at our own camp."

Whether Canada should claim all the North land, right up to the North Pole was the subject of a recent debate in the Canadian Senate. The subject was brought up by Senator Poirier who wished the House to declare "the time had come for Canada to make final declaration of the possession of all lands and islands situated in the north of the Dominion and extending to the North Pole." On behalf of the Government it was stated the Hudson Bay was a closed sea and Canada's title to it was quite clear. There might be some doubt as to the value of the ownership of the North Pole but steps were being taken to secure Canadian claims to northern possessions. A Canadian expedition was exploring and planting the Canadian flag and establishing and making good Canada's title to the ownership of lands which

Jimmy descended by stretching out his legs. He looked like a man who had been caught in the act of stealing sheep, but he still had a bluff up his sleeve.

Our next difficulty was to get Abe down. Jimmy wanted to go to the camp and get a saw and saw off the knot, but Abe wouldn't agree to this. He said he was all right where he was, and for us to go in and get some sleep. But we weren't going to desert Abe, not by a long shot. Finally I climbed the tree and boosted Abe free from the knot, while Jimmy stood below and gently lowered him to the ground.

"Funny," said Jimmy musingly, how dumb brutes will run to man for protection. Those calves must have known that as long as they followed they were perfectly safe from the wolves!"

"Don't deceive yourself, Jimmy," I said, made bold by the memory of how he had followed me in our race for life. "There wasn't a wolf within a thousand miles of us and those calves followed us simply because they wanted that bread. They're going to get it, too. We won't need it, because we're going to start for home just as soon as it is light enough!" and I walked to the camp, got a hatchet, and divided that bread into three equal parts, which I fed to the stock.

And Jimmy was like the man who had died—he was silent!

while not regarded as valuable now might at any time become so.

Mr. Gotwalts, who is said to be the veteran fisherman of the Montgomery County of Pennsylvania, has addressed a letter to the State Legislature in which he advocates the limitation of the catchable size of sunfish to four inches and the number to twenty per day. With bass the size should be nine inches and the number ten. Frogs should be protected from sunset to sunrise. A very debatable question is opened up by his advocacy of Sunday fishing. The rods and lines with two hooks on each line should be permitted. There should be no restriction as to the number of hooks and flies for fly fishing. No throw lines, that is lines without rods, should be permitted.

# The Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show at Montreal.

**C**ANADA has now reached such a stage in her progress as to be able to give attention to the numerous developments made in motoring, and a growing number of Canadians are taking advantage of the many inventions and improvements in automobiles and motor boats to enjoy the pleasures of outdoor life in such a way as to add a new zest to existence.

So great indeed has become the army of motorists on both land and water, in addition to the ever increasing and imposing array of sportsmen who find journeying amongst the woods and waters of Canada sources of supreme delight, that an Exhibition which should give the people an opportunity of seeing and examining for themselves the many new improvements made in both autos and motor boats became an absolute necessity. The Exhibition resolved upon was tried in a tentative fashion last year in the commercial capital of the Dominion, and such was the success attending upon it that it was decided to repeat the experiment this year upon a broader basis. It thus came about that the first week of April saw the Second International Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Exhibition opened in the Arena at Montreal under such auspices as made success practically certain.

The Show was international in the best sense of the word. Manufacturers from the States competed in friendly rivalry with those of the Dominion, whose growing importance in both autos and motor boat manufacturing was fully and freely recognized, while some of the best European models were on exhibition and attracted enough attention to satisfy the wishes of those who were responsible for the Show. The whole floor of the Arena was taken up with the automobiles and their accessories. It was a revelation to many of the visitors to see how numerous and important these accessories are. Indeed it is not too much to say that by their means automobiling is made a joy

and delight to those fortunate enough to be able to own a machine. Every model was a beauty and to just look down upon the floor from one of the galleries and feast one's eyes upon the collection was enough to thrill the enthusiastic, and make them more sure than ever that automobiling is the form of locomotion that will prevail in the future. The accessories made a brave show. They were all so excellently arranged that one could go from exhibit to exhibit without tiring, and with an ever deepening feeling of respect for those who have overcome great difficulties and been able to reach the high stages of perfection seen in the beautiful and complete cars which were proudly displayed. In the galleries the great transportation companies of Canada—the Canadian Pacific, the Grand Trunk and the Intercolonial—had their exhibits and it had been intended that the spaces between them should be filled up by local sporting outfitters. For some reason or other these held aloof and the one break in the continuity of the Show was to be found here. Next to the Intercolonial, Messrs Emach Bros., of Fredericton had a most excellent display of mounted game trophies which attracted much attention throughout the week.

To accommodate the motor boats and other exhibits a large annex, which had been added to the Arena, was called into requisition and completely filled, thus adding largely to the Show and its interest and giving the public an opportunity of seeing the advances of motoring in all its branches.

The one thing militating against success was the weather. The Show was opened on Saturday, April sixth, and on Monday, the eighth, no less than ten inches of snow fell in Montreal—a record for the winter. This was followed on Tuesday by another heavy fall, the latter being accompanied by a blizzard which made out-of-doors as uncomfortable as possible, and led all those who could remain inside to do so. A thaw succeed-



ed on Wednesday and made underfoot about as disagreeable as possible. The streets of Montreal, never anything to boast about, were rendered all but impassable and even to step from the street cars to the pavement meant to wade through a sea of slush and mud. Despite this great drawback the attendance kept up well from the first day and gained materially as the weather improved. The quality of the visitors was a noteworthy feature. Without doubt the majority were genuinely interested in outdoor life of some kind or other. The Railway Companies reported that as a result of their exhibits and the information given, many tours were booked for the coming summer. All the exhibitors reported good business and some were enthusiastic not merely over present business actually done, but also over the brilliant prospects of the future. They were agreed that motoring in Canada has now aroused a wide interest and its possibilities on both land and water are so great as to appear positively dazzling. Considering the great strides of the past he would be a bold man who would put limits to the future, and though some of the forecasts made by shrewd, hard headed business men who are not usually enthusiastic, seemed more in the nature of dreams, they may soon be matters of actual fact, and make us think that we were blind indeed not to have awakened to them before. At a moderate estimate it may be stated that the motoring age in Canada is just dawning and its dawn gives promise of such a perfect day that one may well stand in astonishment at the prospects of its full fruition.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, through Mr. L. O. Armstrong, Colonization and Tourist Agent, arranged to bring the backwoods to those in Montreal who cannot afford to go out to them. A log camp had been erected with the logs all pinned together with wooden pins, the roof being made of split shingles, the door and window shutters being put together without a nail, and the whole erection carrying one back in thought and spirit from busy, bustling Montreal to the calm seclusion and peace of the backwoods. Just outside a camp fire glowed and above it was placed a tin reflector used in the

woods for the baking of bread. White birch logs were piled up and the illusion was made more complete by the assemblage of trophies seen on every hand. Many visitors sat on the rough wooden chairs, simply but strongly made of branches taken from the trees of the Canadian backwoods, and imagined themselves far away in the peaceful solitudes of nature instead of the ever throbbing life of a big city. Next to the log shanty was erected a fine Indian buffalo skin tepee. A fire was glowing in the centre and around it were the Indian couches. These are closely plaited pieces of matting fastened to the sides of the tent and extending for some distance on the floor. By sitting upon one the matting is tightened and forms a good rest for the back. The bottom sides of the tent are doubled for some distance up and the air can thus come in between the outer and inner walls and not prove draughty to the warriors assembled around the Council fire for a pow wow. Wolf pelts from British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, and Labrador made the place look like a genuine trapper's camp. The Labrador pelt was taken from a wolf which the natives of that part believe to have come across the continent from Siberia, and the descendants of any dog crossed with this wolf are exceedingly dangerous. A record moose head with thirty points taken in the Province of Quebec attracted much attention. The game heads included those of mountain sheep, mountain goats, antelope and buffalo; and the pelts, those of grizzly bear and wolves. Amongst the latter were nine fine pelts loaned by Mr. G. A. Merrick, of Winnipeg from wolves he killed near Winnipeg. Amongst the numerous specimens of mounted fish was the record speckled trout from the Nepigon, weighing eight and three-quarter pounds, being twenty-five inches in length, and having a girth of twenty inches. A fine collection of pictures was also shown. A large one by Francis West showing the bass fishing on the French River was much admired and when the light fell right there was a sunset effect that gave a fine addition to its attractions. Amongst the numerous other views which caused many visitors



to linger and bestow admiring glances were the enlargements showing the beautiful scenery on Minnesinqua Lake, the head of Knife Rapids, Moon River, Muskoka, and a gem showing Long Lake, Bala. The view from Dreamer's Rock, Little Current, Ont., is interesting from the Ojibway legend that this was the place where their great men had dreams and a famous Hudson Bay Post once existed here. The district is to be opened up by the new Toronto-Sudbury line on which the Canadian Pacific will probably run through trains this year. A fine view of Mount Tremblant, Quebec, showed features which were different to those of Ontario and which commend themselves to many visitors. The Ojibway birch bark canoes and the Esquimaux kayak added to the interest of the whole exhibit. Samples of Indian work by the Ojibways and the Blackfeet, of Alberta, found many admirers and were examined with the keenest interest by the numerous visitors. Included in this exhibit was one made by the Dominion Transportation Company (Booth's Line) who exhibited fine moose horns, with a spread of sixty inches, mounted trout from the Nepigon, and mallard. The whole exhibit was transferred from New York to Montreal and was sent on to Pittsburg. The collection was one which has taken time and trouble to collect, and its well harmonized surroundings has meant much thought and labor. Guides straight from the backwoods were in attendance and these men appeared to feel in their right places so long as they were talking of the backwoods and pointing out the reason for things appearing as they were. They added the finishing touch to an exhibit which was crowded throughout the Show. Everyone seemed to feel it was the right thing to do to enter the shanty and the tepee, to sit in the camp chairs (one of which was a rocker and really comfortable despite its hard wood bottom) and to pretend that for the time being the city was far away and the fragrance of the pines was in one's nostrils. It was a day dream which relieved the monotony of the city and made a grand change from city life.

An elaborate and well fitted display was that made by the Grand Trunk Rail-

way System. All the many beautiful tourist districts covered by their line were fully represented both in pictures and in trophies. The Highlands of Ontario, the Muskoka Lakes, Lake of Bays, Algonquin National Park and Northern Ontario were put well to the front, while the territories through the White Mountains of New Hampshire and the seaside resorts of the Atlantic coast were not neglected. The pictures were four and a half by six and a half feet and are said to be the finest sets of bromide enlargement of landscape scenes taken from eight by ten negatives ever exhibited. In a long series they attracted the notice of every visitor and enabled one to go in imagination from place to place without fatigue and the sense of enjoyment. Amongst the fish and game trophies was a mounted six and a quarter pound bass caught by Anna Held, the star actress, in the Belgrade Lakes, near Lewiston, Me. Amongst the most attractive pieces was that of a mink which had caught a fish, and while another was distracting its attention, a third was coming from underneath the log to take the meal from the original possessor. There were heads of bears and foxes all finely mounted and copying Nature as closely as possible. Mounted wild fowl formed a pleasing portion of the exhibit. A specimen of an albino land locked salmon taken from the Rangely Lakes in Maine and splendidly mounted came in for much notice and comment. There were numerous specimens both of mounted heads, birds, and fish all done in the highest style of taxidermy and shown to the very best advantage. All the big pictures which won the gold medal at the World's Fair at St. Louis were included in the exhibit, which both by neatness, attractiveness, and good choice of display formed a part of the show which no visitor disregarded. The whole exhibit must have taken an immense amount of time and labor to collect and its arrangement when collected was not less difficult. The first portion fell to Mr. H. R. Charlton, Advertising Agent for the Grand Trunk, and the display work was done by Mr. J. W. Nash, taxidermist of Norway, Maine. The whole was in charge of Mr. R. McSmith, Special Passenger Agent, of Detroit, whose

ready courtesy in the giving of information well supplemented a display that reflected the greatest credit upon those responsible for it. Every visitor must have received a deep impression of the beauties of Canada from the display made by the Grand Trunk.

At the opposite end of the gallery to the other great railways was the particularly neat and well gotten up display of the Intercolonial Railway Company. The beauties and wonderful game and fish resources of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Eastern Canada were well shown in a series of fine pictures, while the collection of game trophies and mounted fish were so judiciously chosen that no one could fail to be attracted by the display. Nor could any sportsman who directed a few moments' time to looking over the scenes and the specimens help the conviction being fixed upon his mind that both Provinces are splendid big game countries and that the line of the Intercolonial goes through districts which must be dear to the heart of every sportsman. The attractions of Prince Edward Island also were not forgotten, and the Prince Edward Island Railway came in for a share of the display, a good deal being made of the special claims for consideration of the smallest of our Provinces. The whole was under the personal superintendence of Mr. W. L. Creighton, the advertising agent of the line, and during the exhibition the principal officials of the Intercolonial visited the display and expressed satisfaction with the arrangements.

The autos made a fine display in the middle of the floor and were objects of great attention by all the visitors. Conspicuous amongst them was the Ford Motor Company which has a factory at Walkerville, Ont. The Ford runabouts and touring cars have so well established themselves in public favor that one ceases to wonder at the continuous growth of the factory or the new developments that are constantly taking place. For 1907 the Ford Company have two models only — the "K" six cylinder, forty horse power touring car and the "N" four cylinder fifteen horse power runabout. Beautiful specimens of both were on exhibition and the fine finish of

both were much admired. It is no surprise to learn that with their excellent records the Canadian business is growing at a rapid rate and their cars promise to become as great favorites in the Dominion as they are in the States. The immense number of these cars manufactured give some small idea of the wonderful manner in which motoring is growing throughout the country. From the beginning they have been built in considerable quantities, showing the faith of the heads of the company in motoring and their broad outlook. The results have amply justified their policy and promise to do so to an even greater extent in the future. In the "N" model there were practically no changes over the previous year, and in the "K" cars these were very slight. The firm point with pride and satisfaction to the fact that the six cylinder idea has fully demonstrated its superiority and their faith that it will continue to do so.

The well known "Russel" cars were shown by the Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Limited, Toronto Junction, and made a most creditable display. These cars have been put to the most severe tests throughout Canada and in each instance have come out triumphant. They have been taken to England and on the roads of that country have succeeded in giving as great satisfaction as they have in Canada. Amongst the tests was one of a thousand miles through the wilds of Muskoka. Others have been made in Australia where the difficulties are as great as in Canada. In all these varied trials the "Russel" came out well and showed in economy of repairs the value and strength of the machines. Many satisfied customers have testified to the pleasures given through the use of these cars, and the appearance made appeared to justify all that has been said about the fine "Russell"

Naturally the beautiful Darracq cars attracted much attention. The winner of the Vanderbilt Cup race was not shown but the model on exhibition was a splendid six cylinder touring car of the finest finish. There was also a Darracq limousine and a Cadillac limousine. These, with an Oldsmobile touring car, made such a display that no visitor could miss them,



and the Canadian Automobile Company, of Montreal, who were responsible for showing the French cars and the representative American ones noted, were congratulated on every hand upon the excellence of the display they made. Every one wanted to see the Draracq, and they were gratified to observe the efforts that had been made to put a car on exhibit that well represented the famous French manufactory.

The Wilson Automobile Company, of Craig Street, Montreal, and Bank Street Ottawa, made an excellent display of Babcock Electric autos, as manufactured by the Babcock Electric Carriage Company, of Buffalo, N. Y. It is claimed that these vehicles give more actual dependable service year in and year out, at less proportionate operating cost than any other vehicles upon the market.

Through Messrs Wilson & Co., of Montreal, the Buick Motor Company, of Flint, Mich., made a display of cars which they contend must have merit to account for the popularity they have gained without any "blare of trumpets."

The Dragon auto made in Philadelphia was shown by the International Automobile Co., of Montreal. This car is made from a French design, supplemented by American engineers, and it is contended that the result is a well designed, carefully balanced piece of machinery, simple and strong enough in all the parts to work well under the conditions found on Canadian and American roads.

The Dominion Motor Car Company, operated by Messrs Henry Morgan & Company, of Montreal, made a fine show of Argyll cars. The home of this car is in Glasgow, Scotland, where the Company has a large factory in a suburb named Alexandria and turns out many cars. One of the finest cars in the show was an Argyll forty horse power limousine which was made the leader of the exhibit made by Messrs Morgan. They also showed the White Steam car manufactured in Cleveland, O., and the Baker Electric Vehicles manufactured in the same city. The Company finds the demand in Canada well distributed between the Scotch and the American cars, and though they make the Argyll their leading car they are more than willing to

do business with their American cars. The combined exhibit was a fine one and those in charge were besieged with inquiries, while the admiration of the visitors was expressed in no measured terms. Messrs Morgan made their show complete by including many things which motorists require and which added to the interest taken in the cars shown.

The commercial side of automobiling was well to the front in the exhibit of Knox Waterless Commercial Cars shown also by the Wilson Automobile Company, of Montreal and Ottawa. It is claimed that more Knox cars are engaged in actual commercial work than those of any other make. When visitors saw the possibility of usefulness in this car the most sceptical were convinced.

A display over which many people lingered was that made by the Automobile Import Company, Limited, of Montreal, and which included the famous English Humber cars and the notable American Reo cars. The Humber is a silent running car and the 1907 models show such improvements, as make them, in the opinions of the manufacturers, the "last word" to date in luxurious motoring. The Reo has so grown in favor that the factory buildings at Lansing, Mich., now covers twenty acres. Added to this is the fact that the whole output for the present year has been practically sold in advance. Every motorist knows what the Reo has done—the most famous of which feats was the double crossing of the American continent on its own power—a feat it will be difficult to beat. Its record on the Glidden tour was also one of the best.

The Eastern Automobile Company, of Montreal, made a beautiful display including the Russel, Ford, Packard, Winton, Thomas, Stevens, Peerless, Clement—Bayard, Napier, D. A. C. Trucks, and Maxwell. Everyone was a champion of its class and the whole exhibit gave indisputable proof of the widespread interest in motoring in Canada.

Included in the exhibits of the Wilson Automobile Company of Montreal and Ottawa were the Pierce Great Arrow, Franklin Air Cooled, Buick two and four cylinder, Knox Waterless, Babcock Electrics, and Rapid Motor Trucks.



The Chatham Motor Car Company, of Chatham, Ont., were well represented and displays were likewise made by Messrs Betts Brown & Co., of Montreal; the Comet Motor Company, Montreal, and Messrs Thomas B. Jeffrey & Co., Kenosha, Wis.

### Motor Boats.

No room could be found for the motor boats save in the annex, but here they made a brilliant show and were the means of attracting large crowds. Messrs Nicholls Bros., of Toronto, did not show any boats but they had a booth with so many fine accessories that it formed a centre of interest.

Messrs Gidley of Penetanguishene, Ont., displayed one of the best of their motor boats. These have now attained such fame and the motor boat development has become so vast, that it was quite easy to understand the large amount of attention given to this display. Water always has been and always will be an irresistible attraction to many people and motoring has added so much to the pleasures of boating, while at the same time reducing the labor, that there appears no limit to the future growth of this industry. These boats are now made not merely comfortable but luxurious, and the control given by motoring is so complete that the owner of a boat can go off as he pleases and make excursions just as his fancy may dictate. The boats made by Messrs Gidley give all the advantages claimed for them, and experience has suggested additions that make them models of ease and enjoyment. They can be used for many purposes and in all the varied tests applied to them they have come out successful.

A boat for which "automobile control" was claimed was exhibited by Mr. N. R. Thompson, of Brantford, Ont., and attracted considerable notice. Mr. Thompson explained that the boat can be wholly controlled from the steering wheel. This means that one man can do the whole work by means of levers. These are so simple and work so easily that variation is a matter of a moment and the control is perfect. A foot lever just beneath the steering wheel will advance the spark

of the engine, and the speed of the engine may be varied simply by pressing a lever with the foot to the speed or slackened by releasing the pressure on the wheel. The battery switch and fuel cut off is located by the steering wheel. This gives the ideal one man control as it places the man in charge in the prow of the boat, which is his proper place and gives him full scope in crowded or shallow waters. The engine is encased in a wooden box which keeps it dry, and at the same time while preventing the flying of grease also reduces the noise of the machinery to a minimum. Strength of construction and fine finish are features which are said to distinguish this boat, and all the auxiliaries are of the finest, making the boat a most desirable acquisition.

Motor boats were also important portions of the exhibits of Messrs Henry Morgan & Co. One boat, twenty-five feet long, shown by the Gilbert Motor Boat Company, of Brockville, Ont., was designed by Mr. Gilbert and especially equipped for spins on the St. Lawrence, the speed going up to sixteen miles per hour. Motor boats from Racine, Wis., those made by the St. Lawrence Boat Co., of Brockville, Ont. skiffs, dinghies, and canoes made up an exhibit over which every boating man spent time, and many of those who could not be thus classed lingered. Of course these exhibits were the best of their kind and no one fond of boating could miss them. Motor boating is growing by leaps and bounds and its wonderful developments are sources of astonishment even to those best acquainted with its phenomenal growth.

### The Accessories

So numerous were the accessories that after all they appeared to be the most important part of the Show. The display made by Messrs. John Forman, 248-250 Craig St. West, Montreal, was nothing less than brilliant and the policy of the firm accounted for this. Last year they went in for accessories on a wholesale scale but this year they put in stock nothing they have not tested and proved to be of the best. They demon-

strated at their booth how easily and well the Connecticut Spark Coil works, and showed its advantages. The Automatic switch which forms the connecting link between the dynamo and the storage battery is most important and their display of this necessity was so good as to tempt all motorists to a further exam-

interest. The Holley Carburetor came in for much attention. No less than 25,000 of these carburetors have been sold during the past two years, and beyond this no further statement need be made as to their merits. Two models of these carburetors are being offered by the firm for 1907. Efficiency in a carbu-



A VIEW OF THE SHOW.

ination. The Connecticut Coil Current Indicator is claimed to be the only means by which adjustments can be made with anything like certainty. It is really an indicating meter and will show at any time how much current is being drawn from the battery. Spark coils and marine coils were shown and examined with

retor is not enough but safety also is required, and this the Holly Carburetor ensures in a marked degree. The manufacturers have had experience in making 27,000 carburetors and now each one they make embodies all the lessons learned in achieving this record. The Holly Model "K" Magneto likewise at-

tracted much notice. While it has two ignition systems each one is independent of the other. It gives a hot spark and enables the motor to be started on the switch. With the four and six cylinder cars now in use the magneto is an absolute necessity. An electric launch whistle was tested with startling effects upon the visitors and no one doubted its efficiency upon a launch. Heard in a building the noise was discomposing, but in the open air it serves its purpose admirably. Sparking dynamos, the "ever ready" dry batteries and the "ever ready" electric flash lights, together with plugs, cores, connectors, batteries, indicators, timers, pocket meters, ignition and marine cables, made up a collection that no motorist could pass, and one that many wished they could spend days in examining. The collection was finely arranged and presented a most attractive appearance.

Included in the above were two that require special notice. The first is the Vulcan Accumulator described as the highest developed type of ignition battery on the American continent. Durability, combined with large mileage, have succeeded so well that it appears pretty certain storage batteries will succeed dry cells both in autos and motor boats in a very short time. The storage battery is practically as good as ever at the end of the season whereas the dry cells are done for and useless. On motor boats the "Vulcan" combines the yacht lighting and engine sparking system, and the absolute fire proof nature of these installations is a valuable feature. These excellent storage batteries are made by the Crofton Storage Battery Company, 423-425 West Queen St., Toronto.

The second one is the K-W Ignition System which, while giving more power, requires no batteries to start the engine, and as there are no sliding contacts, no moving wires, no commutator and no brushes, has no complications and works well. The ignitor will work with any engine where it can be mounted so that the friction wheel will bear directly against the fly wheel of the engine. It will run equally well in either direction, can be applied on either side of the fly

wheel whichever is most convenient, and the engine can be started from the ignitor by slowly turning the crank just as easily as could be done with batteries. As there is nothing about it to wear out it will last longer than any engine. The magnets are guaranteed and the only part which has any moving contact is the bearings, which are the best ball bearings and will last indefinitely. A long hot spark is guaranteed whether the engine be run slowly or quickly. Mr. J. Williams is the President of the Company which has its factory at Cleveland, O., and Mr. George S. Hanford was in charge of the exhibit and demonstrated the efficiency of the ignitor.

Another fine display of accessories was that made by Messrs. John Millen & Son, Limited, Montreal, and Toronto, who supply "everything for the autoist but the clothes and the auto." A glance over their booth seemed to make good this assertion and a closer inspection showed it to be more than justified. They are Canadian distributors for many American manufacturers and had samples of these numerous accessories nicely arranged for display. They showed the Kingston carburetors and coils, the Apple Ignitors, auto and motor boat lamps, Columbia batteries, rubber cement, tire tape, auto wrenches, Rajah plugs, rims and guards, timers, distributors and siren horns, accumulators, flashlights, and many other things which the motorist finds necessary to his full comfort. Many of these articles possess special claim to particular notice and the display was one of the most favored by the visitors who carefully examined many of the articles shown and expressed their personal preference for some of them.

The fact that, after three years of severe test under most varying conditions, the construction of the Rajah Spark Plug is in no way changed for the coming season of 1907—no change having been found necessary—speaks volumes, for this "little joker" which has played and is playing such an active part in simplifying the difficulties which had beset the user of the gasoline motor. The "Rajah" is widely used for the automobile, marine and stationary engines. At the Auto Show held in Madison Square Gardens,



New York, in January of this year thirty one per cent of the cylinders exhibited were fitted with "Rajah" Plugs. A large percentage of the events won during the past season, whether for speed, endurance, or hill climbing or in the motor boat contests, were won by those whose motors were fitted with the "Rajah." The special features of the Rajah Plug are too well known to make it necessary to repeat them at this time. However, it should be borne in mind that its utility depends very largely on the fact that its makers use only of imported porcelains in the assembly of the plug, these being made especially for them, after their own design, by the leading manufacturers of hard fire porcelain in Europe. This is due to the fact that imitations of the Rajah Porcelains are now being offered for sale by unscrupulous dealers. To outwit these people, the makers of the Rajah Plug will in future brand each of the genuine porcelains by lettering the same with "Rajah" in red, believing that this distinguishing mark will serve in a great measure to thwart these designs. The Rajah Plug is made by the Rajah Auto Supply Co., 140 Washington St., New York City, and is sold by all dealers in Automobile and Motor Boat Supplies throughout Canada.

Another fine show of accessories was that made by the Franco-American Auto Company, 417 Guy St., Montreal. Storage batteries, accumulators, coils, timers and distributors, switches, spark grasp, plugs, meters, magnetos, horns, lamps, searchlights, carburetors and sundries made up a display that no motorist could pass without examining, and learning something new. Motoring is becoming a science when so many things are needed by those who follow a pleasant means of locomotion.

Although their booth was in the annex Messrs. Nicholls Bros., of Toronto had one of the best displays of the Exhibition. They showed the "B and B" carburetors which are submitted to severe tests before being sent out and which are guaranteed. "Syntic" coils are accessories upon which they lay great stress. These coils are extensively used on motor boats in Canada. In plugs the Duplex plug attachment, a very simple de-

vice, easily attached to any plug, is most useful. Messrs. Nicholls are the sole Canadian agents for the "Spitfire" plugs for which many claims are made, and which would not have been taken up by such a firm as Nicholls Brothers if all of them could not have been good. The "Spitfire" spark plugs are made in various sizes and with screw threads to fit any make of engines. Their marine protector and cable terminal ensures protection from leakage of current by dew, rain or spray. "Syntic" timers and distributors were by them placed well to the front and the claims made for these goods seemed to justify the firm's enthusiasm over them. The indestructible nature of the timers attracted many of the visitors and caused them to undergo a close examination. Storage batteries, magnetos, ignitors, carburetors, high tension cables, battery lamps, voltmeters, ammeters, timers, and throttle levers, spark plug wrenches, "Syntic" coils and numerous other things made visitors convinced of the fact that motorists require a great deal of attention, and that when once properly fitted out no more luxurious travelling on land or water can be imagined than is possible in an auto or motor boat. The "Syntic" coil possess special features which cause the firm to give it a high recommendation. Their boat catalogue, which was widely distributed, give particulars of a wide choice of motor boats such as must cause more of the spring unrest, which feeling is given in good measure to all lovers of the out of doors at this particular season of the year.

The Pittsfield Spark Coil Company, of Pittsfield, Mass., have recently, owing to the great demand for their goods, made an enlargement of their factory at a suburb of Pittsfield called Dalton. The Company made a fine showing of coils and their representative in explanation of the virtues of their manufactures stated that the Company possesses its own power, electric light and gas, and having installed the latest machinery, can produce the finished article in the highest degree of excellence. With ample capital and a skilled staff they are constantly improving. They are now getting out a new high tension magneto, efficient yet

simple, which will be on the market during the present summer, and which by its powers is said to have even surprised the manufacturers themselves. For some time past they have been experimenting with a new coil. This, while taking up less room, will also be more efficient than at present. A new lock switch and a new safety switch are also amongst the improvements they will place on the market in the near future. The latter will prevent the use of both the ignitor and the magneto at the same time. With it the turn over will be perfect and the use of the one will be ended before the force of the other comes on. By its means another one of the troubles of the autoist will be made a thing of the past.

The "Best" dry batteries were shown by the Berlin Electrical Manufacturing Company, Limited, of Toronto. The strength and efficiency of these batteries in producing a long hot spark never failed to interest the crowds who gathered to witness the demonstration. To still further show their efficiency three sets were sank in water filling a large glass globe, and the light burned as brightly and consistently as though no water was near. Bright lamps, electric flash lights, pocket flash lights, gas lighters, marine cases absolutely water proof, a handy battery connector, dry batteries for bells, were some of the other goods that proved worthy of careful examination. To add interest to this booth what was stated to be the largest dry cell in the world was exhibited and a prize offered to the one who would give the nearest guess to the amperage. Many students did a good deal of figuring, knowing the amperage in the smaller batteries, and even the uninitiated registered a good many guesses. The electric flashlights likewise attracted much notice.

One of the finest displays in the whole Show was made by the Merchants Awning Company, Limited, of Montreal. They are camp and marine outfitters on a large scale and hold agencies for many first rank manufacturers. They likewise issue a fine catalogue giving full page illustrations of tents, canopies and water proofs of all kinds. Camp and lawn fur-

niture including cooking stoves and every item of cooking outfit, rubber goods, oil skins, leather coats, clothing suitable for exploring, hunting, fishing, automobiling, sweaters, snowshoes, mocassins, toboggans, cushions, etc., all find places with them. A complete collection of firearms including Winchester, Marlin, Stevens, Iver Johnson's etc., and gun implements of all kinds made a fine show. Canvas and leather goods, fishing tackle, etc., formed an attractive portion of the exhibit. The company are agents for the cedar canvas covered canoes made by Messrs. Chestnut & Son of Fredericton, N. B., which canoes are becoming almost a necessity for those taking a trip through the woods and waters of Canada. They also sell the Peterborough Canoe which has had a long run with Canadian sportsmen. As Canadian agents for the Buffalo Gasoline engines they had one of them on Show and numerous visitors were attracted so far as to make inquiries. They claimed the Buffalo to be the most practical, economical, compact and reliable engine made. While possessing all the advantages common to the best engines of the day, the Buffalo has features peculiar to itself alone, and these were illustrated by an expert in attendance. This booth was one of the centres of attraction throughout the Show.

No one who entered the annex could miss the fine exhibit of the Dominion Cartridge Company. At the back of the booth the name of the Company was picked out on a cloth in cartridges and this being surmounted by the Company's trade mark made such a brilliant display, particularly when the electric lights flashed out, that no eye could miss it. On one side of the front of the booth was a gigantic dummy cartridge and on the other a dummy shell both glittering in the light. In the centre a dummy Hindoo magician, when wound, up did some wonderful feats with a number of cartridges. He had a wand in his left hand, which he raised to attract attention, and then by lifting up and down a colored cover he changed four cartridges three times, on each occasion showing those of a different color. The exhibit also included boxes of cartridges in each of the forty-two



different stages of manufacture. Each operation has to be performed carefully and accurately with the result that the finished cartridge is an article finding increasing favor throughout Canada. It was stated that the Company now ships ammunition to every quarter of the world and one could easily believe in the growth of this business as one saw the care and attention given to each stage of manufacture. The whole display was most interesting and impressive and should further spread the fame of Dominion cartridges.

Many visitors stopped to examine the Beaudry Gasoline Engine which for marine and stationary purposes would be hard to beat. These engines are made in Montreal by the Beaudry Gasoline Engine Company, in varied sizes from four to forty horse power. The design was a matter of much thought and care and while weight was a material consideration it has not been allowed to interfere with strength. As a result the Beaudry is claimed to be the lightest, strongest, most powerful and compact marine engine made and the one particularly good upon long runs. The closest attention is given to each part and the whole is such a product as will prove the greatest advantage to those using engines. Many inquirers expressed themselves gratified with the explanations given to their queries, and others were highly pleased with the experiments they were allowed to make. Great as are the claims made for those engines they appeared to be sustained by such examinations and tests as could be made in the course of the Exhibition.

The Chapman Double Ball Bearing Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, made a nice display of their double ball bearings which are stated to add seventy-five per cent to the life of the bearing. These bearings are clean and noiseless, and while allowing a heavier load and greater speed also give more satisfaction than any others. They have but few moving parts and require attention but once in a year. In wear they outlast the vehicle. In the 1907 bearings all housing parts are of steel, thus giving greatest strength with minimum weight.

A fine line of Victoria high class dry

batteries was shown by the Canada Battery Company of Berlin, Ont. These batteries are hand made in three sizes and the greatest care being taken in the construction of the cells the Victoria batteries are uniform and have the longest of lives. While the Victoria's are for autos, launches, gasoline engines, etc., the Maple Leaf is specially intended for telephones, signal works, bells and all open circuit and intermittent work. Every battery is tested before leaving the factory and with all the care taken to produce the best it is no wonder at all to hear that these batteries are steadily making their way even in the most unexpected quarters.

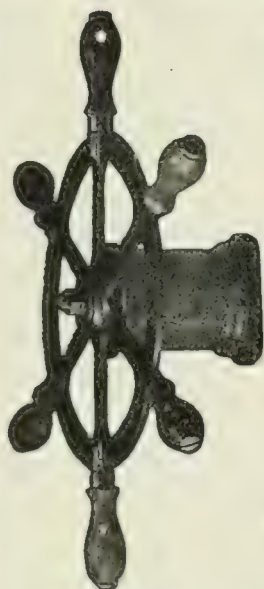
There was always an interested crowd round the fine exhibit of the Canadian Fairbanks Company. Their engines have achieved such a reputation that even outsiders had heard of and were interested in them, while their rubber goods attracted attention from every one. The Fairbank's-Morse four horse power, two cycle, three port marine engine cannot be surpassed, and everyone who examined it appeared surprised and gratified with its ease of working. The four cycle marine engine, the Goodwin submerged exhaust device, the "Orswell" system of jump spark ignition and the "Wizard" magneto, all previously detailed in our pages, formed sources of wonder and delight to the many inquiring visitors. The Company is noted for the completeness and superiority of its products, and everyone who spent time and trouble over the display were rewarded with information which will be put to good purpose later on.

Gasoline storage outfits, self measuring pumps, storage tanks, oil storage systems etc. were shown on behalf of S. F. Bowser and Company of Fort Wayne, Ind., who have offices in Toronto.

The Eastern Automobile Company, of Montreal had a splendid show of accessories which included many of those which have already received special mention and others for which they are sole Canadian agents.

Accessories of many kinds also enabled the Canadian Cycle and Motor Company, Limited, of Toronto Junction, which firm has received previous mention, to





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make a fine show of accessories including the Prest-o-lite tanks, horns of the Gabriel Horn Manufacturing Company, of Cleveland, O., storage batteries of the National Battery Company of Buffalo, lamps of the C.T. Horn Manufacturing Company, of Rochester, N.Y; carburettors made by Messrs Schebler and Wheeler of Indianapolis, Ind., speedometers of the R. H. Smith Manufacturing Company, Springfield, Mass., non fluid oils, Russel Spark Plugs and Gabriel Shock Absorbers.

Particular attention was paid by many visitors to the Springfield motometer shown on behalf of the R. H. Smith Manufacturing Company, of Springfield, Mass. This speedometer is accurate and remains accurate and the manufacturers afford purchasers every proof of this statement. It has been tried in past seasons and has emerged successfully from every test. Motorists like to know the length of their spins and no car is properly fitted up without a speedometer. The Company have a fine catalogue and a booklet

of "facts" which they are willing to send to any motorist interested.

The Ferro Marine Engine is claimed to be as nearly perfect as the two cycle type of marine engines can be made, and the Ferro Machine and Foundry Company who are the manufacturers, are able in their Cleveland foundry to produce the whole complete from blue print to the finished engine.

### Tires.

The much discussed subject of tires caused most of the visitors to pay particular attention to this portion of the Show. Seven firms made a display of tires, and those interested were able to examine both European and American makes and to contrast the two. The Canada Cycle and Motor Co., of Toronto Junction, displayed the Swinehart and the Swinehart Clincher Tire, while the Canadian Rubber Company, of Montreal had a fine showing of both bicycle and automobile tires. The Dunlop Tire Rubber

Goods Company of Montreal and Toronto were well to the front with a collection of their well known tires; the Rubber Tire Wheel Company of Montreal showed the Fisk Tires and those of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Company of Toronto, the Consolidated Rubber Tire Company, of New York, and the Kelly Springfield Carriage Tire. The French tire, the Michelin, shown by the Franco-American Auto Company, of Montreal, aroused widespread interest and the same was displayed in examining the Jenatiz tires from Belgium shown by the International Auto Company, of Montreal. Altogether the tire problem, important as it is, gave indications that a solution of the difficulties in the way of tires is likely to be found, if this has not already been done. The tests to which tires have been put are such as the early makers could not have anticipated but they have kept pace with the new conditions and may be trusted ultimately to produce a tire that shall prove ideal under even the most adverse conditions. They are well on the way to realize this praise, worthy ambition and no one who gave a short time to examine the tires shown and note their many advantages and improvements could doubt their ultimate success in reaching the goal aimed at. A very long step forward has been taken and tires are now so good that motorists must look back with wonder to the troubles of the pioneers. Many of those troubles are now over but there are some still with us and it was a delight to motorists to note how the manufacturers have endeavoured to meet and overcome them. A wonderfully useful invention, the weed chain tire grips, was shown by the Rubber Tire Wheel Company, of Montreal. These chains fit on the rear wheels of the auto and by their means the very worst of weeds are passed through with comparative immunity. It was the assistance of these chains that permitted the Reo to make the double continental journey.

The Shaler Electric Vulcanizer manufactured by G. A. Shaler Company, of Waupun, Wis., the Webster Gauge shown by the Rubber Tire Wheel Company, Montreal; the "Quad" timer made by the Quad Manufacturing Com-

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pany of Columbus, O.; the Graphite Lubricator of the United States. Graphite Company of Saginaw, Mich., Brodie's British Plate Powder of which the Brodie Manufacturing Company, of Montreal, are Canadian factors and a number of other exhibits more or less connected with motoring made up an Exhibition the success of which should ensure its permanent establishment as an annual event to which sportsmen throughout Canada might look forward with interest. With such rapidly growing industries as those of autos and motor boats an opportunity of noting developments is of great use to all concerned. The manufacturer is stirred up to make his finest efforts, those associated with him do their best in order to prove what ability and ingenuity can accomplish, and the purchaser gains through being able to note the various improvements and obtaining the best. In industries of this kind, where, although the most wonderful developments have been made, the "last word" is not yet within sight, Exhibitions



give opportunities for extending a knowledge of what has been and is being done which no one interested can afford to overlook. From every point of view both the industries concerned and the Dominion stand to gain from the Exhibition being made an annual affair.

A pleasant relief was afforded from the strictly technical character of the Exhibition by a family of Indians from New Brunswick who had a tepee erected in one corner of the annex and lived in Indian fashion during the Exhibition. The man worked at making a birch bark canoe, for all the world as though in his native woods, but his wife and family were so far conscious of their surroundings as to sell the visitors specimens of Indian work and to walk round and admire the other exhibits.

The evenings were closed by showing a series of moving pictures on a large screen put up in the Arena. These were descriptive of hunting, canoeing, motor-ing, etc., and while some were vividly real in depicting actual scenes others were pleasantly humorous, and the whole afforded a bright relief to the technical studies of the day. The attendances kept up well to the last and on every hand the wish was expressed that the foundations have been laid broad and deep for a permanent Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's Show for the Dominion. The whole of the arrangements were under the personal supervision of Mr. R. M. Jaffray, the Manager of the Show, to whose energy, business ability, and tact a large share of the success achieved was undoubtedly due.

### Auto Insurance.

Mr. Temple McMurrich, visited the office of publication of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" recently and reported that automobile insurance, which was dealt with in our March number, is being followed up very generally throughout the Province of Ontario. Mr. McMurrich is a member of the firm of Messrs. George McMurrich & Sons, of Toronto, a well known and old established insurance firm, who are acting as agents for the Columbia Insurance Company which issues a generous contract of insurance

for autos and has by the wide scope of this policy commended itself to many owners of automobiles. With the growth of automobilism, which promises this year to reach a great stage of development throughout Canada, that of auto insurance is bound to become increasingly important and it is difficult to see how a more favorable and generous contract than that of the Columbia Company can be offered to any auto owner.



This miniature picture gives an idea of the new catalogue of Automobile and Motor Cycle Sundries which has just been issued by the New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St., New York.

It is a big book of one hundred pages 6x9 inches and is brim full of illustrations and descriptions of all sorts of Motor fixings and accessories, and a few pages are used to describe Marine Engines and Boat Supplies.

A noticeable feature of this book is the convenient arrangement of the pictures and reading matter, and its general neat appearance.

A copy will be sent free to anyone who applies by letter, and dealers are requested to enclose their business cards. Address New York Sporting Goods Co., 17 Warren St., New York.

A fortunate man was Mr. Peter McNeil, a farmer living near Glencoe, Ont., who in the closing days of February shot a magnificent specimen of the silver gray fox just when the fur was at its best. Mr. McNeil disposed of the pelt to the local hardware dealer who also does business in furs for \$170 — a price considered very reasonable when the rarity of the specimens are considered. The dealer hopes to get \$300. for the pelt which he shipped away to a better market. If silver gray fox preserves could be successfully established it would appear that big dividends might be paid.



# The Song of the Auto.

BY DR. J. M. HARPER.

Up with you then as a token of mettle,  
Hey, ho, my lady ;  
Into the tonneau the rest of you settle,  
Hey, ho, my lady !  
With care, wind around you your wrappings and fall,  
As springs the long bonnet away from the wall.  
The honk sounds hurrah as the piston makes test,  
The balm of the morning with cheer fills the breast,  
The soul finds delight in the motion that's rest,  
All in our outing, my lady !

CHORUS :

Speed then, since steer we must,  
Into the highway, out of the dust,  
Fleet as the wind, fleeter, fast,  
Into a present just out of a past.

Away through the suburbs, where lanes seek escaping,  
Hey, ho, my lady !  
Away where the landscapes find sunshine and shaping,  
Hey, ho, my lady !  
The fields green and gold kiss the hedgerows near by,  
Befringed by the woodlands that coy with the sky.  
The honk flouts alarm as if 'twere a jest.  
Its echoes make laughter from hill slope to crest :  
Hurrah for the bliss of the motion that's rest,  
All in our outing, my lady !

CHORUS : Speed then, since steer we must, etc.

The rubbers are nerved with full faith in their humming,  
Hey, ho, my lady !  
The gearing gives answer that more speed is coming,  
Hey, ho my lady !  
Dangers ahead, in defiance of harm,  
Declare for retreat, as the honk sounds alarm,  
The breeze in its passion the tonneau has pressed,  
A waltz 'tis for all, where speed is the zest,  
With mirth unrestrained by the motion that's rest.  
Hey, ho my lady !

CHORUS : Speed then, since steer we must, etc.

Be prudent, you say, : What ! with joy still awaking ?  
Hey, ho, my lady !  
Ah, ha, press the lever, such joy ne'er forsaking,  
Hey, ho, my lady !  
Onward, and on, with the blood all a-leap,  
What recks though the wind feels a rage in its sweep ?  
Yea, onward, and on, till the sun's in the west,  
Till motion be spent with the honk making jest,  
As halting-place finds for that motion its rest,  
All in our outing, my lady !

CHORUS : Speed then, since steer we must, etc.

## Our Cover Illustration.

**T**HE illustration which appears on our front cover this month is made from a direct photograph taken on the Madawaska River in the Algonquin National Park of Ontario, about four miles east of Algonquin Park station. The figures shown are well known residents of Ontario who are able in the early spring to forget business and spend a few days with rod and reel in some of the picturesque districts in Ontario.

The Madawaska River is an excellent spot for speckled trout, in the spring between May 15th and 20th is the best time for this sport. The rivulets and streams throughout the Park are alive with the gamiest of speckled trout, the cool waters giving them fighting tendencies which delight the heart of the most ardent angler.

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During April the town of Perth has been stirred from its centre to its circumference by the energy of some good townsmen desirous that Lanark County should take its full share in the good work being done by the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association. Mr. A. C. Shaw, who has been the life and soul of the local movement, called the meeting and Mayor H. M. Shaw presided. The excellent attendance included Mr. T. A. Code, the President of the Anglers' Association and some of the officials, who gave the new movement their support and best wishes. The Revs. Dr. Benson, Mr. Scott and Mr. Currie also attended. Mr. A. Kelly Evans, of Toronto, was present, and gave an address upon the work of the Association and its branches. Mr. A. C. Shaw pointed out how by proper protection there might be plenty of fish and game not only for our own people but for all the visitors coming amongst us, while at the same time the Province might enjoy a sufficient revenue from the fees paid by resident and non-resident sportsmen to employ a practical and efficient body of officers to enforce the game and fishery laws. The meeting voted unanimously for the formation of a branch association and the following officers were appointed:

Hon. President—Mr. T. A. Code.  
President—Mr. J. A. Stewart.  
First Vice-Pres.—Mr. Wm. L. McLaren.  
Second Vice Pres.—Mr. W. B. Hart.  
Secretary—Mr. A. C. Shaw.  
Treasurer—Mr. K. Eardely-Wilmot.

Executive Committee—Messrs. W. S. Robertson, C. F. Stone, G. E. Armstrong, R. J. Drummond, T. J. Thompson, John Code, C. A. MacMahon and A. W. Goodman. The membership has been raised to the century mark, and the gospel of fish and game protection has been taken to the surrounding villages by the enthusiastic and good sportsmen who are responsible for the formation of the Perth branch. With reference to the above a correspondent writes from that pleasant town:—

“The people in the Perth branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association must be a busy bunch. The list of paying members now numbers over one hundred and the end is not yet. A wholesome fear of the law as to Fish and Game is piercing the marrow bones of the poachers of Lanark County. One conviction has been secured, illegal netting has largely decreased, the night hawk with a dip net, two bags (one for pickerel and one for suckers) and a whisky flask is likely to be driven to earn an honest day's wages. The outlying villages are adding to the list of members and a campaign of execution has been begun which it is believed will be far reaching in its effects. Men are being employed to watch the important points and the fishing overseers are being successfully urged to watch now and do their praying afterwards. Important concessions have been obtained from the Canal authorities with respect to the raising and lowering of the water to avoid destroying fish spawn and wild ducks eggs etc.”

# BOOKS OF INTEREST TO SPORTSMEN

Modern Sporting Gunnery is a book which deals at length with guns and gunnery, and a perusal of which will enable the sportsmen to know more about his arms than he can possibly learn elsewhere. It is a manual compiled with great care and thorough knowledge by Mr. Henry Sharp, and its production in its present complete form would have been impossible but for the co-operation of a great firm of gun manufacturers, Messrs. Westley Richards, who gave the author unrestricted accessibility to their factory, and likewise allowed him to make such drafts as he required upon their archives—a most valuable assistance, representing as these archives do, the stored up experience and knowledge gained throughout all the notable changes of a century's gun making. The book opens with a retrospect in the course of which the fame of Great Britain as the home of a race of sportsmen is upheld. It is pointed out that in no phase of sport have the English excelled more than in marksmanship. The story of gunpowder is gone into and an explosive traced back to the time of Moses. The first firearms were clumsy in construction, unwieldy, and uncertain in action. Gradually but surely improvements were made and explanations are given of each one including the famous Joe Mantons and others. The muzzle loader, the breech loader and the later inventions all receive due notice and sportsmen cannot fail to take almost as much interest in these reminiscences of the past, as they will do of those of the present. With the fine, beautiful and effective guns turned out today it seems wonderful to us how our forefathers performed such good work as they did and when we learn all that goes to the making up of the guns of today we realize

to a small extent the indebtedness of sportsmen to those who have worked so well in the field of modern gunnery. Four chapters are devoted to modern shot guns and one to shot gun ammunition. Everything that can possibly be told about the gun is here included and the descriptions given, while full and even technical are described in such an explanatory fashion as never to lose their interest and to many sportsmen, who desire to know all they possibly can about their firearms, they will be nothing less than fascinating. Chapters are given up to the new accelerated express rifles and axite powder, ball and shot guns and their development, and sporting bullets. Special mention must be made of the chapter devoted to miniature rifles for match target and sporting purposes. These include the air rifles, and the effect of these rifles on marksmanship is dealt with at length. Gun fitting, including stock form and measurements and second hand gun buying is a chapter over which many lovers of firearms will linger. The description is pleasantly relieved and enables a non-scientific man to follow it with interest. Two chapters are devoted to game and wild fowl shooting in Great Britain and these will enable the reader to get a good idea of the great differences between conditions in the old land and in this country. As might be expected however the bulk of attention is given to the best kinds of guns and loads to use in pursuit of the various kinds of game. It is more than possible however to obtain from these pleasantly written chapters some good peeps into the conditions prevalent in Great Britain. A tribute is paid to the invasion of the ladies in the field of sport by a chapter on "The Sportswoman; her



relationale in the field and her equipment." It is pointed out that lighter and more effective guns, together with smokeless powder, have rendered it easy for them to win distinction in sport. This is followed up by a further chapter on "Ladies in the Field" written by her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, who, very naturally, not only deals with the matter of equipment but also devotes considerable attention to the most suitable costume for ladies in the field, finishing up with a set of rules, which, if carried out, would go very far to reconcile even the strongest advocate of man's prerogative to the presence of ladies in the field. Shooting, which is the concluding chapter, gives particulars of the arms suitable for killing big game and follows with an epitome of the various countries, the game large and small to be found therein, and the import duties on guns, rifles and cartridges. The divisions are made in a rather arbitrary manner in the case of the Dominion. We find particulars under the heading of Canada, and a compliment is paid to the great sporting attractions of British Columbia by a separate heading being devoted to it. None of the other Provinces, which are all omitted, would complain of this, as every Canadian recognizes the value of British Columbia, as a wonderful sporting province, but just why Vancouver should also be put in is not quite clear. This is a small matter but it shows that the knowledge of Canadian geography on the other side still leaves something to be desired. The book is one which should be added to every sportsman's library and will be sent postpaid on receipt of \$2 from the Book Department of "ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA," Woodstock, Ontario.

No fisherman ought to be without a copy of the splendid catalogue issued by Messrs. Hardy Brothers, of Alnwick, England. Improvements are constantly being made in this fine production and this year there are no less than thirteen pages of all kinds of flies in color, drawn as nearly correct in shape and color as it is possible to get them. The tackle section shows both variety and improvement. Fishermen will recognize and appreciate

the efforts made to meet their requirements in Hardy's Prawn Spinning Tackle, the "Wee" Minnow Spinner and Mr. Green's Patent "Corkscrew" Sandeel Spinners, the latter of extreme use in the old country when other fresh water baits cannot be obtained. In lighter rods also the improvement is marked, and the "Fairy" rods of which a full description in given will greatly interest every lover of the gentle art. Extra light salmon rods with the papers on "Salmon fishing for Ladies" cannot fail to attract attention and to be read by every fisherman with the deepest interest. Hooks are one of the subjects about which fishermen never tire and there is here plenty of material for discussion. The patent "Oval" wire spring hooks are recommended as particularly suitable for such countries as Canada. The agate rod rings are now fitted to all Messrs. Hardy's cane built steel centre rods without extra charge. There are many other points which fishermen may discover for themselves by consulting the catalogue which is becoming quite a work of reference. One of the improvements however upon which all Canadians will congratulate the firm is the inclusion for the first time of an article upon Canadian fishing. Fishing in the Dominion is such a wide subject that only the fringe can be touched. Once the ice is broken Messrs. Hardy Brothers may be trusted to take up the matter in earnest. It is true their catalogue is so full of good things it appears impossible to make room for more. Room however is found for additions every year and none of the coming years are likely to prove an exception to those that have gone. Fishermen have a freemasonry all the world over, and it is but natural we should wish something about Canadian fishing to be known to the many fellow wielders of the rod to be found wherever Messrs. Hardy's catalogue goes. Any fisherman who provides himself with that publication may be assured that he possesses a work which he may peruse with fresh interest whenever he can spare a few minutes of his time. The get up of the book is excellent and its contents better still. To fishermen these are nothing less than fascinating, and as a book for camp life or recreation purposes it cannot be surpassed.

## "OFF THE GROUND."

Just climb up your little ladder, go to bed like other folks, and when you rise, you are as fresh as the morning glories, with an appetite ready for a good breakfast. When you go hunting in the Fall, take a "SUSPENDED" and pitch it high up in the trees. Game will come around you, as it is a fact, that game does not look up for the hunter, neither do they scent any danger in the boughs of the trees.



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## SPORTS AFLOAT!

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and Wave, in White-winged Yacht or Dainty Canoe,  
in Fragile Shell or Swift Power Boat

Edited by

LOU. E.  
MARSH

### An Important Affiliation.

The feature of the past month's doings in aquatic circles in Canada has been the affiliation of the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen with the Canada Amateur Athletic Union. The amalgamation created somewhat of a sensation all over the Dominion, but in the East the feeling with which the news was received was that of consternation, for the action of the Executive of the C.A.A.O. indicated war to the knife on rowing men who have violated the amateur rules by playing with or against "pros" in hockey, lacrosse, or football, or who have themselves taken the change for their athletic work. In Montreal and Ottawa the blow fell most severely. In Ottawa it struck solidly at Pulford & Co. and the Ottawa top notch men; while down in Montreal it landed a solar plexus blow to such good oarsmen and paddlers as McLean, Geordie, Davidson, and Bob Magor, who played hockey with the Montreal Victorias against the openly "pro" team of the Eastern Canada Hockey League. In Ottawa the Ottawa Rowing Club which elected Harvey Pulford as Captain must depose Pulford or else drop out of the C. A. A. O.

The move in general created a sensation in that it was almost entirely unexpected. True the move has been bruited for a couple of years, but it was half hearted all the time. There was no necessity for it from the C. A. A. O's point of view. The Association has always been able to handle rowing, and has no opposition in Canada. Its supervision and rulings were acknowledged by the C. A. A. U. In fact the Union had everything to gain, for when the oarsmen came in the C. A. A. U. obtained control of the most im-

portant of all truly amateur sports in the Dominion, and brought into its ranks men who are strong enough to give the Union backbone. In fact the amalgamation with the oarsmen placed the C.A.A.U. securely upon the athletic throne in Canada. It made the Union's position practically unassailable.

What do the oarsmen gain?

Well, they fall into line with the chief governing body and throw their weight into the balance against the Eastern Canada idea of mixing amateur and professionals in the same Clubs and teams, and assure the purity of rowing for some time to come. They strengthen their own hands in the forthcoming battle to maintain amateurism in rowing. While the C.A.A.O. was firm in its stand for amateurism the taint of professionalism was creeping in. Things had come to such a pass that it was felt a stand must be made against the strong Ottawas, who were using men in their crews who played games for money although they took none for rowing; and the Montreal clubs whose men were playing in hockey leagues, where the "filthy lucre" was forthcoming, for good men. Last fall the Executive of the C. A. A. O. sounded a note of warning, but the Ottawa and Montreal men only laughed silently, and trusted to their weight and influence to negate any ruling. This affiliation with the Amateur Union, however shows conclusively that the fall "talk-fest" was not idle gossip. The Union had the very men the C.A.A.O. were aiming at tentatively black listed, and when affiliation took place the men who were tainted were automatically closed out. The Union says nothing and will say nothing until these men who were tainted



# Launches and Engines

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try to enter into amateur sport under their control. The instant they do this registration of all suspects will be refused and matters must come to a head. They must take the amateur declaration before they can come in.

The situation in Ottawa is so acute that Frank Grierson, the Eastern Ontario governor of the C. A. A. U. was asked for and sent in his resignation from the Ottawa Rowing Club.

The affiliation, and consequent ousting of certain men, too affects paddling, for Davidson, Magor and McLean are three of Montreal's strongest blade artists, and figured in the war canoes fours and singles of the St. Lawrence River city, the Canadian Henly, American Canoe Association, and Canadian Canoe Association events.

#### Cartierville Boating Club.

The Cartierville Boating Club, of Montreal, is prospering — at least its annual report says so, and there is a proposition on foot to limit the membership to 125. The election of officers for 1907 resulted as follows :—Hon. President, T. Sonne ; president E. W. Barlow ; vice-president, J. A. Bremner ; secretary-treasurer, F. B. Brown, 80 St. Francois Xavier Street ; executive committee, W. C. McNaughton, J. A. Decew, R. E. Costello, E. Drolet, G. E. Radford, J. H. Roy.

#### Durnan Home Again.

Eddie Durnan, of Toronto, is back from his trip to Australia where he rowed George Towns for the World's Professional Championship. As soon as Eddie discovered that George Towns had resigned his title to his brother Charlie he issued a challenge to row him. Durnan wants Charlie Towns to row in Toronto this September, but has received no definite answer.

Durnan says that he overtrained for his race with the champion, and that when race day came he was stale and covered with boils. He was so stale that he lacked the ginger and spirit necessary to meet the champion's spurts. The boils too bothered him so that he could not sit steadily in his boat, and it

was so hot and sultry that his feet blistered in the foot rests.

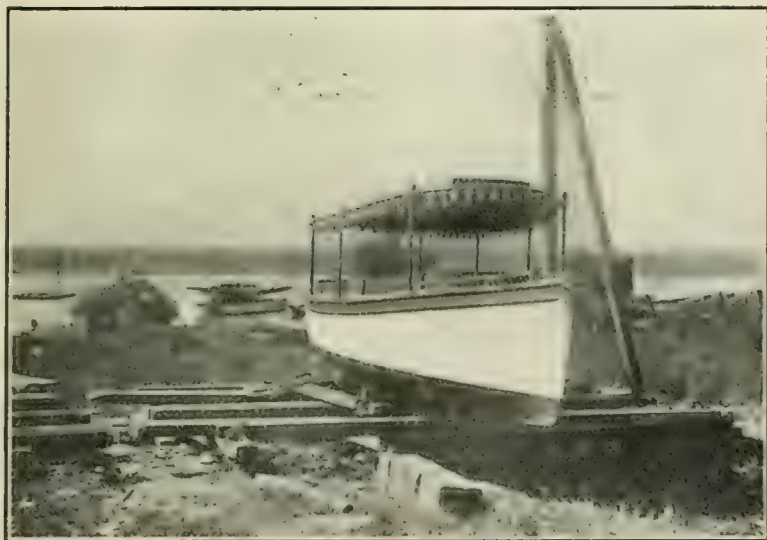
"Two weeks before the race," remarked Eddie to me, "I was in grand shape and the race was conceded to me. Then I went back and on race day I was licked before I started. Towns got away first and I went right out after him. By hard work I pulled even and at the half mile mark had a lead. At the three-quarters Towns pulled even, and though I tried to respond to his spurts I could not make any ground, and was forced to let up, plug on as steadily as I could and hang on. I was only beaten three lengths. Do you know I was sick three parts of the time I was away and I was gone four months? I was eight pounds under weight when I stepped into my shell for the race. Barry and Sullivan want to row me, but I won't bother with them until I get a crack with George Towns or his brother Charlie."

#### Canoeing at the Capital.

In Ottawa the canoeing game is booming. The Rideau Club is coming to the front rapidly. Last year they developed some good material and this year promise a rare good war canoe crew. The Britannia paddlers lose Jack Hayes and may lose Eddie McNeil, the new captain, who threatens retirement. All the other good paddlers will be out again, and Jack Hill has been appointed sub-captain. Two new racing singles have been secured. The Ottawa Canoe Club is coming along nicely too. The Cliffside Canoe Club is about to throw in its lot with the Ottawa's, and the combination should make local competition hot at the Capital City, though the Ottawa's did lose some good paddling material last year. This year's captain is W. J. Johnstone. Kenny Gibson, last year's war canoe captain, has gone over to the Rideaus.

In Toronto, the Toronto Canoe Club loses four men from its Canadian Champion war canoe crew, but has plenty of good material left. Last year's grand Four—Nasmith, Kipp, Livingstone, and Art McNicholl—is intact, and with the year's seasoning should just about make the best, and then step along in record time to wear the laurels they mean

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to win. The Torontos are to have a new Dean war canoe—a narrow craft with a flattened V section below the water line. The Parkdale Canoe Club, which is the “loud noise” in canoeing circles this year in Toronto Clubparts, is getting a new one too. They had a fair war canoe crew last year, but this year they will be strengthened with some fine young athletes developed by hockey last winter, and promise “to be there or thereabouts” when the war canoes and fours races, and the Canadian Henly come off. They have determined to take a whirl at the Canadian Canoe Association War Canoe Championships and the American Canoe Association events for big canoes. They are a cocky little tribe, these Parkdales, and they are going to take some tall beating too, if youth and stamina will count for much against experience.

#### Another International Cup.

The latest international trophy is a cup for eighteen footers put up by the Watertown Yacht Club of New York State, for competition between the Watertown, Kingston, Gananoque, and Picton Yacht Clubs. The Watertown fleet makes an annual cruise up the Bay of Quinte and holds regattas. They have interested the other Clubs in this international race, and Kingston and Picton will both have boats to meet the crack Watertown eighteen footer. The scene of the race has not yet been settled but most probably it will take place in Kingston harbor.

#### St. Kitts Coming.

The St. Catharines Rowing and Canoe Club has elected the following officers: Pres. Capt. A. H. Malcolmson; Vice-President, John Dawson; Secretary, R. Schram; Treasurer, R. G. W. Connolly; Executive Committee, R. F. Robinson, Ed. Austin, and Harold Phelps; Auditors, G. B. Burson and S. W. Secord.

Improvements will be made to the Canadian Henly course; all projecting posts will be removed, and a series of motor boat races will be added to the program. The club is also buying working fours and will take up rowing seriously.

#### Winnipeg to Have War Canoe

The Winnipeg Canoe Club is one of Winnipeg's most prosperous sporting organizations. It has a surplus of over \$5,000 and a membership limited only by the accommodation of the club house.

The election of officers for 1907 resulted: Patrons, Hon Hugh J. Macdonald, Wm. Whyte; Hon. President, C. C. Chipman, hon. Vice-president, D. K. Elliott; Board of Directors, A Hill, C. W. Chivers, R. B. Graham, C. D. Taylor, W. E. Strong, Frank Leggo, G. F. R. Harris, C. M. Scott and F. F. Brook. The board elected the following officers; President, A Hill; Vice-President, C. W. Chivers sec.-treas., R. B. Graham; house committee, C. D. Taylor, W. E. Strong, F. Leggo.

It was decided to purchase a war canoe. A discussion took place in regard to securing a more commodious club house further up the river, a site being suggested opposite Elm Park.

#### Pacific Coast Trophy.

Out on the Pacific Coast they have a real yacht race on their hands—a contest for a trophy that promises to rival the great Canada Cup, and Seawanhaka Cup contests in the East. His Honor Lieut. Governor Dunsmuir, of British Columbia, has just put up a trophy for the twenty-nine foot class for international competition and the Vancouver Yacht Club will probably be the first to defend it. The Club is now building a twenty-nine footer from the designs of the great Scotchman William Fife to carry its colors in the big international race at Seattle in July.

The defender is built by popular subscription. The \$2,500 necessary to build her was raised in \$5 subscriptions. Every person who bought a five dollar share became possessed of a ticket which gave him a chance to win the whole boat in a drawing contest which is to take place after the Seattle race is over. The Fife plans show a good wholesome little craft, and the Vancouver men are ready to bank on her chances to win the Seattle race before they even seen her in the waters of the Pacific coast. The twenty-nine footers are practically the same boats as the Eastern twenty-seven footers which are to race for Canada's cup this



## This! Sir, Is The Very Best

We always recommend Clark's Meats for camping, outing, pic-nics. Their absolute purity and high quality are guaranteed by the name of Wm. Clark.

And then they always have a fine appetizing flavor—the result of careful cooking and the use of prime Canadian meat, which is perfectly sound and healthy.

# Clark's Lunch Tongue

Other good things for campers Clark's Corned Beef; Sliced Smoked Beef; Veal Loaf; Pork and Beans; Potted Meats, etc.

**WM. CLARK, MFG., MONTREAL.**

year. They are all of them under fifty feet over all

### A Beautiful Motor Yacht.

For three years running Toronto boating men have been favored with a view of the finest motor yacht shown in the New York exhibition. This has been owing to Mr. J. C. Eaton who on each occasion has purchased the best that skill and ingenuity could present in the boatingline and taken it to Toronto. This year's motor yacht is unanimously accorded first place for style, speed and luxury. The hull is forty feet over all, eight feet extreme breadth and draws three feet of water. It is equipped with six cylinder, seventy-five horse power motors and has a guarantee speed of eighteen miles per hour. The hull which is strongly and lightly built of oak and cedar is low, racy and graceful, and means utility, and speed in every line. The motor is located forward under a hoodlike automobile and is started by

compressed air. Electricity provides the lighting power throughout the boat and the cooking will be done by an electric stove. The boat is a twelve meter Elco De Luxe, costing \$10,000, and will easily be queen of the Muskoka fleet this year. During the coming summer the owner and his guests should find the very height of enjoyment in cruising about the beautiful lakes of Canada amid such luxurious surroundings.

A propeller wheel, which is absolutely weedless, has long been the desire of every person who uses a power boat. There have been numerous claims for weedless wheels made in the past, and some people may be sceptical as to those put forward in the present. The Stickler Weedless Wheel Company, of Portage, Wis., claim that they have a perfectly weedless wheel and offer to demonstrate its efficiency. Our shallower lakes and streams abound with weeds and the clogging of a wheel in their tangles is a



## Specify For That Boat

—THE—

## Stickler Weedless Wheel



Insist on this wheel being furnished because it is absolutely weedless, and can never clog. This wheel is built on a scientific basis, and is guaranteed to be **Weedless without loss of speed.** Order your wheel to-day, or send for pamphlet.

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**Alfred J. C. Robertson**

A. M. I. N. A.; A. M. I. E. S.

**NAVAL ARCHITECT**

591 St. Catharine St., west, **Montreal.**

(Formerly on the Design Staff of Messrs. Denny, Dumbarton.)

Designer of Canadian yachts "Martell", "Dorval", "Runaway", "Zingara", "Calleroo", etc.

perpetual trouble. Now this wheel does not cut the weeds but glides through them like an eel. Its shape is such that it takes water first at the centre. At that point the blades run directly towards the water, while the volume displaced is increased to the edges of the blades. This makes it impossible to catch anything on the wheel while the danger of breaking it by striking on obstructions is greatly lessened as a blow is always a glancing one. Every one interested in power boats can have a further description of this wheel from the Company, by sending a postal with a request for the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

The supreme importance of a good

engine is soon made apparent by experience to every user of a motor boat. Without an engine upon which he can place absolute reliance the pleasures to be obtained from his boat are much less than they might otherwise prove, and the man without a good engine misses far more than he has any idea of. The Smalley Motor Company, Limited, of Bay City, Mich., claim that they have just such an engine and the power boat owner who wants the best should investigate their claims, the genuineness of which certainly seem to be borne out by the demand for their products. They report a shipment of four car loads of engines to Europe; two to the West, and six to their eastern representatives, the Fairbanks Company, all during the present spring. Last year the boat "Squirt", equipped with a three cylinder Smalley engine, won the reliability, durability and economy test, open to any engine manufacturers, which took place in England. The sensation of last year was the creation of a world's record by the boat "Secret" which attained a speed of twenty-five miles per hour. The boat was equipped with a Smalley three cylinder, 15-20 horse power engine. The famous "Key West," which won all races, she entered until beaten by the "Secret" was equipped with a similar engine. The "Bit-Bab," "Eureka," "Dolphin," "13," Fairbanks 1, 11, and 111, with records of better than twenty two miles per hour, were all equipped with Smalley engines. The Company believes the secret of their success to lie in the fact that their designs are the best scientific ones possible to produce; that the highest grade of materials are used, in their engines; that they are assembled by skilled mechanics, and every motor submitted to the most exhaustive tests before shipping. The coming season promises to eclipse all past records. Nine new speed boats are to be launched in Bay City and vicinity this spring and most of them are to be equipped with Smalley engines. Any reader interested in power boats may obtain a copy of the Company's fine illustrated catalogue by addressing a line to their address and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."



# OUR MEDICINE BAG

Dr. W. H. Fitzmaurice, an Irish gentleman, who has spent the last winter in New Brunswick, writes: "I have been more than agreeably surprised with the Canadian winter. There are a great many days of bright sunshine, and the pure bracing atmosphere is delightful. By keeping the ears, hands and feet protected, I never felt cold, and did not catch the slightest cold all winter. I received a letter a short time ago from a lady who left Ireland last spring and is living in Saskatchewan. Writing of the Canadian winters she said: "I don't think I would ever care to winter in the Old Country again." While perhaps not going as far as that I strongly sympathize with her point of view.

Everyone who sympathizes with the grand work Dr. Grenfell is doing in Labrador will be delighted to know that the Hon. Sydney Fisher, Minister of Agriculture, acting on the recommendation of Mr. J. G. Rutherford, Live Stock Commissioner, has made a grant of \$5,000 towards defraying the expenses of importing a herd of reindeer from Norway to Labrador. Hitherto the only method of transportation in Labrador in winter has been by dog train, and these dogs are often unsatisfactory, in addition to being by no means free from danger. Dr. Grenfell has closely followed the success of the American Government in domesticating reindeer in Alaska and is thoroughly convinced that the reindeer could be equally well domesticated in Labrador to the great gain of the people living there. In addition to the increased facilities for transportation which the reindeer would afford over dogs, they would be of great value in supplying the people with food, hides and milk, the latter a particularly scarce commodity in outlying districts. The reindeer would in fact make a wonderful difference in Labrador and all who know

of Dr. Grenfell's work will not doubt his success in this effort now that he has a Government contribution to aid him. Canada has never made a grant to a better purpose.

Dr. Tomalin, who writes from Deloraine, Man., quotes a statement appearing in our February number which was taken from a pamphlet issued by the United States Department of Agriculture to the following effect: "The Barnacle goose has been taken twice in Canada—in Montreal and near Rupert House, James Bay, and both of these may have been strays." Dr. Tomalin says this statement is erroneous because he has two adult males, which he obtained by just tipping the end pinions when he was out shooting and saved alive. They were in their first year at the time of the captures and are now four and five years old respectively. He has been much interested noting the different changes of plumage in these birds as they had their full plumage in their third year. Further a few flocks of five or six are to be observed in most of the large flock of Arctic geese which pass over Manitoba in the fall migration. The Doctor has seen a few flocks in spring but they are rare. He also holds the division of Arctic geese into small and large to be an error. He himself believes there are two varieties of the large Arctic geese. In one kind the plumage is so like that of the immature barnacle that it is almost impossible to determine which is which except by the contour of the head and awaiting the development of the natural plumage. In the other the young is a dirty, rusty yellow very similar to the immature plumage of the young white crane. This color lasts longest on the head and upper part of the neck!"

Mr. C. J. Hoskinson, writes from Kip-

pewa, Que.: "The wolves are making great inroads into the deer this winter. I myself counted on one day in January the carcasses of twelve deer on Ross Lake and saw innumerable traces of them on my way up. It is a pity we could not have had an organized wolf hunt in this district."

It is announced that Commander Peary has secured the \$300,000 he considered necessary to complete the cost of his equipment for a further attempt to discover the North Pole. The proposal is to start in June of the present year, make as much progress as possible during the short Arctic summer, to spend the winter in quarters and conserve all energy for a final dash the following summer. With all the experience he has had and with the careful preparations he has made there ought to be something more than a chance of success this time if not forestalled by Mr. Wellman and his balloon. Commander Peary has expressed a firm belief that if the summer of 1908 is only a normal Arctic summer, success will this time crown his efforts.

"Sport" writes from Barrie: "I and other hunters around here learn with regret of the Government's work of tinkering again with the game law re deer. Both myself and others with whom I have conversed about the proposed change agree that the present law is O. K., as to time of open season, and two deer each (except perhaps extend it to the 17th or 18th) and see that the game wardens fulfil their duties well, and allow them part of the fine in case of a conviction of an offender, as well as their salary. Watch the summer tourist and allow nothing larger than a small caliber revolver with their camping effects. On my return from the hunt last fall, I was told by a resident here, that he knew parties in Buffalo who had made a boast of the venison and partridge they had during their summer outing in Muskoka, even to shooting a hen partridge off her nest of young. Another young man who works on the T. & N. O. Railway was

visiting his home here and told of the way the Indians are slaughtering and selling deer all winter. He has seen as many as thirty-one deer in one load teamed into one of the Northern Ontario towns. The lesson is, make the summer tourist, the lumber camps, the Red man, and pot hunter and settler abide by the law and exterminate the wolves, and there will be plenty of game for all during the lawful season to hunt."

The question of private game preserves has recently attracted much attention in Ontario owing to the application of the Tadenac Club to renew and extend its leases over a large area and to be allowed to preserve the fish and game within their limits. The very strongest protest was made against the policy indicated by the application, and it was hoped that the feeling aroused would stop anything of the kind from being proposed in Ontario for the future. If eternal vigilance is necessary to stop the leasing system in Ontario, then the Ontario Fish & Game Protective Association has not been formed too soon, and its members have a duty before them which they must not allow to remain unfulfilled. The path of any Government granting private leases must be made a hard one.

In the States the amounts taken in for license fees are remarkable. Illinois leads the whole of them both in number and amounts. Since 1892 when the system first took effect in the State the sum of \$386,721 has been collected. In 1902 only non-residents were required to pay a fee and the collections amounted to \$5,985. In the following year the residential fee was put on and the receipts then realized \$95,000 for the residents' licenses and \$3,875 for non-residents. In 1904 the residential fees reached \$109,000 while those for non-residents came to \$3,985. Last year the amount jumped to the remarkable figure of \$161,164, with non-resident fees at \$7,115. Surely the Provinces of Canada might well take notice and try to realize what wonderful and paying assets they have in their fish and their game.

A couple of gill nets were located near Mugg's Landing in Toronto Bay on a recent Sunday evening, and together with their contents, were confiscated. These contents consisted of eleven pike and two muskrats. It is reported that the use of these nets is becoming too prevalent in Toronto Bay and the constables on the Island have been keeping a sharp look out for them, with the result as above stated.

The Toronto University has taken an important step which for some time has been foreshadowed and has appointed a Professor of Forestry. The gentleman selected is Professor E. B. Fernow who has been on the staff of the University of Pennsylvania. By birth the new Professor is a German and it was in that country, where forestry had been brought to a foremost position, that he received both his theoretical and practical training. After coming to America he was for some time at Cornell. Professor Fernow is no stranger to Canada and Canadians having repeatedly lectured in this country and also attended our Forestry Conventions. He will soon make himself acquainted with forestry conditions in Ontario and should prove of great service in guiding and developing an energetic forestry policy for the Province.

The amateur photographer who takes a delight in producing good pictures would do well to try the "Wellington" photographic specialties. The high quality maintained by these goods has made for them a world wide reputation and the ever increasing imports into this country speak for themselves. The specialties consist principally of plates, papers and films and the latest addition to the large selection is the "Wellington" self-developing plate. The fact of being able to travel without carrying any necessary developing chemicals in one's kit, a few ounces of water being all that is necessary to obtain a first-class negative, is a boon all amateurs will fully appreciate. With a self-developing plate and some of the "Wellington" self-toning paper the tourist or sportsman can, with

a little fixing soda in his outfit, go forth fully prepared to do all the picture making he desires. All the "Wellington" specialties are too numerous to mention but local dealers will be pleased to supply all particulars or a line to the Canadian representatives, Ward & Co., 13 St. John Street, Montreal, will bring full lists and all information.

Quite a few Maine guides have enquired about places in Canada where they can locate. Any man who will combine lumbering, gardening and guiding will do well in Canada, and by writing to L. O. Armstrong, Colonization and Tourist Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, he can put him into a very good country where there is plenty of deer, plenty of moose and plenty of fish.

We are much amused to read on the first page of "Maine Woods," published by the Bangor & Aroostook Railway and of course, in the interest of Maine, the following: "I have hunted in various parts of Canada and in various parts of Maine. There are practically no deer in Canada, and many and many a man goes to New Brunswick now-a-days, and if he is successful at all, brings back a moose with a smaller head than some of the heads which are obtained in Maine." Any Maine lawyer could write that and not go to jail for it. There are parts of Canada where there is practically no deer, but he omits to say that there are other parts of Canada where there are more deer than in any part of Maine. He also forgets to say that the record eastern moose comes from New Brunswick and that the heads run larger in New Brunswick today than they do in Maine, and yet it is possible that some heads are obtained in Maine which are larger than some heads obtained in New Brunswick. So that Mr. E. H. Morse of Hartford, Conn., leaves a path of safety to enable him to crawl out of his tarradiddle. Mr. Morse, take the advice of an old timer and don't build up your own country by trying to run down your neighbor's! "There is room in this world for us all!"



Knitted garments are growing in popularity every day and no wonder. They combine warmth with comfort, and to these considerations are now added quality and style which are bound to commend them to ever widening circles. Amongst the makers of these fine garments are the Blauvelt Knitting Company, 9-11-13 Campbell Street, Newark, N. J., who issue a very fine catalogue showing a great variety of styles of knitted articles suitable for both sexes. Amongst them may be mentioned a sweater vest, which, while warmer than an ordinary overcoat is much lighter in weight, and has all the neatness of a vest. A ladies' knitted kimona makes a very comfortable, warm and dressy garment for home wear or cool summer evenings. A ladies' auto coat looks very dashing and nice. There are many other styles shown in the catalogue and all of them should be interesting to sportsmen. As everyone knows the weather cannot be guaranteed and any camper, canoeist, explorer or sportsman in general having a supply of these garments can make his trips with added comfort, being assured both of warmth and ease in wearing. A copy of this catalogue showing many styles, all of them good, will be forwarded to any of our readers who make a request for the same on a postal and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

A catalogue that cannot fail to interest everyone who uses a gun is that issued by Messrs. Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn. For nearly half a century their guns have stood the severest kinds of tests and have emerged successfully from the struggles from which we are told that only the fittest survive. There must be good reasons for this fact, and the manufacturers claim that it is owing to the simplicity of construction, excellence of workmanship, beauty of proportion, faultless balance, hard shooting qualities and capacity to resist the strain of long and continuous use of nitro powders, that have made these guns favorites with all who have tried them. The new Parker automatic ejector, though it cannot be fitted to any gun now in a finished

condition, can be put on any new gun made by them for \$25 beyond the list prices. The ejector can be operated with ease so no extra force is required to manipulate the gun. The setting of the ejector is done with so little friction that one cannot realize there are any extra moving parts. The ejectors cannot move back and forth when the gun is opened and closed unless the gun has been fired so that one will hardly know that he is handling an automatic ejector gun. These claims are great ones and the manufacturers say they can sustain them all. Sportsmen should get a copy of this catalogue and can do so by writing either to Meriden, Conn., or 32 Warren St., New York, requesting the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Mr. Arthur Calbeck, Deputy Game Warden stationed at Sault Ste. Marie (who has a letter in our present issue re the dog controversy in deer hunting) has just had an exciting time hunting poachers in the backwoods. Accompanied by Thomas McLean and A. Brown he went up to Batchewana River and gave a Frenchman named Gagnon, who is known to have been the moving spirit in poaching in the neighborhood, a thirty-five mile run in one day. Although they missed the principal they located his camp and caught his assistant whose name is Dunn. They secured also the carcasses of fourteen deer and harassed the poachers so strongly that Gagnon is reported to be endeavoring to reach the American side. At one camp, McLean, who was ahead, entered just in time to see an unknown man make a hasty exit. Later on he visited the camp stables and was fired upon by Gagnon who was less than sixty yards away. The chase was kept up without result, and the party returned to the Soo with their prisoner and booty and instigated a strict lookout to prevent, if possible, the escape of the offender from Canada.

A capital idea for increasing the value of their catalogue has been adopted by the Marble Patent Safety Axe Company of

**TRADE MARK**  
**IVER JOHNSON**

**HAMMER THE HAMMER**

Treat the revolver as roughly or carelessly as you please—it can't go off, can't cause harm until you intend it should—if it's an **Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver**. The firing pin can't possibly transmit concussion until you pull the trigger clear back; that's what makes it safe. Here's why it makes you safe: The

**IVER JOHNSON** Safety Automatic **Revolver**

stands by a man when he has to make good, hits the "mark" when that "mark" must be hit—and all with less effort and calculation on his part than is permitted by any other make. Scientific design and perfect workmanship make it wholly effective every time.

<b>Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver</b> 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim fire cartridge, 32-38 center fire cartridge <b>\$6.50</b>	<b>Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver</b> 3-in. barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32-38 center fire cartridge <b>\$7.50</b>
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For sale by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or will be sent prepaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on the grip and our name on the barrel.

**IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS, 157 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.**  
New York Office: 99 Chambers Street Pacific Coast Branch: P. B. Bekeart Co.,  
Alameda, Cal. European Office: Pickhuben 4, Hamburg, Germany.  
Makers of Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns.

**Our Free Booklet "Shots"**

is full of interesting revolver facts. Write for it at once, and we'll send our big catalogue with it. Then you'll learn all about Iver Johnson merits—just a postal now.

Gladstone, Mich. In addition to a full description of the many useful and ingenious inventions by Mr. Marble, which add so much to the joys of the sportsmen the inventor has himself written a paper on "How to use a Compass." In this paper Mr. Marble gives a simple but comprehensive explanation of the various uses of a compass, the style to purchase for different purposes, and how any one can tell a good compass from a poor one. Mr. Marble has had a long experience with compasses. He has passed a quarter of a century in the woods, and from the stores of his own personal knowledge he has written. The subject is just the kind to interest all lovers of the outdoor life, and when, in addition to such a paper, particulars are given of ninety specialties for sportsmen the catalogue, as will be seen, is no ordinary one. This catalogue contains fifty-six pages and will be forwarded post free to any reader who will send a postal for the same and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada.

"The province of Quebec and its resources" was the subject of a recent address at the Canadian Club of Montreal by the Hon. A. Weir. It is a capital idea to give busy Canadians a chance of knowing something of their own Provinces. It impresses any hearer with the importance of Quebec and how much remains to be done, to learn that the Province is three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland. Only about three per cent is under crop and including the whole of the timber no less than seventy three per cent of the area remains untouched. One fifth of the whole water power of the continent is within the Province whose future developments no one can foresee. The Ottawa and St. Maurice are two of the finest rivers in America and these belong wholly to the Province. Railway development is making a very material difference and will no doubt greatly aid the progress of Quebec which is bound to make greater strides in the future. The west is a grand country but there are also brilliant prospects be-





**The Conklin Self-Filling Fountain Pen** is *really* self-filling. As shown in the illustration above, a pressure of the thumb on *Crescent-Filler* compresses the soft rubber reservoir inside the barrel of the pen. This pressure released, the pen is filled and at once ready to write. The same simple movement cleans it. It is as easy as dipping an ordinary pen in an ink well.

## Conklin's SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

**"THE PEN WITH THE CRESCENT-FILLER"**

has nothing to get out of order—nothing to take apart—nothing complicated.

It is the perfected fountain pen. Writing qualities unequalled. Flow of ink perfect from first stroke to last dot. Insist on the pen with the *Crescent-Filler*, and avoid the annoyance and loss of time attached to the use of the old style dropper-filler fountain pen.

**TWO WAYS TO GET A CONKLIN**  
—Buy from your dealer, Stationer—Jeweler—Druggist. If he handles the **Conklin Pen**. If your dealer does not, we will send you one direct *postpaid*. Beware of substitutes—look for the *Crescent-Filler*. Send at once for our handsome, illustrated catalogue, giving full description—that you may see and understand the superior qualities of the **Conklin Pen**—or, better still, order a **Conklin Pen** to-day. Prices \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. It's easy to select by mail. Send steel pen to aid us in selecting gold pen to suit your hand. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

**THE CONKLIN PEN CO.**  
307 Manhattan Building  
Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.



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OFFICE

fore many of those who assist in developing our eastern provinces.

Something new in the way of minnow traps is being placed on the market this spring by Mr. A. J. Algate, a Toronto fisherman. The device is made of transparent celluloid and can be folded up to fit a case about 1 1-4 inches thick. Being of celluloid the trap will stand all kinds of rough usage, and its compactness should be a very strong feature in its favor. Mr. Algate worked out the idea for his own convenience on last summer's canoe trip, and its success decided him to take out patents and place it on the market. Undoubtedly, there is a good opening for a trap of this nature, as the glass jar has always been a source of trouble and anxiety, while the other devices are altogether too cumbersome to be popular. Those who have seen this new Collapsible Minnow-Trap say it is the best yet.

President Roosevelt penetrated the mountain wilds in Southern British Columbia in 1888, accompanied by a guide named Huppner, now a resident of Spokane, and he pronounced it one of the best natural big game preserves in the country. The district has not been hunted much in the last five years, because of many shooting grounds near at hand, but it is believed there will be a number of big parties this year, as reports from the interior indicate black brown and grizzly bear are numerous and that well beaten deer trails may be seen in almost every direction. The Indians who are friendly and able to make themselves understood in English, say also that big horns or mountain goats, are plentiful, while the streams and lakes literally teem with fish and wild fowl.

Summer excursions to Hudson's Bay was the prediction of the Hon. A. Weir at a meeting of the Canadian Club at Montreal. There have been many predictions less likely to happen.

A fine illustrated catalogue is that issued by the Beaudry Gasoline Engine Com-



# JAEGER

## The "Jaeger" PURE WOOL Season



United Garments

Every season is the "Jaeger" Pure Wool season. No other clothing is as well adapted to the body for all seasons of the year. "Jaeger" Pure Wool Clothing and Bedding keeps you in first-rate condition—fit for anything—free from colds, chills and other ailments.

For camping, fishing, hunting, or for any occupation demanding durability and comfort in one's clothing, "Jaeger" Pure Wool far surpasses every other kind of wear.



"Jaeger" Pure Wool Sweaters, Underwear, Shooting Jackets, Knitted Cardigans, Socks, Stockings, Gloves, Mitts, Sleeping Rugs and Blankets, etc., are made with BEST wags from the BEST kind of wool. Send for our illustrated catalog No. 1

**Dr. Jaeger Co., Limited**

316 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal  
286 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

pany, whose offices and factory are in Bleury Street, Montreal, and whose marine and stationary engines, as pictured in this publication, are things of beauty and such as will rejoice the hearts of all users of engines. The catalogue gives a full description of the engines made by the firm, together with illustrations and particulars as to each make of engine, and a view of one corner of the factory. All users of engines may learn something from this publication, a copy of which will be sent to any reader interested in engines if they will send a request for the same on a postal and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Many men would like to build their own boat and would derive much additional pleasure from its use by reason of the work they put into it. Such a course of action is now possible to every one by means of the "Niagara" system of boat building adopted and carried out by the Niagara Motor Boat Company, of North Tonawanda, N. Y. This firm, by the use

of many illustrations and carefully detailed directions, enables any person, even without experience to build their own boat. If the amateur does not care to give the time and go to the trouble necessary in order to build from patterns, he can be supplied with knock down frames by means of which the boat can be set up and completed at about half the cost of purchasing a complete boat. These frames have been actually fitted to place, and numbered, then taken down and completely crated before shipment. The firm do not send out "guess work," knowing well that such methods never pay. With the best of material and care taken with the parts, good boats are built, and for beauty of outline and grace of motion, coupled with speed when a proper motor is installed, the Niagara boats are unsurpassed. The booklet issued by the firm is full of excellent illustrations of boats, some in different stages of building, and others sufficiently finished to make all boatmen long to have one for themselves.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

**The RICHARD BELIVEAU Co., Ltd..****WINE MERCHANTS,**

330 MAIN STREET, WINNIPEG, MAN.

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The Palmer Engine is known from Nova Scotia to South Africa. Hundreds in use in Canada giving eminent satisfaction. For full particulars of engine send to Palmer Bros., Cos Cob, Connecticut, for catalog, mentioning this magazine.

All the scenes which marked the early days of Cobalt are being repeated in the district of Larder Lake and the present summer is likely to witness not only a great migration to the new El Dorado, but likewise a development in Northern Ontario which will surpass even past events. During a portion of the winter there were thousands living in tents in the neighborhood resolved to be first upon the scene as soon as the weather should allow of effective work to be done and these numbers have since been reinforced so greatly that the new field has every look of surpassing what has yet been done in that north country.

Railway extension in the West goes on apace but a startling development is reported in a proposal by the Northern Pacific to build one in a direct line from Winnipeg to Dawson City. It is stated that a line will run north of the main line of the Canadian Northern between Winnipeg and Prince Albert. Still in a northerly direction it will go to Lesser

Slave Lake and with another bee line reach Fort Nelson through the rich Peace River country and the mineral districts of northern British Columbia. The ardent advocates of the line, although recognizing the difficulties in the way, are enthusiastic over the outlook and predict that the new railway, if made, drawing the freight from one of the finest mineral districts in the world, will prove the "greatest money maker on the continent."

No sportsman, however small his experience, has failed to wish for some knowledge of taxidermy in order that he might himself prepare his specimens for preservation. Every sportsman is a lover and student of nature, and to be able to mount his own specimens and keep them in his rooms for continual remembrance and enjoyment, is enough to arouse the energies and ambitions of any man. There is no good reason in these days why such excellent inclinations should not be followed. Taxidermy is efficiently taught by mail and great success has followed upon the work of the Rowley College of Taxidermy and Modeling, of Palo Alto, California, which college has an eastern office, Box 126, Scranton, Pa. The work is under the personal supervision of Professor John Rowley, formerly chief of the department of Taxidermy in the America Museum of Natural History, New York, the largest and most famous Natural History institution in the country. He follows a system entitled the Rowley Method which does away at once with poisons and odors and combines simplicity of method and naturalness of the finished subject in a manner which speedily enables learners to become experts. This work particularly commends itself to sportsmen inasmuch as they become familiar with the appearances and poses of birds and animals and can, when they have gained this knowledge set them up to please themselves, and in a way no one not as well acquainted with the woods as themselves, can hope to achieve. A fine booklet is published by the College and a copy will be forwarded to any of our sportsmen readers who will make a request for the same and will mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

# SMASHING BLACKBIRDS

Experienced Trap Shots unhesitatingly recommend for Trap Shooting the Dominion Cartridge.

## 'Sovereign' Shells

Loaded with Nobel's Empire Bulk Smokeless. This powder is recognized the world over as the best in its class, unchanged by temperature, uniform results and giving great penetration with minimum recoil.

Retailed at less the duty price by dealers throughout Canada; manufactured and guaranteed by the

**Dominion Cartridge Co., Ltd.**  
MONTREAL



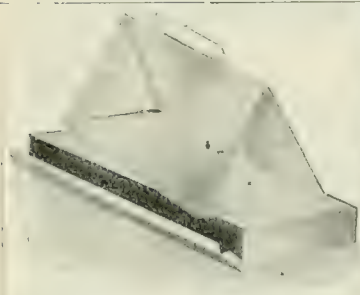
The head quarters branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association have re-elected Chief Justice Falconbridge as President and Mr. Oliver Adams, and Mr. J. F. Ellis as Vice-Presidents. Mr. A. Kelly Evans was re-elected Secretary-Treasurer though he asked to be relieved from the treasurer-ship and the new committee, Messrs L. C. Strother, Wallace Jones, and W. R. Johnston, Jr., with power to add — were empowered to appoint a treasurer. The Secretary reported that there were thirty one branches throughout the Province while arrangements were on the eve of completion for the admission of several others. Votes of thanks were accorded to Messrs Oliver Adams and A. Kelly Evans for the active work they have preformed during the year.

One is always glad to hear of success and especially so when it is deserved. It is pleasant to be able to record that the business of J. Glover's dog remedies, hitherto carried on at 1278 Brodway,

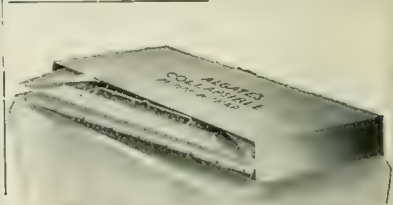
New York, has outgrown the accommodation and has had to be removed to 188 West 31 St Street, New York, where all communications may now be addressed.

No one who has used the well known "Three in One" oil will be at all surprised to hear that the G. W. Cole Company, who are the sole manufacturers, have found it necessary, owing to increasing business to move their New York office to new and larger quarters. These have been transferred from the Washington Life Building at 141-45 Broadway, to 12 Boadway where they occupy the greater part of the third floor of the wing of the Building. These offices are large and light and suitable for the transaction of a constantly growing business, while there are also private offices for the officers of the Company. The whole history of "Three in One" oil has been one of expansion. The Company started eleven years ago with a one room factory in Ashbury Park. The business rapidly out-





*Ready for use—  
Set in 30 seconds*



*Collapsed—  
Case 1 3-4 in. thick*

## ALGATE'S Collapsible Minnow Trap

U. S. PATENT APRIL, 16th, 1907.

The most convenient and effective minnow catcher on the market.  
Constructed of transparent celluloid, is invisible in water and will stand rough usage.  
Perfectly collapsible—can be put in suit case.

SHIPPED IN SERVICABLE METAL CASE—PRICE \$3.50 NET.  
Descriptive Booklet sent on request.

A. J. ALGATE,

98 King St. West.

Toronto, Canada.

grew the manufacturing facilities at that location, and the factory was removed to Rahway, New Jersey where a fine new building was specially constructed for them. Within the past year the factory capacities have been doubled by brick building additions. The expansion of both factory and offices form pretty substantial evidences of the greatly increased sale of "Three in One Oil". It may be interesting to note that its discovery was semi-accidental but its effectiveness is such that it now sells not merely throughout Canada and the States but also in many European and other countries.

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HIDES - TALLOW  
To JOHN HALLAM  
TORONTO  
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.**

The well known "Dowagiac" casting and trolling baits have so firmly established themselves with fishermen, both in Canada and our visitors from the States that the opening of the fishing season finds them more in demand than ever. They have been repeatedly tested and never found wanting. The manufacturers, Messers James Heddon and Son, of Dowagiac, Mich., have set up a new and high standard and as a consequence their goods reach the highest attainment in the field of fishing tackle production. This year the firm are issuing a book showing their minnows printed in the finest of color printing, costing many hundreds of dollars for color plates. The book is such as will rejoice the heart of the fisherman and will afford the fortunate recipients untold delight in studying them throughout the year. A copy will be sent to our fisherman readers who will send a line requesting the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

# THE TRAP

**ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.**

## Tournament Dates

May 9, 10—Ridgetown Gun Club. C. H. Eastlake, secretary-treasurer.  
May 24, 25—Quebec, P. Q., Canadian Indians second annual tournament. Thomas A. Duff, High Scribe, 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, Ont.  
August 7, 8, 9—Toronto, Ont., Seventh Annual Tournament of Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, under auspices of Stanley Gun Club. Thomas A. Duff, Secretary-Treasurer, 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, Ont.

## Stray Pellets

The Exeter boys put all their eggs in one basket and—Chief Eye Opener walked off with it to St. Thomas.

Brampton Gun Club should be very proud of the large attendance at their initial shoot. The resurrection of the Owen Sound shooters looks rather miraculous. That they were able to do up the Stanleys, even by one bird, shows that the rest cure in their case worked all right.

One thousand dollars in added money and trophies should prove a drawing card to the Canadian Indian tournament, May 24 and 25. The pleasure of visiting historic Quebec will repay the expense, and you will have the fun of shooting targets, extra.

Trap shooters will be pleased to learn that Mr. Alex. Dey, the well known trap shooter of Toronto, has entered the employment of the Dominion Cartridge Co. and will have charge of their shell loading department. Mr. Dey is a clever mechanic and a crack shot. He knows what trap shooters require in the way of a good load and we have no doubt his ripe experience will be of great value to the cartridge company. Dominion Shells, Empire and Ballistite powder and M.R.M. shot are unexcelled and properly combined, nothing better need be asked for by the shooter. With Mr. Dey in charge of this work trap shooters can rely with confidence on a continuance of the high quality of Dominion goods. "Alex" is the right man in the right place.

R. H. Smith, Souris, Man., writes: "I received my Fox gun last week and gave it a trial, heading the list with 21 out of 25. It is very strong and nice to handle." The Ansley H. Fox has many qualities which justify its claim to be the "finest gun in the world." For strength, durability, balance, ease of manipulation, as well as hard, close shooting, it leaves little to be desired.

The following are the present officers of the Plum Coulee, Man., Gun Club:—Patrons, A. Harder, D. C. Peters, Sam Rosner; president, J. Wagner; vice president, Dr. McGavin; secretary-treasurer, B. H. Emerson; committee, W. Stewart, Chas. Spalding, Ed. Meckling; referee, F. G. Melrose. The club begins the season with a good membership and a good season's sport is assured.

The scores of Blenheim Gun Club at their weekly shoot, March 19th, at 25 targets, was as follows: L. Handy 15, P. Slater 17, A. Co. 12, H. Marshall 15, J. Wetherald 20, A. H. M. Samson 22, H. Burk 14, M. Burk 13, T. S. Garrod 10, A. Broadbent 11, J. F. Nee 9, Vester 14, W. E. Hall 24, T. Taylor 20, Ramsden 10, W. J. O'Brien 9, V. Hartford 9, Pickering 20, T. S. Little 14.

F. H. Conover, Dupont representative, of Leamington, Ont., has a number of valuable trophies at his disposal for club prizes and would be glad to hear from any club secretary desiring further particulars.

The following are the present officers of Pastime Gun Club, Stratford, Ont.: Hon. president, A. F. MacLaren, M.P.; hon. vice president, Hon. Nelson Monteith, M.P.P.; president, Walter Miller; secretary-treasurer, Wm. Boles; captain, D. D. Hay, jr.; executive committee, F. Nash, Arthur Gates, Thos. Savage.

Rev. Dr. Murdock in his excellent article on "Our Vanishing Deer" in the March issue, was not particularly happy in his use of the appellation "Gun Club" in referring to one of the agencies responsible for the destruction complained of. Had he been more familiar with the game he would have seen the necessity of distinguishing between the harmless gun club which devotes its leisure time to the comparatively innocent amusement of smashing clay targets and those other organizations the "hunt clubs" that are, no doubt, the parties meant.

## Exeter Tournament.

Exeter Gun Club held their annual tournament on Good Friday. There was a very large attendance of shooters and the large crowd of spectators present during the day showed that the shooting game has taken a hold of the Exeter people.

The shooting was over two sets of Bowron traps and the contestants shot under a fixed handicap of 16 to 20 yards. A high wind and a downpour of rain, in the afternoon made the shooting very difficult and knocked some holes in what would otherwise have been creditable scores.

Valuable trophies, merchandise and cash prizes drew a large crowd, prominent shooters from such distant points as Kingsville, Leamington, Ridgetown, and St. Thomas being attracted.

Harry Scane, Ridgetown, and Geo. McC. St. Thomas, tied for high average, their score of 145 out of 160 being very creditable under the conditions.

R. E. Day, London, won the handsome silver cup for high score in event No. 4.

The principal merchandise prizes were captured by McCall, Scane and Day. Each tied

with a straight score and in the shoot off McCall won the silver tea service, Scane the \$8 clock and Day a valuable vase.

The professional element was represented by F. H. Conover, Dupont representative and F. L. Hallford of the Dominion Cartridge Co.

	Hdck.	20	20	20	20	10	*20	10	20	20	Shot	at	Shot	at
J. E. Cantelow	(18)	13	13	12	15	8	16	3	14			120		78
J. Dodds	(18)	16	19	15	17	7	19	7	16	15	14	160		126
M. Scane	(20)	18	19	19	19	9	20	10	14	18	19	160		145
R. Graham	(19)	16	13	18	18	8	17	7	18			120		98
J. E. Hovey	(19)	13	17	14	18	8	15	8	18			120		96
Fitton	(18)	16				7						30		23
F. Triebner	(16)	18	15			6						50		39
Carling	(17)	13	16			8						50		47
D. Hartleib	(18)	15	17	17	15	8	19	8	16	18	16	160		180
W. E. Saunders	(18)	11	8			15	2				12	90		48
B. W. Glover	(20)	18	15	18	19	9	17	8	19	18	17	160		141
R. Day	(20)	15		19	20	9	20	9	17	19	17	160		142
F. Galbraith	(20)	17	12	17	18	9		9	15	20	17	160		134
W. A. Smith	(19)	18	16	17	18	10	18	8	14	15	17	160		133
F. Conover	(18)	17	16	20	18	9		10	15	18	15	160		133
Kerr	(19)	14	15	15	17	8			14		17	130		100
J. Triebner	(17)	18	15	13		5						70		51
East	(18)	19	17	18	18							80		72
S. A. Webb	(17)	14	12	17	15	10			15		17	130		100
W. Johns	(17)	13										20		13
R. Hedley	(17)		8									20		8
G. McCall	(19)	19	19	18	59	8	20	10	17	17	18	160		145
R. Emslie	(17)	16	13	15	17	7	15	10	13	15	16	160		122
R. Colley	(18)	12	16	16	15	5	15	5	11			120		80
G. Lang	(19)	17	15	18	18	8	18	7	14	13	13	160		123
John Bissett	(16)	16										20		16
M. Ewan	(16)		14			8						30		22
Stanlake	(16)		14			10			6			40		30
A. Mahler	(22)	18	19	19	14	10	16	7	18	12	14	160		131
Weatherston		15	20	18		6		9	15	13	17	140		113
Kenney		17	16	18		8		3	16	12	11	140		101

A Professional. Glover. Merchandise event.

No. 6 does not count for high average.

#### Montreal Tournament.

The Montreal Gun Club held their usual Good Friday shoot which was well attended. E. G. White, Dupont representative, the only professional present, was high for the day with 183. Redman, Montreal, was high amateur with 178, followed closely by G. M. Howard, Sherbrooke, with 172.

The following are the scores:—

*E. G. White	18 18 19 18 19 18 20 19 17 17 183
C. Redman	19 15 19 19 17 20 16 19 15 19 178
Howard	13 18 18 18 19 19 18 19 17 18 177
Crank	17 18 17 14 19 19 16 17 16 19 172
Kenyon	18 18 16 18 17 16 17 16 16 13 170
Kearney	13 19 17 17 17 16 13 18 17 18 165
Throop	16 13 14 18 15 19 16 17 13 14 158
Couture	14 16 14 19 15 16 16 17 14 14 155
Pepin	17 15 13 17 17 18 13 13 14 15 152
Dumont	10 19 15 15 17 16 16 16 11 16 151
Heney	16 16 14 16 19 15 19 12 16 17 150
Dumont	10 19 15 15 17 16 16 16 16 151
Dumont	10 19 15 15 17 16 16 16 16 151
Dumont	10 19 15 15 17 16 16 16 11 16 151
Montambault	15 12 12 13 16 15 14 17 14 15 143
Reynolds	13 16 12 15 13 14 19 17 15 13 137
Gilman	14 12 13 10 18 15 12 13 14 12 133
Boswell	17 15 16 14 13 13 12 14 9 10 133
Craig	17 13 16 14 14 10 8 12 10 10 124
DesRivieres	14 18 17 18 07 17 16 12
Easdale	14 16 14 18 12 14 17 15
Brodeur	10 13 13 13
A. Turcotte	14 12 14 18
Eaton	16 14 15 17 17 19 14 10
Westover	19 18 17 14 17 14 18 14 16
Ruel	8 12 11 13 17 15 13 15 12
Cote	14 14 13 17 12 16
Cheese	9 12
Dubois	4
Arnold	6
Pitcher	8 6
Head	11 12 10
Riley	15 15 14 14 13 13
Mould	13 13 13 13 11 11
Taylor	10 16 16 17 14 17
Hogle	16 16 14 15 18 15
F. Turcotte	14 14 9
LaFrance	9 11 11
Mowry	7 10
Jack Snipe	6 12 11 13 10
	14 14

Fremont	12 10 15 15
Casgrain	15 14 16 16 14
Rainville	16 17 18 17 17 19 16 20 14 16 170

\*Professional.

5 Man Team Race for Provincial Trophy —25 birds per man:—

Montreal team—Crank 25, Kearney 23, Kenyon 22, Redman 22, Rainville 20. Total 112.

Quebec team—DesRivieres 23, Montambault 22, Boswell 21, Pepin 20, Fremont 20. Total 106.

#### Brampton Tournament.

A very successful tournament was held by the Brampton Gun Club on their new grounds, Good Friday. Fine weather favored the shoot and 35 shooters took part in the different events, and about 300 interested spectators viewed the contest. The new grounds were pronounced all right and the Bowron quick set traps worked to perfection.

The silver cup given for high average was won by G. W. McGill, Toronto.

The team race was won by Owen Sound, each of the winning team receiving a handsome gold locket. Second place was won by the Stanleys, Toronto, each man receiving a fountain pen.

Event No. 7 was a merchandise event, in which the prizes were, 1st, cut glass berry bowl; 2nd, gold clock; 3rd, gents' travelling set; 4th, bon bon dish in case; 5th, bread tray; 6th, carving set; 7th gold locket; 8th, pair military brushes; 9th, 100 12-gauge loaded shells; 10th, gold cuff links.

Two extra events were shot off,—W. M. Morrison, Owen Sound, winning a 25-bird event with a score of 24 and C. J. Packham, Brampton, winning a 20-bird event with a score of 18.

The shoot was under a sliding handicap with a three yard limit.

The President, J. S. Beck and Secretary-treasurer, F. J. Peaker and other officers of the club are to be congratulated on the success of their first tournament.

The scores in the team event were as follows:—

Owen Sound—W. M. Morrison 23, C. Harris



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SPECIAL—2 12-gauge W. W. Greener Guns with ejector slightly used—\$85.00 each

**FREE catalogues.**

**Warren Sporting Goods Co.**  
101 King St. West, Toronto.

23, J. E. Harrison 23, W. Williams 22, G. Scott 18.—109.  
Stanleys, Toronto—G. McGill 23, G. Dun 22, P. Wakefield 20, G. L. Vivian 22, W. Wakefield 21.—108.

Brampton—T. Henry 21, R. Choate 19, S. A. White 18, R. Fletcher 15, C. Wilson 14. — 87

Event	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Total
Bird	10	20	10	25	25	10	25	125
G. McGill	10	17	10	23	23	7	23	113
G. Dunk	10	18	9	22	21	10	22	112
P. Wakefield	8	18	9	20	19	9	22	105
G. L. Vivian	8	18	7	22	18	9	22	104
J. Kidd	8	15	9	20	23	7	21	103
T. Upton	8	14	9	17	22	9	20	99
W. Morrison	6	17	8	23	18	9	20	96
W. Williams	8	13	6	22	20	8	18	95
C. Harris	7	15	8	23	22	7	19	95
G. Mason	9	12	17	21	20	9	17	95
W. Wakefield	7	17	8	21	17	6	18	94
O. Spanner	8	15	5	18	19	8	19	92
C. J. Packham	8	11	8	18	19	7	19	88
R. Choate	5	14	7	19	19	8	15	87
S. A. White	6	14	7	18	20	7	13	85
R. Fletcher	6	13	7	15	19	6	18	84
C. Wilson	7	15	7	14	9	5	17	74
W. Moore	6	10	5	19	12	5	11	68
W. J. Durham	5	13	5	14	13	2	13	65
J. Herford	4	8	6	9	9	4	11	51
W. T. Ely	8	19	6	19	7	20		
P. Orth	6		8	14	5	12		
T. Henry	8		10	21	17	20		
G. Scott	9		9	18	19	8	18	
R. E. Smith	4	7	5		5			
J. Kemp	3				16	8		
A. Sinclair			3			4	8	
D. Kilpatrick					14	3		
H. Watson	5							
W. Wood	6							
A. Stewart						5		

E. Mason .....					7	17
J. McCague ..	4	15	5		17	
J. Dent .....	6	12	2			
J. E. Harrison ..	3	16	7	23	19	

## High River (Alta.) Tournament.

A tournament was held at High River, Alberta, March 13th. There were quite a number of shooters from Calgary, but McLeod, Okotoks and Claresholm gun clubs were not represented, and this was a disappointing feature. Valuable prizes were contributed by the following merchants of the town: D. O. Brown, J. R. Anderson, J. A. Gillis, Fitch, the jeweler; J. W. Sutherland, J. E. Brooks, C. A. Anderson and R. R. Carver.

The team match was won by the Calgary team composed of R. G. Robinson, A. K. Morrison, Ben McLaren, C. Andrews, E. C. Hall, and W. Cook with a score of 67 out of 100. High River scored 65. Each of the winning team received a handsome gold locket, suitably engraved. The following is a synopsis of the winners in each event:

Event No. 1, 5 targets—J. R. Anderson (H. R.), McLaren (Calgary) divided.

Event No. 2, 10 targets—1st, H. Parrott (H.R.) 10, pair shoes, value, \$5.50; 2nd, L. O. Brown (H.R.) 9, sugar bowl and spoon value \$7.50.

Event No. 3, team shoot, 20 targets—5 men—on by Calgary, score 67; 2nd, High River, score 65; gold locket to each member of winning team.

Event No. 4, miss and out—1st, McLaren (Calgary); 2nd, D. O. Brown (H.R.)

Event No. 5, 10 targets—1st, Crawford (H. R.) score 10, gold ring value \$8.50; 2nd, Parrott (H.R.) score 9, gold chain and charm, \$6.00.

Event No. 6—Championship—10 targets—open—Won by J. R. Anderson (H.R.) score 10; gold watch value \$30; 2nd, H. Parrott (H.R.) score 9, smoking jacket, value \$7.50.

Event No. 7—Consolation—10 targets, won by Freeman (H.R.) 9, cigar case, value \$3.00. Grand aggregate—won by H. Parrott (H.R.) prize \$4.00 pipe.

### Toronto Traps

One of the most successful and enjoyable tournaments ever held in the City of Toronto was held on the grounds of the Riverdale Gun Club on Good Friday last. Warm weather and a sky overcast with fleecy clouds, partially obscuring "Old Sol" made the day an ideal one from a shooter's standpoint.

During the morning three 20 bird events were held in which 26 shooters participated. A high average prize of \$5 divided \$3 and \$2 was given to the high guns in these events. Mr. J. E. Jennings of the Riverdales getting 1st average with a score of 57 out of a possible 60, and Mr. C. T. Logan, also a Riverdale man, 2nd average with 56.

During luncheon hour, 12 noon to 2 p. m., practice events were in vogue, in preparation for the big event set apart for the afternoon.

This event was a team match of five men each picked from the various clubs of the City Blue Rock League.

Each club was given the privilege of entering as many teams as it liked. The Riverdales entered four teams, Balmy Beach, Stanleys, Nationals and Parkdales one team each. The shooting in this event was exceptionally good—the average over the whole forty shooters being 43.2 birds per man out of a possible 50—or 85.4 per cent.

First prize was won by Riverdale No. 2 team with a score of 228 out of 250. Parkdales captured 2nd place with 224 and Riverdales No. 1 team 3rd with 221.

A high average prize of five dollars, divided \$3 and \$2, was also given for best individual scores in this event and was won by Mr. Wm. Lowe, the grandfather of the Riverdale club with the fine score of 48 out of 50. Mr. J. E. Jennings also of Riverdale getting 2nd place after a spirited contest in shooting off a tie of 47 with Messrs. Draper of Balmy Beach Fenton and Ward of Parkdales and J. Logan of Riverdales. Mr. Jennings making straight, Logan missed his 21st bird.

### Morning Scores:

Event	1	2	3	Score	Av
No. of targets	20	20	20		
J. E. Jennings	20	19	18	57	95 p.c.
C. Logan	19	20	17	56	93 1-3
G. Logan	17	19	18	54	90
W. Joselin	18	16	20	54	90
J. Logan	16	17	20	53	88 1-3
T. Logan				51	85
E. Bredannaz	17	17	19	53	88 1-3
E. Hiron	17	17	19	53	88 1-3
T. Bennett	17	15	18	50	83 1-3
G. Ward	19	20	14	53	88 1-3
W. Pedrick	17	15	18	53	88 1-3
Teller	16	16	20	52	86 2-3
E. J. Marsh	15	16	19	50	83 1-3
D. Walton	17	16	17	50	83 1-3
W. R. Fenton	16	17	18	51	85
W. Lowe	16	16	17	49	81 2-3
J. Massingham	15	16	16	47	78 1-3
E. Flint	12	16	17	45	75
A. Dey	13	13	17	43	71 2-3
E. A. Parker	15	15	12	42	70
Houghton	11	15	16	42	70
P. Powell	14	17	9	40	66 2-3
S. Bate	13	12	12	37	61 2-3
A. Wolfe		11	15	28	70
W. Best		16	16	32	80
F. Morgan	14	11		26	65

### Afternoon Score

Riverdale, No. 2 team (1st prize)—J. Logan 47, G. Logan 46, E. Hiron 46, T. Bennett 45, C. Logan 11. Total 228. Average 91 1-5 p.

Parkdale (2nd prize)—Fenton 47, Ward 47, G. Wolfe 44, E. J. Marsh 44, Parker 42. Total 224. Average 89 3-5 p.c.

Riverdale No. 1 team (3rd prize)—J. E. Jennings 47, T. Logan 46, F. Bredannaz 44, W. Joselin 44, W. E. Best 40. Total 221. Average 88 2-5 p.c.

Riverdale No. 3 team—W. Lowe 48, A. E. Heys 45, D. Walton 44, F. Powell 42, G. S. Bate 39. Total 218. Average 87 1-5 p.c.

Balmy Beach—Draper 47, Ross 45, Davis 44, Casci 42, Booth 39. Total 217. Average 86 4-5 p.c.

Stanley—Dr. Cook 44, Houghton 44, A. Dey 43, J. Williams 43, Massingham 40. Total 214. Average 85 3-5 p.c.

Nationals—W. Westwood 45, A. Wolfe 43, C. Harrison 42, Stanley 45, Dr. Vanduser 38. Total 213. Average 85 1-5 p.c.

ray 40, J. Miller 39, R. Callender 37, F. Riverdale No. 4 team—E. Flint 43, W. Murray 40, J. Miller 39, R. Callender 37, Morgan 32. Total 191. Average 76 2-5 p.c.

### Heard on the field.

Lowe used to talk about a score he made at sparrows in England—he has something else to talk about now for the rest of his life. 96 p.c. pretty good Bill.

Keep your eye on Riverdales in August next. They are after all the team events at the big Pow-wow. Yes and high averages and individuals championships, by far.

There is a splendid opening in Canada for some enterprising person to manufacture a first class blue rock. Get busy someone.

Alex. Dey takes charge of the loading department for the Dominion Cartridge Co. on April 15th. The right man in the right place. What Alex don't know about loads and primers isn't worth knowing. The well wishes of the boys are with you, Alex.

Who said the lockets were coming to Toronto from Brantford??? Duck—did they??—NIT.

The return match in the City Blue Rock League, between the Stanley Gun Club and the Balmy Beach gun club, took place on the grounds of the Stanleys on Saturday, March 30th. There was a good attendance of the members of both clubs. The day was fine, though somewhat windy, and scores suffered accordingly. The match was shot 25 targets per man, the Stanleys taking their best fifteen scores to the Balmy's best ten, on an average basis. The match was won by the Stanleys with an average of 21 1-3 to the Balmy's 20 1-3. The following are the scores:—

Stanleys—P. Wakefield 24, Townson 24, Dunk 23, Vivian 23, W. Wakefield 22, Williamson 22, Farmer 22, Fleming 21, Turp 21, McGill 21, Ely 21, Sawdon, jr., 21, Sawdon, sr., 19, Martin 18, Massingham 18. Total 320. Average 21 1-3.

Balmy Beach—Mason 23, Adams 23, Hamblay 23, Draper 21, Ten Eyck 20, Davis 20, Casci 20, Trimble 19, J. G. Shaw 18, J. Wilson 18. Total 205. Average 20 1-3.

The return match in the City Blue Rock League between the Stanley and Riverdale Gun Clubs took place on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club on Saturday. The day was fine and the attendance good. The scores on the whole are slightly below the average. The match was shot 25 targets per man, each club taking their best fifteen scores and was won by the Riverdale Gun Club by three birds. The scores:—

Riverdale—Jennings 25, T. Logan 22, J. Logan 22, C. Logan 22, W. Best 21, Bredannaz 21, Joselin 21, Bennett 21, G. Logan 21, Bond 21, Hiron 20, Davidson 19, Lowe 19, Powell 19, D. Walton 19. Total 313. Average 20 13-15. Stanleys—Vivian 24, Dey 24, Ely 23, McGill 22, Dunk 22, W. Wakefield 21, C. Wilson 21, Fritz 20, Buck 20, McDuff 20, P. Wakefield 20, Townson 19, Massingham 18, Hogarth 18, Williamson 18. Total 310. Average 20 10-15.

The Balmly Beach Gun Club had a bye on Saturday, and the members indulged in practice on their own grounds, when the following scores were made:—

At 10 targets—Draper 9, Boothe 8, Davis 8, Mason 7, F. G. Shaw 7, J. Cummings 6, McGraw 6, Pearsall 6, Dingman 6.

At 10 targets—Casci 9, Lyonde 8, Seager 8, J. Cummings 7, Hunter 7, Caffin 7, F. A. Shaw 7, Davis 7, Boothe 7, Hambly 7, Ross 7.

At 25 targets (handicap)—Dingman 24, Booth 21, J. A. Shaw 24, J. G. Shaw 24, Pearsall 23, Davis 22, Hambly 21, Lyonde 21, Casci 21, Draper 19, Ten Eyck 19.

The return match in the City Blue Roc League between the Parkdale and Stanley gun clubs was shot on the grounds of the Stanley Gun Club on March 16th. The day being fine, though somewhat windy, there was a large turnout of the members of both clubs. The match was shot at 25 targets per man, the Stanleys taking their 15 best scores to the Parkdales best 10 scores, and was won by the Stanleys with an average of 21.3-5 to Parkdales 20.1-10. The following are the scores

Stanleys—P. Wakefield 25, McGill 24, W. Wakefield 23, McDuff 23, Dunk 22, Vivian 22, Massingham 22, Dey 21, Hogarth 21, Buck 21, Parry 21, Booth 20, Fritz 20, Edkins 20, Sawdon, J. 20. Total 325. Average 21.10-15.

Parkdale—Montgomery 22, Fenton 21, Reid 21, Thomas 20, Marsh 20, WoH 20, Parker 20, Hooley 19, Feggin 19, Williams 19. Total 201. Average 20.1-10.

The league match between Riverdale and Balmly Beach Gun Clubs on the grounds of the latter club, March 16th, resulted as follows:—

Riverdale—Jennings 24, W. Best 24, Bennett 22, E. Bond 21, Bradennaz 20, Lowe 19, Hirons 19, C. Logan 19, T. Logan 18, Murray 18, Rogers 18, Flint 17, J. Logan 17, Duncan 17, Joselin 17. Total (15 men) 290. Average 19.03.

Balmly Beach—Seager 23, Casci 22, Ross 21, Ten Eyck 21, Lyonde 21, Boothe 20, Mason 20, Davis 19, Caffin 17, Pearsall 17. Total (10 men) 201. Average 20.1.

The final league shoot of the season, as scheduled between the Balmly Beach Gun Club and the Riverdale Gun Club, was shot off on Saturday afternoon, April 6th, on the Riverside grounds. This shoot now completes the league series of the Riverdale Club, who have finished the season with two wins and six losses to their credit. The standing, however, casts no reflection upon the shooting abilities of the club's members, considering the heavy handicap they have shot under. Appended are the respective scores for the last league shoot:—

Riverdales—T. Logan 24, J. E. Jennings 24, W. Joselin 24, G. Logan 23, J. Logan 22, T. Bennett 22, J. Miller 22, D. Walton 21, C. Logan 21, W. Pedrick 21, A. E. Heys 21, W. J. Fleet 20, E. Flint 20, W. Duncan 20, E. Hirons 19. Total 324. Average for 15 men, 21.3-5.

Balmly Beach—Draper 24, Hambly 24, Lyonde 24, Ten Eyck 23, Boothe 23, J. Shaw 23, Mason 22, W. Seager 22, J. Ross 21, C. Davis 20. Total 226. Average for 10 men 22.3-5.

#### Junction Club Shoot.

The Toronto Junction Gun Club held their regular spoon shoot on their Lambton grounds April 3rd. The weather was fine, and some good scores were made. In the spoon event Geo Vivian, with a handicap of two extra birds, made a straight score, winning the spoon. The following are the scores:—

Event 1, 10 birds—Vivian 10, Smith 8, W. Wakefield 8, Sheppard 8, Taylor 8, Douglas 5.

Event 2, 10 birds—Vivian 10, Sheppard 9, W. Wakefield 9, Douglas 8, Smith 7, Fleming 6.

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Event 3, spoon shoot 25 birds—Vivian 25, P. Wakefield 24, Roberts 24, W. Wakefield 24, Taylor 23, Fleming 23, Smith 21, Sheppard 21, Jones 20, Douglas 19, Elliott 19.

Event 4, 25 birds—Vivian 24, Roberts 22, Smith 21, Sheppard 20, Fleming 17, Douglas 15.

#### Hamilton Happenings.

The Hamilton Gun Club held its regular shoot on Saturday, March 23rd. The final race for the Klein and Binkley trophy at 200 targets was shot, the same being won by M. E. Fletcher by the narrow margin of one bird, his score being 176, and Dr. Green's 175. The



spoons were captured by A. D. Bates and F. T. Dunham in A and B class, respectively. In this event an added bird handicap was used. Thomas Upton won two keenly contested races for the club's live bird challenge medal, formerly held by M. E. Fletcher. He again demonstrated his ability as a live bird shot, by defeating Dr. Wilson. Following are the scores:

#### Klein & Binkley.

Targets	25	Spoons.
Dr. Wilson .....	25	25
M. E. Fletcher .....	22	23
Upton .....	22	23
Dr. Green .....	22	21
Bates.....	21	22
Dunham .....	21	23
W. P. Thomson .....	17	20
Barnard.....	22	23
Ripley .....	11	13
Hunter.....	20	17
Dean .....	22	
H. A. B. ....	15	
Stuart.....	8	
Court Thomson .....	21	22
J. J. Cline.....	18	22
Bowron.....	18	22

With a cold and strong east wind blowing, the contest for the M. E. Fletcher clock on Hamilton Gun Club grounds, April 6th, was carried out under conditions not calculated to show good scores. Still, it was as fair for one as another, and the lucky contestant who proved to be the best shot under existing circumstances, who defied the elements and sustained his reputation for good shooting was C. E. Thomson and all were pleased to see him win.

The scores:—

Hdcp.	Targets	25	25	Added Birds.
17 yds. Court Thomson.....	25	25	5	43
18 yds. Crooks .....	19	20	7	46
19 yds. Raspberry .....	18	21	3	42
17 yds. C. E. Thomson .....	17	19	10	46
17 yds. Dean.....	11	16	10	37
18 yds. Ben It .....	14	18	5	37
17 yds. Gomph .....	17	17	7	41
18 yds. Wark .....	15	16	7	38
19 yds. Ripley.....	17	17	3	37
20 yds. Hunter.....	18	19	—	35
18 yds. Upton .....	18	19	—	37
18 yds. Bates .....	19	20	4	43
20 yds. Dr. Wilson .....	20	23	—	43
18 yds. Brigger .....	16	13	6	35
17 yds. Waterbury .....	18	15	6	39
17 yds. F. T. Dunham .....	18	11	10	39
16 yds. Barnard.....	9	12	15	36
18 yds. Ming .....	12	18	4	31
17 yds. Dr. Johnston .....	8	12	7	27
18 yds. Bowron .....	15	17	7	39
18 yds. J. J. Cline.....	18	19	7	44
20 yds. Dr. Green .....	20	16	—	36
16 yds. Davies .....	11	10	10	31
16 yds. Christopher .....	13	16	10	39

#### A London Shoot.

The team shoot of the Springwood Gun Club, London, Ont., was held on the club grounds on March 16th, and resulted in a victory for Glover's team defeating Day's team by four birds. Following are the scores, 25 birds to each man:—

Glover 23, Doc 19, Simcox 18, Brock 11, John Bissett 20, Geo. Bowman 10, Total 101.  
Day 19, Jim Bissett 19, Bryce 18, Blackburn 15, R. B. Walker 14, "K" 12, Total 97.

#### Ridgetown vs Blenheim.

The following are the scores made in a friendly match between fifteen men per side members of the Ridgetown and Blenheim gun clubs over Blenheim traps on March 5th. The Blenheim brethren very pleasantly entertained the visitors to a six o'clock dinner.

Ridgetown—Fred Galbraith 19, A. McRitchie 10, J. Scane 20, N. Campbell 22, J. Brien

15, J. W. Hardy 16, J. McLaren 21, D. McMackon 18, C. Scane 16, G. Lang 20, E. Shirley 20, F. Gammage 15, H. Scane 22, W. Thorold 22, Fred Galbraith 22, Total 284.  
Blenheim—W. Hartford 19, J. Bowden 22, W. Hall 20, Finilian 8, Geo. Taylor 20, Sim Burk 19, M. Burk 17, Sam Burk 18, T. Taylor 23, J. Weatherall 21, Pilon 17, S. Scraeton 18, Tower 12, J. Pickering 20, M. Samson 14, Total 268.

The following is the result of the return match shot on the grounds of the R. G. C. on March 13. Conditions, 20 men per side, 16 yards, 25 targets. The best scores of the day were made by James Scane, William Thorald, George Taylor, and F. Gammage in the order named. The home team at the conclusion of the race had a plurality of 42 birds. The lowest score made was 10 and the best a straight. Scores:—

Blenheim—W. Hartford 17, W. C. Hall 21, Sam Hartford 10, V. Hartford 15, J. Wetherall 18, Geo. Taylor 22, H. Burk 12, W. McGee 20, M. Burk 13, C. Lowes 15, J. Pilon 19, Sim Burk 14, W. Pickering 22, Mont Burk 18, W. O'Brien 13, Geo. Reynolds 17, L. Handy 13, C. Wetherall 14, G. Bowden 20, T. Taylor 20, Total 343. Per centage .69.

Ridgetown—W. Thorald 24, Geo. Laing 20, A. McRitchie 16, F. Galbraith 23, H. Scane 21, Jas. Scane 18, W. Hardy 16, Jas. McLaren 21, Chas Scane 19, H. Catton 21, F. Gammage 23, D. McMackon 21, Josie Brien 22, W. Bates 16, Sim Call 19, Dan Leitch 11, H. Ferguson 10, Neil Campbell 21, Percy Galbraith 15, Frank Galbraith 18, Total 385. Percentage .77.

#### The Cutler Gun Club.

The Cutler Gun Club had its first practice shoot in a very high wind and with the weather as cold as ice. On account of the temperature very few shooters attended. The scores were very poor, owing to lack of practice, most of the members not having fired a shot since last December. The scores was as follows:—

1st event, 15 birds—DeLamorandiere 9, A. Moquin 8, P. Moquin 9, Gignac 11.  
2nd event, 10 birds—A. Bois 6, DeLamorandiere 4, A. Moquin 4, P. Moquin 5, Gignac 5, (from 21 yards.)

#### Beamsville Shoot.

The Beamsville Gun Club had a successful shoot on Good Friday, and Hamilton shooters got a good share of the winnings. Horning captured Senator Gibson's gold locket for high average in the day's events. For this event he was tied with Hunter, and in the shoot off he won. Following are the scores:

	1	2	3	4	5	Total
Wilson .....	17	16	17	20	17	88
Hunter .....	19	16	18	19	17	90
Benitt .....	18	16	16	13	19	82
Horning .....	19	19	16	17	19	90
Raspberry .....	18	19	19	15	17	88
Hubzrey .....	18	15	19	18	18	88
Lampman .....	17	14	18	15	16	80
Fisher .....	18	18	13	18	17	84
Choat .....	13	16	17	15	14	75
Kilmer .....	15	11	20	14	13	63
Karr .....	18	16	18	18	17	87
Zimmermann .....	16	16	17	16	18	83
Konkle .....	12	15	16	18	16	76
Glover .....	16	17	16	16	18	83

#### The Winchester Gun Club.

The Winchester Gun Club, Jordan Station, Ont., shot their third league match on March 22nd, with the Beamsville Gun Club and the score was a tie, both teams breaking 86 birds out of 100. This day's shooting also finished the competition for the gun club cup, which was won for the second time by H. W. Humbery, whose score was 90 out of 100. The Martin trophy is to be shot for once more and



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that will end the season's shooting. The shooters and their scores were as follows:—

League Match—20 birds—D. Konkle 17, D. C. Goold 16, H. Culp 16, E. J. Fisher 18, W. Caskey 17, S. Russ 18, A. W. Hunsberger 15, J. Culp 18, H. W. Hunsberry 20.

Gun Club Cup—20 birds—D. C. Goold 16, E. J. Fisher 19, W. Caskey 17, A. W. Hunsberger 17, H. W. Hunsberry 20.

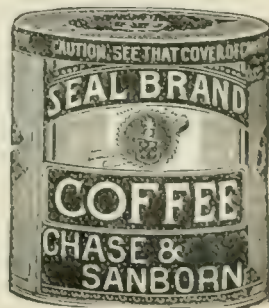
10 bird shoot—A. W. Hunsberger 8, H. W. Hunsberry 10, J. Hunsberger 5, C. Luey 5, W. N. Thompson 6, D. Price 6.

bility, shooting qualities, compensating features, balance, quality of material and general workmanship. At a tournament at Powhatan, West Virginia, Mr. Le Couple, with a Lefever gun, broke one hundred straight targets, the entire programme. A postal addressed to the Lefever Arms Company, Syracuse, New York, and requesting a copy of their 1907 catalogue will bring one post free by return mail if you will mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

The marked features of the Annual Open Tournament of the Zettler Rifle Club held in New York City from March 9th to 16th were the successes of the shooters using Stevens Rifles, Stevens-Pope Rifles, and Stevens Telescopes. R. Gute won the 100 shot match with a score of 2469 points; L. P. Ittel made 2,463 points, both using Stevens-Pope Rifles and Stevens Telescopes. It is also a notable fact that thirteen out of the first twenty competitors used Stevens Rifles. In the Continuous Match, L. P. Ittel, L. C. Buss, R. Gute, and A. Hubalek, using Stevens Rifles and Stevens Telescopes, tied for first place with perfect scores. Two out of the three competitors who tied for premiums used Stevens Rifles and Stevens Telescopes. Finally the Zimmermann trophy was won by L. P. Ittel with a Stevens-Pope Rifle and Stevens Telescope. These results are surely the best testimony that could possibly be given to the efficiency of the rifles and the excellent working of the Telescopes.

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Some considerable successes have been won recently by marksmen using Lefever Guns. Mr. Rowland Day, who, as recorded elsewhere, won the Amateur Championship at the Exeter tournament of the Huron Indians used a Lefever Gun, and shooters using the same arm tied for high score in the merchandise event and won second high general average. The Lefever gun won first prize in a test at St. Louis when twenty-one different makes of guns competed, points being given for simplicity, dura-



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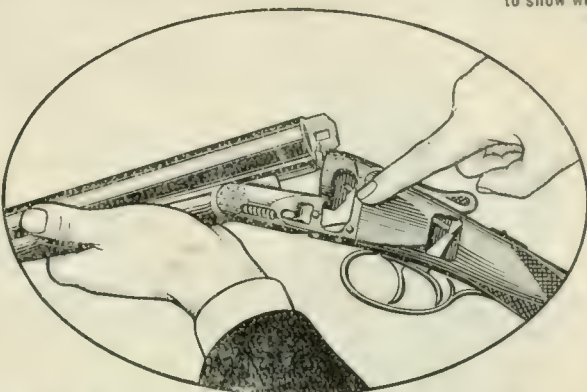
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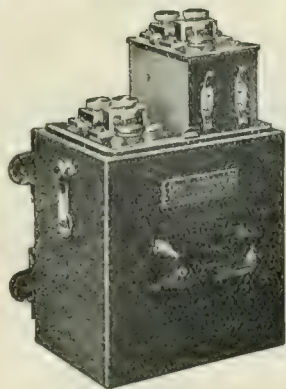
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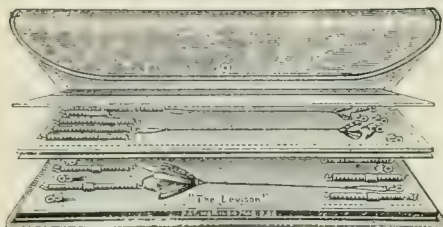
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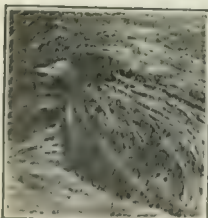
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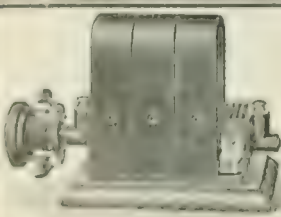


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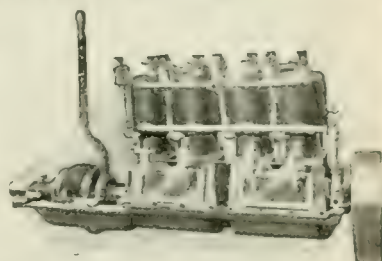
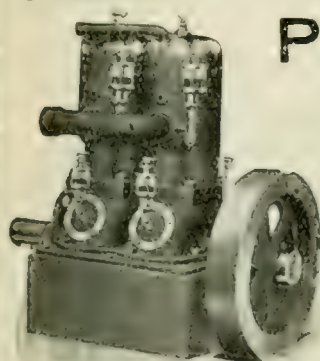
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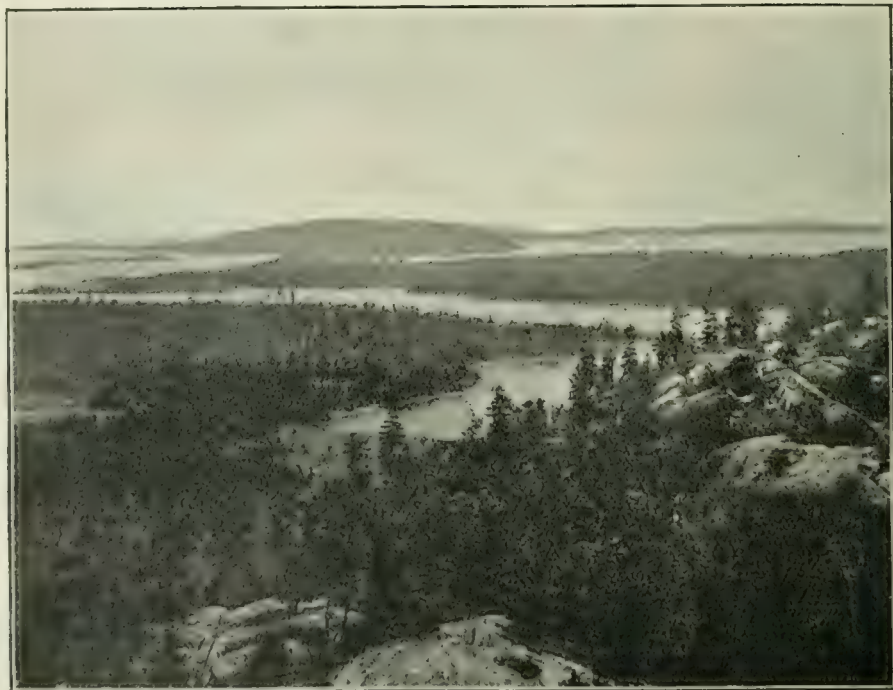
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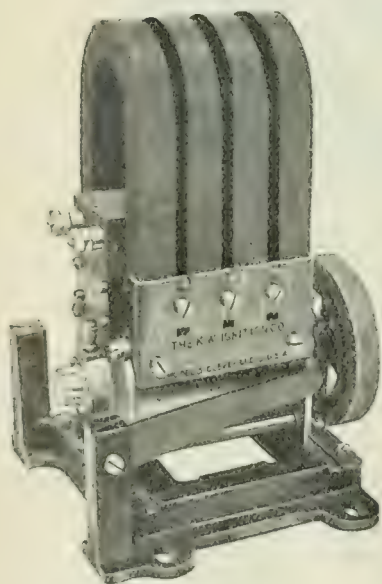
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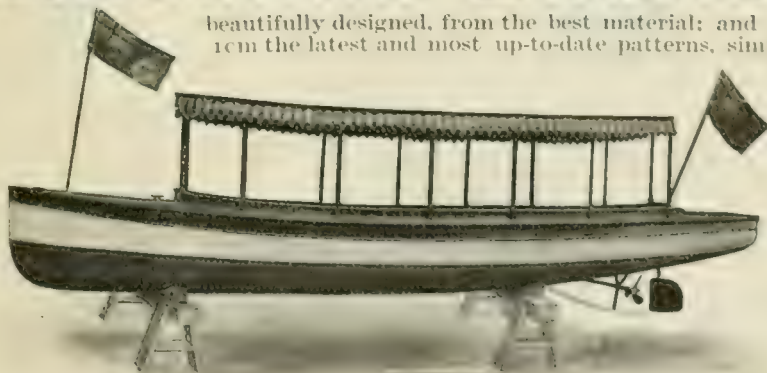
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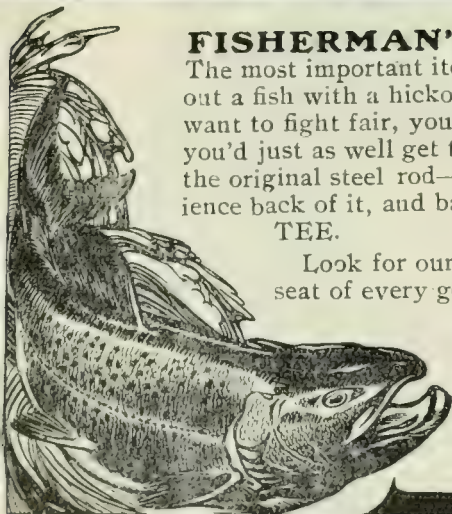
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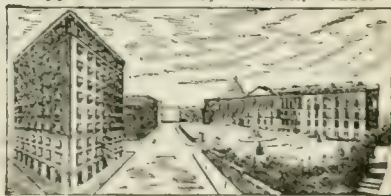
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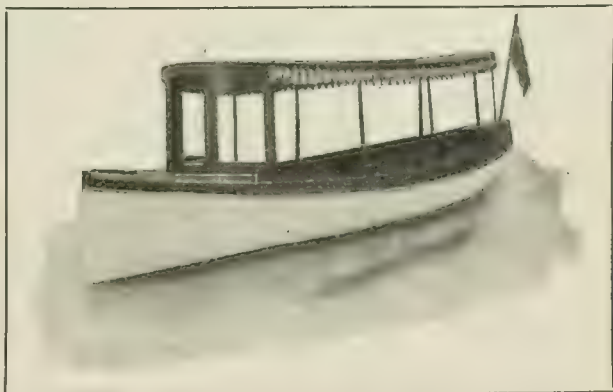
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The policy of ROD AND GUN in the past has been to accept advertisements from reliable and responsible firms only, which policy will be continued in the future.

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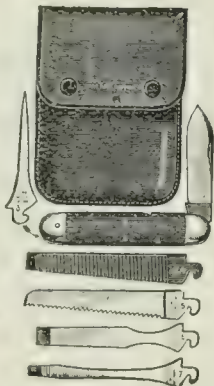
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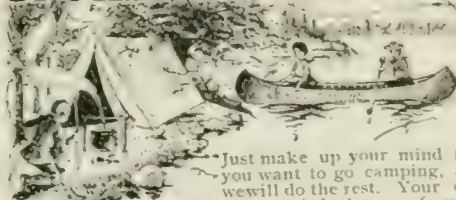
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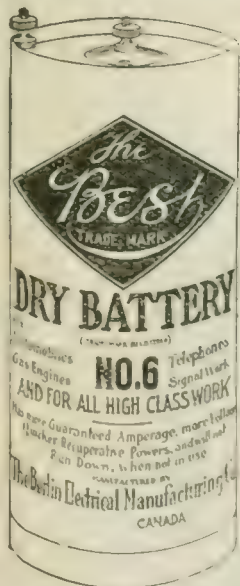
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The owner of a Nicholls motor-boat is satisfied from the day he buys it,—the owner of an *average* boat never is. Because? The Nicholls motor-boat is built specially to meet the individual tastes of the buyer, while the ordinary motor-boat is simply one of hundreds like it—built to suit the builder.

And a motor-boat, above all craft, can only satisfy when it expresses individual judgment, suits individual preferences. That is the only way we build motor-boats,—for the individual.

Yet a Nicholls motor-boat, even though fitted to order and perfectly suited to the buyer's wishes, costs no more than the everyday, 'ready-made' motor-boat!

Our 1907 models include every type and design suited to gasoline power craft. The exact model you prefer is surely among them. You may choose among five makes of engines,—the standards of the world, tried and proved.

We invite you to verify our assertion that no designers in Canada can sell you so much actual value for the price you will pay, and to learn for yourself the bearing of our policy of suiting boat to buyer.

We can deliver promptly if you place your order NOW,—but hardly, if you delay.



## Nicholls Brothers Limited

IGNITION DEPT.

101 Lake Street (foot York St.) TORONTO



# "What Does 'SYNTIC' Mean?"

WHEN you find the word "SYNTIC" marked on any motor accessories it means that they are **MADE IN CANADA** and are sold under guarantee to stand up to their work and are of the **BEST QUALITY**.

**Jump Spark Coils.**

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**Engine Spark Timers.**

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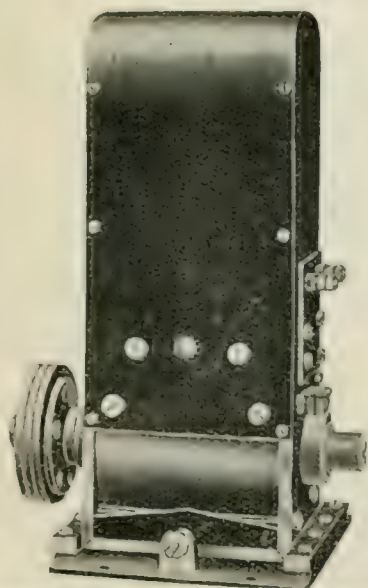
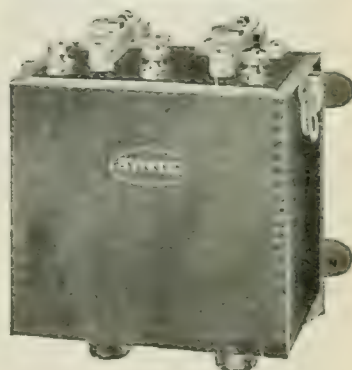
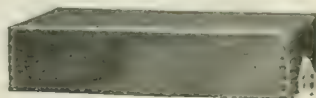
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MADE IN CANADA BY

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**LAKE STREET, TORONTO**



Sole Canadian Distributors of :—

**MOSLER "SPITFIRE" PLUGS.**

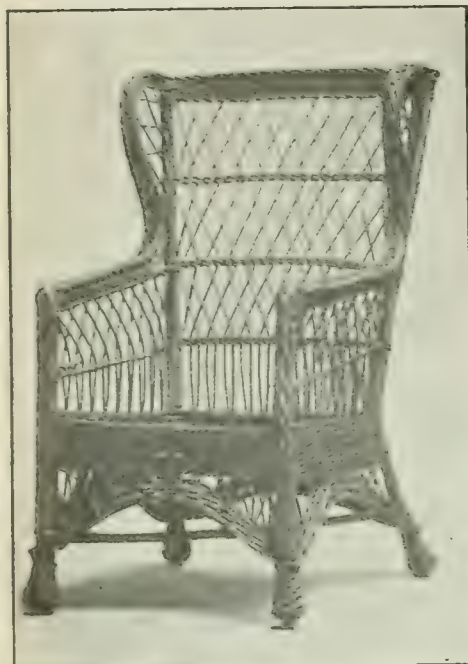
**"K-W" JUMP SPARK MAGNETOS.**

**"B & B" FLOAT FEED CARBURETTORS.**  
Made in England.)

**"GRATZE" IMPROVED PLANTE STORAGE BATTERIES.**

Made in England

**WRITE US FOR CATALOGUES 5 AND 6  
AND NAME OF NEAREST AGENTS.**



THIS IS AN ILLUSTRATION OF OUR

## Queen Anne Chair

DIMENSIONS:

Seat 21 inches across, 19 inches in depth.

From seat to floor, 13 inches.

From Seat to top, 32 inches.

Price \$7.50.

This makes an ideal Verandah Chair. It is a beauty. ORDER NOW.

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WE WERE THE ONLY

BOAT EXHIBITORS

at the Montreal Sportsmen's Exhibition who sold their

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on the grounds, and booked further orders for shipment from factory.

In spite of our enormous output, our stock is rapidly decreasing.

Let us have your orders now

by letter or wire, for

**LAUNCHES, ROWBOATS AND CANOES.**

**H. E. GIDLEY & CO.,**

The Largest Designers and Builders in Canada,

PENETANGUISHENE, Ontario, Canada.





FOLLOWING is an extract from a letter recently received from a prominent Bostonian regarding a Collie dog purchased from the

## King Edward Collie Kennels

"I must again thank you for selling Dan to me. I don't think my wife would consider the crown jewels hardly a fair exchange for him. He is perfect. While he cannot talk very plainly he does whisper. "Ha, ha"."

**Only Prize Winning Collies For Sale.**

For Particulars Address

**N. GORDON**  
7 CONCORD AVE, TORONTO, CAN.

# Ontario Jockey Club

TORONTO

## SPRING MEETING

COMMENCING

**May 18<sup>th</sup> June 1<sup>st</sup>**

**RACING AND STEEPLECHASING**

The King's Plate, \$5000, will be run May 18th

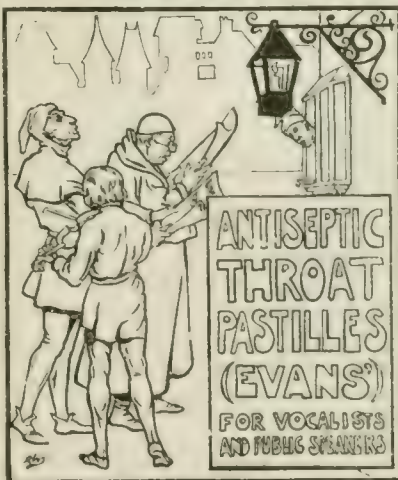
The Toronto Cup, \$5000 " " 24th

and a number of valuable stakes during the meeting

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President.

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Hoarseness, Voice Failures, Catarrh and  
Bronchitis yield to the one infallible Specific  
**EVANS' ANTISEPTIC THROAT PASTILLES**  
FROM ALL DRUGGISTS  
**EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED**  
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## The New Vermifuge and Conditioner for Dogs

# CHAMBER'S "CARTIQUES"

Does not distress the animal. No starving required. Produces healthy skin and glossy coat. Enables you to rear the most delicate puppy or kitten.

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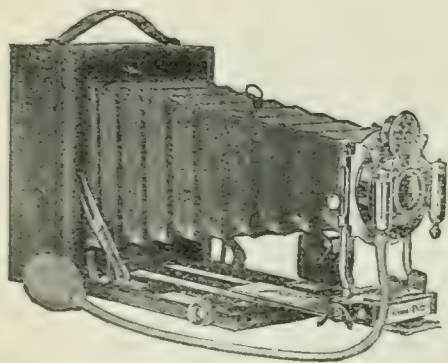
**PRICE : 50c. AND \$1.00 Per Bottle**

**EVANS AND SONS, LIMITED**

MONTREAL & 133 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK

Sole Manufacturing Agents for Canada and U.S.





### Korona Cameras for 1907

Have reached perfection. We have added the finishing touches to this season's models.

### Korona Cameras for 1907

The most complete line of Cameras ever offered. Nineteen distinct models to select from.

### Korona Cameras for 1907

They are scientifically constructed in every detail, and the highest grade of cameras it is possible to produce.

### Korona Cameras for 1907

Are equipped with our own lenses, which are unexcelled by any lenses in the world. (Look into our standing as makers of lenses and optical goods.

### Korona Cameras for 1907

Compare them, examine them thoroughly, try one if you wish and then decide whether any other camera equals Korona in appearance or convenience and for results.

### Korona Cameras for 1907

The standard of the world are sold by all Canadian Dealers. Apply for catalogue.

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Optical Co.**



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### Convincing Evidence

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1906.  
NIAGARA MOTOR BOAT CO.

Gentleman:—I have just completed my 25 ft. by 4 ft. 6 in. Torpedo stern boat from the patterns you sold me. Found your system, directions and patterns very easy to understand. I cannot see how anybody can fail to successfully build a boat from your patterns, if they carefully follow instructions.

Yours very truly,  
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Many others just as strong in our illustrated catalog showing all classes of part'y finished and complete speed and pleasure craft. Send for it.

**NIAGARA MOTOR BOAT CO.**

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### DRY BATTERIES



Are absolutely the highest grade battery on the market. Greatest care taken in construction of cells. Owners of Automobiles and Gasoline

Launches should give the Victoria Battery a trial and be convinced of its superiority.

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THE  
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Trade Mark Reg.  
U.S. Pat. Off.

Were Rightly Nam-  
ed in 1902.

No. 4 Separable  
Double Porcelain  
Price Net, F.O.B.,  
N.Y., \$1.25

Double Porcelains do  
not break because  
inner heated Porcelain  
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Single Porcelain Plugs are handicapped  
because contraction and expansion is not uni-  
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**Tension Springs prevent parts loosening  
No Broken Bolt Heads; they are turned  
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Sta-Rite air spaces and glazed insulating sur-  
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Latest circulars and size six inch rule sent free  
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and insist that your bar-  
ber use it also. It is An-  
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vent any of the skin  
diseases often contrac-  
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**Sunburn, Chafing,** and all afflic-  
tions of the skin. Removes all odor  
of perspiration. **Get Mennen's**  
the original. Sold everywhere or  
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Try Mennen's Violet Borated Talcum.  
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

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Has manufactured sport-  
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and with satisfaction to  
its friends.

**Use SNAP SHOT for every-  
day work, and CARIBOU  
when you want absolutely  
the best results.**

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at any local office.



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is an article that  
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PRESERVE and  
SOFTEN all kinds of  
SHOES, HUNTING  
and FISHING  
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Ask your dealer for it or send fifty  
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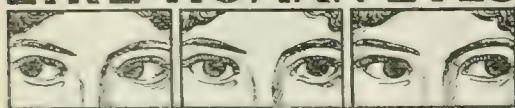
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111 Chambers St.

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## LIKE HUMAN EYES



### THE BABY AL-VISTA NO. 2



Turn your eyes to the extreme left; then move them gradually in a straight line to the extreme right, note the wide range of vision. **Al-Vista Panoramic Cameras** work on exactly the same principle.

The swiveling lens of the Baby "Al-Vista" has a sweep of nearly 180 degrees, producing a beautiful panoramic picture, 2 1/4 by 6 3/4. Most interesting camera made. Size 6 5/8 x 3 3/4 x 3 1/8. Full leather covered. Has rapid rectilinear lens, fan movement timing device, a lightable to instantaneous or time exposures.

Camera with complete finishing outfit, \$7.00. Baby **Al-Vista No. 2** only \$5.00. Larger models, \$20.00 to \$100.00. Prepaid to any point in the United States. All sales subject to 15 days trial. Illustrated catalogue free on request.

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Are as beautiful and graceful as the Chee-mann of Hiawatha. The Redskins used to "take poplar." Now everybody who is in the market for pleasure and sport "takes cedar"—a **RACINE CANOE**. They are staunch, seaworthy, durable watercraft, patterned after the canoeist's most perfect ideals.

### Racine Boat Mnf. Co.

Box 80. Muskegon, Michigan.

## GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS

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will buy the only natural, never failing and practically indestructible cigar, cigarette and pipe lighter ever invented. There is nothing to get out of order. No oil—no chemicals of any kind. Simply a charred wick, cube of flint, steel wheel and lever to produce friction. When the flint sparking cube or wick is consumed, it can be replaced at trifling cost (cube 10 cts., wicks 25 cts. doz.).

## The Matchless Cigar Lighter

LIGHTS CIGAR, CIGARETTE or PIPE

anywhere, at any time—in wind, rain or snow—on land or sea. THE HARDER IT BLOWS—THE BRIGHTER IT GLOWS. It

### Fits the Vest Pocket

lik a match box—is always ready and never fails to work

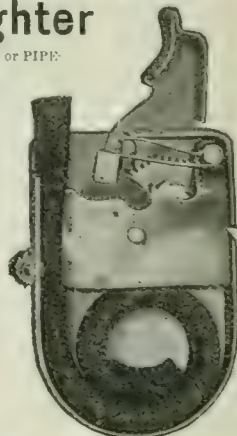
**Automobilists, Yachtsmen, Hunters, Golfers**

and all outdoor smokers should have a **MATCHLESS CIGAR LIGHTER**. Try one. If you don't like it your money will be cheerfully refunded. Buy from your dealer or we'll supply you, postpaid, if he will not. Illustrated and descriptive circular free on application.

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2-3 actual size—With side removed, showing fuse in position to light cigar, cigarette or pipe.



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## SHOT GUNS

All makes kept in stock.

## AMMUNITION

All sizes of cartridges and shot shells loaded with black or smokeless powder

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If you desire to make a reputation as an expert cocktail mixer, buy the "Club" brand, follow directions, and your friends will wonder where you gained the art. Many a cocktail you have drunk and complimented your host for his art of mixing—the truth is you had a "Club Cocktail." It merely required a little ice to cool it. You can do it just as well.

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For the early morning "appetizer" the picnic party, the fishing trip and the innumerable aquatic sports of summer a good canoe is indispensable!

When buying one it pays to get the BEST. There's one sure way to do that. Look for this name plate.

**Old Town Canoe**

"This name plate guarantees to you correctness of models and quality." "Old Town Canoe materials are carefully selected and the workmanship expert from long experience. Both are peculiar to the "Old Town Canoe."

Write now for free illustrated catalog of canoes covered canoes, rowboats and yacht tenders. Agencies all large cities. Write factory for catalog.

OLD TOWN CANOE CO., NO. 68, MIDDLE STREET,  
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If you want the best to be had in a briar pipe, with no nonsense in quality or extravagance in price, ask your dealer for the



and look for the label. We guarantee it to the extent of refunding money in every instance where not entirely satisfactory.

This pipe has pre-eminently the largest sale of any make known in the British Empire. Must be a reason.

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MONTREAL

Handle all Kodak Goods

AS WELL AS THE

Leading Plate Cameras

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Think of the story it will tell next winter, of people met, places visited, good times enjoyed, the memories it will stir in future years, and we will "gamble" that in a few years money will not buy your album of snapshots.

## OR PERHAPS YOU HAVE A KODAK?

If so, have you ever been dissatisfied with your results or careless handling of your films? Send us your next lot to develop, print or enlarge from and we will show you what careful attention and "knowing how" will do in the way of artistic results.

## ENLARGING IS A SPECIALTY OF OURS!

Amongst your photos or films, are many well worth enlarging or copying and coloring and a colored enlargement or print artistically framed makes a perfect gift.

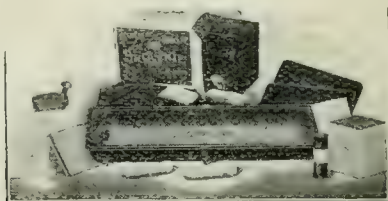
If you want any special little job done, send it to us and same will receive personal attention.

Write us for any information.

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## ALL BY DAYLIGHT



There's everything for  
Picture Making in the

## Kodak Box

THE BOX CONTAINS: No. 2 Brownie Camera, Brownie Developing Box, Film, Paper, Trays, Chemicals, Mounts. No Dark Room for any part of the work, and so simple that the beginner can get good pictures from the start.

Price Complete, \$4.00

Canadian Kodak Co. Ltd.

TORONTO, CAN.

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The fishing season is now on and the fisherman who is wise will look well to his equipment.

The bass is the "gamiest fish that swims" and with the above bait you can have the finest sport with him. It is a high class bait made with either metal or mother of pearl spinners, mounted with the best swivels, finest quality, steel split rings, very best bronze hollow point treble hooks, all water fowl feathers tied by high class workmen, perfect in every way. Has proven successful in lakes and rivers inhabited by bass. Sample 50 cents. Money refunded if not as represented.

Canadian dealers are invited to write for prices and discounts. These goods are on sale by the Warren Sporting Goods Company, Toronto, and Watts and Squires, Brantford, Ont.

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Canadian Stamps taken.



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should get acquainted with the HI-PO Waterproof Dry Batteries immediately. You need have no fear of salt or fresh water in your motor boat if equipped with HI-PO Batteries.

HI-PO Batteries have been—as an extreme test—submerged in water to base of connections for a period of six months and longer without being affected by action of the water.

# HI-PO

## Waterproof Dry Batteries

Have greater recuperative ability and are less affected by climatic changes or conditions than any dry battery made.

**THEY ARE ABSOLUTELY IMPERVIOUS TO WATER**

Every Motor Boat Owner and all others interested in a WATERPROOF HIGHLY RECUPERATIVE DRY BATTERY, unaffected by moisture or climatic conditions should write us. Samples furnished private users at regular price, retail. Write for descriptive circular and full particulars, addressing

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If your dealer cannot supply you please furnish his name and address

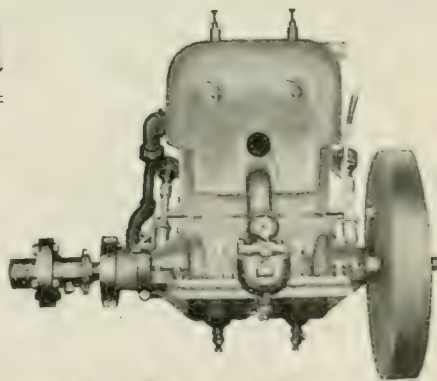


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Valveless Reversible

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ARE NOTED FOR—



Simplicity, Easy Starting and Easy Operating Qualities, Extreme Durability and Economy.

Send for catalog.

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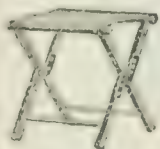


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Your faithfully  
J. Stuart White  
Dunedin, New Zealand*

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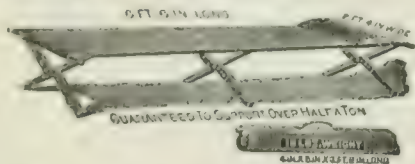
**The Lyman Gun Sight Corporation**  
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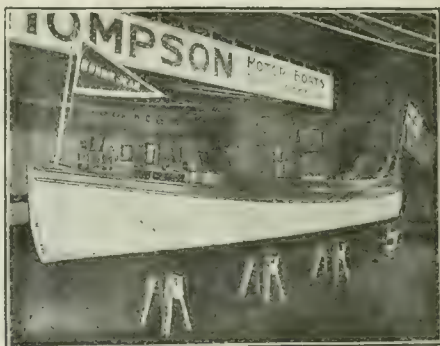
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BRANTFORD - ONTARIO.

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Finest Brook Trout Fishing on the Continent

## Revillon Bros.,

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## NEPIGON, ONT.

**OUTFITTERS FOR TOURISTS,  
HUNTERS, PROSPECTORS,  
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We carry a complete line of Anglers, Tourists, Campers, Sportsmen's and Prospector's Outfits, such as Canoes, Tents, Bedding, Camp Equipment, Fishing Tackle, Hardware, Boots and Shoes, Provisions, etc., etc.

We also furnish experienced and reliable canoe-men and guides.

For further information, write for pamphlet and map sent free of charge.



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BY  
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# HARDY BROS.

THE GREAT PRACTICAL ENGLISH FISHING  
ROD, REEL AND TACKLE MAKERS  
produce the best in the world.

If you want the greatest  
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A "HARDY" Gane Built Rod

A "HARDY" Perfect Reel and Tackle

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We publish the finest and most extensive  
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the ignition system.

Our shop facilities are such  
as to enable us to offer the  
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fully and accurately made at  
a very attractive figure. We  
have a large variety of types  
and would be glad to give

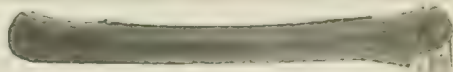
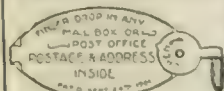
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for the finder to return lost keys with-  
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hinged together. Name, address and  
postage on inside. Finder simply  
reverses and drops in nearest mail  
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hand-somely made. 2c. postpaid.  
Agents wanted.

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## "AUTO" CANOE

combines the grace of a paddling canoe with the speed and  
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practically non-capsizeable without detracting from gracefulness  
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best on the market. The same high grade workmanship and  
material found in all our canoes and row boats are used in the  
"AUTO."

Look for "PADDLE OR POWER CANOES" in free on request  
**CARLETON CANOE CO.**  
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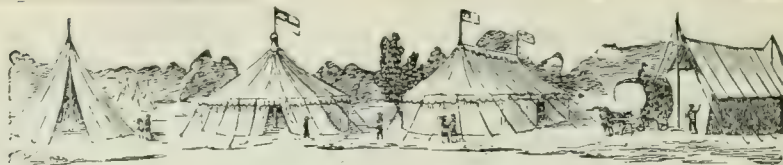


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AT ST. LOUIS  
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Adopted by the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey for the  
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Survey in last 10 years. Hundreds of testimonials  
from Gov. officials, Naval Commanders, Army Offi-  
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Write today. **ACRES FOLDING BOAT CO. MARIETTA, OHIO**



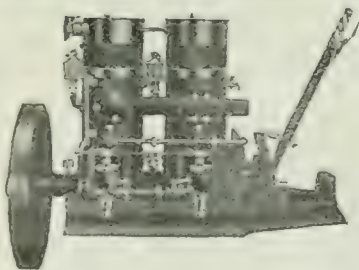


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An Engine is in first cost, if it is not **RELIABLE** it is dear at any price.

Any Canadian user of our engine will be glad to tell you his experience.

Send to us for references, and for Free Catalogue of our Reliable Cruising Engines and our Beautiful Boats.

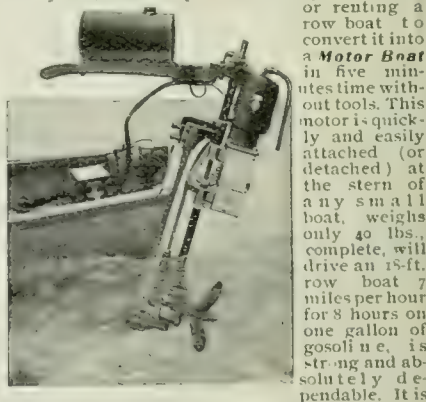
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**GENEVA, N.Y., U.S.A.**

### Make a Motor Boat of any Boat in 5 minutes The Waterman Out-Board Motor

The greatest marine motor improvement in recent years, makes it possible for anyone owning



or renting a row boat to convert it into a **Motor Boat** in five minutes time without tools. This motor is quickly and easily attached (or detached) at the stern of any small boat, weighs only 40 lbs., complete, will drive an 18-ft. row boat 7 miles per hour for 8 hours on one gallon of gasoline, is strong and absolutely dependable. It is

the simplest motor in existence—consists of only three parts. Any boy or woman can attach and operate it. Send for descriptive catalog.

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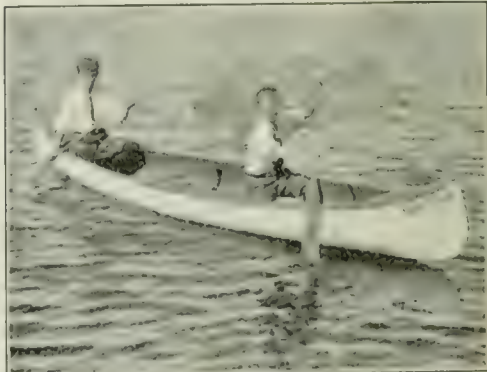
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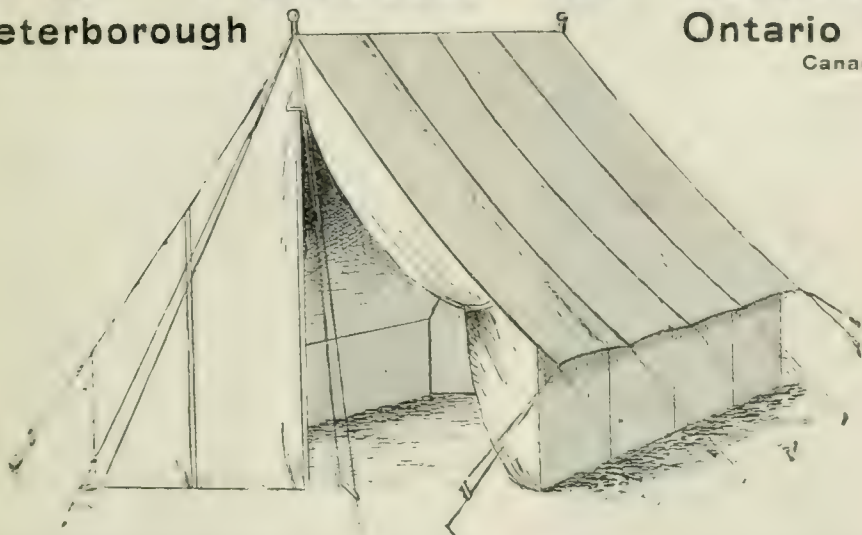


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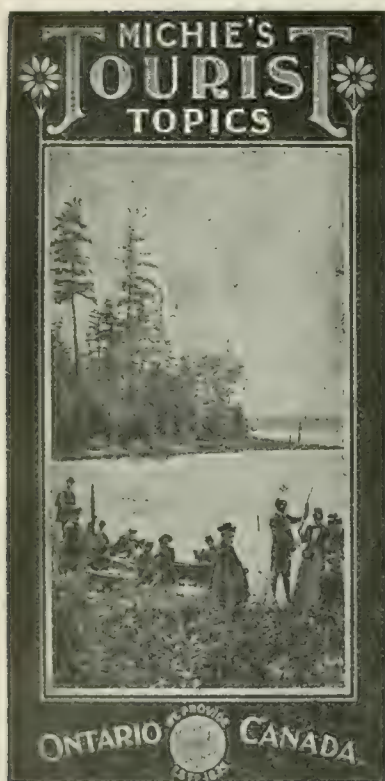
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