

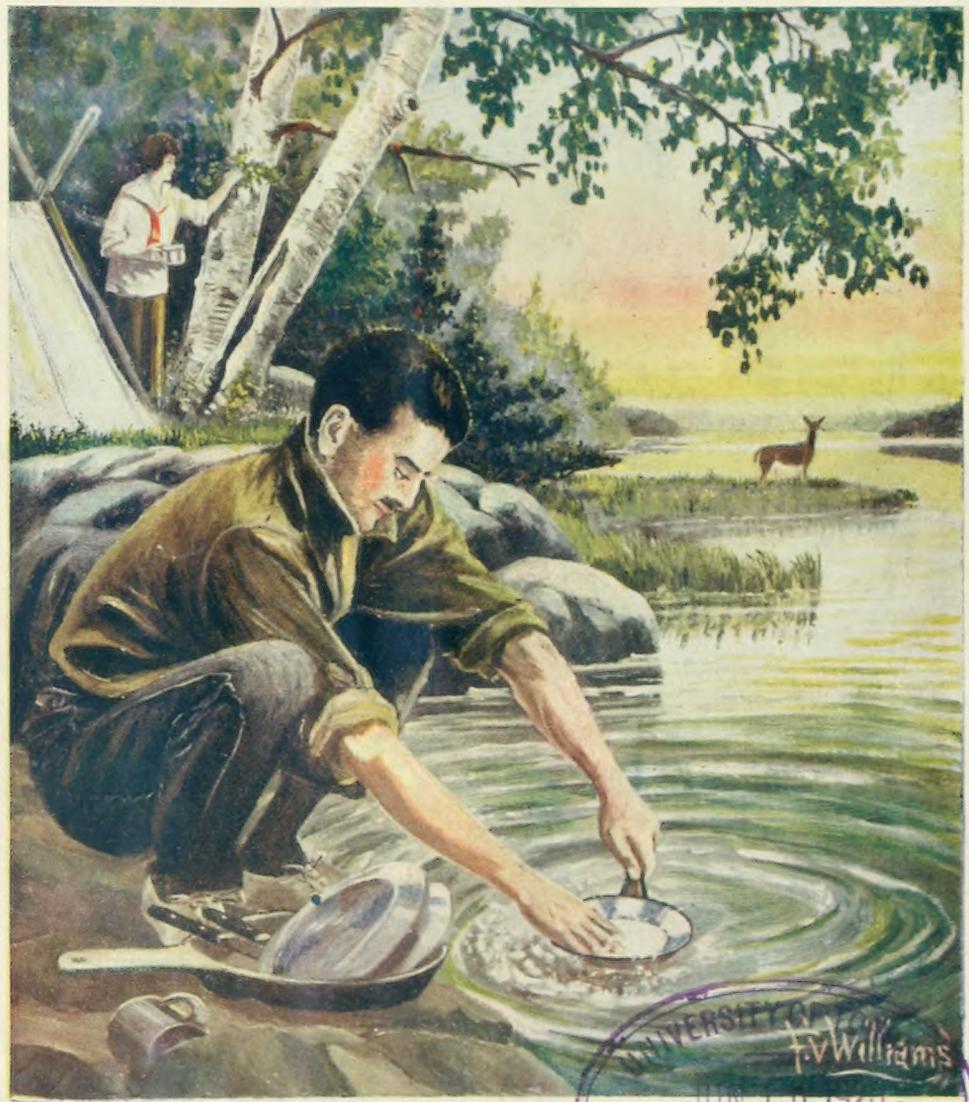
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ROD AND GUN IN-CANADA

Biological
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Serials

JUNE 1920

FIFTEEN CENTS



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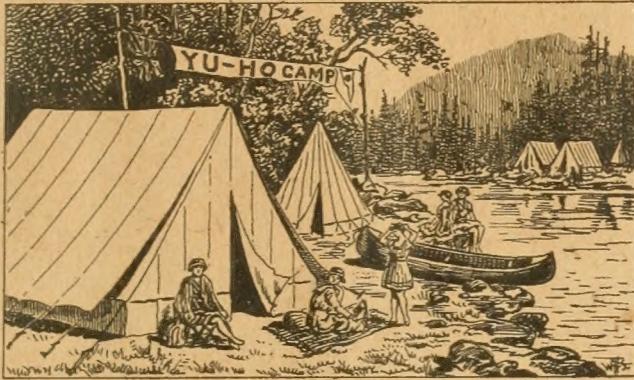
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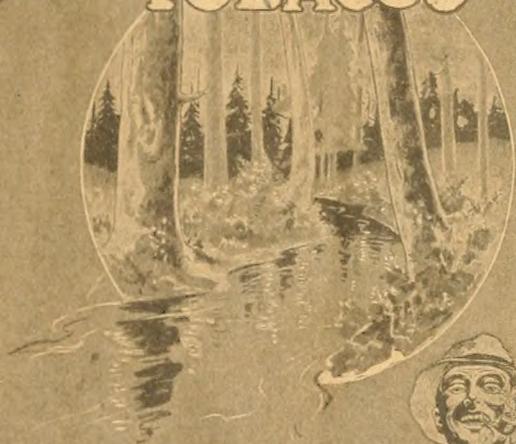
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Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, June, 1920

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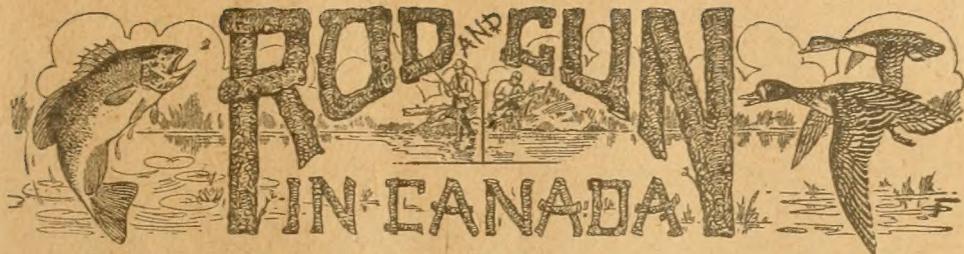
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The Spring Trapping Season on Rice Lake in 1919

BONNYCASTLE DALE



It was mid-February when we started across the badly cracked surface of the lake ice for the hut on Migration Island. We wanted to register climatic and flight conditions and—of course—Laddie Jr. wanted to trap.

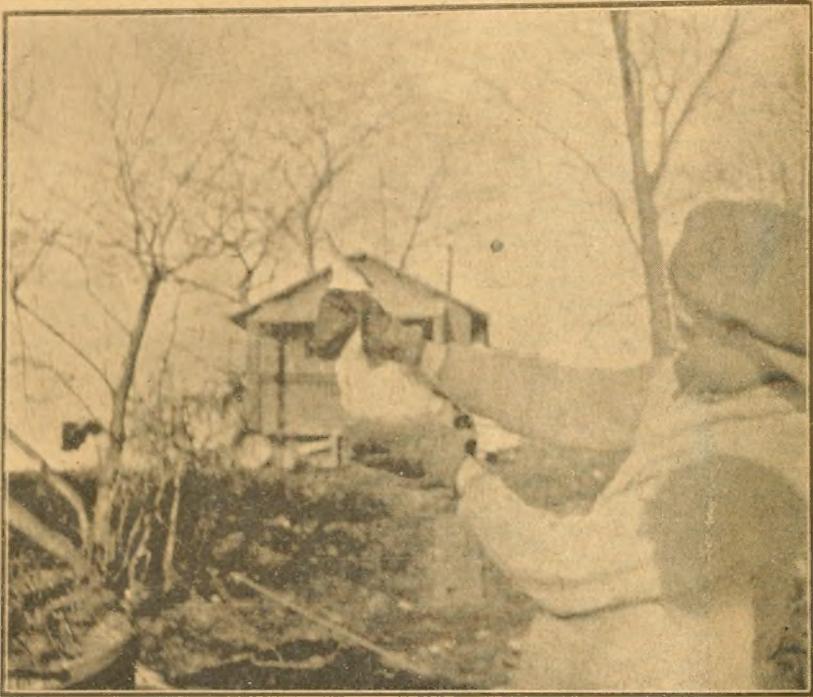
The snow was too dry to let the sleigh runners under the canoes glide; and too packed to let them slide through—so it took six hours to do seven miles. In all the white and icy blue landscape there was no sign of animal life save a fox's track. We ate the mid-day lunch under the lee of the big crack in the centre of the lake. The ice, being only partly covered by snow all the winter; had expanded under each day's sun, and contracted under each night's frost, with booming and reverberation like a mighty park of cannon. The ice was thin too, but fifteen inches. Last year's wild rice straw crackling in the ice before the north wind told us we were near our journey's end. After we had carefully tucked our hearts back where they belonged and caught our limited breath we made a trip through the drowned lands. Very few tracks, not many muskrat houses, only chick-a-dees and hairy woodpeckers, and flocks of snowbirds—two weeks for the lad to wait as traps were not placed out before March First.

The Indians of Hiawatha fooled him by placing their unset traps out a week ahead of time—it seemed to be April Fool all around as the weather turned so mild that some of the wild fowl migration fared north and the moose wood threw out leaves over an inch long—down pounced Winter again and froze everything up—but not the lad's desire to get his traps out too before the first of March. As all the best places were being taken up I told him to go to a kind neighbour's and telephone to a Game Overseer and ask if it was permissible to lay out traps now. He got the answer "Yes" and out he set with his traps on the night of the 27th of Feb—lo and behold on the morning of the 28th, another Overseer arrived with the kind news that he was ordered by the Department to pick up all traps. I kindly but firmly told him not to touch the Lad's traps as he had permission to put them out, but to go and telephone the Department of Game himself. We watched the good old chap skate off and hours after he returned—and did not pick up any of the hundreds of traps set out. Although he kept his counsel we "smelt a mice," and were glad we had not been accused of an infraction of the Act.

In the meantime another Overseer, aided by two white trappers, picked up all the Indians' traps at the mouth of the Otonabee, as well as a few white men's set traps. Off posted

one of the Hiawatha Band to Peterboro and he got news that the traps could not be seized if they were unset—By this time we were so uncertain as to just where we did

advocate not setting until they can be set in the water from a canoe. I think this is good too—**BUT NO TRAP SHOULD BE PUT OUT FOR MUSKRATS SOUTH OF**



Laddie and a Western Grebe

stand that I wrote the Deputy Minister and found out that the Department did not make a practice of seizing unset traps. I wrote this letter for the Chief of the Hiawatha whose entire set of traps had been seized—so the Overseer had to take back to the Otonabee the traps he had wrongfully taken, although the blame is not on him as he had orders from someone to pick them up—but although the Indians, under advice from Chief Crowe acted orderly, there was some tall grumbling and muttering. Poor Laddie Jr. had half his traps up and half scattered through the marsh. Some men lost good places and others got them. Now my advice is—No trap should be set until it can be set in and well covered by water, and not water made by chopping holes, the natural water of the thaw or rise. Many

THE FRENCH RIVER, SET OR UNSET, BEFORE MARCH FIRST.

The prolific Muskrat has had a hard time. I told you last April of their being frozen in great numbers during the winter of 17-18, then they were illegally trapped out in the Fall of '18, but they produced about half a catch for 1919. It was a rare sight to see a muskrat house at all in the fall of '18. I knew it was utterly impossible to trap out the muskrats thoroughly from any one place. This animal, belonging to North America only, has spread from the furthest northern place where grows a tree to the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico—although I have noted a difference in the colour of the fur; a few thousand miles difference in the homes of the animal leave them exactly alike. All have the young born blind, and a pretty little grey

and pink silky thing it is, with great awkward hind feet. Many a time one of my assistants has tried to rear one of these puny crying babies; I have found my fountain pen filled full of curdled milk when an overzealous Laddie Jr., had tried to squirt warm milk into a writhing youngster, but always in the small hours before dawn of some morning the squawling ceased—not altogether; for, the lad now took it up at the loss of his wee pet. I must defend him by saying he never took a young one until it had been deserted by its mother. It is sad the great number of muskrats that twist and tear their legs when caught. Here is money reward for some man who can make a trap that will always hold a muskrat; and sell it for a fairly low price. I still do not think the animal eats it leg off. I know many a trapper tells me so.

but I cannot really find proof that the animal applies its teeth to its imprisoned member—if it did the foot projecting into the trap would be badly numbed; and a much less painful place to tear at.

It is remarkable the quarrelling and jealousy this trapping arouses,—although many of the men are trapping on ground from which they could be turned off—(see High Court decision that the owner of lands owns all trapping rights in waters thereon, or write Edward Meek—lawyer—for printed decision to be published in the Mail and Empire Toronto at any time.)

Trappers still argue and quarrel with one another as if they owned the ground. There is no doubt that the few dollars a white man can get at trapping is a ready addition to the housekeeping funds, but it does seem



No! Laddie is not whistling, his mouth is o'er full of lunch.

I have seen many muskrats tearing at the trap, but I have never seen any part of the foot below the trap actually torn by tooth marks—Yes! I know I am on debatable ground,

a shame, in this age when education is the only test of a man or boy; that any father should bring his boy up to such an uncertain livelihood as trapping.

I find things in the trapping and hunting field in worse condition than before the war. I never heard any such regular spring duckshooting as I heard this year, and nearly all of it was from localities where only white men could have done it. I hear that many muskrat houses were

Everywhere I go I find the same apathy towards the game laws, if we Canadians would only realize that we are actually stealing our own fish and wildfowl and fur, when we take them out of season, stealing from ourselves as truly as if we slyly put our hand into our own pocket



The two trappers of Migration Camp

broken into this Spring and traps set in them. Also the Overseers tell me there is much more Fall trapping than before. I would strongly advise the Department to select Returned Men—strangers to each locality where they are placed—as overseers. Remember I am speaking from the viewpoint of a middle aged man—true I broke game laws when I was young—but the alarming decrease in the bass and maskinonge tells me that unless the overseers really stop the Spring spearing and the winter icefishing there will be little left for the summer trollers.

and abstracted and threw into the water a handful of silver; then we may begin to value our game.

The same tale of maimed and injured among the song birds and wild fowl and marsh birds was taken by the traps this Spring—Oh! how it makes one shudder to hear the alarmed cries and see the wild plunges of our game birds when caught in the trap; poor black ducks call so loudly, the great blue heron thrashes so wildly that it dies from exhaustion in a few hours, bitterns survive a long time, mudhens a shorter while, the Fall ducks soon thrash their weary

lives out, the blackbirds and snow-birds, yes nearly all the perching birds soon perish. Is there no short cut to mercy? I know the majority of trappers will trap and cannot avoid these poor intruders. I also know our appeal last year saved hundreds of lives, as few traps were set before they were placed in the water this year. I tell you truly, all you trappers who have farms or gardens, if you kill of the insect eating birds this way the world will eventually face famine.

The crop of 1919 muskrats skins fell off fifty per cent from the year before. No sale of ten millions skins this year in London as there was in 1914. Without doubt this is the most valuable furbearer, and if the fur seal does not soon strike, all milady's coats will be of "near seal," commonly called "musquash" or muskrat. Why do not more men go in for muskrat farming? A hundred acre marsh, well inclosed will give any man a fair living, without, it if is stocked with natural food, the expenditure of much cash. The only animal to guard against is Man, the one member of the Animal Kingdom always worth watching. Reports from the South tell of one taking in seven thousand dollars off his big marsh—over a thousand acres—but he sold all the bodies as "marsh rabbits" to the cafes of a big city—so city dwellers watch your menus closer than ever.

"Say, I want to go to the fur sale," Laddie called over my clicking typewriter. I watched him sail away to the Indian village, and on his return he told me. "We all went into the Council Chamber, bags of skins and all, they took your advice and got together and made the buyers bid on the fur. Each man wrote his bid and signed it and laid the folded paper on the table—how all the faces leaned forward when the bits of paper were opened—"Two dollars and forty-five cents" read one, "Two dollars and fifty cents" the next, "read out Hank Cow," "Two dollars

and fifty cents," he repeated for the third one. "Guess you fellows had better bid again" he told the two highest bidders. Once more they wrote and folded and handed in their bids "Two dollars and fifty-three cents," called out the Indian, "Two dollars and fifty-five cents," he called for the last one. This was acceptable and off went the lucky buyer with the men to count the big catches. Chief Cröwe beat them all with two hundred and ten—and the also ran had but three, but the total was about fifteen hundred, and many a satisfied Indian there was at such an unheard of price—yes and "everything went" even a last Fall's pelt that was shot by mistake for a wounded duck.

The mildness of the winter made the skins a bit tender for stretching and the entire absence of kittens made the run of size very large, this no kitten catch tells of fall trapping and it would be better for those men to leave them until the spring and get a good price. I think the authorities should make a strong effort to find out just who are the guilty buyers of illegal pelts and take away their licenses.

I would just like to again appeal to all true sportsmen to try and kill the drakes in the fall flight of big bluebills, as they so greatly outnumbered the females in the spring flight—some fifteen thousand males to five thousand females—that the most prolific duck family that we have left is in danger of being badly reduced in numbers.

I have not the same fear for the muskrats as I heard of two couples that were exported to a Bohemian noble—these were the busy little four—these just got right down to business and they filled that Kingdom of Bohemia chuck full of little muskrats who cut into all the great fish pond preserves, and in ten years the descendants of that industrious four keep all the trappers of that part of our late Austrian enemies busy.



After Bass at Bewdley

WILLIAM STRANGE CAMPBELL



THE big lake shone in gleams of molten gold as the rays of the setting sun irradiated its glorious expanse. The gentlest of zephyrs played on its surface, transforming the dying sunshine into vari-colored tints of rose, saffron, and olive green, the tiny ripples murmuring a tuneful harmony, interrupted now and then by the splash of a rising fish in the lily pads. It was a lovely setting, a Sabbath calm brooding over the great sheet of water. Away to the eastward rose heavily timbered islands which seemed to float in the amethystine haze like the fabled isles of Ily Brasil, while on the slopes rising from the lake shore the fields shone ripe for harvest, their golden hue contrasting beautifully with the green of the pines and cedars standing out commandingly on the bill sides of a smiling and undulating country, reminiscent of an Irish county.

Rice Lake harbors some big 'lunge and while I was there, making my headquarters at Bewdley, a few miles from Campbelleroft on the Grand Trunk Railway, many sizeable fish were taken, the biggest being one of twenty pounds. This evening, however, I was after bass and as the dusk gathered the fish became more playful and active. Drifting placidly on the verge of the reeds I cast lightly between the floating pads and soon was into a nice fish, the reel singing merrily as he made his initial dash for the liberty which was soon to be his as he managed to fight his way into the stalks and free himself from the hook. This was an lucky beginning, but soon another on. Heading Mr. Bass safely from underwater entanglements he soon had the landing net his shimmering body and came

into the canoe a pretty fish of two and three quarter pounds weight.

A couple more came to the net before business was over for the evening and I paddled to Bewdley House well satisfied and ready for a belated supper. As a matter of fact the prospects had been so inviting that I had stayed on the lake since half past five o'clock that morning, except for a recess for breakfast, a luncheon basket serving for the wants of the day. The sun had been very strong, until like a great molten ball of golden crimson, he had disappeared behind the western hills and during the day there had been little sport, the fish being lethargic and shy, but that they were all around in goodly numbers was some consolation for the fisherman and I determined to make an early start next morning.

Catching fish is not all of angling, as most fishermen will agree. True, there are men to whom the weight of the basket is everything, but personally I believe they are in the minority and he is indeed a dull clod who cannot enjoy the charm and lake and stream altogether apart from what comes out of them. Drifting slowly over the mirror-like surface of the lake as the shadows lengthened, the ineffable serenity and placidity of the scene is unconsciously transmitted to one's mind and senses, the brooding peace soothes with restful comfort, small worries and cares are forgotten, and temporary troubles are consigned, without an effort of thought, to that limbo from which happily they may never emerge.

But the darkness gathers and tomorrow is a new day, with its hopeful possibilities of sport so early to bed is the order with an early start to follow.

And the new day does not disappoint the sanguine expectations of the evening before. Dawn arrives

serene and beautiful. Scarce a cloud flecks the azure of the sky, a deep vault of Neapolitan blue that would vie in color and beauty with anything the Mediterranean can show, flecked away to the north-east with cirrus haze. A gentle breath from the south west sways the reed beds and carries over the water evidences of matutinal activity on the part of the birds inhabiting their grateful shelter. A few hundred yards away some wild-fowl, young birds, are paddling in search of breakfast and at his wonted vantage point of observation stands the familiar heron, keenly on the watch, eternal vigilance being his meal ticket.

It is early and the lake is deserted except for one boat a couple of miles out working a favorite beat for 'lunge, although according to a local wiseacre these fish will take less readily for the next few weeks.

The Indians have an idea that 'lunge' (*Esox masquinongy*) teeth trouble them at the latter end of July and that they bite less freely until about September, and presumably the Ojibways should know all about the maskinonge that can be known. But they are great fish and amply repay the labor of trolling for them. But as I hinted before I was on this occasion at least, more interested in bass and fifteen minutes' row brought me to the spot where I had landed a few on the previous evening. But for two hours there was nothing doing and as the breakfast hour approached I turned the bow of the boat hotelwards. My first job was to put on a stronger hook, double-gutted, using for bait the tail end of a small perch cut diagonally so as to make a spinner, the idea being taken from a recent issue of *Rod and Gun*. The mile and a half to the boat landing was covered without a strike and when I was within twenty feet of the boat-house and in very shallow water I began to reel in. Suddenly the line

taughtened and I thought I was in the ground, but a couple of seconds later a fine fish sprang out of the water.

This was no time for refined methods. The shallow water was no place for that fish and leaving nothing to chance, or taking a chance, whichever it was, I reeled him in as fast as I could and soon had the net under a three pounder. This was as good an appetiser for breakfast as I could wish for and I enjoyed the good home cooking all the more for the fact that my morning spin on the lake had not been fishless.

There is nothing novel in the bait used on this occasion, but the method of cutting the fish was new to me and its attractiveness was amply demonstrated by results. Sporting papers are well worth watching for hints from time to time in regard to lures and the best way in which to present them. Like ourselves, fish are variable in their fancies, and it is well not to depend on one type of attraction. Unfortunately I had forgotten my flies in a hurried departure from Toronto and I could not procure any locally but on the whole I did very well and had every reason to be satisfied.

If one were inclined to rhapsodise columns might be written in regard to the glorious heritage the people of Canada have in the multitude of lakes and rivers all over this favored land. It is truly the paradise of the sportsman and fisherman, while its magnificent possibilities are within easy reach of those compelled to live in cities. The spaciousness of these realms of lake and river can scarcely be realized by dwellers in more densely populated countries and, destined ultimately to be the home of many more millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, an essentially sport-loving people will find in Canada a land pre-eminently favored and dowered with the finest gifts that beneficence can bestow.





The Belle of Timagami on its way to Bear Island

Peerless Timagami

M. PARKINSON



NATURE Lovers, Seekers after Health, Disciples of Isaac Walton, Hunters, and all others who wish for a few short weeks in the dog days to lay aside the artificialities and strains of

life, who long to exchange the Christie and four-button sack for the cap and sweater, whose hearts hunger for the smell of the pines and the swish of the paddle have to search farther and farther for the unspoiled wilderness as the years go by. The onward march of civilization, the greed of the lumberman and the conventional tourist resort have every year sacrificed areas of the "forest primeval" that would put to blush a kingdom's fee. Soon the majority of our great Northland's forest playgrounds will be things of the past, and the sportsman and wilderness lover will have to go far afield to find the undisturbed haunts of their finned, feathered and furred friends.

The Timagami Forest Reserve

Fortunately for the wearied denizens of the busy haunts of men, the Government of the Province of Ontario has set aside a magnificent area of pine covered lakeland, containing 3,750,000 acres, for the Timagami Forest Reserve. This domain, stretch-

ing one hundred miles from north to south and sixty miles from east to west, is just as Nature left it—boetling cliffs rising sheer hundreds of feet in the clear air; rolling hillsides clad in interminable green: islands and islets like emerald gems set in a field of bluest blue—and this it will be for the next, and the next, and succeeding generations, as no settler nor lumberman may enter into this care-free kingdom.

Nestling in the midst of this green vastness of the Timagami Forest Reserve lies wondrous Lake Timagami. Like some gigantic octopus, with its innumerable legs, and arms, and feelers, each one more sinuous and beautiful than the other, stretched out, east and west and north and south, into this interminable wonderland of evergreen hills.

T-i-m-a-g-a-m-i! Pronounced (to-mog-a-me) with a full, open, deep-chested tone. How the very sound of this Ojibway word for "deepwater" carries one off into the pine woods! In it you hear the sound of lapping waters, from it you catch a whiff of the balsams and the pine trees, and by the music of its soft vowel sounds you are carried back to the days of frowsy Indians, black-robed priests, and picturesque Coureurs de Bois threading these forest wildernesses in the days of the golden past.

Picture to yourself, if you can,

this marvellous lake with its 1,600 islands and islets. There are 1,259 of them surveyed and marked on the Government map, ready for leasing to prospective cottagers. Visiting four islands each day and remaining forty days each year it would take you ten years to merely pay each island a flying visit. Consider for a moment its 3,000 miles of shoreline. If you paddled around it once to explore its beauties you would have a canoe trip from Halifax to Vancouver and on some 200 miles into the Pacific Ocean, and yet you would never find your self a mile from shore for the lake is never two miles wide.

*"Crystal Timagami, Wasacsinagami.
Low waves that beat on thy shadowy
shore,
North of the Nipissing, up the Tim-
iskaming,
We will come back and sing you
encore;
Back to the wilds again, - show me the
way,
Make me a child again, just for a day."*

How To Get There.

The natural gateways to Timagami are through Buffalo (400 miles) and Toronto (300 miles). From these gateways the Grand Trunk Railway

carries its guests in solid-vestibule trains and standard Pullmans to Timagami Station on the lake itself. From North Bay to Timagami (70 miles) the Grand Trunk trains run over the rails of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. It is from here the wildwood scenery commences. Panting up the grade your engine strains at its task until a few miles on from Mulock "The Summit" is reached. From here the Jocko runs off into Lake Temiskaming and the Ottawa, the north into the Mattawa and the Ottawa, and the Tomiko into the Sturgeon, Lake Nipissing and the Georgian Bay, thus making this point the water-shed between Lake Huron and the Ottawa.

This is the country of fish and game. If you want a fine moose-head for your den make arrangements to do your shooting in Timagami next autumn. If you want to fill your creel with the finest of speckled trout, real *salvelinus fontinalis*, camp for a few days on Rabbit Creek near Red-water, that beautiful bubbling brook which you cross and re-cross in such a marvellous way that you fall to asking yourself, from which car window you will next catch a vision of its loveliness. And so it goes on purling brooklet, limpid lakelet, miles



Early morning—Lake Timigami



Mrs. James F. Barker and her twenty pound trout

of balsam and of pine, and over all the arch of illimitable blue.

Are You Coming?

Come and visit the interminable mazes of this primeval forest. What a marvel is spread before you! Every breath that reaches your nostrils speaks of health, and you strive to fill the inflated lungs still fuller of the sweet balsamic air; you cast care away, and resign yourself to the kindly rule of the Genius of the Pine Woods who will bring strength, and peace and rest, as you listen to her gentle wooing and allow the spirit of the wilderness to sink into your soul.

Advantages Of Timagami.

What makes Timagami such an unrivalled health resort? Why does a few weeks in these forest wilds reconstruct a broken down physical constitution and give a tired, worn-out man a new lease of life, sending

him back to his work with such a store of energy that he finds the ten months of following toil a thing to be enjoyed sooner than to be feared? Timagami's advantage may be enumerated as follows:—

1. Its latitude. Lake Timagami lies with its southern extremity in 47 degrees north latitude, or 300 miles north of Toronto, 500 miles north of New York, 700 miles north of Washington. This ensures a delightful summer climate—clear, warm days, and invigorating, cool nights.

2. Its altitude. Lake Timagami lies over 1,000 feet above sea level. If on some heated August day in New York, you were carried up 1,000 feet above the top of the Metropolitan Life tower, you can imagine the change in climate conditions which would result. Timagami is not only 1,000 feet above the level of New York, but it is 500 miles farther north. Latitude and altitude unite in giving a clear, dry, rarefied atmosphere.

3. Its geological formation. Lake Timagami lies in the Laurentian area. Its shores and hillsides are composed of crystalline or granitic rocks. Almost entire absence of limestone has caused its water to be comparatively soft. The hard nature of its shore line and bottom has prevented disintegration and the foundation of mud or sand. Everywhere you will find rock and water, and rock and water only. There is, with rare exceptions, no mud, no weeds, nothing offensive; only the bare, clean rocks and the crystal-clear waters into whose pellucid depths you may gaze to a distance of twenty of even thirty feet, and note the active motion of the sportive minnow, or the more sedate movements of the lazy four-pound black bass. Can you afford to be so busy that you cannot give yourself this opportunity for increased health and happiness! Think twice before you decide to spend another year with no let-up to the dreary tread-mill of business.

4. Its clear, dry atmosphere. No one can fully appreciate the clearness and lack of humidity in the air of Timagami, except those who have spent a week or so in its wilds and

fastnesses. Some conception of it may be conveyed to the non-visitor from the following facts—

(a) The writer has frequently carried on conversation with people camped on an island a full mile away. To appreciate this, measure off in your mind a mile from where you now sit, and imagine shouting to, and being heard by a person sitting at the other end of that mile. This is wireless telegraphy without a sending or a receiving instrument, except the ears and the throats of two lusty campers. In the still clear, Timagami evenings, the weird cry of the solitary loon, the hoarse bellow of the giant bull-moose, come over the quiet waters mingled with the incessant bark, bark of the Indian dogs, the lightsome laugh of some care-free tourist, and the dip, dip of some belated paddle.

(b) Everywhere in Timagami is "echo rock." Anywhere between the islands, and where can you go and not be between islands, you can get as many as six distinct echoes. Some August night, with the moon sailing through fleecy clouds, and the planets shining like points of light in the crystal depths below your canoe, let a clear baritone voice roll out a flood of song among Timagami's islands and you might think the gods themselves had awakened, and that every rock and islet was the home of some musical spirit voicing the theme of the night in silver song. Come to this "Gem of the North Land" if it be only to hear the echoes on a still night under a harvest moon.

c. Your clothing will not stay wet in Timagami. Draw in your line on a hand troll over your left leg and soon a wet patch appears on your trousers, only to become perfectly dry in the next ten minutes while you are cooking the luscious pickerel which rewarded your labors.

It is necessary to say that there is no hay-fever in such an atmosphere as this. Those who are afflicted with this annually recurring malady find perfect freedom in Timagami. Many have found this out, and year after year they hie away to the northern

wildwoods to find relief from their distressing affliction.

Come once, to put these assertions to the test.

Accommodations.

You must not think that great hardships and much discomfort must be met in order to enjoy the mysteries of this wildwood elysium. The opposite is the fact. As before stated you travel in Standard Pullmans, carried on fast solid-vestibule trains right to the gateway of the Lake.

On the station platform you will find the representatives of the Perron and Marsh Navigation Company. They operate a fleet of gasoline launches, and the steamboat Belle of Timagami, capable of carrying three hundred people in comfort and safety. Mr. Oderick Perron and Captain Marsh know all about Timagami. They will tell you just where to go; how and where to catch the fish, and



Lady Evelyn river



Oderick Perron and his thirty pounder

any other information you may wish. Their boats will connect with all trains and take you to any part of the lake you may desire.

Bear Island

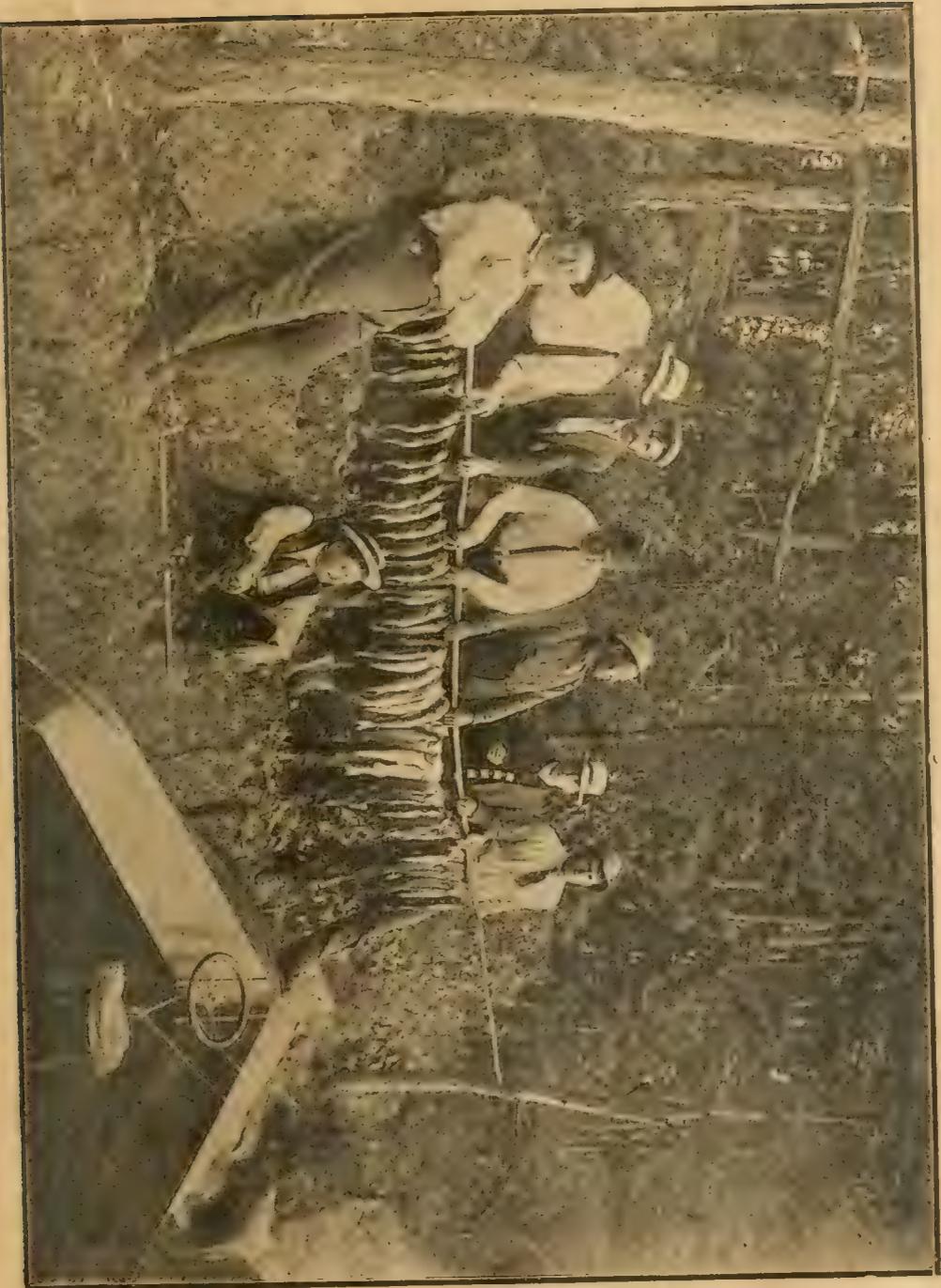
Seventeen miles up the lake is found Bear Island. It is the heart of the octopus to which the lake has been compared. Every tourist should come to Bear Island. Standing on the wharf of the Hudson's Bay Company you have time to draw breath, after the excitement of the wonderful trip up the north-east arm, and look about you. At your feet lap the wavelets of the "Deep water." Down fifteen feet in its crystal depths you may catch a glimpse of a skulking bass. About you stands the Hudson's Bay Post, not altogether what you might expect in this far north-land.

but a modern up-to-the-minute, plate glass fronted store. Farther up the hill looms the Roman Catholic Church its spire a heavenward pointing finger; its bell tolling out in this far-away wilderness the story of fidelity and heroism wrapped up in the lives of those Jesuit Fathers who first carried the story of the Cross to the Indian tribes in these then unknown forest fastnesses. To your ear come the soft sounds of the Ojibway tongue. That group of Indian youths and damsels chatting at the door of the store are lineal descendants of Hiawatha and Minnehaha. For it was from these Northern Ontario lakelands that the Ojibway Chiefs came who told the Hiawatha legend to Schoolcraft, who repeated it to Longfellow, who embodied it in those singing verses all English-speaking people know so well.

At the Hudson's Bay Post, at Bear Island, you will find the attentive and obliging factor, Mr. R. D. Fraser. He will supply your every need. On his shelves will be found choice fresh groceries and provisions. Piles of fresh bread lie on the counters. In the windows are seen new potatoes, fresh cabbage, ripe tomatoes and downy cheeked peaches. So that you may live in this untouched wilderness and still enjoy much of the comforts of civilization. Mr. Fraser knows all about fishing tackle, tourist's supplies, canoes and guides. Leave your itinerary and arrangements to him and rest assured of a pleasant holiday and plenty of fish. His boat-house is filled with a complete line of Chestnut's canvas-covered canoes. From him you can secure launches for private trips over Timagami, or outfits and guides for a trip even to Moose Factory with salt waters of Hudson's Bay, if you are venturesome enough for such a journey. The Hudson's Bay Post is headquarters for Indian silk and beadwork as the Factor is in close touch with the Indians of the Hudson's Bay region for hundreds of miles around.

Fishing

Timagami is certainly the paradise of the fisherman. Other waters may



be fished out, Timagami and the hundreds of other lakes reached from Bear Island in a day or so still teem with fish. The fish found in these

regions, coming as they do from these cool, clear waters, are toothsome and gamey. The most sought for, of course, is that "living arrow of the

white-waters, whose food is the glancing butterfly," the speckled trout *Salvelinus fontinalis*. The rivers and streams between North Bay and Timagami are alive with these speckled beauties. The writer has a photograph of 144 tipping the scales at just 100 pounds, caught by ten rods in something less than two hours. In the Lady Evelyn region and the rivers running into this lake the trout run large and many are secured up to two pounds and over. No one with a good guide, and the necessary skill, need leave Timagami without the full export quota of 50 pounds of speckled trout. Next in order, of course, comes that "inch for inch and pound for pound—the gamiest fish that swims" the small mouthed black bass, *Miscopterus dolomien*. Everyone in Timagami has his favorite bass ground, but the fact remains that the black bass is distributed over the whole area of Timagami and surrounding lakes. They run from 10 to 12 inches in length, and scale from two to four pounds. No one should fail in securing his limit of eight in anything like a favorable day. Then comes that Lancelot among the fishes, the Great Lake Trout *Cristivomer namaycush*. No matter how you may rave

about the speckled trout and the black bass, the namaycush trout stands unrivalled in form, in color, in markings, in outline, and in flesh,—a synthesis of qualities making a perfect fish. Timagami and surrounding lakes are full of this lordly game fish. To take him is great sport, to look at him glistening on the floor of the canoe is a picture; but when the great pink slabs from his coarse sides fall into the boiling Crisco, and sizzling and browned to turn are placed on your improvised table under the pine trees, the aroma rising, mingled with the odor of pine and balsams, to your tense and quivering nostrils, then it is not sport, and no picture can describe your feeling, it is simply the ecstasy of delight. When you remember the many specimens run to thirty pounds and over, that ten and fifteen pounds are frequent and that five or six is a common day's sport, you will have some appreciation of what gray trout fishing in Timagami means. Then there is the common, every-day doré, *Stizostedion Vitreum* locally called pickerel or wall-eyed pike, better called pike-perch showing its relation to the *Percidae* and at the same time calling attention to its slender pike-like body. The flesh is firm and very



Aspens are falling—Lake Timagami

flakey, white and delicious flavor, and those who have to eat fish every day and twice a day during a holiday of nine or ten weeks will gladly turn from the delicate brook trout, the juicy, luscious black bass, or the rich gray trout to the flesh of the much overlooked pickerel. The limit is a dozen a day for each rod, and you will have no trouble in reaching that limit each day anywhere in Timagami, still fishing with worm or minnow, or trolling with an ordinary light spoon. Then last, comes the common pike *Esox lucius* thrown away as unfit for food, often high up on the bank, where he can no longer prey on more respectable fishes, by the ordinary Timagami fisherman his rank odor and coarse flesh are commonly despised, yet some cling to him as a choice morsel. Probably they are right for you will remember that Isaac Walton devotes a whole chapter to the scavenger, giving directions how to "roast him when he is caught," declaring that when thus prepared he is "choicely good," too good for any but anglers and honest men. Your trouble will be to keep the pike off your hook or spoon with which you are hoping to tempt better fish.

Hunting.

The lordly moose is Timagami's show animal. In July and August

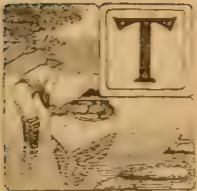
they are often seen by the tourist swimming in Timagami's water, or feeding on the lily pads of the small surrounding lakes. When the open season comes they are more wary, and have retreated to the ridges of the uplands, and not a little skill is necessary to get one. However, it is the proud boast of the Bear Island guides that they have never allowed one hunter to return without a head for his pains, and many of them have been giants of their kind. Good comfortable accommodation is provided, parties outfitted, and guides supplied.

The red deer is not found in any great numbers in the immediate neighborhood of Lake Timagami, but in the territory between North Bay and Timagami Station they are found in abundance.

The ruffed grouse, commonly called willowed partridge, and the pine grouse are plentiful anywhere in the forest. You may kill them with a stick or stone as they run along the portages. Wild ducks nest all over the lake and during the summer it is a common sight to see mother and her fleet of ducklings sailing within a few yards of your canoe. Wild geese nest farther north but Timagami waters are full of geese during the open season as they are on their way to the south.

Ontario Guides Will Organize

THE EDITOR



THE daily mail for the editor contains on the average ten enquiries from prospective tourists to different parts of the Dominion.

The first letter will be from a man in

Boston asking about the nearest moose country for him to go to in Canada, the next will be from a party of fishermen in southern Ontario asking for virgin bass territory in Northern Ontario. An enquirer from Salt Lake City asks about big

game in British Columbia, and so on varying from moose to rabbits in game, and from brook trout to tuna in fish and the extent of the territory can only be gauged by the boundaries of the country. These letters, which are a pleasure to receive, are answered with ease in the majority of cases on account of the invaluable sources of information in the provinces in which the sportsman wishes to hunt or fish. This is particularly true of the Maritime provinces where the guides are organized into protective associations. For a man wishing either fishing or

shooting in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, a letter to the Secretary of the Provincial Guides' Association solves all the difficulties attendant to a successful trip into strange territory.

Knowing the conditions relative to conservation and organized guides protective associations in the Mari-

vision of the North Country as a sportsmen's Paradise is F. C. Armstrong of Cochrane who holds the official position of Sportsman's Representative of the Canadian National Railways.

Mr. Armstrong knows Northern Ontario like a book and during the



Mr. F. C. Armstrong

times it was with great pleasure that our attention was called to the likelihood of a similar organization being formed in Ontario. Very fittingly the proposed Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association is being fathered by a native of New Brunswick who has spent the past sixteen years as guide, father confessor and companion to tourists in Northern Ontario. This man with the true

time he has lived there has seen great changes in the country. "When I went into the North Country nineteen years ago the caribou were very plentiful, now they have dwindled to scattered bands" said this experienced sportsman "and as with the game so with the fish. At one time the lakes and streams were literally alive with game fish of all kinds and it was no trick at all to catch a dozen four pound

speckled trout in a short time." Continuing he stated that while the fish and game are not depleted that he would like to see them kept up to their present standard. This he proposes to do by the careful organization of guides, sportsmen, outfitters etc. into an official body to be known as the Ontario Guides' and Outfitters' Association. In addition to this organization he urges the re-stocking of all bodies of water that have become depleted through a ruthless slaughter of our game fishes.

Mr. Armstrong, who has the support of the Deputy Minister of Game and Fisheries of Ontario, the various guides, trappers and Indians with whom he has broached this important subject briefly sums up the objects of the organization as follows:

(a) To ensure the securing of competent and qualified guides for sportsmen.

(b) To ensure, as far as possible, that uniform rates shall be charged by the various guides and outfitters.

(c) To provide disciplinary measures for guides charging exorbitant prices to any sportsman.

(d) To prevent guides trespassing on the rights of other guides who are now established.

(e) To require each guide to do his best in protecting the game, and to give information to the proper authorities if this protection is not given by others.

At the present time it is practically impossible for anyone to get in touch with reliable guides in all parts of Northern Ontario. While at different points there are guides who will take charge of parties at normal prices, there are other virgin game territories where it is impossible to locate faithful and honest guides. There is a tendency on the part of some guides to charge exorbitant prices and failing to secure these, often outrageous demands, they will show the hunting party all kinds of scenery but very little game.

The proposed organization will consist of representatives of the various railways serving the territory which is all that section of Ontario lying north of Lake Superior, from Quebec boundary on and north of the Ottawa Division of the Grand Trunk Railway, Ottawa to Parry Sound, to the Manitoba Boundary. The railways interested include the Canadian National, The Canadian Pacific, The Grand Trunk and the Algoma Central. The first meeting when the organization will be formed will be held in Port Arthur during the latter part of May or early in June. The territory will be divided into twelve sections or districts.

The railway representatives appointed will meet the different guides and outfitters in these various districts, acquaint them with the idea of the proposed organization, and ask them to nominate a delegate to attend the Port Arthur conference, at which a President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer will be elected, also a District Chairman representing each district.

The twelve delegates representing the twelve districts will be designated as charter members, in addition to the President, Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer.

They will in turn elect other members from their respective territories who must be qualified men with good records as guides, and previously licensed.

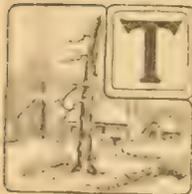
By-Laws and methods of procedure will also be outlined at this conference.

While the preliminary organization has gone forward with enviable success it is hoped that anyone with suggestions to make that will further this commendable project, will make them in person at the conference in Port Arthur or that they will be good enough to mail them to F. C. Armstrong at Cochrane or to the Editor of *Rod and Gun in Canada* at Woodstock.





VICTOR LAURISTON AND A. L. MCCREADY



T

HE dance was well under way when Dub Hixon removed his overshoes at the woodshed door.

Because everyone invited had arrived long ahead of him, Hixon intended to

make his entrance as unostentatiously as possible.

As he knocked his overshoes clean, a few words drifted to him from inside the shed.

"It'll mean jail for the whole bunch of us, Elgin."

"Jail. Aw, slush! You're loony, Jack."

Dub Hixon felt embarrassed. He removed his driving gauntlets, and, making all the noise he could, pushed open the door. Jack Slade started up, his pale face perturbed. But Elgin Wilkes grinned.

"Did I hear you say jail?" remarked the Dub, jocularly.

"What d'you know about it?" demanded Slade, nervously.

"Oh, I know *all* about it." The Dub was always cocksure, but never vicious. He strode on into the kitch-

en, leaving Slade and Wilkes to wrestle with their difficulty, whatever it might be.

The kitchen he found crowded with the young manhood of Talbot Ridge, some smoking, others in shy retreat from the fair sex. The fair sex, for their part, were doubtless shyly waiting in the front rooms. The Dub regarded the whole party with a bored air. The dining room, cleared of furniture, was the scene of an hilarious quadrille.

"Ladies salute and gents salute and round you go with a lickety-scoot," bawled the strong-lunged prompter.

And ladies and gents ducked and bobbed, and rose up with hands clasped ring-a-rosy about each other's necks, completing the figure, a quartette of bowed heads with flying heels as they circled, wildly striving to keep time to the squealing fiddles.

The dust, pounded out of the soft-wood floor, settled like thin smoke about the heads of the two fiddlers, perched on the wide kitchen table in the corner of the room. Old Sol Summers played first fiddle and his son Alex second—old Sol with his proverbial chaw in the side of his

cheek and a cuspidor at his heel. To-night, as every dance night throughout the settlement, they rasped out Virginia reels and Heel and Toe, perspiring, flushed—old Sol at the end of each change, bowing his heated face to carefully expectorate.

The Dub, big, fair-haired, freckle-faced, gazed about him, and thought of one or two things.

This dance was the outcome of a protracted sparrow match.

Talbot Ridge had organized two teams of twenty-eight boys each. Jack Slade captained one team, Long Elmer Sweed the other. The losing team was required, of course, to furnish an evening's entertainment, topped off with an oyster supper. As might be expected, everybody concerned nearly or remotely was on hand to-night to see that the expense to the losers was commensurate with the effort the match had cost.

Get the sparrows — that's the watchword of a sparrow match. Shoot 'em, snare 'em, bird-lime 'em, but get 'em—get 'em anyway.

The favorite device, heretofore, had been to go at night with lanterns and scare them out of the big barns and straw-stacks. Dazzled by the light, stupid from their awakening, the birds would flutter around within reach of wooden bats and waiting hands.

Slade's team was easily in the lead with 5,000 birds the night Grantham's barn burned. That catastrophe put an end to hunting in barns and about straw stacks. True, none of the sparrow hunters had been seen there, but the disaster was a reminder that barns were inflammable. The farmers shut down on barn-hunting, and Long Elmer's team was left in the air.

Through the last two weeks of the contest they, including the Dub, struggled desperately to reduce the lead of their opponents. They scouted with shot-guns by day, and with lanterns by night at such places as were still accessible.

Unceasing diligence wiped out the opposing lead, and piled up an overplus that made victory certain.

Then, on the crucial day of the count, Jack Slade rushed in a load

of sacks and dumped from them a pile of 2,5000 additional birds. Long Elmer Sweed threw up his hands, at the sight.

The Dub was the first of the defeated team to find voice.

"Where — did — you — kill — those — birds?"

Elgin Wilkes, Slade's red-faced crony, grinned.

"Count 'em," he jeered. "Count 'em, boys. Who beat? Eh? Who puts up them there oysters? Oh, you Dub Hixon"—as the big, fair-haired fellow repeated his question—"where did them sparrers come from? I'll tell you, all right—some of these days."

The Dub, remembering it all to the tune of the fiddles and the stamping of feet, looked for, and found Elgin Wilkes. A question came to his lips; and, as usual, he did not stop to consider it:

"Where did you kill those sparrows, Elgin?"

Wilkes drew close. He drew Hixon a little apart, mysteriously. He was derisively self-possessed, was Wilkes.

"Oysters all ordered, eh? Pretty big crowd, too? And your bunch has to pay for it all? Huh?" His derisive tone made even good-natured Dub Hixon writhe. "Well, I'll tell you, then. Jack Slade killed them sparrers with his own hands, over to the Billingsworth settlement—that's where he killed 'em."

"The Dillingworth settlement?" Dub Hixon's blue eyes widened. "Well, you're some hustlers—that's all I can say." He was honest in his admiration of their energy, for the Dillingworth settlement was all of thirty miles from Talbot Ridge.

"That's what I said—some hustlers." Wilkes was complacent. "The Dillingworth folks had just finished their sparrer match, and we got them twenty-five hundred sparrers cheap—oh, for a five dollar bill. Pretty slick—eh?"

The Dub looked at him hard.

"So that's how you won?"

"Uh-huh!" Wilkes was unawed. Now that the oysters were bought and the dance in full swing, it would be the capstone to his contentment

to have everyone know how Slade had put one over. "Jack's going to break the good news at supper. But I reckoned I'd tell you a bit beforehand, Dub, so's you'd catch on about the same time the others did."

He grinned cruelly. Dub Hixon, though, was a game loser.

"Say, that was pretty slick, though. I'd never have thought of that."

* * * *

It was during the supper hour that old Sol Summers, the fiddler, removed his chaw and unloosed his garrulous tongue.

"It's all right to get rid of them darned sparrows, but I'm like the rest, I don't want no one wi' lanterns around my barn o' nights, nohow. No, sir, I don't!"

"Twan't no sparrer hunters set Grantham's barn a-fire," squeaked old Otto Morgan. "Crazy Alvin McGuire, he done it. He was right there, loony as ever, when I come running up."

"Well," remarked Malcolm Kelly, "crazy Alvin'll sure git a stiddy home now. They're a-going to send him over to the county house."

"That's all right," chimed in old Sol, again, "but, all the same, them young badgers might a-been there after sparrers and upsot a lantern. You can't most gen'rally sometimes tell."

Kelly sagely nodded his head.

"Grantham'll get a new barn with the insurance—and Crazy Alvin won't have to sleep out at nights."

The Dub caught the words about Crazy Alvin. He thought of another remark, and mildly tossed it across table at Jack Slade and Elgin Wilkes.

"Say, you Jack Slade" he shouted, genially, "you don't need to go to jail. Why don't you go to the county house with Crazy Alvin?"

Slade reddened. It was Elgin Wilkes who answered swiftly:

"Aw, shut your barn door. If you don't, McGuire will stray in and fire your garret."

The table roared. The Dub regarded the grinning Wilkes, mildly.

"He sure couldn't set fire to your hay-mow. Too much water."

The retort was a bit too subtle; it just drew a titter. But Elgin Wilkes was on his feet. There was a triumph of bigger moment to pull off; and right now, Jack Slade, somehow, wasn't in shape to do it.

"Folks," he said, "that there sparrer match was to get sparrers . . . and me . . . our side . . . Jack Slade's team and mine . . . we got the sparrers. In spite of Dub Hixon here, we got the most sparrers."

And, quite unblushing, amid growls that grew at last into resigned grins, he told of the purchase of the twenty-five hundred sparrows from the Dillingworth settlement.

There were no more sparrow matches on the Ridge that winter. No one felt that it would be opportune to propose another.

All winter, Grantham had men at work getting out timber for his new barn. Framers were busy hewing out the plates and beams. Then, in the spring, trenches were made for the foundations, on the side of the old barn. The Dub was one of the men hired for this work, for his muscles were of generous proportions.

One day, digging alone in a corner, his shovel struck something that gave forth a faint metallic sound. Shoveling away the ashes and charred sticks, he brought to light a twisted lantern frame.

He examined it closely; mechanically scraped away the clinging, rusty ashes with his pocket knife. Two holes had been made in the bottom rim, one on each side; and a hole was pierced in the top of each of the standards. Those holes, he knew quite well, were made for the insertion of a wire bracket, to clamp the lantern and suspend it from the bow of a boat for use as a jack-light in spearing fish. Dub Hixon turned it over and over, thoughtfully.

Another worker hailed him.

"Oh, I say, Dub, Wilkes and Slade are going on Big Red Houston's team at the barn raisin'. Lucky it ain't another sparrow match . . . eh?"

The Dub reflected.

"I reckon," he said, thoughtfully,

"I ought to join in with Little Dan Gregory."

The other man cackled hugely. The Dub was not rated high on Talbot Ridge.

In the country, a barn raising is a big event. It is a keener contest, in its way, than a sparrow match. Not so protracted, of course but from the very days of the pioneers, there has been ineffable glory in helping a barn raising team to win, and particularly in being its captain.

Little Dan Gregory gazed askance at the Dub.

"Take him, you blistered little son of a sea-cook," jeered Big Red Houston. "He's a regular hoodoo, and you've got to lose, anyway."

"I will take him," returned Gregory.

He was a cool, quiet leader, doing things with systematic precision. He contrasted with Big Red, a blasphemous driver of men. Big Red had the sulphurous vigor of the boss of a railroad construction gang. Under his stream of red-hot invective the men sprang to their work with alacrity.

"Go to it, you hounds," he bawled. "Git a-hustle on." This to Bob Travers, boon companion of Slade and Wilkes.

So driving, he gained bit by bit on the opposing team. Little Dan urged and coaxed and encouraged, but his methods were no match for the blasphemous driving of Big Red. Bit by bit the team fell behind in the contest.

The Dub finished laying a timber, and glanced up. His eye caught that of Jack Slade.

"Say," he remarked, nonchalantly, "you'd think you fellows were hunting sparrows, the way you're hopping around."

Slade winced. The Dub swung close to Wilkes and Travers.

"Say, Elgin," he drawled, "you've got a new lantern on your boat, eh? Whatever happened to the old one?" He laughed softly, as he leaned closer. "I know, Elgin Wilkes . . . I know what happened to it and just where it is."

A piece of studding went tumbling,

as Wilkes let go to glare at him. The Dub, desisting from work, thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I'd know that lantern anywhere . . . there's not another like it on the Ridge . . . those holes in the bottom rim, and in the standards, where the wires went through."

He laughed, and sprang to his work. He heard Travers gasp. Wilkes was working on, desperately, but it was plain to see that his mind was not on his work. The Dub swung near Slade again.

"Makes one think of scaling jail walls . . . eh?" he shot across, in a clear whisper.

"Hi, there, you . . ."

A torrent of scorching, blue-brimstone abuse from Big Red Houston sought to lash his men to renewed efforts. The more he stormed, the more rattled three of them grew. Slade, Travers, even Elgin Wilkes, made blunders that balked the work of the others. Big Red, purple-faced, frantic, incredulous, stormed to no avail.

Little Dan Gregory, the last of his team, slid to the ground.

"We're three sets of rafters ahead of 'em, boys," he said, quietly; and the cheers went up.

The Dub, stood a bit apart, and Wilkes and Slade drew near.

"Say," said Wilkes, bluntly, "what d'you mean by that about the lantern?"

"I meant—well, never mind. Didn't we win?"

"Yes, d—— you!" spat Wilkes.

The Dub filled his pipe, leisurely. "That lantern sort of got your goat, didn't it? Helped us to beat your team just now. Sort of made up for those Dillingworth Birds at the sparrow tally?"

The two men watched him anxiously, trying to read his freckled, unperturbed face. They remembered, with qualms, some of the things they had said in contempt of the Dub, and jeers they had flung his way.

"There was a lantern, wasn't there . . . that old lantern you used on your boat for a jack-light when you went spearing fish? It got lost, some-

how, about the time Crazy Alvin McGuire set fire to Grantham's old barn last winter. Well, Crazy Alvin's got a steady home now, which won't hurt him, and Grantham's got a new barn . . . and that old lantern of yours, what's left of it, is buried under the foundation at the

south-east corner. I rather fancied you wouldn't want anyone to ever find it."

He puffed, and smiled. And Elgin Wilkes smiled back, oddly, as though in The Dub he discerned something bigger and finer than he had ever dreamed.

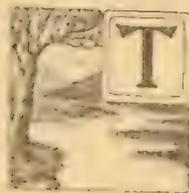
The Silver King

HARRY M. MOORE

IN THREE PARTS

PART II.

V.



THERE were no two huts alike. Streets there were none. The women and children kept well to the immediate premises and I noted over all there was stillness broken only now and then by the sharp barking of dogs. I saw one of these brutes—a large white fellow with short erect ears and bushy tail—and he was tied to a tree. I thought there were animals on four legs that I would much sooner tackle.

The village was in a valley, or rather in a square-shaped hollow around which was a thick bush and towering back over that the mountains. It was easy to understand that the climate was mellowed through these hills hurling back the winds.

Back over the tops of the huts on a rise, surrounded by young pines, and entirely overlooked because of its height and the trees that stood in front of it, was a large building that was much out of place in its surroundings. It was a log structure with some pretensions as to architecture. Looking below it, I saw the hut to which we had first been taken, and by putting two and two together I at once realized that this mansion was the home of the Silver King.

"Well, I'll be stumped," ejaculated Delray—"I never saw that before. I'll take it all back about the old fossil with tusks like a wild boar. Give me another guess and I'll say he is a white man with a head for business. Say, do you know what I was thinking?" he said, suddenly—"I believe we could get away from here easy enough.... Say the word—"

I nodded my head towards the door where three natives stood on guard.

"No rifles, no cartridges—not even a knife—no chance in the world, Del. Their picquet is out and we would look nice running into it. Then, fancy on the top of that—supposing we did get by—having one of those dogs after you—pure suicide is my definition for it—pure suicide. No, sir," I shook my head stubbornly—"We'll stay right here until we see it through. We must meet this king and if he's half square, he is bound to let us go. If not, and the worst comes to the worst, I'll guarantee that you will never have to tell any of your friends that The Hunter failed you when there was work to be done."

"Hurrah," shouted Delray, grabbing my hand—"Here's to the finish!"

Along about the time the sun was going down, we saw them coming up from from the mines—all fur-clad, all painted—but dirty, and dog-tired. These were the aged men of the village and there were twenty-two of them.

Just like common, ordinary working-men they went to their huts, then the air was filled with the aroma of cooking meat, lights sprang up here and there, for the darkness fell rapidly, and over all was a supernatural silence which was broken only by the occasional barking of a hungry dog.

After a while a native came to us, lighted a crude made candle, and brought us food—venison and brown bread—which we only tasted for we had enough of our own in our packs to do us a couple of days more.

Then when the moon peeped over the horizon somewhere our guards were changed and it was with a strange sense of pleasure that among those who remained to see that we didn't get away was that linguist, Slim. Here at least was an opportunity to get a little information.

For a while we conjectured on our fate and then Delray slipped his hand into his pack and smilingly showed me a small flask of whiskey.

"If I had a dozen of these," said he—"I believe I could put the whole town on the blink. I'm going to try a little of it on Slim to-night and see what effect it will have. Maybe that young gentleman will tell us something that we would be mighty glad to know."

Along about midnight, when the village had gone to sleep, Delray called Slim, and that worthy came in bashfully. Assured that we meant him no harm, he sat down on the bunk beside us and Delray produced the bottle, took a drink and passed it to me. All the while a pair of sharp, black eyes watched us.

"This is medicine," explained Delray, handing Slim the whiskey—"Try it—"

The native took the flask in his hand and examined it curiously. He had evidently never seen such an article before. He smelt the contents and he made a wry face, then encouraged by us he took a deep draught, choked, and with his eyes rolling and his hands on his paunch, he sprang to his feet, and went through some grotesque movements that were as surprising as they were laughable to the other guards who stood in the door and watched us.

"Tell us, Slim," I said after he had quieted down, and was again sitting beside us with his eyes fixed on the ground—"What do you call your people—what tribe are you?"

He turned quick and looked me straight in the face.

"Not a tribe—we are the Silver Nation—"

"Eskimo or Indian?"

"Not Eskimo—not Indian. The Silver King knows."

I could see I wasn't getting along very far with him. I thought maybe I'd better switch the subject.

"Who is the Silver King? My friend here and I think he must be a white man."

Slim was at once interested. That one look he gave us showed that he adored his king.

"A white man? No. Listen—" his voice grew low and he spoke quietly and easily—"Long time ago when Slim was about that size—"

holding his hand about four feet from the ground—"Our chief died and we were gathered in the council house to appoint his successor. It was a dark, cold, stormy night and we were burning offerings on our altar and praying to the Great Spirit to help us, when the door opened and he walked in.

"He carried a rifle, much the same as yours, and had a belt, cartridges and knife. Across his face was blood and alongside his head was a cut. He was big—and strong. He stood in the door for a minute and then he strode down among us and taking two of our strongest by the shoulders he struck their heads together just like that—" his hands went smack—"The younger of us were for killing him, but he knocked us down right and left, and all the time he was shouting in a language we didn't understand—'I'm the King. I'm the King!'

"Now the older heads among us had told of the mysterious ways of The Great Spirit, and they interposed on his behalf, and it was not long until they were down on their knees before him. We, who knew what his strong hands could do, bowed to him because we were afraid.

"You'll learn to speak English, you blasted heathen," he flared, and although we didn't understand a word he said, we answered 'Yea' in our own tongue and kissed the earth. 'I'm the king,' he repeated—'And you are my people—now get to h— out of here and let His Majesty go to bed.'

"We brought skins and made him a place to sleep, he permitted us to wash the wound on his head, and our medicine man applied some stuff to effect a cure.

"For a couple of days, during which our women watched over him, he lay in a stupor, and then on the third he called us to him and explained to us that the first thing we had to do was to learn to speak his tongue, and that to identify us his mark must be put upon our faces.

"We are a loyal people—we are a quick people to take up anything. In a few months the younger of us

were able to talk to him and he to us and then he told us that he had decided to divide us into three classes. The younger men were to plow the ground, grow the food, hunt and fish; the women were to cook and sew, and make clothes from skins; the older men were to work in the mines—to extract silver which he said was very plentiful.

"Gradually life here took on a new aspect. Wood was gathered, piled high, then sodded and fires were lighted. This was to make charcoal, to melt the silver from the rocks. Young elk were captured and interbred with caribou and from a small beginning and after many difficulties a great number resulted. These animals were used for ploughing—their harness being made from hides and the plows, affairs shaped from hard wood and flint. Their horns were cut off and the king's mark was put on them—an X on each hip and a bar across the forehead—just like us. It is a great crime to kill these animals. In winter they draw wood.

"The king has three wives in that palace over there—a palace built by us for him. He has many, many children. He has three tribunes—I'm one—who are responsible for the conduct of his people. One tribune is at the mines, another is at the king's house, while I lead the hunting party. Tribunes are appointed by the king for age, knowledge, and best hunter. The king gives each man a woman to wife and he marries them in the palace. All the food is given to him and he distributes it, as he also once a year gives us silver emblems to deck ourselves. In the event of a death we hang them on the walls. The man who used to live here is dead, that's why you see these things."

Slim stepped and the rest was given, in a bashful manner.

"Not many women here now—too many men—but Slim will be all right, for hasn't the Silver King promised him Neebaw—"

"Who's Neebaw?" questioned Delray.

"That's king's daughter—she speaks best English—like her father."

"Hurrah," snorted Delray, play-

fully digging him in the ribs—"You are certainly after the big ones—eh, Slim?"

"Tell me," I interrupted, not at all interested—"What do you do when anyone kills another?"

Slim shook his head.

"No one kills here—but sometimes they steal. I remember long time ago of one who stole a bar of silver from the mines. He was brought before the tribunes and we sent him on to the king. The thief was a big, strong man and a fighter, but the king he came down off his throne and taking off his coat, he went at the culprit with his fists. It was a good fight for a little while, but—we had to carry that man away and put him in bed and it was a long, long time before he could work again."

At midnight our guards were again changed and Slim refusing another taste of the "white man's medicine," because it made him feel "queer here"—rubbing his stomach—accepted some little trinkets from our pockets and went away. We knew if we had a friend in all that lone land that it was the third tribune of the Silver King. The events that follow bear me out.

VI.

"Del." I began, after we had crawled into our bunks—"can you see in the strange appearance of this king any connection with the mysterious disappearance of Norman Lambert?"

"I was just thinking of that," he returned. "God! If it were only possible—"

"Not only possible, I'm thinking, but altogether probable that when we come face to face with this man we will know him. I've a hunch that the Silver King is none other than Norman Lambert—"

"And what ails him? Why didn't he come back?"

"I've been trying to figure that out," I told him—"And my conclusion is that something went wrong with his mind—he was injured so badly that the past is a blank. I don't know what you call it, but it has a name—"

George Delray scratched his head for a minute.

"I understand you, Hunter. It is called asphasia, and there have been cases without number. Then there is another belief in regard to insanity. Some have it that it is caused by a pressure of bone or some other substance on the brain, and that when this pressure is removed, the person becomes sane again."

Thus we talked ourselves to sleep and when we awoke again it was bright and there was quite a stir in the village.

Slim came in and told us that his people were not going to work that day so they could be present at the trial of these "white-faced strangers." He asked us to be ready and the guards would take us to the council house. He cautioned us not to attempt any violence else we might be killed—a nice assurance to leave with us.

Along about ten o'clock—I say "ten o'clock" because I think it was that time for we had no way of knowing having left our watches and even our tobacco at the forks—we were marched to the council house accompanied by about a dozen of their strongest. Arrived there we were taken inside and told to stand about ten feet from three men who knelt on skins—the tribunes. This was to be our preliminary hearing and if the charge against us was serious enough we would have to appear before His Majesty, the Silver King.

The three ages of man were represented by these tribunes. Slim was the personification of youth, strength, and speed; the gentleman from the king's palace was honorable middle-age, business-wise, reserved and like granite, while the tribune from the mines was stupid old age, with a face wrinkled and seared like a weather-beaten rock that had stood for ages.

We were not long in finding out that even in this village youth had to cross swords with age. Slim was the only friend we had and what he said was overruled by the others.

We were charged with hunting the

king's deer and coming into this country uninvited. In plain English we were charged with poaching and trespassing.

Slim told them in the best way that he could that we were hunters, had shot at the deer, but didn't hit it, and that being lost, we were apt to wander anywhere.

The first tribune—the old man—stood up and in his tongue he jabbered and jabbered. We couldn't tell what he said, but he evidently did not have much love for the white race.

When he had done speaking, the second tribune arose slowly and his black eyes flashed as he talked about us. Slim, painfully nervous and somewhat enraged, listened until he was done and then was on his feet.

"I talk to you in the tongue of my king—you can listen if you want to, and if you don't—" he motioned to the open door. "These men are not of us, neither have they been sent here by the Great Spirit. I would ask you to let them go, securing from them before departing their word of honor that what they have seen and what they have learned here will not be repeated—"

"No, No," the natives shouted—"To the King! To the King!"

"Let these men speak," demanded Slim, as a last resort—"Let them tell you why they are here—"

Up to this time we had never been asked to say a word for ourselves.

The natives agreed.

Delray gave a short account of himself in a bold, straightforward manner and I added a little on my own behalf.

The tribunes consulted for a minute and we knew that Slim was battling against odds that were too much for him. We were ordered to be taken before the Silver King.

With the tribunes leading and a guard which walked on either side we marched towards the palace. A heavy door opened by an invisible hand and two abreast we crossed the threshold.

There was no floor to this square-shaped court of the Silver King.

From the door there ran to the throne which occupied the centre of the rear wall, a narrow walk made of bricks of burnished silver as pure and bright as new money and upon which the nails in our heavy boots made a sound not unlike miniature bells.

The log walls were "chinked" to keep out the winter's cold and the place was lighted by day by four odd-shaped windows, for which stout timbers served as shutters. By night, large candles in silver candlesticks made the palace as bright as day.

Upon the walls there were antlers of the reindeer and moose. One set—those of the former, about seven feet deep, and from which was suspended a modern rifle—hung above the king's head.

There were no seats in this place and the tribunes, bareheaded, knelt on skins a few feet in front of a large silver pulpit, approached by stone steps, and behind which the Silver King reclined in a large willow chair.

He was a heavy, raw-boned man, with a long flowing beard, and grey-tinged hair which reached his shoulders. On the small bare patches beneath his large grey eyes there were small red X's and across his deep furrowed brow there was a bar of the same color. Upon his head was a crown of beaten silver and in his right hand he held a crooked, knotted stick upon which at the top was a large bright star. Over his suit of furs he wore a long beaver cloak trimmed with ermine.

His face was calm and hard like granite. There was no look of surprise there: rather the expression of a man who had expected us.

In a semi-circle, the natives stood uncovered. A step forward of the centre of this line we were placed. There wasn't a sound.

"Well," spoke the king, when all was set—"What's the trouble?"

The first tribune arose and his words were in his native tongue. Without interruption he was permitted to speak, as was also the second tribune who followed. Then Slim stood up, made a salaam, and proud of his English he told His Majesty just upon what charge we

had been brought before him and ended up with a plea to pardon us and let us go.

"These men," said the Silver King, in a strong loud tone—"Are not of my people—they have not been sent here by the Great Spirit—"

"God!" gasped Delray, in a whisper—"That voice is Lambert's, but that body is not—"

"They hunted my deer—your deer—" he went on—"And they shall be punished. You of the grey hair and face of the outdoors, what have you to say?"

I looked at my feet for a minute. Never did they ever seem so small.

"It is true we hunted your animal," I said—"As true—as true—" here I raised my voice and shouted right at him—"As sure as your name is Norman Lambert, and that you were lost twelve years ago at Black Lake—"

The king laughed at me.

"The old man talks riddles. Norman Lambert? In truth that is a fine name for the king of the Silver Nation—the race that knows no other—"

"You deny you are Norman Lambert, and that you don't know us?" from Delray, a blank look on his face.

The Silver King sprang to his feet.

"You fools," he roared—"Know you? No. You are as strange to me as you are to my people."

I looked at Delray and he looked at me.

"He's queer in his head," Delray whispered—"May the Lord forgive him for the lies he tells. That's Norm Lambert or I'm not living this blessed minute—the poor freak—"

"But you shall be my people," the king thundered—"You shall be clothed in skins and my mark shall be put upon you. You of the grey hair shall work in the mines. You of the smooth face shall be a hunter, but a hunter without an arm of any kind. It shall be your duty to carry on your back what the hunters of the Silver Nation shall kill. In the mines—" he pointed to me—"You shall help extract the ore from the rocks—the silver that is valueless, except for the employment it gives

men who are going down towards the sunset of life."

He turned to the guards and with a wave of his arm, he said—"Take them away—" then he walked down the stone steps from his throne, strode to a door that lead into his household at the back of his palace, and without so much as a glance in our direction, he passed out.

"That's a rotten deal," flared Delray, moving towards me—"Will we submit to it?"

"No," I declared baring my arms—"I'll be no blooming heathen for all the kings in the world."

VII.

I started the trouble, but it wasn't a second until Delray was into it. A big, square-faced chap shoved me in the back, and I struck him fair and square on the nose. Fifty to two were the odds as we faced each other. Delray fought that day like the very devil, and if there was man of the Silver Nation who didn't feel the imprint of his bony fist, he wasn't present to receive it, that's all. We knocked them down as fast as they came up and as we fought them we tried to reach the door.

But they had anticipated such a move on our part, and they gradually closed in on us from all sides; those who were at the back pushing those who were nearest right upon us.

We were loath to quit, but we were beaten.

Our hands tied behind us with thongs and our feet lashed together, they carried us outside and lay us full upon our backs. Then they bathed our sore faces—for we hadn't got off scot free, by any means—put some salve on our cuts, and then placed the king's mark upon us.

We were members in good standing of the Silver Nation—the race that knew no other.

All this time, from the passing of sentence upon us, we never saw the face of Slim. He had completely vanished. A friend of ours, there was no doubt that he had to keep on the good side of the father of his bride-to-be.

In my heart I readily pardoned

him for his absence; he had done all he could do for us, and it was too much to expect him to help us against his own people. We were not aware that our good friend was at that very moment a prisoner in the king's residence and that he was being held on the advice of the second tribune that he might help us escape.

Delray, damning everything on earth, in the sea and on the sea, lay about ten feet from me. We were all alone.

"You savage, heathen brutes," he stormed at the atmosphere—"Untie these strings and I'll lick the best two men among you—" all this from a man who was tied hand and foot and —alone.

After a while he broke out in a fit of laughter and I knew the worst was over with him.

"God! Hunter, it was great—wasn't it? Talk about adventure—what would the wine clerk at the old Pacific at North Bay say if he saw us now—" he rolled over on his side and he stared at me.

"Hunter," he said—"At this blessed minute you look like the wild man in Barnum & Bailey's circus. Two X's and a bar—two ten dollar bills and a place where a gentleman in a white apron asks you 'What will you have?' All for what? A curiosity to hunt a hybrid animal in this damnable land of savages—"

"Shut up, you fool," I exploded—"You look even worse than I do. And keep your mouth shut on this Norman Lambert affair. If these natives ever find out that their king is a demented white man and not a product of the Great Spirit, they will cut his head off as sure as my name is what it is—"

"I'll beat his block off for him." Delray stormed—"The d—— fool."

"Leave him to me," I suggested—"As the old man of the party and about his age, I'll settle the score with him. If I don't succeed you may step in."

"We'll have to get away from here." Delray said, after a long silence.

"We will," I agreed—"But it may not be for some time now—"

"We go together, or we don't

go at all, Hunter. I'd give you my hand on it, but at this moment a fly is eating my nose off and I can't help myself—"

In about an hour they came and took us away: Delray going one direction, and me the other.

Back to the same old prison, bound and all, was I taken and very gently laid upon a bunk—a painted savage just like the rest of them, except for my white man's clothing.

At noon the natives fed me, and although I was in an angry mood, I swallowed readily enough of the food they placed between my teeth. After they left me, I fell into a deep sleep, and it was late in the afternoon when I again awakened. My throat was parched and dry; my tongue was swollen. I was terrible sore and—thirsty.

"Water!" I shouted, and raising my head, I looked around. There was nobody present. I knew I would choke.

"Water! I want a drink," I called, and pretty soon I heard some one tapping on the outside wall with a stick.

"Get me a drink—I'm choking." I yelled: the tapping ceased, and a little child stared frightened in the door.

"Come here," I said—"Don't be afraid—I want a drink of water—"

The little one watched me for a minute, then she darted away and in a remarkably short time returned with a birch-bark cup. Very carefully she carried it over to me and pressed it to my lips.

"God bless you, little one." I muttered, thankfully—"What's your name?"

For a moment she kicked her moccasin into the ground, then with her finger in her mouth, she whispered:

"No name!"

The Silver King's daughter! Slim's bride-to-be! Mighty young for a wife, I thought—but then, Slim was not very old either. I raised myself, and studied her. If it hadn't been for the hideous paint on her face, this child would have been as pretty as a picture. Her flaxen hair fell in ring-

lets to her waist, and her dress was of the best of fisher. There was nothing foreign about her features.

"Daddy is sorry," she volunteered—"but he must be obeyed. Heard him tell mummer he came away because he expected you would fight. Neekawaug, who defended you, is in our house, because daddy and the tribune thought he should be punished—"

"Neekawaug? Is he the third tribune?"

"Yes," she answered—"He is a great hunter. He leads the hunting

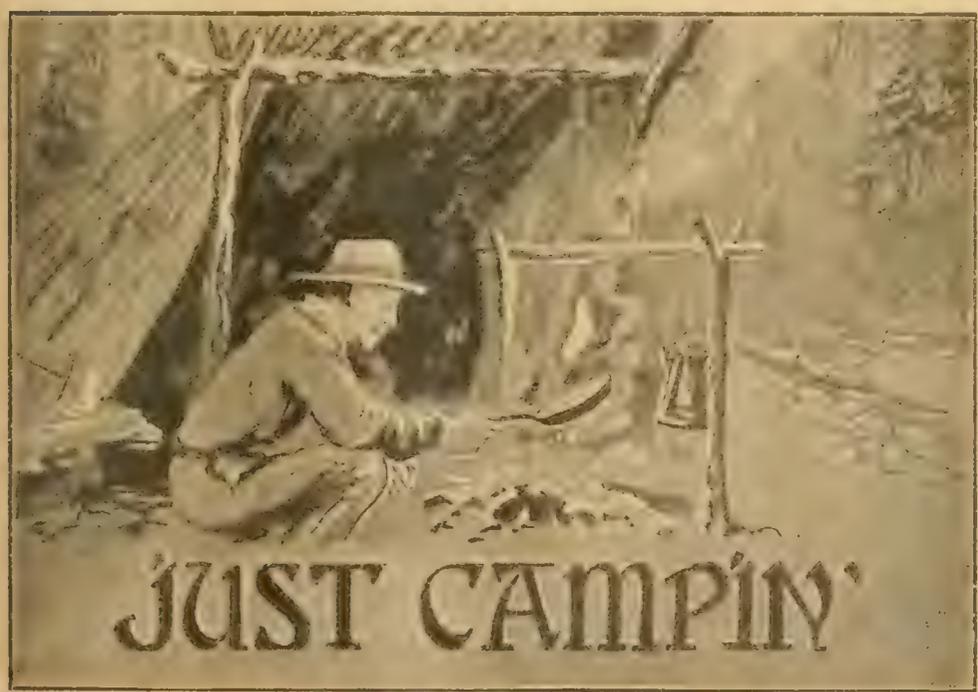
party. Once he killed a bear, mind you, with his bare hands. It was ever, ever, so big—"

"Tell me, Neebaw," I said—"Do you know where they took my friend—"

"The other? Oh, yes, he is over in Neekawaug's hut. He is lying on his back and talking and talking—"

I could picture the language Delray was using about that time. Outside a feminine voice was calling "Neebaw—Nee—haw!" and so with a smile for me the daughter of the Silver King ran out.

(Concluded in July number)



JUST CAMPIN'

F. V. WILLIAMS



VERY, very good argument it was, the opposing factions were a two hundred and forty pound fat man, and two youngish looking gentlemen with slightly pasty looking faces, and

while the opposition was a long legged, rather ordinarily dressed man of perhaps forty years, and a gray haired stout little man, who was to say the least, very much excited. For an audience they had the "Newlyweds" who alternately laughed or became perplexed as the argument became ludicrous or beyond their 'ken' when terms or expressions were used they did not understand.

the latest cut in "Sway-Back" summer suits. This comprised the one side,

All this happened at the boarding house table where the fat man had ridiculed the idea of the "Newlyweds" going on a camping trip that the long-legged individual had proposed they take. The two friends of the fat one had immediately joined forces with him, as they being under studies of the principal thing in life, "Men's Fashions" had no time to waste studying the erection of tents, or the art of placing a painted wooden plug in sundry open spots among the weeds for the temptation of the scrappin' bass who lived therein.

The fat man and his two "snappy" boy friends lost the weight of their argument with the "Newlyweds" when the little stout man entered the controversy on the side of he of the long legs. It developed afterward that the "little stout man" was an ardent fly-fisher and a believer in the old religion that outdoor sports and exercise was just what the average man needed, especially for the class that was running to frills, fashions and females. With the sarcastic remark that he did not believe that the fat man would be able to carry his "bay-window" front on an ordinary five mile walk let alone scramble that distance through underbrush after trout, and "you boys, why" he snorted, "you wouldn't go campin', of course you wouldn't, I fully understand that, so does everybody else that takes interest enough in you to notice your 'get-up' you couldn't stand it if a mosquito was to take a good meal out of your skin, you wouldn't have enough blood left to navigate on, besides you wouldn't leave Wink St., Mushy-Eye Ave., long enough to get to a trout stream. No Sir: if I were you three fellows, I'd sure take the advice you were just trying to give these two young people and not go campin': it's too strenuous a life for you, you wouldn't be able to stand it."

"Listen to him rave," giggled one of the trio, but nevertheless they got up and left the table and went outside, while the long-legged one laughed openly at the sudden collapse of their tirade against camping for pleasure, and the little stout man proceeded to

give the "Newlyweds" a small pocket map and descriptions of the country he had fished in the last season.

Ten days later the "Newlyweds" were located in their tent on a bit of high ground near a little lake, and say, every day was a revelation: their provisions, blankets, etc., had all been brought over; enough of the grub to last two weeks by the guide, who after seeing them comfortably settled had departed down the lake to the lower end, where his little canvas covered canoe carried him some five miles down a beautiful little stream and out onto another small lake to the head-quarters camp, leaving the two "greenies" to have all their adventures to themselves. The man of the party, however, was not exactly an amateur and his wife was as enthusiastic as himself, and they enjoyed every moment from the time the great red sun climbed up through the ghost-like mists over the lake in the morning till he dropped out of sight behind the trees in the west in a blaze of glory at night.

Fish there were in the lake, and they both became wonderful fishermen at least they caught all they could eat, and they discovered that it was the early morning and evening fishing that always gave them the best luck, and then one never-to-be-forgotten evening, it was perhaps an hour before sunset, the man of the party was washing dishes at the edge of the little lake, the lady busy about the tent arranging the surplus food, etc, she stepped outside and her glance happened to wander—as it generally did, to the lake, and she saw her first deer. It was standing on a little point gazing across the lake toward the sunset; the deer looked casually about, as if it was in the habit of passing close to campers every day of his life, and then slowly turned: nibbling here and there at the swamp grasses, and walked into the thicket. Not till after it had disappeared did the lady find her voice and call to her companion, and then they both went out on that point and examined the delicate hoof prints in the soft ground. Always something new, and even the rainy days were not so bad, as it



"As snug as a bug in a rug"

was quite a problem for these two, to keep their fire going and to find dry wood for such occasions, and on one of the worst days they had, these two put on their oilskins and went out in their canoe on an exploring

trip just for the adventure in it.

At lunch time they discovered an old hollow stump, so large was this that they both sat inside entirely sheltered from the rain and ate their lunch, and a few days afterward the

guide dropped around to see how they were making out, and to help them pack up for their homeward trip. They mentioned to him that they had discovered this big hollow stump, almost large enough to camp in, and that there were signs of an old fire out in front as if someone had used the place for the night, at which the guide told them of how some two years before a new hunter to that region had arrived up there and had had very poor success for three or four days. Finally one of the guides had suggested that they take a canoe and go farther up the lake the next day.

The next day arrived with promise of a storm, and to add to the hunter's disappointment the guide, the only one available, was called away for that day, but after asking the hunter if he knew how to handle a canoe, and was assured that he did, he drew a rough map of the surrounding country and after helping him get his blankets—in case he should have to stay all night,—and a few odd bits of his out-fit together he left him to his own resources.

The hunter having had such poor luck near camp and hearing that this lake was a good place for deer paddled up the river to the lake. On the way up he had the good fortune to get five fine partridge with his rifle, but before he reached the lake he could hear the wind moaning through the tree tops on either side of the river, and occasionally he noticed that the gusts of wind swept down with considerable violence where the channel was wider.

Arrived at the lake he did not think the wind was particularly bad and having food enough, and his partridge and blankets for staying overnight, he decided to go straight down the lake to the further end, which was quite a distance away. Well, a half mile out from the shelter of the trees the hunter suddenly discovered that the wind was so strong it would be useless to attempt a return. Another half mile and he was scudding along with the white caps racing on either side, in a regular gale. The swells were running so high that it was almost tempting the Fates to attempt to run cross-wise the swiftly moving

white caps. Once in the trough his little craft might either fill or roll over, so he kept away before the wind till that little point where the old hollow stub standing, like a sentinel, was reached. At this place he had only a few hundred feet to go to make the shelter of the point, and he made the attempt and although he shipped a few inches of water he made the lee side of the point safely, and by this time the rain was beginning to come down and it was quite late in the afternoon.

After making a landing he first looked about for a place to spend the night realizing that there was no chance of getting back to the main camp that night. An old windfall was his first idea, but before he had searched very far he discovered the old stump closed at the top and with ample room, inside, and the closed side facing the storm and roots that spoke of being well able to hold the old shell for many storms to come. This was as good a shelter as one would find in many a long hours' search and he proceeded to get a plentiful supply of firewood ready for the night. His canoe he hauled out of the water and turned upside down in the thicket back of the stump, in such a place that there was little chance of branches or falling trees dropped by the storm falling on the thin shell, and knocking a hole in it. With food, blankets, and all safely stowed away in the stump he started out on a short hunt before darkness set in and not a half a mile from the place he landed, he got a fine three point buck: the buck hastily dressed and slung up on a pole he started back to his shelter before it should be blotted out by the night. And amateur woodsman that he was, he spent the remainder of the day-light in cutting more firewood. That night he ate fried deer liver, and onions from his pack, which with hardtack and tea made quite a respectable meal, and before ten o'clock he was sound asleep, worn out with his day's adventures.

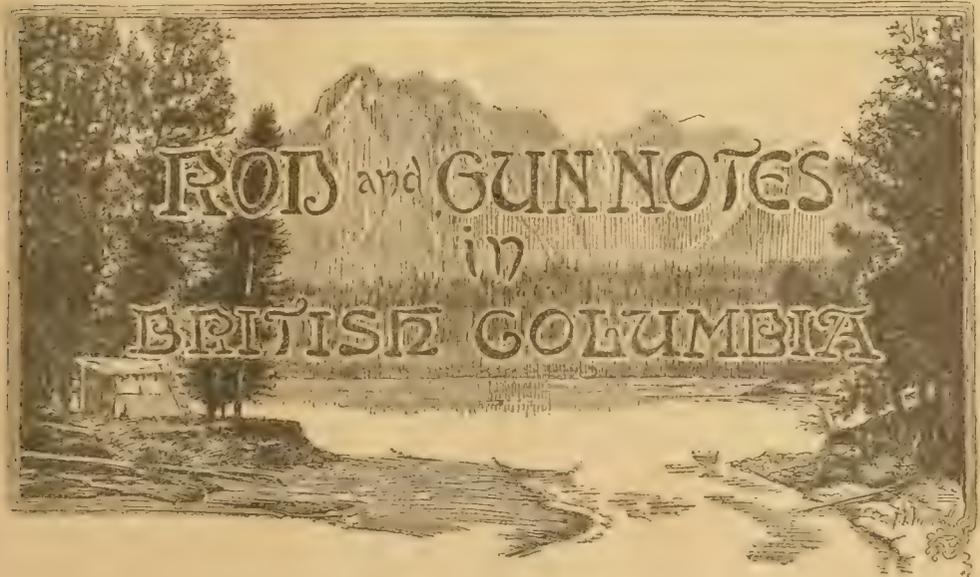
It must have been perhaps four o'clock in the morning when he was awakened by the wind howling through the trees and the wash of the

waves on the tiny beach a few feet from his shelter. Whew! how it howled and roared and the arm of the lake back of him was a roaring mass of tumbling water. He put more wood on the fire and sat listening to the storm. Gee! This *was* great, he sure enjoyed the storm; sheltered as he was, it was an experience to be remembered.

A little before daylight he dozed off to slumberland again only to waken at dawn to find the wind as strong as ever. He spent the entire forenoon cutting fire-wood as the weather had turned decidedly colder and the second night the rain was accompanied by snow and sleet, but toward morning the wind began to die down and by daylight it had shifted; and a light breeze was blowing homeward down the lake. By the time he got his duffle all packed, and the deer,

now nicely frozen over, to the beach he had a nice breeze directly in his back for the homeward journey, and at the mouth of the little river he met two canoes of very anxious searchers looking for him, as they were fearful he had met with a mishap during the storm, but to their enquiries as to whether he had put in a bad time, he simply grinned and informed them he'd been "Just Campin'", "and to let you know that this fellow really did enjoy that adventure, the fellow I speak of was I, and I ought to know, and now we will begin to break camp" concluded the guide.

Yes the "Newlyweds" are going back there again next year providing of course they are both alive and well. Thanks to the little stout man and his tiny map, they had one glorious good time, and something to be remembered for years to come.



Big Salmon

WILLIAM BECK

SPORTSMEN come from all over the world to fish for the big Redspring salmon at Campbell River. Why this particular place has remained the one and only spot for visitors year after year is difficult to state.

because there is hardly a bay or an inlet on the whole British Columbian coast where these fish cannot be found at some time of the year.

The method of fishing also leaves much to be desired. Campbell River being a salt

water estuary, has to be fished by trolling from a boat, using baits about six inches long, and a line heavily weighted.

All these salmon enter our rivers to spawn of course, and it was a continual source of wonder to me that nothing was heard of river fishing. Certainly a few are caught in the Vedder and the Cheakamus, but there a 30 lb. fish is a big one, and I never could find out where the 50 and 60 lb. fish got to, or if, when their spawning grounds were known, they could be caught with rod and line.



My Indian Friend—Frank Bolton

As a matter of fact, except within easy reach of Vancouver, British Columbia from an angling point of view, is still pretty much an unknown territory, and there are not enough sportsmen with the necessary time and money to spare, to go exploring the out of the way places.

It is therefore largely a matter of accident when you hear of some new fishing grounds, and it was entirely owing to the accidents of time and place that I solved the problem of these big Redsprings, in so far as I found one river where the largest of them go to spawn, and where they take freely.

That river is in the Naas district, on the border of Alaska, and I dropped on to it unaware of the fact that a river of such volume was anywhere near. With clear water and a powerful current, it appealed to me as any unknown river in the wilderness will appeal to an ardent fisherman. I pattered round the mouth trying fly and artificial minnow without any luck, and then went back to the cannery, two miles away, to make enquiries.

Fishing there was an old Indian Chief named Frank Bolton who, under some ancient law recognised by his tribe, holds the hunting

rights to the whole valley through which this river runs. He spoke little English, and I knew no Chinook, but with help we were able to convey some of our ideas.

This was the middle of June and he told me there was nothing in the river but trout. The Steelheads had all gone back to the sea, and the Spring salmon were about due to run. Plenty of fish came up the river, but he did not know whether they could be taken with a bait, as no one had ever fished the river with a rod and line. He and his friends netted the river occasionally for fish to smoke, but no other method had ever been used to catch them.

We arranged that in a week or two he would take me up in his canoe, and I could try it out. In the meantime whenever I had the opportunity, I used to wander along the first mile or two of the river, trying the pools as far as the tide allowed me to get up, but I got nothing except Cutthroat trout, ranging from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

In that wild country no one goes about in the bush without a rifle, and as you cannot wander along a river bank with a fishing rod and carry a rifle at the same time, at any rate not with comfort, there was more interest than usually attaches to a fishing trip. Brown bear were very numerous in the lower portion of the river, and these are harmless enough unless they are in a trap, of which Frank Bolton had several laid. Grizzlies do not as a rule come so far down, but they also are plentiful at the head of the valley, and I for one, had no great desire to meet one armed with a rod only.

In August and September it was a common sight to see bear either at the edge of the river or standing in a riffle, scooping out the salmon. The bush in places is littered with the remains of hundreds of fish which the bears have carried in, and Baldheaded eagles can also be seen gorging themselves. These were Humpback salmon running 5 to 6 lbs. in weight, and no use from an anglers' viewpoint.

One morning early in July, Frank Bolton sent word that he thought it time to try, so I got my things together and went over to his house. We were to stay overnight, so his canoe, a dug out about 16 feet long, had quite a cargo of goods. Blankets, slickers, gumboots, 30 yards of net with corks and lead line, 2 pairs of paddles, 2 poles, 50 yards of rope, an orange box full of food, pans etc, axes and a rifle, along with my fishing tackle. I could not see how we were to get into it along with Frank's grandson, but we did, and I underrated

d its carrying capacity to the point of absurdity, because we came back down the river next day with the same load plus 700 lbs of salmon in the bottom, and with that load we had to cross two miles of salt water with a bare two inches of freeboard showing. Fortunately there was not a breath of wind and the water was like glass.

We went up on a rising tide which helped us for a mile and a half, but after that it was rather hard going. Ropes and poles were in continual use, and it took two hours to make

first cast or my second or third, but I got into a fish right away, and his rush upstream against a heavy current told us that it must be a Spring salmon, and dispelled any doubts as to whether they would take or not. That doubt I may say, was driven home by every white man and native I had talked to in the Naas district, as all stated emphatically that these Spring salmon would not take in the fresh water.

This first fish was the smallest Spring salmon I took out of the river and weighed 25 lbs. My



Red Spring Salmon, 58½ lbs., caught on 1¼ inch minnow

the next two miles. After passing Bear Creek we came to a long deep pool which Frank said always held Spring salmon when they were running, so we beached the canoe and smoked while I fitted up my rod.

A fish rose—just breaking water—and Frank said "Salmon." Another showed below, and he said "Plenty fish." My rod was a medium weight spinning rod, one I used for Steelheads and Cohoes, and would be called in the Old Country a Sea trout rod. I had a line, about 100 yards of it on a 3½ inch Malloch reel, and the only baits I had brought North were small spoons and some 1¼ inch silver Devons mounted with a single treble.

I fitted up with a Devon and Frank paddled the canoe to the middle of the river while I explained to him how I wanted him to hold it in place. I have forgotten whether it was my

guide took to the game like a duck to water and by the time I had killed this one he knew what was wanted.

In the same place and without any waiting I got into a second one. This seemed much heavier than the other and fought all over the pool. A hundred yards below me a huge Douglas Fir tree had fallen right across the river leaving only the narrowest gap to get through, a tangle of branches which would be fatal to any hope, once a fish reached it.

After many narrow escapes from that trap, we at last killed the fish, a 38 lb one. These fish right up to the end of August were in fine condition, short, thick, and very powerful. They run well, very seldom sulked but never jumped clear of the water when being played. They break on the surface occasionally but their usual procedure, especially for the big ones which are quite beyond a fisherman's



Rock Pool from above

control, is to fight in the pool for a time and then go down stream.

Many and many a fish have I followed from half a mile to a mile down stream, through white water and snags where only a miracle seemed to guide the line clear of trouble. And it was on such occasions that the marvellous ability of my guide with a canoe could be appreciated. When a fish running down a swift stream suddenly made a break into the easy water at the side, it was wonderful to see how he plunged his pole into the bed of the river and held the canoe against a racing torrent. And when after fighting through half a dozen pools and rough streams we gaffed our fish, it was delightful to hear him chuckle. "It'sss good. It'sss good," he would say and would then start singing some strange song of victory in a pleasant monotone. He was a fine old man, and to be on the river in his company was sufficient reward without the salmon.

Our intention was to make camp half a mile higher up and my guide said that the pool there was much better than the one we were fishing, so it would be well to go. The pool we came to was, for natural beauty, quite beyond description. The accompanying photograph gives but a faint idea of its actuality, as the jagged peaks in the vicinity do not show. The rock face seen in the picture is sheer as though cut with a knife, and about 200 feet high

Right along the edge of the rock is where the big Spring salmon lie, all weights from 20 lbs to 70 lbs, and fish were rising steadily when we arrived.

We made camp before starting to fish, and had a good meal, and although it was eight o'clock we had almost three hours of daylight left before it would be too dark, the coolest and pleasantest part of the day for fishing.

There was no waiting for a strike; that and an irresistible rush up stream while my guide paddled frantically after the fish, were all on in a few seconds. I regretted the fineness of my line, and the lack of strength to my rod. A jet of water rose for a foot in the air where line and current met, and the swish of the line cutting the water had an ominous sound to my ears.

For half an hour that fish worked the pool without a rest. My hands were covered as though with grey gloves by a thick layer of mosquitoes, which I could not attempt to remove. Nature gives generously in these Northern lands but she exacts a lavish tribute, and how much blood those brutes sucked from me in payment for that particular fish I do not know. Later I found that an application of Oil of Citronella removed a good share of the nuisance.

At last the fish worked down to the foot of the pool and I thought it was about done, but although I gave it all the butt I could, it was

impossible to stop it. Even when moving slowly, it had the feeling of being altogether beyond any control, and I think even the stoutest of rods and tackle would not have been much better.

Then it turned down stream and quietly, but determinedly kept on. In how many pools and riffles it stopped I have no recollection, but it looked as if, with my light rod, I would never kill it. At last in one pool, it showed belly up for a moment, and I knew then that if the luck held, that fish was mine. We beached the canoe on a gravel bed and my guide wading, below me, eventually drove the gaff in.

It weighed 24 hours after being caught, 58¾ lbs, and as the photo shows was a very thick fish. Its tail looks misshapen, but that is owing to my cutting off a piece to distinguish my catch with the rod, from the other fish which the guide got with his net during the night.

We worked our way back to the rock pool and although I was very tired by this time there was no satisfying my guide. He was apparently having the time of his life as he had never before seen salmon killed on a rod.

The sun had dropped below the line of the Alaskan hills when I started in to play my next fish. After about half an hour's running my line caught round the top ring of the rod while the fish was making a plunge and with a twang the broken line came back to me.

However we got that fish, when Frank netted the pool during the night.

The minnow was firmly fixed in the side of its jaw and the hooks tangled up the net rather badly, otherwise we might never have noticed it. It was weighed on the cannery scales next day and pulled 63 lbs, so it is more than doubtful if I would have landed it on the rod. There were several fish in the net bigger than that one.

My experience of the river afterwards convinced me that I was lucky to kill the 58¾ lb fish. I got several up to 50 lbs but anywhere near that weight and over it, was really too big for the tackle I had with me.

Just before darkness set in I killed one more fish—42 lbs—and then laid down by the camp fire, played out to a finish. I remained resting and smoking while Frank and his Grandson—a boy of 12—did their netting, and a little liquid refreshment from that Scotland of blessed memory, completed a state of bliss which I leave to the imagination of my brother anglers.

This was the first of many trips I made up the river. I never went higher than this rock pool which is four miles from the mouth, but there is no doubt that the whole twenty miles of river up to the lake would be good for Springs. Probably the higher up the river the better, as such powerful fish would make an easy journey of it.

They took the small minnow so freely that



Rock Pool from below

I am certain a large silver bodied fly would prove equally as acceptable, although I think that a fish over 60 lbs weight on fly would prove more of a toil than a pleasure. At some stage of the game between the hooking and the gaffing of your fish, I like to feel that I have some say in the matter, instead of feeling that I might as well be fighting the laws of gravity.

One interesting item is worth mention, as I have never heard of a similar occurrence. I had a very hard fight with a fish which took me down river a long way. Every rapid it reached started it on another wild run, and it fought without ceasing through every pool. Where Bear Creek joins the main river there is a good pool, and the fish rushed down and right through without a stop, ending its rush on the gravel bed clear of the water, and quite dead. It was a strange end to an exciting run. I judged the fish to be bigger than my previous best, but it weighed only 48½ lbs, much to my disappointment.

One other thing about that river is that I never again want to hook a Spring salmon when alone in the boat. That happened frequently late in the season when I was fishing for Cohoes in the lower reaches of the river. Your fish runs up stream and the strong current takes your boat down, and a lost line and minnow are the usual result. It is even worse if you don't break. I spent nearly an hour one afternoon trying to gaff a fish when alone. I couldn't land on the bank as that was impossible. Again and again I had the fish lying alongside the boat and the moment I reached for my gaff it sank, as I could not hold it up with my left arm only.

I got it at last after using all the language I knew, and as it was below 40 lbs, it can be realized what a hopeless proposition the big ones are under such circumstances. On three occasions also I had to deliberately break my line, and this was when fish proved too big to do anything with, and they would not leave the pool, and so exhaust themselves by a downstream fight.

When this happened my guide would land me while he manoeuvred the canoe below the fish until he got a look at it. When they seemed to him to be about as long as his canoe, he would say, "No catch—too big," and I broke loose.

There is another river a few miles from this one and greater still in volume, where I saw fish, but I was not there for the purpose, so I did not try for them. Enormous fish they were too, and although that river is slightly muddy even in late summer, it was not too thick to spoil spinning, and sport there would be quite as good as in the river I fished.

There must be many other rivers in British Columbia equally as good as these where visiting sportsmen would get all they could wish for. Despite the widely spread idea that British Columbian salmon do not take a fly, it has been proved times out of number that the Cohoe does take freely, and I am certain in my own mind that the Spring salmon would too. Not anticipating any such conditions as I found, I took no flies or fly rod with me, except trout flies, very small. I hope therefore in the near future someone will try out these Springs with the fly, and prove it beyond dispute, as it would be of inestimable value to British Columbia if we could offer to sportsmen fly fishing for sixty pounders.

The Early Life of the Grouse

J. W. WINSON

THE feathered drummer in sooty suit no longer makes muffled thunder to startle woodland wanderers. The log on the knoll that is worn smooth of moss with his wing-beats, may now regain its green composure.

He who won his mate with lordly strut and proud display is proving the poorest of husbands, he does not even know where the home nest is while his sober spouse is happy in his attentions. She carefully guards the treasures of their love from his blundering interference. He may spend the day in selfish sport pecking at leafbuds, picking at grasshoppers, taking a nightly roost on an

overgreen branch huddling closely to the trunk, from whence he sends forth a comforting "who, who," to the mate who has now left her usual tree perch for a couch on the ground.

Strange departure this! The bird that has been arboreal until now, sleeping, as all roosting birds do, for safety's sake in the high tree branches, is braving all the terrors that prowl by night on the ground. She is doing this to guard the precious eggs that she will hold to her warm breast until new life bursts from them, and eight or nine cheeping chicks crowd upon her all the joy and worry of clucking motherhood.

The Sooty Grouse, excepting the Sage Cock, is the largest of our native true game birds.

It varies from the Dusky Grouse of the Rockies, through Richardson's Grouse of the Interior, to the Sooty Grouse of the Coast ranges, one genus, *Dendragapus* (the tree-lover) with three localized species. It has been named Blue Grouse, Gray Grouse, Mountain Grouse, Pine Grouse and Fool Grouse, the latter a piece of unconscious satire on the part of those who so described it, for it is only foolish because it is trustful towards humanity, and will suffer the penalty of its trust!

The nest is hardly worth the name. A slight depression, such as the bird would make in taking a dust-bath is made under the lee of a fallen log and a few bents of grass, dry leaves, or pine needles, whichever is handiest to keep the eggs off the damp earth.

These eggs, like several others of the grouse kind, are creamy buff with speckles of brown, speckles that may be rubbed off while the eggs are fresh, and frequently are so erased by the breast of the mother.

Fool-hen she may be where herself is concerned but she will brook no interference with those eggs. If they are but moved, in her absence, she notices the change and will trust that spot no longer. Those eggs are forsaken and the rest of the clutch laid in a new spot. When incubation commences she is not so particular, but is seldom found off.

Many an ignorant foot step has come within inches of that wary eye, but motionless body, harmonizing so perfectly with the shades and browns of log and earth. She will not be flushed till certain that she is discovered and in danger, then she goes never to return.

For three weeks, or even longer she will press her breast to those embryo chicks, warming them on into individual life, and when the tremulous moments come, the chipping and struggling to emerge into life, they are bidden to leave at the dawn of their first day, the home-nest they never saw or knew.

The birds of bush and tree and even the singing-birds that have taken to ground nesting, hatch out their eggs in ten or fifteen days.

The nestlings are born bare, blind and helpless. In a few days down and sight are given them. They sit in patient waiting for the food that is brought them, until pin-feathers open into awkward wings, and after many a clumsy flutter they can follow the parent through the bush.

Our game birds from quail to pheasant, meet life differently. That extra week spent

in the shell was for a definite purpose. Down was developed, legs were strengthened, bill was hardened. No helpless wailing in the nest was theirs, lying at the mercy of hawk or rodent or a score of other enemies that might discover them.

Born to obedience, their first order is to march; at a warning cluck they clutch the ground, silent and motionless, till "all clear" signal is given. Who taught them the signs that they obey the first time of day, that they will obey while yet in the egg, for it has been proven that the chick in the shell ceases moving, when the barn-yard rooster gives the warning cry of "Hawk."

A calf or a lamb will bleat in danger, will howl in terror if it misses its mother. These little "grouslings" will obey the call to squat, seeing their only guardian fly away to the trees leaving them with nothing but their faith to save them!

When the danger has passed and the mother returns, they will unite again at her gentle calling and then keeping unobserved motionless as a statue, one can see as pretty a sight as the forest holds, the speckled puffs of down on invisibly fine legs trotting along the trail, first one running ahead, and stopping in curiosity to peck at something light coloured, turning quickly when the hen pecks and calls, to be the first to get the tit bit, she offers. No open-mouthed waiting for a meal, to be brought them, but a sturdy self-reliance from the very beginning.

They take orders and guidance from their parent as to how they shall act and what they shall eat, they are grateful for the brooding, warmth and love that protects them through the rains and darkness until their own feathers grow, but their independent spirit asserts itself from the very first peck, and the first keen look from the newly opened eye.

This spirit of self reliance makes our gallinaceous birds the true game birds of the sportsman. They are game! Your water-fowl have no trick or lure to set against your wits. They do not squat until danger draws too near, then rise with a buzz that startles the finger from the trigger for one precious moment or, alighting, run speedily at a tangent so that when you reach the spot where they dropped, they are no longer there.

Man admits himself beaten in the contest and must bring a dog to his aid,—and even train that animal for generations, before it becomes an efficient assistant!

To describe one nesting site of our ground

game birds, is to describe almost all.—On our logging-off lands they may all be found.

In the bay of a cedar stump, by the side of a log, under an arch of dead bracken fern, in a little thicket of underbrush where a fallen branch has drawn tall grass or weed stems about it, where last year's leaves have lain in a sheltered heap, or pine-needles make the ground less suspiciously bare on the hill-side all these are admirable sites.

There is no need for lining, down or padding,—true the mallard will make the softest of cradles and will then take off her ducklings to the cold water as soon as they are hatched.—these do no such foolishness. Every aim is to avoid detection, and buff coloured eggs escape both eagle-eyes and crow scrutiny.

Some of the birds will pick up bits of grass or leaves, and throw them over their backs towards the nest in apparent wantonness,—the domestic hen sometimes does the same but there is a trace of trickery in this, it helps to disguise the nest.

Till the settler comes with fire and plow, the birds do well in breeding time. But bush fires work devastation. Fine cooked clutches I found in one ten-acre "burn." The lands are cleared and the birds' seclusion is gone.

Partridge, quail and pheasant will adapt themselves to the fields and fence-rows of cultivation. The grouse, being a tree-bird retreats further back.

The sportsman will gradually lose his game unless he enlists the interest of the farmer.

In plowing, in clearing, even in haying many a score nests are disturbed, the brood lost, for the bird does not return when frightened from her eggs. A pheasant can be approached slowly, from behind, lifted with a stick and the eggs counted under her, their closeness to hatching guessed by their polish, and the bird gently lowered again. Some settlers will generously leave a corner un-cleared or un-cultivated, rather than rob the bird of her family. This spirit is not fostered by the ruthless gunmen who tramp his acreage, careless of his crops, shooting every bird that comes in range.

Bitter farmers have shot game out of season for no other reason than to disappoint the townsman who is regarded as a robber come to reap a harvest of game that the

farmer had reared. Now both can be benefited by mutual trust and education.

Let the sportsman come out in May and June, meet the farmer over whose ground he will shoot, arrange with him for the care of the young game.

Neither may know of the salvation that lies in a few broody hens.

A clutch of eggs discovered can be hatched out at the farm or in coops put out in the pasture.

Pheasants, grouse and partridges too have been reared to maturity in this manner. Bantam hens make good foster mothers for the smaller birds. Could not the Sporting clubs invite the farmer's co-operation in this by his—or more likely *her* broody hens and pay for the attention? What welcome would await the eager sportsmen in the fall if this had been done in the spring? And if after a good day's bag, a brace were sacrificed on the farm kitchen altar instead of gracing the proud shoulders through the city, would not the glow in the sporting soul be brighter.

The Government Game warden may be necessary in the unsettled districts, for the more cultivated country (that grows every year) the Sportsmen must depend on the farmer-game-warden!

There is another aspect to this suggestive co-operation. Bob White has travelled northward into B. C. from the Washington areas to which he was imported. The covey that whirred about this hill through the winter, broke up and spread at the end of March. At the time of writing "Bob-white—are you there" is heard all round. Polished white eggs are clustering, I trust, here and there under grassy domes.

Is not this an opportune advance seeing that dykers, reclamation schemes and pot hunters are diminishing the ducks? But how few hunters and fewer farmers know, the economic value of this tasteful quail? A covey does more good on a ranch than a hired man in reducing weeds and insect pests, but dogs and drags, mowers and boy-handled "twenty twos" will stamp out these desirable immigrants if farmer, sportsman and nature-lover do not speedily combine for the good of all,—including Mr. White!

Windermere Club

Invermere, B. C., March 12th. The second annual meeting of the Windermere District Rod and Game Club was held this afternoon at In-

vermere. Mr. John A. Hope presided. The business of the past year was reviewed. The report of the Club Officers were read and

after much discussion were adopted. The report of the treasurer showed that the club was in a sound financial condition, and of the other officers the reports showed that attention had been paid to the requests of the Club for the correction of some evils which were thought might be corrected. Many important resolutions were passed for the direction of the Board's officers for the coming year. The officers elected are Honorary Presidents Mr. John A. Buckham, M.P., of Golden and Mr. E. T. Copper, President of the Cranbrook *Rod and Gun Club*. President John A. Hope; Vice President Joseph Lake of Athlamer; Secretary Treasurer, Basil G. Hamilton. Executive members Messrs. R. Randolph Bruce, C.E., F.R.G.S.; W. Howard Cleland; M. H. Craik; Dr. Darrell I. Hanington; J. C. Pitts; William N. Taynton; F. L. Archer; A. G. Cuthbert; A. M. Chisholm; Al. Cochrane; Frank Richardson; Captain A. H. M. Cartley; Ed. Tuncliffe; Walter Nixon; H. G. Low (of Spillimachene); F. C. Stockdale; James L. McKay and George A. Bennett.

The following are the reports of the President and of the acting secretary-treasurer.

To the Members of the Rod & Gun Club.

Gentlemen:—Although our club is but one year old on the 17th of the present month, it is gratifying to be able to record several successes out of the many and varied resolutions brought forward and adopted by you in the interests of the district, with one notable exception of special interest which failed to receive the recognition it was entitled to. All the others were dealt with. The one referred to is stocking of the Windermere Lakes with game fish.

On two occasions special meetings were called to meet the representatives of the Provincial Game Department, both of which meetings were as well attended as they were enthusiastic and in sympathy with the objects to be attained.

At the recently held annual meeting of the Cranbrook *Rod And Gun Club* your president had the honor of being elected one of their district vice-presidents; an honor that I feel sure will be appreciated by every member of this club, and I would strongly suggest that the compliment be returned as the entering wedge towards affiliation, which is ardently to be desired.

Latest advices from the Secretary of the Game Conservation Board show a list of 33 game protective associations already organized, with others in process of formation, the great majority of these are located on the

pacific slope and southern belt of the interior.

Still further advices from the Vancouver Game Protective Association intimate their ardent desire for affiliation in the near future with all other associations of a like nature throughout the province for the purpose of bringing greater pressure to bear on the powers that be for still better and more efficient protection of one of the Creator's most attractive, fascinating and useful works to man, and in particular, as a resource of incalculable value to British Columbia as a whole.

The watch-words of the future are, "you shall not destroy what you have not the power to replace."

In conclusion, I wish to express my thanks to one and all, including Mr. B. G. Hamilton, who, with his usual kindness and forethought, took over the arduous duties of Secretary-Treasurer on several occasions at a moment's notice, for the assistance, help and sympathy tendered on all occasions during the past year, and I sincerely trust the same whole-hearted assistance and advice will continue to be extended to my successor in the chair for the coming term.

Jno. A. Hope, President.

To the Members of the Windermere District Rod and Gun Club.

Ladies and Gentlemen;—

Owing to there not being any duly constituted Secretary as I am more or less familiar with all the doings of the Club I have been asked to make a report to set before you.

It is not quite one year since this organization was started and all things considered it is wonderful what it has accomplished within that time. You have been favored with visits by the representative of the Game Conservation Board representing the East Kootenay and tributary parts,—Mr. F. A. Dunn of Cranbrook; you have had an official visit from Mr. Hose the late Secretary of that Board. Both gentlemen have given great heed to your remarks as voiced at the meetings by the members present and this district has become a factor in the fashioning of the game questions throughout the interior of the province.

Our influence or our name has gone farther afield even than that as you will notice by correspondence with such persons, organizations and corporations as the Game Protective and Propagation Association with Head quarters in the City of New York; Mr. James White, Assistant to the Chairman of the Conservation Commission of Canada; *Rod and Gun* in Canada, to say nothing of a

voluminous correspondence carried on personally by your retiring President, Mr. J.A. Hope.

It was with more or less fear and trembling that the organizers launched the *Rod and Gun Club* for the District but we must one and all feel pleased with the result as we now have no less than forty paid up members and as your financial statement shows you have money in the bank.

There seems to be an increased interest taken throughout the whole of America in the preservation of Game and Game birds. To this end several important gatherings have been held and legislation resulting therefrom has been introduced. Much attention has been brought to the fact that America is fast depleting the few herds of elk that remain especially by the unfortunate slaughter of many thousands in the State of Montana, being such animals as in the open season got beyond the bounds of the Yellowstone National Park and were ruthlessly slaughtered by pot hunters who fired regular volleys into the herds of these semi-domesticated animals as they came within range of civilization in the search for food. In this connection our President has much to say in regard to what he calls a tremendous herd of elk which are habitants of that part of this District lying to the South East of here. He considers that a

thorough inspection by competent men should be made of this herd and that certain of the old bulls should be cleared out. An attempt was made last year by Mr. F.A. Dunn, member of the Game Conservation Board, to make this examination. It was not successful owing to conditions arising which prevented the work from being carried through. No doubt the subject will come up before you for discussion again.

The number of Game Wardens through the District has been increased by the appointment of Mr. Hardick Grainger of Canal Flats, to the staff. No steps have yet been taken under the Game Conservation Board to have the Game wardens transferred from centres where they are well known to live in the outlying parts of the preserves. This has always seemed to us to be an important point.

In conclusion I may say that the appointment of a true sportsman to be your secretary would give greater power to the movements of your club. You have a President who knows game thoroughly in regard to its rearing and preservation. Give him the necessary backing by appointing a similarly keen Secretary.

Your late Secretary Mr. Alexander Duncan MacKinnon has removed to reside some place on the open prairies.

Yours faithfully,

B. G. Hamilton, Acting Sec'y.

Lake Windermere Rod and Gun Club

Invermere, B.C. March—At a general meeting of the Lake Windermere District *Rod And Gun Club* held in Invermere some important items were handled, amongst others was a motion asking that the Game Conservation Board take steps to put the marten on the protected list through out the District of the East Kootenay for a period of one year. A second motion was one appointing a committee to look into the subject of establishing a refuge for elk in the neighborhood of the Palliser River more particularly in regard to protection and the supplying of feed for these animals in the severe winters. Still another motion of a very important nature pertains to the present protection of game under the Game Act of the Province. This motion is so far reaching that it will stand being published in full. It reads:—"That this Club is of the opinion that the enforcing of the game laws by means of the Provincial police in pursuance with the Game Act 1918 has proved a failure. It is therefore resolved:

(a) That the serious depletion of game of all kinds and the extraordinary increase in the infractions of the laws and the flagrant breaches of the same now prevailing is due to the failure of the present system of enforcing the provisions of the Game Act.

(b) That this Club is confident that the best method of enforcing the game laws is by a board of Game Commissioners nominated by the sportsmen of the Province and appointed by the Government, with a salaried staff consisting of a competent Provincial game warden and deputy wardens whose sole duties are to enforce the game laws.

(c) That in order to efficiently protect game it is absolutely necessary that the whole or a very large proportion of the funds collected from licence fees paid by the sportsmen should be expended solely for the purpose for which they are subscribed, namely for "the protection and propagation of the game birds, animals and fish."

Still a further resolution was passed to the effect that it would serve the purposes of game protection, better if the Game Conservation Board made it obligatory for the

wardens engaged in the protection of game to live on the ranges of the animals such for instance on or near the dividing line between Alberta and this Province.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

Home Work for the Gun Crank

HERVEY LOVELL

THE old saying, that "a man without a hobby is no good," may not be true, but he is no doubt almost as bad off as the man without a flag.

I became a gun crank with the first smooth bore musket I tinkered up ammunition for. I devised a way of shooting a gun that wouldn't stand cocked. At the end of the first summer I had swapped red apples, skates and jack knives for an English double of a rare make having a sand hole in the very thin damascus barrels, plus hundreds of bed bugs, some dead and others alive, that nested in the locks.

Don't mistake me for a collector of antiques as you gaze on these cuts of famous arms. I have just bought these arms of a class I call precision.

Major Whelen calls a barrel that will make five inch groups at 200 yards, a gilt-edge one. Therefore, I call mine "precision," meaning accurate, as I know from actual proof that every one of these arms has made two and one half inch groups or better at 200 yards.

The two Billinghamst percussion rifles averaged five to seven inch strings when tested on rest (machine bench) at forty rods (220 yards). The Pope, in Harry Pope's own hands, made a one and three-quarters inch, ten shot group at 200 yards. He charges \$10.00 for testing his barrels but it is worth the money.

I am going to explain for the home mechanic, not the gun smith, how to remodel arms for certain purposes, such as hunting, rest shooting, or offhand target shooting. Neither is entirely suitable for the other two purposes although I usually try to use the fine target rifles for hunting, getting more pleasure from one well aimed hit than several kills from lucky hits. After reading this, forget it, and have your barrel bluing and stock making done at a factory. You will find it cheaper and better almost every time.

To make a stock, you first get your stock and, don't use American Walnut (which isn't walnut at all) but buy an English walnut flank of a dealer in rare woods. Remember that English walnut comes from a French walnut tree and Circassian, Italian or Turkish in straight figure will have the needed hardness to hold up under recoil, if it is fitted the way a mechanic works and that is the only way to do anything. Do it right the first time and don't rush the job.

It takes the skill of a bearing scraper to do gun work either on steel or wood. The machinist with a fine machine to cut parallel and square or round cuts could not make a trigger or a sight correctly but the man or boy with the eye of an artist cultivated for proportion can do wonders after mastering the principle of bearing, scraping, cutting or filing.



Kaiser's rifle showing the very best form of stock for an all round rifle to be used with medium or low recoil. This one was 38.000 caliber and made in Germany, possibly of hand target shooting, this is standard type arm with the German sportsmen since guns were perfected in Europe.

You design and work a piece of wood or metal as a sailor does a ship by a blow of the eye. With my finest micrometers, reading to one ten-thousandth of an inch, I could not fit a single piece in a gun action that would look right, anymore than a Parisian tailor could construct a gown with a tape measure and sewing machine.

A machine, such as a grinder used in tool rooms, can finish square surfaces so close that two pieces wrung together will be impossible to pull apart by the hands, and a dozen pieces can be suspended by adhesion alone. A good gun maker can file a barrel more nearly round, and to match the other barrel of a

shot gun or double rifle, than any machine. Such barrels as Purdy of London makes are filed this way and lapped inside by hand with lead plugs. They represent full value at five hundred and ninety five dollars, whereas a twenty-dollar machine made barrel actually costs little more than \$5.00 to manufacture. Don't be afraid to try for accuracy in fitting as our greatest barrel maker was not a gunsmith by trade at all. He didn't learn in any factory but started making his own barrels to win matches with and others just compelled him to make them some to do this fine type of shooting. I made over several military arms to a set of specifications. Then seeing that



Kaiser's rifle shows what hand workman can do. Whole rifle is hand made. Right side of frame, Martin;

I wasn't equalling Windhammer's work I visited his shop in Los Angeles and he showed me where I was wrong. His pistol grip stock had a flare out at the bottom of the grip similar to the Colt's Single Action Pistol and this was where the difference was. The Ross and Newton factories copied him but really only flattered his work, never being able to equal it by turning on a blanchard lathe what he did with a couple of home made tools and with liberal use of the eye.

al shop is over.

With a few tools I tinker away until bed time. Often I have friend wife brew extra strong coffee to keep me awake longer so that I may finish some particular job while the notion is with me.

Of all gun work I find the telescope the simplest thing to make when the ordinary straight tube is used. Most any of you can rig up your own scopes as good as any common grade put out at less than \$20.00 for about



Stock of Kaiser's rifle was presented to him and he gave it as first prize, Berlin rifle match and was brought to America and inscription inlaid in ivory. Stock of rifle once handled by Kaiser William of Germany.

The hardest job of all simple ones is making a separate fore end for a round barrel and putting in a screw at the right place to make the finished job look symmetrical and not twisted to one side.

The next job was getting a druggist to mix a browning solution that would work, from a published receipt. I tried ten before getting the old Greener formula which really rusts uniform, and gives a smooth brown or black finish (according to the method of using.)

My personal hobby is telescopes and I have owned and rebuilt almost all makes and my desire has always been to equal the German makes. I really think that all my work was for naught as I find that only one glass is practical and that is the prism telescope of about six inch length. With the expert aid of a great optical firm here I hope to get two sizes of prism scopes into shape for spring chuck shooting. This is my hobby and recreation after the day's work in an experimen-

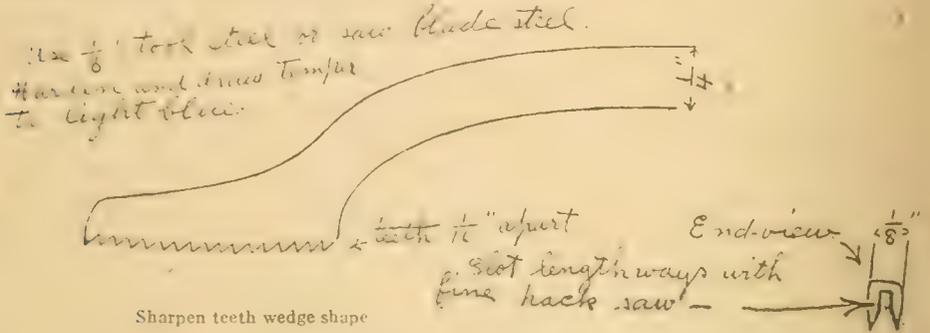
one-half that cost to you for lens and tubing. Precision work isn't put on American rifle telescopes and the lens are of the cheapest forms made by opticians.

First dismantle your rifle, say a military musket, by unscrewing stock screws, then removing upper and lower bands and butt plate. Take out the bolt leaving barrel and receiver intact. Box up all metal parts. Don't lay them on the floor or window sill or you may be minus a few pieces when you get ready for them.

Mix up some lamp black and oil, or buy Prussian blue. Obtain a round and square file, a half round and flat carving tool, or even a regular chisel will do. Have a block plane or spoke shave and brace and bit to mortise in the magazine and receiver. If you have purchased a military blank piece of walnut, it will probably be sawed out with flat sides and top. Lay out form of action or receiver with pencil. Keep inside these marks for

safety. You can take off more but you cannot easily put back a chip taken off by mistake. Lay this wood on a flat surface to hold it up plumb for boring out for the receiver fitting. Don't force the auger. Let it feed itself. Stand back at arms length to watch the angle at which you hold up the brace and bit. Then

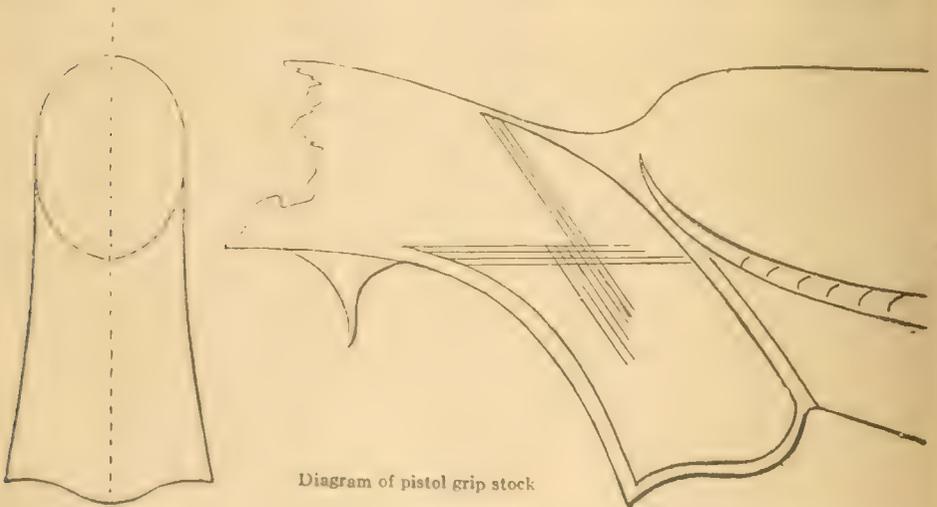
When the receiver is let down till the barrel touches the top of the wood, mark out the form of the barrel exactly and true as possible with line of original wood fore and after, with half-round gouge. Dig out center until barrel beds down in fore end tight by using blacking on metal parts, watching each time you remove



use a gouge and trim up inside true in form slightly under size. Then blacken metal and try to force it into the opening in wood. Your black and blue will show on wood where high spots were that came in contact with metal first. Master this mechanical point first. Do it thoroughly and the rest comes easy. Slight this one thing and you get a sloppy unsightly job. I have seen a great many samples of amateur work and only one impressed me as a job and his work has caused

wood for black spots which are only places to be cut away. As each part of metal comes down to touch let it down into cut laid out same way as former ones. If square cornered, gradually cut down square with chisel. When all parts are down to the solid bed, drill holes with gimlet for screws and put them in with soap to make them turn easy.

Now you are ready to work on the outside of the stock and form it up for drop and shape. If a cheek piece is wanted you must start in



me many a pang for I cannot work as deliberately and slowly as this master workman but he is a model maker by profession and often a new patent sight of his costs above the value of a whole gun and he never makes anything to sell to others.

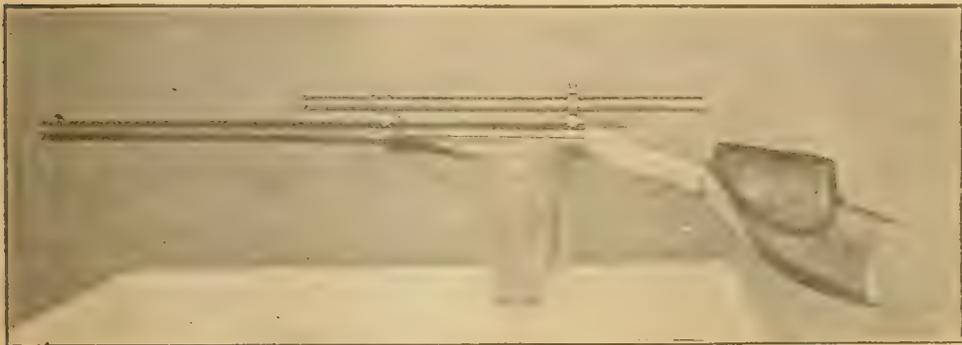
with the barrel and receiver about half inch to the right of the center line. Draw this line from center of barrel or sight line to the center of the butt plate, if no cheek piece is wanted, leaving comb of stock the last thing to be cut down to tight fit for side of face when looking

over sights set for shortest distance. Cut sides of stock and fore-end off oval and symmetrical. Don't hollow out any place but do just the opposite. Make them rounded out till last cutting which is done with fine file run crossways with grain of wood.

Screw on the trigger guard tightly and then your choice of butt plates. Checked steel shotgun type is the best. With plane or knife, cut off all wood projecting over edge of metal. Then use file to trim down flush with

stock means a ruined trip and loss of considerable expense money. I saw one on an imported Automatic divide itself into two pieces as it's proud owner showed it to his friend. The Ballard in this photo has a piece glued crossways at butt to hold that beautiful piece of wood together. I don't use Circassian walnut anymore.

To finish wood, just wet and heat quickly, raising whiskers. Take the finest steel wool (buy it at a paint store). Use it similar to



This is stock and Pope barrel Ballard a trim made of two plates glued together to get the kness for cheek piece and to strengthen. I varnished this and rubbed down. Strictly an offhand target tool.

metal. Don't be afraid of scratching metal furniture as we will refinish and blue it last of all. Now file down all bumps carefully. Squint down and up all lines on both sides in turn until they are exactly alike. File crossways of grain and around stock till every line is true but not hollow.

Get strength in the grip by thickness up and down, not cross ways of grip as that is where that feeling of hand fit comes in by flaring out at bottom of grip. Your hand squeezes up instead of sliding down as it does on factory stocks.

Now spend one more evening on going over your form of lines in every direction. Don't slight this and you will be thankful later when some old crank begrudges you the remark that it feels and hangs right. Remember a word from him or some gunsmith is worth forty words from the other fellow who probably thinks a two by four is graceful.

I recommended straight grain but contrastly figured walnut, curly American stocks are pretty, though hard to cut. Never make a military stock of expensive Circassian walnut with extremely curly contrasting figure. It may drop into two pieces in your hands and isn't safe to keep outside of a case let alone ship to or use in the woods where a broken

sand paper. Repeat this, wetting several times, then when hunting in the rain your finish will stay smooth.

After every spot is smooth as glass, with a brush apply one or two coats of shellac. Dry one day and cut down smoothly with steel wool. Now apply a coat of rubbing varnish with another brush. Keep stock warm near a hot fire and keep it free from dust after it is flowed on smoothly. After six days get rotten stone from the painter and rub with wool cloth or felt and water.

Oil, such as linseed, can be applied over a coat of shellac, instead of varnish, and rub it by the palm of the hand. If you insist on a greasy, oil finished stock, hand rubbed just do it and you may make it a nice job after a month of hard work by applying fresh coats of oil and rubbing in with the palm of the hand until the arm gives out. Then on a hot day it is greasy and slips when your hands are perspiring. It kills the color of the wood and ages black and dull. If it is boiled in at the factory heat makes it penetrate quickly but we can't do that at home.

Make a checking tool like enlarged cut and just sit down and start cutting on a board. In a few minutes you will have the hang of it better than I can explain. It is easy with the

correct tool and very hard to teach another, so do your friend's gun first for practice or the work bench can be checked. Cut out a piece of paper and bend around the stock. Mark around with pin or pencil. Then both sides are alike. Check lightly first.

This is always done after varnishing. The cuts are then oiled and brushed. You are now ready to refinish the metal, the butt plate, screws, sights, pins, etc. Follow these simple rules until you find better ones, then take them.

To case-harden small parts, get one ounce cyanide of Potassium (this is the most deadly

it will cause upper shank to blue. For springs and wood cutting tools, knives, or firing pins, draw temper to a blue purple after hardening and dip in fish oil or machine oil. Harden a drill for cutting glass or hardened metal by clapping red drill in acid or mercury.

To black-blue parts such as screws, trigger or guard, etc. heat one ounce of black oxide of manganese with ten ounces salt petre. Use bullet kettle to melt them in.

Parts can be nicely blued if polished very fine, by dropping in melted lead or heating in sand placed under a blow torch or gas flame until a nice blue is seen.



Very good type for strictly offhand targets. Allows head to be erect, neck straight and head is supported solid. Not fit for hunting or prone shooting Ballard rifle.

poison.) Heat the small parts very hot, bright red. Sprinkle powder of cyanide on this and it will boil up. Heat up to bright red and drop into very cold pure water.

To get the figure of case hardening used on fine gun actions pack them in old leather, bone dust or horse hoofs. Put all in iron box, which is then put in the coal fire of a stove and kept hot for several hours. Then it is quenched quickly before air strikes the metal.

To harden tools, for metal cutting, heat rod, quench in water then polish with emery cloth. Now heat slightly till a straw color appears at edge. Put heat back farther and

The Colt or Smith & Wesson pistols are blued by heating over a charcoal flame. Receivers of repeating guns are all blued by heat treatment under care of experts.

Barrels are always browned or blued by chemicals that cause rapid rusting in ovens with steam to cause a damp hot air to help chemicals (usually acid base). It is best to let an experienced man do this as I see no homemade jobs that are fit to show. All of them are spotty or rough. Use steel wool to scratch off each rust instead of a rag, as Whelen advises, and you will get a better polish and come nearly up to factory standards.

An Afternoon's Experiences with the Springfield-Remington

A. D. FRASER

LET it be said, by way of foreword to the experiences about to follow, that some weeks previously I had noticed, among the advertisements of a well-known American outing magazine, one of a striking and altogether unusual nature. It called the attention of the public to the fact that a certain New York firm of the reputable name of Bannerman had for sale a single-shot rifle in

which could be fired cartridges of the U.S. Government .06 model, employing the 150 grain bullet. This in itself was not an extraordinary announcement: the noteworthy feature lay in the intimation that the rifle could be purchased for the sum of \$7.77, and that cartridges for the use of the same would be provided for \$3.50 per hundred rounds.

This statement seemed at first sight to be

almost too good to win belief. I had recently disposed of an old .280 Ross rifle for the round sum of \$65 without any demur at the high price reaching my ears. At the same time, ammunition for this arm was retailed at 17½ cents a shell, and no apologies were forthcoming from the dealers or manufacturers. Furthermore, I had always regarded the Springfield as being in the same class at least as the .280 Ross, even if falling short of it in efficiency in some respects. The statement of the Bannerman firm, however, could hardly be doubted, so it goes without saying that in a very few days my order for one of the rifles and 100 rounds of ammunition was on its way to the city of New York.

I may observe in passing that I realized from the very first that more than \$11.27 would be required to put the gun and its fodder within my grasp. In the first place, 45 cents had to be forwarded to pay for the packing of the arm, and the exchange situation called for a further loss of about \$1.20. Expressage to Nova Scotia meant a payment of \$1.67, and Canadian customs duties and American impost amounted to about \$1.50. As a result of these annoying concomitants, the original initial outlay for rifle and shells was increased to a total of over \$19.00. But even at that one could hardly grieve at the expense. In course of time the package was delivered.

As regards appearance, the rifle could hardly be termed, by even the most enthusiastic as a work of art. The barrel, with its high foresight, was bound to a cheap looking fore-stock by a single band of metal: the lines of the rear-stock were extremely old-fashioned: while between the two, the enormous spur-like projection of the hammer lent the arm a decided flavour of antiquity. It is true that the advertisement of the rifle had described it as a remodelled Remington, while an examination of the inscription borne on the tang revealed the fact that the last patent taken out on the arm had been in the year 1871. Soon it began to dawn upon us that we had in our possession a hybrid,—the curious anomaly of a 20th century barrel and set of sights attached to a mid-19th century weapon. When loaded, the head of the powerful .30 cartridge reposed upon the primitive rolling-block mechanism of the early days of the breech-loading rifle.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with this long-obsolete form of Remington action, a word of explanation may be necessary. The breech-block consists of a cylindrical sector revolving on a pin which passes

transversely through the walls of the receiver—in form like the quarter section of a grindstone with crank attached. This sector has a lug attached at the right side by means of which the block is rotated backward for the purpose of extracting the shell and reloading, and forward, for the purpose of closing the breech. A block of similar form supports the hammer, and is in like manner attached: When the gun is fired, the last-named block is of course thrown forward beneath the edge of the former, thus supporting it and locking the mechanism against the discharge. A feature of the system is that at the moment the trigger is pulled, and in fact for some little time afterwards, the breech-block is absolutely free, and no locking takes place till the very smallest fraction of a second before the hammer strikes the base of the firing-pin. Still, it must not be inferred from this that the action is a risky one. But, apart from all question of safety, the mechanism seems altogether novel and curious on first acquaintance.

The bullets of the shells furnished me with the rifle were all of the full-coated variety. Hence, I decided to test out the rifle in some place remote from public road or dwelling, no range for the purpose being immediately available. I also was minded to go alone, so that in the event of possible accident with the formidable weapon, I alone must needs suffer. So, having waited for a day when the weather conditions were reasonably satisfactory, I made my way to a point about four miles outside of the city, to a lake whose shores were wooded and rocky, with no habitations in the immediate vicinity. I carried with me several paper targets, but accidentally discovered an old gasoline can on the shore, which being a foot in diameter and more than a foot in height, seemed to present a fair mark for even long-range work. Setting the can, then on the snow at the margin of the lake, with a background of beetling rocks, I walked out on the ice for a distance of some fifty yards, and loading the rifle I took careful aim at the tin,—with a brooding sense of danger, but notwithstanding with a stout heart.

The discharge of the rifle left me quite uninjured. The recoil seemed light to my 185 pounds of bone and sinew, though the noise in proportion, appeared prodigious. I also noted a peculiar clouding up of my eye-glasses. The reason for this was soon manifested by an examination of the rifle. Under the terrific strain of a breech-pressure of 50,000 or more pounds to the square inch the mechanism had partially yielded and a half inch of the butt of

the shell was clearly visible. Furthermore, the primer had been badly punctured,—the darkened state of my spectacles being accounted for by the savage backward puff of the compressed gas. This could hardly be called a reassuring state of affairs, and to add to the gloom of the situation, the target, I found, had been missed entirely a bullet-mark showing in the snow to the right of the can, although of the proper elevation.

A man of less courage would have immediately returned home, subdued and perhaps angry. But—my ancestors were all natives of Scotland—I tried again. Courage was in a measure lent me by the presence of the huge upstanding spur of the hammer, which reared itself up before my face after the fashion of the renowned shield of Achilles. Surely not even the mighty .30 Government could break through that wall of steel, and in the outcome I was not disappointed. This time the breech-mechanism resisted with all boldness, although the cartridge had somewhat expanded, and a powerful tug was necessary to extract the empty shell. On this occasion too the primer had suffered a fracture, but that we could forgive. The tin target, however, had again escaped injury, the bullet striking in almost the same spot as before. Another attempt met with no better success, and a couple of trials from a range of 100 yards, in the prone position, proved equally unfortunate. Ultimately, a hit was secured from a distance of 30 yards, but a mere graze on the right side of the target. Of the primers, in the meantime, only one out of three would survive the strain.

By this time it was manifest that something was amiss either with the rifle or with the arrangement of the sights particularly as the majority of guns shoot a trifle to the left with me, as they are sighted before leaving the factory. Both sights of the Springfield-Remington lack a wind-gauge, so that an immediate correction was impossible. However, a glance along the barrel from the muzzle end revealed an astonishing feature. The front-sight, it may be observed, is constructed of three parts. An integral base grips the barrel firmly, as in the case of the .280 Ross; in a transverse slot in the base is held a central portion, which in turn supports a small longitudinal sight of the Rocky-Mountain type. Now, as was quite evident, the base just referred to had been milled onto the barrel *altogether out of alignment with the rear-sight*. Subsequent trials showed that the error was about 15 inches to the hundred

yards, so that further "try-outs" without readjustment seemed altogether a waste of time. However, several more shells were used up in an attempt to determine the penetrative power of the bullets on hardwood trees, the results being reasonably gratifying.

But, in the course of the firing of these latter shots, a new trouble began to develop. Upon reloading the arm, the block failed to close the breech, the hardest pressure that could be exerted by the thumbs failing to move the block the last necessary eighth of an inch. At first it appeared as though something was at fault in the fit of certain cartridges, as the block closed readily enough when the chamber was empty. Presently, quite by accident, I noticed the true cause;—the firing-pin was jammed in its slot in the block so that its point protruded and came in contact with the primer of the inserted cartridge, thus preventing the mechanism from closing. It is with a feeling of thankfulness that I am able to say that a little hammering with the handle of a pocket-knife remedied this trouble, temporarily at least.

I must really apologise if I find it necessary to point out one more feature of the rifle which made itself apparent that afternoon, and which may be interpreted as constituting a defect. When the arm is held in a horizontal position, or in one where the muzzle points downwards, and after the rifle is cocked, the breech-block is opened and closed, the latter action slightly trips the hammer and allows it to slip into what we might term a three-quarter-cock position, from which the hammer is very easily raised to full-cock. This is as it should be. On the other hand, when the gun is held with the muzzle pointing upwards, or indeed at all above the horizontal-plane, and the same operation gone through, the closing of the breech-block brings after it the hammer into the *quarter-cock* position. The swing of the hammer is quite violent, and sometimes at least it strikes the base of the firing-pin. Whether the force is, in the case of an unusually sensitive primer, sufficient to cause detonation, could, I suppose, be determined only experimentally.

The firing—as above noted—of some half-dozen of shots at the trunks of trees brought to an end the course of my afternoon's experience. Of my own feelings I will say nothing; for introspection is not the purpose or the basis of this paper. Let it suffice to say that, although rocks of various sizes and shapes were very numerous on the shore of the lake where the experiments were made, yet the

rifle escaped destruction in a moment of passion, and was carried back to the city in safety.

On reaching home, I thrust the muzzle of the Springfield-Remington between the pipes of the steam radiator, and by means of a violent twist I loosened the fore-sight to such an extent that a proper adjustment was possible. I scrapped and oiled the groove in which the firing-pin operates, so that further mishaps in that quarter are probably no longer

possible. I removed the hammer, and smoothed off its surface where it is engaged by the sear, thus lightening the trigger-pull. Lastly, I took the rifle to a gunsmith to have the receiver-tang tapped, so as to allow of the attachment of a rear aperture sight formerly used on a Model .97, .22 caliber Marlin rifle.

Next season I hope to carry the Springfield-Remington when hunting deer,—quite probably moose as well. Is it a good and reliable weapon? (*quien sabe?*)

The .30-40 as a Big Game Rifle

H. X.

I have been a reader of your department for some years, gleaning a great deal of information therefrom, both as to firearms and human nature and only the fact that I am not an expert rifleman in any sense, has prevented me attempting to break into your columns long ago. Most of the articles in your department while very interesting and instructive appear to be written from the view point of the expert target shot, rather than that of the hunter while data as to the effect of certain loads on the target is no doubt of real practical value, it occurred to me that you might welcome a little information as to the effect of these loads on game. For this reason I would like to tell you something of the history of a certain gun in my possession.

This gun is a '95 Model .30-10 Winchester and has been an important part of my armament for eighteen years. During that time it has killed nine grizzlies, stretching from a little less than eight feet to nearly ten feet in length, a due proportion of other bears and such other big game as we have in B. C. Of the grizzlies mentioned, some required three shots, some two and one was killed by a single shot, due to the fact that I did not reach him for several minutes after he fell. In every case the bear went down when struck in or near a vital organ though I believe most would have regained their feet for a few seconds at least had they been permitted. One was killed charging at less than ten yards, the bullet entering his breast and passing out of his back just behind the kidneys and one was killed at nearly four hundred paces, at least 300 yards and the most astonishing fluke I ever saw. It was impossible for me to approach any closer without losing sight of him altogether. As I knew the tendency to

over-shoot I left my sights as they were for the first shot and fired at the line of his back. He whirled like a flash and started digging just below where he had been standing. Taking a little more elevation, I fired again and he started for the timber, shot through a front foot as I afterwards found. There was no time for any further fussing with sights so I brought my front sight well above his back, swung ahead and fired and just for a second over the sights I seemed to glimpse a bear whirling over and over down the mountain. For a few moments I thought it was pure imagination, but presently a most-convincing uproar arose from the brush below where he disappeared and when I reached him he was just giving up the ghost.

The bullet entered a few inches behind the right shoulder and lodged in the left shoulder shattering it so badly that it felt like a sack of dice, proving to my satisfaction at least that the gun has sufficient punch to account for any American game, at reasonable hunting ranges.

As to its effect on smaller game such as deer I am inclined to agree with Ashley Haines, when he says that it does not shatter so badly as the 30-30. This is probably due to the difference in the shape of the bullet and the fact that more lead is exposed in the bullet of the 30-30. Judging from my observation I have killed enough deer with this rifle to be justified in expressing an opinion. A shot through the shoulders of a large buck will result in a pair of badly damaged front quarters but placed behind the shoulder its effect would be comparable to that produced by a .38-56 or a .40-65 than which no better deer rifles were ever manufactured, and here let me say that I have never known a .30-40 bullet to

lodge in a deer or caribou. Once, inadvertently I killed two caribou with one shot and the second one was an unholy mess, just such a spectacle in fact as would delight the soul of one of our 3000 foot per second enthusiasts.

To sum up, I have used this gun eighteen years and have hunted bear with it through May and June for five seasons. I have killed at least as much game with it as the average sportsman kills in a lifetime. I have had some misses and have lost just two wounded animals that I know of—the result of poor shooting on my part. Unlike some of our more modern arms, with higher velocity and lighter bullets, I have found it very uniform and reliable in its effect on game, quite equal to the .45-70 in this respect and much more destructive when it strikes a heavy bone.

As to its accuracy I cannot speak with authority but I know that it will shoot with reasonable regularity inside a twelve inch circle at 300 yards, I have no doubt that a good shot could do even better with it. When I cannot get within that distance of an animal, I am willing to concede that it does not belong to me. I'll admit that it is not a thing of

beauty and many men object to its weight, but I doubt if that could be reduced with advantage. A friend once loaned me a Martini—Metford .303 for a trip. This gun weighed about 6 pounds I should judge, perhaps a little more. But whether because of its light weight or some peculiarity of cut, or both I found it a gun that required very successful handling and a hastily taken shot resulted in a badly bruised cheek that made me decidedly gun shy for the remainder of the trip. As the .303 British is practically the same as the .30-40 and I was using Winchester ammunition I don't think that I would care to use a .30-40 that weighed less than eight pounds.

I notice that now and then some optimist still inquires for the best all round gun. If you would care to hear of it sometime I'll tell you of another gun, the one that in my opinion comes nearest to reaching that unattainable ideal and the gun that afforded me more real sport than any other I ever owned.

* * * * *

Let us have the article. We need articles of this type and are in a position to use them at any time.
—Editor.

Queries and Answers

A Gun For Rabbits.

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Would you prefer a shotgun or a .22 Calibre rifle for shooting rabbits?

What is the open season for rabbit shooting in Ontario?

P. T. O.

Ontario

Reply—I would suggest a 12 gauge double hammerless shotgun with the right barrel improved cylinder and the left barrel bored full choke as being about the best weapon to use for rabbit shooting. If you do not use a dog I would suggest that you have a gun bored improved cylinder and three-fourths choke.

The open season for rabbits in Ontario is as follows: "Hares may be taken by any means at any time between the 15th day of October and the 15th day of November and between the 23rd day of December and the 2nd day of January following, and may be taken at any other time by any other means than shooting."

Editor.

The .22 Colt Auto Pistol.

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I believe that the Auto pistol will become

the most widely shot side arm in a few years and will rapidly replace the older revolver. I do not have very much use for the revolver as the first thing that you desire to do with one of them is to hit something and here is where I fall down. This is not because I have not practiced sufficiently for I have handled all types of revolvers since I was big enough to work, having been raised on a Western farm in the days when the antelope were on the Plains. The main trouble with every revolver company now-a-days is that while they put out a very good shooting weapon they fail to put a full size and correctly proportioned handle on it.

At the present time I have a .22 Colt Automatic Pistol which I think is the most accurate shooting weapon that I have ever used. I do not know why I do not hear more about it but I suppose it is because of its rather high price. I obtained this pistol last fall and since that time I have killed about twenty red squirrels, two black squirrels, seven ground squirrels, three wood-chucks, innumerable crows and small birds. I use a crow-call for shooting and lie down in the brush and when they come and sit on the trees over head I pot them. I kill two or three

every Saturday afternoon while shooting in this manner. I think that this is a pretty fair recommendation for this little pistol. If I had to use a revolver I would have killed nothing. I often hear stories about men shooting the spots out of playing cards at 15 yards with a .45 and other similar yarns but I merely smile at these and say "show me."

I have had some trouble from one make of cartridges when used in this .22 Colt. The bullet is not crimped enough. It buckles when it is being fed into the chamber of the weapon. While I was on the "other side" I used a Smith & Wesson .455 and we had this make of cartridges. Not a man in the bunch of thirty scouts I was with could hit a man's figure at 15 yards more than about three times out of five. We had five marksmen in our bunch and I had the pleasure of being one of them. We also had one sniper and a lot of other good shots. The less said about the revolver the better. I threw mine away in France and took a .45 Colt from another fellow who had no more use for it.

I do not know why we do not hear more about guns and such things. Having been out West, I have shot everything from gophers to antelopes and from sparrows to Golden Eagles and black vultures.

While I was on the "other side" a German bullet went through my right elbow and it broke a nerve causing the inside of my right hand to shrink and left a big hole between the thumb and the first finger on the back of my hand just where you grip the pistol. In spite of this fact, which makes my hand very small, the grip of the .22 Colt Automatic is too short: This is about my only criticism of them.

Ed. Dawson

Toronto, Ontario.

Various Questions.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

What is the range of the .22 Savage Model 1914 with a 24 inch barrel? Should I use the long shells in it? Should I use Dominion cartridges loaded with Lesmok or with smokeless powder?

Is the .32 Iver Johnson revolver a reliable weapon and is the Harrington & Richardson .32 Cal. a better weapon?

Fred A. Bradley

Ontario, Canada.

Reply—The accurate range of the .22 Savage Model 1914 would be about 200 yards. You should always use the .22 Calibre *long*

rifle cartridge in it as well as in any other rifle chambered for this cartridge. I would suggest that you use either Dominion, Winchester, or Remington U.M.C. cartridges loaded with Lesmok powder or Peters cartridges loaded with semi-smokeless in preference to smokeless. I would not recommend the use of any other American revolver except the Smith or Wesson or Colt.

Editor.

A Rifle For Moose.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dep.

I am thinking of buying a rifle for moose and bear shooting. What do you think of the .405 Winchester for this work. Is it more powerful than the .45-70 or the .45-90? I had intended to purchase a .30-1906 Calibre Winchester but after reading an article in the October issue by Mr. J. R. Mattern, I decided that possibly a "coal burner" would be better after all. What would one of these rifles cost in Canada?

Is the .22 Colt Auto pistol as accurate an arm as the new Stevens target pistol?

D. W. Campbell,

Strathroy, Ontario.

Reply—The .405 Winchester would be thoroughly satisfactory for your purpose. It is undoubtedly the most deadly rifle manufactured in America. It is very much more powerful than the .45-70 or the .45-90. The .22 Auto Colt might not do quite as well as the single shot Stevens Pistol when fired in machine rest. I doubt if you could tell the difference. These little Colts are remarkably accurate weapons and make splendid target or hunting pistols. For all round use I would prefer the Colt to a single shot pistol. It has a splendid trigger pull, good sights, holds well and is very accurate.

I would suggest that you write to the D. Pike Company of Toronto, Hallam's or the Lion Sporting Goods Company for their latest prices on the .405 Winchester.

Editor.

An All Round Rifle.

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I would like to ask through the columns of your fine magazine which is the best all round rifle for bear, mountain lion, sheep, cougar or deer and what would it cost?

A. B.

Vancouver B.C.

Reply—I would suggest a Model 1895 Winchester chambered for the .30-1906 cartridge and loaded with the 180 grain bullet. Have the rifle equipped with a receiver peep sight

and a medium sized gold bead front sight. Have the trigger pull eased up and have it fitted with a sling strap. This rifle when so fitted, would probably cost you about \$75.00. The addition of a 5A Winchester Telescope Sight, which is easily removed, would help you considerably in shooting sheep and goats and for long range work on bears.

Editor.

Information On Reloading.

Editor Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I wish to obtain information concerning the reloading of .303 Savage cartridges.

Does Hercules smokeless powder No. 300 contain nitroglycerin? If not, is it a pure nitrocellulose powder? Would it be all right for me to reload my .303 Savage shells with this powder and the 150 grain bullet?

Do DuPont rifle powders No. 10, No. 15, No. 16 and No. 18 contain nitroglycerin? If not are they pure nitrocellulose powders? Are any of these adapted to use with the 150 grain bullet in the .303 Savage.

Can I buy primed cartridges from the Remington people and 150 grain bullets from the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company? What Ideal tools do I need and where can I procure them?

What per cent or type of ammonia will I need for cleaning this rifle? Will this 150 grain bullet be any harder on the barrel and take down system than the regular factory bullet? Where can I get these powders in Canada and which ones would you suggest? Would my hand-loading be more accurate than factory loading and how much flatter would the trajectory be over 500 yards? What type of powder scales should I use, where can I get them and what will they cost?

I expect to send this rifle back to the factory and have a No. 3 front sight and Lyman No. 30½ combination rear sight fitted to it. Do you consider these sights to be O.K.?

I think the .303 Savage Featherweight take-down rifle of mine is a little wonder and like it fine. It will put deer out of commission quickly and I would not take \$75.00 for it if I could not get another rifle like it. I think it is far superior to the .30-30 and .32 Special for deer shooting.

Russell R. Raynard

Tusket Falls, Nova Scotia.

Reply—Hercules No. 300 does not contain nitroglycerin. It would be very well adapted to use in your .303 Savage.

DuPont powders No. 10, No. 15, No. 16, No. 18 are also nitro-cellulose powders. Du

Pont No. 10 and DuPont No. 15 are too coarse for use in your cartridges. Hercules No. 300 and DuPont No. 16 or DuPont No. 18 would be suitable for your use.

You can buy primed shells and 150 grain bullets from the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company. If you wish to use metal cased bullets exclusively you should have the Ideal tool with double adjustable chamber and an extra bullet seating screw for the 150 grain pointed bullet. These are all the tools that you will require excepting your powder measure and powder scales. You can obtain the scales from the Fairbanks Company. A suitable pair of scales would cost you about \$12.00 or \$15.00.

Use the strongest ammonia that you can obtain which would be about 26%. If you cannot obtain this use 10%. You must, of course, use a steel rod in cleaning with ammonia.

The 150 grain bullet would not be any harder on the barrel than the regular factory cartridge.

You can obtain either the Hercules or DuPont powders by writing to the manufacturers for the name of their nearest dealer.

Your own hand-loaded shells would be as accurate as factory loaded shells if you did the work very carefully. If you had the time and opportunity to experiment with different loads, you could very likely obtain more accurate results than you could with factory loaded ammunition.

With the 150 grain bullet and the maximum charge of one of these progressive burning powders your 500 yard trajectory would be about one-half that of the factory cartridge. The exact amount cannot be determined except by test made at the Ballistic Station of one of the powder or ammunition companies.

Editor.

Loads For Crow Shooting.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Please inform me what velocity and energy I might expect from my .303 Savage loaded with 100 grain U.M.C. metal cased bullet and 14 grains of DuPont No. 75. Could you recommend a better crow load for this rifle?

With thanks in advance for the information and a word of appreciation for this very interesting department of *Rod and Gun*, I am

Gerald A. Birks

Montreal, Quebec.

Reply—The 100 grain U.M.C. metal cased bullet and 14 grains of DuPont No. 75 would

be a good accurate load for crow shooting in the .303 Savage. It would be rather hard to tell just what velocity this load will give you without having it chronographed. I should judge that you would obtain about 1400 feet per second velocity.

About 14 or 15 grains of Du Pont No. 80 would give you better results as it would be less influenced by atmospheric changes. Hercules Lightning would also be very satisfactory for the same purpose.

Editor.

Rifles For Bear And Moose.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

As I am a reader of your valued paper, would like to know the hitting power of the .250-3000 Savage. Which do you consider are the best three rifles for large game such as moose and the largest of bear, also the velocity of same?

Is it satisfactory to reload the .250-3000 for small game providing that a little tin is used with the lead?

T. K. Yarkley,

Estevan, Sask.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry I would consider that the best three rifles of American manufacture for use on large bear and moose would be the .405, .35 and .30-1906-220 calibres of the Model 1895 Winchester or the .30 Springfield loaded with the 220 grain bullet.

It would be possible to load the .250-3000 Savage with a 1 to 10 cast bullet and about 10 grains of one of the short range powders. This will give you extremely accurate results. If you can possibly do so use cartridges that have never been fired with the full charge as these will stretch some in firing and will be hard to insert in the chamber after reloading.

Editor.

A Rifle For Deer.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Would like a little information on the .30 Gov. '06 Winchester Model '95.

I have been seriously considering buying one of the above mentioned rifles, but thought I would first ask your opinion as to whether you would consider it too big a jump from the .32-40 Model '94 for a young fellow of twenty, six feet and 180 pounds, general measurements, to contemplate.

My reason for thinking up the .30 Government stuff is that I have about gotten tired having to shoot up my deer before they finally decide to cash in. Also during my three hunting seasons I have been watching the

results fellows have with rifles of the .30-30, .32 Special and .303 Savage tribe and have decided that they haven't gotten that "little extra" power that is needed to put the tough old buck or big bull moose down and out so that you don't have to trail him away back into a balsam or alder swamp before you get in a final wallop, and you're lucky too if you can get close enough to him in there.

What reduced load and weight of bullet would you consider best in the .30 Government to use on woodchuck and to get the hang of 'er.

Junior Nimrod.

Reply—You would have no reason to worry about the recoil of the .30-1906 in a 9-pound rifle, as you weigh 180 pounds. I weigh but 145 and do not mind shooting 100 shots a day so that I believe you could stand 10 or 20 without feeling seriously inconvenienced.

The .30-1906 when loaded with the 180 or 220 grain bullet will certainly be far more effective than the .32-40. I would suggest the regular factory 150 grain load for your wood chuck shooting. Use the soft point bullet.

Editor.

Weapon For Shooting In South America.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am going to South America this Spring and would like to have your opinion on the necessary firearms. I am a green horn on guns and rifles, but in my ignorance have thought of a 45-70. Winchester or a .44-40 Marlin for big game.

I see most people are in favor of small calibre high power arms but don't you think the above would have more stopping power at the usual shooting ranges.

Would there be any trouble getting ammunition for the larger calibre arms for a "table" gun? I have thought a good .22 would be about right. My choice runs to either Winchester or Marlin.

Would a .22 long rifle be better than a .22 long?

Charles A. Murray,

Grimsby, Ontario.

Reply—It is a little hard to advise you regarding the very best weapon to take to South America as conditions in different parts of South America differ very greatly. For instance, there is a great difference between game shooting on the open country of Argentine and the thick jungle shooting along the Amazon River in Brazil.

For close range shooting the .45-70 cart-

ridge in a Model 1886 Winchester would make you a splendid outfit, but this ammunition is heavy to carry and is not well adapted to shooting in open country.

For all round shooting a .30-1906-220 or a .30-1906 loaded with the 180 grain bullet would be much more preferable while for plains shooting the same cartridge loaded with the 150 or 172 grain bullet would have the .45-70 hopelessly out-classed. I would not consider using the .41-10 under any circumstances. A trip of this kind is very expensive, so why handicap yourself with an antiquated firearm.

I would depend upon taking my ammunition along with me because then you would know that it was fresh and you would be sure that you had it. The .22 long rifle Winchester, Savage or Marlin repeater and a few thousand cartridges loaded with the hollow point bullet would make you a fine outfit for ordinary pot hunting. I would have the big gun equipped with a medium sized gold bead front sight, a Lyman peep and a folding open rear sight. I would have the small gun equipped with a fine gold bead front sight and a Lyman tang peep. The sights are even more important than the Model of the rifle. The .22 long rifle would be much preferable to the .22 long cartridge and the added cost would not make enough difference to be worth considering when you figure up the total cost of your trip.

I would try each rifle that you take before you start, and take your ammunition with you. In this way you will be sure that you will have no unaccountable failures.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am a reader of *Rod and Gun In Canada*, and am desirous of obtaining a good rifle suitable for British Columbia. Would you suggest the .401 Winchester Automatic as a good rifle for bear and deer? Do you think it too heavy for cottontail deer? I have been told by several persons that the Automatic was not safe for bear as it jams very easily and would not eject the shell? Do you think this is true? If you do not consider the .401 as a suitable arm, what would you suggest? Would you kindly answer as soon as possible and oblige,

Fred Schmidt,

Rossland, B.C.

Reply—The .401 Calibre Automatic Winchester would do good work on bear and deer at short range but it is by no means a

long range rifle. If you have any bear shooting over 150 yards do not select this rifle. I have not heard any complaints about it jamming.

I would prefer the Model 1895 Winchester for any one of the cartridges that it handles, preferably one of the .30 Cal. cartridges.

I have never taken very kindly to the Automatic rifle. I do not like the way it balances nor the type of cartridges that it uses.

Editor.

Comparison of .32-40 and .303 Savage. Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I would like to know through your magazine how the .32-10 Savage rifle compares with the .303 Savage for velocity, trajectory, etc.

Can I get a supplemental chamber (or auxiliary chamber), which will shoot the .32-20 Winchester shells in a .32-10 Savage high pressure rifle?

D. G. McDonald,

Rutland, B.C.

Reply—The .32-10 high power would compare very well with the .303 Savage, but I would prefer the .303 due principally to the fact that you have the 150 grain Spitzer .30 calibre bullet to reload with when you wish to obtain a flatter trajectory.

I do not believe that you can get a .32-20 Calibre supplemental chamber for use in the .32-10 barrel. I would not recommend it if you could do so. I would recommend that you reload your cartridges.

Editor.

The .30 Remington Rimless.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I would like to ask a little information about the .30 Remington rifle. Is the .30 Remington considered a high power rifle? Is it heavy enough to kill a moose or caribou at 100 or 150 yards?

I don't own the above mentioned .30 Remington but I have a friend who owns the only one of the type I have ever seen. It looks to me like a dandy deer rifle and I am of the opinion that a well placed shot from it will put a moose or caribou down.

J. C. Stewart,

Schreiber, Ontario.

Reply—The .30 Rimless is a high power rifle, being almost a duplicate of the .30-30. It would quite easily kill moose or caribou at 100 to 150 yards if you hit them properly.

It does, as you surmise, make a splendid deer rifle and would also make a good moose

and caribou rifle at short ranges. It is in the same class with the .30-30 and .32 Special type of rifle.

Editor.

A Rifle For Ducks And Geese.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am a constant reader of *Rod and Gun In Canada*. I would like a rifle, the same to be a repeater, bolt action preferred, the accuracy of which for 100 to 250 target shooting cannot be surpassed by any single shot rifle made. The rifle should have a sufficiently flat trajectory to use successfully in shooting ducks and geese at long range. Also to be of sufficient power to use occasionally in shooting deer. The weight preferred would be from seven to eight pounds. Can such a rifle be obtained? How about the .25-35 cartridge, also the .28-30-120 for these purposes.

S. C. Garrison.

Boonton, N.J.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry you can undoubtedly get a rifle of the type that you mention. It would be the .25 calibre High Power made on a Springfield frame. The barrel could be bored by Harry Pope, 18 Morris St., Jersey City, N.J., or by A. O. Niedner, 1 Beacon St., Malden, Mass.

I would prefer the .25-35 cartridge for your purpose or you could use either the .30-40 or .30-1906 necked down.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have been a reader of your delightful magazine and would like your opinion on the following rifles.

I have a .32-40 Marlin repeater equipped with a Special smokeless steel barrel, Model 1893. Is this rifle when shot with high power cartridges powerful enough for moose and bear?

Is a .303 British powerful enough for any game found in Canada? What is the best make and model and what is the extreme killing range of this rifle?

What is your opinion of the new Remington U.M.C. automatic pistol as a big game side arm?

O. L. French,

Cowansville, Quebec

Reply—The .32-40 High Power Marlin Repeater would be powerful enough for moose and deer at reasonable ranges but it does not equal the more powerful cartridges for that purpose. The .303 British would be a much more satisfactory cartridge. It

would do good work at 500 yards on game. Just what its extreme killing range is depends upon the kind of game you are shooting at and where you hit it. It is impossible to give any definite range, as the extreme range at which the rifle will kill game.

The new .380 Remington U.M.C. Automatic Pistol is as reliable as other automatic pistols of the same calibre. I would prefer a weapon shooting a heavier cartridge for big game shooting but personally I would not carry a large calibre revolver or pistol on a big game hunting trip as I can see no reason for doing so. What you cannot kill with a high power rifle you can be sure that you will not kill with a revolver. You would do far better to carry an extra clip of cartridges for your big game rifle.

The .380 Remington Automatic is a very fine pistol, but it was not designed for the purpose that you mention.

Editor.

Webley Revolver.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a Webley Mark VI revolver, the calibre of which I believe is .45 and so far I have been unable to procure any ammunition for it in Canada. I have been told that the Colt .45 short will fit it, but have been unable to obtain any of these.

I would be very pleased if you could tell me where I could get ammunition for it and also if you can give me any information about the accuracy of this gun.

H. W. Street,

Parry Sound, Ontario.

Reply—Your Webley revolver is undoubtedly a .455. You could obtain ammunition for this revolver from the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company or the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. It has the reputation of being a very reliable weapon.

Editor.

The .35 Remington and the .30-1906.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Would you kindly reply in regard to the two cartridges or rifles .30-1906 and .35 Remington Automatic on deer and heavy game up to 500 yards, or distance the average hunter can make a hit.

The boys on returning from their new hunting grounds state that they are now shooting farther and that those using the .250-3000 were out of luck. They spoke highly of the .35 Remington Automatic. It is faster than the Remington Slide Action, using the same

shell, but thought they were shooting between 300 to 500 yards which would be quite a distance for the .35.

Would you kindly give me your opinion of these two shells as to recoil and on deer and moose. Have you shot the Winchester .30-1906? Is it a steady arm or apt to jump or slip with this heavy load? Can they be reloaded for light work or target practice? Is the rifle with this shell hard to keep in shape?

Weyburn, Sask.

Walter J. Garner,

Reply—The .30-1906 would undoubtedly be much better for use between 300 and 500 yards than the .35 Remington cartridge. The .35 Remington is a splendid rifle for deer shooting, up to 200 or 300 yards. It does not have the flat trajectory of the .30-1906. The Winchester rifle for this cartridge has a good heavy barrel and as the rifle weighs over eight pounds it does not recoil excessively. I have seen very nice off-hand shooting done with this rifle at 500 yards.

You can reload these shells for short range work and I would suggest that you use shells that have not been fired with the full charge. Unless you observe this you will have some trouble from sticking shells.

The .35 Remington cartridge in either the Automatic or Slide Action rifle make as splendid big game hunting cartridge. It would hardly be chosen for 500 yard work as the bullet has a blunt nose and has a rather high trajectory for this range which makes it hard to hit your game.

One advantage of the .35 Remington cartridge is that it is a very clean killing cartridge at reasonable ranges as the bullet weighs 200 grains and makes a good big hole.

Editor.

.32 Calibre Revolver.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

I have a .32 Calibre revolver but had the misfortune to break the striking pin. I am not able to find the maker's name on it. It is a single action, five chambered gun. The length of the barrel is 3 inches. The grips are celluloid with dog's head on top.

On the top of the barrel are the following words "Smith & Wesson's American Metallic Cartridges are to be used for our Model _____ revolver." Where I have put the line are some letters or numbers I cannot make out. If you could tell me the name and address of the maker and the probable cost of a new hammer you will oblige.

Sussex, New Brunswick.

John Hodgson,

Reply—I am not able to tell you who made your revolver from the description that you give. It looks to me as it is of cheap German make or possibly it might be of Belgian manufacture.

Mr. W. A. Brock of London, Ontario, could very likely make a new firing pin to fit this revolver. He would need to have the revolver in his possession to enable him to do this.

Editor.

Schultze Shotgun Powder.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a can of Schultze gunpowder nitro compound Division 2. It gives instructions for loading a certain number of grains. As far as I can find out this is a bulk smokeless powder. Is it not? On the can it says that it may be used in small bore-rifles. I have tried a 15 grain load in the .30-30 Winchester with home-made bullets. It does not seem to be very accurate. I think it is about as high as I can load it, although it has not shown any signs of leading and the rifle is very easily cleaned. It leaves a white coat inside of the shells. Can I use this powder for a medium load? If so, how much with cast bullets 1 to 10 in the .30-30 Winchester? What size of Dominion primer should be used in Dominion shells?

Irwin Brothers.

Wilkie, Sask.

Reply—Schultze is a bulk shotgun powder. It is, of course, impossible for me to tell whether it is the English Schultze or the Schultze that is made by the Du Pont Company, but I have no doubt that you are using too much powder behind your cast bullets. I feel sure that you cannot use more than from 8 to 10 grains of this powder behind a cast bullet. If you will cut your charge in half, I am sure that you will find that the accuracy is very much increased.

Cast your bullets about one part tin to 15 parts of lead or one part solder to 8 parts of lead. Not knowing just what you are using I cannot give you the exact charge to use.

Shotgun powders should not be used in rifles excepting in very small charges.

Editor.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

Will you kindly give me the following information regarding rifles.

How does the .32 Special Winchester compare with the .303 Savage and 7 M.M. Mauser in killing power?

Is the .32 Carbine less effective than the

.32 rifle at 100 yards, and if so how much less?

Can you give me the number of powder, number of powder grains, etc., for loading the .32 Winchester Special, and will the load give greater power than the regular factory load?

G. H. Skinner.

Juneau, Alaska.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, the .32 Special has a muzzle velocity of 2112 foot seconds with a muzzle energy of 1682 foot pounds. The .303 Savage has a muzzle velocity of 1952 foot seconds with a muzzle energy of 1658 foot pounds. The Savage has a heavier bullet than the Winchester so that at 100 yards they would be almost equal. The 7 M.M. Mauser with the 139 grain bullet has a muzzle velocity of 2785 foot seconds and a muzzle energy of 2392 foot pounds. With the 175 grain round nosed bullet it has a muzzle velocity of 2300 foot seconds and a muzzle energy of 2056 foot pounds.

The .32 Special Carbine is not very much less effective at 100 yards than a rifle would be, not enough to be worth worrying about. Its principle difficulty is that it is quite a little harder to hold steady for long range shots than the rifle because it does not have the weight in the barrel, but it is undoubtedly much easier to carry.

You can obtain a higher muzzle velocity in the .32 Special by using 32.5 grains of Du Pont No. 16 or 35.6 grs. Hercules 300 which will give you about 2225 foot seconds velocity.

Editor.

The .22 Ross Rifle.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I recently bought a .22 Ross rifle which I find to be very accurate, but it has a very peculiar trigger pull and I would be very

glad if you could tell me a remedy for it.

I have cut off about six inches of the forearm and the result is very pleasing both as to looks and balance.

Another fault I find with this rifle is that the firing pin does not seem to be long enough as sometimes I have to cock and pull the trigger three or four times before it goes off, which makes it useless for any kind of hunting.

I have put an ivory bead front sight (Lyman) on it. What do you think of the rear sight which is sold with the rifle.

Keith Tate.

Lakefield, Ontario.

Reply—Your .22 Ross rifle may misfire due to having an improperly shaped firing pin, a weak main spring or to improperly primed cartridges. Mr. W. A. Brock, London, Ontario, could very likely improve this for you and could fix your trigger pull.

Almost any rifle is worth the price of a good pair of sights. For that reason I have always recommended that riflemen purchase a good pair of sights and apply them themselves so that they can get everything possible out of the rifle.

Editor.

New Dominion Ammunition

In addition to the .280 Ross, the Dominion Cartridge Company have added the following new ammunition to their lists.

.25 Colt Automatic, .30 Mauser, .250 Savage High Power, .280 Ross S.P., .30 Remington (Rimless) S.P., .30 Springfield (Rimless) S.P., .32 Remington (Rimless) S.P., .30 Springfield (Rimless) pointed, .33 Winchester S.P., .35 Remington (Rimless) S.P., .351 Self Loading S.P., New Dominion 30.30 S.P. with muzzle velocity 2187 feet per second.

Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE

I have been asked by a great many people a great many times: How do you tell toadstools and mushrooms apart and make no mistake? Those people are possessed with the idea that toadstools are poisonous and mushrooms are not. Generally the term mushroom is applied to a single species, the common or cultivated sort while all others are classed as toadstools. At the present time a great many students apply the term mushroom to all the higher fungi to which the

common mushroom (*Agaricus Campestris*) belongs, making no distinction whatever between a mushroom and a toadstool. So it matters not whether you employ the term mushroom or toadstool, there are edible and poisonous kinds. There is no single way in which to distinguish the edible from the poisonous mushrooms, the scaly pileus or cap, the absence of the annulus or ring around the stem, the feeling test, the blackening of silver on the presence of the poison cup, all

fail to serve in all cases to distinguish the edible from the poisonous forms. For instance take two plants *Amanita Phalloides*

Close observation however, will reveal characteristics which will surely show them to be two distinct species.



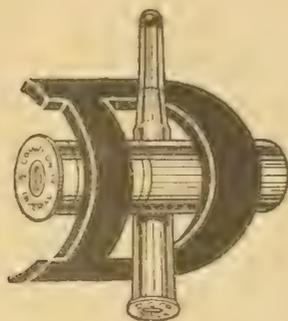
Amanita Phalloides

and *Amanita Caesarea* and viewed carelessly they seem identical but the first mentioned is deadly poisonous while the latter is a splendid mushroom for the table.

Amanita Phalloides.

The plant is deadly poisonous. There are various forms all closely related and they are the most dangerous of the poisonous mush-

Made 147
out of a
possible 150



That's what H. W. Cooley, of Toronto, did at the Galt Tournament with

"Canuck" Shells

In the regular events he made a straight run of one hundred and fourteen, unfinished. In the Merchandise Event, twenty-five straight and twenty-four out of twenty-five Olympic style.

You, too, will get better results if you use "Canuck" Shells—for either trap or game shooting.

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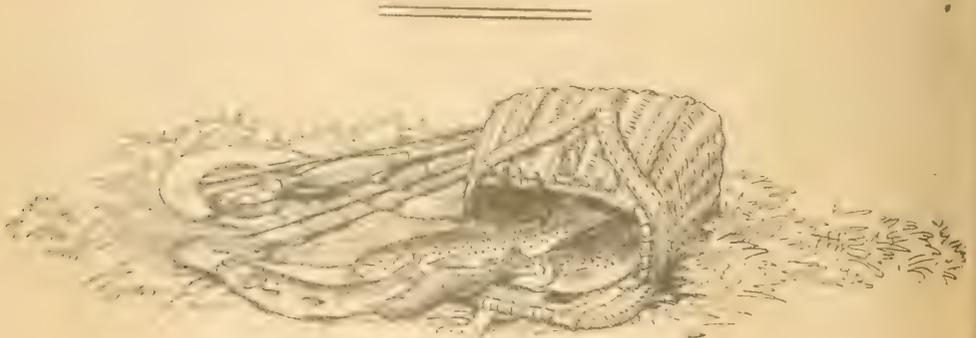
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rooms. This one is known as the deadly amanita. It is pure white in color generally but specimens are found of a yellowish tinge, some are brownish almost an umber color, others are greenish white, others still are olive. There are other variations also such as the surface character of the stem and the way in which the volva or death cup is torn. The volva is a wrapper which encloses the plant completely in its young stage, while at maturity it may be distributed in broken fragments over the cap and base of the stem.

When collecting mushrooms for the table it is of the utmost importance that all parts of the plant should be obtained. If this precaution is not strictly observed even an expert may not be able to identify the specimen through the loss of some part which to most people would seem of little or no consequence. So for this reason mushrooms should never be picked but should be dug up, bearing in mind always never to use any for food unless you are absolutely certain as to what they are. Returning to the specimen under description I will quote Mr. Chestnut's account of phallin the poisonous principle of this mushroom. "The exact chemical nature of this extremely toxic substance is not certainly known, but it is generally conceded to be of an albuminous nature. That it is an extremely deadly poison is shown by the fact that .0015 grain per 2 lbs. weight of the animal is a fatal dose for cats and dogs. It is the active principle of the most deadly of all mushrooms, the Amanita phalloides or death cup fungus." I will also quote again from Mr. Chestnut's account of phallin and its treatment: "The fundamental injury is not due, as in the case of muscarine to a paralysis of the nerves controlling the action of the heart but to a direct effect on the blood corpuscles. These are quickly dissolved by phallin, the blood serum escaping from the blood vessels into the alimentary canal and the whole system being

rapidly drained of its vitality. No bad taste is perceived until the preliminary symptoms begin until nine to fourteen hours after the poisonous mushrooms have been eaten. There is then considerable abdominal pain and there may be cramps in the legs and other nervous phenomena such as convulsions, and even lockjaw or other kinds of tetanic spasms. The pulse is weak, the abdominal pain is rapidly followed by nausea vomiting and extreme diarrhoea, the intestinal discharges assuming the "rice water" condition characteristic of cholera. The latter symptoms are persistently maintained generally without loss of consciousness until death ensues which happens in from two to four days. There is no antidote known by which the effects of phallin can be counteracted. The undigested material, if not already vomited, should however be removed from the stomach by methods similar to those used in cases of poisoning by muscarine the active principle of Amanita muscaria, another species of Amanita.

"After that the remainder of the poison if the amount taken up by the system is not too large, may wear itself out on the blood and the patient recover. It is suggested that this wearing-out process may be assisted by transfusing into the veins blood freshly taken from some warm blooded animal or the depletion of the blood serum might be remedied by similar transfusions of salt and water." The sketch represents the white form and is natural size but they vary from two and a quarter to eight inches high and the cap from slightly over an inch in breadth to four inches and the stem from an eighth to half an inch in thickness. The cap is slimy when moist, smooth orbicular when young expanding to bell shape, then convex and old ones are depressed in the centre and the margin elevated.





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prizes, none less than \$10.00.

Go to the store of a Daylo dealer. Study the picture in the window and write, on a contest blank which the dealer will give you, what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3000.00 in cash. Answers will be judged by the editors of LIFE. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of that prize will be paid to each.

Anyone may enter. There is no cost or obligation of any kind. Submit as many answers as you wish. But do not delay. Get an early look at the picture. Then send in your answers. Contest closes midnight, August 1st.

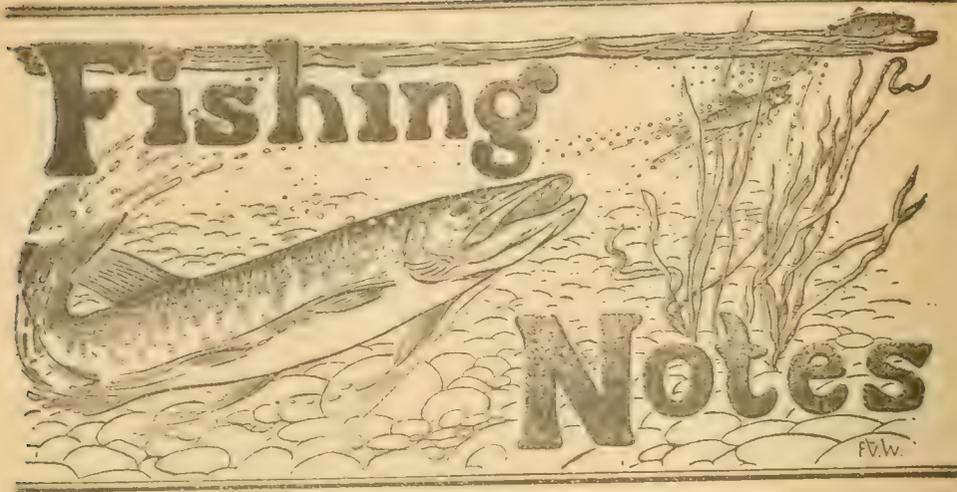
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- 1 First Prize \$3000.00**
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on the window identifies Daylo dealers throughout the country who have contest blanks for you and the new Daylo Contest Picture on Display. If you need new batteries for your flashlight, dealers displaying this sign can furnish you with the best—the long-lived Tungsten Battery.



Wisdom---The Sand Lake Bass

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE full flush of Spring was abroad in the north country. All about and there had lain over that region a blanket of glittering snow, feet deep, and the wild norther had raged madly through the pines, while the wolves lamented to the cold arch of the heavens. It had been a severe winter, as winters go, but the relieving sunlight had come to the world again, and gradually, as though a veil had been lifted, the ermine had disappeared: then the country lay waiting for a time while the rains fell heavy and drenching upon the earth's carpet: the sun came out once more: the alders were budding and the ash-trees took on a delicate cloak of greenery. Now as the spring became an accepted fact the prisoning ice went off the lakes and a month, hastily slipping by, left the world of the north a place of charm, of freshness. The returning birds from the southland were putting in their appearance. A black bear, out of his winter sleep stumbled down to the shores of the lake, weak from his long rest, beset with an over-powering appetite. The pike were now on the verge of spawning. Day in and day out in the shallows they disported themselves, seeming half giddy and intoxicated as their sex passions were awakened. Hither and thither they swam, lolling weakly from side to side; and some, reckless, yet wishing to deposit their spawn inshore as far as possible actually lay splashing on the sands of the beach. The black bear made a clumsy rush on one of these occasions and

returned to the woodline the possessor of an eight pound female dripping with spawn which he greedily devoured with a grunt of satisfaction and was ready for more. Overhead swung the eagle-eyed fish-hawks: darting now and then into the lake with a crashing splash, returning sky-ward as often with their prey held in vise-like claws.

The Sand Lake pike were on the spawning grounds many days. Other fishes too were busy with the duties of reproduction. It had been a successful spawning year. The season had not been backward and the voiding of fish spawn went on without a hitch. The sun-fish, sun-perch, blue-seeds and blue-gills, and the rock bass were in their turn preparing for mating. Later on, with their smooth bellies, and aided by their fins they would brush out small spawn-nests, some but a foot across, and perfectly round. These nests would be cunningly set in the bottom with gravel and pebbles carried in from the outside. They would cast their eggs in these nests and there rear their young: and the anger-permester males would stand guard over each home, with watchful eyes scanning the waters around. Come life, come death—there each male would remain, to watch his off-spring till they would be of a size to care for themselves.

The father and mother of Wisdom, which we call him for want of a better name, the future bass to be, had in those days paid court. There had been some rivalry in the matter,

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but Wisdom's father was a strong, as well as an attractive bass and came away with flying colors; he won his mate by reason of size and fighting ability. After some compromising, the bonds of holy fish matrimony were duly adjusted, in the presence, we may suspect, of a finny Justice of the Peace and the ways of Nature were fulfilled. Wisdom appeared from a tiny round egg as large as the head of a pin. He was burdened down with a round lump upon his breast, the yolk-sac. Upon the contents of this his voracious system derived nourishment to tide him over as he grew. This yolk-sac had veins and pulsed with life. The life of the little fishes at this stage was spent within the spawn-nest which lay in about two feet of water or so, in between some roots. Over the nest hovered the parent fish, his fins trembling with a strange excitement. He was intent upon letting nothing disturb the objects of his creation, and would, if need be, attack the largest muscallonge that swam the waters of Sand Lake—but Sand Lake had never produced a muscallonge that would dare do it. That parent bass would release all his bottled-up energy and would dart upon the intruder. He might die defending his home and children, but he would die fighting.

Wisdom grew quite rapidly: in time the yolk-sac dwindled alarmingly: but one might have noted also the more rounded proportions of the body that fed now so hungrily upon that precious fluid. The little bass mites rose daily, by degrees from the bottom of the nest. As they grew they rose a trifle more but stayed for a time at that level, always sinking to the bottom of the nest when the shadows of night crept over the land. In due course of time they would reach the surface and that would be when the yolk-sac was absorbed and they were ready to fare for themselves.

The brothers and sisters of Wisdom were in varying degrees of health and efficiency: many of them were weak and were undoubtedly destined to give up their lives in the strange battle for existence, that rule of Nature, so fixed and so relentless—the *survival of the fittest*. Some would live, but they were the strongest.

Now as the mites grew they neared the surface, and every day they circled out, edging further and further away from the nest so that the parent fish had a hard time keeping them herded. Wisdom was early an adventurous sort of a fish and he was first of that little family to forage abroad for fare when

the nest had been depleted, and when hunger, a new feeling, set the vitals to aching in the clamor to be appeased. He was among the first to seize the succulent parasites that gyrated through the water in a thousand ludicrous attitudes and postures, and which kept themselves around the stems of the water vegetation. Gradually, others, his brothers and sisters, acquired a taste for this new food and not a day but that they edged further away from the hole, braver and braver though they were driven back time and time again by the parent.

Now a queer thing happened to this little family. Instinctively they had come to rely upon the parent fish above them as their protector. His fluctuating shadow would always lie upon the bottom of the nest, or would shift and be gone as that parent circled to see if there were enemies about, only to return to take up his guard. But one day something strange took place. The little bass mites would no longer stay herded. The parent bass suddenly swooped down upon them and scattered them in all directions, driving them into the weeds and chasing them into the shallows. He had fulfilled his duty in the eyes of Nature. The young must shift for themselves. After this day they were alien to him; he would know them not. He was a barbarian and the very off-spring he had so dutifully reared and guarded *he would fall upon when they could be stalked and greedily devour them.*

The battle for existence of Wisdom now began. Lazily fanning the water one day a pickerel swam inshore near to the young basses. He had noted this swarm of mites and meant to make them his morning meal. He lay perfectly still, only his caudal fin holding his body in position. Scarce discernible, he backed into a cozy, obscure nook and lay in wait. On came the bass minnows, and still on. Then there was a lightning-like action in the water: a living bolt in fins and scales hit their far-from-formidable array and when the water cleared and the pickerel had gulped down a portion of that family, nothing could be seen of the survivors. But Wisdom escaped. Foremost in the crew, he yet was missed by a hair and instantly dived into the thiek of the weeds where he lay half-stricken with fear, his tiny heart palpitating, his whole minute consciousness charged with the demon, Fear. But the pickerel did not again show up, though in the days that followed. Wisdom lay low and was very watchful and ever on the alert.

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You need not come back from a fishing trip with a story about the "big one getting away" if you carry this gaff. For any fish from ½ to 20 pounds. Surer, safer and quicker than a landing net. Reach out, close your hand—he will not tear and can't twist out. Made of polished steel, heavily nickeled—may be locked with points together. 18 in. long, 7½ in. between points. Very strong and durable, \$1.10.

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The handiest tool a sportsman ever carried—small enough to fit the pocket, large enough to cut wood. Vitaly necessary in outdoor life. Nickel-plated spring hinged safety guard folds into handle. Blade is of finest steel, steel handle, 11 inches long, \$3.00—11 inches long, with hickory handle, \$1.75—12 inches long, \$2.00.

Marble's Flexible Rear Sight

Known wherever guns are fired and a universal favorite among both professional and amateur here is a *perfect rear sight*. Stem is not rigid but is held by a strong spring in a *g*—won't break when struck. Spring permits sight to give and instantly brings it back to correct shooting position. Two discs furnished. \$3.60.

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Wisdom soon became aware of one singular fact that stamped itself upon his minute brain. It was an impelling instinct which told him that larger fish prey upon smaller fish, even as he preyed upon the myriads of water beings that clung along the sides of the water vegetation, and which tasted so well and filled one so full of blood and contentment. The guiding hand of instinct led the way and dictated to him more and more the older he became, and though many times set upon by large fish he managed to get away unscathed. He began to know the world of the water now more thoroughly, for daily his experience grew. Above him there was light or there was darkness. When darkness came over the water he subsided into quietude, and rest, lying very still wherever chance found him.

So then again, finally, came winter with its sheet of prisoning ice: the cold of the north again set in, penetrating and bitter in its firm clutch upon all things. With the coming of this season Wisdom found himself growing sluggish, and not at all hungry. It was a period of hibernation. On warmer days he would bestir himself, however, when the gray light of the sun came through the blanket of snow above. The larger, predatory fish then came inshore out of the deep to prey upon the minnows which also bestirred themselves, for then also the parasites, the cyclops, bestirred themselves and the various succulent crustaceans wiggled ever so little to betray their hiding places. On these days instinct dictated an ever-present watchfulness for there was always the pervading fear that intruders, detrimental to his welfare, were in the neighborhood and meant him nothing but harm. Thus the winter strode grimly by and once more to the northern country came spring, the munificent, to spread with lavish hand over all her witcheries: the world became one of greenery, lit up by rejuvenation. The loon shrilled out again his devilish laughter down the far reaches of the lake: the birds arrived: beauty replaced the desolation. With the passing of the ice, Wisdom began to know life from another angle. Experience opened a vast book of knowledge before him. There were nooks and by-ways of the lake he had explored, but there were a thousand others he would like to quest over.

And so the seasons passed.

In later days his greenish body, darkly tinged here and there and having the well-defined stripe down the lateral line, grew beau-

tiful by reason of symmetry and gracefulness. His wide mouth marked him as one of the large-mouthed bass, (*Mycropterus salmoides*). There was something independent about him: some hint of aristocracy, easily discernible, and perhaps, after all it was only the well-proportioned outlines of his body that conveyed this impression. In the upper reaches of the lake he met others of his kind and he was now of such a respectable size as to be free from being set upon by them and devoured. The various large-mouthed denizens lay beside the sunken logs, or deadheads, in clans of from six to ten: they were now arranging to spawn, and were in a spirit of feverish energy: very restless and always moving about, back and forth. Wisdom kept himself well enough away and inspected with careful eye the various domains he entered. On one of these days a thrill of fear crept through him. A great shape passed silently by as he lay there in concealment by a friendly log. It was an immense shape, a great muscallonge that would run in weight well over thirty-five pounds. Wisdom saw him go his way and knew by the look in his evil eyes that the great fellow was preying bent.

Nor alone were the muscallonge the only preying fishes one must needs watch out for. There were also the great northern pike to be taken into consideration, even more menacing in their appearance, and even more treacherous and cannibalistic. In such places, in constant danger of his life, he lived his life of caution. Here he must contend with fish whose hungry lives were kept burning brightly through the smaller fish they devoured. They were the fittest by reason of their proportions, their immense destroying power.

One day while lying beside a deadhead watching and resting, a strange thing happened. The bay where he had ensconced himself was very still—the waters very smooth and unruffled. There stole into the bay a boat. The boat contained fishermen. They were out for a singular purpose and if Wisdom had known he would have been wise. But he did not. All at once as he lay there, came a splash near to hand. The water stilled a trifle and he saw glide by him a beautifully arrayed creature, of blending, merging colors, having all the wonderful hues of the rainbow, but he did not know that it was an artificial minnow with hooks in abundance upon its sides. He saw only the glittering, attractive spinner revolving; and deeply fascinated, his curiosity aroused, he darted forward, struck it and the next moment felt the barb run



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through his lip. He leaped out of the water and viciously shook his head to dislodge the evil creature that held him, winning exclamations of approval from the beings in the boat. But the evil creature would not let go of him. It clung to his lip with a tenacity that boded ill. He plunged and tore about but insistently he was led toward the dark hulk on the water. Nearer and still nearer and suddenly a net encircled him and he was lifted from the water, gasping and wriggling, and flopping. Then a hand grasped him lightly and he was lifted out of the net.

"Husky little fellow, isn't he," said one. "In a few years more he will be a thing to contend with if one is to judge by the fight he just made."

"Every bit of that," responded the other. "You note how he fairly seemed to dance on his tail. I bet he leaped five times. Let him go, George—let him go before he loses his wind."

"Out you go then, little *salmoides* and when we visit you again be here to pay us welcome. May you live to see seven pounds of weight. Goodbye, old top!"

Wisdom with a flutter of fins got his bearings: poised uncertain, hesitating: then with a glad, wavering thrill to feel the water again around him, sped away and still kept on swimming in exultation at the thought of his regained freedom. The sensation had been an extraordinary one to say the very least. By all the laws of instinct and fish observation that gaudy, glittering creature he had seen had been a water parasite of uncomprehended gender and origin: but he knew now, somewhere in his minute brain, that it had been a lie, a fake, a sham, a buncombe, built so to lead him on to destruction. It caused him fear, and instinctively he watched day after day for other such remarkable creatures to appear before him, but saw none. His experience was not repeated for everything he consumed thereafter was first duly inspected and painstakingly mouthed before being swallowed.

The animals of the earth and the fishes of the water, possess, as far as we know, no distinguishing intelligence such as is the divine gift accorded mankind. Fishes and animals possess only an instinct, heightened by contact and example. Possessing not a wonderful intelligence, the mightiest resource at the command of the minor earth beings is instinct, sharpened by constant, often trying, experience. Some blunder, some perilous happening, in which the life was nearly lost, serves to

stamp itself indelibly upon the consciousness, through what agencies, and with what degrees of understanding we can only leave to the imagination. Wisdom had no human intelligence: his instinct was of the ordinary: but he was learning through experience the value of study and example, the things that preyed upon him and which meant him harm.

In the month of July he returned again to the other end of the lake to the tranquil bay where he had fallen foul of the artificial minnow. He was fanning along leisurely in the center of the bay when a sound above, we may suspect, caught his attention. He did not flee, but rested, waiting evidently to see what it was. A shadow fell over the water and then passed. It was a boat, and shortly thereafter there came trailing along obediently after it an apparition that fixed his attention. It was a different looking creature from the artificial he had struck at: it was a spoonhook and to it were fastened long streaming lengths of red yarn. Wisdom watched it and made no move. Barely had the spoon whirled by when there loomed behind it that gigantic shape he had seen in that bay before.

It was the giant muscallonge!

This creature was inordinately attracted to the spoon: he followed it wonderingly after the spoon-hook at first, nipping at the strange wavering lengths of yarn and then with wide open mouth fastened to the whole contrivance. He soon realized his grim mistake, drew back, made a roaring side-sweep, and at the end of a taut line rose to the surface. There began a battle royal that sent the terrified Wisdom far away to his accustomed hiding place, close up on the shallows and the protecting dead-heads. Wisdom never again saw that shape loom up before him. He never again had to fear those grimly suggestive jaws and those penetrating, all-seeing eyes. Somewhere far away in a city, in a certain aristocratic home, in a certain angler's den, that muscallonge hung upon a certain wall on a panel, the final word in the art of taxidermy: and there were yet the flashing, cruel eyes, the well-open jaws, and stretched from the corner of the mouth was a line, and at the line's termination was a certain spoon-hook with short lengths of red yarn upon it!

One day in late spring, when in the full flush of fish maturity came the desire to mate. It was an irresistible impulse that burned in his veins, and his now well-proportioned, energetic body was carried with all the lordly grace and determination of anticipated parenthood.



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He was now mingling promiscuously with his kind. They were courting and pairing off with clocklike regularity. To the intense fascination of Wisdom he found himself in the presence of the fish damsel of his choice. It must have been love at first sight for both Wisdom and the lady found in themselves much to adore. Naturally no talking was done. Wisdom swam up and bowed—at least we so suspect, though this may open to conjecture. Anyhow they thought themselves just the sweetest things and the result was that *they twain* were married and proceeded to make the best of it as fishes will.

The spawn eggs of Wisdom's demure little wife were cast in a belly-brushed out hollow in the sand, and the bottom was studded with pebbles brought in from a short ways off. When the spawn eggs were cast Wisdom followed at her side and ejected over the eggs the precious milt that was to bring animation to them, creating in them, fishes.

After the official spawning Wisdom instinctively took possession of the spawn nest and mounted guard, even as his father had done over him and his brothers and sisters in the past. Wisdom and the mate of his choice were now more than ever joined to companionship. They swam together, hunted together and preyed upon the minnows with all the cunning craft of their kind. In the upper end of the lake, in a secluded bay there was a wilderness of lily-pads. Here Wisdom was wont to lay, lazily fanning the water, watching with careful eye his surroundings, ever on the alert for food in whatever shape the water or the air might choose to afford. On one of these days he was startled by hearing a noise some distance by. He had just risen and had taken an insect, when through the air there came a creature, dropping apparently out of the very heavens, all white, with two red wings. Something back in his inferior consciousness told him it was no insect: for he had never mouthed that kind. He felt an impulse to spring upward for it, but did not. The strange thing fell to the water, slid away from him, throwing two rolls of water up over the red wings—slid by and was out of his reach. Wisdom had not risen to it. Somehow, faintly, he seemed to sense that it was unreal. It was another enemy with sharp things upon it.

In the boat from whence had come the artificial minnow, connected as it was to a soft-braided silk line, a digusted fisherman cast automatically, and finally sat down wiping his perspiring brow.

"No use, George," he said, shifting to another minnow. "I have fished here for years, but I can never remember of having the poor luck I have had this year. The lakes are getting tame. Too many have penetrated into the north, and the fish are becoming wary. Why, *hang it all*, the fish are becoming civilized, *that's* what they are!"

"You are right there," replied the other, taking up the oars to row to another point. "But why, O why don't you shift baits? You know that live bait wins where those dead things, wooden and unreal, will not register a kill. Now suppose you had used a live, kicking, swimming frog over there in the weeds. I suppose you wouldn't have gotten your bass? Why, I know you would have."

"No matter," frowned George, drawing the line tight on another minnow. "I believe just last and all of the time in humane methods. I know what you have said about frogs being cold-blooded and all that—not having the sensitive nerve system and feeling of the human—still it will be a long time before you get me to drive a hook through a frog's head, and cast it around, kicking and wiggling in agony. I have too much respect for that, thank you!"

"Some day you will forget all that trash you have in that copious box of yours and return to live bait as the one and only way of getting them," said the man at the oars, with a friendly laugh. "There are big bass in this lake. People may have come here, but these lakes are yet far from being civilization-ridden. Use live bait, George. use live bait."

Wisdom did not see any more of the artificial minnows that month: but later on, while in company with his mate he was lying alongside of some deadheads when the thing happened. There was a splash in the water and the oddest looking creature he or his mate had ever seen, began to twirl and flounder by. This mysterious thing took to diving, and swimming sideways, and plumping up and down in the manner of a wounded fish. This was another form of artificial minnow, known as the wobbler—and *it* wobbled. Someone invested in scientific observation knew that preying fish are naturally attracted to a minnow or fish that has been disabled, that is wounded. They kill it instantly, not through humanitarian reasons, but because it is more easily procured, without undue exertion. It arouses the blood-lust. Wisdom felt just this pang of desire, but instinctively held aloof. At the time, his mate was lying concealed at the other

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end of the log. When the artificial minnow slipped by her, diving and quartering, plunging up and down, she rose, on the impulse of the moment and struck it hard, with jaws clamping securely upon it. A silk line was jerked taut,—and Wisdom's mate leaped far out of the transparent waters of Sand Lake, and like a bull-dog shook her head to loosen three hooks that had completely fettered her. Followed a battle,—but it was of no use. Wisdom's demure wife never again returned to the waters of Sand Lake.

Just what were Wisdom's feelings none will know. But it served to impress upon its mind, inferior as it was, that one thing: that artificial minnows were by far the most deadly of the creatures of the deep. And, still remembering his own experience, in the actual hands of the fishermen, so now was caution redoubled in him. But he seemed to feel that his mate would return. So he haunted the deadheads where she had left him, but, day succeeding day, and week succeeding week, *still* witnessing no return, finally he gaye up and went his way, a widower in fins. This sudden leavetaking had a serious effect upon Wisdom. It took much of the vim and energy out of him, and in the months before the sheeting over of the lake with a frosty mantle he had become glum and slow-moving. He may have sorrowed: he may have felt the depression, and lack of comradeship that had hitherto been constant. For as all fishermen know, bass run in pairs.

Some seasons slid by and still Wisdom held his place among the inhabitants off Sand Lake: His body was now in perfect trim; beautiful easy going, accomplished broad and corpulent with the wide jaws that told his kind. Upon the scales he would have gone to six and one half pounds, live weight, and in the history of bass weight this is a tempting figure indeed. Each season Wisdom impregnated spawn, fulfilling Nature's set law, but never did he retain a mate after the spawning was completed. When the season for reproduction arrived he would mate, would enact his part, and would then retire to the secluded nooks, going his way like the serene philosopher he was, and taking life much in the manner of one resigned to the inevitable. He was now as wise as they make wise fish. Experience had been a sharp teacher: he had learned. Many times he had seen these artificials but never did he rise to them. In these days of his mature age, however, one of his most pleasing pastimes had been to catch

frogs that were known to live at the water's edge in the upper lake. With all the cautiousness innate in him he would stalk these frogs and with a rush would sometimes catch his equally sly victim.

These frogs had been provided with a coating of scum upon their backs, of such a nature that one might look as much as one willed at the vegetation where they held themselves, and yet, unless they squirmed or moved, so perfectly were they colored to match their surroundings, one would not perceive them. Yet the eyes of the depredating fish caught suspicious moves where human eyes may have been lacking.

Wisdom grew fond of the frog killing pastime, and it was one of his daily pleasures. And therein was contained the factor that contrived his defeat.

One day he was idly fanning about in the bay, and was close in on the shallows. Some moments before he had made a dive for a frog but had failed. Now happened a thing that warmed the cockles of his heart, whatever that might be. No noise had he heard around him. Of that he was sure.

Something fixed his attention. There was moving in the water at the outer edge of the weeds nothing more nor less than a frog, and it was not coated over with the brown, slimy scum of the shore frogs but it was perfectly green, spotted, well-built and meaty morsel of delight. It had just the *whites!* belly. It was even *creamy*: no doubt from the richness of flesh.

In that moment of bewilderment Wisdom did not note that one of the legs had upon it a hook. Or that it trailed a silk line. What he was thinking of just then was that he could use that frog to better advantage than the frog could use him. The spotted fellow started to swim, pushing with its free leg. Wisdom thought it was time to prevent any such thoughtful endeavor. Therefore, he promptly grasped it and swallowed it, body, legs and all. And the next moment—*How-ens alive.*

Some where far away in a city, in a certain aristocratic home, in a certain angler's den there hung, upon a varnished panel, a varnished bass, the final word in the art of taxidermy; and he had his jaws wide open, and his eyes had the glint of warfare in them; and stretched from the corner of the mouth was a line, and at the line's termination was a bass fly, the barb of which held the edge of the mouth.

A man entered the den, bit off the end of a black cigar, lit it thoughtfully, the while he

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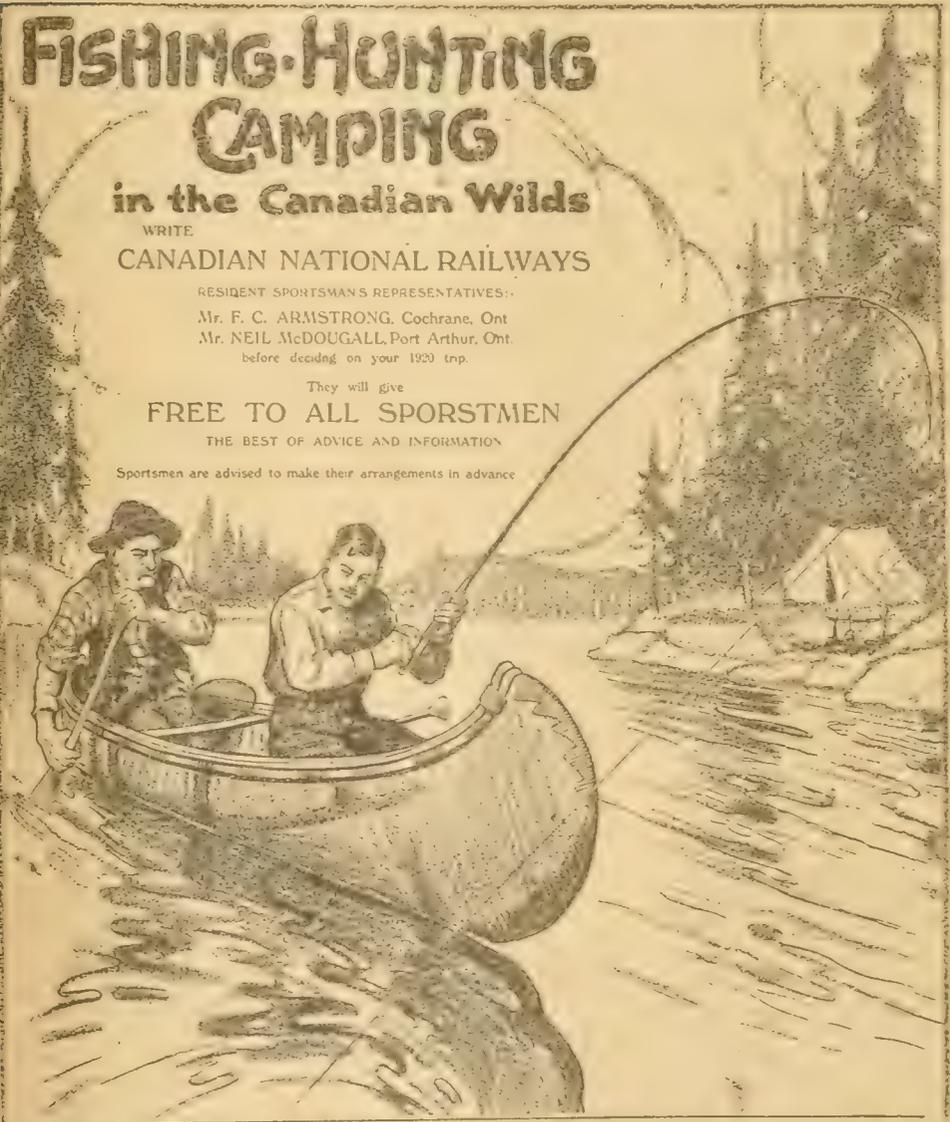
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surveyed the bass upon the panel. Another man entered, and paused, having witnessed the other's appraisal of the fish.

"Live bait, George," he said meaningly, smiling wider than ever. "Live bait: Sand Lake, and all that. Hooked the frog in the leg too. I saw you do it from among the bushes. George—by the way—how did you say you caught that bass when you wrote it up

for that sporting-magazine prize-contest on big fish?"

"Shut up, idiot," replied George, testily. "You know I caught him with the fly-rod, upon the Grizzly-King lead-fly....Beautiful specimen: isn't he? He must have been wise in his day to have escaped baits so long. I wonder!"

Plying a Night Line

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Night fishing for the black bass. It brings to mind many delightful adventures on the waters what time the sun has slipped down behind the western hills and the world of Nature lies wrapped up in quietude. There was a time when night fishing for *Mycropterus salmoides*, the large mouth bass, was quite an unheard of thing, but in modern days, along with many notions that have been dispelled, never again to be given countenance, is the belief that finny brethren are in bed after seven o'clock and that to fish during these hours is an impossibility *first*, and a fruitless adventure *last* of all. However, bass fishing enthusiasts, (and many famous in the piscatorial ranks), are more and more eschewing day fishing for the more pleasurable adventure of testing the quality of the water by night. That great Waltonian sage, Robert H. Davis, manager-in-chief of the Munsey string of magazines forcibly brought night-fishing to my attention, and pointed out why I should thereafter seek my favorite fishing haunts, (in quest of bass), in the hours between six to twelve, midnight. I was—in fact I had been—rather skeptical as to the success of such an venture, but when I read his seductive words I found myself giving way. "I do most of my bass fishing at night," he had said, "and the darker the night, the better, and the more fish I have to my credit. The big ones take the artificial minnow best after dark. I have caught three, four and five-pound fish at night on the lakes where I could never take them over two-and-one-half and three pounds in the daytime. I think these larger bass have an idea that they are protecting the smaller ones under cover of the darkness and for that reason are braver: or else, perhaps, like the human family, the sports are out after sunset!"

Night fishing is an oddity. People are generally of a belief that when the shades of

night have fallen the fish betake themselves to sleep and rest, and while it is true that many fish are lying still, the same cannot be said of the black bass. The members of the species begin to feed at their best after six o'clock, dusk, and they keep up this process till the hour that bridges on the coming day. If the appetite of the black bass is as voracious during these hours of darkness, as during certain days nothing has been said out-of-place. It is a fact. They are coursing up and down the shores, on the alert for food in the shape of minnows and frogs, and any other living thing, of suitable size which they may cram down their capacious maws. The black bass is notoriously a glutton: like-wise is he a barbarian: for he will kill and feast upon the helpless members of his own kind. No doubt the bass feed heavily in the late hours for the reason that they can catch their prey unaware: their approach is unnoticed, where, during the daylight hours they must needs stalk their food or acquire it by means of superior finny speed. It is my opinion, however, that bass feed variously, and that not every night is a choice night on which to ply the line. Undoubtedly they feed voraciously one night: skip the next night; largely in the late afternoon of that day. It is also a fact, I believe, that bass gorge themselves and then lie idle for a day or two. Bass have been found with fish four inches in length in their throats, partly digested, waiting for their stomachs to be emptied before swallowing the rest of their acquired meal. I have also come to believe, from my observations that few, if any, strikes are to be had during the daytime, that night should prove a productive one for using the glowing lures. Or, *vice versa*: if the night fishing in the best covers should fail, the following day should prove a good one. As we study and understand the moods of the

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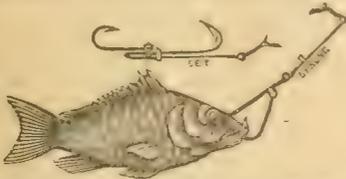
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bass, and other fishes, as regards feeding, and in as we lay our plans in accordance do we have success by means of rod, reel, line and lure.

After a few successes at night fishing one will more and more begin to fish after dusk, discovering, unobtrusively, that the bass strike best at such times. The night fisher escapes the torrid heats of the day that his brother fisherman endured, and uncomfortably lived through. There will now be a coolness on the face of the water. All the mysteries and the witcheries of the world of darkness one will know.

Generally speaking there is one form of lure that is used in night fishing. This type of minnow is an artificial which is coated with a phosphorescent preparation that gives off a ghostly, radiant glow in the water; much the same as the glow of a wet match rubbed on the hand in the dark. Before setting out on the trip for a night on the waters the lure is held to the light of the lamp to absorb needed power to shed luster; two minutes held thus is sufficient, and it will hold its glow through the night. Glowing lures are made in many forms but most of them are of the commotion-making sort. One is made possessed of a coltar in front; when this bait is reeled through the water it creates a boiling disturbance that presumably is meant to imitate a frog swimming in the water. Some of these lures are weedless, others are not. One may be cast into the pads without fear of hitching up to them but the majority must be cast in water that is more or less free from obstructions. Being non-weedless rather expert casting must be the result of one's endeavors or nothing will come of one's night fishing. Nor is it necessary that glowing baits be used. Artificial minnows, white of coloration, work equally as well, which proves the owl-like eyesight of the bass. We do know that the bass sees well during the daylight hours. Whoever has experienced having a bass flash through the water, rushing to take a descending bait, will know that the eyesight of this leading member of the sun-fish family is of no ordinary merit; though its ability at seeing by night is surely the most remarkable of all.

The outfit for night fishing? To say that the rod you use for your daylight fishing is the rod that is suitable for the game of night fishing apparently is neither here nor there. Yet it is a subject we will not discuss in this chapter more than to say the ideal length for the bait casting rod is five and one half feet, for in that length may be contained the demanded timberness toward the tip, which, however,

will not be of the weak sort that are ruinous to one's expectations rather than a reward. The reel for night fishing is another consideration that must very carefully be looked into. The man who is well acquainted with the average sort of a reel—which is a reel without internal governors or bale wires, etc., in front—will have no trouble casting at night. But the same cannot be said of the man unfamiliar with a reel, and especially with night fishing. In the dark he will mis-judge, and his miscalculations will result in that eternal bungle and Chinese puzzle, known as the backlash. For this reason so-called anti-backlash reels have been produced. By their construction they prevent the line from over-running itself, and massing up, which is the foundation of the backlash. Such a reel will prove a blessing to the man who is an amateur and yet would like to try out the witcheries of plying the night line. Nevertheless, even the skilled bait caster must remember that casting in the dark is far more difficult than casting by day. One casts at times in the dark, to reach an unknown mark, where, in the day hours one may accurately note what is before him and cast in accordance, gauging just how much force to put into the rod at the time of the cast, and just when to bear down with the thumb upon the revolving spool to stop its momentum when the bait is shown to be falling to the water. Night fishing by means of rod, reel and the artificial plug near-to demands that one learn the game again from the very beginning; for many an acknowledged expert has found himself wanting when casting among the pads at night.

The joys and fascinations of night fishing are many and varied. We will take a particular night as an example. Supper over we prospect into the contents of the tackle box, seeing too that the desired baits are in their respective places. The lines are tested and the fore-part of each may be severed for a distance of three to six feet from the end. That much of the line has given it to the wear and tear of past casting performances, and to allow the weak portion to remain on the line may be the difference between gaining and losing a fish. The night is calm, and the sky being partially clear there is every hope that the moon will show the way. The trip to the lake is soon accomplished and we get into the boat, one person at the oars and the other to do the casting. We push out and soon the oars are dipping into the water and we glide along to our destination. There is something about night upon the face of the waters that exerts a

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strange influence upon one—a mysterious thrill that remains in the remembrance for a long time. The night sounds are not numerous. In the sky the night hawk veers his arc, and now and then there is a suspicious splash in the water, near to hand, telling of some active fish breaking water to seize some marooned insect, or chasing minnows in the shallows. The *dip, dip, dip* of the oars is the most palpable of the sounds and the splash of the water as the boat cleaves through the dusk before one adds a fine accompaniment. Your pardner's pipe glows in the dark. Never has tobacco smoke seemed so fragrant.

Finally the pads are reached and little if any sound has been made. By the light of the lantern in the boat the glowing lure is pressed into the copper snap and the cast is ready to be made. It is a destructive lure. It makes a boiling disturbance in the water that is so attractive, so irresistible to the bass. And where are you to cast it? Over there in the pads, the serried edges of which you can just make out, there is a certain pocket that has always had a fish in it. Why, you do not know and yet it seems for every time you draw a fish from that storehouse another will take his place. Of course not all the time will you be successful for the big fellows may be out visiting, but on those select occasions your heart may be set to pounding through a greater catch than you have ever linked up with.

The bait, already having absorbed the necessary glow from the home-lamp shows up in the blue-black waters as a strange phantom. How one's heart will pound in anticipation of the catch to be made. Perhaps it will be a large lunker, the finest you have ever taken. Whatever your thoughts you cast for the smooth indentation in the pads, close up to its very edge: *no success*. The bait roils the water nicely. Ghostlike it parades that watery realm, easily to be seen, as you hope, by every six pound bass in the neighborhood. Imagine a fish seeing this ghostlike apparition, how he must be aroused to wonder and curiosity: and how, giving way to the promptings in him, he will sometimes arise and smash that lure hard, with a particular vim, befitting a fish of his caliber.

We have had no luck the first two casts and the boat moves inward to about twenty five feet of the pads. There is another mysterious pocket. Thence the glowing lure is cast, and drops softly right at the place you aimed for. Just dimly you mark the place. And hardly have you started to reel in the line when some-

thing swoops down upon the bait and the savage strike that is the result justifies you in setting the hooks nrm in the mouth of the mysterious one. What a commotion now! *Heavens on earth!*

"Out we go," sings your pardner, swinging the boat craftily, heading for open water to prevent the fish from plunging into the wilderness of the pads.

The line tautens out—with a shattering of the water, the fish breaks through the surface, rising fully a foot into the air. He drops with a splashing crash, then swings in a circle as the hooks show no signs of leaving his mouth: then again he breaks water with a churning sound that somehow causes your heart to sink. For a moment he has gained slack. But no: you gather it up. He is still on, safe and sound.

Where now! He has darted under the boat, but your pardner's skilful work at the oars saves the day, or the night, rather, and finally, your prize worn out, you net him close to the side of the boat.

"Five pounds, if an ounce," gloats your pardner holding the beautiful fake-being in the glow of the lantern. "Five pounds, if an ounce. Lord of all things living, did you ever see a nicer fish... Isn't that a bird? *O my, O my, O my!*"

You humanely sever the spine of the large fellow and lay him away—and presently you are back at your post, your hand gripping the solid cork handgrasp of your rod. As a gently and soothing refrain you hear the oars again invitingly dip the water, while your pardner is eulogizing at length.

"I tell you there is nothing like it. It has all the methods of fishing beat by miles. I guess we will catch four or five more on this shore," etc., etc., But wait!

You have reached a spot where a tiny rivulet flows into the lake and around its mouth as though to accommodate you no pads have been fit to cluster. *What a place!* Here the bass betake themselves, for, as is known to all, rivulets and streams carry down food to the lake and this food the fish lie in wait for. Far inland you cast the lure. And your line has hardly begun to traverse the water in its trip again to the tip of your rod when something pounces with grim determination upon your bait. Pounces is the correct word. Nothing could be more expressive. A black bass to the last inch of him; a true-blooded and born fighter, worthy of all the emulations periodically showered upon the species. Three times he breaks water, but he is doomed and soon the net is slipped under him and another

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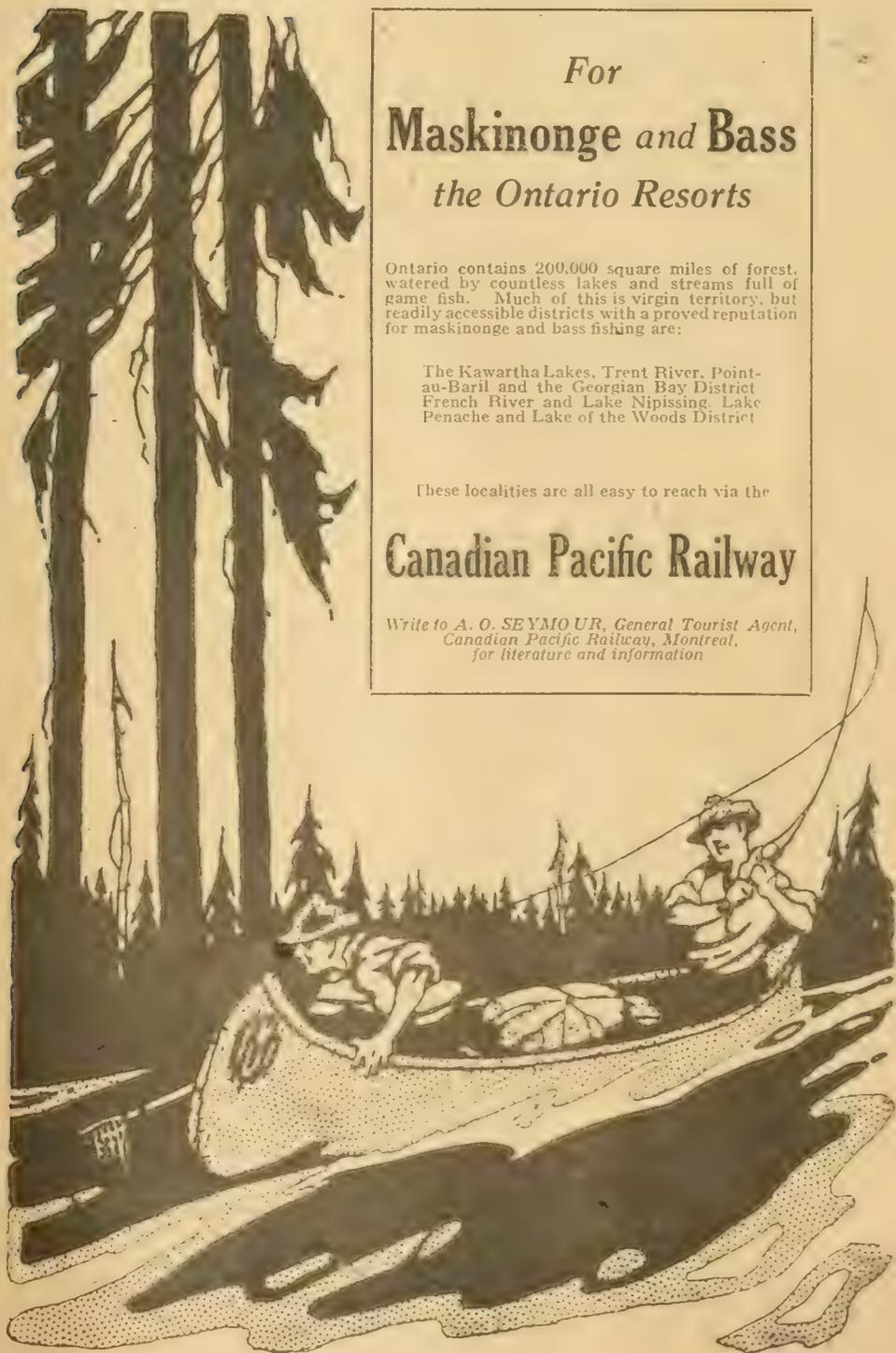
Ontario contains 200,000 square miles of forest, watered by countless lakes and streams full of game fish. Much of this is virgin territory, but readily accessible districts with a proved reputation for maskinonge and bass fishing are:

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sparkling fellow is added to the catch of the night.

Nor alone is bait casting a prominent method of acquiring a mess of black bass during the hours of dusk or of darkness. Fly fishing has proven itself one of the most tempting of all. On warm, muggy nights when the insects crowd the air and fall to the surface of the water the fish will be inshore, rising now and then for them, as they fall to the water and are unable to rise. The face of the lake may be as calm as a mirror. Far out, gigantic fishes rise with a splash that startles the tomb-like silence. Nearer to hand the pumpkin-seed sunfishes are everywhere in evidence and now and then a black bass shows himself.....Just *the time for the fly rod!*

It matters not what sort of a fly you use! any of the standard regulation bass flies will answer. Move along the shore, keeping your eyes alert to what is transpiring. You pursue much the same tactics as the dry-fly angler, by watching for a rising fish. You aim to acquire that fish. You know *that* fish is hungry and is active; he is more likely to be interested in your fly than the non-rising fish, which, after all, eternally remains the mysterious unknown quantity.

Ten feet from shore one has risen, in water

scarcely one and one half feet in depth. You cast the fly so that it lightly hits the surface, and then, to give it the proper animation, a few twitches of the rod are employed. Falling before him thus, of a sudden the bass, on the impulse of the moment, is liable to seize it in one destructive gulp, when the hook is set. Had that same fly fallen to the water in the light of day the bass may have been cautious. He may have witnessed something out-of-place about it, mayhaps. But the dusk, or the dark, is deceiving. Here, he thinks, is the largest insect that has fallen into my grasp tonight and I ought as well make an example of it before I continue on down the shore. Casting the fly to the rising large-mouth bass has such favorable points to it that it bears not only looking into but following up in the most enthusiastic manner. Yet, enhancing as the method may be, comparatively few bass-devotees are aware of it; for while the small-mouth bass eagerly takes the fly, on the other hand it has not appeared as an orthodox method of approaching the large mouth. Yet there is a time when this method will prove the most engaging of all; and that is at dusk, even *into the night—*

And you play to the rising fish. *Mark that!*

The King Bass

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

Where the foam of eddies circle,
In the pool so still and deep,
In the soft light of the morning,
When the world awakes from sleep.

Steal I forth in trepidation,
With my heart in eager beat,
For I know that in the rip-raps,
Lies a bass both strong and fleet.

O'er the big pool I am standing,
Now the reel is safely checked,
On the water falls the hackle,
In a cast that's neatly reeled

Then a movement of the red tip,
With a quiver drifts the fly,
There's a swirl beside the boulder
As the king bass rushes by.

With the glad heart wildly beating,
I am bending o'er the task.

Forth he rises from the pure depths,
Tossing by the water mask.

Jaws distended—red gills gleaming,
As a mad dog shakes his head,
Down he plunges, like a meteor
To the burnished heavens wed!

But again he rises madly,
Till the tackle seems to rend,
Still the barb beneath the good lure,
Answers to the bamboo's bend.

Vainly darts he back and forward,
But the slack is gathered in,
And the king bass of the rip-raps,
Weak, exhausted, cannot win.

Guided forth the net darts to him,
Curved o'erhead the pliant rod,
Thus the lordly one was fettered,
By a fly that was a fraud!

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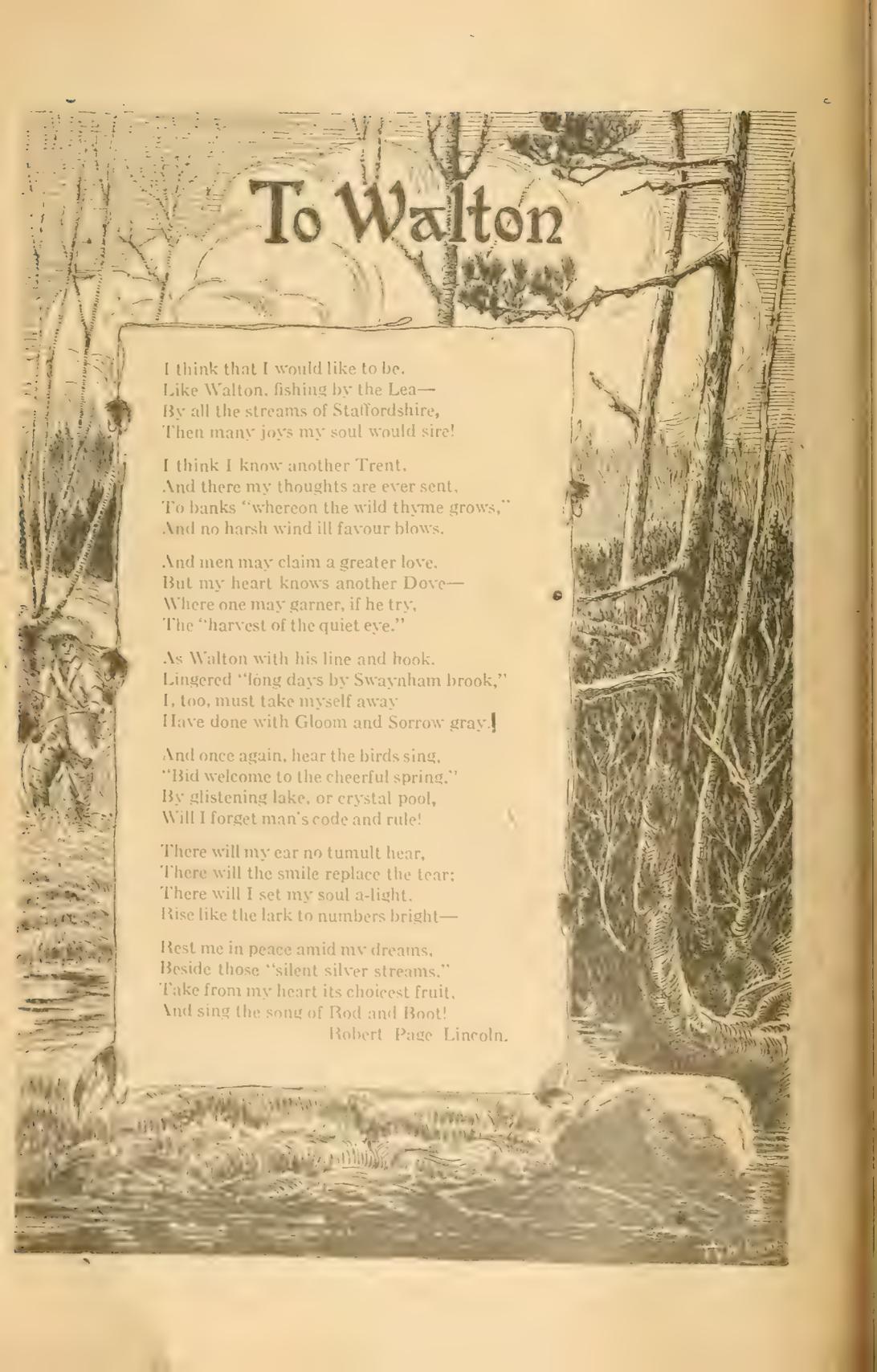
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Robertson Bros. Foot of Bay St. Hamilton



To Walton

I think that I would like to be,
Like Walton, fishing by the Lea—
By all the streams of Staffordshire,
Then many joys my soul would sire!

I think I know another Trent,
And there my thoughts are ever sent,
To banks "whereon the wild thyme grows,"
And no harsh wind ill favour blows.

And men may claim a greater love,
But my heart knows another Dove—
Where one may garner, if he try,
The "harvest of the quiet eye."

As Walton with his line and hook,
Lingered "long days by Swaynham brook,"
I, too, must take myself away
I have done with Gloom and Sorrow gray!

And once again, hear the birds sing,
"Bid welcome to the cheerful spring,"
By glistening lake, or crystal pool,
Will I forget man's code and rule!

There will my ear no tumult hear,
There will the smile replace the tear;
There will I set my soul a-light,
Rise like the lark to numbers bright—

Rest me in peace amid my dreams,
Beside those "silent silver streams."
Take from my heart its choicest fruit,
And sing the song of Rod and Boot!

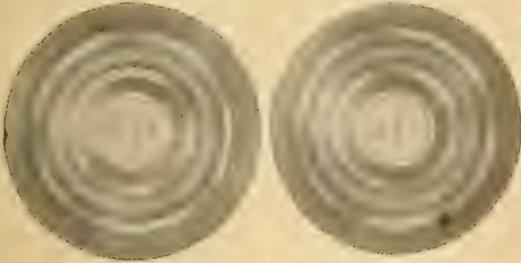
Robert Page Lincoln.

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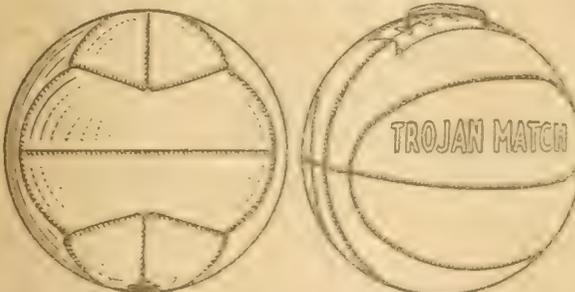
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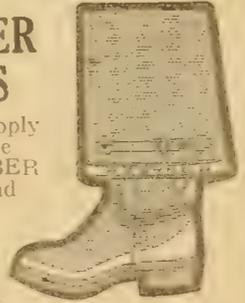
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ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

"Peace and lasting honor to him! Great thanks should we owe him had he never left us any other sentiment than that which he penned down when he heard the nightingale singing as he sat angling! "Lord what music hast thou provided for the saints in Heaven when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

So spoke William Hewitt the great English man of letters, at the resting-place of the Father of Angling with due reverence and remembrance for one who had lived a long and fruitful life and who had, in that space of time, glorified the pastime of angling by writing that immortal work, "The Compleat Angler," so-called, the Bible of the Line and Fly Contingent. And this is but one passing reference; hundreds of great men have paid tribute to the man and his gentle deeds; hundreds have read, have been keenly delighted by the work and have spontaneously set down their words of praise in black upon white. The name of Walton is a household word. To the great majority of the people it represents fishing and all that is connected with the sport. No writer, in speaking of fishing is content without mentioning the fishermen as being "disciples of Izaak Walton." In this very manner has the name travelled over the globe, as well known in one portion of the world as in another. Walton is synonymous with angling, among all men, and all races.

It is doubtful if the fame of any one man could be greater than that acquired by this world's exponent of the art of angling. Were Walton to rise today perhaps he would register unbelieving and endless surprise to think that his slender volume had risen to one of the most prominent places in the history of literature. And yet this happens to be the case. The Waltonian fame, instead of decreasing in the very least has risen, and will continue to rise in spite of Time or Tide. Rare old volumes of Walton's work now abide under guard in glass cases, only to be looked at and not to be touched. It has been stated that a volume of the first edition of the "Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation," bearing the year stamp of London, 1653, was sold some years ago in the city of New York for the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars. The purchaser of this volume was Mr. George D. Smith. It is said that the highest price received for a copy of that same edition was six thousand dollars, purchased by Piorpont Morgan for his marvellous collection of old works. Other and later editions have sold for prices below the figures named and are always in great demand. Walton released his original MS. for publication early in May of the year 1653, and the first edition made its appearance on the stalls the middle of that month. It was an instantaneous success and sold increasingly from the very start. Walton lived to see



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the book go through five editions. The first edition was as he had written it, without changes; but the second edition had an additional entry, a second part, which was contributed by his adopted son, Charles Cotton, of Beresford Hall, Stafford County, the home of the venerable angler. By linking his name with that of his father, Charles Cotton has gone down to ever-lasting fame, or else perhaps the world would never have known of him. From the time of Walton's death to the present day innumerable editions have been placed on the market. No reign of book production in any one year is apparently considered complete without a new edition of this monumental work. Some of these have been representations of art at its height, both as to style of type, binding and illustrations. Superior art editions of the Compleat Angler command prices as high as ten and fifteen dollars, and some very much more indeed. Cheaper copies have sold for fifty and sixty cents.

Some are prone to believe that the history of fish and fishing begins with Walton, but while we know him as the Father of Angling, the pastime itself is as old as the very hills. Fishing is spoken of very highly in the Bible. Four of Christ's disciples were fishermen—St. Andrew, St. John, St. James and St. Peter. After the passing of Jesus these saints turned to fishing for consolation, and so arose the immortal line: "I go a-fishing!" That fishing was employed in Biblical times both for pleasure and profit we have the proof of the Great Book before us. Says Walton: "Moses, the friend of God, appointed fish to be the chief diet for the best commonwealth that ever yet was. The mightiest feasts have been of fish." The early Greek poets wrote entertainingly about fishing as a recreative pastime; and long before Walton's day many books had appeared in England dedicated to fishing and hunting. In the year 1596 a certain W.G. Fawkenor published his "Hunting and Fishing." Ten years later there appeared, in (1606), "The Booke of Angling and Fishing," by the Reverend Samuel Gardner. Thomas Barker published his, "Art of Angling" in 1651. In 1652 Gervase Markham released his book, "The Young Sportsman's Delight and Instruction in Angling." But even earlier, in England there appeared a book which may be said to be the basis, the foundation of the literature of angling, in our language, at least. This was the "Booke of St. Albans," a treatise of fishing and angling by a woman, Dame Juliana Berners, the exquisite prioress of the Nunnery of St. Albans. This appeared in 1486, and it is

recorded that she put forth another volume in the year 1500 under the title, "Fysshie and Fysshenge," though there is no certainty of this fact. No doubt Walton found his inspiration in the various books at his disposal: both the very old and those comparatively new in his day. The inspiration was parent to the realization of his desire and "The Compleat Angler" was the result. It has been said of Walton that he was a plagiarist; that he helped himself to parts from the works of other writers without due mention. But quotation marks were not in use in those days, and helping oneself to the cream of another's output was not considered an out-of-the-ordinary process. Charles Frederick Holder upholds this by saying: "We are told that the inimitable Walton was a pirate; that he stole from others. In truth, Walton helped himself to everything at hand, as others had done before him, and the result was a strong opinion upon his genius, and the fact that he borrowed from his predecessors has made them famous!"

Of Walton and his life not a great deal is known. The early part of his life is clouded in mystery, and though any number of men have sought to trace the events attached thereto they have not been overly successful. Izaak Walton was born at Stratford, in the parish of St. Mary, August 9, 1593, and died on December 15, 1683, as one delightful old-time writer has stated, "in the ninetieth year of his innocency." There are but fragmentary evidences of his youth. What variety of an education he received or what college or school he derived learning in, we know not. Some time in the late twenties of his life he went to London and there engaged in some work or another; some hold that he kept a store and some aver that he was a wholesale dealer or trader. Sir Herbert Maxwell, however, has stated: "Izaak Walton was born in 1593, a son of a Staffordshire yeoman; as a lad he went to London, and was apprenticed to the ironmongery trade; and as a young man he succeeded so far as to set up for himself in a humble half-shop in Fleet Street." While he was there, something in his manner or conversation, or his personality, attracted Dr. Donne, Dean of St. Paul's; a warm friendship sprang up between them and through Dr. Donne, Walton became acquainted with many persons far superior to him in social standing, several ecclesiastics, Sir Henry Wotton; the diplomatist, Dr. Hales of Eton; all men of mark, either in letters or general intellectual culture. The intimate and permanent friendship—for it was retained in almost every instance—to

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MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world to-day. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up the strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men in his community, simply because he radiates that marvellous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly health can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or restore this same vigor of manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind, the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain,



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which these men admitted the humble iron-monger, indicates, I think, something far above the ordinary in the personality of Izaak Walton.

William Simmons, however has this version of the occupation of Walton, saying: "Walton was a linen merchant on Pater Noster Row, in London and he accumulated a considerable fortune for his day. As appears by his work he spent most of his leisure time in angling, and it is a fair matter for speculation, by psychologists, whether he became a philanthropist by angling or an angler by philanthropy."

However true the above may be, nevertheless later in his life, Walton held small offices in his parish, fulfilling his duties with due care and consideration. Walton, in the year 1624, at the age of thirty-one, married a lady by the name of Rachel Flood. This proved to be a singularly happy union, the two living in Fleet Street, and later in Chancery Lane. The first wife died in 1643, and much overcome by the sudden loss of his constant companion he left London and returned to Staffordshire where he again took up his residence. In turning his back upon London-town he did so with the avowed intention of never again returning to the busy mart. England was torn by internal troubles and upheavals of every ilk and hue. There was religious strife that usually ended in nothing short of murders and beheadings; there were grim court ordeals and whatnot—such a mixture of affairs, in truth, as one would gladly turn from, seeking the holy solitude of the woods and the comforting voices of the "silent silver streams." Had Walton stayed in London perhaps we never may have had the pleasure of reading a work such as his, and he may have faded utterly into oblivion. But, apparently, so great was his relief at finding solace in natural scenes and environments that he thus gave whole souled expression to his thoughts.

"He was sixty years of age when he published the work by which he is most generally known," says Sir Herbert Maxwell, "in May, 1653, a few months before Oliver Cromwell was installed Protector of the Commonwealth. Can we withhold our admiration for that serene intellect, for the philosophic detachment which enabled Walton to devote his mind to collecting materials for "The Compleat Angler; or the Contemplative Man's Recreation" during those furious years when the land rang with the blare of Rupert's trumpets, the tramp and clash of Cromwell's Ironsides and with the din of wrangling Antinomians, Ana-baptists, Fifth-Monarchy men, Quakers, Covenanters,

Presbyterians, and a fine babel of other sects? Yet I would not have you suppose that it was from indifference or pusillanimity that Izaak Walton kept himself aloof from this strife. To a certain extent he did. Nevertheless he was a staunch Royalist, and he suffered for his adherence to that cause, with many others. When the tide ran most strongly against the Monarchy in 1644, he had to give up his shop in Fleet Street, and sold his business at a sacrifice to himself and retired into the country—a loss to himself, but a gain to literature."

After nine years at Staffordshire, engaged in tilling the soil, and angling as a pastime, Walton in 1653, put forth the first edition of "The Compleat Angler." During these nine years his pen had not however, been idle. He wrote exquisite verses and also the lives and doings of men dead or living in his day. Many of these writings are, of course, lost to the world's view as writings will disappear, yet the clean-cut passages of his great work remains to shed its glamour upon the pleasures of angling. There appeared an advertisement of the first edition of his book in the Diurnall, beginning Monday, May 9, 1653, and ending Monday, May 15, 1653. We are told that:

"The Compleat Angler; or, the Contemplative Man's Recreation," being a discourse of Fish and Fishing, not unworthy the perusal of most Anglers, of 18 pence price. Written by Iz. Wa. Also the known play of the Spanish Gipsee: never till now published: Both Printed for Richard Marriot, to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleet Street."

The same advertisement appeared for seven days in the Mercurius Politicus, and elsewhere, proving that the spirit of advertising was abroad even at such an early day. The book was an instantaneous success, which was measured by the fact that the first edition was rather speedily purchased by the public: gauged by book-selling in modern times, Walton's first edition would have been a failure of the worst sort. In that day we are given to believe it was a crowning success. In the second edition was published Walton made many changes, undertook some withdrawals, and added about a third more to the work. At this point, too, Walton called in the help of his adopted son, Charles Cotton, who did up the second part of the work. In Walton's first edition two persons carry on a running dialogue, namely: Piscator and Viator. The second edition eliminates Viator and places Venator there instead. Viator is, however, brought into being again in the



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second part, by Charles Cotton. The second edition of the "The Compleat Angler" was even more successful than the first. Five editions appeared in Walton's day: First, 1653, second, 1655; third, 1661; fourth, 1664; fifth, 1668. The fifth edition remained a finished work, as Walton would have it remain, and all editions, put forth in later days, have been fashioned after this, without changes.

Walton was in no sense of the word a painstaking student of fishes, and, scientifically, his accomplishments may be stated as being practically *nil*. His was no stupendous technical knowledge: he had none of the make-up of the ichthyologist,—above a certain point. Some have argued that he did not know one fish from another. Walton lived in a day when natural history, and all studies along this line, were in their infancy, and much superstitious guesswork and elaborate theories were given due and generous sanction by even the greatest minds of the day. "The Compleat Angler" is simplicity personified: it is Nature wrought with a semi-sentimental touch, but it is not a weak sentiment—it is sentiment expressed by the pen of a genius. It is a fair deposit of kindly observation, and, as one writer stated, it "is full of descriptions, quaint sayings, good humor and sweet patience, all thrown together with careless art, the work of the master that shows no artifice. It teaches the philosophy of him who thirsts not, and hungers not unduly, and is, moreover, full of that choice learning which is not science because it is not truth, neither is it set in order."

No one has accorded Walton more genuine praise than the late Charles Frederick Holder, nor, at the same time has anyone analyzed the Father of Angling so carefully. Says this exquisite writer:

"None of the naturalist's divine curiosity spurred Walton on. He cared nothing for the difference among fish, and never gave them an analysis. He did not know the charr (which he calls the umber) from the grayling, and because the grayling is scarce in Swaynham Brook, if indeed it lives in any brook from Axe-edge to Dudley Green, he does the 'flower of fishes' scant justice. The leather lips and jaws of the tench and bream are simply facts of the hook to him, and give him no suggestion of their common origin or the steps by which they became different species of fish. He is interested in making better fishes out of his despised dace rather than finding out the secrets of their fishy lives. Even of the brooks he loves he tells

us nothing distinctive. There is no pride in their names, nor joy in their geography. For aught he says they may as well be in Arcadia or Arden as in Staffordshire: we only know which they are by poring over a Stafford map, not from any details given us by him who made them famous. This, again, is not the method of the naturalist, who would have us see things as they really are. What concerns Walton is their effect upon him. Again, a naturalist would have left the front and back door of his mind less invitingly open to the quaint sciences of his credulous age. He jots down in all seriousness the intricate theories of learned men who believed most freely that which never was and never could be. Yet he touches these pundits with a hand so deft that one cannot tell whether he believes their words, or, with the next century, laughs at their pretentious nonsense."

Walton looked upon angling as a duty to the soul. He was first and last of all a philosopher, superlatively content with his simple meditations. His was the poet's outlook upon the world: the poet's deathless eye: the poet's world-embracing conception of things. He believed that Nature was God's greatest work, and that it should be admired, and exalted, in accordance. If he exalted angling he did so by first exalting Nature. In angling he found an excuse for being out in the world of running brooks so that he could contemplate all moving things and be enriched in peace and contentment thereby. With kindly wit and grace he says: "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I may judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." His opinion of angling was the very highest. It was to him a truly religious devotion: an art. As he quaintly avers:

"Angling is an art, and an art worth learning: the question is whether you be capable of learning it. For Angling is something like Poetry—men are to be born so. I mean, with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice. But he that hopes to be a good Angler must not only bring a large measure of hope and patience, and a love and propensity to the art itself, but by once having got and practiced it, then doubt not but Angling will prove to be so pleasant that it will prove to be like virtue, a reward to itself." Angling was to him a "cheerer to the spirits, a diverter of sadness, a



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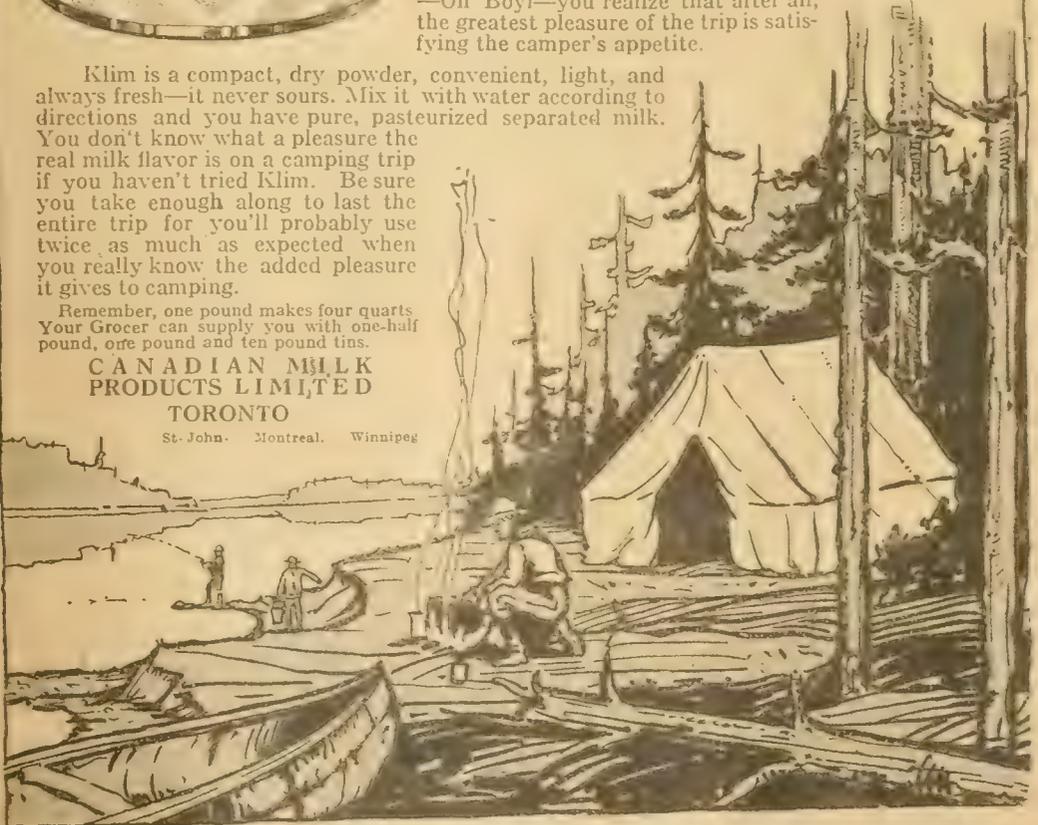
You hang your kettle over the coals, roll a Black Bass in Cornmeal and fry it over the blaze; and then—how good it is to dig that handy pound tin of Klim out of the corner of your kit and know you can have a real camping luxury, four quarts of pure, fresh, separated milk, ready in a moment, simply by whipping the powder into water. You congratulate yourself as you make your camp biscuits, flap-jacks, and cocoa; but when you start that camp supper and you taste the real milk flavor—Oh Boy!—you realize that after all, the greatest pleasure of the trip is satisfying the camper's appetite.

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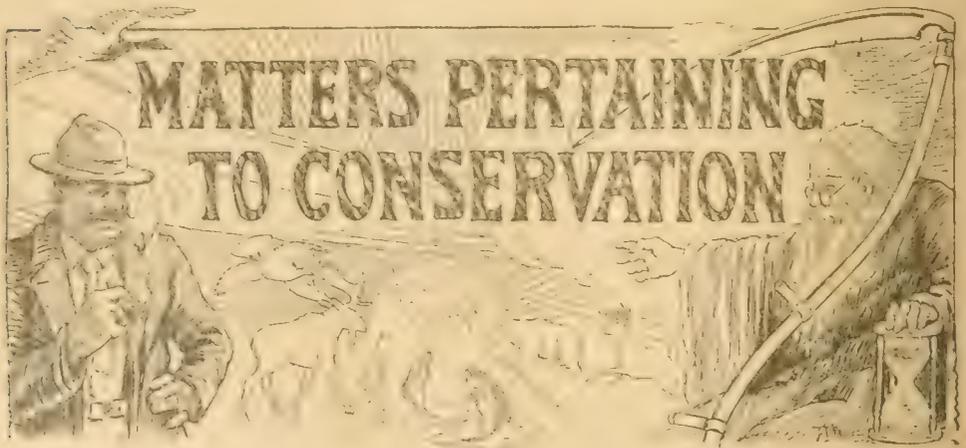
calmer of unquiet thoughts, a moderator of passions, a procurer of contentment." And as he sat on the "primrose banks" of his beloved Swaynham brook he was busily listening and was sure that he heard wafts of the singing from Heaven when the wind was in the right quarter. In all cases he admonishes the angler to be gentle and persevering: to ply the rod faithfully: to be content with the little and hie homeward at night to sleep dreamlessly till the morning's sun. As a rule to anglers he advised them to "be gentle and patient and forbear swearing lest they be heard and catch no fish." Could anything be more tinted with exquisite and admirable humor than such delightful passages!

Strangely enough it has never been advanced as a criticism of Walton, and his work, that his utterances have been accorded far greater merit than they possess: nor has it been committed to print that such praise, as has been accorded him, is the result of exaggeration. One reading of Walton's book results in

another perusal, and so on: its simple beauty, its delightful reflections enliven the imagination: they quicken the spirits and add inspiration to the view when everything seems painfully dull and monotonous.

It is true that Walton brought no science and method to the angling craft. But he has told men of the benefits to be gained by being out along the streams, with eye alert to flowing stream, spreading tree, flowers and blue skies. He has silvered with romance the gentle pursuit of fishing. We can perfectly agree with James Russell Lowell, who has summed up on the Father of Angling by saying:

"What gives him a special and native aroma is that above all he loved the beauty and holiness and the ways of taking and spending life, that makes it wholesome for ourselves and our fellows. His view of the world is not of the wildest, but it is the Delectable Mountains that bound the prospect. Never, surely, was there a more lovable man, nor to whom love found access by more avenues of sympathy!"



Our Fur-Bearing Animals, Their Economic Significance and Future

THE LATE DR. C. GORDON HEWITT

Consulting Zoologist, Commission of Conservation

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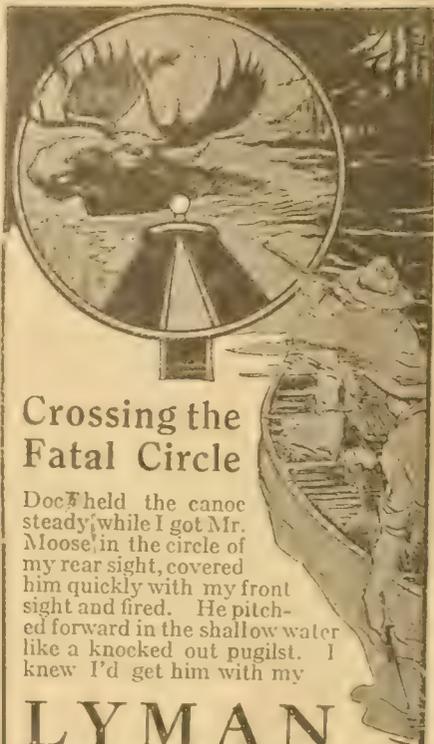
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plains and mountain passes of our unmapped wilderness. Fur trapping and trading was our first industry, and no other occupation has contributed more to the opening up of our vast territory. Notwithstanding the fact that the axe of the settler and lumberman have displaced the trap and the snare, furs still constitute the chief available resource of enormous areas of this country, and the trapping of fur-bearing animals still provides a means of livelihood not only to large numbers of white settlers but to the majority of our native Indian and Eskimo population.

It is desirable, therefore, that we should take advantage of such an opportunity as this Second National Conference on Wild Life Conservation affords to review the present status of our fur-bearing animals, and consider means whereby we may continue to use wisely, one of our valuable natural resources. And it is singularly appropriate that we should meet for this purpose in the city of Montreal. Here the great fur market of the western world was first established in the 17th century. As Canada produces the greater portion of furs of this continent, those engaged in the fur industry of this country are asking: "Why should not Montreal again be the chief fur centre?" An effort is being made to bring this about; we believe that this effort will prove successful. It is our hope that this Conference, at which many matters respecting fur-bearing animals and the fur trade will be discussed, will assist in bringing home to Canadians the importance of the fur industry as a factor of our national commerce and the necessity of conserving our wild fur-bearing animals as well as promoting the propagation of fur-bearing animals in captivity.

In the control and development of any of our resources the first requisite is a thorough appreciation of the present state of that resource. The wise exploitation of our fur resources must be based on biological principles. It has been repeatedly emphasized in the meetings of this Commission that our wild life is the most sensitive to human interference of all our national resources. As fur resources are not inexhaustible, they can only be maintained and utilized through wise conservation. Never in our history has such activity in the fur trade been witnessed as we see today. In spite of the need of public and private economy, the demand for furs, both for legitimate purposes and as luxuries is greater today than ever. Figures will be presented later to show the high prices that are being paid today for furs of all kinds. The result of this great

demand and the prevailing higher prices is an abnormal rate of destruction of fur-bearing animals. Never before in our history have so many men gone in quest of our fur-bearing animals. To the ranks of trained trappers have been added hundreds of men from other occupations, all hunting the bearers of valuable pelts. To anyone with a knowledge of our fur-bearing animals, their abundance and distribution, the results of such excessive hunting and destruction will be obvious, and we must consider, therefore, most seriously the steps that should be taken to prevent undue depletion of what should continue to be a constant source of national trade and wealth.

FACTORS TENDING TO DECREASE THE NUMBERS OF FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

The primary cause of the decrease in the numbers of our fur-bearing animals, is, of course, the zeal of the hunter and trapper. In addition to this obvious cause there are other factors, the adverse effects of which might be checked in some cases if the manner in which they operate were known, assuming, of course, that a sufficient number of individuals of the species concerned are left to propagate.

In the case of the muskrat, which today has assumed a rank as a fur-bearer altogether undreamt of a few years ago, the extension of agriculture and the drainage of swamps and marshes have been responsible for the reduction of the natural haunts of these animals. In view of the present value of muskrat pelts it is a question as will be shown later, whether in many cases the land now drained would not have been financially more profitable as fur farms than under other crops. One of the most serious factors tending to reduce the numbers of many fur-bearers is forest fires. Fire protection, such as is being actively carried out by our governments and by some lumber companies, is an important means of protecting fur-bearers, their haunts and food. All who are interested in conserving our fur-bearers should co-operate with the forest protective agencies.

GAME AND WILD LIFE RESERVES

The fur-bearing animals share with the other wild creatures the advantages that are to be gained by the establishment and maintenance of reservations in which all hunting and trapping is prohibited. In all the provinces of Canada, with the exception of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, such reserves have been established, and the success-

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The late Dr. C. Gordon Hewitt

ful results of such protection of the fur-bearing and other wild animals have been admirably illustrated in our numerous Dominion and Provincial parks, especially in the case of the beaver. The mere establishment of a reserve, however, is not sufficient: it must be followed by a definite policy of maintenance, including the provision of an adequate warden and patrol system. A characteristic of all wild life reserves is their tendency to attract an exceptional number of predatory animals, which, in the interests of the game animals, are undesirable. But, so far as the smaller fur-bearers are concerned, their immigrations into the protected area will benefit neighboring territory by natural increase and spread.

In such reserves, certain of the protected fur-bearers, such as beaver and muskrat, will increase to such an extent as to necessitate a reduction in their numbers. Predatory animals should also be controlled in all wild life reserves. Measures to this end should always be taken by duly authorized officers of the Governments concerned and trapping by private persons for their own profit should not be permitted. Up to the present this policy has been generally adopted, certainly

so far as the Dominion parks are concerned.

The maintenance of well protected natural game reserves will undoubtedly prove to be one of the most effectual means of maintaining a stock of our fur-bearing animals. The gradual development of the country, particularly the extension of lumbering operations, will render the establishment of such reserves as absolute necessity if we are to conserve even a small proportion of our native fur-bearers.

THE BIOLOGY OF OUR FUR-BEARING ANIMALS:

It is not until one investigates what is known with regard to the biology of our fur-bearing animals that the paucity of exact and reliable information regarding the habits, food, and inter-relations of some of the most important of them, particularly the smaller species, is fully understood. It is true that there is an extensive lore concerning these animals, and that trappers and others who have studied their ways for many years preserve a great deal of information that is of practical value regarding their habits, but much of this information is unreliable and is based on inference rather than actual observation or experience. If we are to make the best use of our wild fur-bearers and, at the same time, successfully propagate them in captivity, we have much to learn regarding their food, breeding, and other habits. The failure that has so frequently been experienced in dealing with many of our fur-bearers in captivity, has demonstrated clearly the need of such investigations, which must form the basis of the successful conservation or propagation of our fur-bearing animals.

THE PERIODIC FLUCTUATIONS OF OUR FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

The dependence of the higher upon the lower forms of life is a well-known biological phenomenon. Not only is the abundance of the higher predatory animals dependent upon the abundance of the lower forms upon which they prey, or which may indirectly affect their food supply, but this dependence may result in remarkable periodic fluctuations in the numbers of the predatory forms. In my book on "The Conservation of the Wild Life of Canada," which is now in the press, this important subject is fully discussed, and the extent to which the number of our fur-bearing animals, and consequently the trade in the skins of such animals, fluctuates, is shown by means of statistics courteously furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company. I will therefore



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now refer only briefly to certain of the main conclusions of that study.

The periodic increase and decrease of the common rabbit or varying hare is well known. A study of the fur statistics from 1845 shows an average periodic cycle of 8.5 years. The sudden disappearance of these animals appears to be due to over-crowding, and a consequent epidemic of parasitic diseases. As the rabbit constitutes the chief food of many of the larger fur-bearing animals such as the lynx, fox, or wolf, it is one of the most important factors in determining the abundance of these animals.

The lynx feeds chiefly on the rabbit, although it also devours mice, grouse, ducks, stranded fish, etc. We find that its periods of abundance correspond with those of the rabbit, and when the latter die off in the more northern regions there is an extensive southward migration, not only of lynx but also of other predatory animals, including such birds as the great horned owls and goshawks.

The red fox and its color phases, the cross fox and black or silver fox, exhibit marked periodic cycles, although they are not so pronounced as those of the lynx. If we had records of the years of mouse abundance we should probably find a co-relation between the abundant years of mice and the abundance of foxes, as the latter feed largely upon mice and moles, in addition to rabbits and game birds of various kinds. The statistics show that the different color phases of the fox have a periodic cycle of about 9.5 years.

The white, or Arctic fox, has a shorter periodic cycle, averaging about 4.2 years.

Next to the lynx, the marten shows the most pronounced periodic fluctuations of our fur-bearing animals, and this is probably due again to the dependence of this animal on a rabbit diet supplemented by mice. The statistics from 1827 onward show a periodic fluctuation of the marten in cycles having an average length of 9.5 years. The marten's larger relative, the fisher, displays a marked periodicity in abundance, and from 1840 we find an extraordinary sequence of regular periods having an average length of 9.7 years.

The mink is subject to fairly regular periodic fluctuations, and while the years of maximum abundance lack in precise regularity of certain of the preceding fur-bearers, we find there is a period cycle averaging 9.7 years.

The economic value of a study of these periodic fluctuations is such as to warrant a more careful and intensive study of these phenomena, and especially of the underlying

cause, namely, the food. Particularly do we need research in the biology of the smaller rodents, such as mice, which play a role of great practical importance in relation to the abundance and scarcity of many of our fur-bearing animals.

LEGISLATION GOVERNING OUR FUR-BEARING ANIMALS.

Careful attention has been paid by all the governments concerned to one important aspect regulating the killing of our fur-bearing animals, namely the establishment of close seasons. It is obvious that the conservation of these or any of the species of native mammal, bird or fish depends upon the strict protection of such animals during the breeding season, and provision is now generally made for such protection.

But the enforcement of close seasons during the breeding seasons can only be successful as a means of conserving a species provided there are sufficient breeding animals to perpetuate it. In the case of one species that is easily captured and therefore most susceptible to extermination, namely the beaver, experience has shown that when the animal is seriously reduced in abundance something more than mere protection during the breeding season is needed; there must also be a regulation of the number of animals that may be taken, in other words, a bag limit. This principle is now generally accepted and put into practice in the case of the large game animals. Now it would seem too obvious to require emphasis that, with the exceptional destruction of our fur-bearing animals that is now taking place, we should seriously consider the question as to what extent a limit should be placed upon the numbers of valuable fur-bearers other than beaver, which may be taken. Valuable fur-producing territories will be completely cleaned out unless steps are taken, in the near future, to impose a bag limit. It would seem to us highly desirable and, indeed, necessary that careful account should be taken of the numbers of the different species of fur-bearing animals taken in different localities and, as soon as it is seen that the numbers have diminished to a certain point deemed compatible with the safety of any species, that either the further capture of such species should be prohibited within that territory or a bag limit should be established. Otherwise valuable fur-producing territories will become unproductive.

The proper enforcement of such restrictive regulations will necessitate an improvement of the present methods of obtaining fur statistics. This we will now briefly consider.



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FUR STATISTICS.

No resource can be properly utilized or maintained unless statistics are regularly obtained to indicate the extent to which such resource is being exploited and is further available. No business man would consider it for a moment possible to manage his business without a regular system of stocktaking. Why, then should we continue to exploit our fur resources without obtaining full information each year as to the number of animals that are killed of each species and as to the available supply? Yet this is what in the absence of statistical information is actually taking place over the greater part of the fur producing area of Canada.

At the last meeting of this Commission, an account was given of the excellent policy that has been adopted in the Province of Quebec to regulate the fur trade of that province, and we cannot do better than recommend that a policy along similar lines be adopted throughout the Dominion. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics is endeavouring to obtain reliable statistics regarding the fur trade of Canada, but its efforts are handicapped by the fact that, with the exception of the Province of Quebec, it is compelled to rely on the figures obtained from the fur traders. The inadequacy of such a system of collecting statistics is obvious to everyone acquainted with the methods by which furs are marketed by the average trapper who may ship his furs to a buyer either in Canada or in the United States. These buyers or traders buy from each other, and thus the difficulty is increased. The only reliable means of obtaining statistics of the number of furs taken is to secure them from the trapper or hunter who takes the furs. In most of the provinces resident trappers or hunters are not required to take out licenses. A satisfactory method of obtaining accurate returns is to require all persons engaged in the capture of fur-bearing animals to take out a license and to furnish returns as to the number of animals taken under such license. The imposition of a royalty on all furs taken serves as an additional means for obtaining the statistics required, apart from the fact that it furnishes an excellent source of revenue. This policy of licensing trappers and hunters has been adopted by the Dominion Government for the Northwest Territories, and it is expected, as a result, that we shall be able to obtain reliable statistics as to the numbers of furs taken in those territories. We would urge those provincial governments which have

not already adopted this policy to amend their legislation to provide for the licensing of resident, in addition to non-resident, trappers and hunters of fur-bearing animals as a means of regulating and conserving this important resource. The Dominion Bureau of Statistics is anxious to co-operate in every possible way with the provincial governments in collecting statistical information respecting our fur-bearing animals.

THE FUR TRADE.

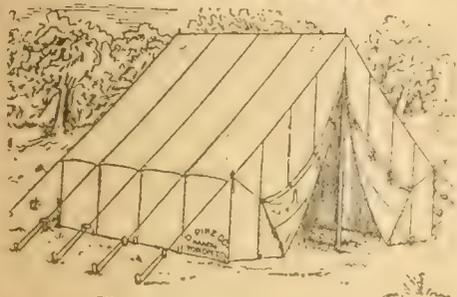
This subject will be discussed by others more qualified than I am to deal with the commercial aspect of our fur resources. Up to the present this side of our topic has been the sole consideration of practically all who have been connected with the fur industry, and the biological aspect of the question has received little attention. Therefore, while it is one of our objects to direct attention to the needs of our fur-bearing animals, it may not be out of place to refer briefly to some of the significant features of the fur trade.

With the exception of those who are actually engaged in the fur trade, few people have any idea as to its extent, and the lack of accurate statistics on the subject is responsible to not a little extent for this ignorance. The fur exports of undressed furs for the year ending March 31st., 1919, according to the latest figures I have available, were valued at \$13,499,431 as compared with \$2,726,961 in 1914-15. This increase is due not only to an increase in the number of furs exported but to the increase in value.

Unfortunately, we have no figures as to the quantities of furs taken or exported. A.L. Belden in his "Fur Trade of America" gives some interesting figures regarding the numbers of skins of certain of the chief fur-bearing animals. He states that from 3 to 4 million muskrats, upwards of a million skunks, 400,000 to 700,000 raccoons, and about 100,000 foxes are taken per season.

One of the most significant features in relation to the exploitation and conservation of our fur-bearing animals is the remarkable increase in the value of all furs. This will be made clear by a comparison of present with former prices, and for this purpose I have selected a number of examples from a St. Louis raw fur price list issued in 1879, to compare with prices which are now being offered to trappers for raw furs by one of our leading Canadian fur dealers:

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	St. Louis January 1879.	Toronto Jan. 1920
Mink, No. 1	40 cents	\$13.00 to \$28.00
Raccoon, No. 1	60 cents	\$ 9.00 to \$17.00
Muskrat, winter	12 cents	\$ 3.75 to \$ 5.50
Skunk, black	\$1.25	\$ 5.75 to \$11.00
Wild cat	10 to 25 cents (lynx)	\$20.00 to \$55.00
Wolf prairie	85 cents	\$12.00 to \$32.00
Beaver, large	\$2.50	\$20.00 to \$50.00
Marten, large and dark	\$5.00	\$50.00 to \$85.00
Red Fox	75 cents	\$14.00 to \$15.00
Bear, black	\$5.00	\$15.00 to \$32.00

350 New York Auction Sales, Feb. 1920.

Is it surprising in view of the present incentive which has created by such high prices to find that our fur-bearing animals are being hunted with a zeal and to an extent that can have but one outcome? Such persistent hunting and trapping by large numbers of men, other than those who have been accustomed to engage in such work, means a serious depletion of our fur-bearers and their extermination in all regions that are comparatively accessible. With the exception of beaver there is no limit to this killing except the availability of the supply.

The history of the fur trade in Canada is bound up with the history and exploration of the country, and it is to be regretted that for so many years our furs have been marketed elsewhere, principally in London. The outbreak of the war in 1914 paralyzed the London fur market and led to great activity on the part of the merchants of New York to regain for that city its former place as a fur centre. The London Public Fur Sales ceased, trade with America was checked, there was a sudden decline in the prices of raw furs and a consequent discouragement to trapping. In New York, the Raw Fur Merchants Association and the New York Board of Trade of the Fur Industry had been organized in 1914 before the outbreak of the war but on the cessation of the London Sales and the resultant effect on the fur trade of this continent, the New York Fur Sales Corporation was organized in 1915 with a capital of a million dollars to receive furs from any part of the world and sell them at auction in New York. The first public sale in New York was held in January, 1916, and since that date the success of these auctions has increased to such an extent as to place that city among the leading fur markets of the world.

From August, 1914, to November, 1918, Canadians concentrated their energies on supplying men, money and materials to win the war, and for to supply the needs of our Allies. But with the resumption of peace

time efforts and trade, Canadian fur dealers and merchants have asked: "Why should not Canadian furs be marketed in Canada?" Since Canada is and will become increasingly the chief producer of furs, both of wild animals and of those raised in captivity, on this continent, it is obvious that it will be to our advantage to market such furs in Canada. The Canadian Fur Auction Sales Company, consisting of the leading Canadian fur merchants has been organized recently for the purpose of holding fur auctions in Montreal, and the first of these auctions will be held in a few weeks. It is anticipated that these auctions will become increasingly successful and that Montreal will attain the place it held in the seventeenth century among the leading fur markets of the world.

NEEDS OF THE FUR FARMING INDUSTRY.

It is evident that, in spite of the success that has so far followed the initial efforts to raise fur-bearing animals in captivity particularly in Prince Edward Island, there is a pressing need for information on all matters relating to the successful raising of these animals. The various problems connected with the propagation of fur-bearing animals and particularly foxes will be discussed in subsequent papers which will be read by those who have had practical experience in this work, and I shall not attempt, therefore, to duplicate such information. But there are certain outstanding features to which it will be profitable to refer briefly.

In order that the practice of fur farming may be based on sound scientific lines, it is very necessary that governmental assistance should be given in the direction of establishing one or more experimental fur farms. These would provide the means of studying all the problems with which the uninitiated have to contend, and the securing and dissemination of such information would enable beginners to avoid losses which conduce to wasted effort and



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disappointment. Realizing the importance of such experimental work, the United States Department of Agriculture has established an Experimental Fur Farm in New York State. The Japanese Government has also undertaken fur farming, and I am informed by Mr. Keishi Ishino, the Fur Expert of the Japanese Government, who is now in Canada studying fur farming methods, that the Government, has about 2500 fur-bearers, chiefly red foxes, in captivity. The Dominion Government has already taken steps to assist the fox farming industry by the establishment in Prince Edward Island of an Experimental Station; this station is maintained by the Health of Animals Branch of the Department of Agriculture. The investigations already carried on by the Health of Animals Branch and the Research Council have demonstrated the special need of investigations on problems of nutrition and diseases as affecting foxes in captivity, and the study of these problems constitute the chief work of the Health of Animals Experimental Station in Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The experimental work that is now being undertaken on the problems affecting the propagation of fur-bearing animals in captivity, however, is confined to one aspect only of the fur-farming industry. This industry is in its infancy, in fact it has hardly been weaned, and before much progress can be made we require a large amount of information regarding the best methods of keeping and breeding our chief native fur-bearing animals in captivity.

The fur industry is capable of unlimited expansion. Our wild fur bearers are being depleted in the more accessible parts of the country, and, so long as high prices for skins prevail, the diminution in numbers will continue. Now is the opportunity for farmers and others to start the propagation of the common fur-bearers and thus to extend and place on a sound basis an industry which cannot be otherwise than profitable. Farmers, particularly those living in sections in which native fur-bearing animals were recently to be found or still occur, would find fur-bearing animals a very profitable crop. Our advice would be to start on a small scale, obtain all the information possible concerning the raising of fur-bearing animals in captivity before undertaking this work and make certain that the right kind of environment can be given to the species that it is proposed to rear. There are few sections of Canada in which it is not possible to raise some species of fur-bearer.

The Commission will be very pleased to assist those who desire to obtain information on this question and information on the subject can also be obtained from most of the provincial officers in charge of game protection.

FOX-FARMING.

The pre-eminence of the fox industry of Prince Edward Island is renowned throughout the world and needs neither description nor comment here. Prince Edward Island foxes are being shipped to Europe and Japan and are forming the basis of fox ranches in the more northern portions of the United States from the New England States to Minnesota. The conspicuous success of the fox ranchers in Prince Edward Island is apt to divert attention from the fact that fox farming is being profitably undertaken in other provinces of Canada, and particularly in New Brunswick and Quebec.

As a result of our enquiries we find that in New Brunswick there are a number of successful fox ranchers; we have a census of seventeen of these ranches, containing altogether 483 pairs of foxes, and it is estimated that there are about 600 pairs of foxes in that province. We are informed that one of these ranches started in 1913 with three pairs of foxes for which the owners paid \$9,000, \$9,500 and \$10,000 per pair respectively. This ranch was established at a total cost of \$33,000. Since its establishment, \$20,000 have been expended in upkeep and dividends to the amount of almost \$50,000 have been paid. Starting with 10 pens of foxes they have 80 pens and from the original 3 pairs of foxes they have 30 pairs of breeding foxes for 1920. In the Province of Quebec there are a number of successful fur ranchers, including the well known ranch of Holt, Renfrew, Limited, and the Quebec government is endeavouring to promote the fur-farming industry in the province. We have the addresses of the licensed fur-farmers in Ontario. In Manitoba we know of only one fur farm, which is situated about 12 miles north of Winnipeg and contains about 90 silver black foxes of Prince Edward Island stock. A silver fox farm has been established at Regina, Saskatchewan, and it contains about sixty foxes. We have been furnished with the names and addresses of nine persons engaged in fur farming in Alberta. There are also a number of fur farmers in British Columbia.

From the foregoing, it will be seen that fur-farming has already made a substantial start throughout Canada and, in view of the profitable nature of the industry it is safe to

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MUSKRAT-FARMING.

The present high prices that are being obtained for muskrat skins have given a new aspect to the question of utilizing marshes which are not required for agricultural purposes and are suitable for the propagation of muskrats. Until recently the expense of protecting muskrat preserves hardly rendered muskrat farming a profitable source of revenue, but such preserves should now, under proper management, yield satisfactory profits. There are very many regions in Canada where muskrat farming could be successfully developed without much outlay and with excellent financial results.

In many sections of the United States muskrat farming is proving to be very profitable. Lantz states that the muskrat industry has reached a high state of development on the eastern shore of Maryland. Formerly the extensive marshes of Dorchester county in that state were considered to be almost useless, but with the increased value of furs, many of these marshes, measured by actual income, are worth more than cultivated lands in the same vicinity. Trapping privileges are leased, usually on a fifty-fifty basis, and the trappers and owners co-operate in the protection of the marshes from poaching. The owner of a 1300-acre tract of marsh secured over 12,000 muskrats in 1909 and 1910. It was estimated a few years ago that the muskrat industry of Dorchester county brings into the community about \$100,000 annually; to-day that figure is probably doubled.

PURE FUR.

The increased demand for furs, inadequacy of supplies of wild skins to meet this demand and higher prices have led manufacturers to turn their attention to the utilization of the pelts of a number of animals which have not hitherto been regarded as producers of commercial furs. The domestic cat has attained a new dignity; no longer is its lifeless corpse considered fit only for the garbage pile unless it has been deprived of its marketable skin. Rabbit skins no longer rot on the arid plains of Australia, but are cased and exported by thousands to be converted into furs of all kinds, including "seal". Muskrat has long ago attained the rank of "seal", and the ingenuity of the fur manufacturers is such that we may expect unlimited imitations and new kinds of furs in the future.

The conversion of what have hitherto been regarded as worthless skins into furs which

can be used is a highly commendable industry, as well as a very profitable commercial enterprise. But it should not be allowed to affect the sale of the staple kinds of furs or to deceive the public much as the public appears to like to be deceived. It is desirable and, indeed necessary in the interests both of the fur industry and of the consumers that steps should be taken to protect the interests of what is generally known as "pure fur." This fact is becoming recognized and legislation is being anticipated to secure such protection. For example, the state of Minnesota has passed the following regulation.

"No person, firm or corporation shall sell or offer for sale any garment or article of wearing apparel composed of either in whole or in part from the fur, hide or pelt of any animal under any name, term, trade name or other designation other than the correct name of the animal from which the said fur, hide or pelt was removed."

On account of the extent to which the misnaming of furs offered for sale in England was being carried on, the London Chamber of Commerce gave notice that misleading names were not to be used and that offenders of this rule would be prosecuted.

We would recommend the more general enactment and improvement of such legislation. The following examples taken from Jones's "Fur Farming in Canada," published by the Commission of Conservation, indicate some of the changes in name which furs undergo in the hands of the manufacturers:

Goat, when treated and dyed, becomes bear of various kinds or leopard.

Hare, when dyed, becomes sable or fox.

Woodchuck or marmot, dyed, becomes skunk, sable or mink.

Muskrat, when treated and dyed, becomes various kinds of seal, mink or sable.

Nutria, a large species of rat, (Coypon) becomes various kinds of seal, beaver or otter.

Rabbit skins become seal, sable, ermine, chinchilla, or musquash.

It is possible to distinguish by microscopical examination the different kinds of hairs of fur-bearing animals and thus to determine whether commercial furs are misnamed. Until recently, however, no very dependable series of criteria for the indubitable identifications of mammal hairs was available. This subject is now being studied particularly by Dr. L. A. Hausman, of Cornell University, and, in a paper on "The Identification of Commercial Fur Hairs" he has described and illustrated the microscopical structure of the

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hairs of fur-bearing animals and has laid the basis for further studies of this important question.

Published in "The Scientific Monthly," Vol. 10, No. 1, pp. 70-78, January, 1920.

In conclusion, it is hoped that this necessarily brief survey of the different questions which are connected with the conservation of our fur-bearing animals, their propagation in

captivity and the utilization of their pelts for commercial purposes, will serve to direct greater attention to the necessity of increasing and systematizing our knowledge of what was originally the most important resource of this country and which will continue to be a resource and the basis of an industry of unlimited possibilities as a producer of national wealth provided its conservation and promotion are based on sound scientific knowledge.



Dog Race at Le Pas, Man.

Breaking the trail for the most of the way and covering the distance in the fast time of 13 hrs. 22 mins. Walter Goyne the Alaskan, won the Dog Derby. Pronteaux was 2nd, Haynes 3rd, and Winterton 4th. Goyne's victory was a big surprise and much money changed hands as a result. Goyne is a cripple, having lost both feet from frost in Alaska some years ago. He used a racing sleigh with runners on a narrow trail, which in itself was a handicap against the light carriages of the

other racers. He was first at Sturgeon Landing first, but left three minutes after Pronteau and rapidly overhauled and passed him. After that he was never headed and pulled into an hour and a half ahead of Pronteau who was 200 yds. ahead of Hays and Winterton. The race was a test of endurance and strength, but developed into a speed contest as well when the victor set a pace too fast for the field on the return trip.

Spring Shows

THE Toronto Kennel Club's spring show April 2nd and 3rd, was a very successful affair. The show was held in a large clean one storey factory building on Dufferin St., near the Canadian National Exhibition entrance, with a street car service from King St. There was plenty of light and room, the only fault to be found was in the small size of the judging ring. There were some 250 dogs benched, making it a 2 point show and of

high quality, in fact some of classes were as good as one would see in any show in America. The attendance was all that was to be expected, showing that the dog game in Canada is going ahead with renewed energy and enthusiasm.

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for Bass or Trout—
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some of the fanciers found fault with his selections, particularly in "Poms" and "Pekeş," still considering the big job he had to do and also the small ring he did very well and there are few people who can judge a whole show of this size and quality and give complete satisfaction. It was apparent and to Mr. Ross's credit that he did his work carefully and conscientiously.

Col. E. F. McFarland, of Toronto, the well known breeder of Bullterriers of years past, judged this breed and it is to be regretted that he did not have a very large entry to go over. This is partly due to the fact that none of the "Charlwood" dogs were shown, owing to the illness and death of Frank Lewis, one of the brothers owning this kennel. However we hear that Walter Lewis now has the kennels going again and shipping his quality terriers to the U. S. as fast as he can produce them.

The first breed on the boards were Mastiffs, there being an entry of a half dozen from the Wingfield Kennels of Chas. Dickenson, Toronto, the only man in America who is maintaining this ancient breed. It was a great and popular win when his Alfgor of Wingfield was judged best Canadian bred dog in show. The other breeds competing in this were Airedales, Wires, Bostons, Cockers and Whip-pets and when one knows what high quality we have here in these breeds the win for Mr. Dickenson who has stuck by the mastiff so long and faithfully, can be appreciated.

The usual lot of Toronto St. Bernards, were shown, all by Ch. Alta, the King and all large ones. Seven Russian wolfhounds were next, some lacking in coat condition and feet. Then a small showing in greyhounds, beagles and whippets. Among the half dozen foxhounds there was one real good one named Shorty, owned by Mr. Archibald and sired by Baldwin's Prompter, sire of the N.Y. winner Heffwin. Shorty went through every class to winners, which the writer was pleased to see, being one he had bred.

Cocker Spaniels had an entry of twenty-eight. In solid color winners dogs was Dr. Campbell's Oakley Jackdaw (black); bitches, Mrs. Worthy's Jenny June. Parti color dogs, Bowerbank's imp. Trey; bitches, Midkiff's Christina.

Next large entry were Airedales with twenty-six. Polam Maxim winners dogs, reserve to Claycliff Tip Top beating his brother C. Colonel whom Offerman placed reserve to Maxim at the C. N. Exhibition show last Sept. I said last fall that C. Tip

Top would make the best terrier, he is a small one like Polam Maxim, all terrier, while C. Colonel is large and going coarse, needs thinning down to show to advantage. Winners, bitches, was Claycliff Beauty, res. Parkton Arlette looking her best, but hardly as good we thought as Claycliff Aviatrix the 3rd placement. We must mention the puppy bitch class of nine entries, seven of which were so good and evenly matched that it took the judge sometime to decide the winners, which eventually went Claycliff Milady 1st; Briar Maxine, by Silver Birch Maxim, 2nd; Almonte Aristocrat by Suncrest Top Note 3rd; Airedale fanciers were pleased with the good showing of the bitch puppy class as it speaks well for the maintenance of the quality in this breed in Canada.

There were a half dozen good Irish terrier dogs. Ch. Mendon Mike taking winners.

Jos. Strachan, sec. C.K.C., showed his imp. pair of natty little Cairn terriers. Mr. Strachan is going in for this breed and I must say they are a nice little dog.

The baker's dozen of wire fox terriers included five of the Strachan string from Montreal, his Ormsby Snow Ball by Ridgeway Dark Boy going to winners dogs, res. to Jos. Russell's Claycliff Corker. Winners bitches to Ormsby Artist Model, res. Ormsby Lu L. i. sister of winning dog.

Smooths winners dogs, Newton's Karswood II, res. Jos. Russell's Peerless Prince, winners bitches, ch. Madison Atlanta, an English bitch owned by Mr. Village of Winnipeg, res. to writers Sale Duchess by Clapton Sensation.

Bull dogs had an entry of thirty, among which were many recent English importations to compete with our good Canadian bred. Winners dogs, Who Goes There by the Heywood Marquis dog Euston Prince and imp by Mr. Malovitz of Montreal who remarked that he thought it the best policy to give \$1000 for one dog that would win rather than for two or three. Res. to Juson's Southport Joffre. Winners bitches a Canadian bred, Princess Pat, res. Hefty Mickey Too, (both over 45 lbs.) Open dogs under 45 lbs., 1st. Southport Joffre; 2nd. Diamond Thornfield Pride; 3rd, Roxton Boy. Over 45 lbs., 1st. Who Goes There; 2nd, Ch. Costers Diamond; 3rd, Failsworth Dark Duke (Charbonnies, Montreal).

Twenty-eight collies, winners dogs to ch. Alstead Aeroplane, his first show appearance in Canada, he having strayed for ten months from the day he arrived in Toronto, res. to



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Campbell Style. Bitches, ch. Quarrybrae Colleen; res. Weston Attraction.

There are a few ardent French Bulldog fanciers in Canada, winners dogs at this show was Henderson's Jacques Fournier, res. Dundee Pourquois Pas.

The twenty-five Bostons were the usual lot seen at our shows. Winners dogs Yankee Speed King (Jos. Gouin, Three Rivers Que.) res. Jackson's Paddy Dee. Bitches, Speed Queen, res. Thomas Betty Roffles. The well known winning Toronto dogs Count Du Cu, Joyce's Prince and Mrs. Ingram's good ones were entered for specials and exhibition only.

Mrs. Wildon of Galt Ont., had a splendid representation from her kennel of Toys, accounting for winners dogs and bitches in Yorkshire Terriers and Toy Poodles.

Among the twenty-eight Poms entered were representatives of Montreal, Cornwall, London, Grimsby, and Vineland, the latter being Mrs. Wylie's. Open dogs, orange or shaded, 5 to 7 lbs., went to the Montreal dog Stormlight of Dara, the Cornwall dog Jumbo 2nd, and Asken War Cloud of Toronto 3rd, Wagbits Lilyhill Model next, then this one took 1st open anyweight or color against one other competitor and Jumbo 1st, Canadian bred in like competition. Limit bitches under 5 lbs., 1st Mrs. Wylie's Cornduk Felicitous, 2d, Somme Frix (Withom Cornwall) open 5 to 7 lbs., 1st Rotherville Mervielle, the above two 1st and 2nd and C. Felicitous 1st open and Canadian bred any color or weight, winners dogs Stormlight of Dard, res. Jumbo, Bitches, Rothervale, Mervielle, res. C. Felicitous.

The only outside "Pike" among the twenty-four benched was Miss La Violette's Priorwood Pansy Pup Shantung of Wongza, which took 3rd and 2nd novice. Mr. Wilson got 1st open 10 lbs, with his imp. Diamond Right Kind and 2nd to Mrs. Redway's Walnut Manikin the good dog Sam Bamford imported last year. However Mr. Eastham's Ten Li was placed above both these in the limit class and went to winners. With 5 to 9 in the bitch classes competition was more interesting. Mrs. Richardson's Nowata Tai Pai took 1st Novice and Limit, 2nd open. Eastham's Doffy of Heartburn getting 2nd Limit, 3rd open. 1st open and winners going to Mrs. Redway's Yuk Son of Ecclessall. Mrs. Redway won best Brace. This lady is one of our latest and most enthusiastic fanciers of Pekingese.

There were only a few entries in each of the several other toy breeds, and three chows.

Three Belgian Sheep dogs were shown, but they looked more like huskies.

In varieties, non sporting, Southport Joffre, 1st, Diamond Thornfield Pride, 2nd, Baron of Lombare, 3rd,

Any var. terrier, Claycliff Ladybird (Airedale) 1st, Belle Mahone, Bullterrier, 2nd; Wycollar Terror (wire) 3rd.

Toys—Card's Ernier de Molta (Maltese) 1st; Yen Li 2nd, Cornduk Felicitous 3rd. This was a much applauded win as all the best and winning toys in the show were entered in this competition.

Puppies—Claycliff Milady 1st; McFadden's Chu Chin 2nd; Cornduk Molly 3rd.

There was a splendid array in the brace class, as follows, Tusons Bulldogs; Harry Wilsons Bulldogs; Russell's Airedales (2nd); Mrs. Wylie's Poms, (1st); Mrs. Card's Maltese (3rd); Redway's Pekes; Eastham's Pekes; Boyd's Collies; Mountain's St. Bernards; Webley's Russian Wolfhounds.

Best in show owned by member T.K.C. Alstead Aeroplane.

Best in show, open.:

1st. Polam Maxim; res. Who Goes There; others competing Alfgor of Wingfield; Alstead Aeroplane; Yankee Speed King; Elmet de Malta.

The many specials were run off Saturday night and Ross was a very weary man, but fortunately there are always lifesavers. Bob started his work on cigarettes, continued with cigars and finished up with his old pipe, we will not say what he had after.

One and all said this was the best spring show yet and why shouldn't it be with the following such officers. Pres. John Kenyon (dean of Toronto fanciers); 1st Vice-Pres. Geo. Ward; 2nd G. C. Briggs, sec. G. McFadden Geo. Ward; 2nd. G. C. Briggs, Sec. G. McFadden.

Ex Com. T. H. Kenyon, Wm. Marr; I. McNaughton, Geo. Ward, Ted Ward, Bert Gwann, G. Briggs Supt., P. Herd, H. Shaw, C. Bowerbank, G. Slieth, I. Bell.

The Guelph Ont. K.C., held a very nice show April 14th and 15th, and while the entry was not as large as the Toronto show, yet the quality was high and some very interesting decisions were handed out, notably the winning of the Airedale Harvey Warlock over Claycliff Colonel and Tip Top and the Boston Count Du Cu over Joyces' Prince. Judge Jack Meadows scoring these two to finally decide which was best. St. Catharines show was held May 5th and 6th; London

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May 11th and 12th; T. Lynn, Port Huron, judge; Brantford May 13th and 14th J. Sturgess, Cleveland, judge; Montreal spring show May 14th and 15th, I. Almore, Montreal, Judges Bostons, Léonard Brumby all terriers and McClure Halley balance. I will describe these shows in detail in next issue.

The following well-known Toronto fanciers leave for a trip to England first part of June, Norman Swire, John Kenyon and Mr. Miller.

Uncle Ted Ward will soon be back with another lot of English dogs. One of the best Bulldogs in England, Dick Chadwick, heretofore always thought unpurchaseable, will soon arrive for a Montreal fancier.

Modern Miracles

We have read a great deal lately of wonderful new advancement in telephony—now we are having brought before us a still more ingenious telephone system. The general public do not know of its existence and yet we find that some of our foremost industries in this country have this system already installed.

Can you imagine sitting down at your desk or walking up and down your private office dictating a letter to your stenographer, ten or fifteen storeys below, with no more effort than if she were sitting beside you. Note also with this wonderful telephone that you do not have to use a receiver, your stenographer's or assistant's voice coming out of a loud speaking device on the front of the instrument. Wait, reader! Do not think that it sounds like a gramophone—it doesn't. By way of experiment the writer closed his eyes and thought the person sitting right beside him. Imagine his surprise when he found that the voice was coming from this wonderful loud speaker. This is all concealed in a very neat looking mahogany or oak cabinet and is only

eleven inches long and six inches deep. It is also possible to talk to more than one person at one time by means of a conference key, so that the president can sit in his office and control the entire organization by the mere throwing of the proper key. Another feature of this system is the flush type transmitter, doing away with the old-fashioned, unsanitary type mouthpiece and the evils that are credited to it.

Not only is this System a boon to the industries of our "great Dominion" but it serves an equal and no less efficient purpose to the professional men and financial institutions here. Furthermore it is adaptable to our home life. Imagine milady sitting in her boudoir and directing the whole household merely by the pressing of a key. The chauffeur's or chef's voice coming out of the device on the side of the instrument, her ladyship never at any time using the receiver.

All of these wonders and more are part of the equipment of Signal Systems of Toronto who handle a splendid line of interior communication instruments.

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The Prentiss-Wabers Stove Co. just bought a large quantity of folding handle aluminum frying pans from the Quartermaster Department, United States Army. These are the army mess kit pans with the cover and will be quite advantageous for they take up very

little room and the cover protects the food from dust and sand when cooking outdoors. It also keeps the food warm on a windy day. The cover can also be used as a plate. This will be part of the regular equipment of the Auto-Kamp-Kook-Kit.



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CONTENTS—Back firing, Blow-back of gas into carburetor, Popping noises, Buzz in coil (other than contact breaker buzz), clatter and grind in gear box, Compression, faulty, Compression, none, Explosions, Irregular or uncertain running, Metallic or puffing noises, Misfires, Resistance slight when operating starting handle, Start, failure to, Steering erratic, Stoppage of engine, Water escapes, Air lock, Batteries, Bearings, Bent axle, Brakes, Carburation, Change Speed gear, Clutch, Coil, Connecting rod or crank shaft broken, Contact breaker (High tension magneto), Contact maker, Knock in bearings generally or in Transmission system, Leaks: Loss of power, Gear, Governor, Hunting, Ignition, Lubrication, Misfires, Muffler trouble, Noise, Overheating, Pipes burst out or fractured, Piston troubles, Popping in carburetor, Pressure leaking (in case of pressure feed) Pre-ignition, Short circuits, Spark plug, Steam bound or air lock, Steering, Supply pipe choked, Timing, Tires, Valves, Valve springs, Water circulation, Wheels.

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REGISTERED TOURNAMENT DATES.

May 31-June 1-2—St. Thomas Gun Club, St. Thomas.
 June 15, 16, 17—St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa.
 June 24-25-26—Canadian Indians, Niagara-on-the-Lake.
 July 1—Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, Que.
 July 8-9—Montreal Gun Club, Montreal.
 July 19—Bob White Gun Club, Niagara Falls.
 August 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4—Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.
 Sept. 15—Jordan Gun Club, Jordan Station, Ont.

OLYMPIC TRIALS

It was decided at a meeting called by the Eastern Canada Trapshooting Association that the trials would be held in all points of Canada for the purpose of selecting a team of six men with two spares in order to go to Antwerp to shoot for Canada. It was decided that the dates for these trials are to be May 8, May 15 and May 22, and that the trials would be held all over Canada on these same dates. The contestants, in order to qualify, must compete on the three different dates, shooting at 100 targets on each date.

For the Ontario trials the following places were chosen:—Toronto Gun Club, May 8; Brantford Gun Club, May 8; Niagara Falls, Ont., May 15; London, Ont., May 15; Hamilton, Ont., May 22; Tillsonburg, Ont., May 22.

All the trials were shot in ten-bird events, gun held between the armpit and hip, two barrels, and not put to the shoulder until the bird was in view. Distance, sixteen and a-quarter yards. Targets thrown a full 50 yards.

Rules Held Up Trials.

The trapshooting Olympic trials have been held up owing to the non-arrival of the rules which will govern the shoot at Antwerp. These rules have finally arrived, but as they are written in French some parts of them are not yet clear.

There are four associations in Canada, as follows: Manitoba and Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and Eastern Canada, which takes in from Fort William to St. John, N.B. The latter association has been divided into three districts—Ontario, in charge of Sam Vance (Tillsonburg), E. J. Marsh (Toronto) and Jack Hunter (Hamilton); Quebec and Ottawa are in charge of O. J. Killam, of St. John. Manitoba and Saskatchewan will be looked after by J. H. Black, of Winnipeg; Alberta by Harry Holmes, of Edmonton, and British Columbia by Dr. Baker, games commissioner, of Vancouver.

Final Trials May 22.

The final trials take place on May 22, and the scores of all the trials will be sent to George Cashmore, secretary of the Eastern Canada Association, when the averages of all the shooters will be compiled. After the averages have been made out, a list of the twenty high men will be sent to the Executive Committee, consisting of the foregoing men mentioned in charge of the different shoots. From these twenty shooters eight will be selected to represent Canada at the Olympic Tournament at Antwerp.

The executive are arranging to meet the financial obligation by charging an entrance fee of \$5 for every hundred targets, which will go towards the fund, as the clubs running the shoots are donating the targets free. Then a number of trapshooting enthusiasts have already forwarded donations to help out the expenses of the team going to Antwerp.

May Compete in England.

Just when the team will sail is not yet decided. They were to have sailed on July 11 on the Scandinavian, but this boat has been cancelled, and now efforts are being made to secure passage on a boat leaving early in July in order that the team will be able to compete in the English championships around July 15. The American team have made arrangements to compete in this tourney.

QUEBEC DATES OF TRAPSHOOTING TRIALS.

Montreal, May 4.—It was announced to-night by officials of the Montreal Gun Club that the local trials would commence in Montreal on the same dates as those to be held in Ontario. The first trials will be held at the Montreal Gun Club's traps at St. Laurent on Saturday, May 8, the second trials will be held at Ottawa on Saturday, May 15; and the final trials will be held at the Montreal Gun Club traps on Saturday, May 15.

As in Ontario and the West, each competitor must shoot at one hundred targets. The competitors will shoot off in squads at St. Laurent on Saturday. Along with the Olympic trials, team matches will be held for the Montreal and Lansdowne cups.

These trophies were won by the Montreal Club from Ottawa on Easter Monday, and Riverside Club shooters have challenged for the trophies. Ottawa may send a team to Montreal to compete.

TORONTO TRIALS.

Toronto, May 9.—An Olympic tryout was held at the Toronto Gun Club on Saturday afternoon. It will be from the scores made by the shooters at these tryouts held throughout the country that the team will be chosen to represent Canada at the Olympic Games.

Every shooter should attend these tryouts and give the same loyal support to the team that will represent Canada as was given to the successful Canadian hockey team.

The first two events on Saturday were held under favourable weather conditions, but the wind got up, and the shooters had some difficult targets to contend with for the balance of the afternoon. R. J. Montgomery of Beamsville was first; W. H. Gooderham of Toronto, second, and J. H. Symmes of Niagara Falls South, third. The scores:—

	Shot at	Broke
W. H. Gooderham, Toronto...	100	90
A. J. Colbourne, Toronto	100	77
J. H. Symmes, Niagara Falls	100	89
H. W. Cooley, Toronto...	100	86
E. F. W. Salisbury, Toronto...	100	71
Geo. L. Vivian, Toronto...	100	78
N. Gooderham, Toronto	100	80
G. Beattie, Hamilton...	100	88
R. J. Montgomery, Beamsville	100	95
D. A. Konkle, Beamsville.	100	77
Geo. Anstie, Toronto.	100	72
Dr. G. G. Jordan, Toronto.....	100	76
Joe Jennings, Toronto.....	100	86

In the handicap trophy event Jeffers, an old field shot, Braden and Smith, tied. In the shoot-off all three tied again. In the third attempt to break the tie Smith and Braden tied. The light was getting bad, and on a toss up Smith won from Braden.

The scores were as follows:—

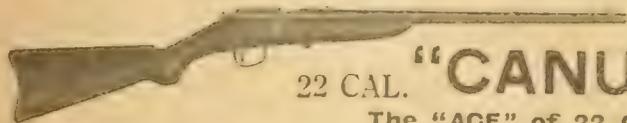
	Shot at	Broke
Rolph...	85	68
McCall...	75	62
Curran...	50	31
Lancing	65	47
Watt...	40	22
Fowler.....	25	13
Turner.....	25	14
Braden...	120	94
Smith...	100	71
Bark...	75	61
Roush	75	51
Howard...	80	68
Jeffers.....	50	31
Hughes.....	50	40
Hutchison.....	60	55
Forster.....	25	21

BRANTFORD TRIALS

Brantford, May 5.—Brantford, Tillsonburg and London trapshooters made the following scores in the Olympic trials here Saturday:

Name	Shot at	Broke
James Vance.....	100	94
A. L. Hart.....	100	91
Al Burke.....	100	89

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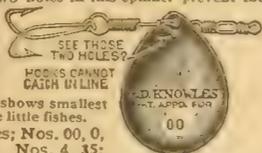
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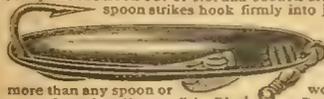
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C. Summerhayes	100	83
W. J. Marshall	100	81
Al Peters	100	79
Fred Kerr	100	72
Colonel Page	100	68
H. Newlands	100	61
E. J. Mabon	10	31
Al Doherty	60	33
J. Summerhayes	30	23
A. McRobb	30	20
P. Mather	20	9
B. Fisher	20	9

Special sweepstake, 25 birds—W. J. Marshall 21, first; Sam Vance and W. Peters tied for second place with 23 each.

Toronto, May 21.—Secretary George H. Cashmore announces that returns have been received from every centre but Edmonton, and on first 200 birds, O J Killam, of St. John, N.B., is leading, having only missed three. J. H. Montgomery, of Beamsville, is second, having missed six birds.

The following are the averages of the Olympic trials of the shoots held on May 8th and 15th, one hundred targets each day:—

	Shot at.	Broke.
O. J. Killam, St. John, N.B.	200	197
J. H. Montgomery, Beamsville, Ont.	200	194
—Carder, Vancouver, B.C.	200	186
Jas. McLaughlin, Halifax	200	184
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg	200	183
—Oliver, Vancouver	200	183
J. W. Hart, Dresden, Ont.	200	182
W. E. Burke, Preston, Ont.	200	182
J. Symms, Niagara Falls, Ont.	200	182
A. R. Baker, Vancouver	200	181
Geo. Beattie, Hamilton, Ont.	200	181
J. H. Black, Winnipeg, Man.	200	179
J. H. Kenyon, Montreal	200	179
J. Vance, Tillsonburg, Ont.	200	177
D. J. Condon, Montreal	200	176
—McIntyre, Vancouver	200	173
T. Westlake, Montreal	200	171
W. H. Berry, St. John, N.B.	200	170
W. Marshall, Galt, Ont.	200	170
B. Murdoch, Montreal	200	169
H. W. Cooley, Toronto, Ont.	200	164
H. Newlands, Galt, Ont.	200	162
D. Kouke, Beamsville	200	161
F. Kerr, Crediton, Ont.	200	161
H. D. Payson, St. John, N.B.	200	159
—Osbourne, Montreal	200	159

GALT GUN CLUB.

Galt, April 30.—"Herb" Cooley of Toronto made a clean-up to-day at the Galt Gun Club's tournament the first held here since the war, when he made the high score in the main event with 117 out of 150, was high man for the long run with 114, tied with four others for first money in the Merchandise event with a perfect run of 25, and was one of the five high in the Olympic trial with 21 out of 25.

To-day's shoot was the most successful ever held here, with 56 entries in the main event. Close scores featured. The day was an ideal one and there was a large crowd on hand. The Canadian Indians, a crack team of ten shots, put up their coveted flag for shooting, allowing the local club to select an all-star team. The result was that the flag which was hoisted on the ground remains here, the Indians losing by four shots, 632 to 688.

Sam Vance, the crack Tillsonburg shot, gave Cooley a close run for first place in the 150-bird shoot with a score of 116. Billy Marshall, a local shot finished third with 113, while Fred Kerr won fourth place with 142. In long runs Cooley had a big lead with 114, Sam Vance second with 91, while C. N. Candee, Toronto, was third with 56.

In the Merchandise event five made perfect score of 25—H. Cooley, Toronto; Billy Marshall, Galt; S. Vance, Tillsonburg; J. McCausland and R. Day of London. The prizes were divided among them. In the Merchandise event J. Symms and G. Runchy, Niagara Falls; E. Edwards, Toronto, and G. Beattie, Hamilton, were high with 21 out of 25.

MARITIME TRIALS.

St. John, N. B., May 16.—The results in the semi-finals in the trapshooting among candidates in the Maritime Provinces for the Olympic team held here Saturday are as follows:—O. J. Killam, 97; J. McLaughlin, Halifax, 94; H. W. Berry 88; H. D. Payson 78. At the trials held here two weeks ago Mr. Killam made a perfect score, Mr. McLaughlin at that time getting 90 out of the 100.

From reports received here Mr. Killam has a 7 per cent. lead over his nearest competitor in the Dominion for a place on the Olympic team.

KILLAM'S RECORD DISCUSSED.

(St. John's Standard.)

Last evening's Times contains the following: Halifax, N. S., May 11.—In connection with the score made by O. J. Killam, in the Olympic trapshooting trial contest at St. John on Saturday, of a long run of 119 targets broken without a miss, H. S. Tolson, secretary of the Dartmouth Rod and Gun Club, in a letter to the press, states that this score does not constitute a Maritime record. Mr. Tolson says that Mr. Killam's score was made under different rules from those recognized by all gun clubs in Canada and the United States. Mr. as he was allowed two shots at the one bird. Mr. Tolson says that J. T. Egan, of Halifax, who, on Thanksgiving Day, 1919, broke ninety birds without a miss, firing one shot only, still holds the Maritime long record for this feat.

Regarding the above, J. Walker Andrews, secretary of the St. John Trapshooting Association, informs The Standard that while Secretary Tolson, of the Dartmouth Club is, correct in his assertion that under Olympic (or English) rules a competitor is allowed a second shot at a flying target (if quick enough, for the bird is visible for only about four seconds) he neglected to mention a more important factor, which is that under the latter rules, the competitor stands farther from the traps, and must carry the gun between hip and armpit until the bird appears, whereas in the standard style of trapshooting the competitor is allowed to have the gun ready at shoulder and can fire immediately upon the appearance of the bird—a very great advantage. All trapshooters agree that the Olympic style is far harder—and therefore Mr. Killam's performance is all the more worthy of recognition. As a matter of fact, shooting Olympic style, Mr. Killam broke 124 out of 125 targets, and later 96 out of a 100, a total of 220 out of 225. It is doubtful if this has ever been equalled in Canada at any style of trapshooting.

Mr. Andrews further states that the St. John Association will be pleased to arrange the Dartmouth Club for a special match between Messrs. Egan of Halifax, and Killam, of St. John, for say 200 targets—100 Olympic and 100 standard—on neutral traps—possibly Truro; and he says that St. John sportsmen will back Mr. Killman to the limit. Since Killam and Egan are warm personal friends, this could no doubt be arranged, and he assures us that as far as Killam is concerned he is willing to shoot for "fun, money, or marbles"—any time, and place.

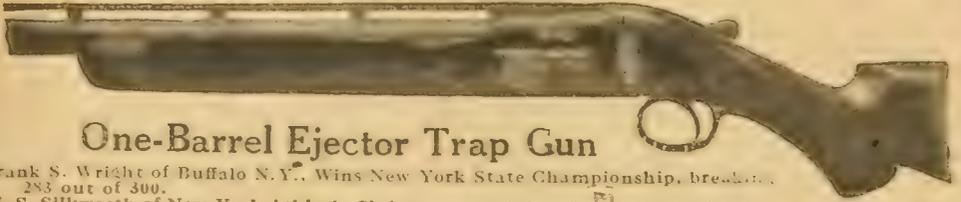
Several friendly and interesting matches have been shot between the two clubs. On Thanksgiving Day, 1919, a team of five St. John men visited the Dartmouth Club, and they brought back the five-man Halifax cup, the two-man Maritime Championship shield, and several other prizes. Mr. Killam was a member of the St. John team, and on that day won the grand aggregate of the Dartmouth Club and he and J. L. McAvity won the shield, which St. John still holds. Later, on January 1st, of this year, our team again visited Dartmouth and again won the five-man team race. The Dartmouth shooters were prepared to give St. John a return match on Good Friday, but owing to the condition of the local trap grounds it was impossible to accommodate them. It is hoped that a friendly rivalry will long continue, and that the Halifax shots will be seen at St. John frequently this summer.

One thing is certain, the sport of trapshooting is making rapid strides in St. John, and from the attitude of the members of the local organization it is evident that they think that in Mr. Killam they have a real champion, and they are prepared to stand by him to the finish. Reference to the all-Canadian scores on the sporting page will show that at present he has a good lead over the field for a place on the Canadian Olympic team.

Two matches of 100 birds each remain to be shot. Here's hoping that St. John gets representation in that great sporting event.



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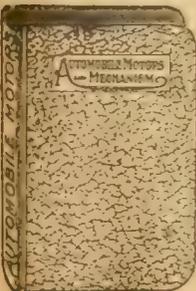
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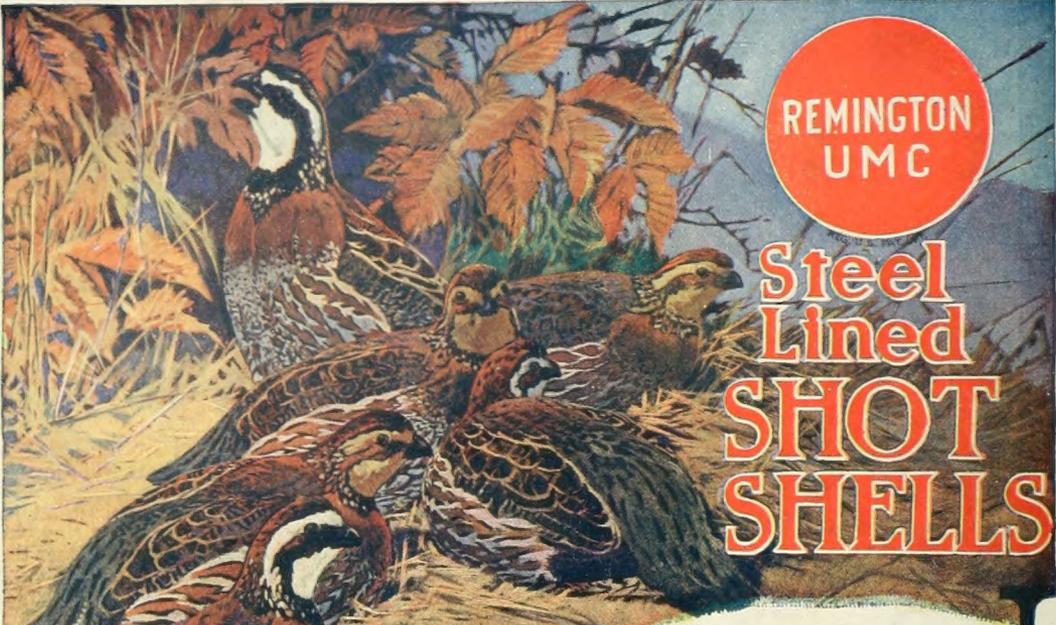
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