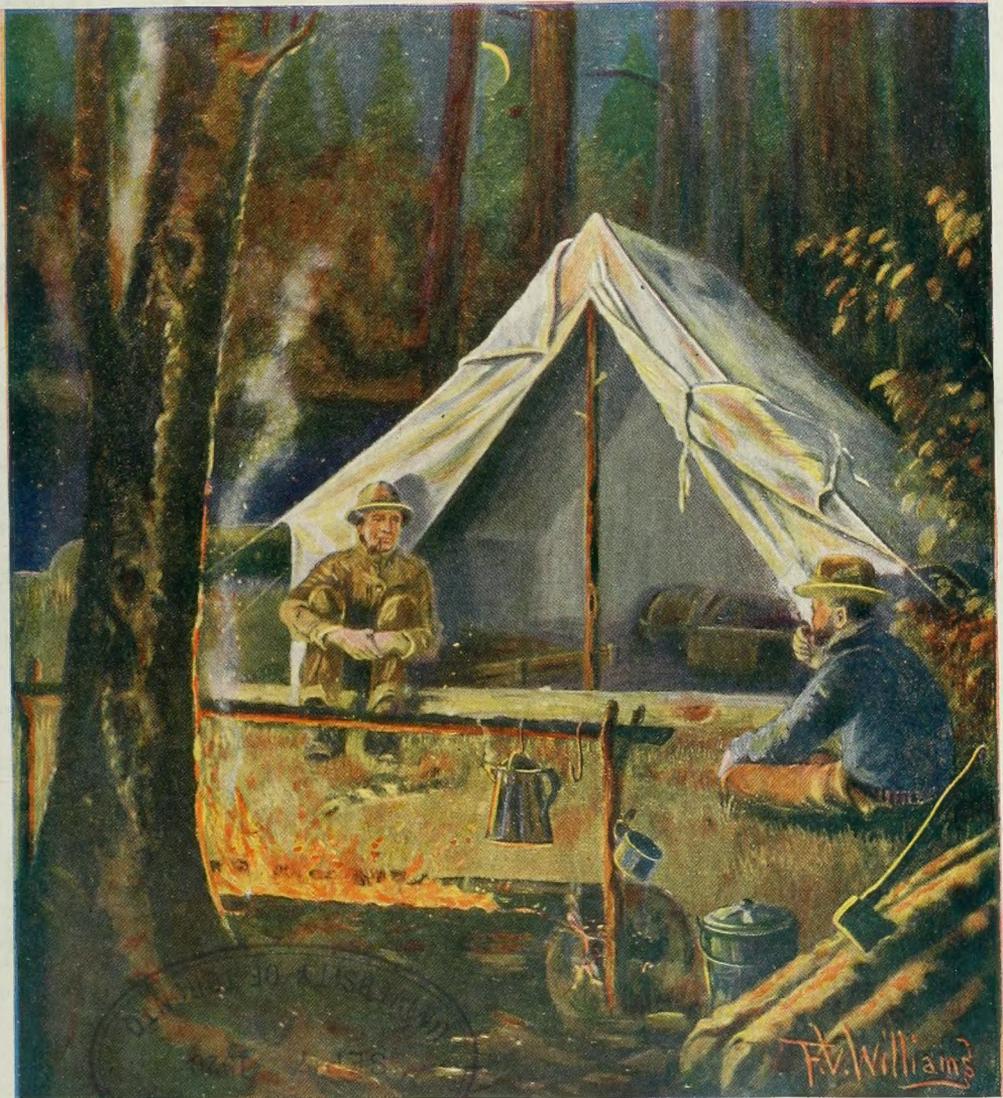


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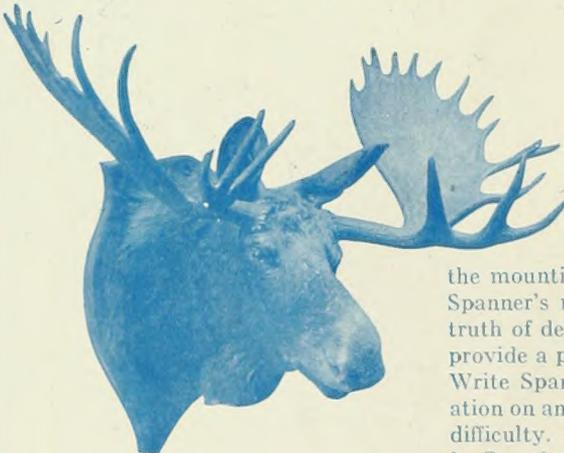


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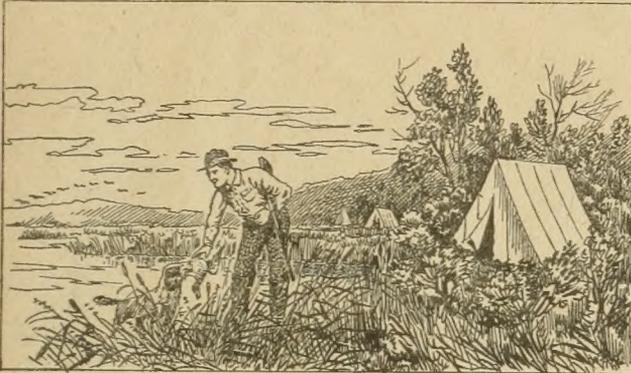
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VOLUME XXII.

NUMBER 4

Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, September, 1920

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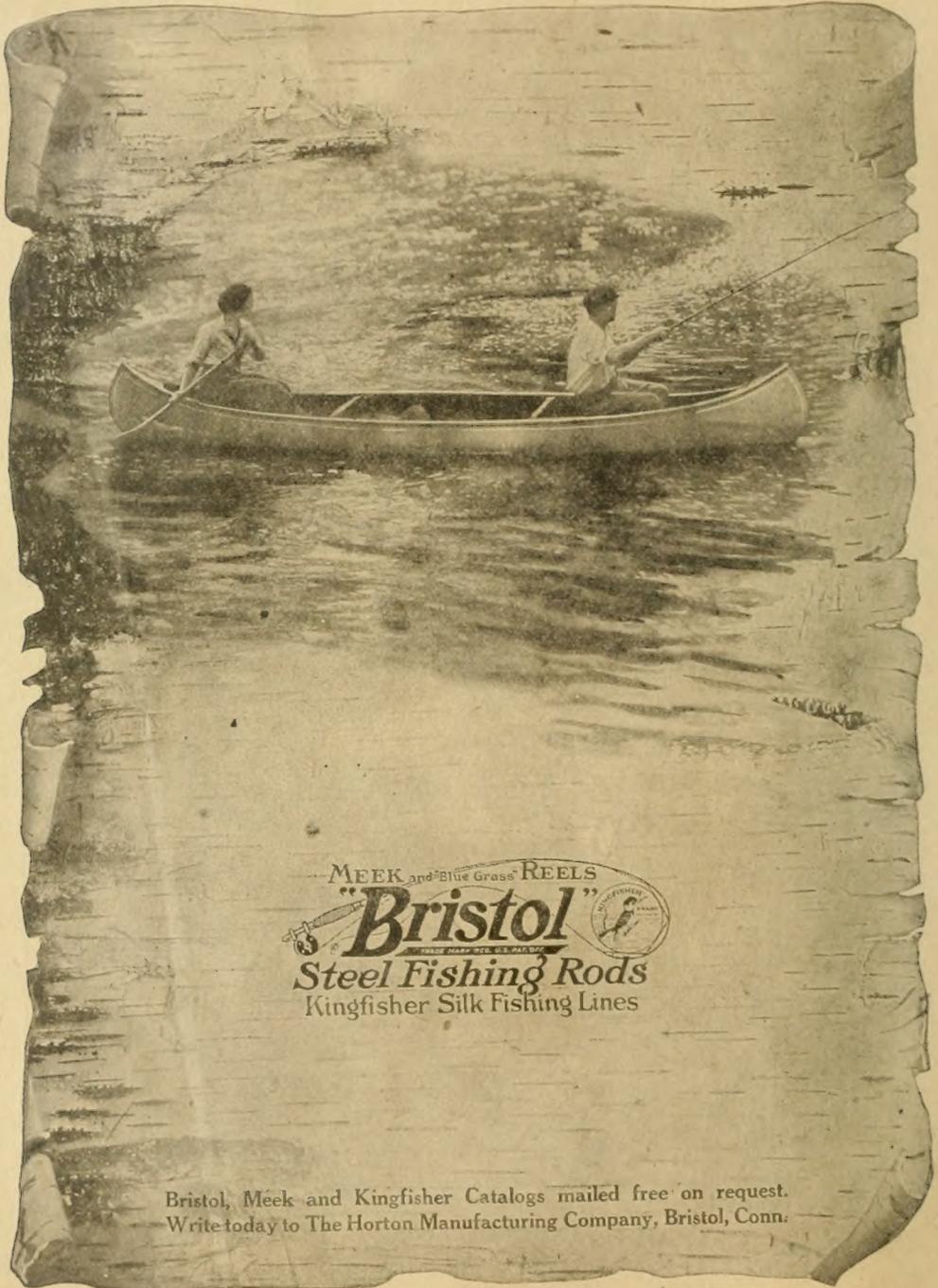
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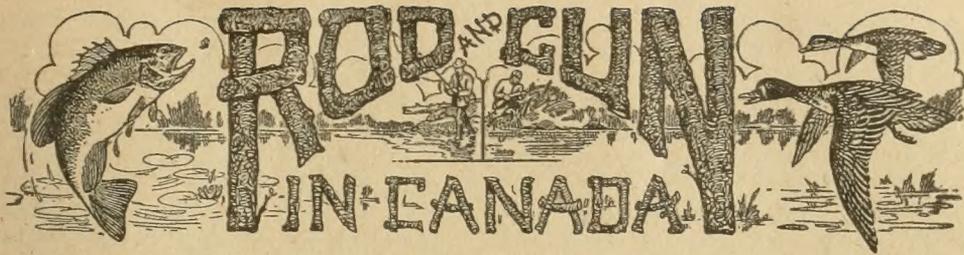
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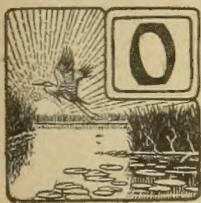
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Waters of Rejoicing

GEORGE GILBERT



OPINIONS were at variance in Ruccastarra Valley on the usual things and emphatically so as to—

Who had the best herd of belted cattle.

Who could pitch the most hay in a fair

working day.

Who could catch the most speckled trout from Ruccastarra Creek.

But everyone agreed that Agnes Varnum was the prettiest girl in the vale and would, what was more important than her prettiness, make a consistent home-body, for she loved to bake, to do all sorts of home tasks and was so wholesome in all her ways and tastes that men turned to her instinctively and women liked her immensely. So of course Agnes had many, many male admirers and enjoyed their admiration sweetly and openly—and impartially. And she was invited to dances, taken out to ride in shiny, rubber-tired buggies and, in time, in large or small motor cars and in other ways permitted and encouraged to queen it to her heart's content. She was too sensible to be spoiled by such attentions and too honest with herself and others to show any real preference for any of her suitors until she was sure of her heart.

Let us take her portrait as she stands in the wide doorway of the Varnum home, that fronts the River Road and has, at the back, the

sweetwater brook purling under the bank at its rear:

About up to a big man's shoulder; eyes a-light with humor and set wide apart; eyes hazel, warm, friendly. Her body, free-moving under its pink-and-white checked gingham, swings in steady rhythm as she sweeps the wide, white-leaded porch and the over-arching Colonial doorway, with its fanlight transom above it, makes a frame for her as she works before it and her coronet braid nods, nods, at each stroke of the broom and the little, merry sun-lances that strike through the elm shade break into shimmering glories as they shiver on the chestnut tones of her coiled wealth of hair. Add to such details the complexion that goes with abounding health, the smooth, easy play of muscles that comes of just enough exercise, nerves non-existent because of her normality—and you have something that—

Here is what Will Ogden once said to her:

"Agnes, you make a man think of home."

"Thanks, Will, for *that* word," she had replied.

Like many another bashful, clean man, Will had not said anything more—to the point—on their stroll home that evening and so—

* * * *

The Varnum house was almost at the valley's end, where Ruccastarra tinkled into the Susquehanna. Beneath the knoll-bank on which the

homestead stood was a pool, hollowed back under some overhanging bed-rock by the age-long churning of the spume, cool water. That pool was almost always counted good for at least one trout of ample size each time the creek was fished.

It was an understood thing in Rucastarra that the trout in the home creek were for home folks. No fish hog applied—over once. If a fair-fishing stranger came and was polite and nice and did not cut pasture fence wires and shut the bars after him, he could come again and would be let alone while he creeded the few trout a stranger could catch in that creek. For the natives did not envy him his small catch, for they knew every springhole under the banks, every root and boulder, each likely spot and could get always a small mess, no matter if a casual fair-fisher did once in a way take minor toll of their stream. Now and then a city club tried to lease the fishing rights, but had no success. Public opinion would not permit it.

At the top of the vale was the quaking bog with the small, but deep and ice-cold, spring-fed pond in its unstable centre and the wild cranberries growing about its upper end and the lady slippers at home in its inchoate, half-formed peat. It was there that the trout, gorgeous, mystic, wonderful, foregathered in the sunny days of late November and deposited their eggs in the neverstill gravel that the springs kept in motion. The pond, by common consent, was sanctuary to all Rucastarra trout. No one fished the pond, or, if they tried to, despite all warning notices against trespassers, the Ogdens, on whose land it was, drove them off.

The Ogden house was of white frame, snug, ample, comfortable. It was set in the middle of the bit of lush, sweet loam, perhaps 10 acres of it. The pond, some brushlots and hard-scrabble pasture that lapped over the hill behind the house, made up the remainder of the Ogden farm.

"Not enough of a farm to be rich on; just big enough to be happy on," old Peter Ogden had said to his wife, Melissa, when he had brought her

there, right after the Civil War when he had homed, a veteran of many battles, to take up anew the burdens of peaceful life.

"And that's big enough for me," Melissa, Peter's wife, had replied, snuggling up against her big husband's side—the one nearest his heart.

From his remark and her answer it is easy to imagine what sort of a man Will Ogden, their son, was—dreamy, quiet, a lover of the pond, the hills, the creek, adept in trouting with the fairly-flung fly. Lover, too, of Solace Green after he came home from fighting the Dons in '98. And she was just what her Christian name implied—a solace to man, pretty, soft in speech and manners, helpful, tactful, a woman to inspire a man to do his best. Their children, in their turn, grew up healthy, red of cheek, with sun-glinted eyes, merry ways, their living all shot through with little tender whimsies of speech and action. Each married and moved away—but one. For, nice as the Ogden farm was, it would not, by sheer farming, support a large, ample brood. Yet no matter how and where the Ogden boys and girls fared—and they fared well, being industrious and persevering—they carried with them laughter, little bursts of song, smiles, the best of feeling.

The one who remained and kept the old farm was Will, jr., the admirer who told Agnes Varnum that she made him think of *home*. After his mother and father died—he was the youngest and they went just as he was through his schooling in Rucastarra valley—Will made an arrangement with the other heirs whereby he was to have the home farm and pay for it after he had completed his technical course in Cornell and perhaps a year in the College of Agriculture. Will finished his education, working his way through college and earning extra money besides during vacations, letting the farm lands out on shares during his summers of his absorption in educational effort. He came home at the last, an Ogden, all through, whimsical, sunny, his big grey eyes nested in wrinkles of friendly import; his cheeks

ruddy, mouth wide, but firm; chin firm, shoulders broad, torso well muscled, step springy, every movement alert when he was interested. And his brown hair crinkled and whorled and was so nice to gaze upon that the fingers of women fairly itched to tousle it.

"I kind o' like our old home," Will said, when some of the anxious, kindly women of the valley remonstrated with him for his determination to live up there alone; "I can batch it—a while. I want to find out what the old farm's good for, in the light of what I've learned at college. There's that old bank of red clay over the hill that dad often said was good for pottery. That might turn out *big*. I want to analyze that and see if it's worth working. Then, there's the farm itself—some one's always been happy on it ever since who come first. I'll stick up there—alone—a while, at any rate."

And of course, like the other young men of Ruccastarra, Will Ogden paid court to Agnes Varnum. Paid her a distant, shy court, waving his hand at her when he passed the Varnum house, his creel shouldered, his deftly-cast flies flicking over the pools in sight of the Varnum house. Or he would leave her a bushel of hand-picked Northern Spy apples of a crisp, cool October morning. Or invite her to ride in his rather shabby, side-bar buggy behind the old brown mare that had come to him along with the other Ogden hereditaments. For Will, with the farm to pay for, and his innate honesty, could not ride in a motor car as yet.

* * * *

Where the creek vale widened out to meet the river's wider flatlands, was the Steele farm. Daniel Steele was the son of old Marve Steele and their meadows grazed over a hundred fine grade cows and the Steele barns and milking machines and steel stanchions were the wonder of all the people 'roundabout. The Steeles were good neighbors; just *folks*. Yet a hard, crucible Steele would manifest itself at times in some boy or girl of each generation—a tendency to be masterful, to grasp, to conquer, in

spite of everything. Dan Steele had it and showed it early. He was several years older than Will Ogden and made fun of Will for fishing the home creek, and joined an exclusive club that had preserve rights in a well stocked lake a dozen miles away. Dan had money in his own right, left him by an uncle, and he made more money—big money for Ruccastarra—by trading in cattle, shipping produce in car lots, buying and selling hides, furs, ginseng and other countryside commodities. Meanwhile Dan cultivated the acquaintance of such city men as were members of the Lake View Trout Club and before he was 30 he had affairs so shaped that he was ready to leave the farm, after selling his share in the property to the other Steele heirs, old Marve having died meanwhile.

"I won't stick in this hole," he snarled, when his mother expostulated and hoped he would remain, as head of the family; "let the others grub it out, small, if they want. I'm going where I can make *big* money."

"But what about Agnes Varnum?" his mother demanded.

"Oh, she says she won't marry right away and I'm sure that when I come back, any time, I can have her. Trade follows the flag and a woman will follow the money bags, every time—and I can get her or 'nuther, just as good as she is, any time."

He laughed crisply, but ceased when he saw his mother's fine, peaceful old face cloud. Then he stooped, kissed her and blustered out of the front door, into the yard, where his trim racing car was and soon it snored Dan Steele away to the city.

After Dan Steele went Will Ogden continued his shy courtship of Agnes Varnum. Almost all the eligible men of the valley had large or small cars by now. But Will had—just the old side-bar buggy and the brown mare. He had the usual Ogden five cows and the usual Ogden fair crops on his ten acres of loam; the usual Ogden happy smile and cheery whistle. And he found time to whip, with his father's rod and outfit, the home creek, and he never failed, when

Agnes was visible as he passed, to wave a greeting to her. And she always answered. Will was immersed in the work of the one-man farm. Often folks noticed that his high-top boots were splashed with red clay and they joked him about the Ogden pottery prospects, for that had been a stock bit of humor in the valley ever since Will's father had first cut into the red clay while getting out logs over the hill from the house and had scrubbed out a logging road there for the teams of the timber contractor. At such times Will laughed and said:

"No: I'm still working it out. But there's the farm; that's got a living in it, anyhow, for a man and a family. Not a big living, but a *happy* one."

Agnes had letters from Dan Steele—gripping, fiery, boasting letters. Dan made money. His commission house, with his knowledge of country folks and their ways, plus Steele wit and forcefulness, put him to the front. He told her, on paper, of his success, beyond even his expectations, and wrote, too, of the great new racing car he owned.

"I'm going to run up in it some time," he wrote, near the end of his second winter in city harness, "and take you out for a nice spin, Agnes. And I may ask you *that* question again. I've a notion I'll come when fishing's good, and want to make a record catch to show the home boys that money in fine tackle can do a lot for a fellow, even in trout fishing. And I want some of the pretty native trout out of the home creek, not the hand-fed, hatchery—raised German-browns out of the club's lake. Some of the men in the Commerce Club here insist there's no trout in Ruccastarra, because they fished it and failed, and I've made a bet with them that I can bring in a creel full and give them a dinner of them and I'm going to show them that it can be done. I *do* what I set out to do, you know, dear girl."

* * ~ * *

It was that same evening that Dan's letter came that Will Ogden, in his swell-body cutter, drove up to take Agnes Varnum to the Granger dance. After a happy evening, dur-

ing which she had danced with most of the eligible young men of the valley, Will drove her home under the big February moon. The feeling in the air was of a coming thaw and Ruccastarra Creek was beginning to talk again, after nibbling its way through the blue-black ice that so long had prisoned it away from the sun's kisses.

"Is there any answer?" Will whispered shyly, as he handed her out of the big cutter onto the stone horse-block before the Varnum home.

"Not yet," and she darted away from arms that would have held her—if Will had not been a bit slow and hesitant in wooing, and so anxious to make her happy that he feared to alarm her or hurt her feelings by being too insistent.

* * * *

The big blue racer that Dan Steele brought out from the city created a sensation in the quiet valley, as did the liveried chauffeur and the fine fishing tackle that Dan unfolded to the view of his favored friends. Within a day or two almost everyone had had a ride in the speedy car—and enjoyed it thoroughly. Farm cars gave it the road and folks smiled tolerantly at Dan's racer as it tore up or down the valley road. Dan's success had been rather a popular one and it was the general opinion that he was one of them yet, if he had gone to the city to make "a pot of money." For, after all, Dan was just folks, like the rest.

Agnes went out with Steele from the first. He did not go fishing in the creek those early days of his outing, but devoted himself to visiting and courting Agnes. He had her with him out to the Lake View Club, to several parties at not-too-distant resorts. He dazzled her with his ability to whisk her fifty, sixty or a hundred miles between lunch and dinner hour and back again. Often he took the wheel from the paid driver and showed her how his car, well driven, could pass everything on the road.

"When I ask you *that* question again," he would laugh, as they spun along some stately macadam stretch,

"you want to think that with this big motor goes enough money to keep it going and more to come and to keep you in style to correspond, for I'm making it hand-over-teacup and mean to make more."

Steele was attractive, in his bluff, virile way. He was big, with highly capable hands, a square chin, fresh clean skin and light hair, closely cropped always. His eyes were a blue that could be cold or warm, according to mood. He always dressed well, but not loudly.

Once, when he took advantage of a lonely spin on a side road to make more direct love to her, Agnes found it not alarming to be caught to him in an embrace that seemed to batter at the doors of her inner citadel of dissent.

"I know," he whispered, mouth to her ear, one strong hand on the steering wheel, "what your answer is going to be to that question, Agnes; it's got to be what I want it to be. Day after tomorrow ends my vacation. And I mean to get a creel full of the home creek native trout, the beauties, to take with me, to win that bet with the men of the Commerce Club. You'll remember I wrote you about that?"

She nodded her head, silently studying the play of his strong hand on the wheel. She could not help but think:

"A hand like that would never put a woman into the ditch—from lack of monetary success."

But aloud she said, banteringly:—

"Perhaps the trout won't bite for you."

"Yes they will bite—for me. I get what I want!"

His back-tossed head, his big, inclusive laugh, in tune to the hum of the big motor, seemed to clinch matters.

"I'm going early in the morning," he urged; "catch the fish, and keep them in the ice-house at our place, till I leave next morning. Ride up to the headwaters of Ruccastarra with me in the morning? I'll have the chauffeur run you back home after I start fishing. I'll finish in the pool behind your house after dusk, motor

home from your house and come back in the evening to take you for a drive and my answer. I know what that will be, too, Agnes."

She assented to his program and he laughed again, possessively.

"I'm going to get those trout—and you, too," he said.

She felt caught in the swirl of his masterfulness and sensed, too, a little fear. Yet it was not unpleasant—the tang of full life so blended.—

Steele came for her in the blue racer at seven o'clock and she was ready, eyes shining with the excitement of it. He was dressed in finest rubber-silk waders and had his expensive creel, reel, line and solid-silver fly-book with its dozens of hand-tied flies. His leaders, he boasted, cost him a dollar each; the line, a choice hand-tapered silk, \$5, and so on.

The racer picked up speed smoothly and swirled them out onto the main up-creek road. Half a mile from the Ogden place they passed Will, down-bound, one leg, with its clay-smearied boot, hanging over the side of the wagon as he nursed the knee of his other leg in one hand and drove carelessly. He was, it was plain, more than knee-deep in thought. They passed him in a cloud of dust, but he found time to call a cheerful greeting after them.

"I put on a little extra spurt," Steele said—he was driving and had her in beside him—"to give Will some dust to chaw on. What does he stay hived up in that house at the road's end for? I told him t'other day that I want a smart delivery man in town and to come and take the place. I don't forget my friends up here," he bragged. "I told him he was getting to be a regular muskrat living beside that pond."

"But everybody knows the Ogden place has been a happy place," she flared in defense of the home nest up there in the hills that everyone admired so much.

"Yes a body could be happy there, —like a cow chewing a cud," he agreed, turning the car into the Ogden dooryard. With Will gone there was no one at home. The five Ogden cows lowed at them over the pasture

bars. There was a drowsy hum of bees from the straw skips under the apple trees; a breath of buckwheat odor floated in to mark the summer's peak. Comfortable mother hens clucked; doves circled low, fearlessly, and martens skimmed the farther distance just where hill and sky-line met.

Steele swept his eyes rather contemptuously over it all.

"What Ogden hangs on here is more'n I know," he said quickly; "his dad thought there was good red potting clay in that hill....."

"There may be," she offered timidly.

He laughed and eyed her with amusement.

"If there was, you don't suppose I'd let it gone to waste?" he demanded.

"Why——" she began.

"I took a sample of that red clay four years ago," he went on "one day when I pretended to be hunting up there on the hill. I had it down to an expert on potter's clay in Montreal, and got his report. Paid \$500 for it too. He said it wasn't any good for potter's clay. That wouldn't occur to Will Ogden in a lifetime. He'd waste months and years puttering around, his own way, and in the time it would take to make the right kind of a test, he'd miss his chance for making a success at something else. If it had been potting clay, I'd bought the farm and turned it into money——"

"Perhaps he wouldn't have sold——"

"Him? Aw, Aggie, you can always get what you want—for money."

He turned the car over to his hireling driver, took his tackle and bade her goodbye. She watched him go, leaning her chin on her hand, the elbow on the edge of the richly plush car's door. She watched him skirt the Ogden meadow, go down the fence as if to begin at the place where the creek issued from the pond that was Ruceastarra's sacrosanct trout preserve. But——

Instead of turning down-stream, he swung about and deliberately began to fish the pond!

"Please drive me home," said Agnes to the waiting driver.

* * * *

Will Ogden came by the Varnum house about 10 o'clock, up-bound after his trading trip at the cross roads store. Agnes waved to him from the porch and he called in:—

"Yo, ho, Aggie! I'm going to fish down the creek s'afternoon. I guess Dan won't catch them all, eh? I want a small mess of trout, so I can divide with you."

He was so friendly, so "homey" there, in the old side-bai buggy, with the mare looking back, twisted between the cracked thills and whickering at him as a horse will at only a person it loves, that Agnes felt drawn toward him. She went out to chat and noticed his boot, covered with the dried-out clay. She pointed to it and laughed:

"Been messing up in the old clay bank again?"

"Yes," and his laugh matched her own; "and I've found out it's no good clay for pottery use by this time, too. Maybe it's good for something else," and he looked at her, mouth-corners a-twitch with his Ogden whimsy. "I'm still a-hoping so."

"I'll bet," she funned; and then they passed it over and chatted on small matters.

"Look out for the trout tonight," Will called to her, as he drove off. He waved his hat to Mrs. Varnum, who came out to see him off.

"Will won't even fish his own trout pond, he's so square with the rest of the valley," Agnes' mother said, from the doorway. "Like all th' Ogdens; quiet, happy, self-sacrificing, an' deep-down good. He'll never be rich, like Dan Steele, though."

"No, he won't," Agnes agreed, a shade of inchoate wistfulness in her tones.

* * * *

There was a little walk along the creek-side that Agnes often took. It led down the sloping bank on which their house stood, through the lower pasture and to a clump of hemlocks, seedlings, thickly growing where the creek made a sharp turn. She made the little trip that afternoon and gathered some early gentian and then, blooms in her lap, sat and

listened to the cool waters of rejoicing talk to their banks and rocky shallows.

The shadows lengthened; swallows twittered as they swirled over the little pools of the brook after low-dipping flies; the day dream of the girl deepened.

She heard some one coming, down the brook, wading, splashing, without exercising the trout fisherman's usual care. It was Steele. His creel hung heavily from one strong shoulder.

In a little pool above her own sheltered nook she saw him make several quick, eager casts—but not with gossamer-winged flies. His hooks were heavy and he yanked them through the water with a vigor that told its own tale to the girl who had seen so much of fish and fishing at her very doorstep since early childhood. Presently his snatch-hook, triple-barbed, as she could note, snagged into the back of a beautiful trout that was sunning himself in the depths of the big pool and Steele yanked the beauty out and slammed it into his creel. He tried his gang-hook again and again and failed. Then he frowned, laid down his rod and took a bottle from his sidepocket and poured some of its contents onto some stuff he produced from somewhere. He cast the doctored stuff onto the surface of the pool. There was a flurry of speckled fins, then fish came up from the depths, stunned with the drug. Steele waded out and began to net them with his landing net. He packed the creel to overflowing and then, with a smile on his strong face, gathered up his rod and strode up the path toward the Varnum house. Agnes, scurrying along behind the hemlocks, was in the home lane before Dan Steele came up it and he found her behind the house, near the well.

"See the big mess, that I was sure I'd catch," he boasted, flopping open the creel to show.

He hastily poked down a trout that had been gashed by the snatch hook, but not before she had seen

the cruel, gaping wound in its speckled side.

"Yes," she agreed, stepping back; "a big mess—for Ruccastarra creek, Dan."

"And tonight, Aggie," and he leaned toward her masterfully; "I'm going to come here to take you for a ride and to ask you—will you give me your answer tonight, Aggie?"

Her eyes were full on his and her answer was simple, direct and satisfying; more than satisfying the man who had been working so hard to get her to make the decision that he did not fear:

"Yes; tonight."

From her place under the seedling hemlocks' screen, Agnes saw Will Ogden coming long before he came to the head of the big pool. He was using his father's old fly-rod, an old line, a much patched leader and home-tied flies and hand-woven landing net stretched on a loop of hand whittled hickory. Will was wading the creek, clad in old shoes, stockings and trousers and butternut shirt and had a fairly disreputable hat, its band stuck full of veteran flies, on his tousled head. And ever, as he cast hopefully, but uselessly, whistled, low and sweet, in accord with the little creek's own music.

He fished the big pool carefully, eagerly, then gave it up regretfully. It was the last one, for just below was the Steele flatlands and then the river and no trout went below the Varnum pool during the warm weather.

Will unstrung his pole, up-turned his empty creel to rattle the ferns out of it that he had placed therein to cushion the trout he had hoped to catch. She saw him prepare to go up the path to begin his trudge home and knew he would stop to tell her of his non-success. So she went quickly up the slope and came into the yard while he was going more slowly, stopping once in a while to glance back at the shimmering stream stealing from its ambushment of copses and knolls toward the Susquehanna off below. The sun was just going.

"Agnes," he saluted her when he

had seen her beside the well, where he so often had met her in other days; "I've fished all day and caught nothing. Some one fished the pond today; I saw his tracks on the margin of the springs—and all down the brook, too. And he didn't fish fair. Used gang-hooks, for I've found some little trout, dead, too small to keep, slashed with gangs, all torn to bits, the beauties! And, worse the pirate used 'Injer cochlin' on the pools, to drug the fish out—the stuff we use to stun bait-fish for ice fishing for the winter, you know—yes; the pirate skinned our little brook—so there's no trout for you today, Aggie—"

He glanced at her. She nodded.

"I'll ask Dan Steele if he saw any one—a stranger—on the stream," he went on earnestly. "I know Dan would never do it. He's one of us. He knows the rules up here—fair fishing; no fishing in our spring pond. Dan wouldn't do it....."

He paused, his face alight with the energy of his defence of his boyhood friend. She looked at him, eyes a-shine with understanding of his Ogden loyalty to home folks and things.

"So there was no trout left for you, Aggie," he said quietly, regretfully; "and I did so want you should have a mess. I always give you some, each year. You're so fond of Ruceastarra trout....."

"Yes, Will, I am."

She came toward him. Outside a big motor hummed, then stilled. The horn tooted.

The dusk was coming; day all but gone. The brook babbled under the bank; coachman flies flittered past; an early moth. Then a whip-poor-will in the hemlock thicket called softly.

"Will," and she took him by the lapel of his wet coat; "it was nice up by the old house today. The old home is beautiful and peaceful—I—like it."

"Do you, Agnes? It's always been a home of happiness. I couldn't leave it for the city and city successes. I've had my hopes at times. But, shucks, a fellow with a small farm, a few cows, a trout pond that is the valley's own and an itching to go

fishing every little while—what am I beside Dan Steele and his prospects?"

The Ogden smile of quiet whimsy wreathed his loyal face.

"Never mind Dan Steele now," she said, putting her hand into his empty creel; "lets' talk of the—happy place....."

The motor's horn called, insistently, out front—

"Oh, Aggie—you'd take me, poor—and everything?" Will whispered.

His hand went into the empty creel to clasp her own. She let her hand remain in his.

The big motor out there in front tooted again, impatiently.

"You'll have one like that," Will said; "a big blue one, if I can make it—"

"Never mind that, either," she said, coming closer.

"That's what I mean," he went on, earnestly;

The horn tooted again.

"A big one, like that, or better," he swept on, happily; "and everything that goes with it. There was a letter for me when I got home. I missed the mail-carrier this morning when he went by and didn't look in my box, but the letter was there when I got back. It was from the Paint Syndicate, an offer of a lot of cash-down money, with royalty on every ton, for my red-clay bank, that really is a fine grade of ochre of a kind new to science. They'll develop it all and the papers make them put the refuse over on the back end of the farm, so the creek won't be fouled in the operations, Aggie. We can keep the happy house just as it is, have everything in it nice, a garage behind, electric lights, hardwood floors—everything—I turned my tech-school course to good account boring into that old clay bank, Aggie, working out a process for refining the ochre, and in laying out the ground plans for the operations, to prove, when I submitted my proposition, that it was feasible from an engineering standpoint, to get the raw stuff to the railroad at a cost that will leave a nice profit to the syndicate.

and me—is that your mother calling?”

It was:—

“Aggie, AGGIE!”

“Yes, mother.”

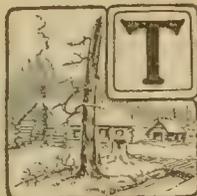
“Mr. Steele is in front, waitin’ for you—”

“Tell him NOT TO WAIT!” she answered, happily.

And as they walked together, up-path, they could hear behind them, tinkling, purling over its shallows, the little home brook, whose waters of rejoicing spoke of love and quietude and heart’s delight.

In Trouble Again, Joe!

HARRY M. MOORE



HERE sat Joe Duff at the door of his shack at Long Lake alone. For the nonce Joe Duff was content to be alone. But!

Within two days paddling the seductive city rumbled to the sounds of the Great Unrest of Man. Within two days paddling, The Runt wandered aimlessly about the city streets, longing for the companionship of his pal. Within two days paddling, Police Magistrate McHugh—

Joe Duff’s big hands knotted. His brown eyes gleamed lividly. His long thin face set in a sombre, sullen sobriety.

Joe Duff had been born to trouble. He had not meant to kill Franswa, the up-country packer. He had merely done his duty by his pal. Attracted by sounds of a struggle in the Grand Central bar-room that night, Joe through sheer curiosity entered. But what he saw—

Franswa and Labarge stood over the prostrate bleeding Runt. The Runt’s apparent critical condition meant a lot to Joe Duff. The Runt was Joe’s pal. No man had ever suffered through having Joe Duff for a friend.

Franswa hurtled against the counter and sank to the floor. Labarge catapulted into a corner and sat up rubbing his neck.

Joe Duff got The Runt to his feet. He was not hurt—much! And then—

They told him that Franswa was dead. That he had killed him.

Joe Duff stooped and feverishly, hopefully sought a breath of life in the body of the breed. Then he arose and brushed off his hat. The police came. Joe Duff was placed under arrest.

Next day he was brought for trial before Police Magistrate McHugh. And McHugh—

Before reading the charge, McHugh looked over his glasses. Assuming a stern parent-wayward child attitude, McHugh had said, “In trouble again, Joe,” just as he had said the same thing in the same way a dozen times before. And Joe Duff—

Joe Duff colored and swore under his breath. The magistrate’s words were all too true. Joe Duff had always been in trouble. But never before had he been the cause of the death of a fellow-man.

The trial proceeded.

It was brought out in the evidence that Franswa was a bad man. Witnesses swore that had it not been for Joe Duff, the breed would have killed The Runt. The doctors swore that Franswa’s death had not been caused by a blow, but from striking the oak counter. The best criminal lawyer the city afforded, marshalled these facts, seasoned them with sound argument, sweetened them with flattery of “my learned friend’s uncommon knowledge of Blackstone and Hoyle.” He asked that the defendant be given the benefit of the doubt. Franswa’s death was an accident, pure and simple.

The magistrate summed up the case in a few words. He gave Joe Duff a severe lecture. He warned

him that if he ever came before him again, the Franswa killing would be resurrected against him. He ordered that Joe be released from custody.

Joe Duff was a free man. And then—

He parted with The Runt. It was a bitter termination of the fellowship



Harry M. Moore

cemented by years, but Joe Duff knew that as long as the city held him between its borders, he would be a target for the police. As indeed he had always been a target for the blue uniformed wielders of the night-stick. Not that he was innocent of wrong-doing, Joe Duff would never say that. But it had always seemed to him that when his own personal safety was at stake The Law drew the line too fine altogether. So—

Joe Duff kicked the city dust off his shoes, packed a canoe and stole away in the night. Two days later he arrived at Long Lake and the shack.

And now—

Joe Duff rolled a cigarette and gazed longingly southward. Some day—some day, after a month or a year—. Some day he would leave this silent, solitary lake and go back to the city. Some day he would go

back and tell The Runt that the separation only added new life to their palship. Some day he would go back to the city and with head held high in defiance he would show these bounds of the law, he would show Police Magistrate McHugh, that he was as free of crime as he was free by right of birth.

But!

Joe Duff was not aware that Labarge had sworn that the same trail that carried Joe Duff north would echo, too, to the dip of his paddle. Joe Duff did not know that his stay at Long Lake would not be more than three days, that he would go out to the city, and when he did—

It was early afternoon of the third day after Joe Duff had arrived at Long Lake. Joe had filled his cartridge belt and was buckling it around his waist, when he heard the faint dip, dip of a paddle.

Joe Duff sprang to the small window that overlooked the lake. He saw a man run his canoe up on the beach and jump out. Then a crouching figure stole in behind the low shrubbery.

“Ping”

Joe had barely time to duck. A steel jacketed bullet burned the side of his head and drove with tremendous force into the opposite wall of the shack. Instinctively Joe Duff grabbed up his rifle. He slipped a shell into the barrel and raised the hammer. Then—

Joe Duff's brows gathered in perplexity. Should he do it? One death was already registered against him. Police Magistrate McHugh had said if he ever came before him again—

Joe removed the cartridge and threw the rifle from him. No! No! No more trouble for him. He was done with trouble. He was going back to the city some day and he wanted to be a free man.

Joe Duff doubled his spare six feet and applied his eye to a crack in the log walls. Another bullet sang through the open window. Joe ducked again. Two more shots staccatoed from behind the shrubbery, then—

Labarge walked out onto the path and with his rifle at the ready, watched the shack. For one, two, three minutes he stood, then a mysterious unexplainable thing happened.

Labarge jerked around. He watched the lake. He ran to his canoe, pushed it out and jumped into it.

Joe Duff straightened up. His big hands pressed back his hair. Labarge paddled frenziedly up shore. Joe watched him eagerly.

Suddenly Labarge sprang up in his canoe. His arms spread awkwardly. He tumbled over the gunwhale on his face.

Joe Duff's long legs ate up the distance which separated shack and lake. Labarge's canoe drifted with the light off-shore breeze. Joe Duff scanned Long Lake for signs of life. He couldn't see any. Then he pulled his own canoe out of the cedars near-by and went to the stricken man.

Labarge had been shot through the left side.

Joe removed the unconscious breed's shirt and found the hole a few inches below the heart. The wound bled freely, but Labarge was not dead.

Joe bandaged Labarge and stood over him. What should he do? There were two alternatives: Either remove the breed to the shack and take chances on pulling him through, or—take him out to the city and the hospital. . . . Joe Duff tenderly lifted Labarge into a canoe. He was going to take him out.

An hour later the shack at Long Lake was deathly silent.

Two nights later Joe Duff's heavy boots joined the joyous sounds of the great city. Labarge, still unconscious, occupied a ward in the city hospital. The doctors had said he would pull through, thanks to Joe Duff's herculean, fifty-six hours, ceaseless, foodless, restless labours. Joe was glad to get back, but—

Where was The Runt? All efforts to locate him had failed.

Joe's brows clouded. Had The Runt followed Labarge to Round

Lake and then shot him in the back? Joe's eyes sought the sidewalks for an answer. His feet quite unconsciously brought him around the corner by the city jail. Joe raised his face. He smiled ironically. He knew every stone in that high, unscalable wall.

Two bluecoats came out of the jailer's office. Between them—

Joe Duff raised his head defiantly and crossed the street. The bluecoats separated. Joe's hands fell on The Runt's narrow shoulders.

"Why, hullo, Joe," The Runt chuckled, looking up. "What brought you back? Did you know this was my coming out night?"

"What were you in for? How long?" Joe shot at him soberly.

The Runt smiled sheepishly.

"Got pickled and they gave me ten days. But they cut it down for good conduct. Can you beat it?"

"Thank God!" Joe Duff breathed. I brought in Labarge today. He was shot at Long Lake two days ago. And I thought maybe you did it. Now I know it couldn't have been you. He must have shot himself. Thank God! Runt, neither you nor I have anything to do with it." He wiped his perspiring forehead and a smile lit his sober face. "Let's get around to the Central for a drink—I'm nearly all in."

Ten minutes later they stood against the counter of the Grand Central.

"Mine's whiskey," commanded The Runt.

"Whiskey twice," suggested Joe Duff.

They raised their glasses.

"Here's to a clean slate and a clear conscience," toasted Joe Duff.

"Here's to freedom, a little booze and—"

A hand dropped on Joe Duff's shoulder. Joe spun around on his toes and ran his face into that of a—a policeman.

"Drink it down, Joe," the policeman commanded, "I want you to come with me."

The color left Joe Duff's face.

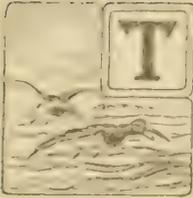
"What the —?" he snarled.

"What do you want me for?"
The policeman jerked a thumb
over his shoulder.
"The breed in the hospital has

come to," he explained, "and he
says you shot him. Come along,
Joel I'm sorry, but—the law's the
law."

The Passenger Pigeon

E. T. MARTIN



HERE are probably few birds about which as many fables have been printed as about the passenger pigeons. Writers who were never in a nesting, who never even saw a pigeon alive, and who if they did could not tell it from a mourning dove, form the authority on which much of our pigeon lore is based.

They tell us first of all that man exterminated them. This I do not believe. We all know he helped, but it does not seem reasonable to say that he did way with them down to the last bird, now does it? Is it not reasonable to think that some few must have been left? For the fact is well established that there was a billion in 1878. I saw them and with others made a careful estimate of their number—a third of that number in 1880 and none or nearly none in 1882. Yet in 1880 a flock millions strong was followed by men in my employ across the straits of Mackinaw, traced into Canada from which as far as is known, not one returned.

For half a dozen years, so to speak, I lived with the pigeons, almost roosted with them. Kept with them from Neosho in the swamps of Southern Missouri to the Canadian Woods. Was present at the last three nestings that we know of and it would seem that my say so on the pigeon question should be valuable above that of men who know of it only from what they have read and heard.

For twenty years there were well authenticated reports of small flocks seen now in Canadian woods, then elsewhere, then they also vanished; at a time too, when one single passenger pigeon, alive or dead, was worth several thousand dollars, so none could have been caught or killed.

I myself, saw, in the early nineties a flock of about a dozen.

There was no increase in the number of birds reported, rather a drying up of the reports which would indicate that some virulent disease had carried even these few off as it had most of the billion alive in 1878.

No, man did his part, with beasts and birds of prey his able allies, but the combination was not equal to the total destruction of every pigeon in the land.

What did it, then? I can only guess.

The passenger pigeons were not hardy birds, also were very subject to disease and far from rapid breeders, two or three nestings in a year, one egg at a time, rarely two, was their limit.

The nestings before my time as described by two eminent naturalists, first Alexander Wilson, a few years later by Audubon, were much the same as those I knew but larger.

As to numbers and habits of the pigeons in 1811, Wilson writes:

"These birds nest in the back woods. I saw one of these breeding places which was several miles in breadth and was said to be upwards of forty in extent, with nests wherever the branches could accommodate them." That is, this nesting contained approximately 120 square miles, as against thirty or forty, the largest in my time, which as I have already written, was estimated to contain a billion birds.

Wilson went on, "The pigeons made their first appearance about the tenth of April and left with their young before the 25th of May. As soon as the young were fully grown but before they left their nests, numerous parties came from all parts of the adjacent country with wagons, axes, beds and cooking utensils, many of them accom-

panied by the greater part of their families and camped for several days near the immense nursery. The ground was strewn with broken limbs of trees, eggs and young squabs



Band tail pigeon.

on which herds of hogs were fattening. Hawks, buzzards and eagles were seizing the squabs at pleasure, while from twenty feet upward to the tops of the trees, the view presented a perpetual turmoil of crowding, fluttering birds, their wings roaring like thunder, mingled with the frequent crash of falling timber, for the axemen were at work cutting down those trees that seemed to be most crowded with nests and contrived to fell them in such manner that in their descent, they might bring down other trees which meant the falling of one large tree sometimes produced 3000 squabs. I passed through several miles of this breeding place where every tree was spotted with nests. In many instances I counted upwards of ninety in a single tree."

Add to these conditions that Mr. Wilson said existed in the early part of the nineteenth century, "There were also almost entire tribes of Indians, bucks, squaws, papposes, gathering the half feathered squabs by the basket full to be smoked for winter use, and then one has a pen picture of several nestings as I saw them. Fortunately though, this harvest of squabs only lasted a few days for the young pigeons were soon able to fly and take care of themselves."

Mr. Wilson goes on to describe an

evening flight of pigeons as they returned from their afternoon meal of beechnuts, the beech woods being distant some sixty miles. I will add that a hundred and twenty miles there and back was not a tiresome trip for a pigeon to make. I myself have found rice only partly digested in the craws of a pigeon being dressed for market, when the nearest place where rice was raised must have been nearly 300 miles away.

Speaking of this evening flight Mr. Wilson continues: "The breadth of this body of birds from right to left extended as far as the eye could reach, seemingly everywhere equally crowded. The flight continued from before half past one until six in the afternoon and was "several strata deep." He estimated the entire length of this procession of pigeons to have been 240 miles and was not much out of the way.

The "travelling" speed of a pigeon varied but little from sixty miles an hour. From half past one until six is four and a half hours, making 260 miles as the probable length of this body of birds. Mr. Wilson goes on, "There must have been more than two thousand millions of birds in all" and he was on the safe side again. What he did not say and probably did not know was that these birds were the



"in" flight of the males, called by pigeon men "the Tom flight," the females having gone out earlier and returned before the males left the nesting. These, with the squabs

would make a grand total in excess of five billions, instead of two as he wrote. He also said that each pigeon would consume at least a pint of food a day, which is too much for it would mean a bushel of food to each 128 birds in twenty-four hours.

A person raising domestic pigeons knows better. The netters only fed a bushel of corn to a hundred dozen pigeons which was sufficient to keep the birds in good condition but not enough to fatten.

My own experience showed a bushel of corn a day would keep very handily a thousand pigeons while much more would be likely to cause a canker to break out, which like diphtheria among humans, proved very fatal and this "pigeon diphtheria" may have been what exterminated the birds, Mother Nature being slightly off her balance in that she provided too much of one variety of food and not enough of another: which started the sickness and then like a prairie fire there was no stopping it, the germs clung to places where the pigeons resorted, new arrivals contracted the disease and in the end not a passenger pigeon was left alive anywhere.

Young quail, often young wild ducks and sometimes pheasant chicks will contract sickness and die from the poison left in the ground by barnyard fowl half a dozen years before. So why may there not be something in this theory about pigeons?

My estimate of food requirements calls for a million bushels every day for each billion pigeons. Were the five billion of 1811 alive now with most of the beech woods and oak forests destroyed by ever advancing civilization, see what an inroad they would make on the country's crop of grain? It would be as bad as in the early days when they swept through Canada leaving the grain fields a desert behind them and a good Bishop of Montreal considered it necessary to march against them at the head of his clergy to exorcise them with "bell, book and candle," which if it did nothing else, at least gave heart to the people.

From 1811 to 1878, if estimates as

to numbers are correct, the pigeons decreased at the rate of more than fifty-five million a year from what perhaps might be termed natural causes, but neither natural causes nor man are to be charged with the almost total extinction of the last billion within a period of four years as if they had ran down a steep place into the sea.

The way we estimated that the greatest nesting of our time contained a billion pigeons, was first to measure off an acre of the pigeon woods, count the trees, average as nearly as possible the number of nests in a tree, count the birds; two old, one young, to a nest, then take the total ascertained in this way and multiply it by the number of acres in a tract one mile wide by thirty long and this result was the entire number of pigeons in that nesting. As I now remember there were several millions more than a billion, which over plus we threw in for good measure.

I not only helped count the pigeons in the nesting but saw them when the nesting broke. They were three days passing a given point, not in a continuous line but one flock after another, thousands in a flock, and besides these many left the other side of the nesting heading north.

It would not be surprising if the millions that went north in Canada, all perished in a sudden storm of sleet and snow. I have seen thousands dead and dying from what was not very severe weather and acres, after the snow had melted, white with eggs the pigeons dropped, having no time to build even the frail nests of sticks that they used.

The drowning theory is not a good one. The pigeons were strong enough of wing to cross the Atlantic as they did, for a few were seen in the British Islands, so why should being lost in a fog that covered the face of the Great Lakes, trouble them? They could keep on the wing while it lasted else find land on which to light. True, late one fall many dead pigeons were seen floating on Lake Superior. So very many that the steamer was "several hours passing through them," but the wash of the waves had

scattered them until the line was thin and could not have numbered over a few hundred thousand pigeons, probably not half that number.

Theorize as we may, we will never know what became of the passenger pigeons. For years those of us who had made them our study, thought that, annoyed by steam whistles, the shine of the many lights, as well as the netting and shooting in their nesting places, they had picked up in a body and gone to some less thickly populated country, migrating to the wild of Canada, the mountains of Mexico or the swamps of the Amazon.

Personally I feel while man is deserving of much blame, the fault is not all his any more than is the disappearance of the saber-toothed tiger, the mastadon of Northern Canada or the Moa of New Zealand. They had lived their time. Even a race of men cannot last for thousands of years so when Nature called "come" there was nothing for them to do but to obey and this they did regardless of what means she took, disease, man

and his net, the farmer and his plow, civilization and its ax, or drowning in the fresh water seas, for these were but instruments she used to enforce obedience when she called.

* * * * *

NOTE.

This article makes interesting reading especially to those who remember the good old days of the passenger Pigeon.

One important fact the writer has overlooked, which no doubt was the cause of their extermination. The real home of the wild pigeon, was the beech woods of Pennsylvania. After the beech nuts had been cleaned up in the spring, beech buds was their staple food and as the woods became less and less, the pigeons found no other suitable place and as a consequence their numbers were reduced until their enemies were able to blot them out entirely. They are all gone these many years, off the face of the earth, to be seen again no more.

W. D. H.

My Request

GEORGINA M. COOK

Weave me a romance, Songster,
Of the days of long ago,
Not in the days of knight and sage,
Not in the halls of squire and page,
But out where the wild winds blow.

A song of the prairies sing me,
When the sweet wild west was new,
When the wild-geese, fearless, flew the sky,
When the wigwam's smoke ascended high,
And the fragrant West-winds blew.

Paint me a picture, painter,
Of a glowing Western sky,
When the sunset glory spread overhead,
With its glowing yellow, and purple and red
In splendrous shafts flung high.

Paint me a winter midnight
With a brilliant moon o'er head
With stars like diamonds shining there
And a midnight mirage, ghostly rare,
And the white snow-carpet spread.

And the mornings—paint them—(can you?)
So I feel their charm again,
Of winter, frost-crowned; glittering white,
Of summer, radiant, warm and bright
And April's soft spring-rain.

Sing to my heart,—paint for my eyes,
Oh, songster and painter rare,
Then give me the Road, with your Songs and
Book,
And all of heaven for my upward look,
And my soul shall find yours there.



Hunting the Wild Duck in Nova Scotia

BONNYCASTLE DALE



OW our little expedition of two persons is settled down in a century old house on the borders of one of the long narrow rock-edged harbours of Nova Scotia. When the tide is in, it is a salt water scene, running about four miles long by a mile wide. When the tide is out half of this space is one long green tide flat all thickly covered by eel grass and millions of snails. On the fat succulent snails the black duck feeds. This is an entirely different duck—although they appear much alike in plumage from the bird we call the black duck in Ontario. This is the “Blue-Wing” of the Atlantic Coast. A bird which makes its nests from the southern end of Nova Scotia clear up to the tundras of Labrador, and on the islands of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It is a bigger bird than our Black Duck by half to a pound in weight. Its legs and feet are red, its bill olive green. It is *Rubripes* or “The Red-Legged Black Duck” of the A. O. check list. Among these are to be found in lesser numbers the black duck of Midcontinent, *obscura*. We cannot tell if any of these birds cross, but it seems as if the greater number breeding in the south are *Anas Obscura* and the majority of the ones breeding in Labrador the *Rubripes* or “Redlegged”. I may never be able to prove these points personally as I am too old to do the hard Labrador trip, but I have hopes “Laddie” will finish the work I am unable to do. He noticed yesterday that when the ‘Blue-wings’ are gabbling they have also a whistling note—three short whistles blending into one. Another thing we notice is that when we approach them in the canoe these big Labradors do not jump as far off as the common black duck. They are not quite so shy. We found them mating in December.

In the early days of the spring they are flying in couples before they leave for Labrador. We find them as excellent eating as the Ontario black duck. They have much more fat on them when Laddie is picking them. It is a wonder that they are not coarse, as they pick up their food out of salt water, however, they are delicate.

One day when Laddie and I were out in the upper half of the harbour, we saw Mallards. The harbour is protected water where none may shoot, so that the wild geese may live in peace—all but for the flock of eagles which feed upon them and the hunters on the goose hills which wound many and get few.

Speaking again of these birds—the “Bluewings—,” in winter are obliged to spend all their time along the salt water harbour, as all the fresh water lakes are frozen; and many may die from lack of food and water. They have been seen dead along the creeks where they have walked up after fresh water—and it running away below many feet of ice. The cowardly eagles and the wild cats eat these dead birds. In the summer time all the black ducks that live in Nova Scotia, mainly the yellow legged ones, spend the days on the fresh water lakes, usually coming to the tidal harbours when the tide is out. Often I have seen them fooled by the tide. They have the normal feeling of flight to feeding grounds just as the shades of night cover the flats. Often and often the tide is full at this time—but the webfooted ones come just the same.

We have not seen the Wood duck here. One fine big flock of Great Scaup, the big Bluebill, lived within a quarter of a mile of my desk all the early fall. We saw none of the Lesser Scaup, the little Bluebill. Many Whistlewings live in this harbour all winter and they are fairly good birds to eat, even if they do dive for their shellfish and snail food in salt

water. We saw American Mergansers and Red Breasted Mergansers, but no hooded ones. Both Widgeon and Pintails were seen in small flocks and we saw Green winged teal.—No Red Heads or Canvas Backs were seen, but quite a number of Buffleheads called “dippers” here; live in the harbour during October, November and December. There are big flocks of “Old Squaws”, or “Coween” here all the fall and early winter.

Then comes the “Seaducks” or “Shellducks”. These include the Surf Ducks, American, Whitewinged and Surf. But the one which comes inside the harbour is called “The Yellowbilled Coot” or “Butterball.” This is the American Scoter. It is eaten by all the residents here and claimed to be a good table bird. One different habit the women have here when cooking—they parboil all game birds, even the excellent Canada Goose. This takes off any coarse taste from a coarse duck; but it must take away a lot of richness from the

Canada Goose. We always roast these birds without parboiling.

Then we have the rest of the sea ducks. The new law prohibits the killing of the Eider Duck. One reason for this is that the all year winter dwellers along the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Islands of the Gulf, and the shores of Labrador kill such numbers of these birds for food. During the summer their dogs kill all migrants and nesting birds within a wide circle of the villages, so that even the coarse eating Eider is beginning to show in lesser numbers each fall. There are numbers of these Eiders, Northern, American and King Eider all along this coast in the winter, as well as the Shellducks, Mergansers. All of these birds live on the immense beds of Mussels exposed, or showing at low tide, all along the ocean beaches. It is a sight of wonder to see one of these big Ducks in every yard of an oncoming rolling surf, diving through its huge onrushing transparent billow and slipping



1. Our decoying hide on a rough shore. 2. The last shot was a direct hit.

out at the back safely—while the roller crashes into foam upon the shore. These birds all swallow mussels that are as large as great basting spoons. You can see the course of the shell plainly down the black throat—and down dives the bird for another. The digestive juice of these Seaducks is so strong that the hard shell is dissolved into limesslour in a few hours. But it is a thing of wonder how these birds live through the cold hard winter with the terrible storms that beat along the wild Atlantic coast. All the ducks have to run the gauntlet of the eagles which roost along this coast. We know of about a dozen which live in this harbour in winter. I have counted eight eagles, each sitting on the body of a dead goose, while a circle of hungry crows advanced and dodged and retreated; getting a discarded morsel occasionally, but having to wait until the so-called king of birds (cowardly thing that it is!) finished its meal. Then as it jumped and sailed away some of the crows chased and picked at it, while the others hopped in and gorged themselves (it seems a shame that the law prohibits the hunters rowing out and killing these wounded geese.) Great numbers are wounded as they fly high over the "Goose Hills". I would think twenty are wounded to everyone that is killed. Finally many of these are unable to get on the wing again and have to swim or dive to dodge the eagles, until some day the big savage bird drives its claws into the wounded birds' head as it sits dozing on the ice edge.

It is remarkable how well a black duck can dodge a pursuing eagle. One poor "Blue-Wing" essaying to pass down the harbour attracted a Baldhead. From the high course it was on, the eagle swooped down—with a rush of air like the exhaust of a whale—it curved onto the lower line of flight in a most wonderful manner and instantly set off in chase of the swiftly flying Blackduck.—Now the rush of the pursuer is heard close behind and the duck alters its course so rapidly that the bird of prey loses a bit of its advantage—Off curves

the duck turning and twisting and escapes that time. Untiringly the eagle keeps on pursuing and curving and dropping but, praise be to the power that fashioned that long black wing; the poor harried duck plunges into the water and dives away from the hanging talons which clutch for it. At other times the duck takes a head-long dive right into the spruce forest and makes a clean escape. I wonder how badly it damages its flight plumes?

It was just as the tide started to run out that Laddie and yours truly started off the big "Herald brothers Rice Lake Canoe". (We carry one of these all over the continent. They are made to last a lifetime) We headed east for Boyd's Rocks half way out towards the mouth of the harbour. The December air was as mild as October in midcontinent. The main difference we find here is that the decoys are either in a rushing, flowing tide, or high and dry on the sands. Laddie does all the paddling now, the old man has earned a rest. We go very cautiously as there is a great smooth swell rolling in from the ocean, and many a glacier-carried-rock hides below us in the rushing water. It is odd to slip up these great smooth slopes and glide down the other side—I need a mouthnet to catch my heart sometimes—but there is no danger unless we hit a rock and they only lie about as thick as plums in a pudding. As we approach the huge ice smoothed Boyd's Rocks a flock of Bluewings leap calling, and many a Whistling or Bluebill, or big wing Whistling "coot" (American Surfduck) leaps up and wings out into the harbour.

It takes big rock anchors and hard paddling by both of us to get the decoys out in the six feet of scurrying water. Then we have to drag the canoe over the rockweed covered ledge and hide it with seaweeds. Many a cushion is thrown into the rift in the rocks; for they are very cold to rest on. Our hide in front is a tide wrecked lobster trap, now burlap covered.

The decoys bob and dart in the tide and the ducks begin to fly back. It is a very odd thing but we rarely

get the birds to decoy here as they do in Ontario or the Prairies. I have tried many bays and rivers, spits and ledges in both the Atlantic and the Pacific, but the birds never decoyed as they do in midcontinent. True that we get the few we need, but they are snap shots at swiftly flying ducks which saw the decoys and they edged off. I think it is because each and every bird has a pet feeding or drinking or sanding spot.

To-day Laddie is giving me the shooting unless, unlikely thing, a duck flops into the decoys. The tide is running out swiftly and seal are now climbing out on all the appearing ledges with angry barks and loud cries. "Look!" hoarsely whistles the boy. A "Golden Eye" is coming out of the bay. It sees our decoys, curves in to within fifty yards, and swerves. I give it the right; then pour in the left as it fails to drop. The

last shot hit it and away it falls, taking a long drift before it splashed in, right in the heavy sea outside the rocks. We see it sitting there and say "lost bird," as I dare not risk the had out there with the tide now running.

Right behind this bird came a female and, as it passed over, I managed to hit it, so that when it struck the water and floated breast up, that large crimson spot dyed the breast and told that it was mercifully killed instantaneously. I was feeling quite well!—thank you! Two birds down for two chances, so promptly missed several others that came, or "slobbered them" and saw them fall out in the rough water. It is too hard shooting for me. These birds day after day, tear off overhead in a swiftly curving line. So I have more misses than dead birds—well! I always did have for that matter.



3. Right behind this came a female whistler and I managed to knock it dead as a stove-nail.
 4. The rarely used decoys.

The Sandflats are showing all around the rocks and we open the lunch and pass the thermos. There is not a scrap of wood on these rocks save our lobster trap and that is too valuable as a hide, to break up—thus the thermos.

By one o'clock the tide is out and all about us is hard dry sand on which the decoys sit—looking as if they did not belong there. We see a Buffle-head swimming in the channel and put out in the now calm scene and kill it, and pick up—or rather drag—the canoe and decoys over the sand to the retreated waters' edge and paddle happily home. We never need more than a couple of ducks, or four plover or a few shorebirds. The climate is mild and we do not try for a winter string of ducks to hang up and keep frozen. There is always a big Canada Goose to get between this date and Christmas. I will tell you that two or three of these look so big on the wall that a man does not think of killing any more for himself.

No one uses decoys here save us. The black ducks are killed by lying in wait on some of the points and killing a number as they swim in—as many as forty have been killed this way, at one double shot and one and two dozen to a single barrelled gun. The favourite way is to creep down at night when the tide is coming in, and the heavy rafts of Black Ducks are feeding along the advancing edge of it. Then a charge of number ones or double B. B's, poured in at forty to seventy yards, creates trouble for that poor hungry flock. We cannot do this way, I am almost sixty years old now and too old a dog to learn new tricks; even if my heart would allow me to kill the birds we are so fond of, during the dark hours of the night.

But the sum total of the ducks killed in this harbour during one season, are not as great as I have seen in the pictured bag of two duckshooters for the space of one week on midcontinental ducking grounds.

It is May when I finish writing this; black ducks are nesting, Willet, a shore

bird bigger than the Yellowleg, is here. Some Surfducks in the Channel some Semipalmated Plover, Curlew on the barrens, all else gone north to breed.

The Black Duck is a better flier than either the hawk or the eagle. I have just watched a Duck Hawk after a Black Duck. It easily outflew it. I would judge it was going full ten miles per hour faster and even on its curves the bird of prey failed to gain much advantage. Finally the bird swooped down to the water and dipped below. The Hawk simply curved up and flew off. The eagle gives the Black Duck harder chase. One morning just as dawn a rushing mass approached the point I was on—soon a second dark body hurtled past—never seeming to gain. Over the ledges the first and smaller bird led the larger one. Back and forth in long swelling curves. One would think that the great eagle behind had much the better chance. Not at all! The Duck led whither it wished, flying full speed and at last, dived into a clump of spruce and disappeared. Again while I was photographing from a tall rock I heard an approaching flight. Three teal dashed over my head and simply passed out of sight beneath the salt water of the harbour—right on their course—as closely as if it had been their shadows swept a Duck Hawk—and no matter how often he upset, or curved down, the Teal were always submerged at his close approach—and up at his swift departure.

A chum of mine hunting in Illinois had just got his well painted Mallards out to his satisfaction; his blind all arranged and his seat comfortable when in in swept a duck hawk. It swooped, curved, backed and threw its sharp claws into the soft cedar of one of the decoys. "Can't stand for that!" said the gunner and a swift mass of sixes confounded the robber.

Once when I was intently watching a Bluewinged Teal course like a hummingbird over the tops of the yellow giant grass in the marsh I espied a second black object coming. The Teal came nicely within range

but I held my fire, it crashed straight into the tall yellow stalks with a rending noise—and the hawk curved swiftly up into a stream of fine shot.

I had an odd experience last summer. I was visiting a neighbouring harbour looking into the duck shooting results for my columns when I was attracted by a group of sailors arguing. There were five men in the altercation. The tallest one was the captain—an American from the old fishing town of Gloucester, Mass. He and the mate and two others were U. S. citizens. The fifth man, a slim dark looking chap wearing a mackinaw was a Canadian from one of the fishing villages along the Nova Scotia coast. As I sauntered along I heard him say—

“Canada is no good!—I hate the King and all the Royal Family. Hurrah for the good old Stars and Stripes!”

“Where in the States were *you* born?” asked the captain.

“Oh! I was born in this rotten country!” said the Canadian sailor.

“How long have you lived in the States?” continued the captain.

“Off and on for ten years.”

“Taken out your papers?” questioned the captain.

“No!” grunted the sailor.

“Well! all I’ve got to say is that you’re a traitor to Canada so you would be a traitor to the States. We Americans have no use for a chap that runs down his own country. A turncoat is usually of no account anyhow. You just step aboard and get your kit and hike. You’ll have to stay in what you call “this rotten country”, and if ever I catch you on an American vessel I’ll have the crew dump you—now git”. And he got. “It’s a dirty bird that fouls its own nest” called the captain.

A word to my old friends the duckhunters of Rice Lake. While there I often picked up, especially in the springtime, many dying wild ducks, all diving ducks such as Bluebills, Whistlewings. The almost pure white tongue and mouth led me to believe they were dying from old age. Now comes the solution from the Western States where

there had been enormous amounts of lead shot from one special point. The ducks were dying there in numbers and when examined were found to be dying from lead poisoning from the shot picked up as gravel for the digestive tract.

“Oh for tricks that are naughty and ways that are vain the Heathen Chinese is peculiar” so is the market hunter.

I have seen in Fulton Market in days gone by blackbirds and robins marked Reedbirds. In another place “Marsh Rabbits” were plainly our old friends the muskrat. Coarse shellfish eating surf ducks masqueraded under the name of Black Ducks. In one place they had evidently been short of boxes to ship them in and the results were redskinned ducks as square as a brick.

But some of our Canada and Maine market hunters are using new ways that are decidedly peculiar. These men have been procuring the non-residence tags from hunters who are allowed two deer but have only taken one. These tags are used for shipping and the U. S. Fish and Game Wardens are wise to this new fangled way. Five dozen carcasses of deer were shipped by one man, a dozen arriving at one time. The deer were instantly carried into cold storage under false owners’ names and later found their way into the market. Even the name of citizens dead and gone have been used—and a prominent Bank President had his name used as a shipper.

It pays well to do this work as the profits on a carcass will run all the way from \$35 to \$50 apiece. But they were not even satisfied with this—they had to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs—they neatly and carefully, but not too carefully! filled the carcasses with wild ducks. Yes! I know it comes hard on many a dweller in the long narrow harbours of Nova Scotia and Maine, who used to make fifty to a hundred dollars out of Surf Ducks and Eider Ducks, but the New Federal Laws say we must not sell game birds. One

carcase held some old Squaw Ducks, "Coween" we call them on the big lakes, and to fill out evenly some one, evidently a joker, had stuck two

cabbage in a big deer's paunch. In this last haul the deputies seized eighteen deer and twenty-five wild ducks.

Rivetting Its 250th Link to the Chain

ATHENLNEY EVANS

DURING the first week of May, pages of Manitoba history were turned back into the years of long, long ago. Upon Monday, May 2, there was presented a drama, its scenic basis portraying contrast of peoples, modes of clothing, transportation facilities, other features of historical record.

The Hudson Bay Company on May 2, celebrated the 250th. anniversary of its connection with the fur trade, life, character of Rupert's Land, the once unknown huge territory lying to the westward of Great Lakes.

The scene of a jubilee with its array of spectacular accompaniment, was Red River. Upon the bank of this muddy stream stands the City of Winnipeg, once trading place of Indian and trapper, they who swapped the pelts at the Great Company's store. And Winnipeg was the starting point of the jubilee proceedings which were staged to occur at Lower Fort Garry, an establishment of the H. B. C. on Red River bank twenty miles distant from Winnipeg. At Lower Fort were assembled for the anniversary ceremonies, a representative gathering of Indian peoples, the chiefs of Ojibways, Blackfeet, Crees, and Karriers. From that vast domain of the Great Silences leagues northward of Lake Winnipeg, came forth a company into the land of palefaces.

A flotilla of 17 canoes, a dugout, two York boats contained the plainmen and voyagers. Punctually at 9.30 o'clock, the navy manned by sturdy Indians left Provencher bridge, a structure twixt Winnipeg and St. Boniface, amid the acclamations of many thousand sightseers lining the river banks. Among the crowd, might have been observed natives tenanting lake shores and tamarac woods of Northern Ontario's fastnesses. The destination of the river voyageurs was as stated, Lower Fort Garry. No place of greater suitability for the auspicious occasion could have been selected, for Fort Garry was one of the Great Company's oldest trading posts, and likewise, even until recent years, the residential quarters of the Commissioner and his family. As the craft proceeded along Red River, the millinery and wearing appar-

el of sightseers seemed to fade into insignificance before the gorgeous head feathers and beaded jackets of Indian chiefs and their attendants. And thus was there visibly pictured a canvas depicting a Manitoba unknown to an outside world, verily a panorama enacted wherein no essential of early war history appeared but was accurate in every detail.

Arrival of the flotilla at Lower Fort Garry shortly after one o'clock, was announced with discharge of a cannon, the signal that historic scene would shortly be presented within the Fort walls. The many thousands of visitors before whom the old time drama was rehearsed, will ever retain within their memories the details connected with the Great Company's anniversary. The initial proceeding at Lower Fort was an address of welcome delivered by Sir Robert M. Kindersley of London, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and various orators of the Indian tribes made suitable response. This feature concluded, smoking of the pipe of peace, an instrument four feet in length and specially made for the occasion by a Sioux Indian, was observed with much ceremony. Following this event, presentation of medals to the chiefs occurred, and this function concluded, a great pow-wow around the flagstaff between the Governor and his Neche guests was fittingly carried out. As shades of nighttime approached, the Indians gathered together in small groups, and an old time "burst forth" of drone, of tom tom and chant of the forefathers, continued several hours. Not a few of those who participated in this revel, were making an acquaintanceship with the civilization of their paleface brethren for the first time.

The Hudson Bay Company to-day stands at the threshold of greater prosperity than has ever marked the Company's history and record of 250 years. Within this present Summer the foundation of a huge store costing upwards of five million dollars, will be commenced on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg. This building will be utilized for the Company's extension of retail trade.

Real Tonic



F. V. WILLIAMS

A pitch knot burst in the campfire in front of us and sent a cloud of sparks in all directions and from across in front of the tent where my partner sat smoking a solemn pipe came the query, "Crystal gazing?" It would have made anyone laugh the way he put it, if we remember rightly the last picture of a person we had seen Crystal gazing was of a very much advertised actress posing with the famous glass globe held in front of her, and a very saintly expression on her face. It was a good photo, but ye Gods, Crystal gazing? Say our thoughts were a long, long way from Crystal gazing, (*Rod and Gun* will have a Crystal gazing story later). We were thinking of the hundreds, yes perhaps hundreds of thousands of people, both old and young, women and men, who every year are seeking rest, "Rest" mind you, in trying to outdo someone else in the rush for pleasure.

Its a *real tonic* they need, and do you know where to find it? Well take it from us it is not where the crowd is rushing and shoving, where brick walls blot out the sky and shut off its blue, and it is not under the glare of electric light and in the company of painted baby dolls. It's out where the Great Spirit has made paintings that some artists endeavor to copy but never get just the effect that the Great Master of All has put on his canvas.

Real Tonic! Oh Boy, try it once Mr.

Man whose stomach is getting a little bit too large to suit your shoulders, only don't let the first rainstorm or first mosquito bite turn you back to your dissipations and hard work, until you have soaked up two weeks, or two months if you have the leisure, of this Real Tonic, a trip to the Lake Country of the Big North Woods.

There's a fire built between two logs, said logs are lying parallel across the foot of a big tree, a tent in the back ground, supper dishes all put away and everything about camp made tidy for the night, off to the right as we, partner and I, face the fire is an arm of the little lake, and a splash denotes the feeding of a pike, or maybe a curious muskrat. A pitch knot bursts in the fire and sends a shower of sparks into the air and half closing my eyes and taking the back trail a few years we see two fellows starting out from a little mining town in a Fraser river skiff, grub for two weeks, rifles, blankets and "old Nigger", the big black curly dog, of what breed we know not. An old gentleman is helping the boys stow away their belongings aboard this boat, and is plainly very anxious about their comforts, one of the boys tells him they will be back in a month, the other says two weeks, and the old gentleman with the smiling face finally answers his own questions by remarking that they will probably be back when the

grub gives out, a good guess, evidently he had been a boy himself.

The way leads out of the harbour at Nanaimo through the channel between Newcastle Island and the main Island, through Departure Bay and out into the Gulf of Georgia and then on up the Coast line of the Island, it is coming on dark and threatening rain when we get our flat bottomed centre board skiff around in the lee of a tiny island off Nanoose Bay. It is quite dark by the time we get the fire lighted and preparations made to spend the night, completed.

We had depended for drinking water on the many fresh water streams along the way and now that we had landed on our little island, partner said he knew where there was a dandy water hole on the highest part of the island. It was very dark and we carried no lantern but that made no difference as our large camp fire threw a goodly light and my pal disappeared into the blackness with our large stew kettle and the coffee pot only to return some fifteen minutes later with both brimming full of clear fresh water.

We made a stew of boiled potatoes and a duck that had gotten within range on our way up, a few onions and some slices of bacon. Pilot bread and tea finished the meal off, and we made a rousing fire and crawled in under the low branches of a dwarfed cedar with our blankets and had a sound sleep that lasted 'till daybreak and we were up and about with the first of the daylight. I took the coffee pot to get a new supply of fresh water and made my way to the water hole that partner had visited the night before and filled that very necessary utensil and was about to turn away when something black attracted my attention at the far end of the pool, and there lying in the water was a dead scoter, how long the fowl had been there would be hard to say, but at least a week judging from appearances, and, well, that water, was it fit to drink? We had drunk it the night before from this same pool, so before throwing it out I returned to the beach where partner was storing the last rolled blanket in the boat and everything was ready but the coffee. I told him what I'd found, he grinned good naturedly. "We drank it last night, we're still alive, and if we don't drink it this morning we go without coffee. Its breezing up and it will take us an hour to get to other water. The pool looked all right otherwise didn't it?" he remarked, and I had to admit it did, and as the dead duck was lying some twelve or fifteen feet away in the very shallow-

est part of the pool we decided to take a chance, the water was boiled, coffee made, and as partner remarked we'd probably drank lots worse coffee in the restaurants many a time and judging by the flavor, we sure had.

Moving out from the shelter of the little island that morning our sprit sail caught the first of that fresh coming breeze. We ran for three hours with almost a fair wind, and a wind that was steadily increasing in strength. It finally began to rain and with the rain the wind became so strong that we were afraid the mast would go, so we took out the sprit and just let the old skiff slide along with a leg o'mutton sail as driving power, and with the wind we had, it was a plenty large canvas.

An hour after we had taken out the sprit we were racing along with the wind like a scared fish, and away on our left on the shore I saw a settler's cabin and a group of people about the door and what was evidently the man of the house watching us through a telescope.

The water was becoming much rougher and I looked back at my partner who was seated in the stern steering, he looked a bit worried and just then the skiff was lifted on a huge wave and sent forward as if shot from a catapult, the wave did not break but ahead of us about a half mile I could see there was a regular mass of breaking seas, shallow water, and we were going at the speed of an express train straight for it.

In the bow was a good anchor and about one hundred and fifty feet, perhaps more, of good salmon net line, I made the anchor fast to the line and coiled the line under the bit of a deck forward. It took but a few moments to do this and then I glanced back again.

Old Nigger the dog, was lying flat in the bottom of the boat, he sure knew we were headed for trouble and he acted like it, we had kept too close inshore when the breeze had freshened and now we were in such rough water that there was but one thing to do. Ahead of us was a long point running out into the Gulf, we could not pull our craft by the wind even with the centre board down—we had been running with it up, and hoped to crawl around that point to shelter, the old skiff would not hold up to windward, and even if we had been able to do this the chances are the seas would have rolled us over, even with a better sea boat. There was just one thing to do and partner was sure doing that, he was steering straight for the smoothest looking spot on the shore in front of us, once,

twice, three times the seas lifted us up and hurled us forward, the last time the water slopped in over the sides and left some four inches in the bottom of the boat, and then, Ye Gods, the sheet tore loose from partner's grasp and the sail went smashing and flopping off to leeward, as useless as a broken wing on a wounded duck. We were slidin' down the windward side of the last big sea, and in the distance I could see the one following it sure to break, there would be ten or twenty seconds perhaps before it reached us and I threw over the anchor. It seemed an hour before the skiff began to move up into the wind,—I had snubbed on the line as soon as I thought the anchor had a hold.

We were about 60 yards off the beach when that first big white topped comber hit us. It was like shooting the Chutes, the way we raced, skyward and went through—I say through—because the skiff was too heavy to go over the very crest of the wave—the top of the big wave and shot down on the other side.

I gave slack on the anchor line enough so that we were carried some ten yards closer the shore, partner by this time had recaptured the loose sail and had it securely lashed in place, and then another, and another of those big waves hit us. Say, I was not frightened, I was just plain scared, and I am not ashamed to admit it, and all the time I was thinking,—If we get rolled over here or get swamped, I'm going to loose that rifle,—I had purchased for this trip a new 38-55-Marlin,—Well it would not have mattered much about the rifle for I think had we been swamped that Nigger would probably have been the only one to get ashore as those seas were too big and too heavy for such poor swimmers as my pal and I.

Well at last I was at the end of my rope, we were as near as I could judge about forty feet from the shore. I looked back and partner and the dog were sitting there waiting for something to happen. I think old Nigger would have jumped, but the hand on his collar held him back. I yelled back that we'd have to let go, and I saw them get ready and now we shot into the air again on the top of a bigger sea than ever, right at the crest, just as it broke to go shooting shorewards I let go the rope and turned round, and say, Oh Man, Oh Man, the way we went at that beach. The minute we struck, over the side we both went and held the old boat stern on to the seas, she was about 28 feet long and very heavy, and we were unable to drag her

more than a few feet out on the rocks. We simply stuck there and held her until the next big one came, it nearly threw us off our feet, it filled the old boat brimfull, and we were in water to our waists, but the weight of water held her on the rocks and we got a double and single block tackle rigged to an old tree and every time the sea hit the boat we got her a little further off the beach until finally we could take out the bailing plug and let the water run out, then we got the old craft up out of the seas reach, but it makes me laugh to think about it. We were as wet as a rainy night, not a dry blanket, or stitch of clothes on us.

It was the work of two hours to get up a tent improvised from our sail and get the blankets spread. It had let up in the rain for awhile but now it started again, we had dry matches and we lighted the big bubbles of pitch on a big fir tree and got a fire started, and that was *some* fire. The reflected heat soon dried out the interior of our tent and in spite of the rain the blankets dried, and then we piled drift wood with which the beach was covered—for an all night fire.

We were to have fried onions and potatoes for supper and as we had a dandy side of bacon we chopped off a goodly chunk for us and lay the larger piece on a convenient slab of drift wood, the supper nearly ready we looked about for our large piece of bacon as we intended putting it away on the sheltered branch of a tree for safe keeping. The bacon was gone and so was Nigger, and he did not turn up till after we had eaten and were preparing to turn in for the night. No amount of coaxing or threats would make him reveal where he had buried the bacon, no sir, not he, the picture of absolute humility he would simply lie down when threatened with a whipping and stick a very beseeching set of legs in the air, when coaxed to show us the way he would simply trot a few steps over toward a creek where we got our water and then turn back, well we gave it up and after fixing the fire turned in.

Along about three a.m. my partner woke me up, he sure was mad, he was cussin' mad, and he wanted to know if I smelled what he smelled. I told him I didn't know what he was smellin', but that what I did smell was the most obnoxious stink that I'd ever had the misfortune to run into. We both raised up carefully on our elbows and looked out the front of the sail tent, this being open. It was raining a little and the fire had burned low a bit, but it gave sufficient light to see

objects plainly for twenty five or thirty feet. I could see nothing strange, old Nigger was curled up asleep inside the entrance to the tent. Before I could stop him my partner had grabbed one of his heavy boots and sent it hurtling at old Nigger's head, it missed his head but hit him in the ribs and with a yelp he bolted out into the rain. "Too bad to send him outside in the rain a night like this" I remonstrated.

"Too bad nothing," retorted my mate, "he's not satisfied with swipin' our bacon he has to go and roll in a lot of that dead salmon and then come crawling in here to sleep." Next morning we found this to be true, old Nigger had evidently found a dry spot under some tree, as he was both dry, and considerable puffy looking about the stomach. I imagined this was caused by our stolen bacon, but Oh Boy, the smell of him, he had a long black curly coat and we shortly afterward discovered that he must have had the notion that this coat of his needed perfume. He had found a few dead salmon on the bank of the little creek, they had been dead quite sometime, and, he had rolled in them until his coat was thoroughly perfumed. Well we just sent old Nigger in swimin' in a little cove where the sea was not so bad, we sent him fetching sticks until his coat was well washed out by his own efforts in the water, as his perfumed coat was a long way from being a pleasant addition to camp.

It was morning of our first day on the beach, and it still continued to blow and throw a bit of rain at us. We had our breakfast and started out after deer, the trails were full of deer tracks, fresh ones, but there seemed to be mighty few deer, and afterward we were told that the wolves had been running the deer and that the tracks we saw were of deer that had been travelling at night and had probably swam out to some of the smaller islands to escape the wolves. We were told this by a party of line men whom we met one day on the road. They told us that day as they ate their lunch a large wolf had come out in plain sight and sat down about two hundred yards from them, and looked them over, and then trotted off into the bush.

It was the third day of our stay on the beach and we took a different route for our hunt. We left a bit of a natural clearing and started through heavy timber on the edge of a swamp, there were a number of old trees blown down and on one of these, a tree some four feet in thickness, we started to cross a marshy spot in the ground, partner was ahead, Old Nigger

came next and I brought up the rear on our log foot bridge. Half the length of the log had been passed when my partner stopped and pulled up his rifle, taking a careful sidestep on the rough bark, I peeped by his shoulder and saw the rifle he was carrying pointing straight at the biggest buck's head I have ever seen, before or since. He was sure a beauty, he was standing in a little swamp looking directly at us and about 90 yards away, not more than that, perhaps the distance was a little less, at any rate I saw the muzzle of the rifle drop slowly down until it looked as if partner was going to try for a chest shot and not take chances on shooting at the head. I had seen him shoot before and knew he was a good shot and as the rifle cracked I was amazed to see that big buck give a tremendous bound and go smashing away through the huge skunk cabbage leaves of the swamp. Well, I flopped off that log and took a running shot, and missed.

We followed the big fellow's tracks for a half hour in order to ascertain for certain if there were any signs of blood; there was not, so it is safe to believe that the big fellow got away without a scratch, as far as my shot was concerned I know he did, as I saw the twigs fly from a branch a foot to one side of his tossing white flag as he made a quick turn to one side in his flight. I shall always believe however that my partner's miss was due to defective ammunition, as later one of the same lot of cartridges blew out at the head in such a way as to jam the action of his rifle and put it entirely out of commission for the trip.

At the end of our half hour's trailing we discovered we were a bit hazy as to our whereabouts and as we did not wish to retrace our steps we started straight away for what we thought was the direction of the beach, after an hours' hunting,—we were travelling about 50 yards apart,—and moving slowly, in hope of getting another chance at deer, we came to a dense thicket of small firs; they were only four feet high, but they had grown so thickly together that passage through them without lopping a trail was out of the question so we skirted the edge. We followed this for another couple of hours and of a sudden emerged from the timber onto the Government road within a mile of our camp for which spot we at once headed.

Out of bread at camp, we decided to call at a settlement which we knew existed somewhere a short distance, perhaps two miles to the south of us. We arrived there about 1 p.m. and inquired at two or three houses about



"I was not frightened, I was just plain scared and I am not ashamed to admit it."

buying bread, they had none to sell. Then we tried to buy flour, they had no flour to sell, and finally as we crossed a small bridge to try a house on the other side of the creek a white man accosted us and asked where we were going. We told him we were after some flour or bread, and he told us plain and blunt that we would buy no food around there. "That's my woman over there" he remarked pointing to an Indian woman busily engaged in digging potatoes. "Them's my two boys," indicating two half breed boys, man grown that were loafing under a tree a short distance away, "and we ain't got no grub to sell" and the look of him as he said it was a threat in itself.

"Oh well" remarked partner "we know where we can get grub and that's about three miles up the river at a settler's place." The fellow in front of us was a study. He did not know whether to order us off or let us go on.

It's like this" he remarked "there are bear traps set along the trail up the river and you fellows are liable to get into them."

Partner looked at me and I looked at him, and we suddenly decided the thing for us to do was to go back the way we came. The man in front of us evidently had reasons for not wanting us to go up the river and the half breeds and Indians we had talked with also must have had their reasons for not wanting to sell us grub.

Well my partner had left his rifle at the camp, I had mine with me, there were other little things about that camp that would very likely be stolen if these people knew the place was without a guardian.

"Bear traps up the creek? we didn't know that," I remarked, "perhaps we'd better think it over before tackling that trail partner, hey?" and I was almost sure partner would agree and he did.

We walked back to camp after thanking our friend at the bridge and spent a half hour talking it over. My pal knew the settler he spoke of and was sure we could get food from him and so much of our stuff had been spoiled by the soaking it got when we landed that we sure had to have grub.

Everything "stealable" we hid in the brush, oars, camp equipment and all movables were hidden, the surf still ran high on the beach with an onshore breeze, so there was little chance of anyone stealing our big skiff. We each took our rifles and lots of spare ammunition and started back for that bridge and sure enough our "friend" was waiting for us. I could see he was sizing us up and we

watched his every move, and so did old Nigger, who by his actions did not like him at all. He beckoned to his two sons and the three of them came up and stood across our path.

"I see you have made up your minds to go up the river," he remarked with a scowl. "Well, remember this, if anything happens to you you have been warned." "Don't worry there won't be anything happen but what we will be able to account for," returned partner and he smiled at the fellow who stood to one side and let us pass.

It was a long hike up the river, but we made it without sign of a bear trap. We found the man sick in bed with a cold and his wife and two children doing the chores and taking care of him, and he was so glad to see us that he insisted on sitting up in bed for a chat. In the course of the conversation we mentioned about the fellow warning us not to come up river, and our host informed us that the people at the settlement were very jealous of anyone who came into the neighborhood as they always suspected them of being spies of some mining syndicate, spying on their claims of which they had a number in the neighborhood. We were mighty glad to find out about this as we determined on the way back to set the man's mind at the bridge at rest regarding our business.

Our hostess seemed worried that she had nothing more in the way of refreshments to offer than bread and milk, but she looked more at ease after seeing the manner in which partner and I cleaned up those bowls of rich milk and home made bread, and when we were ready to depart she sold us three large loaves of bread.

The next morning partner's gun was about useless and in trying to extract the broken shell he converted it into a piece of junk as far as shooting was concerned, I started out alone and got one partridge and saw one deer, —too late to shoot at.

We made a stew of onions, potatoes and partridge, and as the wind was dying away decided to make a break for home, and by noon we were ready, we passed out over the piece of water that we had nearly been drowned on a few days before, now as calm as the old mill pond—I forgot to mention that at low water the day following our landing that we managed to discover our net rope and after a little wading recovered the anchor and all complete which goes to show that we came in over a regular sand bar—that's what made the tremendous surf. Had the tide been a little lower the old skiff would probably have

struck bottom and filled on us while in the trough of the sea.

A light beam wind favored us for two or three hours and with the centreboard down to keep our craft from making too much leeway we made fairly good time, then the wind died out, and we took to the oars and in another two hours we were rowing against a head wind.

From two in the afternoon until one the next morning we struggled against the wind and rising sea and at last we crept in under the lee of the little island we had camped on a few days before. It was pitch dark and sprinkling rain again, we lighted a piece of wood covered with balsam and got our old camp fire going intending to spend but an hour or two and keep on toward home, after we had eaten we discovered the boat to be nearly aground in the little cove and we were so plumb all in we simply pulled the boat farther into the cove

got our blankets and crept under the shelter of the cedar branches again.

The rain woke us up about five a.m. splashing in our faces as we slept, as the wind had shifted and it was driving into our shelter. Up we got and drank the last of our coffee and the last chunk of bread old Nigger took at a gulp.

Head wind and head sea drove us to shelter again, by noonday we landed hauled out our skiff, covered our dunnage and with our rifles and blankets walked home.

What say? Oh yes I guess it is time to turn in, and as I turn to follow my partner to the tent I glance up at the new moon, look across the quiet little arm of the lake and the stars reflected therein and fifteen minutes later am asleep under the canvas.

Rough stuff! Did I hear some one say? Perhaps, but Rough stuff or otherwise it's all 'Real Tonic'.

Boosts Rod and Gun

Editor, Rod and Gun In Canada

For a long time my father has been a subscriber to your valuable magazine and ever since I have come to the city I have been a regular source of nuisance to the bookstores because I am around every month looking for a copy of the *Rod and Gun*. In my opinion I have no choice and I think nobody else should have any choice between the various sporting magazines. I think I have read nearly all the sporting magazines and I always find something wanting in all but the *Rod and Gun*. This magazine should come regularly into the homes of every true born Canadian, because Canada is (especially northern Ontario) the sportsman's paradise and what people don't know about the natural life of Canada can be placed in their minds through the influence of the *Rod and Gun*. Often as I have just finished reading a *reminder* by Robert Page Lincoln, I would sit for hours and think (or rather dream) of the delightful hours and months I have spent with nature in that wonderful northland, canoeing, hunting, fishing, motorboating or roaming through the woods and over the rocks near home, and now I think of the foolish young people who crowd to the city "to see life" as they call it, and "to live." During my whole winter in the city I have never spent one really happy, contented hour. There is the roar of the street cars, the whirr

of an automobile or the alarming clang of the fire reels as they rush to extinguish some unruly fire. Even as I go to the parks on Sunday and see the beautiful trees and the squirrels, the running streams, I do not even see nature, for wherever you look there is the everpresent automobile purring or rather roaring along the finely paved highway. Only when I sit alone in my room and pull up the easy chair and get absorbed in the fascinating paragraphs of the *Rod and Gun* can I see nature as it really is. I believe the part that interests me most is the stories of nature, but I spend a great deal of time also in reading the columns of the Guns and Ammunition section so full of good advice that no sportsman can afford to pass by it without reading it through several times. I have had friends say to me, "If you studied half as hard at school as you do the Guns and Ammunition column of the *Rod and Gun* you would be a clever man."

Well I guess I should not waste your valuable time by asking you to read stuff like this, but I can't help letting you know how much I appreciate the magazine which has told me and others too a lot of things they did not know before.

Wishing you every success in your excellent work, I remain,

Toronto.

Yours truly,

R. Foote.

Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE



AMANITA PHALLOIDES

There are quite a few varieties of *A. Phalloides* and they vary very much in color, all the way from pure white through yellow to greenish olive brown down to dark umber brown. They nearly always grow in the woods or the borders of woods but occasionally they have been found in the open away from any woods. They all possess the bulb at the base and the cup surrounding the base of the stem, and all are deadly poisonous.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

Belt and Scabbard Making

ASHLEY A. HAINES

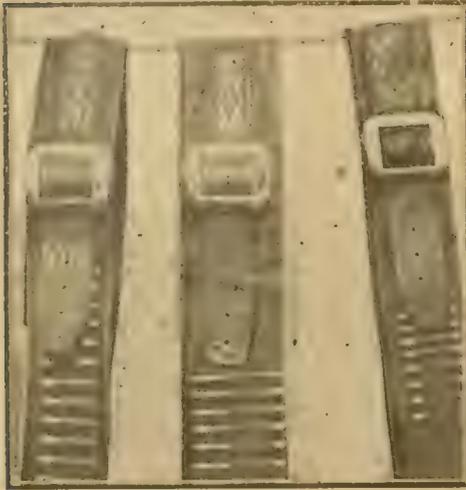
PROBABLY a more appropriate title for this article would have been "Belt and Scabbard Making by an Amateur," but we will let it stand as written and briefly endeavor to explain why it is desirable, at times at least, for the gun crank to know how to make his belts and scabbards. If one lives near the big cities, or is so situated that he can obtain exactly what he may require in the line of rifle and revolver cartridge belts, knife sheaths, axe scabbards, and other leather goods which every hunter is certain to have more or less use for, then, provided the leather goods enumerated above line up with the gun crank's tastes, he would be wasting his time (and probably much good material) learning how to make the above mentioned articles for his own use. If, however, he, like the writer, has lived most of his life in sections remote from the big cities where the things mentioned are not easily procured, or, as is usually the case, if he has ideas of his own which may, and probably do, differ from those who have designed and made the leather goods regularly offered over the counter, he is certain to attempt making these things as nearly as he can to suit his, possibly, peculiar notions. It's possible, of course, that some who may read this may know some harness or saddle-maker who will carry out one's ideas to the letter and, if so, one is certainly fortunate in knowing such a workman, but if, as is too often the rule, these expert leather workers are only interested in turning out standard goods, our gun crank who may be also a crank in other lines, will find it exceedingly difficult to have made the cartridge belt or revolver scabbard which he desires to

differ in at least some respects from the regular goods of this line.

There are plenty of excellent belts and scabbards on the market, but that is not admitting that they will suit all of us in every respect. Take the writer as an example. What type of cartridge belt do you suppose comes the nearest to suiting him? "Why," someone will say, "the combined cartridge and money belt, of course." And why do they say this? Simply because it represents the best in high grade cartridge belts. But is it 100 per cent. perfect? It may be of very best material throughout, the stitching of the highest order and ornamentation the most artistic, but there has always been at least two features about such belts which never suited me which will explain why I began spoiling leather years ago in an effort to make what I could not buy regularly over the counter. And the two undesirable features I had in mind was that the regular combined cartridge and money belt, which means a belt of the folded type, has its edges brought together at the side and almost invariably the cartridge loops are spaced too far apart—so far, in fact, that stitches are almost invariably seen between the loops when belt is filled with cartridges. I have seen and owned belts of this type which sold at fancy prices where there were but five cartridge loops where six could have been placed and this without crowding. Which would you prefer, a belt in which not a single stitch would show between loops or one with loops so closely spaced that no stitches were to be seen? Remember, now, the belt of my choice would be the one with loops closely spaced

but the loops must not be so closely spaced as to hold the cartridges too tightly thereby making their removal difficult in the slightest degree. And the belts I make for my own use (none for sale, remember, though often they find their way into hands of other cranks) have loops closely spaced on the body of the belt, and yet the cartridges are easily removed when desired.

'But what's wrong with the folded belt



Three seamless cartridge belts made by Ashley A. Haines. Belts are of the combined cartridge and money belt type, but are made to appear seamless. Very soft and very pliable.

you have mentioned above due to the edges being brought together at one side? That's the way they are all made; what's wrong with them, I'd like to know." Nothing especially, except the edges of the belt, in my opinion, should be brought together at back of belt at centre and sewed with what I, for want of a better name, will call the base-ball cover stitch which will be dwelt upon farther on. Due to the fact that a belt so constructed could not be purchased regularly, and that none could be had with loops as closely spaced as I desired, explains why I, years ago, began making belts for my own use. Such belts, properly made, suit me much better than the standard belts. Both features tend to greatly improve the belt in appearance while the cartridge-carrying capacity is increased, though I do not consider this last feature of much importance, under usual conditions, as one seldom cares to carry a belt full of cartridges. But a belt in which the loops are so closely spaced as to prevent stitches being seen between loops, which permits rims of

cartridges like the .25-35 Winchester touching each other when belt is held up by one end, and one in which both edges, heavily and neatly creased, but each devoid of a seam or stitching of any kind—a belt, in fact which to all appearances when on the wearer is *seamless at all points*, is the belt that I very much prefer to the regular factory product.

When properly made, one of these belts I refer to can be held up by the end and it will hang perfectly plumb without any pucker due to loops being too close together, the rims, as I have mentioned, of such cartridges as the .25-35's touching, no stitches in sight and each of the neatly turned edges of the belt absolutely the same in appearance. To produce such a belt one must have the right material, have spaces in body of belt exactly right as well as the spacing for the loops themselves. The leather for these loops, remember, must be thin—much thinner than is usually found on the factory belts or it will be impossible to space for the loops as closely as we shall desire.

I have not referred to the ordinary single-cartridge belts, which are almost invariably made of thick, stiff leather, sometimes sewed with the abominable chain stitch, simply due to their being unworthy of notice. The belt we are interested in is one made of the finest of soft, pliable, but never spongy, russet calf skin. Some times I have heard this called California calf skin and several other names but right to-day I do not know what a man should specify to get the leather I should want. Sometimes I am lucky and get the superior article and then I am doomed to land something quite inferior. But nearly any one should be able to select exactly what would be required if permitted to inspect the leather when purchasing instead of ordering by mail. Often this leather is quite light in color, but this should worry no one as almost invariably it will be darker when made up and usually takes a rich russet with use and the longer it is used, the better it will appear. The best of this leather I am writing about, usually has an almost damp feel and slightly sticky to the touch as though slightly oiled. This is the leather I very much prefer though have made up some belts from a similar leather except it seemed perfectly devoid of the damp, sticky, oily feel.

In selecting leather for one of these belts, I would most earnestly caution against choosing the thick hides. Remember, this perfect belt of ours is to be *two ply* of leather and even when made from the thinnest leather

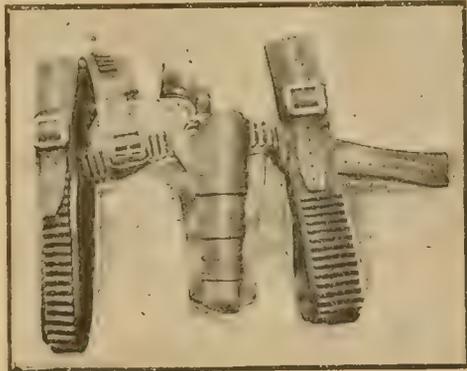
the finished belt will be thicker than the average person would imagine at first. Here is what I usually like to do when making these belts. Have at least two hides on hand but both thin. Now it's almost certain that they will differ at least slightly in thickness. For the body of the belt, cut from the heavier hide using the other for the cartridge loops but do not split the leather for any purpose unless absolutely necessary as might happen if the leather to be used for the loops varied considerably in thickness when I would have that leather run through the splitter and brought down to a uniform thickness its entire length but nowhere thinner than the thinnest end was in the first place.

I prefer belts varying in width from $2\frac{1}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches depending on the cartridges which they are to carry. The cartridge loops will have a width varying from $\frac{3}{4}$ inch for the shorter revolver cartridges up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches for the longer rifle cartridges. We will suppose we are going to make a belt for the .25-35 Winchester cartridge. A belt of three inches for cartridges of this length appeals to me very much though one of $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches seems almost as attractive. We will consider a belt of three inches in width, however, and the loops for cartridges of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

First get your leather. Cut lengthwise for everything. The body of this belt should be cut from the back or not lower down than a near approach to the flanky parts. The average calf skin when body of belts are cut from it, will afford leather for about three belts. Remember this means an eighteen-inch strip the entire length of the hide for, for each belt, it requires a strip six inches in width to make the body of one of these three-inch folded belts. If you care to splice cartridge loops, leather suitable for the purpose can be cut from best parts of leather remaining but if you have two hides, one thinner than just cut up for body of the belts, I would cut my cartridge loops from it and dodge the loop-splicing stunt. But if desirable to save leather, I never hesitate to splice loops though when I have other use for such leather I prefer to use a single piece of leather, if possible, for the cartridge loops. One can make all kinds of leather sacks for various uses from the best parts of hides remaining after parts for belts are cut out though I never have found any pleasure or satisfaction in using the spongy parts for any purpose. Judging from some of the stuff let out by some factories, however, they seem to have no difficulty in disposing of it.

Now take the six-inch strip of leather and dip in water to dampen it. Don't soak it, merely hold in water until it is dampened. Some leather absorbs water sufficiently for our purpose very quickly, other leathers, not so porous, probably, more time is required. Now spread this leather, rough side up, on a smooth board which for convenience will be on a table. Draw a pencil line through its exact centre the entire length and fold edges till they meet this line and press down edges firmly. The creaser may be run along the edges if desired though this is not necessary if the edges stay pressed down fairly close. Now turn belt over and crease heavily by running creaser along the edges. I believe you can obtain these creasers at almost any harness shop (I have made two of mine) or can get from C. S. Osborne & Co., Newark, N. J. or any other maker of harness and saddler's tools. In creasing, see that the edges keep together and when properly creased a very neat appearing belt will appear in prospect though we have not finished the job by a long ways.

Turn over and run a crease along each edge which will be a guide for the holes for the base-ball cover stitching which later will be employed for uniting the edges but which will



Belt and scabbard for single action Colt, and belts for the .38-40 and .25-35 Winchester made by Ashley A Haines. Belts seamless as described in article.

never appear to the observer when belt is being worn. Take pair of small dividers and set as desired for spacing for stitches for this sewing. Be sure (this is important, remember) that this spacing is uniform so that same number of stitches appear on each edge of the belt that no drawing, or puckering of belt results later on when edges are finally brought together permanently.

Turn belt over, spread out and punch

holes, as spaced by dividers, for sewing. To punch these and all other holes for belt or scabbard work I lay leather on soft pine board and punch holes letting awl run into the board nearly its entire length. I might mention here that it requires about a solid ten hours for me to make one of these "seamless" belts of mine. The various parts are all laid off with try square and dividers, all holes punched before a stitch is taken, after which they go together like a machine-made gun and without any further use of the awl.

Turn belt back and fold to three inches wide and place cartridge on belt to determine where you want your loops. To determine this point have rim and point of bullet equal distances from their respective edges on the belt. Set dividers to draw faint line for upper edge of loops where cartridge rim is and after this line is drawn, draw another $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches lower down for the lower edge of loops. Again adjust your dividers to run another faint line half way between the other two.

Now set your dividers with points same distance apart as rim of the cartridge. This will almost invariably be the right distance for spacing for cartridges on the body of the belt and twice this distance almost invariably right for the cartridge loops, though with different leathers the spacing in both cases may vary slightly. Also I might mention here that this spacing is for the average run of rimmed cartridges, the .25-35 Winchester being here taken as an example. Rims of such cartridges, when in the belt, should touch when belt is straightened out, but it must be remembered that in making belts for cartridges having slight rims like the .45 Colt revolver cartridge, or for the rimless rifle cartridges, different allowances must invariably be made.

With dividers set as mentioned, space along upper line on belt for the loops marking with point of divider and then with try square mark across the three lines. Before spacing for the loops, however, it is well to determine exactly how many loops you are to have on the belt and then find the centre of where these will be on the belt. After that space each way half the number of cartridges you intend to make the belt for. Fifty or sixty loops will usually be about right—fifty for the average length belt suiting me best. Spread belt on the soft pine board and punch the outside and centre holes for the loops and three holes between each of the outside and centre holes. This will make nine holes for the body of the belt for the cartridge loops

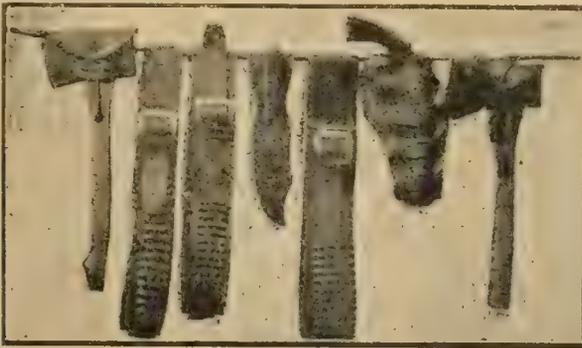
while seven will be required for the loops themselves. The loop leather is cut to required width, dampened, and creased along each edge, spaced with dividers twice as far apart as on body of belt, marked with points of dividers and then squared carefully with try square, the seven holes punched after which the loops are ready for sewing to the body of the belt. Between the upper holes for loops on body of belt, however, two more holes must be punched for sewing across from one loop to the next.

In all sewing I use a single needle. (Here the expert harness or saddle-maker will grin, but never mind. Also he will grin again when I state I have no stitching horse, that I have made many of my stamps for ornamenting work with, and several of the few tools I happen to have). I start in at upper edge of cartridge loops and sew twice around edge of loop for this is the part where the greatest wear and strain comes. In using a single needle half the holes are skipped but are filled in on the return trip. When back to next to last stitch at the top, sew across to the next loop and keep at it until all are on. With all holes punched before beginning sewing, everything progresses rapidly and it isn't long until one is ready to sew on the buckle straps. These are cut to required width, shaved down fairly thin at edges to give surface a crowned appearance when sewn on belt, carefully creased (and stamped if desired)—I have made both ways), and with belt spread out placed on the proper places and two split rivets driven through and clinched after which holes are punched for sewing (I like two rows of stitching around edges of buckle straps though often use a single one; but believe the double row presents the neatest appearance) and after this has been done the edges of belt at back are ready for uniting with the baseball-cover-stitch. To do this in the way that seems easiest for me, I would suggest beginning at the strap end and sewing towards the buckle end of the belt. Enter needle from inside of belt always and pull out, changing hands for every stitch. In a short time you will find you are making great progress and soon become about as handy with one front foot as the other. When you get to where slot in leather will be cut for buckle-strap, fasten your thread and punch holes with your leather punch for each edge of the strap and cut out leather between being careful that you do the work properly. Then finish out the short remaining distance to be sewed, sew across end of belt at both ends and

your belt is ready for oiling. I know that most belts never see oil or grease of any kind but I believe they should be oiled just the same. Some leathers are not improved in appearance by oiling though others are, but all leather is better for being oiled with suitable oil and I would strongly recommend that they receive some attention of this nature. So far as being of benefit to the leather is concerned, Neatsfoot oil, probably, is used more than any other, and for scabbards, etc., I would advise its use always but for belts—cartridge belts, I mean—I believe vaseline the best as I have found it far less liable to corrode cartridges than when belts are oiled

know that it will give the satisfaction we had hoped for from the beginning.

The advantage of laying the work off with dividers and try square is that every cartridge loop is evenly spaced and also squarely placed on the body of the belt. This means that all cartridges must of necessity appear squarely on the belt when in the loops. Also it means that all cartridges fit the same in the loops and that the belt will not be like so many we often see, some of the loops squarely placed on the belt and others not, some holding the cartridges with a bull dog grip and others so large that they all but fall through. And why? The work could not have been uni-



Belts, scabbards and sheaths made by Ashley A. Haines. Marble axe No. 9 with hatchet shaped handle, the author's favorite, been used by him for probably eight or nine years.

with animal oils. I do not believe in soaking the belts but never hesitate to use liberally on all scabbards.

There remains much that might be written concerning belt making, but something must be said concerning revolver scabbards and knife and belt axe sheaths so will have to dispose of the belts for the present with a few more remarks only. One of these belts when finished, or ten years after, for that matter, is very soft and pliable but never spongy for we can select the leather that enters into it, and cut the choicest parts from the hide, or hides, used, take all the time we require in laying it out properly, be just as fussy as we like in seeing that loops are uniformly, evenly and squarely spaced, make every stitch an honest one, and see that that stitch is with best linen thread and properly waxed, and when we have finished know that we have a belt that can be tied in knots without damaging and one that will wear as long as the owner and while it may not in some respects (at least those of our first attempt), line up with some of the factory stuff in appearance, we

formly done; that's the only explanation I can give. But some will wonder why we cannot get this work done by some very careful leather worker. I have tried this and secured the finest results possible except in one way. Each loop was sewn around a cartridge: Result, some were loose, others tighter, but no two exactly alike. After using awhile all loops were too loose. Few were squarely or evenly spaced on the belt. By making for oneself all these undesirable features can be avoided.

It would be easier for me to make a belt than to properly give the necessary details in an article for making one. But I'd rather any time make two scabbards than attempt explaining how to cut one pattern. But I shall offer some suggestions which may be of some assistance for the man who may desire to make his own scabbards. I would suggest using the revolver as a guide and cutting a paper pattern before putting the knife in the leather. Use heavy, tough wrapping paper for the pattern. Spread on table, laying revolver on it and marking around the re-

volver under barrel and guard about where you think it should be cut. Remove revolver, cut to line and then fold and cut the other side to match the first. Now mark for the curve you think you would want for front side of holster above cylinder and around trigger guard. When you think you have it about right, cut off top of pattern to marked line and wrap pattern around revolver and see how it is likely to suit. You may have to cut several patterns before you finally get one that exactly suits you though you may know perfectly from the first exactly what that pattern should look like if you could only make the thing you can so plainly see. When cutting this pattern, which is of the Mexican style, for no other type we long ago decided would anywhere near suit us, allowance for the back part which doubles back and through which the scabbard proper is shoved after the scabbard has been creased, stamped and sewn, must be made. Allowance must be made for the belt that is to be used with the scabbard, and I would suggest that one be sure not to stint themselves for belt room for the part that forms the loop through which the belt runs must be sufficiently wide for the belt to run readily and smoothly. I know that I made many scabbards with insufficient space for the belt and would guard any against an error of this kind.

When making calculations for the way this scabbard pattern will appear when together, one must see to it that the scabbard will hang squarely on the belt and that the part that forms the loop for the belt is same width at both sides. In cutting out backing of this scabbard which makes the straps which appear on the front of the finished scabbard, one has to be careful that they are so cut as to appear perfectly square across the scabbard when same is run through the straps. When you lay off for these straps, take your leather punch and make a hole at the ends of each cut—or that is where each cut will be—and cut true to the mark made perfectly straight by aid of the try square. The inside edges of the scabbard should be shaved down fairly thin so as not to appear too thick when edges are sewn together. Rest of scabbard should be edged properly by aid of edging tool, scabbard creased and stamped, if stamping is desired, though a very neat scabbard results if same is neatly creased. When ready for stitching I fold edges together, having previously spaced for the stitches, nail to soft pine board, these nails being very small lath nails and always placed where the stitches will come and

about every inch and a half or two inches. Next thing in order is punching the holes for the stitches after which the scabbard is taken from board and sewed. After trimming, and finishing up edges as sometimes is necessary, the scabbard proper is shoved through the backing and after oiling and being thoroughly dried it is ready for insertion of the revolver it is to house.

Before it slips my mind I might hand out a word of caution for the benefit of those who may have had little or no experience at leather work. New leather, dampened, takes an impression easily—even the print of a finger nail is indelibly stamped in the leather when damp—so it is well to be careful when working. Whenever possible, I handle the leather very little after it is creased and stamped until it has dried somewhat. Usually this is easily possible by arranging so that one can be busy at some other part connected with the belt,—should it happen to be a belt one might be working on.

The knife sheath shown is for my pattern hunting knife made by the Marble people and though I seldom carry a hunting knife on ordinary hunts I know that others do, so will briefly describe how sheath is made for this or any other hunting knife. Some of these sheaths I have made in three pieces; others in two. When made from three pieces of leather the front and back part of scabbards are same shape, the third piece that forms the loop for the belt is rivetted to top of the backing and swells out towards the top somewhat similar to shape of the knife handle. The two-piece sheath has a front exactly like the three-piece one but the back not only forms the part that helps to form the scabbard proper but also answers as the loop for the belt as well. In both types, a thin strip of leather is placed between scabbard at back of blade and a thinner one at the edge, the inner edges of the sheath at this side being shaved down somewhat before sheath is ready for the sewing and copper rivets which hold it together. This sheath is so simple and easily made that a pattern can easily be made by any one, care only being necessary in making proper allowances for stitching and rivets.

Photos of the axe scabbards shown are for the No. 9 Marble axe, and while I seldom carry the hunting knife on hunting trips, I desire to state right here that one of these little Marble tools travel with me whenever in the timbered districts. One can worry along without many things when in the timber, but next to my rifle on a hunt, the

Marble No. 9 is the most important tool imaginable. The scabbard is from a single piece of leather as shown by the photo shown herewith. A strip of leather is sewed and rivetted in between edges of scabbard where edge of blade rests while other strips, of suitable lengths, are sewed in at bottom of sheath at each side of the handle. This can be carried on the belt or on outside of pack, or inside, as one may desire but wherever carried there is no possible danger of the blade cutting anything, yet when wanted is easily procured. The flap is held down to place by a leather keeper in which the strap fits rather snugly. This I prefer very much to any buckle or snap.

(Photo of this scabbard will be shown in later number.)

A rough sketch of a rifle scabbard is shown as its shape, I have found from plenty of experience, is better for excluding rain and snow than the ordinary factory scabbards. This, of course, is not a full length scabbard but is for carrying attached to the saddle with stock exposed enabling quick and ready withdrawal when desired. The great objection I found to the usual run of factory rifle scabbards was due to their shape permitting them to gap open and let in snow and water. Made as shown by rough sketch, and carried as I always carried mine sewn edge of scabbard up (which means the rifle sights would be at lower edge of scabbard) and at nearly a 45 degree slant, the stock of rifle would be just above horse's neck making it impossible for the rifle being injured by its head being turned sharply at any time as can easily happen if carried as some do. In making this scabbard, or any other I have mentioned, including the knife and axe sheaths, I would suggest for benefit of those who may never have made anything of the kind, that care be taken that scabbards are made plenty large. From this don't get the idea that I advocate any of them made unnecessarily large. Merely see to it that a good, fairly close fit is secured but rather a bit loose than too tight.

Should any one reading this decide to attempt making their own outfits such as has been considered here, I sincerely hope they do not waste as much good leather as I did before they get a really satisfactory belt or scabbard as the case may be. But by working slowly and carefully I firmly believe many will produce what they want without any serious difficulty, and when once they have what they long have wanted it is my opinion

they will appreciate it far more than had they invested in the regular run of factory goods. By keeping oneself supplied with a quantity of surplus leather, one will find a rainy day occasionally in which to work it up and at the end of said rainy day have something worth while to show for his efforts.

In reading over the foregoing I notice that I have overlooked several important points, one being the kind of leather best suited for making revolver scabbards, rifle scabbards, knife and axe sheaths and straps for the belt buckles. The best of russet saddle skirting will be what you will want for all these purposes. Some of it may be rather light in color but usually it becomes darker with age and can nearly always be depended on to take on a rich russet color which all gun men like for their favorite scabbards or belts.

Some of this saddle skirting may be too thick and require splitting. With no leather splitter available, the next best thing will be to lay leather on smooth board and work down to required thickness by a good carpenter's plane. To do this it will be necessary to nail end of leather nearest to you to the board to hold it in place while being worked, but it will be necessary to see the nail heads are sunk, below the surface of the leather that the plane may pass over without being dulled on the nails. Adjust the plane to cut very thin shavings and if you manage the thing properly you will have no difficulty in working that leather down to the desired thickness and in short order.

I have said nothing concerning shoulder and pocket scabbards as this was briefly mentioned in a former article but sufficient details were given to enable anyone to make without difficulty. The most difficult scabbard for the beginner to make will be the Mexican pattern but once the first perfect one is made one will, if he saves the pattern, have no difficulty whatever in making others for that particular arm it was designed for, nor will it be as difficult in cutting patterns of same design for other calibres and models.

The one desirable feature connected with one's learning to make their own belts and scabbards is that they can work out any pattern for scabbards they prefer and vary them as crank notions dictate. The Mexican style pattern shown herewith would have to be cut lower at trigger guard to suit the "quick-draw" specialist but this, of course, can easily be made lower or any other way one may desire. Although I have shown but a few photos of belts and scabbards, I might

say there are few American arms for which I haven't made belts and scabbards for my own use the past twenty years and though I have but few of them now, I expect to make others as needed and, when I can corral the time, find a deal of satisfaction and real enjoyment in making these things which cannot be had in any other way as my notions run a bit different than those who design the standard factory product.

Others may, and I know many do, harbor similar peculiar notions and if they so desire there is no earthly reason why they should not learn to make these belts and scabbards for their own use though I predict that many of them will without doubt improve on my methods but I doubt very much if they produce anything more satisfactory for their use than I have happened to produce for myself.

Getting Ready for the Hunting Season

C. S. LANDIS

ONE of the greatest pleasures connected with hunting is the month's long job known as "getting ready." Some of us begin planning, collecting and repairing equipment the day after the previous season ends. Others wait until after the best of the trout and bass season is over. A good many put it off until September, and every now and then we find some fellow who waits until the week before he goes on his annual shooting trip. This unfortunate seldom gets all of his outfit together in time, never is able to get the exact loads he wants to shoot and usually turns up at camp considerably out of patience and with two or three necessary items forgotten. The chances are that in two or three days he is lame or has a bad cold because his shoes and clothing were selected in the last few minutes before he left home and because he forgot to take the necessary changes and shoes that fit him.

There are a thousand reasons why we should get ready in time but the real reason why most of us who have reached the "crank" stage begin so early is because we simply cannot stand it to wait any longer. We have come to the point where most of us exist ten months to live two. Ask any fellow who has the hunting craze badly and he'll tell you the same thing.

As soon as the leaves begin to turn red or brown in late August or September it's all off with the usual pursuits of life. A steady job seems like a life sentence about the time the hunting season begins and the fellow who can't get off on some kind of an excuse feels that he has drawn the worst kind of hard luck. However, he is better off than the fellow who went but who didn't go right, and as a result spoiled his vacation and the months following because he blamed himself for being several different kinds of the same type of an in-

dividual that P. T. Barnum always had in mind.

The first thing that most of us do in getting ready is to clean the guns because it's the most logical thing to do. Besides it gives one a chance to shoot a couple of imaginary deer or ducks before bedtime. If the rifle or shotgun is rusted, an application of coal oil and a soft steel or good tough brass brush will get most of it out. If it's a high power rifle possibly nickel fouling is present and should be removed. This can best be done by a half hour's bath in 26 per cent. ammonia obtained from the druggist. Plug the barrel with a rubber cork, fill it full of ammonia and keep it full as some will evaporate and if allowed to evaporate in the barrel it will cause the steel to rust. Then pour it out, dry and grease the barrel.

Loose or broken sights are another thing to watch for. A piece of paper placed under the sight will often tighten it and filing the remaining part to shape and blueing it will sometimes do if a new one cannot be obtained by the time it is needed. The sighting of every rifle should always be tested before the opening of each hunting season for someone may have moved or loosened one of the sights.

The trigger pull may need smoothing up. Possibly there is sand, mud, or fine steel or wood shavings between the sear and trigger or hammer. A fine oilstone and oil, a drift pin or two and a screw driver will usually be all the tools required. Go easy and test the pull often.

Broken, cracked, badly chipped or scratched stocks are one of the most frequent fields for repairs. Soft iron or copper wire like broom-makers or jewelers use, and tape will do the trick very often on a cracked or broken grip. Coarse and then fine sandpaper or steel wool will take out scratches in a few

minutes. Linseed oil well rubbed in for several applications finishes the job. Heavy gun oil is a fairly good substitute if linseed oil is not available.

Manufacturing and transportation facilities of all descriptions are badly tied up all over the world. One should not wait too long in ordering a new gun when it is needed, especially if it is made to order. It takes months to get it made and may take weeks or even months to get it to you. I have been waiting four months on a new rifle at this writing and it hasn't even left the factory. It will take at least two or three weeks to reach me after it is finished. One of the largest firearms plants in the States has been working on a new rifle for over a year and it isn't on the market yet. Production isn't producing like it used to and sportsmen must keep this in mind in ordering hunting equipment.

Shells, cartridges, powder, primers and bullets or lead should if possible be ordered months in advance to insure delivery in plenty of time. If you want a special shell or powder, ask for it in time to enable your dealer to get it for you. If there is anything at all lacking from the equipment order it now if you can do so.

Hunting clothing is another important item that needs attention. Last year hunting coats were practically unobtainable in many sections. As an illustration I was unable to buy a Duxbak hunting coat in a city of 110,000 population with its corresponding number of sporting goods stores. All wool clothing and all types of underclothing are very high in price and sometimes hard to get in the better grades. The logical plan for this year, therefore, would be to order all clothing early.

Hunting shoes, pacs, moccasins and other types of footwear are the most important part of any hunting outfit and usually the least attention is paid to them by most hunters except a few of the seasoned veterans. Almost all shoes or other types of footwear get hard and out of shape when not used. Nearly every worn pair needs to have the heels straightened, new soles put on, a seam or two sewed or a few nails pounded out of the heels. In past years I have been very unfortunate in having nails work up into the heels and cut into my feet miles away from home, usually on bird hunting trips where constant tramping was necessary. As a result I never start out for a day's trip without

carefully examining the *inside* of my shoe soles and heels.

Nothing is more tiresome than walking in shoes that are badly worn off on one side. This is especially so when travelling on hard or slippery surfaces. Yet in spite of this thousands of hunters will wear their oldest shoes, often old worn business shoes, on their only hunting trip of the year for which they have planned for months and for which they have spent from \$50.00 to \$100.00 and up for new equipment, ammunition and carfare, and spoil the whole thing the first day out by a pair of blistered and stone bruised feet. Under such circumstances "Barnum was right" every time.

If I now had to choose between a new gun or good shoes, and a spare pair always, I would shoot the old Fox a year longer because I have spoiled too many hunting trips in the past by spending all of my spare cash on guns and neglecting the clothes and shoes that were needed to complete the outfit. The chances are that I have plenty of company in this department because everyone gives first choice to his hobby and mine never ran to shooting clothes. Besides, I nearly always hunt without dogs, beat the briars pretty close, am not any too particular about getting bloodied and muddied up and as a result my shooting outfits are usually hardly up to snuff for looks. But my guns are bright inside. Are yours?

Each type of country and hunting provides its own special set of conditions. For years I used shoe pacs and thought there was nothing better for general use but lately I have discarded them for the Munson last army shoe of good grade, because they do not break down in the arches and let the heels tramp off behind like the "pacs" always did for me. Nothing is harder to walk in than a badly out of shape pair of pacs, especially on hilly or rocky ground.

Good shoes or other footwear are one of the most expensive and by far the most important and necessary part of the hunter's equipment and yet they are usually the most badly neglected. Don't forget that a house is designed, built and worn out from the foundation up, not from the top down. When a fellow is ten miles from nowhere and dead tired and footsore, it's not his head, but his feet that drag.

When ordering new shoes it is well to remember that a fancy looking upper or two dollars off the price will never make a shoe

made over a "D" last fit on a "EE" foot, especially when that foot is filled to the swelling point with blood at the end of a day's tramp. The drop and length of the

gunstock are vitally important in wing shooting, but not one-half as important as the fit of the shoes that are giving that gun a day's ride outdoors.

Queries and Answers

.24 Bore.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I notice an inquiry in your May number of *Rod and Gun In Canada* relative to the .21 bore, 32 inch barrel, flint lock gun. It may be that it is one of these guns used by the Labrador Indians for shooting small game for the pot. Many of those people live a long way from the Hudson Bay stations, and where powder and shot is hard to get. The small bore would mean a great saving in ammunition.

Some few years ago the Hudson Bay folks, sent a number of those guns to St. Johns to be sold. They were 32" barrel, and 21 bore; well made English guns and I have been told that if held straight, could compete with many large bore guns. They were, however, cap guns but I think, judging from the date of his rifle, or rather smooth bore, that those earlier small bores would be flint and steel locks. Some time later, one of the other companies sent up a lot of short barrel, breech loaders, barrels 18" long, smooth bore and carried round ball or small shot. They looked like the old horse pistol of the days of "Dick Turpin." A stock made of heavy wire fitted into the stock of the gun. These were used to shoot ptarmigan and other small game for the pot, and also to kill any fur-bearing animal caught in the trap.

W. A. B. Selater,

St. John's, Nfld.

The .30 and .35 Newton Rifles.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Am contemplating a trip into the mountains around the head-waters of the Finlay River in northern B. C. and, although I have managed to cut down my choice of rifle to one make, and two calibers I would like your advice concerning them. I have used the Newton chambered for the 30-06 cartridge for some time and consider it *one* of the best on the market today and my present difficulty lies in choosing between the Newton .30 and .35.

I understand that there are grizzlies in the upper Finlay region and for them would prefer the .35, but do not know whether the

same shell would have sufficient shocking power for long range work on sheep and goats.

I would appreciate it very much if you could straighten me out on these particulars, and if you can without too much inconvenience, I would like to get in touch with some Canadian sportsman who has hunted the Finlay country or some of your subscribers who live close enough to give me definite data on various questions.

L. D. Kelly,

Detroit, Mich.

Reply—I would choose the .30 Newton in preference to the .35 Newton, because it is a much more pleasant gun to shoot. You will find the .30 Newton is amply powerful for grizzly and you will have less difficulty in obtaining ammunition for it.

Mr. A. Bryan Williams, Vancouver, B. C. can give you the information on the hunting possibilities in the section that you mention. I would suggest that you would write to him.

Unless you are very much accustomed to shooting a rifle with a very heavy recoil, I would suggest that you do not choose a rifle that uses as powerful a cartridge as the .35 Newton; because, it gives a very heavy recoil in such a light weapon, and as a result you are almost sure to be bothered with flinching, and therefore lose more in accuracy than you would gain in shocking power.

Editor.

The .25-20 Martin.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have a Marlin, Model 27, .25-20 pump action repeater with 21" octagon steel barrel which is fitted with ivory bead front sight and Lyman peep tang sight. I have found out that by putting it together every time I use it, it changes the sighting. Sometimes it seems all right, other times it's out, just the way you happen to screw the gun together.

There are two blank screws on the receiver at top in front of the hammer when gun is together. Is that for a sight and what kind and what model, open or peep? I fail to find a sight for these in any of the gun sight

catalogues. If that is meant for a sight, it would not change the sighting as it comes off with the barrel.

D. Moyer,
Kitchener, Ontario, Canada.

Reply—The screws that you mention on the top of the receiver of your .25-20 Marlin are for the purpose of mounting the Marlin receiver sight, that was formerly listed in the Marlin catalogue.

I would suggest that you write to the manufacturers and also to the Lyman Gunsight Corporation, Middlefield, Conn., who may be able to supply you with a similar sight. The trouble that you mention is common to nearly all take down rifles, after they have seen considerable use.

Editor.

The 1905 Ross Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Could you tell me what caliber is a Ross rifle, dated 1905? I think they were used during the war.

Will the law permit them to be used now?

Please give me your opinion of the 250-3000 as an all around rifle.

C. W. Osier,

Strathroy.

Reply—The Ross rifle that you have is very likely the .303 British caliber.

There is no law, that I know of, to prevent you using it.

The .250-3000 Savage makes a nice all around rifle, provided you do not shoot game heavier than deer; in such cases it would be a little light. The rifle, itself, is beautifully balanced and finished, has practically no recoil and a very fine rifle to carry in the woods.

Editor.

The .25 Standard Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Will you please give me a few details concerning my own rifle, as it is a new type to me and have found no one who can tell me much about it.

Before going overseas, I used a .303 Savage, and found it to be a very nice gun; but, upon my return to Canada last summer found them practically unprocurable, except at exorbitant prices. Just before deer season, I dropped on to this little rifle I now have, a .25 slide action rifle made by the Standard Arms Co. The man from whom I bought it, had got it in a trade of some kind and didn't know much about it. I got my deer with this

rifle last winter but neither shots (it only took one per deer) were hard shots and not much of a test. I have tried it on rocks showing in a river, at varying distances up to 300 yards and find it shoots very true, and carries up well. Intend trying it at varying ranges this summer with target and measured distances.

I find the ejector works fine on unfired shells, but sometimes works hard on the fired shells. Is this caused by expansion of shell case? Is there a remedy? I am using factory loaded U. M. C. .25 rimless, the same cartridge as is used in .25 Remington rifle. Can you give me any information concerning this rifle? Muzzle velocity and energy, trajectory at different distances, etc.

If you could compare it with the .303 Savage, with which I am more familiar, it would give me a good idea of its ability.

L. A. Warren,

Houston, B. C.

Reply—Your rifle was made by the Standard Arms Co. of Wilmington, Delaware, U. S. A., who have now gone out of business. It takes the regular .25 caliber rimless shell and the ballistics are the same as that given by the .25 Remington rimless rifle. The figures for which can be obtained in the Remington, U. M. C. catalog, of which, you, no doubt have a copy. It is practically the same as the .25-35. The .303 Savage is a more powerful rifle and is somewhat better for big game shooting. I always liked the appearance of the Standard rifle, excepting the receiver, but for some reason it never became very popular, and the Company ceased operations.

The trouble from sticking shells is always greater with fired than with unfired shells in any rifle in which this trouble is encountered.

Editor.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Could you advise me the make and calibre of the following gun. It is stamped with a "B" with a star over it and also "BELGIUM A". The .45 Colt cartridge is too big while the .44-40 Calibre revolver bullet is a trifle too small in diameter but shoots straight.

Will you please tell me if it will harm a weapon to shoot the .41-40's in it?

Where can I obtain a .22 Calibre Model 1897 Marlin?

M. McDougall,

London, Ontario.

The .41-40 bullet has a diameter of .421", the .45-Colt a diameter of .454". As your

revolver has a barrel diameter between these two it is very likely chambered for the .44 Smith & Wesson Special or the .44 Smith & Wesson Russian which have a diameter of .429". The continued use of the .41-40 cartridge would undoubtedly lead to gas cutting. I would suggest that you try the cartridges for the .44 Smith & Wesson Special and the .44 Smith & Wesson Russian and see if one of these do not fit. Most of those cheap Belgium make revolvers shoot the .41-40 cartridge and it may be that your gun is intended for this cartridge and is bored very large.

I understand that the .22 Calibre Model 1897 Marlin is no longer manufactured. You could probably obtain one of them by placing an advertisement in *Rod and Gun*.

Editor.

A Stock for a Webley & Scott Pistol.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have had the misfortune of breaking the rubber grip on the right side of my Webley & Scott .32 Automatic revolver. Could you give me the address of the firm in England or where I could get one made in this country?

L. B. Tapson.

Bowmanville, Ontario.

Reply—The address of Webley & Scott is Weaman Street, Birmingham, England. I do not know where you could obtain the extra piece for it in Canada and would suggest that you write to the manufacturers.

Editor.

An Old Gun's History.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Seeing an inquiry concerning a certain old Flintlock gun, of which a Mr. Fraling is the happy possessor, I would say that it is a trade gun, and being a Flint-lock is most likely meant for the African trade as gun caps were scarce there. The Barnets were a good reliable firm of gun makers from the time of King Charles the First and Second. They made many guns for the African trade.

The little gun is likely a good one and a good shooter for either ball or shot, and will likely stand a fair charge, about the same load black powder of course as a 20 bore breech loader providing it is perfectly clear of rust inside and out.

The .21 refers to the proper size for the bullet mold, making 21 round balls to the pound. I think it is scarcely likely that there is much choke bore about it as I do not think that the choke bore was known at that

date, unless the Greeners had two ideas about it. The gun loaded with balls will kill deer, wolves or bear if the owner is a good shot and the bear not too big.

The Hudson's Bay trade gun was the same bore and a good one with barrels ranging from 30 to 40 inches, though I think the commonest length was 36 inches stocked to the muzzle, and flintlock in the early days.

It was made in three grades. The best grade was a well finished gun called the "Indian Chief" engraved brass mountings and a large silver piece on the small of the stock. I had one of these at one time and am very sorry that I ever parted with it though it was to get a rifle. In my collection of old guns, I have a Hudson Bay trade gun with 30 inch barrel partly brass mounted, with the usual brass flying dragon on the left side from the lock which is the same as the old Enfield rifle lock marked 1866 "Parker, Field & Son, London." I got it when among the Indians as "Church Missionary Teacher" and value it very highly as it belonged to "Nickshon Nah—We—Gah—Bow," a descendant of old Louis the Spaniard after whom the Spanish River is named. I shot my dinner with it more than once. It is a percussion lock. It hangs on the wall beside an old flint musket that saw service as one of the guns of the old Fergus Company that was out at that time. A Sabre crossed on its own sheath hangs between them and a Bowie knife and sheath squeezed in between all very peaceably and several other old guns more or less serviceable. One, an old Springfield rifle, was taken from a dead Kanaka near Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, by a Colonel Volney Ashford, Canadian Diplomat and Intriguer. There are eight or ten more old guns to talk about but perhaps I have said enough.

The curious word "Plas Tyrion" is Welsh and means "Pleasant Place" as my lowly but pretty home is to me.

I hope this will interest Mr. Fraling, you and your readers.

J. C. Ross,

Advance Post Office, Canada.

The B. S. A. .22.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

Would you consider a B. S. A. No. 12 a good gun for ground-hogs, crows and other small game in the .22 line? I would not mind the fact that it is somewhat heavy.

Could I obtain one chambered for the long or short instead of the long rifle? Would the sights be satisfactory for this shooting?

Blyth, Ontario.

Cecil Lyddiott,

Reply—The B. S. A. No. 12 is one of the best .22 calibre rifles that has ever been made for the purpose you mention. It would be as satisfactory as any .22 that you could purchase.

I would not consider the purchase of a .22 for any other cartridge than the long rifle, because the short is not accurate beyond about forty yards and the long is not very satisfactory at long range. Careful shooting will show that the long rifle will make the same scores at 50 yards that the short will make at 35 or 40 yards on a 1st bullseye. This will show you how badly you would handicap yourself to choose any other cartridge than the long rifle in a .22 calibre. I would suggest that a .25 calibre rifle would be more satisfactory for killing woodchucks and crows; but, it has very little advantage for squirrels or smaller animals. I have done a great deal of this small game shooting with a rifle. Have been doing it for ten or fifteen years, as it was my especial hobby, and I believe that I am safe in saying that a .22 rifle is practically worthless over 60 yards for actual game shooting, provided you expect to kill a large percentage of the game that you shoot at. A .25-20 will do very good work up to 125 yards and up to 80 yards it is almost a sure thing on the same game that the .22 will bring in at 60. The front sight on the B. S. A. No. 12 is not adapted to game shooting. You could use it for that purpose by making the front sight white by the aid of Chinese white which can be obtained from art stores. Your best plan would be to have a small ivory bead or gold bead to set into this front sight. Very likely you could get a special piece made for this purpose. The rear sight is as good as you can secure. If you have the six hole aperture, ream out one or two of the holes quite large like a regular 1-A Lyman sight and use this size aperture for hunting especially when the light is poor. This B. S. A. No. 12 will make you a beautiful weapon for any purpose to which a .22 caliber is adapted.

Editor.

Various Inquiries.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

How does a .32 Colt Pocket Positive compare with a .32 Smith & Wesson hand ejector model?

Is a .32 Remington automatic a good gun for moose? If so, at what distance is it effective?

Does the Remington Company make a .25-20 repeating rifle?

Is an automatic pistol or a revolver the better for use in hunting deer in the brush?

How can a pitted shotgun barrel be cleaned?

How far will the .22 Long Rifle cartridge shoot so as to take effect on small game such as crows?

Can .25-20 cartridges be reloaded to advantage?

W. Bowell,

Toronto.

Reply—The .32 Colt Pocket Positive and the .32 Smith & Wesson Hand Ejector models are very similar and both are thoroughly reliable. They have the characteristic differences that are present between the Colt and Smith & Wesson arms.

The .32 Remington Automatic is a fairly good gun for moose. It is about equal in power to the .32 Winchester Special. The .35 Remington would be a better weapon for this purpose.

The Remington Company has never manufactured a .25-20 Repeater but they have made .25-20 single shot rifles in past years. These rifles were very accurate and dependable arms.

As a general proposition I do not consider an automatic pistol or revolver of practically any use in deer shooting. Choose a rifle or a shotgun loaded with a single ball.

A pitted shotgun barrel can be cleaned with a good stiff brass or steel brush and coal oil. The application of ammonia will help considerably in preventing further pitting but must not be allowed to dry off of the surface of the barrel.

The .22 Long Rifle cartridge would kill crows up to 500 yards provided you hit them. Because of an excessively high trajectory it is of very little value beyond 60 yards for hunting.

It is very easy to reload .25-20 cartridges. They can be reloaded very successfully with either black powder, bulk smokeless or dense smokeless rifle powder.

Editor.

The .25 Stevens Rim Fire.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

I have been a book stand subscriber to *Rod and Gun in Canada* for over two years and I find the Gun Department very interesting. I recently purchased a new twenty five caliber rim fire Stevens Rifle Model 1915. Taking it for granted you know Stevens rifles I shall not take the time and space

necessary to describe it but I would like some information about it.

What are its possibilities as to range and accuracy? I have had it in the field only once since I got it and in this instance I didn't get very good accuracy. About 2½ inch groups at 25 yards, was the best I could do. No doubt it was partly my fault for I have not had much practice lately and again the factory sights of this firearm are not very well adapted to fine shooting, to my way of thinking. It seems to me a small game rifle ought to group into a two inch circle at fifty yards. What do you say, Mr. Editor? Will the average Stevens do this?

The .25 Stevens seems to have plenty of power up to about 75 yards to kill small game. The trouble lies with the bullet. It drills a hole its own size clear through a ground hog from side to side or end to end for that matter without mushrooming the least bit and for this reason the game doesn't get the full benefit of it. Where can I get some hollow point bullets for it? So far I have been unable to buy any for it. At one store they told me that hollow point bullets for the .25 were not being made any more. Do you know if this is so?

I have a Winchester catalog No. 81 and I see them listed in it. Do you know if they still have them and would they sell direct to me? In case I cannot buy any could I drill out the point of the solid lead bullets myself? These are the chief faults of the .25 as I saw them. Can you help me or offer any suggestions? Will you kindly answer these questions?

What would be a good set of sights for it?

Is it worth a scope sight? If so, what power?

Where in Canada can I get the book entitled the "American Rifle"?

Herbert Lowe,
Toronto.

Reply—The .25 Stevens Rim Fire should make better than 2½ inch groups at 25 yards. In fact, it should make better groups than this at 50 yards. You are perfectly correct in your assumption that a small game rifle should group in a 2 inch circle at 50 yards. If you can obtain cartridges loaded with uncrimped bullets you will very likely get much better accuracy. I understand that this cartridge is still being loaded with hollow point bullets. Write to Remington or Winchester or Dominion Companies for the name of the nearest dealer who handles .25

Rim Fire Cartridges loaded with hollow point bullet as these companies make them.

I would not feel like putting expensive sights on a rifle that would not group into less than 2½ inches at 25 yards, but in case you are sure that you can improve the accuracy of the rifle or get more accurate cartridges then I would choose a good set of sights (Lyman or Marble). Lyman No. 1A and 5 would be a good selection. I would not mount this rifle with a telescope sight until you can be sure that the rifle is sufficiently accurate to be worth it. Then get a Winchester "5A". It would be cheaper in the end to sell the rifle and buy another caliber such as the .25-20 which would likely be more accurate and which could be loaded with either hollow point or solid bullets.

"The American Rifle" can be purchased from *Rod and Gun*, Woodstock, Ontario, at the price of \$6.00.

Editor.

A New Deer Rifle.

Editor, Guns & Ammunition, Dept.

What is the difference between the .30-30 and the .303 Savage in velocity and power, if any?

Which would be the best for deer, bear, etc., of .303 Savage, .250-3000 Savage (1920 Model), Remington, .32 Special, or the W. .30-30?

I used a .30-30 last year and had to trail one deer for a day and a half after shooting it in the side, so I got rid of the gun.

R. Hamilton.

West Westminster, B. C.

Reply—The .303 Savage is slightly superior to the .30-30 in velocity and power. Various makes of ammunition are loaded somewhat differently. The Remington U. M. C. Figures are as follows: .303 Savage, Muzzle Velocity 1952 F. S., Muzzle Energy 1658 foot pounds with the 195 grain bullet. The .30-30 has a muzzle velocity of 2020 foot seconds with a muzzle energy of 1540 foot pounds. This is obtained with a 170 grain bullet.

There is very little difference between the .303 Savage, the .32 Remington Rimless and the Winchester .30-30 in energy. The .250-3000 Savage bolt action shoots a different type of cartridge which has a flatter trajectory and a much lighter bullet. I would prefer it for deer provided you were not shooting them in very thick brush but I would prefer any of the others for bear shooting. It is not uncommon to lose a deer

after being shot in the side by a single bullet from any rifle and in my estimation one failure of this kind would not be sufficient cause for condemning a rifle.

I firmly believe in the high power rifle for

game shooting, provided it shoots a heavy bullet, but I do not recommend the use of a light bullet at either high or low velocity for the killing of the larger varieties of big game.

Editor.



More About the Too Abundant Crow

REGINALD GOURLAY

IN a former article of mine in *Rod and Gun* I dealt with the question of the "Too Abundant Crow." The article was written in a beautiful little country town, one of the most beautiful in Ontario. This article is written in one of the largest cities in Ontario and whereas I dare say that my views about the crow—the destroyer of the eggs and young of game birds, poultry and song birds everywhere—were received with approbation in the town, they were still more approved of in the city; and for this reason,—

The crow in winter has taken to flocking in great and audacious numbers to the outskirts of the big cities and has become a veritable scourge. I said a scourge—not a scavenger, which is the last merit his misguided friends claim for him. Ask any poultry farm man near Hamilton, Toronto, London or Ottawa what he thinks about the crow; ask any farmer anywhere in older Ontario who grows corn or rears poultry, and you will probably get a somewhat vigorous endorsement of my very feebly stated views in the article above referred to. You might hear from some of these citizens' remarks in which pity was mixed with amazement concerning an exhibition of my "Too Abun-

dant Crow" article by a gentleman who committed himself (in print) to the extraordinary statement that he did not believe anyone in Ontario ever shot a crow with shot gun or rifle. I remember reading this to a good old farmer in Prince Edward County, Ont., as we were hanging up in his cornfield the fourth crow we had shot that morning and saying, apropos of this statement, that Shakespeare with kindly tolerance, classified this kind of writer thus, "Oh that a man should sit down and with infinite pains and assiduity, write himself down an ass." To which he replied, (he was a Scotchman) "N'er Min' Shakespeare. A friend of mine has his house gaun into last week, and the puir skilpit crater that did it left a full bottle of Scotch whiskey on the dinin' room table an rinned awa. I said this is simply the work o' an eediot." Hundreds of crows have been killed by shotgun and rifle in Ontario this year and their numbers don't diminish."

To return to my proper subject. There is no doubt that the crow whether by nature or "acquired experience", Herbert Spencer's way of accounting for most, if not all knowledge—human or animal, is a very wary

Ishamelite, and hard to get a shot at, at most seasons of the year. He is almost as wary as the wild goose, wild turkey, upland plover, and some kinds of wild duck, but he has his weak points, like most of us. One of them is, that he can't resist circling round a wounded member of his species, or still better a tame crow trained to call his



wild relations. N.B. The decoy enjoys this fratricidal sport intensely, just as tamed mallards enjoy calling wild ones. I had a tame crow once, who was an adept at this business. I found him dead one day on the veranda with a lot of feathers scattered round him betokening a sudden and violent death. I always suspected my Irish water spaniel Rex (who was of a jealous disposition) of this particular murder, but never could bring it home to him. I suppose this was what romantic people call, "poetic justice."

The best time to thin out the crow is in the leafy month of June when the young are just able to fly, while the parents have not yet deserted the charge of their sooty younglings of darkness, and are consequently careless. It would amount in any sportsman's eyes to a crime to write this about any other kind of bird than a destroyer of the eggs and young of game birds, poultry and song birds, as the crow undoubtedly is. Some years ago, Mr. Nash, the then Provincial Naturalist, and a true bird lover, said, "that the crow was getting too plentiful in Ontario and that something should be done to check his numbers." Since that, the crow's numbers have increased enormously—for the simple reason that his principal enemies, the great eared or "Eagle Owl", the greater hawks, etc., have been principally (or rather, practically) exterminated, while his food supply, at least near cities and towns, in the shape of duck eggs, hen's eggs, etc., and the tender young of these poultry birds has greatly increased. A small bounty sufficient to cover the cost of gun and rifle, cartridges, would, in my opin-

ion, result in getting many people to shoot this obnoxious bird in the *summer months* when shooting him is comparatively easy, or even at other times when there is more sport in it. The small boy, with his .22 rifle for instance, might be induced to turn his rapidly increasing talent for "Hitting things" and his almost Indian instinct for getting near them, from tame chickens and other domestic fowls, to the elimination of his partner in iniquity, "The Too Abundant Crow."

Don't imagine I mean to be hard on that much oppressed creature, the small boy, with whom I have considerable fellow feeling and sympathy. I am merely pointing out how he can turn his genuine but often misdirected talents to legitimate uses, while at the same time I ensure him a great deal more exercise and excitement than he would get (even while being pursued by an irate member of the F.A.U. across plowed land and pasture) after a more or less successful shot at one of the aforesaid agriculturálist's barn door beauties, sold soon at \$1.00 a pound. Besides, he would be serving his country, tho' judging from the experience of the returned soldier, that seems to pay less than "making your pile" while better men fight to enable you to do it.

One thing, I feel pretty certain of and that is, that if the crows numbers are to be thinned, or even prevented from rapidly increasing, it must be mainly by the use of the shot gun or small calibre rifle.



Poisoning has been advocated, and even carried into practice with some effect, I believe, but it has the serious objection that it kills quite as many, if not more, game birds,

poultry and smaller beneficial or harmless birds, than it does crows. A hen or chicken has the same fatal facility for finding and picking up poisoned corn as a very young child has for finding out a cistern or any particularly dangerous place for it on the premises. Geese and turkeys are not much better. I have never yet seen one of the many so called "scare crows" that after the first day or so had the least terrors for this sagacious criminal and robber. In fact I think they are rather an attraction to him. I have seen an old crow perch on the ordinary old coat and hat "scare crow" cawing loudly, evidently calling out to his mates. "Come on fellers. These imps have rigged up scarecrows here. There must be some blame good feeding."

I say, calling his fellows, for crows can certainly talk to each other in a way. They have several distinct calls or notes, like many other birds, each with its own distinct meaning. They have the gathering cry, the dispersing cry, two different alarm cries, one prolonged, meant to be repeated down

"the far flung line", one loud and insistent, something like "Awk, Awk, Awk," betokening immediate danger. They have of course, their discordant mating cries, and their cries to their young, but they have also conversational or speech making caws which they use at crow councils, or parliaments, which have a grotesque resemblance to our human ones. Above all, they have a peculiar impish cry of triumph often heard when they succeed in getting away with something good, such as a young duckling from under the nose of the farmer's wife.

I have seen the sentinel crow in a cornfield, perched on the usual old coat and hat scarecrows, emitting discordant squawks, whether of warning or derision, I know not. Even the suspended remains of their executed brethren lose their terrors in a few days. We must fall back on gunpowder and a small bounty if we want to cope with the far too rapidly increasing numbers of the already "Too Abundant Crow."

Wise Sportsmen Conserve Their Game and Sport

E. R. KERR

IT is conceded by all fair-minded citizens that wise laws well enforced do conserve game and sport. It is conceded by all well-thinking and well-meaning sportsmen that game in Ontario have for some years been sliding down the toboggan into oblivion and that the old devastating and "easy" methods of "getting" game cannot continue. The sportsmen of Ontario will not permit it. All conscientious sportsmen conservationists now are studying ethics of sportsmanship afield and the application of science in game hunting. This means that thousands of true Ontario sportsmen are willing and prepared to sacrifice former notions and favored methods of "stealing" game and forget, for the present at least, their early culture and education by the Indian and cave-man who are gradually approaching civilization but need encouragement by the white man.

It is conceded by all familiar with the habits and requirements of various forms of economic wild life that the early establishment on the vast wilderness places of Ontario of many sanctuaries for big and small game and fish is essential to continuation of sport

with rod and gun in Ontario. What true sportsman among us could stand guard at the wire boundary of a big game sanctuary and laughingly and joyously observe his blood-thirsty hounds howling through and over that sacred territory to arouse from their peace and quietness and drive out into the open that kindly and motherly doe and offspring? What sportsman among us could lift his rifle and shoot when the mother and baby passed out into the open hunting area? Will any Ontario sportsman admit that to be sport? Every sane and constructive method must now be applied to save on a sound and continuing basis the red deer and sport of Ontario sportsmen.

It is highly gratifying to the Essex County Wild Life Conservation Association to know that they have but very little if any opposition. This proves conclusively that the great majority and vast army of Ontario sportsmen, who have made up their minds to save Ontario game, are in sympathy with the policies promulgated from time to time. It is highly gratifying to learn of the recent organization of the Northern Ontario Out-

fitters' and Guides' Association for the conservation and culture in Northern Ontario of big and small game, fishes and fur-bearing animals. This will fill a long felt want. Long may they live and prosper to assist or lead the way in cultivating in the minds of men that keen desire so essential to the conservation of economic wild life and sport with the gun for the present and future generations of Ontario sportsmen. It is the keen desire of men in official life and our sincere hope

that other sportsmen of Ontario, in every county, will organize a competent and trustworthy association to co-operate with the game officials and legislators of this Premier Province, the Sportsmen's Paradise, to the end that the wisdom of thoughtful persons may be permitted to prevail until the increase in all game and fishes, certain to follow, alone will convince our innocent but conscientious minority of the errors of their ways.

Northern Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association Notes

District Chairman Lorne Fleming of Grant has just returned from the Arkansas Hot Springs. He reports that he will be forwarding thirty applications from his section in a few days.

"Bill" Clarke, District Chairman of Hearst is now getting busy and is sending in applications in half dozen lots and reports that all are keen for better and more efficient game laws.

District Chairman Laird reports that his district is coming along in very good shape, and will appoint a District Secretary when they have a few more members enrolled. Chairman Laird has made some very good suggestions in connection with the holding of our next annual meeting advising that Mr. Cunningham, M. P. P. of that riding has suggested that we hold our next annual meeting before Parliament goes into session. This will enable us to lay our recommendations before the House when in session.

Chairman J. J. Spillett of Oscar is now busy with his fox ranch at Rosspport, Ont. He has purchased an island out from Rosspport in Lake Superior and has some of the finest strain of Black Foxes in Ontario in his pens. He has made requisition through the President's office for twenty Non-Resident hunting licenses, twenty Resident moose licenses, fifteen deer, and twenty trappers' licenses, beaver and otter coupons series, and guides' licenses and the matter is being taken up with the Department of Game and Fisheries for this supply to be issued him.

He further reports that he has been too busy to patrol his territory but will cover same within a week or so, and states a Game warden is required for his district but as yet he has not sent in any recommendations.

District Chairman G. Howe of Hornepayne is busy on the job, and has forwarded in his requisitions for twenty guides' licenses, twenty non-resident fishing licenses, fifty resident moose licenses and fifty hunting trapping licenses.

Chairman Howe suggests that the President compile a list of all Outfitters giving name and address and their charges, and mail same to each Outfitter member, believing this would assist towards arriving at a standard rate.

The list of streams suitable for restocking with speckled trout in Chairman Howe's territory to date is as follows: Shekak, Nagagami, Stoney and Pagwauchuan rivers. These all have excellent gravel bottoms, and clear cold water, and if kept up to standard by re-stocking each year, they would undoubtedly prove to be the best speckled trout waters in Canada.

Many of the District Chairmen are inquiring about obtaining free transportation over the railroads which traverse through their respective districts. President Armstrong is in receipt of a letter today which we believe will interest the different members in connection with free transportation, quoting part as follows.

"Replying to your letter inquiring as to

the possibility of obtaining transportation covering the territory under the jurisdiction of the different District Chairmen of the Northern Ontario Outfitters and Guides Association.

"I fully appreciate what an aid free transportation would be to the District Chairmen in furthering the organization work in their respective territories for the benefit of all interests, but am rather doubtful whether the railways would be permitted by law to grant transportation for such a purpose.

"As the matter is one on which a ruling is necessarily required for the guidance of all railway lines, it has been listed for consideration at the next meeting of the Advisory Committee of the Canadian Passenger Association—an association regulating conduct of the various Canadian Railways on all questions of this kind. The Northern Ontario Outfitters and Guides Association will be advised in due course what decision is reached."

The Bear Hunt

ROBERT T. MILLER

THIS celebrated bear hunt took place some years ago, and was staged in the valleys and forests around the City of St. Thomas, now known as the Flower City of Ontario. St. Thomas is surrounded on the north and west by the valley of the Kettle River, and is beautifully situated from the standpoint of scenery. The Kettle Valley is deep and wide, being about 200 feet deep and a quarter of a mile wide in a number of places. The hillsides are gradually sloping and covered with small timber and bushes among which the wild flowers bloom in great profusion in the spring time, making it a thing of great beauty. Talbot Street runs east and west and at the west end descends the hill, crosses the Kettle River and ascends the other side into the township of Southwold. The west end of the City was in days gone by the most important from a business standpoint and all the stores, hotels etc. were located there. One of the important hotels was the Lisgar House, situate on the south side of Talbot Street and facing the north valley of the Kettle. The Lisgar was a three story old brick building, and the bar-room was right in the front on east side of main entrance. A window opened off the street into behind the bar, and one very hot summer day as the bar-tender was sitting on a chair almost asleep he heard a noise at this open window and looking around saw a very large black bear slowly coming in through the window. The bar-tender beat a very hasty retreat and locking the door after him went to get some help to expel the intruder. It did not take long for Mr. Bear to entirely wreck the bar in his search of sugar or something to his liking, and the litter and destruction he left behind when he finally crawled out of the

window again to the street was awful to behold. When he did finally leave the hotel there were a number of men and boys, who had hastily been organized into hunting parties, ready to pursue him. The members of these parties were armed with all kinds of weapons of destruction from the old flink-lock to pitchforks, in fact anything that could be loaded and fired off with any degree of safety was brought into action. The bear upon leaving the house went straight across the street and down the hill and across the river, on up the other side into the woods. As he crossed the river the hunters had arrived at the top of the hill behind him and shooting began in earnest, it was a regular fusilade and the inhabitants of the quiet town thought that the Fenians had invaded the Country or Indians gone on the warpath. The bear escaped however, seemingly unhurt and none the worse for all the efforts made to kill him. The hunters followed him up the other side and into the woods, keeping together in small bunches for safety and company sake. The hunt went on all the afternoon until near dusk of evening. A great deal of country was covered but bruin could not be found and the tired hunters returned in straggling parties, hungry and disgusted, to the hotel to swap stories of their adventure, greatly magnified, while sitting around the bar-room and incidentally consuming a considerable amount of beer and whiskey at the expense of the house to celebrate the mighty hunt. Some days later it was learned that an old Indian had come across the bear unexpectedly a few miles from St. Thomas and had killed him with an axe, so ended the great bear hunt.



The Gentle Craft of Angling

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

TO say that the pleasures of angling are innumerable is to repeat a common assertion, a truism. The pleasures of angling are many and lasting; if this were not so then angling would soon be forgotten, or would, in all events, have but a few enthusiastic followers who would yearly go out to try their luck along the streams; as a matter of fact the angling contingent amounts to a veritable host. Great men of all ages have extolled the pastime. Its storehouse for reflection is never exhausted, for the very reason that its charm is endless. We may search far a-field for other enjoyments to engage our attention; we may experiment with the faltering and transitory splendors of so-called happinesses, but all of these, save angling, we shall discard because they do not answer man's practical as well as his spiritual needs. The process of angling is no brazen side-show; it does not consist in bluster and loud words. The true angler does not boast of supremacy in the matter of the number of fishes butchered. Rather is angling a key that opens the door on a Greater Quest. It mirrors new ideals and greater achievements. It paints a ripple of laughter on the face; mellows the prospect; takes the ragged edges from one's deliberations and makes one truly the envy of his fellow-men. It augurs well for any man that he loves angling—angling such as is temperate and happily administered. Its purpose is simply to erase obnoxious wrinkles in one's temper-

ament and kindle in the consciousness a strange, sweet worship of streams and fishes; and thereby a worship of Nature, to which it leads. Angling proclaims to the world its spirit of hope, by those inner resurrections, rising anew with the dawn of each season. Angling, to the angler, (be his interest truly heart-felt), is a veritable well-spring of happiness, feeding the stream of Life as it rushes on to be swallowed up in the Ocean of Immortality!

Angling, it may be said, is the most honored pastime known to the world. It has claimed recognition for centuries; it has been dealt with both in prose and in poetry. From the time of Dame Juliana Berners, the exquisite prioress of the Nunnery of St. Albans, (1486), up to the present day there have been innumerable volumes put forth upon the subject. Holder states that "The Compleat Angler" is a classic "which stands out clearly in ten thousand or more books of angling." However true this may be, nevertheless there have been many books on angling and there is reason to believe there always will be as long as streams flow, fishes live in them and men have the patience to angle. There is a reason for this, I say, for during the whole life of angling nothing has been proven against it to show that it is destructive, insincere or detrimental to good thinking and constructive impulses. It is through reason of this that it will always

be with us, to enliven our days, and make beautiful our contemplations.

"Fishing," says John Hubbard, "has a tendency to bring to the surface the best there is in man. The great outdoors makes men whose standard of morals and whose obligations to society is so profound that it is seldom ever shattered. The true type of fisherman (the angler), is, perhaps the only type of human who has really conquered life." And, says Bruce Barton: "If one loves life and would continue long in it, *let him fish*. Fishermen grow in wisdom as they grow in years and how many of the ideas that have made men truer and nobler have come out of long days on the bank, when there were no bites! Fishing is human life epitomized. There is the water, calm, inscrutable, impenetrable,—the symbol of fate,—into which every man casts his line. What lies at the bottom of it for him no man may see. The tiny minnow of misfortune which nibbles away his bait may be followed the next moment by a monstrous catch of good luck, sweeping him almost off his feet. What happened yesterday in this very spot is no augury of what may take place to-day. Always there is the hope that the next fling of the line will bring the reward; always the lure of the one more try. And as one grows older in fishing, even as one grows older in living, there comes the same consoling truth—that one need not catch big fish in order to be happy. That the spirit of the fishing is more important than the size of the catch: that he who fishes well must fish with a calm and tranquil soul, drawing his reward from the joy of his fishing rather than the weight of his fish."

Angling is not, however, a pastime for youth alone. Ah, the pastimes, the pleasures that hold their own only so long as the limbs are double-vital and the body is fresh and new and building. How often they demand excessive muscular strain, swiftness of action, and the need of much disturbing and mind-harassing concentration. But angling holds its own from the cradle to the grave, one might truly say, and following its pleasurable route one grows old gracefully, drinking in much of the sunlight and the air from cool woods and splashing water-falls, silver-flashing to the sunbeams. Truly, age is no discouragement to the angler. Rather it is an impetus to a greater zeal. How many men just begin to live at sixty years I do not know, but I am willing to wager that many an angler at sixty is of the confident

opinion that another sixty years will not see his book of life closed. We may suspect that some anglers never die, but live on forever, which is not in the least strange considering the godliness of the art of angling, which is healthiness and cleanliness, each personified! It is the version of Charles Hallock that:

"Be a man ever so old, he can still plod, and still can fish. Whatever other functions fail, *this* remains. An angler may outlive all his usefulness, but he can never outlive his longing for the old haunts and the enjoyment of fishing, albeit his joints are too stiff to play the struggling captive home. Thanks be to the Creator who has so ordained the laws of Nature that the longest and best lives are vouchsafed to those who find their chosen quest, and pleasure in the open air. No tree of evil grows in the Eden of the angler; but vigor of mind, elasticity of limb, amiability of manner, loving kindness, contentment and healthful introspection cluster and hang like grateful fruit upon all the branches everywhere." And again, he has said: "The subject of Angling stands as it was four centuries ago, unchangeable, fixed, eternal. The same interest invests it now as then; the same enthusiasm is kindled in old and young alike. In infancy it is the initial out-of-door pastime. In one age one can still fish; and even after the mortal coil is shuffled off there gleams a constellation in the heavens, beyond the dead line, to illuminate the angler's path of glory! Thus from the beginning of antiquity, when the waters covered the face of the earth, until the ultimate end of time, the art and the subject are alike illustrated and ennobled. The pride of his calling dignifies the angler while topics less scaly fail to win equal plaudits for the pen!"

Angling is a recommendation of unselfishness; of preservation. Angling is intrinsically more than fishing merely for the sake of catching fish. In its greater aspect it is a looking about one and seeing Nature in her perfection, something to be guarded, not destroyed. No day on a stream or lake a-fishing is a failure, though the finny reward be small and even though the day be not of the best. As W. Floyd Messenger pleasingly states:

"What matter it that I am wet; that I am tired; that I am hungry and that I have no fish to exhibit? The tired feeling will soon disappear, and I am thankful it is genuine, natural tiredness and not unnatural

fatigue. I can soon dry myself. Have I not spent the day in God's grand out-of-doors? Have I not heard Mother Nature talking in the running brook, the murmuring trees, the green grasses and the singing birds? Have I not, therefore, seen the handiwork of God? Yes, even in the great dark clouds as they pass overhead, flashing their lightning and roaring with their thunders, showering down upon me their refreshing rain! These things will be lasting memories." Occasionally it is a large fish that we net during our days on the stream, and it lives as a red-letter performance. But usually one is content with a little, being supremely pleased just to be out, close to the heart of things, re-vitalizing the mind and accumulating wisdom and energy for the days to come. "The whole arcana book of trout fishing," writes immortal John Harrington Keene, "consists in rather the mental construction of the angler than in the manner and method of the process. The fish is a convenient peg, so to say, on which to hang the *dolce far niente*, and render the day's sport, in its pursuit, halcyon and superlative. The sport itself may be insufficient, but there is always some recompense in the effort made and in the close communion with dear Nature's self. Not always do large bags and great results crown the angler's desire. Too often it is far otherwise, and yet the true angler never feels like giving up fishing because of poor sport."

The very perfection of angling lies in its apartness from anything catering to stress or excitability; it is truly the great moderator, the quieter of unreined spirits. Life cannot be pursued along lines of stress, pressure of business and so forth without some relief from the humdrum part of living. Merely to live is no enchantment. Merely to roll in wealth and the luxuries that wealth will bring is not a complete realization of the joys and pleasures of Life. Wealth has nothing to its credit save that it provides a few more things to wear, a richer grade of food to eat and sumptuous habitations to live in. Pleasures that money buy are so common that they reek in their emptiness, their superficiality. But the pleasures of angling may be partaken of by the poorest man to the very height of its appeal. The beauty and simplicity of angling cannot be purchased in mere gold. There is something far more necessary!

Izaak Walton has stated that angling affords "habits of peace and patience in

those who prefer and practice it," and it was his belief that "no life can be happy, or so pleasant as the life of the well-governed angler, for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, there we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent-silver streams, which we now see glide by us." Walton, the Father of Angling, was indeed a contemplative man. He did not pose as a great fisherman, through a crude impression that to be prominent as an angler one must show great spoils as the result of one's day abroad; he was content to idle "profitably" along a pleasant stream in his beloved Staffordshire, taking a fish occasionally, of course, but spending the greater portion of his time in serenely viewing life and speculating upon the varied blessings that are in its train. Some hold that angling is but an excuse to get out into the quiet nooks of Nature, for a peaceful sojourn, away from the strife of a competitive world; to forget the clangor, the dust, the cry and the fashionable conventional things that are not, in any sense of the word natural but which are held as rules to go by. It is no doubt to get away from just such scenes that Walton repaired to the country and its pleasing environs and there found solace, as we may find solace, likewise—in a natural manner—befitting and beautiful.

Men need to go out into the quiet place of Nature, to the streams and waters to take from their beings the sourness of disposition that business battles bring upon them. It is the firm conviction of William W. Walsh that: Doctor Johnson and Doctor Young would have earned but scanty praise had they sung their cynical lines to those who, by long communion with green fields and clear streams had found something to enjoy, beyond the spheres where Christians thirst for gold. And so, these men, (whose teachings I would emulate), wore away their days tranquilly, into the nineties. They saw their fellows pursuing intangible spectres, the curse of avarice and the tawdry sham happiness of wealth, under which, (in the heyday of manhood) they sank out of sight and recollection. How many have denied themselves a day's outdoor recreation when their system's required it, simply because they were idolators of the few dollars it would cost them. The human system is like unto a bow, which, in order to preserve the tension, must be relaxed occasionally,

which becomes a worthless thing when its elasticity is no longer apparent." And, adds this entertaining writer: "I have known the struggle with the wary genii of the stream, and the sensations which awoke my every nerve when the hook has pierced his lip. The fears of losing him and the hope of safely landing him, a prey to artful skill, the quietude of mind and rest of body I have experienced in a day so spent have altogether made me equal to many an exigency of the daily task. That is why I am an angler."

"Whether overladen with good fortune,

or suffering under the shocks of adversity," says Genio Scott, picking up the endless thread of argument, "forget not to take the magic wand and repair to the murmuring waters; and, while accumulating physical energy, your souls will be charmed and your minds soothed and tempered by the melody of birds, the sights of Nature, and the sounds of inferior animals, above, around, and beneath the enlivening waters. With rosy dreams and bright streams, breezy morns and mellow skies, a light heart and a clear conscience *may God speed ye well!*"

A Jewel of the Waters

RODNEY BLAKE

WE all know the sunfish. The sunfish is no brook trout in any sense of the word. A sunfish simply—is. There is much more, however, to be said about the sunfish. It has not the pink flesh and dainty-flavored taste of the brook trout, but brook trout are few and far between. The brook trout is a luxury, not to be partaken of at one's call. On the other hand the sunfish is common and is your home fish, to be had practically when you want it. A fish as food is considered from the viewpoint of flavor first of all: it may be here stated that many fish that we eat have only a small portion in them that we have a longing for. We tire of some fish at one sitting, while of certain others we are reminded and the desire is continually recalled.

The flesh of the sunfish is firm, sweet of flavor, and entirely free from bones in the fleshy area. Rolled in cracker and bread crumbs, dipped in egg, and done to a golden brown the sunfish cannot be surpassed as a tasty morsel.

The common sunfish, or pumpkin seed, is the most familiar of the sunfish species. It is found in the lakes and rivers in the region east of the Mississippi from Maine to Florida, taking in the Great Lakes region and the Western part of Manitoba. Some of the largest specimens of this fish, the pumpkin seed, are taken from these waters, some weighing up to two pounds, with a very desirable length. The average so-called big sunfish ranges far below that however. An eight ounce pumpkin seed may be considered pretty big.

This member of the species is very beauti-

fully colored. In fact he is not excelled in beauty by many other fishes. The lower fins are yellow, and the dorsal fin is blue and yellow. The belly is tinted with orange. The back is bluish purple, while the sides are of a lighter shade, with blotches of orange. The surroundings or feeling of the sunfish promote changes in color. Fading of color takes place when the sunfish is taken from the water, due most likely to separation from its own species.

Next in importance in the sunfish family is the bluegill, which is found in the Great Lakes region up to two pounds in weight, some acquiring the length of one foot.

Sunfish, or bream, in the South is an extensive market fish. This is also true of many locations in the north where the large lakes supply the city markets.

One may easily distinguish a bluegill by its so called velvet black ear. This is however no source of hearing. There is nothing especially exciting about landing a sunfish by rod and line. The sunfish is for the stillfisher with a cane pole, a cork float, and an ambition, only too often, to catch all the fish in the lake in the shortest time possible, with the intention of using the surplus for fertilizer.

Much sport can be had, however, by going out on a still-morning or just at dusk on an August evening with light tackle, using a fly tied on either a Number 10, 12, or 14 hook. The fly should be dark colored on light days and *vice versa* on dull days and in the evenings. Three flies on a leader in place of one would work better, catching more freely the fishes attention. The flies should be

twitched so as to give them the appearance of life. A three ounce rod should be used, with a light open framework single action reel.

One should locate the feeding place and make a cast, dropping the fly lightly to the surface. The result following will provide one with as much excitement as when fighting with that born fighter, the small mouth bass. In the evenings of hot summer days sunfishing,

is fine near shore as this is their feeding ground. One may catch sunfish up to ten o'clock at night.

Yes, the sunfish, dear old sunfish, you still remain an undaunting knight of the waters. It is you that recalls the sweet memories of boyhood. The barefoot boy, an alder pole, a can of bait and a string of fish of your own kind. Your colors will never change. You will always stay in our memory.

After Deer in the Trout Lake District

C. E. GORDON

MY companion and I having decided at the last moment to get to the bush for the remaining ten days of the hunt, hurriedly got together our camping outfit and left Midland, Ont., 2.50 p.m. November 8th for Coldwater Junction, where we had a wait of eight hours to catch a C.P.R. train to Paget, our getting off place.

At Coldwater we met "Mac". Mac is a prominent business man of Toronto, whose diversions are exploring the wilds of Ontario, preferably by canoe and who prefers hunting wild duck to that of deer. However, he was going to join a party from our town who were camping very near our destination and would this time try for deer. He had a new Ross rifle most elaborately equipped with sights and shock absorbers, which he had been testing out just outside the town of Coldwater and stated that he was making a most beautiful pattern on the opposite side of a perfectly good stump about four feet through when he was stopped by a farmer who had some sheep about one half mile away and had an idea that Mac had mistaken them for deer and was trying to bring one down. Well, we spent the time waiting for our train discussing guns and ammunition, Mac being well versed in the respective merits of different rifles, their striking power, velocity and trajectory of bullets, etc., time soon arrived to get our train, our luggage having gone to the junction earlier, all we had to do was pack our knapsack and guns and climb into the stage at 11.15 p.m. arriving at Coldwater Junction four minutes before time. We checked our baggage and and canoe for Paget and upon arrival of train helped to get same into baggage car. When all pieces were in and train ready to leave, writer discovered canoe still on plat-

form and hurried to get it on board. A 16 foot canoe is rather awkward for one to handle with any speed on a station platform, so I had to discard my rifle and knapsack, dropping them on the platform succeeded in getting canoe on board just as train moved off taking me with it in the baggage car and leaving my rifle and knapsack behind.

Well I hurried after Mr. Conductor, explaining matters to his lordship and he promised to see what he could do. About one hour afterwards he came back to us and stated that my rifle and knapsack would be brought on by freight arriving at Paget the next afternoon. This allayed all our anxiety and we settled down for a few hours' sleep. Charlie, my companion, got busy at once and slept right through to Paget. Mac and I had a try but the lure of the bush was too rampant within and we soon gave up the idea of sleep and instead talked over previous hunting trips, and experiences attending them, until we arrived at Paget 5 a.m. where we hurriedly unloaded and made our first portage about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, which we had accomplished by daylight.

Here I suggested that Charlie unslung his rifle as we often saw deer while making into camp. Charlie was busy for some time when he exclaimed, "Well if that don't beat the —" when asked for an explanation, he said he had no shells to fit his rifle. It seems that he had just acquired a rifle that he had previously owned before going away with the Canadian Siberian forces and with it a box of shells which he had never examined until now, only to find them of different calibre. Surely we were well equipped: he had a 351 automatic and no shells, I had plenty of 30-30 shells and no rifle. How the deer would suffer!

We decided to make camp the first thing we did, and see what could be done with the shells afterwards. Our camping place was about 2 miles from R. R. and included one more portage. We made camp by 9 o'clock and were all settled and dinner over by 12.30. After dinner we decided to go 5 miles down Trout Lake to the camp Mac was headed for and see if shells could be had for Charlie. After a 2 hour struggle against a head wind we arrived and were overjoyed by securing a box of 50-351 shells which fixed Charlie out O.K., now all we needed was my rifle which I had to go to the station for the next morning (Monday).

Sunday night we had a good rest which was needed having been in harness more than 32 hours and I without any sleep the night before, that combined with the work of getting baggage and canoe to camp made our solid rock bed covered by a few spruce bows and plenty of blankets, very inviting. Monday morning early I started for Paget for my rifle and knapsack returning at noon, Charlie in the meantime getting acquainted with the bush surrounding our camp.

We were now all equipped for the hunt. I had my rifle, Charlie had shells, and after a hasty lunch we got in our canoe and started down the lake about 1 mile to some old hunting ground that I was familiar with, having hunted there last year. We put in two or three hours mooning through the bush and Charlie was rewarded by seeing three flags which he took a couple of shots at without any damage done. We had not yet acquired the Indian tread and made too much noise to get very close to game. We returned to camp feeling in fine spirits and satisfied that plenty of game was at hand.

The next morning, Tuesday, we were back bright and early and after about 2 hours of careful stalking the writer got a shot at a small deer which he succeeded in bagging with the one shot. This was hung up and lunch eaten. In the afternoon both flushed game, but on account of the dense bush secured no shots. The deer seemed to be staying close and mostly in heavy swales, which were very thick and wet making them hard to work through with any degree of caution. Tuesday night rain set in and it grew much colder. During the night a heavy wind came up and blew the side walls of our tent loose, the rain pouring in on our faces quickly awakened us, and Charlie lighting the lantern slipped a mackinaw coat over his pajamas, which he had put on over

his underwear for more warmth after taking off his hunting suit and hurried out to pile rocks on side-walls and flaps of tent. After much time he returned soaked and said he guessed the tent wouldn't blow away now. A little later that same night I had to crawl out and fix a guy rope from top of tent and had to go several rods to find rocks enough to tie to, Charlie having previously gathered them all and piled on the side walls of our tent which had quite the appearance next morning of a stone foundation to a cellar.

Rain and snow and sleet continued for several days making it almost impossible to do still hunting and making camp life anything but pleasant. However, Friday P.M. we decided to try the bush any way and had not been out of camp more than 15 minutes when Charlie put up a fine big doe and while he missed her the first shot, he dropped her in her tracks the second, having made a very good shot under difficult conditions.

Now we had our count and the hunt was over, the next thing was to get our deer to camp, and then to the R.R; Charlie's deer was less than $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from camp and after letting the deer hang over night to get rigid, we snaked her to camp by placing two ropes over the deer's head and front feet and each getting into the loop of his rope the same as we played horse in school-days. The other deer weighed only about 100 lbs. and we took turns in carrying it on our shoulders to the lake. Here the weather turned colder and sleety, covering the lake with ice and making it almost impossible for us to get out with a canoe as we had to cross two small lakes on our way to Paget and they would be frozen pretty hard, so we decided to wait over two or three days for the weather to grow milder or until our other party broke camp, they having large punts with out board motors could break through ice without much difficulty. The delay would give us time to take some hikes into bush and get better acquainted with the country which we both desired.

Saturday morning early we started out for Moose River to the North, taking light lunch and the camera. After a three mile tramp through swales and over rock ridges we reached the river, where we found plenty of signs of deer and some old bear and moose signs. Beaver dams made it impossible to explore the river on foot because of the overflow of water. These beaver dams were very interesting and proved the genius of

this most intelligent little animal. One dam especially interested us, being about 150 feet long and 9 feet high in the centre covered too much surrounding lowland, but the cuttings of poplar and white birch would indicate a very large colony of the little workers.

After following along the course of the river for some distance we started back for camp; taking a slightly different direction by the compass. On our way, while passing through heavy swales we put out 3 deer on one occasion and 4 on another. We were making lots of noise and did not get close enough to see more than a glimpse of flags as they made their getaway. We struck the lake upon return about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles east of camp as I saw it first having come out of a swale upon a cleared piece of high rocky tableland. I whistled to my companion to join me and while waiting for him to come up a bull moose walked out of the bush into the opening about $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles away and next to the lake. He remained stationary until my companion arrived and we had a fairly good look at him. We decided to try for a close up view and a possible snap shot, not having licence to kill moose that was as far as we could go into the shooting line. My companion made for a high point near by and in the direction which the moose apparently was headed. I made a detour about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to be able to come up wind on him. About three quarters of an hour hard work, I arrived close to where we had seen his majesty, with the wind in my favor, I spent another half hour in trying to make a careful approach alternately crawling on all fours and wiggling through the under-growth and over rocks and arriving in sight of the spot only to find our moose had vanished and no trace of him to be found, other than where he had been standing while watching us, nor had my companion seen anything further of him. He had simply vanished which seemed almost impossible without one of us having seen him, however, I felt quite certain he was killed two days later by a member of a hunting party from Bradford, as a member of their party killed a fine two year old bull on Monday that weighed about 600 pounds.

We arrived at camp just at dusk pretty tired but well satisfied with our days' experience. The next day Sunday, we straightened up camp and packed what we would not use again preparatory to breaking camp Monday. This work occupied all the morning; during

the afternoon we visited a couple of beaver dams near by camp and inspected their houses, which only means that we pushed our canoe around their home and had a good look, and particularly noticed how well they had camouflaged their dwelling, especially from the side towards the open lake. Once out on the lake one would never suspect that big rock sticking up out of the marsh near shore was a home for a family of beaver and made of mud and sticks.

Monday we broke camp and canoed our outfit across the lake to our first portage, the other party having made one trip through and broke the ice, the weather remaining cold and sleety. Making the portage would have afforded a good comic movie. Here were 15 men hustling with a few thousand pounds of camp outfit done up into all sort of packages, 5 canoes and 15 deer, some going for a load, others returning for another, here would be a man with a deer on top of him, then a man fast under a canoe having slipped off a rock, which were covered with sleet and very slippery. The writer in making one trip with both hands full of small baggage, such as lantern, rifle, supper lunch, box and etc., slipped on a rock which was very slanting and ran out into the lake, both feet went up into the air and landing with a thump on that part of my anatomy, half way between the cellar and the attic. I began a very speedy descent towards the lake scattering my load in all directions but succeeded in keeping out of water by a narrow margin. All the articles were recovered except the lunch which had inconsistently taken to drink.

It was dark by the time we had made our portage and reloaded our baggage and as we only had about 1 mile further to Paget Station with plenty of open water, we decided to make it in one trip instead of two as we had been doing. So we loaded tent, tent-poles, stoves, rifles, dunnage bags, blankets and bread box containing cooking utensils and balance of grub, folding table and chairs, and our two deer along with ourselves into our 16 foot canoe, we made it, but never again.

Arriving at Paget we got all our baggage and deer to R. R. siding by 9 P.M. then sat down to eat with our friends; our own prepared supper being back in the lake for the fish to feed on. Here we waited for the hunters' special to take us home, which arrived 3 A.M., killing time telling our experience of this year and our plans for next.

The Red Fox

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

THE red fox has been a figure in history, in literature and what-not from time immemorial. It has been termed in this excerpt from the work of a very early writer as "the embodiment of quadrupedal treachery," and the early English poet Chaucer, dipping his goose-quill in ink, said of him: "*O false morderour, reeching in thy den*"

Reynard, the red fox, has been celebrated in verse and in prose apparently from the beginning of Time. Red Fox has been a figure in fact and in fiction as far back as we can read and that is prominently, too, the reason he takes such a prominent place in the annals of sport, particularly the merry chase; for fox chasing with the hounds is one of the oldest institutions in the world. If we were to delve into the history of the fox; if we should choose to lay hands on everything, past and present that pertains to the subject, we would have a library in itself, for men have never, and will never cease extolling the craftiness of this keen-nosed little creature. The fox is not only found upon this continent, but pretty well over the whole of our planet. One writer estimates that in normal years the number of fox pelts taken annually out of America, Europe, Asia and Australia amounts to over a million and a half specimens. This in the face of on-rush of civilization and the ever-increasing populations ever on its trail to lay it low. The red fox owes its immunity from extinction to the fact that its cunning, its innate artfulness (often amounting almost to human intelligence) has safe-guarded it against destruction at the hands of Man. The red fox is possessed of an astonishing sagaciousness. It will resort to innumerable devices where by to foil its pursuers. This is nothing new; it is history, tradition. There is hardly a fox hunter who has not met up with just these wonderfully keen-minded specimens. It is not, therefore, an extraordinary thing to find foxes quite numerous in and around the confines of civilization, in districts quite well populated. The red fox may not always pay a visit to the hen-coops but he often does. As he is rarely seen his presence may not be suspected, and it is doubtful if one out of every hundred could tell a fox track from that made by a dog.

It is for that reason that foxes often raid chicken-coops and are not suspected; though chicken-stealing is rather an exception to the rule than a common occurrence. Says William Temple Hornaday: "Many defenders of the red fox have arisen, who stoutly declare that to their positive knowledge, based on many years' experience, the red fox is not a destroyer of game birds and poultry, as has been charged in the indictments against him. Certain it is that grouse and quail, and other ground-nesting birds, never were so numerous as in the days when the foxes of the United States were most numerous. It would almost seem as if it is the way of the fox to live upon the lame, the halt and the blind among the upland game-birds, and by catching and consuming the weakest to promote the survival of the fittest." The answer to this may be that the fox seize the halt, the lame and the blind, not to help along the laws of nature, but merely because these are easy to obtain without undue exertion; the same as a preying fish will lay low a disabled minnow or fish. In either case the crippled specimens were easier to acquire.

Four distinct species of the fox family are represented in North America, out of the twelve species known to the world. We have with us on this continent these species: the red fox, the gray fox, the swift fox and the famous Arctic fox. These are not listed as varieties; they are considered quite generally as distinct species. As regards the red and the gray fox, it is said upon eminent authority that the red fox has been the cause of the downfall of the gray fox; that it has been known to kill this other member of the fox family. They are, what might be said, sworn enemies, *whereas the red fox has been known to mate with wolves and with dogs!*

The Arctic Fox has been considered by some as being nothing more nor less than the Blue Fox. However Napoleon Comeau, distinguished outdoor man and naturalist of well known standing presented Dr. Merriam with skeletons of various foxes and vigorously holds that there is a vast anatomical difference between the Blue and the Arctic Fox, to the extent that they should be considered each as a separate species. Another writer states that the fur of the Blue Fox never changes color, and is the largest of all the foxes,

whereas the Arctic Fox is the smallest, and while one variety of the Arctic Fox is known to be grayish-blue in the summer, nevertheless in the winter its fur turns white. Other points to be recognized are that the white foxes are quite numerous while the blue foxes are quite rare. Northern trappers classify the foxes they catch as follows: The Red Fox, the Cross Fox, the Double Cross Fox, the Silver Cross Fox, the Silver Fox, the Black Silver Fox and the Black Fox. In this category, however, only one distinct specie is represented,—that being the Red Fox, (*VULPUS FULVUS*). The others are but varieties. The Cross Fox, the Black Fox and the Silver Gray Fox are but rare occurrences in breeding. Close investigation into the subject has led to all of these being found represented in a Red Fox litter. In line with this, says one authoritative writer:

"A Cross Fox, nearly black, was frequently seen in a particular cover. We offered a high premium for the animal in the flesh and the fox was accordingly chased and shot at by the boys of the vicinity. The autumn and winter passed away and still the fox was at large. In the spring we dug for the young foxes that had been seen at the burrow, which was known to be frequented by this same Cross Fox we had never been able to capture. There were seven of them. Three were black, and the rest were red. The blackest of the young whelps was retained by us; and we frequently saw at the house of a neighbor another of the litter which was red, and differed in no respect from the common red fox. The older our little pet became the less it grew like the black, and the more like the Cross Fox. It was, much to our regret, killed by a dog when about six months old, and, as far as we can recollect was nearly of the color.

"The following autumn we decided to try our hand at procuring the enchanted fox, which was the parent of these young varieties, as it could always be started in the same vicinity. We obtained a fine pair of young hounds and gave chase but with no success. On the third hunt, however, we took our stand near the corner of an old field, at a spot we had observed it to pass. A good aim removed the mysterious charm. We killed it with squirrel-shot. It was nearly jet black, with the tip of the tail, white. This fox was the female which had produced the young of the previous spring, that we have already spoken of, and as some of them, as we have already said, were Cross Foxes,

and others Red Foxes, thus has settled the question in our minds, that both the Cross Fox and the Black Fox are mere varieties of the common Red Fox."

The above may be a great surprise to many; and comes from none other than Dr. Bachman, the associate of Audubon, whose work has been lost to the world, yet whose findings I have resurrected. If the above is true (which we must believe) then the question as to the origin of these various foxes is settled; that they are not species, but varieties of the red fox, (*Vulpus fulvus*).

The tricks of the red fox when hounded are many. His greatest delight in point of fact is to outwit the hounds upon his trail; he is never hurried or flustered; even when at close quarters. He is always at his ease, pausing, listening, and then going forward again, often through the densest of thickets, thus to give his pursuers all the trouble he can think of. Not the least of these tricks is his back-tracking stunts, which are conducted with every exhibition of human intelligence. Having gone over the snow for some distance he will suddenly turn and follow his tracks back, when suddenly, at a convenient point he will turn and leap far to one side, away from the trail. The on-rushing hounds will keep on straight ahead, and will not only lose time but will have to go back over the trail anew and find the place where the fox jumped and where he landed. In the meantime the fox is miles away, leisurely loping along. He is particularly fond of running up the sides of slanted trees and leaping far from them, and is even known to wade the water of streams to throw off the scent of his trail and so deceive the hounds. In another instance a nimble-footed fox led a hound out on ice that was thin and yielding. When quite a ways out the fox turned back and at an angle made for shore. The blundering hound, heavy of weight and wild for blood came on. Though the ice sank under foot the hound did not pause, his lust for gore over coming all his instinctive "reasoning" which should have told him he was "treading on dangerous ground". The result was that the ice went in, and so did the hound. The hunter found him there dead, some hours later, and by adding two and two together he found that it made four —and the fox was safe!

Without exaggeration the fiction of foxes is out-done by fact. There is hardly a fox hunter who has not heard of the relay system foxes practice when chased. Because this

is common to many, new to others I offer it at its worth. We will say that a fox is run and when practically tired out, meets with another fox. The first fox runs away to rest up while the second fox boldly goes out into view of the hounds, which, seeing him and mistaking him for the first fox leave the trail and take after him. In this manner a fox will out-wind the hounds. I simply give this, not exactly as believing it myself, but which is a story common among the fox-chasing brethren, many of whom vote it true in every respect.

The trickiest method of a fox eluding his pursuers that I have ever heard of, and which we may believe is true, was that of a hunter with a pack of hounds who entered a certain stretch of country purposely to hunt out a certain crafty fox with the result that no luck was had.

"After a chase of an hour," says this writer, "just enough to blow the dogs and the horses well, we would invariably lose the fox as a given spot, at a fence corner. The frequency and certainty of this event became the standing joke of the country around. Fox hunters from other neighborhoods would bring their packs for miles, to have a run out of this mysterious fox, in the hope of clearing up the puzzle, once and for all. But no. They were all baffled alike. We often examined the ground critically, to find out, if possible the mode of escape but could discover nothing that in any way accounted for it, or suggested anything in regard to it. That it did not fly was very sure; that it must escape along the fence in some way was equally so. My first idea was that the animal, as is very common, had climbed to the top rail of the fence and had walked along it to such a distance before leaping off

that the dogs were entirely thrown out of whack. I accordingly followed the fence with the whole pack about me, clear around the whole patch it took in, but without striking the trail again, or making any discovery whatsoever. The affair now became quite serious."

Finally the hunter decided to post himself in the vicinity of the fence where the trail always disappeared and so watch the reynard when he came along, and thus endeavor to solve the problem: doing so, the hounds were released one day. In due course of time the fox was spotted coming toward the fence. Now he was seen to pause and listen as the baying of the hounds became more distinct; then running lightly ahead, the fox leaped to the top rail of the fence and moved along its length, "balancing himself as neatly as a tight-rope walker." For a distance of two hundred feet he went in this manner, the hunter following after, though always in hiding and as noiselessly as possible. Suddenly the fox stopped at a certain post. Interested, the hunter speculated on what was next to happen. As suddenly as that fox pivoted on that post he leaped upward through the air some ten or fifteen feet, landing in a tree leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees, whose gnarled, deformed top gave ample foothold to receive him. Nor was this all. Once having landed there the fox crawled down into the tree's hollow purposely to stay there until the hounds were called off.

"The tree stood at such a distance from the fence" says the writer, "that no one of us dreamed of the possibility that the fox would, or could, leap to it; it seemed impossible, but practice and the convenient tree-top had enabled Reynard to overcome it with ease!"

Toronto Parks Want Live Animals and Birds

Editor, Rod and Gun In Canada

Now that the war is over, this Department is attempting to build up our zoological collection, and have outlined a plan of maintaining a representative collection of Canadian birds and animals, which will be kept in as natural surroundings as possible at High Park, Riverdale Park, and the Island.

I am writing to ask your assistance by giving publicity to the above fact in your publication, in the hope of obtaining donations from some of your many readers, who

may from time to time have different animals and birds in their possession.

I think if people realized what good use would be made of the animals or birds which might be donated, they would be only too glad to present them.

Anything you may be able to do for us in this matter will be greatly appreciated.

Yours truly,

C. E. Chambers,
Commissioner of Parks.

Home Brew and a Bear

ELEANOR M. BREMER

AMONG the many inlets of the Western Coast is an Arm of the sea, stretching back into the mountains. At the very finger tips of this particular Arm lies a lazy, drab, little village which has been in a state of torpor for endless days. The pinch which roused it into sitting up and rubbing its eyes has come from the discovery that it is the very heart of a district rich in silver. Prospectors' dreams are now coming true and the little village is only eighteen miles from mines which are now in full operation.

So it is that people who might have died and rested in absolute peace without hearing of the existence of the little village are urged by those human dreams of wealth, to come. Among the visitors to the place was Miss Scott, who had come from Toronto to visit her brother—a doctor at the mines. She, of course "put up" at the splendid Village Hotel and was left entirely to her own resources while her brother was away at the mines.

It seemed to her that she knew the Arm only too well. She watched every ship or boat come and go. She threw stones at the salmon lodged in the river from which they could not pass. She knew the Arm when the tide was in and when the tide was out; when the gulls were screeching and when the gulls were still. The unfortunate thing was that Miss Scott, who was fond of walking, could not walk. Given, a long arm of the sea with overhanging mountains, thick-wooded and snow-capped, where is a lonely human to go? Up and down the track leading to the mines she walked, until she was in grave danger of becoming lop-sided. Walk up a track and see if you don't miss a tie with the same foot.

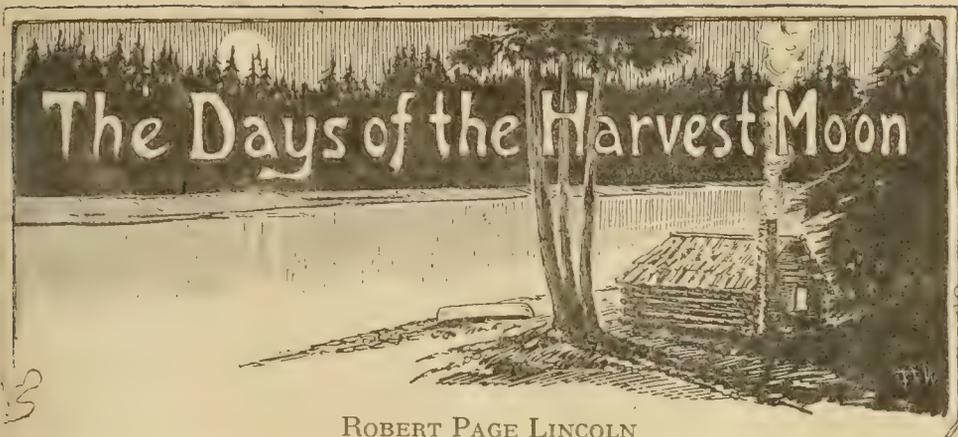
At last, it was too much for her. She decided in spite of her brother's warning to do a little exploring on her own initiative. She would leave the track and follow a mountain trail if there was one to be followed. It was on her after-dinner walk one evening that the desire became irresistible. She had only gone a short distance on the track when she cut into the woods and began feeling her way in the underbrush on the mountain side. After this scrambling and pulling, she was delighted to hit a trail. So happy was she to swing into her old gait that she walked on and on, forgetting time. The trail seemed well

beaten and angled in such a way that the difficulties of climbing were reduced to a minimum. Time had passed so quickly that before Miss Scott realized it, night as the poets say was thickening. With the thickening of night, came a thickening of events for just as she came over a little ridge, a huge tree lay across the trail and blocked her way. At this moment, she became conscious of the darkness around her and with this, came a feeling of fear. Everything was so hushed, so silent that she could only stand peering into the darkness, remembering then her brother's injunction. As she stood looking around, she realized suddenly that the tree before her was hollow and so an ideal residence for a bear. All these thoughts took but a few seconds to flit through her mind. She was about to turn when to her horror, she saw looming from behind the log, a dark figure. For a moment, it stood upright, then reeled and fell.

Miss Scott did not take time to investigate as her one desire was to melt into the shadow. Anything to be away from that bear. She ran, only stopping when she had fallen and only halted when she reached the track. She was still panting upon her arrival at the hotel and it was between gasps that she told her story to the men. They looked very grave, particularly when they found out about the hollow tree and the path she had taken.

About an hour later, when the moon was behind a mountain, two men "padded" up this very trail, talking in low voices. "Yes—it must be moved. If Murphy—Murphy was the village policeman—gets a hold of her yarn and he will, for women will talk, the devil will be to pay." Upon approaching the tree sure enough there was Miss Scott's bear lying in a profound stupor. It had stolen a march on the men and Mike, an Austrian muoher from the mines had lit up his gloomy existence by imbibing very freely from the Cache in the hollow tree. That night, while Mike blissfully slept off the effects of his "illumination," a keg of very potent home brew was moved to another hiding place lest that man Murphy pick up Miss Scott's clue.

Meanwhile Miss Scott writes to Toronto about her bear.



ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

TOWARD the close of July, the summer days begin to grow hotter than ever; often intense and penetrating. The last two weeks in July are apt to be scorching ones. All things are now growing well; in the fields the corn is coming along very nicely. The dust on the much-travelled highways is becoming powdery and the wayside vegetation, the trees and the bushes are covered with a veil of it. The late summer flowers are now brightening out everywhere. There is ripeness in the very air. The asthma victims are seeking the safe northern retreats. On the lake the sun beats down menacingly during the mid-day hours and on the smaller lakes the moss and the weeds have come up so thick in places that it is impossible to push a boat through. Often a green scum coats the water. Under this flowering mass the sun-fishes revel by the apparent millions and the snapping sounds that arise everywhere tell of the multitudinous small mouths that are eagerly picking up parasites and water seeds. Now and then there will be a shocking rise far down the shore and a large pickerel will leap out of the water after something or another. Turtles bask in lazy splendor upon the logs, sliding off as you come near. The hint of life on the water is great. It seems one living mass, and the shore partakes of the same appearance. The water growth has now reached its height, and is at the surface of the lake. The seeds have ripened; they are separating from the stems and are dropping to the lake bottom, there to fasten and form new plants for the coming season. Upon these seeds the fish feed abundantly as the green coating inside of their mouths show.

As the temperature rises the shallow waters become unbearable to the larger fishes and so they betake themselves to the deeper waters of the lake. Out there along the sand-bars you will find them, moving along the sides of these; and if the lake be spring-fed from the bottom be sure to find the large mouths and the small mouths around the springs.

Fish at this time of the year have a distinct tendency to soreness of the mouth. This is true of the sunfishes; and more than true of the pike and the muscullonge. The gums of the pike are found to be lacerated and bleeding—and the teeth loose. In some specimens the gums seem to have swelled so they almost cover the teeth. The teeth of the muscullonge too are loose and some men are prone to state that this great fish sheds its teeth during this month, and are replaced by others during the month of September. The more likely thing, however, is that they do not lose their teeth, but that they are loose, and grow firm in place again with the coming of autumn and the hardening of the gums. Large pikes, and muskies noted in the late part of August have been found in an emaciated condition, very thin and haggard-looking. The mouth disturbance and the fasting is no doubt the reason of this general condition. The basses, however; the small mouth and the large mouth do not seem to be in a bad way and will often take the lure of the angler, if it is rightly applied, with the same avidity as noted in the fore part of the season.

Two thirds of the sons of Walton have now put away their rods. The intense heat is one reason; and, furthermore, men argue, the fish won't strike anyhow, so what is the

use of wasting time at mere fishing. Sport at this time of the year has been termed "dog-day" sport, hence a sport without attraction. There exists a hallucination that fish taken in this season are mushy and unpalatable—and bid to remember, please, that this season often extends into the middle of September. Admitted, of course that the weather is of a decided torrid nature, yet the fish are not the less worthy. The angler in August and September will do well to have a goodly piece of ice in his live box in the boat or in the receptacle wherein he keeps his catch. To let fish lie in the sun at this time will soon make them a useless article, and for that reason, undoubtedly, exists the belief that fish taken now are unpalatable. However if kept cool after being taken, a fish is just as firm of flesh and savory as a specimen taken earlier in the year, though of course not the same as in Autumn. Ice, coupled with the angler's catch at this time of the year is a most commendable idea, as fish may thus be preserved during the hottest portion of the day. To further safeguard a catch if the fish are bled, cleaned, salted and tucked away in leaves and wet grass they will keep just as well as ever.

Another strange belief that seems to exist in spite of considerable proven fact is the notion that fish, at this time of the year, are full of worms—that the flesh is crowded with parasites. And while it is true that some fish in the summer have muscle worms, and other parasitical types, as betokened by the small specks that show up plainly on some fishes' sides, nevertheless such a condition is not general but may be taken as comparatively rare.

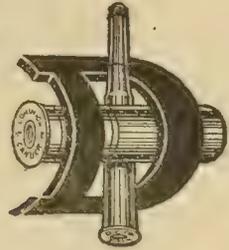
I have always said that to discover a sandbar in the middle of a lake is to discover a place, where, in the late summer and autumn you can always expect good fishing. Strictly speaking fishing off of the bars and deep down to reach the spring-holes is live-bait fishing pure and simple, in spite of what the purists say. Here is where the long Henshall bait rod comes in for especial mention. It is the ideal rod for the work. Silvery glittering shiners are used as lures and these are worked gently around here and there (the boat being anchored to the bar) to attract the large fellows. Off the bars you find the croppies and the largest of the sun-fishes. Often a large croppie or rusty-colored sun-fish will seize the minnow and give you the time of your life. The possibilities of

bar-fishing are many; and may be fraught with many surprises. One does not know whether a pickerel, a croppie, a rock bass, a sun-fish or a large mouth is going to take the minnow. This perhaps, is the greatest fascination contained in minnow fishing off the bars in the month of August, and holds good, too, way into October.

And what of the basses (the valiant bronzen warriors) the small mouths and the more common large mouths? The small mouth is a clear-water loving fish. If he can escape the weeds and the pads he is in his element. He loves to haunt the deep lake waters, in and around the spring-holes; where the waters bubble up cold and fine. In those lakes of the north where there are rocky reefs and holes in the walls of miniature buried mountains there they will be found, although the line may have to be sent down a great ways to reach them. Nor does it matter if the sun is baking hot above; in the deep holes all is cool; and one may have just as good luck fishing in the middle of the day as in the legitimate feeding hours. I may add that the sport in playing a large bass up from the spring holes is a sensation to say the very least. To find these deep water abiding places may be a puzzle; it may take patience and time and sounding with lead. But when this general get-together meeting place of the basses is found, that place may be spotted and will successfully give up a well-proportioned finny bounty year after year.

In fishing off of the bars the minnows are not the only means toward an end, when we consider the question of a suitable lure. There are too the helgramites (or Dobsons) and the small soft-shell crabs, one or two inches in length; not to forget the common angleworm and the grub-worm. Both the helgramite and the crabs are said to be the native food of both of the bass varieties, therefore, as a natural lure, they cannot be equalled. The helgramite are very hardy and one specimen will last a long time if it is attached to the hook in the right manner. To pierce the helgramite with the hook will soon contrive to end its usefulness in this world. Rather procure a number of tiny druggist rubber snaps. Take one of these snaps, and make two or three turns around the bend of the hook with it. Then slip the helgramite into the loop and snap the rubber tight. This keeps it properly alive and active. The same may be done with the grub worms. By driving the hook into

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the body, as is common knowledge, the body bursts, whereas if you use the snaps this will not occur. Be sure to take a couple turns with the rubber around the bend of the hook so that it will not come off.

During the great heats of the day the large mouth bass clear out of the shallow waters and betake themselves to the depths; but as the cool of waning afternoon comes on many of them come into the shore waters to feed, and then, in the pads along the shore, you will find them. But to fish those pads—



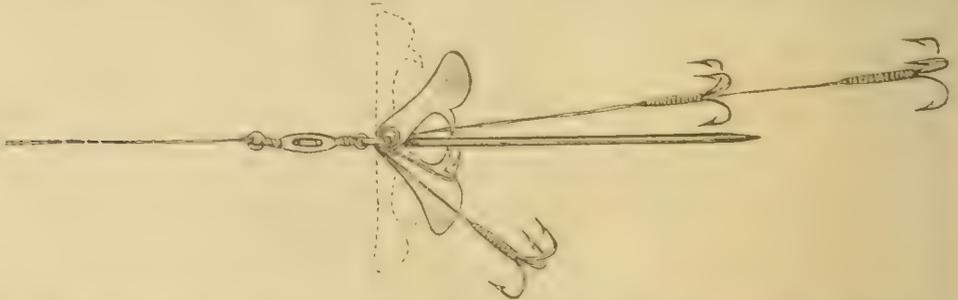
that is the rub. The average bait-caster, using many-hooked artificial minnows, passes it up, for even though a bass be hooked in among those pads to get that fish to the boat or to net that is the question; and rather than even try to answer it, such fishing is left to itself. Right there is where the fisherman makes a mistake as I shall prove. Let us go a little deeper into this unexploited field.

You have been wont, we will say, to fish outside of the outer edge of the pads, casting inward to their edge, that is to say, their *outer* edge, not the *inshore* edge. From the outer edge of these pads to your boat, we

How to do this? I will explain my method.

This method I call "fishing the rise" the same as "fishing the rise" identified with trout fishing; that is to say, casting to a fish that is rising. *Simply*: during the feeding hours of the trout the angler will watch the waters; when a feeding trout rises *that* fish is marked down and a fly is floated down over it especially to get that fish for that fish is hungry and is the most liable to strike. This not only works out well in theory but in practice as I have proven time and

again, not in one water but in practically all waters; and the very same with the pad-abiding black bass. Let me employ an example. The method of "rise" fishing is restricted to work in and around the pads and while one may use the boat it is best to leave it at home and wade the water along shore casting *outward*. You may elect to get sloshing wet; a pair of old shoes upon your feet, or you may use light wading-boots or wading-trousers if you have such. The best time for this sort of fishing is from four in the afternoon until past dusk. The good points about fishing the pads in this manner is that you have some of the best bass fishing



will say, there is from twenty to thirty feet of space. Your bait drops in a pocket at that edge and is reeled toward you. The only place you are liable to get that bass is in that pocket; the space from there on to the boat is, what might be said, fishless. Therefore you waste energy and use up valuable line in merely casting; for the bass are not in the open water between your boat and the pads; simply—they are in the pads and if one would be successful fishing for them in the late summer he must fish the pads.

in the lake *practically within twenty feet of you*. Watch now for the rising fish; and wade the water with extreme care. I have written time and time again that caution is one of the prime requisites in bass fishing the same as in any fishing. The more noiseless your progress the better will be your success. Push along a step at a time and watch for bass rising among the pads for insects or minnows. It is, however, a mistake to believe that because a bass rises at a certain spot that he will be there three or five minutes



Team members shown in this photograph are as follows:

Standing, Left to Right: Maj. George C. Shaw, U.S.A., Team Captain; Col. Wm. Libbey, Liaison officer; Maj. W. D. Smith, U.S.M.C., Team Coach; Maj. O. E. Snyder, U.S.A., Pistol Team; Capt. W. F. Leustener, U.S.A.; Sgt. Maj. E. G. Lindroth, U.S.A.; Comdr. C. T. Osburn, U.S.N.; Capt. Fred S. Hird, U.S.A.; and Sgt. Morris Fisher, U.S.M.C.

Center Row, kneeling; Lieut. Perry S. Schofield, U.S.A.; Capt. A. D. Rothrock, U.S.A.; Mr. Joseph T. Lawless, Civilian; Lieut. Comdr. W. A. Lee, U.S.N. and Lieut. Joseph Jackson, U.S.M.C.

Front Row, sitting: Lieut. T. G. Brown, U.S.A.; Gy. Sgt. O. M. Schriver, U.S.M.C.; Supply Sgt. H. L. Adams, U.S.A.; Sgt. Ralph Henshaw, U.S.M.C.; Mr. Lawrence Nusslein, Civilian; and Sgt. Dennis Fenton, U.S.A.

Not Shown: Lieut. L. S. Spooner, U.S.A.; Capt. Paul W. Mapes, Adjutant; Major Wheeler, Supply Officer; and Lieut. Comdr. McDonnal, Naval Medical Officer.

The American Olympic Rifle Team

THE American Olympic Rifle Team was selected at a competitive shoot held on the Marine Corps Rifle Range at Quantico, Va. The course of fire at the try-out consisted of ten shots standing, ten shots kneeling and ten shots prone at 300 yards, and twenty shots prone at 600 yards followed by ten shots standing, and ten kneeling at 300 yards. The course of 70 shots was fired three times and the high twelve men and five others of the competitors were chosen to form the shooting team.

The ammunition for the use of this splendid shooting aggregation was selected as the result of a competitive test held at Sea Girt, N. J. Thirty ten-shot groups

from each of the eight lots of ammunition submitted for test were fired from machine rests at 600 yards. The lot giving the smallest average mean radius for the 30 groups was selected.

Special 180-grain match ammunition loaded with Hercules Powder won the test with the remarkably small mean radius of 3.41 inches, a full quarter-inch less than its nearest competitor. This is an advantage of almost one inch in group diameter, a superiority of 7.3 per cent for the winning lot. No other lot of ammunition for which records are available has ever made as small a mean radius at 600 yards in an Official Ammunition Test.

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later. The impression one will have is that fish is lying still and rises up; takes an insect and then sinks back to a stationary position. *Not so.* The next rise of that fish may be ten feet further down the shore; the reason being that the fish is constantly on the move or preparing to move. If you know in which direction the fish is moving (and one is often able to see the fish in question) cast a foot or two to one side of him. Do not slam the bait down, but try to place it in the water with ease, with as much care as possible. The good points about shore fishing, and wading, especially, is: *First*, you do not stand so much of a chance of being seen wading as when in a boat. You are brought lower down through reason of wading and the fishes' range of observation is thus cut off. *Second*, you are within close proximity of the fish all around you. In "fishing the rise" for bass you are liable to take one ten feet from you, and sometimes they will follow the lure right up to your feet. That is, of course if you use caution, pushing forward with the feet, instead of stepping.

For shore-fishing it is hard to equal the Henshall rod, as a rather longer rod that ordinarily in use is a demand. This rod has a recognised limberness that aids to lightly flick the lure to its destination noiselessly, where the short rod would come blundering in with a resounding splash that may unseat your luck. To aid in smooth casting the reel must work smoothly—so one selects his best winch. And as to the hooks; there we have another thing to give our attention. After much experimentation the result stands as follows as the best: To the end of your twelve pound test light silk line is attached a one foot and one half mist-hued gut leader, or, better yet, a Telarana Nova leader which leads over all not only for strength but also as to invisibility in the water. If possible you use three inch minnows, either very active chubs, or, best of all, stream shiners. Mention has previously been made in the chapter devoted to spring trout fishing how the hooks are attached to the leader. One is tied-in an inch above the hook attached to the end. Thus the upper hook is caught into the lip of the minnow; the end hook in the side, toward the minnow's tail. The method of James Henshall in merely hooking the minnow with one hook through the lip is not as sure as the double-hook affair, for, this reason: The bass will often nip off the minnow by not striking to reach the hook. By having two hooks the bass cannot do this and get

away from the barb, of one of the hooks at least.

Now then for the fish. As you move along there is a curling tumble in the pads and the water rocks; a large bass has risen for something. Quickly the minnow is placed there in that open spot one foot from the rise. No sinker is on the line for the cast is short and the smooth working reel will do the work to perfection. You may have a strike, and you may not. If not you cast again, giving the minnow animation by a series of light twitches to the rod. This will often fool the wisest of them. Presume you have a strike; now comes the treachery of it all and the swift work is on. The hook is set and the work at reeling begins. He will dart into the pads if you are not swift. *Quick!* Bring him into the two foot open place of that pocket. Now high up over head with the rod and get out to him with the net as fast as possible. After a few seasons of bass fishing in this manner you are able to get out most every fish you catch.

If a two hook affair be used it is not, however, necessary that the minnow be living, and a dead minnow will do as well, since, being pretty well fettered, a live minnow so hooked will show no animation. The rod will do that well enough. Minnows that you wish to preserve and use for fishing in this manner are allowed to die in a little water when they are placed in a bottle and covered with a ten per cent solution of formalin. Another method of preserving these minnows is to boil about a quart of water, and when it has cooled off, add all the salt the water will take up. When the salt and the water have been mixed to form a very strong brine, then as much corn-meal as the water will moisten up is stirred in. After this the mixture is set away for a matter of a week or two when it is taken forth and thoroughly powdered by rubbing it thus to erase out all the lumps. The minnows, allowed to die in a little water are now dried by placing them on a blotting paper; a tin box is used to keep them in. A layer of the corn-meal and salt-mixture is laid on the bottom of the box; then a row of minnows; over them a layer of the mixture, etc. Minnows thus preserved will keep firm and fresh and may be had when it is absolutely impossible to get them at all.

Generally, however, the little streams give up shiners and chubs for use right along. The strong-finned chubs and shiners of the streams are the best, as they are the stronger,



SAVAGE



HE'S CHARGING--STOP HIM!

HERE he comes—six hundred pounds of wounded, raving, fighting grizzly! Wicked, pointed head stretched out—evil little pig eyes glaring hate—long yellow tusks snapping in bloody foam—high shoulders rocking with effort as they drive the ten-inch hooked, chisels of claws ripping through the moss—smash through the witch-hopples—here he comes!

Easy does it—take your time! The little .250-3000 Savage rises easily, smoothly, into line. Squeezing the pistol-grip—face frozen against the stock—seeing both sights—following that slaving chin with the bead—holding your breath and shutting down steadily with your trigger-finger. Bang!

Fingers racing, before the echo of the shot you're reloaded and ready again. But he's down. Crumpled end over end in his stride. That vicious little 87 grain pointed bullet, travelling 3,000 feet per second, smashed through his jaw, shivered his neck vertebrae to splinters, and splashed them through his lungs. Never knew what struck him—dead when he hit the ground.

Only seven pounds of rifle—the .250-3000 Savage. Six shots—in two seconds, if you need them that fast—and each of them with a gilt-edge target accuracy that will hit an 800 yard military bullseye, and punch enough to slam through half-inch steel boiler-plate at a hundred yards. Now supplied in both Lever and Bolt action with checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm and corrugated steel shotgun butt-plate and trigger. See either one at your dealer's—he can supply them or write Dept. K.I. for complete description.

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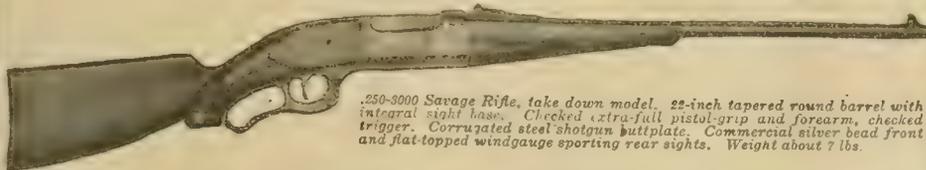
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.250-3000 Savage Rifle, take down model. 22-inch tapered round barrel with integral sight base. Checked extra-full pistol-grip and forearm, checked trigger. Corrugated steel shotgun buttplate. Commercial silver bead front and flat-topped windgauge sporting rear sights. Weight about 7 lbs.



"As you move along there is a curling tumble in the pads and the water rocks."

the most active. Unknown to many fishermen, however, shiners and chubs are to be found in the very lakes they fish, but, for the reason that these little silvery sprites are never seen it is generally supposed the lake is barren of them. *Not so.* On these minnows the bass and the other large preying fishes, feed; therefore to procure them is a means toward an end. It is to be remembered that the bass shift, in as the minnow schools shift. One goes down to the sandy beach some night, where there is shallow water. A fire is built at the water's edge, or a strong-burning lantern is placed there. The shiners, etc., seeing this light are lured in. One hour later a long minnow net is circled around the light-showered space and is drawn toward the shore. The result will generally be enough minnows for several days' fishing.

In "fishing the rise" for bass in the pads therefore one either uses a dead minnow or a live one. Success by using the dead minnow depends upon the animation you are able to put into it with your rod; on the other hand the live minnow on a single hook does his own advertising, but if it is as sportsmanlike as the former method it is hard to say. The live minnow is hooked in back, slightly forward of the tail though not to hurt the back bone and is allowed to

swim around. Naturally a bass seeing this is inspired to strike, especially if the minnow is placed right near to the point of rise. The reason the cane pole fisherman gets so many bass is simple and it does not take much study to discern the reason of it. He, too, fishes the rise; he watches for the rising fish along the pads. When he sees a big fellow moving around he merely reaches down in his frog-bucket, takes out a bright-green, spotted frog and hooks it on; he drops it in at the edge of the pads and allows it to sink to the bottom to kick around and push along on the bottom as well it may. Obviously a large bass that is feeding cannot resist the temptation to lay such a fine meal away where it will work the best so he is caught. But it is in no sense of the word a sportsmanlike method. As that great Waltonian sage, Robert H. Davis puts it, it is like taking the crutches away from one's grandfather.

As the summer heats come on one of the first of the finny fellows to take to the deep water is the lake trout, for, being a charr, it is a charr characteristic to hunt out cold water. Therefore the deepest holes are sought for and there you will find them, and to such depths you are forced to go if you will have any luck whatsoever. As



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Saturated with oil they prevent rusting and pitting of gun barrels. One oiling lasts a year. For shotguns and rifles, 55c. For revolvers, 25c. Give gauge or caliber wanted.



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A wonderful oil for keeping sportsmen's equipment in perfect condition. Unequaled for use with Marble's Anti-Rust Ropes. 2-oz. bottle, 25c; 6-oz. can, 55c. By mail 10c extra. Sample free.

Marble's Flexible Rear Sight

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

Jointed Rifle Rod

The best general purpose rod, for it can be packed in a small space and when screwed together it's as solid as a one-piece rod—can't wobble, bend or break. Three brass sections, with two steel joints, steel swivel at its end. May be had in brass or steel—26, 30 and 34 inches long. Give caliber and length desired. \$1.10.



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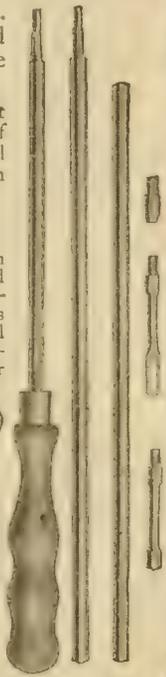
Thoroughly cleans without injuring the finest rifle and removes all lead, rust or powder residue. Made of sections of softest brass gauze washers on a spirally bent, spring tempered steel wire—may be attached to any standard rod. State caliber wanted, 55c.

Sheard Gold Bead Front Sight

Shows up fine in dark timber and will not blur in bright light. Sight blade is concave and oblique shaped, to reflect the light rays forward and to the center of the gold bead. For practically all rifles and revolvers. \$1.65. 317X

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an idea to what depths the lake trout will go I may state the case of one of my correspondents who wrote that near Winnipeg there is a lake said to be 850 feet in depth; fishermen are stated to have had out five hundred feet of line; but he wanted to know accurately how deep to go and what sort of method to use. Generally speaking, lake trout fishing is deep trolling pure and simple. Either a live bait is used for a lure or a spoon of some sort is the means of attraction. The method of lake trout trolling is, however, worthy of close attention as it is somewhat different from the regulation method. Simply, to the end of your strong line is connected (by means of a swivel) a dipsey sinker having a weight of eight ounces, or more, according to how deep down you go. If two hundred feet or one hundred feet the eight ounce sinker is recommendable. To this main line another line, or branch line, of three feet is attached, also by a swivel so as to prevent kinking of the line, three inches above the sinker. To this branch line by means of a cooper snap is attached the hook and the lure. When you let the line down you will find that it will be almost straight up and down in the water, or at a certain angle. This is as it should be; the main line is merely to hold the small branch line which goes horizontally in the water with the lure while the main line is at an abrupt angle. One must ascertain by sounding with lead as what depth the lake, and especially in the holes being fished. If one is uncertain he goes back and forth over a place trolling at various depths, first high up, then lower down, till the lake trout level is struck. In this way, sooner or later, the grey fellows are met with.

The reason of so much failure at trolling for the lake trout is the inability to reason out that they are in the deepest portions of the lake. Ordinarily a fisherman will troll at a depth of fifty feet when the trout may be one hundred feet down, or even two hundred.

Many fishermen take the burr off of a Number 5 or Number 8 spoon-hook and in place of it slip on a double-hook affair which may be purchased in any sporting goods establishment. This double-hook is much the same in principal as is the double-hook spoken of that is used in fishing the rise for bass, only it is connected by a wire, soldered together, to be exact. To the hooks is attached a large perch or a large shiner. This

is let down to the required depth. The twirling spoon and the lure are sufficient attraction and a catch is always to be expected; and if a good hole (a spring-hole) is struck, you may work back and forth over it and catch as high as ten of the fine fellows, some of large size, with always the chance held out that you will run into a large lunker that will give you the time of your life.

Generally the Archer Spinner is connected a great deal with lake trout trolling, but we are not to forget the spoon lures which have proven their worth on any number of occasions. No spoon has proven so successful on the lake trout as the so-called wobbling or darting spoons of which there are many types on the market. The darting spoon is unlike the ordinary spoon in that it does not whirl around in the water in one given and continual way, but darts and wobbles in the water, one might say, "as the fancy strikes it." This wobbling and darting motion fascinates the fish. It is supposed to imitate a shiner minnow or some other finny creature that is the food of the preying ones, that is wounded and is trying to make its way through the water as best it may. These spoons range in length from two to four inches; in all of them the hook or gang of hooks are not on a special shaft, as in the regulation spoon-hook lure, but are connected directly to the spoon. Many of these spoons revolve; others do not and when trolled dart erratically through the water with a sidewise motion that is dangerously attractive to the fish. The so-called Old Lobb spoon (an old stand-by) is an example. The wobbling and darting spoons are examples of the first of the spoon-hook inventiveness in this country. You will remember that the first spoon-hook was made by young Buel a long time ago. Having dropped a silver teaspoon in the water he had seen the glittering affair whirl down through the water, but it had but gotten half-way when a large trout seized it with intent to kill. There a brilliant idea awoke in the inventor's mind. So he cut off the handle on a thin-bladed silver spoon, made a hole in the larger end, and, by the aid of a wire, fixed on a swivel. Then he soldered on a single hook, at the tapering end and the spoon was ready to use.

Remember: Go deep for the lake trout and for the basses in the late summer, from the middle of July to the end of August!



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NEW BRUNSWICK—Moose, deer, bear.

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ONTARIO—Moose, caribou, reindeer, deer, bear.

MANITOBA—Moose, caribou, reindeer, deer.

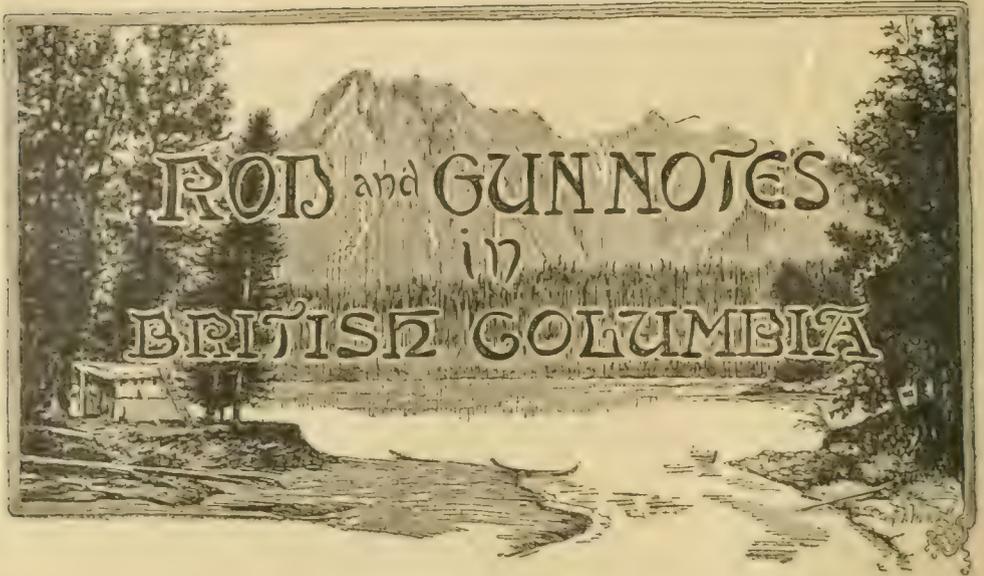
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ALBERTA—Mountain sheep, mountain goat, moose, caribou, deer.

BRITISH COLUMBIA—Mountain sheep, mountain goat, moose, deer, bear, mountain lion.

Write to A. O. SEYMOUR, General Tourist Agent, Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal, Canada, for literature and full information.





The Fall of the Feather

J. W. WINSON

A deep silence has fallen on the woods and the marsh. Trill and carol, caw and quack are hushed. Save for an occasional call of parent or note of warning, the vocal chords of the feathered tribes are in abeyance.

The heavy labors of brood-rearing are over for the season, the old birds are resting, the young ones have not yet learned their parts.

The mating season is over, many birds have made their annual divorce, there is no need for resounding challenge or triumphant paean, the silence is born of peace and rest surely?

Only in part as a greater reason is the desire of every August bird to pass unrecognized by friend or foe, particularly by foe.

The retirement is not altogether in shame, although if the strutting of Spring be conscious vanity, this skulking of August may be due to a sense of abjectness, as some ancestors of ours hid themselves in the bush in the cool of the day, rather than be seen in the degradation of nakedness.

The cause is almost the same, for feathers are falling, gorgeous plumes are broken by gaps, spreading tails are lacking in vanes, wings are toothed, and the airy, silky fronds of the body are replaced here and there with unopened pin feathers.

It is the Autumn moult, and bird-life

would prefer to be neither seen nor heard.

Whether or not shame goes with the bird to the cover, it is certain that safety demands this seclusion, for at no other time is the bird so much at the mercy of its enemies.

Were it not that the birds are at this time strong numerically, with all the host young ones just stepping out into life, the fate of our songsters and game birds would be sad indeed. But their enemies furred and feathered both, find the awkward "squads" of bush and lake such easy hunting, that the old ones are hounded less hardly, and many a nestling reared with anxious labor and affection, is sacrificed on the threshold of the new life it has but faintly glimpsed and has saved by its death the parent who gave it life.

Moulting is a serious business for the birds. The snake sloughs off his skin in one wriggling operation, when the new undergarment is ready to take its place. Animals can shed hairs one by one and still retain a good coat, while changing, but feathers have so many important differences.

They do not grow from each point on the body like the hairs of an animal or the scales of a fish. They spring from well defined areas above and below, in rows and patches that allow for the freest movement, and are built on different patterns so that the whole body may be adequately covered. These feather tracts can be noted on nestlings, while

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Bulldog Set

yet in pin feathers, one main band down the back from neck to tail, a divided line down the breast, and others on legs and wings. Waterfowl have the whole surface of the skin covered with down additional, down packing feathers so close that it is next to impossible to shoot some birds, gulls for instance, when flying towards the gun.

The feather tracts are a well defined means of classification among birds. Strangely enough, the higher the development the fewer the feathers as the daughters of Eve in the highest circles are now accused of wearing less than ever!

In the perching birds—the most highly specialized creatures in feathers,—the tracts are very narrow, the feathers lying to the right and left to cover well the spaces. In the ostrich the body is practically covered, the spaces being scarcely definable.

With some birds the process of moulting is more gradual than with others. Few go to the extremes of the barn-yard hen that runs about for days in the most unsightly dishabille.

The hawk and swallow must continue to soar for their daily food, others dependent on their wings for sustenance must keep in flying condition. So one quill at a time is shed from each wing, the balance is maintained and the flight but little impaired.

The ducks and geese drop all their quills at once, remaining hidden in the lake fringes until the new feathers develop.

This is the second moult of the ducks, who put on new suits, nuptial and gorgeous, before starting up from the south in the spring.

Ptarmigan also take two suits a year, but they will defer the fall change until snow is nearer.

The mottled brown and white that now harmonizes so perfectly with rock and moss and Alpine shrubbery will give place leisurely feather by feather, until all are pure white as the hurtling flakes of November, which renew each autumn the perpetual mantle of the mountains.

Not content with feather for feather, the mountain grouse like Mercury, would feather his feet. Not to give him better flight, but to make easier walking on the soft, new-fallen snow. When man in his cleverness devised the snow-shoe he again complimented himself on his ingenious invention, but he was only copying this game bird of the snow-fields.

The young birds, if they think at all, must be perplexed by this constant change in their

appearance. Feathers and down are but fleeting things to them.

At this time they are following their mother over moss, pink clumps and beds of mountain daisies, white with orchid and arabis, blue with lupine and gentian, in the world's original Alpine garden, close to the glaciers that are melting for ever yet never grow less.

By nature's alchemy berries and butterflies with grubs of the bogs are transformed by the chicks into pin feather and quill.

Both they and their parent, so unused to the hurtfulness of man in these virgin hills, will wander about his feet in a mild curiosity, if only he lie quiet. Then he may see that the downy covering they brought out of the shell, is being pushed off in small tufts at the point of each pin feather. The feathers follow the down from the same roots in the skin.

A brood found on the next ridge were a few days older, and were well covered with speckled brown. Soon that will change again to match the snows of winter, that they may more safely elude the preying gaze of hawk and fox.

The coloration of young birds is an interesting study, from the new-feathered robin that resembles a speckled thrush, to the gull and bald eagle who will be years before attaining the livery of their parents.

Where the male and female of a species differ in color, the young as a rule, take the color of the female in their infancy. In the one or two exceptions, the male is more soberly clad, and here the chicks resemble their father.

The reason for this law is obvious. The male, be he drake or peacock or regal pheasant, swaggers in rainbow hues to attract attention, the aim of the mother bird is to avoid all notice, and how well she succeeds is readily seen when she squats with her chicks.

Where the parent birds are nearly alike, as in the common instance of the robin, the young resemble neither in color, but differ to the great confusion of amateur bird-lovers and to the mystification of early ornithologists who discovered new species of abounding confusion.

Why this is so is not so evident but in most instances, particularly with the birds most highly evolved, it affords many clues to the lines of their evolution, the young seem to pass through a cycle of ages in the few weeks they grow from an embryo to an adult, and this not only in feathering and coloring, but in beaks and claws, as witness this rufous

Success in Game Shooting

SUCCESS in game shooting depends, to a large extent, upon your load. It goes without saying that the best results will be obtained when you are using the best loads.

The loads here tabulated are recommended with the assurance that, if properly used, they will give satisfaction. They are for 12 gauge guns.

	DUPONT SMOKELESS Drams	BALLISTITE SMOKELESS Grains	DUPONT BLACK Drams	OUNCES Shot	SIZES Shot
Large Ducks	3, 3¼ or 3½	24, 26 or 28	3½	1¼ or 1½	4, 5, 6 or 7
Small and Medium Ducks . .	3, 3¼ or 3½	24, 26 or 28	3½	1¼ or 1½	5, 6, 7 or 8
Grouse, Partridge, Prairie Chickens .	3 or 3¼	24 or 26	3¼	1¼	6, 7 or 7½
Doves, Pigeons . .	3 or 3¼	24 or 26	3¼	1¼	6, 7 or 8
Quail	3 or 3¼	24 or 26	3¼	1 1¼	7½, 8 or 9
Snipe, Woodcock . .	2¾ or 3	22 or 24	3	1 1¼	8, 9 or 10
Shore Birds	2¾ or 3	22 or 24	3	1 1¼	8, 9 or 10
Sora Rail	2¾ or 3	22 or 24	3	1 1¼	8, 9 or 10
Trap Loads	3 or 3½	24 or 25	3	1½ or ¼	7½ or 8
Pheasants	8	24	3¼	1¼	5, 6, 7 or 7½
Geese	8½	28	3¼	1¼	4, 5, 2, 1, or BB
Wild Turkey	8½	28	3¼	1¼	4, 5, 2, 1, or BB
Squirrel, Rabbits . .	3	24	3¼	1½	6 or 7

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humming-bird of the coast, which is born with the short wide beak of swift and swallow, and attains the long and sensitive tube only when needing it to reach the flower bases for nectar.

The fall of the feather, an event that is yearly or even more frequent, has an historical bearing worthy of note. There seems no doubt that our ground birds once lived in the trees. Once they had powers of flight equal to the others, but for generations they have lost it.

Nature makes a condition with all her gifts, it is that they shall be used.

Refuse to walk, and the legs grow limp and feeble, as is seen after a long illness. When some of the birds found circumstances easy, food plentiful and enemies scarce, they lazily kept to the ground, for wings are given for two purposes, escape from threatening enemies and the procurement of food.

See how dependent on wing power are our swifts and swallows, or the long pinioned night-hawk that wakes the twilight with his screaming "peet," and startles the dreaming birds of the day with his whizzing "boom" as he dives down near the earth and suddenly recovers.

These all are master fly catchers, but the birds of that name just dart from a perch and return when an insect is caught.

Grouse or turkey can but run for theirs, the weak winged butterfly can easily escape them. But what they lose in this way they gain in another, for they can unearth the crawling worm or sleeping grub.

They kept to earth for easier living, growing plumper and weaker in wing, they would rather scratch than fly, so muscle was taken from them. They "fell" as feathered creatures and lost much wing development. The domestic fowl specialized by selection is even less able to fly than the pheasant and if turned out in the woods would soon be as extinct as the dodo.

However "degenerate" the ground bird may be from the evolutionists' standpoint, he measures well up to the standard of the sportsman who though losing in breast meat that is found in duck, gains in thigh and drumstick where the scratching muscles have been developed and is well content to have his sport varied by difference of season and landscape both,—the one for the marshes and the other for our wooded uplands.

The Gordon Pasha Lakes

C. J. WHITE

WE have all read that trite saying "It is not all of fishing to fish," which really should be called an axiom not a fisherman's text and all fishermen agree. The man who thinks otherwise is a market fisherman whether the fish are for purposes of sale or for purposes of consumption and as such are expected to eliminate the necessity of buying something else and when the prospects of a good haul are dim he will stay home and spend his outing expenses on store meat.

In British Columbia the Rev. O. Smith, or whoever it was that fathered that remark, would find it possibly truer than in the east. Here we have all the beauties of foliage, flowers and ferns which the Easterner has, maybe more, our bars of sand glitter just as brightly in the morning sun and our ripples sparkle and murmur just as beautifully and just as sweetly as theirs, and added to all that the fisherman has but to raise his eyes to the hills which surround him and if their lofty summits snow-clad and white at this

time of year, their slopes sown with evergreen trees and furrowed with canyons and hollows does not complete his enchantment, then of a truth, he must be a misfit in the scheme of nature. Shakespeare has said that the man who is not moved by a concord of sweet sounds should not be trusted and the man whose inner being is not touched and whose spirit is not lifted above the sordid strife of daily existence by such a combination of sweet odors and lovely vistas is also not a man to be trusted and well fitted by nature for "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Yet while I must confess that I have permitted hours of good valuable time to go by unheeded when absorbed in drinking in the beauties as seen on some stretches of our streams, still I like on occasions to feel that thrill which comes from a strike of a fighting fish, and especially in the spring, our fish are all fight from the very tip of the nose to the fast point of the tail, veritable dynamos and with staying powers

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that is the finest possible tribute to their gameness. The cut throat is here and no one can belittle the fight he puts up when taken on appropriate tackle; the Dolly Varden is strong and no quitter even if a bit slower and, fighting as he does here, at the bottom of the pool, less spectacular; the aristocratic rainbow leaves his native haunt only when absolutely exhausted, the sea trout when fresh run are usually as good as the best; the steelhead is not only game but with his weight makes an interesting session, and the spring salmon will delight the heart and tire the arm of the fortunate fishermen who may connect up with him.

In the vicinity of Vancouver the fishing is not what it ought to be although the number of beautiful rivers we have should make it that the careful fisherman could under normal conditions have something in his creel but owing to the total neglect of the subject of game fish by the authorities, both Federal and Provincial, much improper fishing is carried on. When British Columbia came into the Federation the control of the fish was left with the Federal Government and while laws regulating the limit to eight inches were passed no one has ever tried to enforce them. The Federal authorities say that they have jurisdiction only over commercial fish, while the legal fraternity say that the Province has no such control as will enable it to say to the fish hog "Thou shalt not" no matter what he does. That condition may be remedied soon as the Ottawa authorities have faithfully promised the B. C. Conservation Board that the necessary steps will be taken at once to place the control of game fish effectually in the Board. May that day come soon is the ardent prayer of all true anglers. When it does there is little doubt that proper planting of fry will soon follow and then we can reasonably expect that our fishing will be of the finest kind.

With the idea of getting away from the throng and also of gathering in a trout or two I decided that I would spend the Easter week end out of town and as I had frequently heard of the Gordon Pasha Lakes I decided to make that my objective. These lie up the Coast from Vancouver a distance of some sixty miles and consist of a chain of three or four lakes, not very large, possibly each four miles long by one in width.

Old age and an eccentric disposition usually drives me forth on my rambles all alone and this was no exception. It has its advantages

too, as I can fish when I like, how I like and where I like and am not subject to an impelling or compelling force other than time and the elements, and as for the latter I do not pay much attention to the threatening clouds or the rain. Familiarity breeds contempt and we in B. C. have ample opportunity of becoming familiar with both. Then too if I come on some exceptionally beautiful spot I can pause and drink in the delightful combination of waterfall and foliage, sunlight and shadow, which a prodigal nature has lavishly flung around. If the fish are biting who needs stop for lunch. All that is necessary is to fill the old briar pipe take a hitch in my belt and go on, while if I had a companion we might spend half the time in brewing tea and talking of the things we fled from in town. Maybe the attitude is selfish, but it is the sort of selfishness which lets a man come home feeling more charitable toward his fellow and believing of a truth that there is good in everything.

The trip is by boat and this time it was the "Chesina" one of the Union Steamship Company's boats, which was honored. There was quite a heavy southeaster blowing and the Gulf of Georgia was fairly rough. The first bit of excitement was off Gambier Island when a gasoline boat hoisted an inverted shirt as a signal of distress. Our Captain is one of the best and most obliging seaman that plies out of Vancouver and he responded promptly. There were three young fellows in the boat and their difficulties were due to engine troubles and sea-sickness. Talk about chalk, not all the talcum powder in the world would have obliterated a particle of color from their faces. They had none. Adrift for three hours without a rag of sail or even any oar and tossed up and down in the trough of the sea they were just about ready to quit when the "Chesina" took them in tow and left them safely in Cowan's Bay. The rest of the trip was as usual, all the spots famous as summer resorts such as Sechelt, Buccaneer Bay, and Pender Harbor were passed in due course and many others between, leaving a box of provisions here, a few bales of hay at the nest and a few boom chains or wire cable for a logging engine at another.

It was late, after six, when we reached Lang Bay and it was not long before I was settled in the beautifully situated summer cottage of Mr. R. L. Maitland, another member of the legal fraternity, who loves the out of doors, but who lives in it de luxe, and

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anyone who visits Lang Bay with its clean shiny beach and ample cottage grounds will agree I think, that it is a spot where the weary from the City may rest and recuperate amongst surroundings that would make Long Beach, or any of the Southern seaside resorts seem hot and monotonous ever afterwards.

That night it rained as it had done on several nights previous and it continued until morning. I expected that the water would be high and with this in addition I felt that chances on the River would be poor. However, I got away fairly early and reached Eagle River, which is the outlet of the Gordon Pasha Lakes, in half an hour's walk. Commencing at the Government bridge I worked down avoiding the canyon but had not the semblance of a strike. On emerging from the woods there is possibly 150 yards of fishable water between there and the sea and it looked like a likely place for steelhead. Putting on a shrimp I worked it all over until the last riffle. It was still raining a little and the wind was high and mighty cold so that I had dreams of reaches further up where there was some shelter. It seems that the fish know when to take chances and while I was carelessly retrieving my line after another fruitless cast I got a man's sized strike but failed to connect. Putting on a fresh shrimp and going up stream a little I worked over the same spot and this time I was watching. The tackle was fairly light for a fish of that weight and soon I was oblivious of rain, wind or anything else except that fish and after running the gamut of all the thrills which a steelhead can furnish I finally landed him, nine pounds of trout in ice cold rapid water. My trip was a success if I caught nothing else.

As no other strikes rewarded my efforts even if much renewed I felt the beach and worked up stream, but not being familiar with its geography I lost considerable time. It rained intermittently all forenoon and the water was away above normal so the expected happened, I got no more strikes. On about two o'clock Jupiter Pluvius, merely to try out his sprinkling apparatus turned on the tap fairly full, and how it did come down for a couple of hours making fishing impossible. Part of the time I sat under a cedar whose sloping branches made a fair tent and smoked and caught my big fish over again. There is something attractive, too, about a rain storm in the woods when you are warm and comfortable, the beating of the rain on the leaves

and the purity of the air rather tends to make me feel as if nature was trying to commune with me and I believe I respond more wholly than when all is sunshine and brightness.

However, the rain passed and the sun came out so I continued up stream until finally I came to the outlet of the Lake, where using a small spinner with a garden hackle I caught six nice trout about three quarters of a pound each. They were all cut throats and very dark. This point is the home camp of a big logging company and I got in touch with one of the machinists, Mr. James Brook, who was a good Samaritan and he kindly offered me his boat for the purpose of trying my luck on the Lake. It was eight o'clock (according to Parliament) when I left and before I reached my starting point of the morning it was dark and the rain had again set in. With nothing but an unfamiliar path to travel on I can't say that I enjoyed the balance of the trip home, but I got there in the course of time and when there prepared myself a man's sized spread which was the most appreciated of anything I had had for many a day.

On Monday I went back to the Lake and securing the boat of my new found friend and a few pointers as to the best points to fish I started out. Previous to the recent rain some few had been taken of the fly although rather early for the fly but the lake was now up and fly fishing was out of the question. The weather was cold and windy with intermittent rain so decided to try a small spinner, and I tried consistently with a small Hildebrandt with various flies attached, but only secured a couple of fish. I then put on a plain hook with worm instead of the fly, retaining the spinner, and my luck improved. By rowing a piece and then drifting with the wind casting from side to side I kept landing one every now and then and by four o'clock I had my legal limit, twenty-five trout, practically all cut throat and of a very uniform size of about three-quarters to a pound. Most of these were not so dark as those taken from the river previously, and the explanation given me was that they live right in the mud at the bottom all winter and that later in the summer they would regain all their color and beauty. They needed no return of activity as they were certainly the gamiest fish for their size that I ever had the pleasure of catching. Later in the season larger ones are taken and in the second and third Lakes of the chain they were much



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We specialize on the **AMERICAN PLAN**,
EUROPEAN PLAN if desired.

GEO. WRIGHT and E. M. CARROLL,
PROPRIETORS

larger on the average than on the first Lake. In the latter part of May and June the fly fishing can't be beaten, with such old favorites as Paramachene Belle, Seth Green and Silver Doctor as leaders. Some day I'll

wander back again and then I'll stay for a week, but this time the call of work made the trip very short and I was forced back to my "whereases and aforesaid" for another period of indefinite duration.

The Tragedy of the Forest

A. E. JAY

THE still of night was stealing down upon the woodland, the sun had already dipped beneath the western hills, silence reigned supreme. A lone hunter, weary from the days' tramp through the wooded fastnesses was wending his way to the peaceful tent nestling among the scrub spruce, and jack pines. He walked with sluggish steps; giving more heed to picking out the easy places to walk, than to the search for game. He knew there was a warm supper, and cheery fire awaiting him. He knew his companions would soon become anxious at his absence. Quietly skirting a small knoll, he was brought from his reverie, by the snapping of a twig. With a hunter's instinct he stopped dead still, and listened. Mechanically his rifle slid forward without a sound, the thumb of his right resting on the hammer, while his index finger caressed the trigger. He had not long to wait. There was a snort, a rustle of leaves, and the white flag of a deer, showed for a very brief period. Quick as the eye, the gun leaped to the shoulder, a glance down the barrel, a flash, and a report. Then the retreating chug, chug, chug of hoofs in the soft earth told him he had missed. The ground was covered with a light snow sufficient for tracking, but it was too dark. Reloading the hunter stepped forward to where the game had started from, and a careful scrutiny told him he had scored, tufts of hair and crimson stains were sufficient evidence. He followed the trail to the river, and saw that the deer had crossed. Once more he took up his campward direction, and soon arrived. All hunters are familiar with the habits of deer, and will tell you its best to allow them time to lie down before following them if they are wounded. Day came fair and crisp. Breakfast over, three hunters took the trail. They crossed the river on a fallen tree, and plunged into the thick forest. The track was well marked with the blood of the fleeing animal. They had gone perhaps a mile, when the Parson

who was leading stopped, and examined the trail very carefully. "We're too late boys, the game is lost," he said, and pointed into the snow where his sharp eyes had discerned the broad, padded footsteps of a lynx. The beast had held the trail like a hound, and inside of another half mile the chase ended.

The doe, for such it proved to be, had lain down exhausted from loss of blood, and upon being aroused by the approach of the big cat, had gallantly striven to continue the fight, but was soon overtaken. The deep imprint of the cats' claws showed where it had made the spring which landed it on the neck of the frightened doe. The struggle had been very brief and all that remained of the once beautiful animal, was scattered bones, and hide. In the deep silence of the forest stood the three men, silently gazing on what had been a tragedy. The Parson was the first to break the spell. "I'm going to camp, Boys, I've shot my last deer." And the Parson kept his word.

PRETTY FAMILY OF DUCKLINGS

Editor of Rod and Gun.

Please find enclosed a snap of a family of Wild ducks that I got last summer with the camera in hand.



Am putting it mild when I say that I enjoy your magazine.

Souris, Man.

Yours very truly,
Hector McLean

This Beautiful Black Wolf Set



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Some Field Spaniels

GEORGE GOODWIN

DURING this past summer I have noticed in magazines and also in the Kennel Department of Field and Stream edited by that eminent canine authority, Freeman Lloyd, that there has been quite an enquiry for springer spaniels or for such a dog, one useful for any kind of bird work whether it be of the chicken family, long bills or ducks.

In a recent number of one of the above magazines I see where a western U. S. fancier has, or is about, to import, a pair of English springer spaniels, the article going on to say what a useful breed this is and that this will be an opportunity for U. S. sportsmen to secure dogs of this type in the future. Had Mr. Lloyd or the U. S. readers of the above magazines been readers of *Rod and Gun* also they might have learned that such dogs have been used in Canada for many years. Field spaniels both springer and clumber have been imported to Canada in years past and for a great many years a few Ontario breeders have been breeding a useful gun dog of this type, evolved from the different types of working spaniels eventually getting a selection of the best practical workers, a spaniel which while perhaps not a typical Springer of the show type yet very similar and equally as good or perhaps better for work in this country. They have been tried for work here, not for bench show purposes.

Several years ago a Toronto gentleman imported a pair of Field Spaniels from England, and they have been shown at many Canadian dog shows as well as the big N. Y.

show. The dog Lord Bertie is now a Canadian champion and has been admired by many sporting dog judges as a beautiful specimen of the field spaniel. However, I have not heard of this pair being used in this country as practical workers. They are not as suitable a type for this country as the springers.

Irish water spaniels have been imported and all across Canada one will find dogs of this breed, bred in the west, large and in the east smaller to suit the local shooting conditions; a few English water spaniels are occasionally seen, these are an admirable little dog for snap shooting from a duck boat, but they must be bred in this country, bred and trained to the local conditions.

The springers imported, both English and Welsh have not in the past, been bred as much as they should have been to introduce this well set up working spaniel. Besides being a very handsome dog he is a properly built one for an all round bird dog and having the natural bird sense.

I was greatly pleased when last year, I learned that Robt. Smith of Port Hope Ont., had secured a pure pair of these Springers, imported from England. Mr. Smith comes from a family of Canadian pioneers and sportsmen. He himself has handled a gun since a boy and for the past 20 years has been breeding shooting spaniels for himself and others. He has tried out the different types and also crossed them and for a great many years has been breeding what might properly be

FREE TO MEN

Manly Vigor—Something New

Here is a little free pocket compendium in book form, illustrated with 40 half-tone photo reproductions, and containing 8,000 words of easy advice on private matters which I gladly send to any man anywhere in the world absolutely free of charge, and enclosed in a perfectly plain, sealed envelope, so it is received by you like an ordinary private letter. I take all this special precaution in sending my free book because, where the health is concerned, and especially with reference to debility and nerve weaknesses, people everywhere prefer to keep the matter entirely to themselves. For this reason I seal the envelope and prepay full letter postage. I have thus mailed over a million of the books to men all over the world who requested them.

You, reader, will like this little book immensely, and can grasp the full meaning of its special advice from one or two careful readings. It contains a great deal of heretofore unpublished information of interest to all men, young or elderly, single or married, and may easily be of value to you throughout your entire lifetime.

In one part of the book I describe my little mechanical VITALIZER, which was invented by me to assist men to regain lost vigor. However, you are not to think of getting this VITALIZER at the present time, but first send for the advice book and read up on the subject of self-preservation without drugs.

Please use the coupon below and the book will come to you free, sealed, by return mail.

SANDEN, Publisher.

Reader, did you ever stop to consider that it is not looks which make the real man? Nor is it necessarily a large man who wields the most power in his community. However,

whether big or small, young or elderly, we invariably find that vigorous, manly manhood stands behind all of the world's greatest achievements and successes. In this respect, I give it as my honest opinion, based upon over 30 years' experience, that no man need lose hope of himself restoring his full manly power, if he but be willing to make a fair, square effort, and will lead a decent, manly life, free from excesses and free from dissipations. My free book gives you all the desired information. According to my belief, lost manly strength is no real organic disease in itself, and, for that reason, should easily respond to any mode of treatment which puts new vital force into the weakened nerves and blood.

The little VITALIZER mentioned above was designed by me to render natural aid to the man who really WANTS to get strong, and who is willing to make a reasonable effort to regain his manly vigor. To the man who persists in living an unnatural life of excess and dissipation, no hope can be offered, but for the other kind there is every hope and encouragement, because in regulating his habits he has taken the first grand and necessary step, which prepares the way for the action of any natural treatment which may resupply his body with the FORCE which it has been drained of.



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With respect to my VITALIZER, you simply buckle it on your body when you go to bed. Thus, while you sleep, it sends a great, mysterious power (which I call VIGOR) into your blood, nerves, organs and muscles while you sleep. Men have said it takes pain or weakness out of the back from one application; that 60 to 90 day's use is sufficient to restore normal, manly strength.

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Therefore, first get the free book of general advice to men, which also describes my VITALIZER. Then if in the future you feel you would like to use one of these little appliances in your own case, I will make some special proposition whereby you may have one to wear. If you happen to live in or near this city, I would be pleased to have you call. Otherwise, just use the coupon and get the free book by return mail. Office hours, 9 to 6.

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This book is meant to point out to men certain errors which are being committed all over the world to-day by those who do not realize the harm resulting. It gives, in a condensed form, and in easy language, the truths that I have learned from years upon years of experience. It deals with vigor and manly power as against weakness and debility. One part of the book describes my little VITALIZER so all information is complete in this one volume. Please write or call to-day. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.



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All females. 1 and 3 are Mr. Smith's own breeding.

called a Canadian springer. He has not bred to a certain type as a show dog but as practical workers and that he has succeeded, the many owners of his dogs throughout Canada and also the States, can attest. Mr. Smith can't nearly fill all the orders he gets for shooting dogs. On a recent visit to his Kennels he showed me a whole stock of letters which he had to work "Future orders." As a shooter myself I was greatly taken with alertness of his dogs especially their keenness when he brought out his gun and put them through hunting manoeuvres. They might not be winners on the show bench but they certainly

would in the field. His imported springers are, however, good enough to win on the show bench and he intends showing them at the Canadian National Exhibition dog show. As Mr. Smith has this pair also properly broken and trained, his success is assured for it must be remembered that in breeding spaniels for work it is advisable to select a sire and dame whose abilities in the field have been tried and proved, otherwise disappointment will probably be the result, no matter how painstaking the breaker of the future pup may be.

Brantford Kennel Club

Members of Telephone City Kennel Club held a very successful picnic and open air dog show at Mohawk Park on Civic holiday, Aug. 2nd.

The entries were 62 and what they lacked in number were made up by the very high class of the exhibits.

A. Patterson was easily first with a great entry of the Popular Russian wolf hound. A very noticeable feature of the show was the predominance of the Sporting dogs, Mr. H. Nolan and Fred Howie having as good an exhibit of beagles as will be seen at any of the fall Dog shows. The Wainwright Kennels

showed their new purchase in French Bull dogs and won the ribbon for best dog and breed in show.

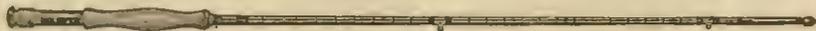
The President H. B. Charlton showed his ability by winning 1st prize for Terriers of any breed and 2nd. to Alex. Patterson's wolfhound, best bitch in the show, with his four months Boston puppy "Charlton Gipsy Queen."

An interesting feature of the show was the exhibition of "Ju Ju", a daughter of the famous Airedale champion "Normanton Tipit" handled by Mrs. C. M. Smith against the owner of "Brant" Kennels, with a granddaughter of the Great Canadian bred Airedale



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Stout to 4X Ditto, Ditto to 3X, Stout Lake to fine, Ditto to medium, Ex-stout to MEDIUM, Ex-stout to stout, 6 ft.

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"Morning Admiration" the Canadian breed winning out.

The judges were Messrs. Fred Kerr, the first exhibitor of Airedales at the Canadian

National Exhibition, Mr. D. A. Briggs, Paris, a leading authority on terriers and Mr. Joe. Church of Waverley Kennels, Simcoe, a prominent breeder and Judge of the popular Boston Terrier.

Manitoba Field Trials

On Sept. 2nd. the field trial season of 1920-21 opens, the first series starting in Manitoba. The first meeting on the schedule will take place at Storbuck, Man., under the auspices of the club which has made that province famous in field trial annuals, for the Manitoba Club is one of the very oldest in existence. The meeting this year will be the thirty-fourth in its history. From all indications, this year's trials will be one of the old time kind. Nearly all the prominent handlers will be there, the grounds are in the best of shape, and prairie chickens plentiful, which is naturally the great factor in making a field trial centre desirable. In Manitoba, however, chickens have been protected for several seasons no shooting having been allowed during this period and as a result game has multiplied to a wonderful extent. The

Manitoba Trials will open with the old age stake, to be followed by derby and finally the Manitoba championship.

Immediately following the Manitoba trials, the Irish setter stake for dogs of this breed exclusively, whelped on or after Jan. 1st. 1919, will be run. This stake is under the immediate charge of Francis A. Walsh, who is also the secretary of the Manitoba Club. It is Mr. Walsh who is mainly responsible for the institution of this stake, but it has been an uphill undertaking to impress Irish setter lovers that this is one event of paramount importance to breeders of the red Irishman. However, quite a few fanciers are taking to the idea so it is thought that the first stake for Irish setters that has been seen in a good many years will be worth while.



Canadian Natural History Photos

BONNYCASTLE DALE

Coast Indian lad with great string of fish taken on a tide with an unbaited hook on a long cedar pole, using "elbow grease" only for a bait. I have seen two adults take a ton on a tide.



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MONTREAL

The Appeal of the Passenger Pigeon

THROUGH the generosity of Mrs. Dunsmore Sr. of Rocanville, Sask, the Game Branch of the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, has recently become possessed of a fine specimen of the, now extinct, Passenger Pigeon. This is one of a large and interesting collection of mounted specimens of our native wild birds, the property of Mr. Dunsmore, and the handiwork of his father the late J. MacArthur Dunsmore M.D.C.M. at one time of Mitchell, Ont.

Dr. Dunsmore was a great student of nature and an amateur taxidermist of acknowledged ability. The specimen above referred to, was procured and mounted by Dr. Dunsmore, at least fifty years ago and is in a fine state of preservation.

With easy play upon the imagination, as one looks upon this beautiful, sad eyed specimen of a one time great family of birds, one can fancy it making this appeal:—

“Out of love and anxiety for my numerous cousins and friends, the many families of birds, who though sadly reduced in numbers, yet survive, and who if unmolested would again multiply and perform their function in life; out of pity for you, poor, blind, cruel humans, who should have been our best friends, but have proven to be our most deadly enemies,—and, out of regard for the well being of this old world in which I once lived, I shall unveil the past, for me a sad past—and recall to your memory the history of my race. These painful memoirs I here review in the earnest hope that all who read may, not from selfish motives only, but rather through love of the beautiful, and sympathy for the defenceless, become the friends and champions of the feathered race.

I belonged to a family of birds which, in point of numbers, not to speak of beauty of plumage and grace of motion, was the greatest in all the Bird Kingdom on this North American continent. For centuries we lived and multiplied. True, Father Time took his toll of us as of all animate things, and the native Red Men of the continent also took what they required, but only so much as to satisfy their own personal wants, and we lived and prospered. Prospered until the coming of the White Man, and the coming of him who should have been our friend and protector, marked the beginning of our great persecution and sad fate.

As indicating how numerous we were

then, some of your white Men have written in books, telling of the single flights of us, that were so dense the sun was darkened, and the flight a mile wide by two hundred and forty miles in length. We were what is known as “Colonial Birds” that is, we had the habit of congregating in great colonies in some extensive wood, for the rearing of our families. Some of our colonies covered areas of from sixty to one hundred square miles of wooded territory, and so dense was our population, that there would be as many as one hundred of our homes in a single tree. In these colonies for centuries we had lived happily together and reared our families each year, going south for the winter and returning in the spring.

Then, as I have said, to our continent came your white man, and they came in ever increasing numbers spreading out over the face of the country, cutting down woods and planting fields. True, we took a toll of their planted seeds, but we and all the other birds’ families devoured countless numbers of the insect pests, which, without birds to hold them in check, would have increased so enormously that they would have devoured the White Man’s living. These things however, he was too ignorant to understand, and our persecution began. He followed us to our colonies, he came in thousands: he came with clubs and bags, he came with shot gun and with swivel guns, with nets and with snares, and our destruction was frightful.

We mother birds loved our young as your human mothers love their babes, and we could not desert our children, so were sacrificed. Our children could not yet seek safety in flight so we and they were slaughtered in great numbers, were packed in barrels, loaded on trains and shipped to the great markets where we were offered for sale, and when the markets became glutted by the immense quantities of us offered, we were carted off in wagons and fed to the hogs. Year after year this ruthless slaughter went on, and even when in the year 1897 the Senate of Ohio, appointed a select committee to investigate and report to the Senate upon the advisability of placing some restriction upon the wholesale slaughter, this committee of enlightened(?) men brought in the report that:

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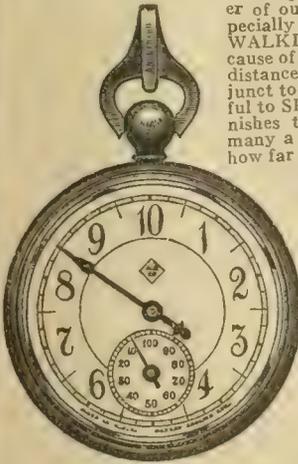
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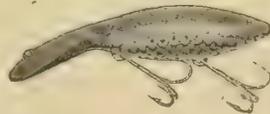
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Syracuse, N.Y.

ling hundreds of miles in search of food it is here today and else-where to-morrow, and no ordinary destruction can lessen them or be missed from the myriads that are yearly produced."

What is the result? To-day not a single specimen of our once innumerable family remains. We have been completely exterminated, and not all the ingenuity of men can replace so much as a single feather of one of our race. Oh, Man, I have broken my sleep of over fifty years to warn you, that unless you too awake from your lethal slumber, and turn protector where here-to-fore you have been our relentless enemy, then your best friends, the Wild Birds of North America, already sadly depleted in numbers will, family after family, follow the fate of the Passenger Pigeon, and the ravages, already alarming, of the gopher, the grass-hopper, the saw-fly, and the thousand other harmful mammals and insects will increase beyond all

control, and you will by your folly have encompassed your own ruin."

I had not expected my Passenger Pigeon to make so long a speech, but he had a message which he felt he must deliver, and just in closing may I in support of his very strong concluding statement, quote two of the foremost living authorities on birds in their relation to agriculture. Frank M. Chapman, author of several books on birds, and a curator in the American Museum of Natural History, is reported to have on a recent occasion used this language; "Without the service rendered by birds, the ravages of the insects and animals they feed upon would render the earth uninhabitable."

H. W. Henshaw, Chairman of the Bureau of Biological Survey for the United States is thus quoted; "If birds were exterminated it is believed that not only would successful agriculture be impossible, but the destruction of the greater part of all vegetation would follow."

Valuable Information About the Rabbit Plague

Editor, Rod and Gun In Canada.

Seeing the remarks in the last few issues of *Rod and Gun*, regarding the rabbit plague, and the desire for a general discussion, I thought I would write what I have observed, hoping it will throw a little light on the subject. I have been living in the North for the past ten years, spending most of the winters trapping, and was following that game, in the winter of fourteen and fifteen, when the plague hit the rabbits, the rabbits dying off the following spring.

I think if any (whose opinions are that the rabbits migrate), had been here then, they would have seen enough dead rabbits lying around, to relieve their minds for all time, of the possibility of the rabbits migrating.

The fact that they do not become scarce, until this disease hits them, and I for one who have seen them, know that they are in no condition, then, to migrate.

For two or three years after they died off, I did not see a rabbit, and only an occasional track on the snow in the winter, but this winter they are quite plentiful, and I believe by next fall there will be as many as ever.

Personally I do not think they are ever free from this disease, I think that only a few of the strongest survive, and even those have this disease in a mild form. I killed three this

winter, to see what condition they were in, and the seeds of this disease were there, and at this stage, I am sure many would pass it by and not see it, as the rabbits were in fine condition, otherwise, and quite fat. These rabbits had ten or twenty microbes (I call them microbes to give them a name) on the intestines. They are watery, transparent things, with a little piece of white in the centre, like cotton batten. As the disease gets worse, the rabbits become covered with blisters, between the skin and flesh, which eventually gets all through the flesh, and if you cut into them, they ooze thousands of these microbes.

In the Spring of fifteen there was quite a boom in little foxes, and I dug out several young ones from their dens, which I fed on rabbits, but the rabbits became so corrupt with this disease, that I could not skin them, so I turned the foxes loose.

I noticed when digging out the foxes, that wherever there was a den with foxes in it, there were from ten to thirty dead rabbits, piled around the mouth of the den, which the young foxes were eating. It was rather unusual, so many dead rabbits, but it was so easy for the old fox to catch them when they were dying off, and naturally she would take them home for her pups. The following Spring, a friend of mine was digging fox dens,

but had no luck, he said there were young foxes, but they were dead in their dens, which looks as if they depended on rabbits for food.

Foxes used to be very plentiful here, and I caught several, the winters before the rabbits died off, but they became scarce, and this winter I never saw one track. Twice this winter I have seen questions asked in a Montreal weekly paper regarding this same disease, in the rabbits, and on both occasions, they were told it was tapeworm, and would be fit to eat, if thoroughly cooked. In no stage of the disease did I see anything that resembled tapeworm, and can only say, "Deliver me."

The rabbits here seem to live most entirely on small brush, which in the winter they cut off above the snow, and when it falls over they eat the top branches.

Now I have noticed that when the rabbits become very plentiful, as they are the year before dying off, this small brush is nearly all consumed, and in fourteen and fifteen, rabbits girdled large tamarack trees, as far above the snow as they could reach, the only time I have ever seen them girdle large trees.

Early that same fall, the rabbits raided the farmers' green-feed fields, doing considerable damage, I also saw a hay stack, which had much the appearance of a huge mushroom in shape, eaten away in, all around the bottom, by the rabbits; one morning early I counted over fifty rabbits around this same hay stack.

One other thing I noticed, while trapping during the winter of fourteen, was that the rabbits themselves turned cannibal eating their own kind. I laid out several dead rabbits, along the trap line, to see if they would be molested by fur-bearers, and was greatly surprised the first time, I saw two rabbits eating the carcass of a dead one, though it became a common sight, from then on till Spring.

At this time you can get very close, without disturbing them, and I have stood and

watched them for a quarter of an hour, while they nibbled away, a queer part of it being, that they eat fur and all.

Of course this has no bearing on their disappearance, at least not here, as the dead were very much in evidence, in the Spring, but I think it is a fact of which very few know, at least I have never heard anyone mention it.

I cannot account for Mr. Hodgson, seeing no dead ones around, and can only say that the crows can get away with a lot of carrion. I recently noticed a beef carcass, (I had out for coyote bait this winter) pretty well cleaned, and its only about a week since the first crow put in an appearance. Dead rabbits are also dainty morsels, to the skunk, after his winter's fast, and I don't believe a bear would pass them by when he first emerges from his den in the spring.

Now it seems to me, that if the rabbits all over the country have this disease, that it is probable, that they do not all die off at the same time, which might account for the disappearance of the lynx, after the rabbits die off, as they are great travellers anyway, and would probably ramble till they found a good hunting ground. I notice in this question in the Montreal paper, the enquirer states that the rabbits are covered with blisters, (that is the stage when they will soon be dying off,) while the rabbits I opened here this winter, only had the disease in a very mild form; so you see the rabbits will be plentiful here, when they are dying off where the enquirer wrote from.

Well I for one would like to see a further discussion, in regard to the rabbit plague, I think everybody in the North country knows that the rabbits die off every seven years, but I think they are very few who give it any study, one has to be a true lover of Nature, and the great out-doors to do that.

Yours truly,

F. Naylor.

Colinton, Alta.

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"Canada in a nutshell" is an apt description of the popular "5000 Facts About Canada," the thirteenth annual edition of which is out for 1920, as compiled by Frank Yeigh, the well-known Canadian authority. It is a most striking illustration of the trade, finances, industries and resources of the Dominion in

concrete form and will prove a revelation to even the best informed. This new issue contains a wealth of new matter, including final War facts. It contains no less than 50 chapters of facts all told, ranging alphabetically from "Agriculture" to "Yukon." Copies may be had from newsdealers or by sending 25 cents to the Canadian Facts Publishing Co., 588 Huron Street, Toronto.

Ontario Rifle Association Matches, 1920

J. W. SMITH

Although the attendance at the Ontario Rifle Association Matches this year did not come up to the expected mark, the shoot was a decided success, and general satisfaction was expressed by both officials and competitors. The entries numbered 220, as compared with about 190 last year. The weather throughout was fine with the exception of the first day when rain fell, but the program was completed according to schedule. The actual shooting conditions were extraordinarily good, a feature being the almost entire absence of wind during the five days. The only trouble experienced was caused by mirage and changes in light, but never to a great extent.

The result of these conditions was that scoring was high, and in some individual causes quite phenomenal. The marking and register-keeping was all that could be desired, credit being chiefly due to the Range and Butt officers. With such names as Col. W. Butcher, Col. J. I. McLaren, Lt.-Col. S.J. Huggins, Lt. Col. A. Elliott, Lt. Col. W. Wallace, Maj. W. C. King, Maj. E. H. Price, and Capt. A. Pain in charge of the arrangements, it was a foregone conclusion that the matches would be a success.

Whilst there was some difference of opinion concerning the new rifle, it was generally conceded that it was doing satisfactory work as a target weapon. Marksmen are apt to blame their rifles for off-shots when they themselves are really to blame. It must be remembered that the distance between the backsight on the Ross was about half as long again as on the short Lee-Enfield. Therefore, it is more difficult for the marksman to detect deviations from the line of sight with the latter rifle than with the former. With the smaller sight radius, great care is necessary on the pull to have the foresight at a uniform position in the U. of the backsight for every shot, otherwise, an incorrect line of sight is the result.

Amongst those who attended, Staff-Sergt. H. Morris, who has been shooting for 47 years, was a conspicuous figure. From this year's Bisley Team, three members were present, Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, Capt. J. H. Vincent, and Pte. W. J. Irvine. Other well-known marksmen noticed were Mayor F. Mortimer, Lt.-Col. W. O. Morris, Sgt. G. Russell, Sgt. M. H. Lee, Lieut. W. L. Dymond, Capt. W. Swaine, and the two Steele brothers of Guelph.

Space will not permit a detailed description of each match, but a few outstanding facts of

marksmanship must be mentioned. First and foremost is the wonderfully consistent shooting of Sgt. Kawkins, who won both aggregates with ease. Hawkins certainly demonstrated in a remarkable way what could be done with the new rifle. In the single events, Pte. R. Storrar's score of 69 out of a possible 70 in the Duke of Cornwall and York Match was a splendid feat, as was Lieut. Sprinks' 101 in the Tait-Brassey, and Lieut. Humphries' 68 in the Banker's. The classic event, the Lieutenant Governor's, was won by Major Mortimer, although closely pressed by another competitor. Both men scored 49 in the final stage at 600 yds, and tied for the Gold Medal, the Major winning easily in the resultant and shoot-off.

Leading scores are as follows:—

City of Hamilton Match.

Scores—

Range, 500 yds., Rounds, 7, deliberate.

1. *Capt. R. Cross, 38th.....	34
2. Pte. C. W. Morgan, W.O.R.....	34
3. Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	34
4. Maj. R. J. Davidson, 38th.....	33
5. Mr. E. Water, St. Helena R.A.....	33
6. Staff-Sgt. W. Yates, A. & S.H.....	33
7. Mr. W. Webster, St. Helena R.A.....	33
8. Cadet-Lieut. H. Minter, Ottawa C.I.....	33
9. Sgt. G. Hall, 48th. H.....	33
10. Pte. H. Cannon, Irish Rgt.....	32
11. Staff-Sgt. J. Bryant, R.C.O.C.....	32
* Medal.	

Teams (5 Men).

1. 38th., Ottawa.....	150
2. St. Helena R.A.....	145
3. 91st. Highlanders, Hamilton.....	126
4. York Rangers, Toronto.....	90

City of Toronto Match.

First Stage, seven rounds at 500 yds., seven rounds at 600 yds.

Second stage, ten rounds at 600 yds.

1. *Sgt. G. Emslie, 48th. H.....	115
2. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	114
3. Sgt. A. Lucas, Q.O.R.....	113
4. Pte. H. Carey, Y.R.....	113
5. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G.....	112
6. Pte. A. Emo, R.G.....	111
7. Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	111
8. Lt. Col. W. O. Morris, C.E.F.....	111
9. Mr. A. J. McCusker, Irish R.A.....	110
10. Pte. F. R. Allen, W.O.R.....	110
11. Q.M.Sgt. W. Davidson, 48th.H.....	110
12. Sgt. W. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	110
13. Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y.R.....	109

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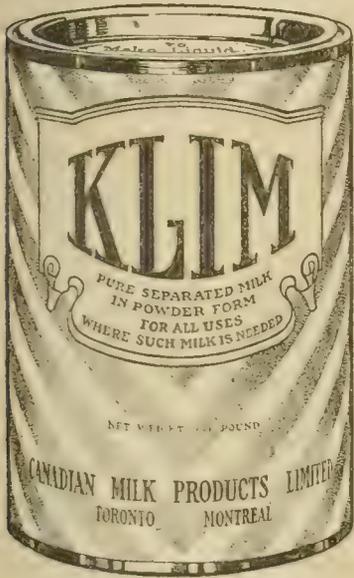


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14. Lieut. A. R. Humphries, C.A.M.C.....	109	5. Capt. W. C. Butler, W.O.R.....	66
15. Capt. W. Kaufman, Oxford R.....	108	6. Capt. J. W. Smith, W.O.R.....	66
16. Capt. C. Gibson, 13th.....	108	7. Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y.R.....	66
17. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	108	8. Sgt. G. Emslie, 48th.H.....	66
18. Sgt. P. Lunn, 103rd.....	108	9. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th.H.....	66
19. Lieut. L. Johnson, G.G.F.G.....	108	10. Pte. H. Whitehorn, R.G.....	66
20. Sgt. W. Jaffray, R.G.....	108	11. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	65
* Gold Medal.		12. Pte. H. Carey, Y.R.....	65
Teams (5 Men).		13. Pte. J. Lowry, 30th.....	64
1. 48th. Highlanders, Toronto.....	318	14. Staff-Sgt. D. McInnes, 19th.A.D.....	64
2. Royal Grenadiers, Toronto.....	309	15. Sgt. R. Menzies, Q.O.R.....	64
3. Governor General's F.G., Ottawa.....	307	16. Lieut. A. Martin, 1st. Cal. R.....	64
4. Guelph R.A., Guelph.....	305	17. Lieut. W. L. Dymond, C.S. of M.....	64
5. 38th.Batt. O.R., Ottawa.....	305	18. Sgt. P. Lunn, 103rd.....	64
Gibson Rapid Fire Match.		19. Maj. A. Jackson, Duff. Rifles.....	64
Range 500 yds. Rounds, seven, in one minute.		20. Sgt. R. Chamberlain, 103rd.....	64
1. Sgt. W. Dow, Q.O.R.....	33	21. Sgt. A. Lucas, Q.O.R.....	64
2. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	33	Lieutenant-Governor's Match.	
3. Sgt. A. Lucas, Q.O.R.....	33	1st. stage, seven rounds at 500 yds., seven rounds at 600 yds.	
4. Lt.-Col. W. O. Morris, C.E.F.....	32	2nd. Stage, ten rounds at 600 yds.	
5. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G.....	32	1. *Major G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	116
6. Pte. A. Emo, R.G.....	31	2. †Corpl. J. W. Smith, W.O.R.....	116
7. Maj. A. Jackson, Duff. Rifles.....	31	3. Maj. J. Jeffery, R.M.C.....	115
8. Sgt. G. Russell, G.G.F.G.....	31	4. Lieut. A. Martin, 1st. Cal. R.....	113
9. Capt. T. G. Margetts, R.L.....	31	5. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	112
10. Pte. J. Templeton, Q.O.R.....	31	6. Maj. W. King, 46th.....	111
11. Pte. A. Whitehead, 38th.....	31	7. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th.....	111
12. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	31	8. Pte. H. Whitehorn, R.G.....	111
Duke of Cornwall and York Match		9. Pte. A. Wilson, 38th.....	111
Ranges 500 yds. and 600 yds., seven rounds at each range.		10. Lt.-Col. W. A. Morris, C.E.F.....	110
1. *Pte. E. Storrar, 48th.H.....	69	11. Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	110
2. †Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	67	12. C.S.M.I. J. Trainor, R.C.R.....	109
3. Sgt.-Maj. T. Easterly, 13th.....	67	13. Pte. A. Whitehead, 38th.....	109
4. C.Q.M.Sgt. W. Davidson, 90th.....	67	14. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G.....	109
5. Pte. C. Gallahan, R.G.....	66	15. Sgt. P. White, Q. O. R.,.....	108
6. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	66	16. Sgt. G. Russell, G.G.F.G.....	108
7. Sgt. G. Russell, G.G.F.G.....	66	17. Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y.R.....	108
8. Pte. R. E. Leake, 103rd.....	66	18. Lieut. S. Annand, 103rd.....	108
9. Sgt. J. P. White, Q.O.R.....	66	19. Maj. R. J. Davidson, 38th.....	108
10. Sgt. G. Hall, 48th.....	65	20. Pte. R. E. Leake, 103rd.....	108
11. Pte. W. Reid, R.G.....	65	* Gold Medal, † Silver Medal.	
12. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	65	Tait—Brassey Match.	
13. Sgt. J. Brown, 1st. Bn. O.R.....	65	Ranges 200 yds., 500 yds., and 600 yds., seven rounds at each range.	
14. Maj. J. Jeffrey, R.M.C.....	65	1. Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y. R.....	101
15. Sgt. P. Lunn, 103rd.....	65	2. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	100
16. Capt. W. Swaine, C.M.C.C.....	65	3. Col. J. I. McLaren, 4th. Inf. Brig.	99
17. Q.M.Sgt. W. Davidson, 48th.....	65	4. Pte. A. Wilson, 38th.....	99
18. Capt. R. Cross, 38th.....	65	5. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	99
* Silver Medal. † Bronze Medal.		6. Corpl J. Lowry, 30th.....	99
Bankers' Match.		7. Sgt. B. Lawson, G.G.F.G.....	98
Ranges 500 yds. and 600 yds, seven round at each range.		8. Capt. W. C. Butler, W.O.R.....	98
1. Lieut. A. R. Humphries, C.A.M.C.....	68	9. Staff-Sgt. D. McInnes, 19th.....	98
2. Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	67	10. Sgt. P. Lunn, 103rd.....	97
3. Lieut. J. A. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	67	11. Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	97
4. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	66	12. Maj. R. J. Davidson, 38th.....	96
		13. Sgt. G. Emslie, 48th.H.....	96



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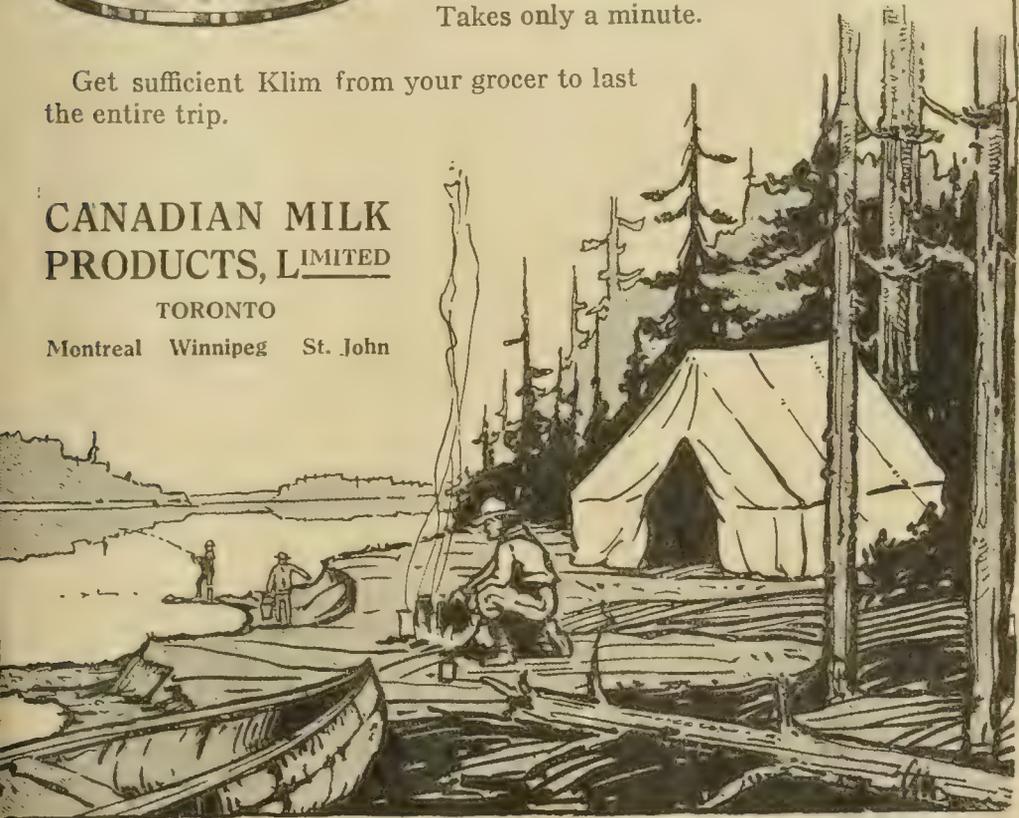
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14. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th.H.....	95	8. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	332		
15. Sgt. G. Russell, G.G.F.G.....	95	9. Pte. A. Wilson, 38th.....	332		
16. Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	95	10. Sgt. P. Lunn, 103rd.....	331		
Teams (5 Men).					
1. Governor General's, F.G., Ottawa.....	566	11. Lieut. J. A. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	331		
2. 48th. Highlanders, Toronto.....	559	12. Lt.-Col. W. O. Morris, C.E.F.....	330		
3. Royal Grenadiers, Toronto.....	546	13. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G.....	330		
4. Western Ontario Regiment, London.....	515	14. Sgt. Bug. R. Williams Q.O.R.....	330		
5. 38th. Batt. O.R., Ottawa.....	536	15. Pte. A. Whitehorn, R.G.....	325		
Mackenzie Match.					
Range, 600 yds., seven rounds.					
1. Corpl. J. Barrett, 5th. F.B.....	35	16. Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	325		
2. Sgt. R. Clarke, R.G.....	35	17. Capt. W. C. Butler, W.O.R.....	325		
3. Sgt. H. E. Smith, W.O.R.....	34	18. Pte. H. Carey, Y.R.....	325		
4. Pte. R. E. Leake, 103rd.....	34	19. Sgt. G. Russell, G.G.F.G.....	325		
5. Pte. A. Wilson, 38th.....	34	20. Lieut. A. Martin, 1st. Cal.R.....	324		
6. R.S.M. A. Stone, 13th.....	34	21. Sgt. R. Chamberlain, 103rd.R.....	324		
7. Capt. W. Swaine, C.M.C.C.....	33	* Silver Medal.			
8. Pte. J. Steadman, Y.R.....	33	Mercer Militia Aggregate.			
9. Capt. W. Fowler, Y.R.....	33	For highest aggregate in City of Toronto			
10. Corpl. J. Lowry, 30th.....	33	(1st. Stage only), Duke of Cornwall and York,			
11. Pte. J. Templeton, Q.O.R.....	33	Bankers', Tait-Brassey, Mackenzie and Oster			
12. Sgt. T. Angear, 1st. Cal.R.....	33	Matches.			
13. Lt.-Col. W. Head, 30th.....	44	1. *Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	411		
Tyro Aggregate					
1. *Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	423	2. †Sgt. G. Emslie, 48th.H.....	403		
2. †Maj. R. J. Davidson, 38th.....	413	3. ‡Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	402		
* Silver Medal, † Bronze Medal.					
Oster Match.					
Ranges 200 yds. and 600 yds. Rounds					
seven at 200 yds., and ten at 600 yds.					
1. Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	82	4. †Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y.R.....	400		
2. Sgt. G. Emslie, 48th.H.....	82	5. ‡Q.M.Sgt. W. Davidson, 48th.H.....	399		
3. Sgt. Bug. P. Williams, Q.O.R.....	80	6. †Pte. A. Wilson, 38th.....	398		
4. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	80	7. Lieut. J. A. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	396		
5. Sgt. W. Lennox, 48th.H.....	80	8. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	395		
6. Sgt. P. Lunn, 103rd.....	80	9. Sgt. Bug. R. Williams, Q.O.R.....	394		
7. Maj. J. Jeffery, R.M.C.....	79	10. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	394		
8. Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y.R.....	79	11. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th.H.....	393		
9. Q.M.Sgt. W. Davidson, 48th.H.....	79	12. Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	390		
10. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th.H.....	78	13. Capt. W. C. Butler, W.O.R.....	389		
11. Pte. H. Whitehorn, R.G.....	78	14. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G.....	388		
12. Pte. C. Gallahan, R.G.....	78	15. Pte. A. W. Fagan, 38th.....	386		
13. Pte. A. Wilson, 38th.....	78	16. Lt.-Col. W. O. Morris, C.E.F.....	385		
14. Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	78	17. Sgt. G. Russell, G.G.F.G.....	385		
15. Pte. J. Hillis, R.G.....	78	18. Sgt. A. Lucas, Q.O.R.....	384		
All-Comers' Aggregate Match.					
For highest aggregate in City of Toronto					
(1st. stage only), Duke of Cornwall and York,					
Bankers', Lieutenant-Governor's (1st. stage					
only), and Oster Matches.					
1. *Sgt. W. A. Hawkins, 48th.H.....	345	19. Sgt. S. Dawson, G.G.F.G.....	384		
2. Sgt. H. White, R.G.....	340	20. Lieut. G. F. Mackenzie, 98th.....	384		
3. Sgt. H. Emslie, 48th. H.....	339	* N. R. A. Silver Medal and Cup, † Silver			
4. Sgt. J. T. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	336	Medal, ‡Bronze Medal.			
5. Q.M. Sgt. W. Davidson, 48th.H.....	336	Pellatt Inter-Provincial Match.			
6. Pte. R. Storrar, 48th.H.....	334	1. †Alberta.....	556		
7. Lieut. W. D. Sprinks, Y.R.....	332	2. Ontario.....	535		
Extra Series 200 Yards.					
1. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	75	†Pellatt Cup.			
2. Lieut. A. R. Humphries, C.A.M.C.....	73	Gzowski Skirmishing Match.			
3. Pte. H. Carey, Y.R.....	73	1. Queen's Own Rifles*, Toronto.....	332		
Extra Series 300 Yards.					
1. Pte. W. J. Irvine, G.G.F.G.....	325	2. 48th. Highlanders, Toronto.....	325		
		3. Governor-Generals, F.G., Ottawa.....	300		
		4. Western Ontario Regt., London.....	294		
		5. Irish Regiment, Toronto.....	290		



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2. Lieut. J. A. Steele, C.A.S.C.....	25	3. Pte. A. Emo, R.G.....	73
3. Pte. C. Tyers, G.G.F.G.....	25	Extra Series Aggregate.	
Extra Series 500 Yards.			
1. Maj. G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	74	1. *Major G. Mortimer, G.G.F.G.....	198
2. Lieut. A. R. Humphries, C.A.M.C.	74	2. Sgt. M. H. Lee, W.O.R.....	196
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Those Carp in our August Issue

The illustration showing a fisherman with a mess of fish and light tackle in our August issue brought forth plenty of comment. We offered a year's subscription to the person guessing the kind of fish and how they were caught. Mr. R. W. Fairman of Toronto wins the subscription as they were German Carp and were shot. We have awarded Mr. A. Johnson a six month's subscription for his clever remarks. The printer's "devil" remarked: "Dat guy oughta get six months for dat cast." We have pleasure in publishing the first correct answer and a few other representative replies.

First Prize.

Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.

I notice in this month's magazine a guessing contest as to what kind of fish Old Doc Hemlock is holding.

1st. Guess—Carp.

If not caught with cornmeal stewed in honey or sugar. They probably get in low water and were cut off from shore, and were just gathered up by hand, speared, shot or snared with snare wire on the end of a pole.

R. W. Fairman,

Toronto.

Gets Six Months.

Editor, Rod and Gun, in Canada.

The fish shown in the photograph in your recent issue are "German Carp" and I guess they were caught—sleeping.

Yours truly,

A. Johnson.

Windsor, Ont.

Close Don't Count.

Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.

Here goes for a cast at those fish in the August number. Am a sure shot the first cast so will only take one as to what kind they are.

Cast No. 1—Carp caught through a hole in the ice.

Cast No. 2—Hooked with some bait or

hook on that casting rod the fellow has.

Cast No. 3.—Caught on hook and line with bait such as dew worm or dough ball.

Cast No. 4.—Speared.

Cast No. 5.—Caught stranded in shallow water.

Hoping I've struck it somewhere in the last four if not in the first.

I am, Yours truly,

Bruce S. Brown.

Port Rowan, Ontario.

Right Kind of Fish.

Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.

On page 332 of August "Rod and Gun" I see a prize offered to the person who guesses the name of the fish this angler caught. My guess is that they are *carp*. I have caught them myself, using a steel pole and gut hook baited with soft crab.

Yours truly,

J. Finley.

Meaford, Ont.

STILL ANOTHER CHAMPION HEAD

The Virginia deer head shown in our last issue aroused considerable comment especially as it was spoken of as being the largest in the world. So far we have not received word of any larger Virginia deer head but Rev. J. G. Scott and Mr. Roger Miller of Ingeroll, Ontario favored us with a record White tail deer head. It is one of the heads shown in the souvenir booklet of Albert's Buckhorn Saloon, San Antonio, Texas. This splendid specimen with 78 points was killed in McCullough County, Texas in 1899. Mr. Miller who spends his winters in the far southern State has frequently seen this record head which is only one exhibit in one of the finest collections in the world.

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Open Seasons for Game

Compiled by GEORGE A. LAWYER, Chief U. S. Game Warden, and FRANK L. EARNSHAW, Assistant, Interstate Commerce in Game, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

THE OPEN SEASONS HERE SHOWN ARE INCLUSIVE OF BOTH DATES. When the season is closed for a fixed period the date terminating the closed season is given.

The term rabbit includes "hare"; quail, the bird known as "partridge" in the South; grouse includes Canada grouse, Sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse (known as "partridge" in the North and "pheasant" in the South), and all other members of the family except prairie chickens, ptarmigan, and sage hens; introduced pheasant is restricted to the Old World pheasants.

PERSONS ARE ADVISED to secure from Provincial game commissioners full text of game laws in Provinces where hunting is contemplated, as provisions of minor importance are omitted from this poster.

Deer.

Alberta—Nov. 1-Dec. 14x.
British Columbia *a (a).
Manitoba—Dec. 1-Dec. 10x.
New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Nov. 30a.
Northwest Territories a—Sept 1-Apr. 1xa.
Nova Scotia—Oct. 16-Oct. 31xa.
Ontario.—See Additions.
Quebec—Sept. 20-Dec. 31a.
Saskatchewan—Nov. 15-Dec. 14xa.
Yukon—Aug. 1-Mar. 1x.

Moose.

Alberta—Nov. 1-Dec. 14x.
British Columbia*a—(a).
Manitoba—Dec. 1-Dec. 10x.
New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Nov. 30x.
Northwest Territories a—Sept. 1-Apr. 1xa.
Nova Scotia—Oct. 1-Nov. 15xa.
Ontario—See Additions.
Quebec—Sept. 20-Dec. 31xa.
Saskatchewan—Nov. 15-Dec. 14xa.
Yukon—Aug. 1-Mar. 1x.
Newfoundland—No open Season.

Rabbit.

British Columbia*a.—
Northwest Territories a—
Nova Scotia—Dec. 1-Jan. 31a.
Ontario—Oct. 15-Nov. 15a.
Prince Edward Island—Nov. 1-Feb. 1.
Quebec—Oct. 15-Jan. 31.
Newfoundland—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

Squirrel.

British Columbia *a.
Ontario—Nov. 1-Nov. 15.
Prince Edward Island—

Quail.

British Columbia *a—(a).
Manitoba—Sept. 15, 1927.
Northwest Territories a—
Ontario—Nov. 1-Nov. 15.

Grouse.

Alberta—Oct. 15-Oct. 31.
British Columbia*a—(a).
Manitoba—Oct. 15-Oct. 22.
New Brunswick—1921:
Northwest Territories a—Sept. 1-Jan. 1.
Nova Scotia—Oct. 21, 1922.
Ontario—Oct. 15-Nov. 15.
Prince Edward Island—No open seas on.
Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
Saskatchewan—No open season.
Yukon—Sept. 1-Mar. 15.
Newfoundland—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

Prairie Chicken.

Alberta—Oct. 15-Oct. 31.
British Columbia*a—
Manitoba—Oct. 15-Oct. 22.
Northwest Territories a—Sept. 1-Jan. 1.
Ontario—Oct. 15-Nov. 15.
Saskatchewan—Oct. 15-Oct. 31.
Yukon—Sept. 1-Mar. 15.

Introduced Pheasant

Alberta—Oct. 1, 1925.
British Columbia*a—(a).
Manitoba—Sept. 15, 1927.
Northwest Territories a—
Nova Scotia—No open season.
Ontario—Nov. 1-Nov. 15.
Prince Edward Island—

Wild Turkey.

British Columbia*a—
Northwest Territories a—
Ontario—Nov. 1-Nov. 15.

MIGRATORY GAME BIRDS**

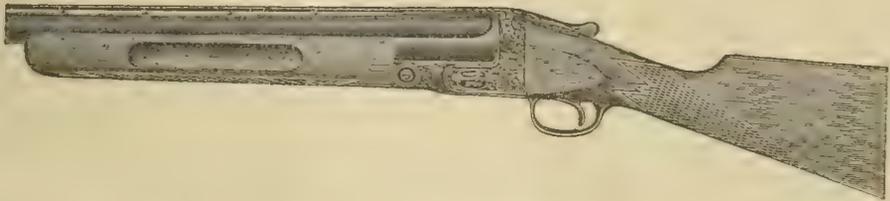
(The season here shown are the times when migratory game birds may be hunted without violating either Dominion regulations or Provincial laws).

Ducks, Geese, Brant, Coot, Gallinules.
Alberta—Sept 1-Dec. 14.
British Columbia a—Sept. 4-Dec. 19.

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12

Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Northwest Territories—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Prince Edward Island—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1—Dec. 14.
 Newfoundland—Sept. 20-Jan. 1a.
**Black-Bellied and Golden Plovers, and
 Yellowlegs.**

Alberta—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 British Columbia a—Sept. 4-Dec. 19.
 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Northwest Territories—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Prince Edward Island—Aug. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Newfoundland—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

Wilson Snipe or Jacksnipe.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 British Columbia a—Sept. 4-Dec. 19.
 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Northwest Territories—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Prince Edward Island—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Newfoundland—Sept. 20-Jan. 1.

Woodcock.

British Columbia a—
 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Northwest Territories—
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Ontario—Oct. 15-Nov. 14.
 Prince Edward Island—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.

Rails.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 British Columbia a—Sept. 4-Dec. 19.
 Manitoba—Sept. 15-Nov. 30.
 New Brunswick—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Northwest Territories—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Ontario—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Prince Edward Island—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Quebec—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.
 Saskatchewan—Sept. 15-Dec. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Dec. 14.

Dove.

British Columbia a—
 Manitoba—Sept. 15, 1927.
 Ontario—No open season—

OTHER GAME.

(Season closed in Provinces not mentioned)

BIG GAME

Antelope.

Manitoba—Dec. 1-Dec. 10x.

Bear.

(Unprotected in other Provinces)

Quebec—Aug. 20-June 3...

Caribou.

Alaska—Aug. 21-Dec. 31a.
 Alberta—Nov. 1-Dec. 14.
 British Columbia*—(a).
 Manitoba—Dec. 1-Dec. 10x.
 Northwest Territories—Dec. 1-April 1a.
 Nova Scotia—Sept. 16-Oct. 15ra.
 Ontario—See Additions.
 Quebec—Sept. 20-Dec. 31.
 Saskatchewan—Nov. 15-Dec. 14a.
 Yukon—Aug. 1-Mar. 1x.
 Newfoundland—Oct. 21-Jan. 31a.

Elk.

Manitoba—Dec. 1-Dec. 10x.

Goat.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Oct. 31.
 British Columbia*—(a).
 Northwest Territories—Sept. 1-April 1.
 Yukon—Aug. 1-Mar. 1x.

Sheep.

Alberta—Sept. 1-Oct. 31x.
 British Columbia*—(a).
 Northwest Territories—Dec. 1-April 1a.
 Yukon—Aug 1-Mar 1x.

GAME BIRDS

Ptarmigan.

Alberta—Oct. 15-Oct. 31.
 Manitoba—Oct. 1-Oct. 20.
 Northwest Territories—Sept. 1-Jan. 1.
 Quebec—Nov. 1-Jan. 31.
 Yukon—Sept. 1-Mar. 15.
 Newfoundland—Sept. 20-Jan 1.

DAYS EXCEPTED.

All hunting prohibited on:

Sundays.—In all Provinces east of the 105th meridian, except Quebec.

*Laws of 1920 not received.

†Local exceptions.

‡Certain species.

xMales only.

**Under the regulations for the protection of migratory birds the season is closed on band-tailed pigeons, swans, wood ducks, eider ducks, auks, auklets, bitterns, cranes, fulmars, gannet, grebes, guillemots, gulls, herons, jaegers, loons, murrees, petrels, puffins,

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shearwaters, terns and all shorebirds (except woodcock, Wilson snipe or jacksnipe, black-bellied and golden plovers, and yellowlegs) in the United States and Canada.

ADDITIONAL PROVISIONS AND EXCEPTIONS.

British Columbia.—Open seasons on big game and upland game fixed annually by Order-in-Council, which may be obtained from Secretary, Game Conservation Board, Vancouver, B. C. *Waterfowl, rails, Wilson-snipe, black-breasted and golden plovers, yellow legs*, in Northern and Eastern Districts, Sept. 4-Dec. 19, and in Western District, north of 51st parallel, Sept. 11-Dec. 26; *goose, brant*, Western District, south 51st parallel, Nov. 13-Feb. 28. *Other migratory game birds*, south of 51st parallel, Oct 16-Jan. 31.

Northern District includes Atlin Electoral District, and north of main line of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and east summit Cascades.

Eastern District, east summit Cascades and south Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

Western District west summit Cascades and south Atlin Electoral District.

New Brunswick.—*Deer*, on Grand Manan and Campobello Islands, no open season.

Northwest Territories.—Additional season on *caribou* and *sheep*, Aug. 1-Oct. 1. *Female caribou, mountain sheep, or mountain goat*

with young at foot, and their young at foot, no open season. Governor General in Council may; by regulation, alter seasons.

Nova Scotia.—*Big game*, on Cape Breton Island, no open season. *Caribou* (male), in Inverness and Victoria Counties only. *Rabbit*, on Cape Breton Island, Dec. 1-Feb. 28.

Ontario.—*Deer, moose, reindeer or caribou*: open season, in that part of Ontario lying south of the French and Mattawa rivers, from the 5th day of November to the 20th day of November, both days inclusive.

Moose, deer, reindeer, or caribou, in that part of Ontario lying North and West of the French and Mattawa Rivers from the 25th day of October to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive, other than the district lying North of the Canadian Government Railway, formerly known as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway where the Open Season is from the 1st day of October to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive.

Quebec.—*Deer, bull moose*, in Pontiac and Temiscaming, Sept. 10-Dec. 31.

Saskatchewan.—*Deer, moose*, (males only), *Caribou*, north of Township 34, Nov. 15-Dec. 14; south of Township 35, no open season.

Newfoundland.—*Caribou*, also Aug. 1-Sept. 30. *Goose*, unprotected

Deer of North America

Rod and Gun In Canada

In your issue of Oct. last in answer to a request from "Reader" of Saskatchewan you give a description of the various species of deer, quoting from an article in the Geographic Magazine by E. W. Nelson.

In this article he gives a very good description of the Mule deer and says distinctly that the Mule and Black Tail are two different species, while Ernest Thompson Seton in his book "Wild Animals at Home" says they are the same deer.

Seton also says they are called Jumping deer in Canada. Now in this part of Manitoba what we call Jumping deer have a bushy white tail with no black on it.

I would like to have your opinion as to whether Nelson or Seton are right, also the opinion of other hunters. I have never seen any Black Tail as described by E. W. Nelson,

but have been told by hunters that they are common in some parts of Canada.

The Virginia or White-tailed deer described by Nelson is I think the same as we call the Jumping deer in this part.

What is the difference between the White-tail and the Ontario deer?

Thanking you in anticipation,

I remain yours truly,

Manitoba Hunter.

There are practically two kinds of deer in North America. Unless we include the Wapiti—Elk and the Moose which is the true Elk, and the Caribou. The two kinds are:

1. (a) *O-Americanus*—Virginia or Red Deer.
- (b) *O-Macrunus*—Subspecies of above.

In reality, all varieties of same species.

2. *O-Hemionus*—Mule Deer, Wild Ass, or Black Tail.

W. D. H.

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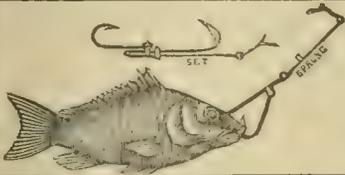
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On the Old Camp Ground

PARKER H. CURRIER

HOW about it Park," were the first words that greeted me as I drove into the doctor's yard, on a Saturday afternoon just in time for a plate of steaming beans and brown bread, and to spend the week end.

"Good", said I, "if we can all arrange to get away at the same time." Our party was to include the doctor, his wife and half sister, my old-time hunting companion Bert and his wife, the author and his better half. After having supper, and lighting up our pipes, through the clouds of smoke we planned our hunting trip.

I had already seen Bert and he proposed if agreeable to all, that we camp on the old camp ground, at Boyd's old place, on the head waters of the Swan-creek, in Queens Co. N. B.

This agreed upon, the next thing was to set a date, and after studying the calendar so as to have moonlight nights, we decided to all meet at Upper Gagetown on the twenty-eighth of September, and proceed to the woods by team on the following morning, as the once good road is now so grown up with weeds, that in most places they meet making it impossible for cars. It was tiresome waiting for the appointed date but in due time it came around, and along in the afternoon,

the cars, one after another, pulled up at the writer's home.

After unloading the good things that were to go to the bush with us, the cars were stored away for a week's rest.

Arrangements for a team had already been made, and when the morning came, nine o'clock found us all packed aboard Bennie's hay rack, and on our way to the woods. We had about seven miles to go, and arrived at our camping ground in time for a late dinner. It seemed at first sight that we were not to be alone on the trail, as we found our old friend McDonald and party from Fredericton boiling their kettle for lunch. In talking to them we found that they were breaking up camp, and informed us that they had received answers to their calls in different places, which sounded encouraging to us, but they had not been lucky enough to get a shot.

After having lunch, Bennie complained of a bad tooth, and said he wished the doctor could take it out. "I'll do that for you" smiled the doctor, producing a pair of forceps and using the fence for a dentist chair, the tooth was soon removed, and Bennie started for home delighted to think he would lose no more sleep with that tooth.

It took some time to get our tents up.

Hitting Vacation Trail



Across the green valleys of Vacationland, with their blue lakes and skies of deeper blue.

Along the sands where the snipe are piping and the bass are breaking the mirror surface of the stream—

Oh! It's to get away from the monotonous streets and the ugly walls—to sleep in a tent under the spreading branches of giant trees!

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One good sized wall tent with fly to keep off the rain, equipped inside with springs placed about a foot off the ground, and covered with lots of blankets etc. to keep out Jack Frost, and a three burner oil-stove to drive away the chill in the mornings, furnished our home for sleeping and lounging, while a good sized bell tent equipped with table and hurriedly made benches, and a folding stove to cook on comprised our dining tent, as well as, store room.

When everything was put in ship-shape for the week's stay, we all felt tired, and decided to hang close to the camp fire that night, to make arrangements for the following day.

Tuesday morning broke bright and clear and the doctor and Bert started to explore an old game haunt, while I was left to skirmish around handy to camp. I spent the morning going over some old roads, and found lots of fresh tracks, as the old hunting ground never fails. On returning to camp I found my comrades there with the good news that they had spent a half hour sitting on a fallen tree, smoking their pipes, and watching a cow and calf feeding on the opposite side of the valley.

After dinner we decided to rest, as spending a good deal of time in a car one feels the effects of a long tramp. It takes a day or so to get into shape. Wednesday, we tramped through the old Broom-pole road, and in the afternoon, with the wind blowing a gale,

I decided to go through an old swamp against the wind, to see what I could see. The doctor while cutting wood, had hacked his foot, and was staying close to camp, so leaving him and his good wife to prepare supper, the rest of the party went with me.

When we got into the swamp, signs were plentiful and with Bert paralleling me at about fifty yards, just so I could see him, and the ladies directly behind me about thirty feet, all proceeding very cautiously, we picked our course through the thickets and bushes. We had only gone a little better than half a mile when directly in front of me sprang up three moose from their mossy lair,—a bull, cow and calf. I immediately brought my 45-70 into action, and when the first shot rang out, the women on looking in the direction of the retreating moose which sounded like a hay rack going through the woods, could see the three making away. I fired twice more and my shots all went home as Mr. Moose did not go twenty-five yards before he dropped. We all proceeded to where he fell and while we stood and looked at him, we could hear the distant crashing of his comrades as they sped away to safety. It was some excitement for the ladies, as it was the first moose they had ever seen brought down.

After dressing our game we proceeded to find a way to get it out, but as it was in the center of a swamp we decided the only remedy



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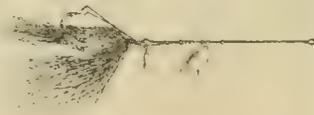
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ROD AND GUN IN CANADA
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was to back it out. It was drawing near night so we turned into camp. Sitting around the fire that night it was fun to hear the women folk talking about their experience. They thought it would have been nice to



Trying a shot

have had the calf for a pet. As they viewed it gracefully trotting away through the ferns it looked not unlike a pony. I informed them that the same calf would prove an unruly chap if it was gotten on the end of a rope.

Thursday the ladies accompanying us, we visited the old salt springs on the Swan creek branch of the main stream above the old county line wood, and found where the moose had wallowed in the mud not long before. The afternoon was spent in fishing on the Tranta-Wanta branch of the Swan creek. It was not good fishing it being the wrong time of day, but in spite of that we got enough for a mess.

Friday morning we were awakened early by the tap, tap, of the rain on the tent, but it did not last long, and was cleared off by nine o'clock, so Bert and I strolled down to the old Jack field in quest of deer. We found fresh tracks, but as there were not many leaves off the bushes so early in the season, one might be handy to them and never know it, as they have a habit of disappearing from sight like a ghost.

The afternoon I never will forget backing the moose out of that swamp. We quartered it up and the first two trips seemed easy, but by the time the last of it was hung up, out by the old county line road, we were some tired and sore, as the trail was rough

and muddy and the oftener we went over it the worse it got. We decided then and there, that never again would we shoot a moose in a place like that.

Saturday morning as usual, we were awakened early by the chatter, chatter, of a family of squirrels that lived close by and were around early to get their breakfast of apples which grew on a tree right by the tent. They would race up and down the fence and make a terrible time, as we would watch them, and it was fun to see them, with a good sized apple in their mouth, running along the fence at break-neck speed and up into a tree, where they would set up on their haunches and bite off the skin and eat the inside, or else wedge it in the fork of a limb for some future time.

After breakfast we went for a long tramp out the old county line road, taking our time and climbing a tree on the top of a hill, now and then, to get a look at the surrounding country. We must have followed the old trail out about five miles or more, for it was late when we got back to camp. Bennie was to come back Sunday morning at ten o'clock for us, and as we could hear the rattle of his wagon a half hour before he arrived, we got busy packing up, and while his horses fed we loaded up, saving room in front for our meat



Back from the trail.

which was to be taken aboard, up on the other road.

In due time, we were away and after getting our moose aboard we sat back in comfort.



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as it was down hill to Mack's Bridge. Here Bennie decided to ford the stream, as the old bridge was none too good, and his load

one o'clock. After getting Bennie away we had dinner, and then brought forth the cars to load up for the return trip. We were



Having a sun bath

was heavy. The women went across the bridge while I stuck to the rack to see that nothing fell off in the brook, as it was a rough, round-about way we had to go. When

all ready at five o'clock, and talked as though we would all go along in company, as we were all going the same way. I had to stop a few minutes at Gagetown so started first, and



Ready for the homeward trip.

the other side was reached the menfolk walked up to the corner where the road was better and from there drove home, arriving about

Bert pulled out after me, leaving the doctor in the rear. Bert followed me into Gagetown, and the doctor taking a short cut by mistake.

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got ahead of us without our knowing it. When we started again we drove slowly for a few miles waiting for him, then we decided to make a stop thinking he might be broken down, after waiting half an hour and no sign of him, we decided to make a start as dark was coming on and leave him, not paying much attention to the thought of him being in the lead. When we arrived at his place at Glenwood there he was as big as life unloading his car. He sure had the laugh on us. I guess he did it to get even with us for his having to stay around camp with a cut foot while we were out on the trail.

We all agreed that we had had a very pleasant trip, and the savor of the moose

steak frying would bring happy memories of it to our recollection in after days.

There were quite a few partridge around, but as it was close season we had to pass them by, with the happy assurance that they are once more getting plentiful, and the time will soon come when we again can have a fry and stew to add to the delicious things that one has while camping. I left Bert at his home at Woodman's Point and arrived in St. John that night at twelve o'clock. While it is only coming spring, whenever we meet the question arises, are we going hunting? I tell them that if all goes well we will be on the old camp ground, when the frosty nights arrive, and the leaves begin to fall.

POOR COLOR REPRODUCTION

We wish to apologize to our readers for the poor color likeness of the small mouth black bass on the cover of our last issue. Our artist F. V. Williams always aims to give a correct likeness of fish, fowl and animal life and incidentally we may say that he usually succeeds. However the poor reproduction of the artist's painting in August was unavoidable.

WORD FROM SASKATCHEWAN

Writing from Moosejaw, Fred J. Pearce, President and General Manager of the Nixon Book and Wallpaper Co., Ltd., of that place, stated that he had caught 99 fish—



pike, pickerel and perch on his ten day holiday spent in Last Mountain Lake about forty miles from Regina.

The snapshot shows Mr. Pearce and the result of a half hours' casting. He says, "These pickerel I caught with H. H. Kiffe

split bamboo, 5½ foot casting rod, Shakespeare jewelled quadruple reel, Hedden's Dowagiac Crab Wiggler Kingfisher casting line No. 4. I thought you would like this as you very rarely have anything from the Prairie Provinces, and I assure you that we get splendid coarse fishing here. I found the soft body phantom minnow (silver) very deadly."

We would like to hear from our friends of the Prairie Provinces, telling us of their game and fish catches.



Jack Miner, (right) friend of Canada's wild life and Ty. Cobb, famous ball player of Detroit. Picture taken on Jack's farm and Game Preserve at Kingsville, Ont.



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ALBERTA PROVINCIAL TOURNAMENT.

The Alberta Provincial Tournament was held on July 16th and 17th at Edmonton. Walter Holmes was high gun and is representing Alberta at the Grand American Tournament. His scores were 143 x 150 1st day and 143 x 150 2nd day.

Chris. Irgens won the doubles with score of 45 x 50. The Handicap found Chris Irgens and Walter Holmes tied with scores of 92 each. In the shoot off Irgens won.

Jack Brown made a very good showing and won the Miss and Out event.

The scores:—

	Shot at	Handicap	Doubles
W. Holmes.....	300	100	25 pr.
Dr. Royer.....	286	92	41
M. D. Cardwell.....	250x218	82	—
R. G. Robinson.....	238	76	28
H. Simpson.....	278	88	43
A. Lea.....	238	82	40
W. Wood.....	282	87	37
W. Elliott.....	277	84	38
W. Freeman.....	275	77	38
C. Irgens.....	268	92	45
E. Turney.....	262	73	41
W. E. Clark.....	274	86	37
A. H. Esch.....	246	76	—
C. L. Burtch.....	281	84	40
J. Bowen.....	279	82	—
J. W. Holmes.....	254	84	37
P. J. Harwood.....	280	91	—
A. A. Hill.....	219	—	—
P. R. Campbell.....	222	84	—
M. Esdale.....	—	79	—

The different class events were won as follows:—

- Class A—W. Holmes.
- Class B—J. Bowen.
- Class C—P. R. Campbell.

ROCK LAKE GUN CLUB.

A very successful tournament was held at Rock Lake, Man. on 31st July by the Rock Lake Gun Club. The high Amateur Championship was won by Jos. Avery of Glenora with 132 x 150. G. M. Cowderoy was high professional with 142 x 150. The Miss and Out Competition was won by W. J. Sanders of Killarney with the whole Avery family giving him a hard race. Jeff Avery staying till the last. The Championship of the club resulted in a tie between P. J. Harwood and Jeff Avery.

Chicken dinner was served by the famous chef of Rock Lake to the satisfaction of all the shooters. The scores:—

	Shot at	Total
Dr. H. O. McDairmid, Brandon Man.....	55	37
A. B. Kelly, Brandon, Man.....	40	24
Capt. Poroby, Brandon, Man.....	135	84
T. G. Breen, Winnipeg, Man.....	105	74
Dr. Doran, Brandon, Man.....	90	42
P. J. Harwood, Brandon, Man.....	150	28
T. N. Williamson, Brandon, Man.....	150	90
J. B. Langhton, Brandon, Man.....	150	125
Wm. Crozier, Brandon, Man.....	150	120
W. R. Gibb's, Pilot Mound, Man.....	150	116
Dr. McDougall, Winnipeg, Man.....	150	66
Jeff Avery, Glenora, Man.....	150	115
L. J. Carter, Brandon, Man.....	125	79
Jos. Avery, Glenora, Man.....	150	132
J. J. Lott, Winnipeg, Man.....	90	44
Geo. Cowderoy*, Winnipeg, Man.....	150	142
W. Mickle, Pilot Mound, Man.....	150	105
R. Mickle, Pilot Mound, Man.....	150	105
J. A. Davidson, Winnipeg, Man.....	25	8
M. E. Cadwell, N. Battleford, Sask.....	150	119
C. Avery, Clearwater, Man.....	150	96
Bert Campbell, Brandon, Man.....	150	100
R. T. Comess, Crystal City, Man.....	150	116
W. J. Sanders, Killarney, Man.....	150	107
R. Robinson, Winnipeg, Man.....	25	5
D. J. Cline, Glenora, Man.....	95	81

A. R. Cline, Glenora, Man.....	55	29
J. Snyder, Winnipeg, Man.....	75	40
Dr. Carbett, Crystal City, Man.....	25	18
A. Fowler, Balduz, Man.....	25	14

MANITOBA-SASKATCHEWAN TOURNAMENT.

This shoot was held under the auspices of the Moose Jaw (Sask.) Gun Club, and was a decided success.

There was \$1,000 in cash added to the regular events, besides several beautiful trophies for special events, and few shooters went away without a slice of the money or a trophy.

First Regular Day

Thursday, July 22nd, was the first regular day. There were 100 16-yard targets, a 50-bird, two-man team race, and a 50-bird four-man team race on the program. The first 100 targets decided the winner of the Saskatchewan Provincial championship, and also counted as the first 100 on the Divisional championship.

At 9 o'clock, starting time, a heavy rain was falling, and a high wind was blowing the targets in all directions. The rain let up later in the day, but the wind continued to make life miserable for the target busters. Charles Leslie, of Regina, won the championship of his Province, on a score of 85. Jack Smith, of Nebraska, turned in an 85 score also. R. W. Phipps, of Colfax, Wash., was high with 86. Max Cowderoy led the salesmen with 87. Of the sixty-seven entries only ten averaged better than 80 per cent., which will give an idea of the weather conditions prevailing.

The two-man team race was won by O. F. Molicke and P. G. Schwager, of Dundurn, Sask., with a score of 42 out of 50.

The Moose Jaw team, composed of Mead, Burke, McDonald and Roush, won the four-man team race on a score of 84 out of 100.

The scores, at 100 targets:

M. Cowderoy.....	87	J. Harcourt.....	72
R. W. Phipps.....	85	A. L. Allen.....	72
J. Smith.....	85	C. H. Parkes.....	71
C. Leslie.....	85	A. W. Chappin.....	71
C. L. Burtch.....	84	L. G. Haight.....	71
J. MacBain.....	84	J. W. Holmes.....	70
W. C. Jones.....	83	J. R. McCurdy.....	69
S. F. Dorton.....	82	C. E. Hames.....	68
B. Dill.....	82	D. E. Green.....	68
H. A. Simpson.....	81	H. Crabtree.....	68
Ed. Roush.....	80	R. L. Hutchison.....	68
A. B. Chezik.....	79	H. Mead.....	68
A. Von Ferber.....	78	C. Neilson.....	67
B. F. Curtis.....	78	F. Derbyshire.....	67
O. F. Molicke.....	77	C. W. Skinner.....	66
Lee Huxek.....	77	E. W. Battleson.....	65
Stewart.....	77	H. W. Taber.....	65
D. Coolidge.....	77	H. G. Knapp.....	64
W. Holmes.....	76	A. D. O'Brien.....	62
Bob Mitten.....	76	C. O. Wilson.....	60
C. Burke.....	76	Frank Allen.....	60
C. H. Sanders.....	75	H. Havnes.....	59
C. Kahle.....	75	E. D. Alzore.....	56
H. A. Pomeranke.....	75	R. G. Robinson.....	55
Ray Fraser.....	75	A. S. MacDonall.....	54
O. A. Sempf.....	74	Mrs. Coolidge.....	51
W. F. Rogers.....	74	W. P. Logan.....	39
P. G. Schwager.....	73	W. Owens.....	70
J. R. Pence.....	73		

Second Regular Day.

The weather conditions were a duplicate of the previous day. The program called for 100 16-yard and 100 handicap targets. R. W. Phipps and Jack Smith led the amateurs on 89. A. R. Chezik, R. G. Robinson and Dr. Kaapp tied for second with 86. J. R. Pence, S. F. Dorton, O. F. Molicke and C. Kahle shared third honors on 84. Wade Owens led the trade men by breaking 87. Max Cowderoy landed in second place with 86, and W. C. Jones was third on 85.

In the Handicap, A. R. Chezik, who was the first man up, got away in the lead and never was headed.

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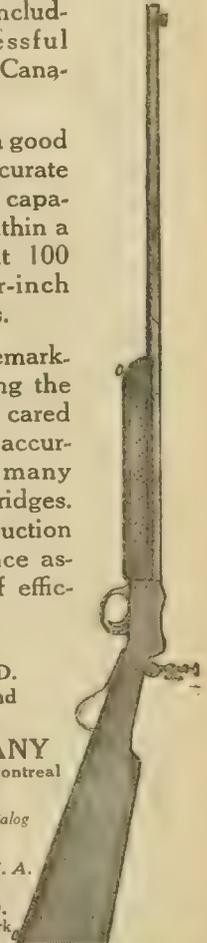
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His score of 89 from the 22-yard mark was exceptionally good under the conditions. His nearest competitor was O. F. Meilicke, who broke 86 from 20 yards. P. G. Schwager (21 yards), H. A. Pomerence (20 yards), J. W. Holmes (20 yards), and Ed Roush (19 yards), tied for third on 84.

The scores, at 100 targets:

R. W. Phipps	89	V. L. Green	77
J. Smith	89	Cap Saunders	77
H. G. Knapp	86	E. W. Battleson	77
R. G. E. [unclear]	86	J. Ganshour	76
A. R. Chazotte	86	D. G. Mayhew	76
Max Cowder	86	G. Mayhew	76
B. F. Curtis	85	R. J. MacKay	76
S. F. Dorton	84	J. MacRae	76
C. Kahle	84	Lee Huyck	76
J. R. Pence	84	R. L. Hutchinson	76
C. F. Meilicke	84	R. C. Mitten	75
P. G. Schwager	83	O. A. Sempf	73
Ed Roush	83	A. L. Allen	73
C. H. Parker	83	M. Ganshour	78
C. Leslie	81	D. Coolidge	72
C. Burke	81	G. R. Perry	70
C. L. Brutch	81	A. S. MacDonald	70
C. Nielsen	80	Mrs. Coolidge	68
R. Dill	80	C. H. Schrank	67
A. Von Ferber	80	J. R. McCurdy	66
W. Holmes	79	P. Cordogan	59
H. Mead	79	A. E. Andrews	58
C. G. Haight	79	J. W. McCulloch	58
A. W. Chapin	78	C. E. Harris	20
H. A. Simpson	78	*W. Owens	87
G. O. Wilson	78	*C. W. Jones	85
H. A. Pomerence	78		

The scores at 100 targets, handicap:

A. R. Chezik	22 89	Capt. Saunders	22 75
O. F. Meilicke	20 86	R. W. Phipps	22 74
Pomerence	20 84	C. Lester	20 74
W. Holmes	20 84	J. R. Pence	22 73
P. G. Schwager	22 84	Lee Huyck	17 71
Ed Roush	19 84	C. H. Parker	22 71
C. Nielsen	17 84	A. W. Chapin	19 70
R. C. Mitten	18 83	Hutchinson	19 68
D. Coolidge	18 83	J. MacRae	20 67
H. A. Simpson	22 82	C. E. Harris	17 66
R. J. MacKay	22 82	McCulloch	17 66
J. Smith	19 82	A. S. MacDonald	22 63
C. Kahle	19 81	A. E. Andrews	19 62
E. W. Battleson	19 80	T. L. Allen	18 61
G. R. Perry	17 80	C. O. Wilson	17 45
S. F. Dalton	22 80	*C. W. Jones	22 72
A. Von Ferber	18 78	*C. L. Burtch	22 70
H. Mead	17 77	*W. Owen	22 70

Third Regular Day.
The weather conditions were much better on this day, and the scores immediately improved. Dr. J. R. Pence, who shot in the first squad, got off in high and the tail-light was all that was ever seen of him after. "Cap" Saunders, who also hails from Minot, North Dakota, was the only one to get a glimpse of the speeding doctor. "Cap's" 91 left him one bird behind. A. R. Chezik, another North Dakota shooter, won third money with his 92 score.

The Divisional championship was won by R. Dill of Saskatoon. Mr. Dill broke 82 the first day, 80 the second day, and finished strong with 90, for a total of 252 out of 300. The runner-up honors went to S. F. Dorton of the Assiniboia. Mr. Dorton's scores were 82, 84 and 85—251.

The scores:

J. R. Pence	95	C. Burke	90
Capt. Saunders	94	R. W. Phipps	90
A. R. Chezik	92	R. Dill	90
H. A. Simpson	91	A. W. Chapin	90
C. Kahle	89	C. H. Schrank	79
H. A. Pomerence	83	W. F. Rogers	78
O. F. Meilicke	88	E. W. Battleson	77
J. Smith	88	A. S. MacDonald	77
P. G. Schwager	87	G. Mayhew	76
C. H. Parker	86	C. G. Haight	76
D. Coolidge	86	Lee Huyck	75
Ed Roush	85	C. Nielsen	71
S. F. Dorton	85	Mrs. Coolidge	70
W. Holmes	85	J. Harcourt	67
H. Mead	85	C. O. Wilson	66
R. J. Hutchinson	83	R. G. Robinson	65
C. Leslie	83	H. W. Tabor	64
H. G. Knapp	82	H. Crabtree	59
O. A. Sempf	81	Mrs. Mayhew	49
R. C. Mitten	81	*C. W. Jones	81
B. F. Curtis	81	*W. Owens	89
Sharon	81	*C. L. Burtch	88
C. E. Harris	80	*J. MacRae	67

*Professionals.
Mr. H. Mead, president of the Moose Jaw Club, and proprietor of the Royal George Hotel, served a

banquet to the shooters that more than offset the bad weather, and the fellow that had dropped a lot of targets soon forgot his troubles after the refreshments were brought on. Mayor Hamilton made a snappy address, in which he extended the freedom of the city to the visiting shooters, and expressed the wish that he would see them all next year.

The 1921 Saskatchewan shoot was voted to Saskatoon. Mr. Paddy McGill, of that town, has donated a case of Scotch to go the high American shooter—that looks like some shoot!

The Divisional tournament will be shot next year at Brandon, Manitoba.
Moose Jaw, Sask. Jack Smith.
—Sportsmen's Review.

MONTREAL GUN CLUB.
A good crowd attended the Montreal Gun Club's shoot, held on July 8th and 9th. C. R. Newton turned in a good score, busting 163 out of 170, while on the second day he did not score as well. F. Kerr was right on his heels with 162, and R. Lewis with 161.

On the second day S. G. Newton broke 164 out of 170 and E. Doerken, 163.

The scores at 170 targets:

First Day.	
C. R. Newton	163
Kerr	162
R. Lewis	161
Sanford	160
*Morris	160
Brodie	159
Maxey	158
Osborne	157
W. Southwood	156
O'Connor	156
B. R. Clarke	153
McCurdy	152
Doerken	151
Joselin	151
S. G. Newton	150

Second Day.

S. G. Newton	164
Doerken	163
Sanford	162
*Morris	162
Kerr	159
O'Connor	157
Murdoch	157
C. R. Newton	154
B. R. Clarke	154
Wright	154
Carfield	154
Hadley	153
Osborne	151
McCrea	150
Southwood	150
Joselin	150
Maxey	149

*Professional.
Montreal, Que.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

The Hamilton Gun Club held its regular shoot at the local traps on Saturday afternoon, August 14th, when a fair-sized crowd of shooters were on hand and put up a very exciting race.

The scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
C. Sver	50	46
I. Smith	50	39
M. E. Fletcher	50	45
N. S. Braden	75	66
W. W. Livingstone	75	63
N. Long	100	95
A. Glover	50	45
A. Smyth	50	39
H. Fletcher	50	35
J. Mover	125	111
J. Griffiths	50	35
J. Hunter	75	74
W. Ashbury	25	15
C. Stout	50	32
E. Harris	75	66
J. Gompf	100	89
T. Gardiner	50	41
H. Lennox	50	40
H. Kretschman	100	88
Dr. Greene	50	45
G. Stroud	100	92
E. H. Sturt	100	92
H. Myrtle	25	19

COMING EVENTS.

- Aug. 31-Sept. 3.—Canadian National Exhibition Toronto.
- Sept. 6.—Regina Gun Club, Regina, Sask.
- Sept. 15.—Jordan Gun Club, Jordan Station, Ont.



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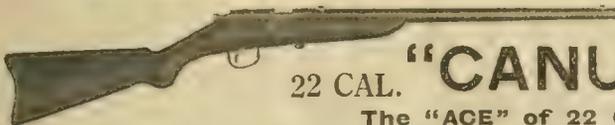
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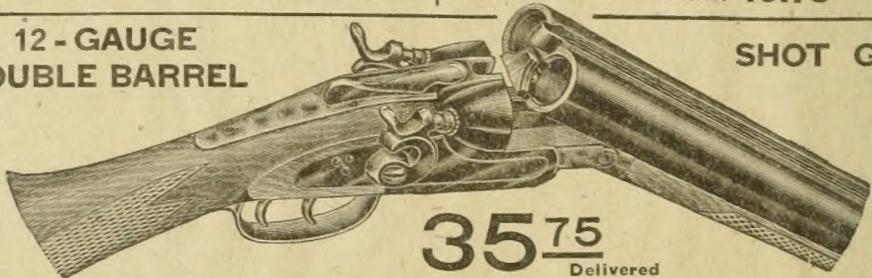
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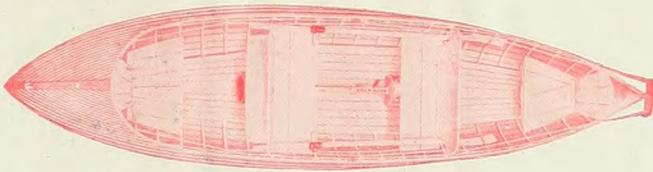
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