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JULY 1908

15¢ a Copy

ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA



Going Down the Mississauga River.

By courtesy of Dr. N. A. Powell.

W. J. TAYLOR - PUBLISHER - WOODSTOCK ONT.

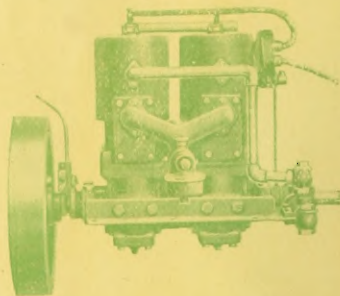


IF
You see him along the barrel of a
WINCHESTER
22 AUTOMATIC RIFLE
HE'S YOURS!

THIS handy little ten-shot rifle, like history, repeats itself, the recoil being utilized to do the reloading. The novelty of its operation affords possibilities for practice and pleasure which no other "twenty-two" does. It makes an outing outfit complete.

FREE: Send address for Catalogue of Winchester—the Red W Brand—Guns and Ammunition.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



If it were possible to make a better marine motor than the Cushman we should be doing it. Everything that equipment, skill and years of experience can do to make a perfect, small marine engine has been done, and to-day the

CUSHMAN

STANDS

WITHOUT A RIVAL

We are the only two-cycle engine makers in the world that use *Compression Rings*, to prevent leakage around the crank bearings. These rings effect not only the *work*, but the *very life* of the machine. Every part of our motors are made in our own factory and fitted and finished precisely as the works of a watch.

For a Descriptive Catalogue Write

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LINCOLN, NEBR.

GENERAL SALES AGENCIES.

Seattle Hardware Co., Seattle, Wash.

L. S. Cushman, Los Angeles, Calif.

Denver Gas Engine & Appliance Co.,
1814 Arapahoe St., Denver, Colo.

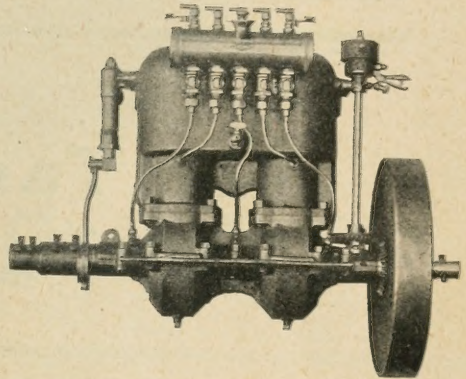
J. N. Limeburner,
84 Chambers St., New York City, N. Y.

Waterman Marine Motors

Unsurpassed for simplicity, reliability, durability. Few parts.
Easily understood and most reasonable in cost.

Model A

2 cylinder—2 cycle; built with the cylinders and head in one piece; no joints to leak. Cylinders quickly removeable. Ignition is jump spark with vibrator on spark coil and spark plug. Small plunger pump insures perfect circulation of water in cylinder—can be fitted to use as bilge pump. Can be reversed instantly while running, and runs with equal power in either direction. Equipped with rotary timer and multiple sight feed oiler. Thoroughly solves the problem of economical power for motor boats.



6 h.p. 150 pounds. 10 h.p. 200 pounds.

The best motor ever built, quality, price and equipment considered. "From start to finish" this Waterman Model X is a motor that will give the service expected every time, and the user will escape the many annoyances and troubles and disappointments so common to gasoline marine motors. This is because of the correctness of the scientific principle it embodies; the exceeding simplicity; it is easily understood by even the inexperienced motorist; there are so few parts; there is nothing to get out of order; and it is constructed from the very best materials, by thoroughly skilled mechanics, and every one is fully and specifically tested before shipment. Send for Catalogue and full descriptive matter, it pays to be on the right side.

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The Waterman Canoe Motor is unapproachable in its extreme simplicity, strength of construction, and certainty to deliver the power required. We make them in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders, and ship complete, ready for installation. If you have a Canoe send for our Catalog.

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We have the only successful Outboard Motor on the market, a little 2 h.p. (40 lbs.) motor that you can attach to the stern post of your boat in 5 minutes, without any tools. Can be detached just as quickly. Giving satisfaction everywhere. Attached to row boats, dories, sail boats, etc. Just read the article in this magazine (written by one who has no connection with us), describing a trip through the wilds of Northern Ontario with one of our Outboard Motors.

But send for the Catalog. We urge you to investigate the Waterman Marine Motors. You don't buy a motor every day—you don't want to pay for mistakes. A Waterman Motor will not disappoint you.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.

1531 FORT STREET WEST, DETROIT, MICH.

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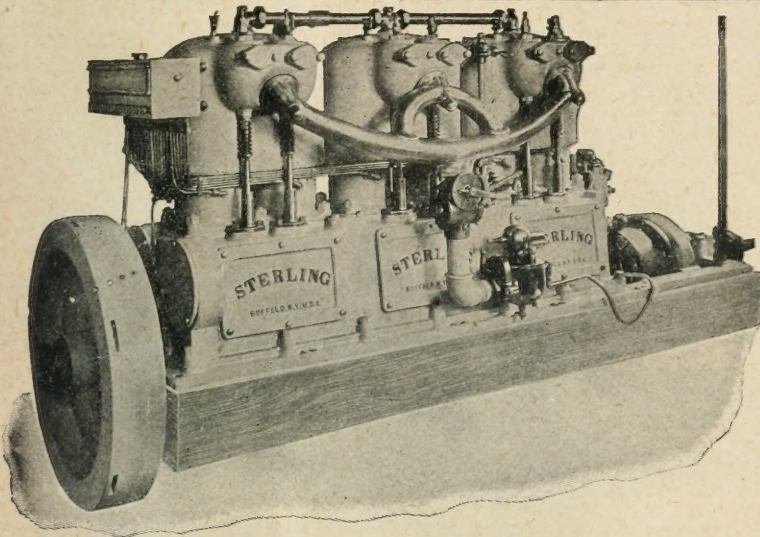
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Special calibres to order.

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ROSS RIFLE COMPANY
Quebec

THE AMERICAN NEW YORK TO PARIS RACER BUILDER BUYS A STERLING 60 H.P. 6 CYLINDER



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Here is a photograph of the engine bought by Mr. Edwin Ross Thomas, Pres. of the E. R. Thomas Motor Co., for his private yacht "Butterfly." Study the cut well, as this engine marks a decided advancement in refinement of construction and represents the ideal marine engine for fast cruisers and heavy working boats.

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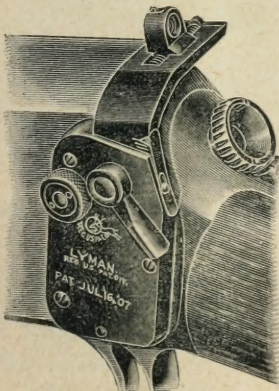
Sterling Engine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
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Member National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

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(Patented July 16th, 1907)



No. 41

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The graduated scale on slide and method of elevating permit very close adjustment. Aperture is adjusted by means of a screw.

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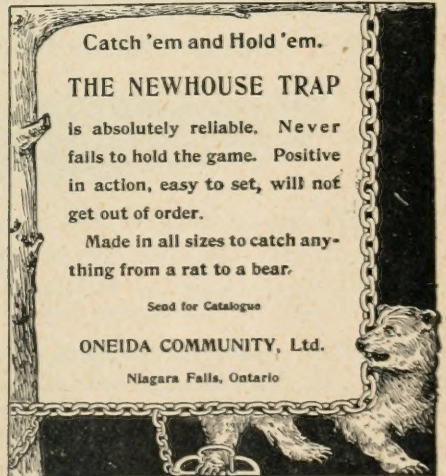
is absolutely reliable. Never falls to hold the game. Positive in action, easy to set, will not get out of order.

Made in all sizes to catch anything from a rat to a bear.

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Niagara Falls, Ontario



A Greenhart Trout Rod

will be sent FREE to anyone sending 10 subscriptions to

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Address

W. J. TAYLOR,

Publisher, Woodstock, Ont.



D. W. MORDEN,
Pilot Mound, Man., one of our
successful students at work.

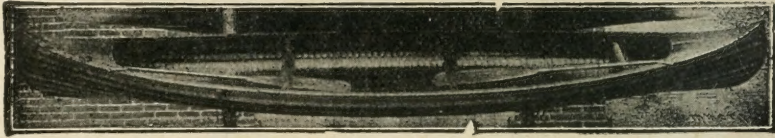
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CANOE or SKIFF

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16 ft. Painted Canoe \$28.00

Varnished Canoe \$32.00



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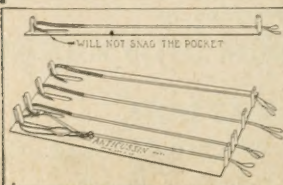
Branch boathouses at Royal Muskoka Hotel, Stanley House, C. N. O. Railway Station, Lake Joseph, Port Carling Muskoka, The Penetanguishene Hotel and Sans Souci Hotel Georgian Bay. Send for Catalogue.

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The Anticussin Hook Holder keeps hooks and snells in perfect condition. Absolutely prevents tangling. Holder with full set of hooks can be carried in the pocket without snagging. Hooks inserted or removed instantly. Entire assortment of hooks always in plain sight for quick selection. Eliminates tackle box.

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New 1908 Model, improved and perfected in every detail. A strictly high-grade 2-cycle engine for use in Canoes, Rowboats, Flatbottom Boats, River Skiffs, Yacht Tenders, Hunting and Fishing Boats, and 14 to 20 ft. Pleasure and Speed Launches.

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2 ACTUAL H. P. Bare Engine \$23

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Van Horne

Cigars

They are recognized to be the best value made in Canada at 10 cents.

Harris, Harkness & Co., Makers, Montreal.

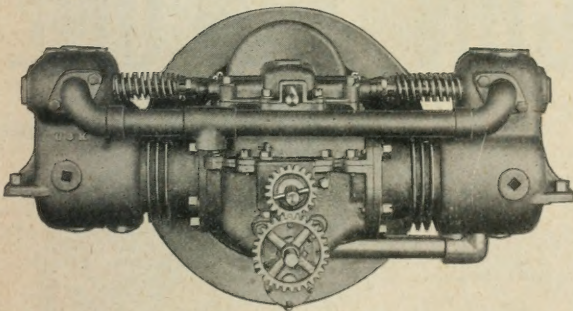
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WORK LIKE BEAVERS.

SIZES: 28 H. P. four cylinder vertical.
12 h.p. and 18 h.p. horizontal opposed
Normal speed 1000 revolutions per minute.

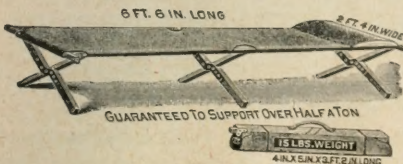
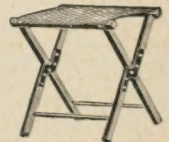
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You can readily make
doubles
with a



Marlin

Repeating Shotgun

Because it combines *guaranteed* shooting ability with the simplest and strongest repeating mechanism—handles quicker and shoots harder than any other repeating gun.

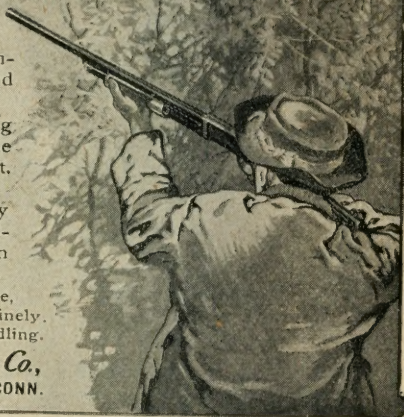
The *Marlin* solid top prevents powder and gases blowing back; the side ejection of shells allows instant repeat shots. The closed-in breechbolt keeps out rain, snow and sleet, and the dirt, leaves, twigs and sand that clog up other repeaters.

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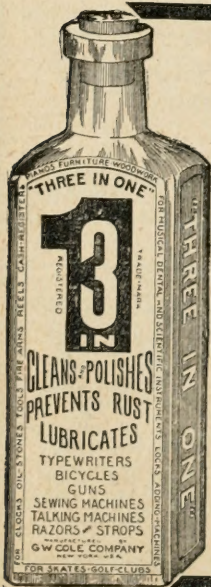
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3-in-One is best for oiling lock, trigger, ejector and every action part perfectly—makes everything work right at the right time. Keeps the mechanism clean and prevents breakage. Contains no grease or acid and will not dry out, cake, gum or collect dust.

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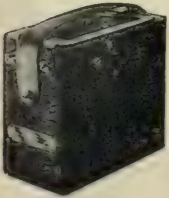
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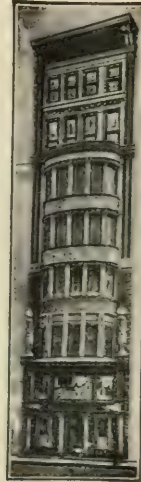
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Gave such remarkable
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Gives Hot Spark Like a
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William English Canoe Co.
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

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Hunting Boots are Best

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They are the lightest boot on the market, quality and material considered. They are made to fit and wear. They are practically water proof—if properly taken care of. There are no nails or anything to gall the feet. They will not harden.

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Manufacturers in Sporting and Athletic Footwear.



**THIS BOAT FOLDS
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It's Solid and Stiff when in use—collapsible and quickly made portable. Carried by hand or in a buggy. Tempered, galvanized, light steel ribs give both strength and lightness. Is a revelation in boat construction. Non-sinkable. Puncture proof. No repairs. No cost for storage. Wears longer than a wooden boat. We make all sizes and styles for every purpose. Our catalogue—100 engravings—sent on receipt of 6 cts.

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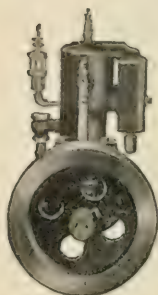
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MARINE MOTORS

YOU and your boat deserve a good engine. You have probably seen enough poor engines to know that such an engine can rob one of all the pleasure and add much to the expense of motor boating.



**2H
P \$45**

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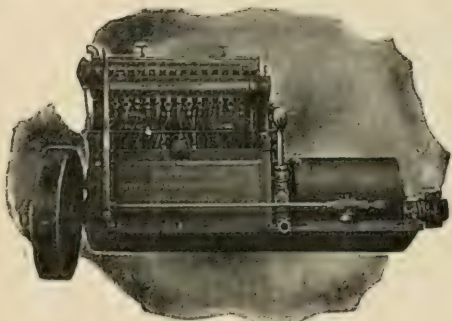
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no valves nor cams—all parts interchangeable, highest grade material throughout. Our broad GUARANTEE covers replacement of any engine that does not give complete satisfaction, and is backed up by one of the largest and most complete factories in the business. Can you afford to take chances or buy on any other terms? Write for our handsome catalog of all sizes.

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2 to 100 H. P.

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Terms strictly nett cash with order.

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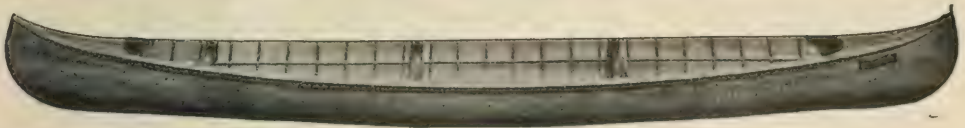
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THE ACME OF PERFECTION.

Safe, Staunch and Reliable.

The Canoe for the long trip.



Our 1908 models of prospecting and pleasure canoes are now ready for delivery. A large stock to choose from which will satisfy the purchaser under all conditions. Don't fail to send for catalogue.

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Three beautiful Hotels and Steamboat
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If you desire to make a reputation
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"Club" brand, follow directions, and
your friends will wonder where you
gained the art. Many a cocktail you
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host for his art of mixing—the truth
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merely required a little ice to cool it.
You can do it just as well.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., *Sole Proprietors*
29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.
HARTFORD, CONN. LONDON



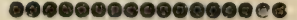
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The Patent
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at a Tournament or Club Shoot, is pretty sure to be a PARKER. Why? Because it is generally found in the hands of the best shooters—men who know a good gun and will buy no other.

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We are Designers and Makers of High-Grade Fishing Tackle

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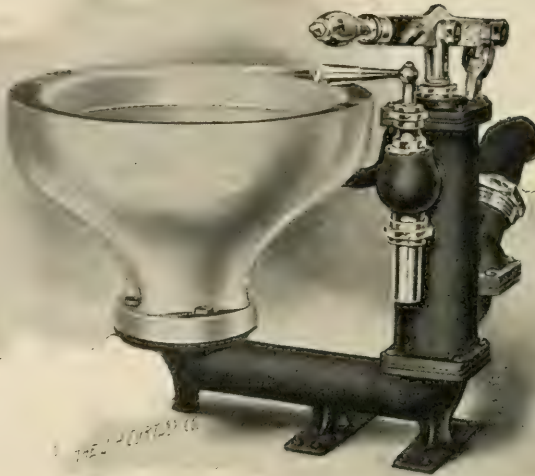
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What Would Camp Be Without Coffee?

In camp it always tastes better than a home, even though it is often pretty black and sometimes a bit muddy.

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A percolator doesn't boil over, doesn't spoil the coffee if left to boil, and you don't have to get it off the fire at a prescribed moment.

This percolator doesn't need minute description—it embodies the principal and is made following the particular style of the famous "Meteor" which has been universally used for years.

The one principal feature of this percolator is that it is *made for you in camp, or en route*, wherever you carry your own compact outfit and brew your own beverage.

All first-class sporting goods dealers either have this percolator, or can order it for you. If you are not near a dealer send to us direct—by mail.

MERIDEN COMPANY,
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor.
218 Fifth Avenue, Corner 26th Street NEW YORK.

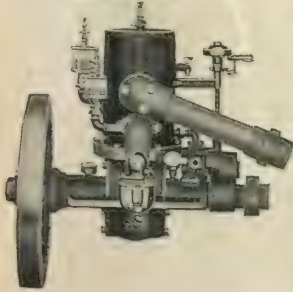
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The simplest, strongest and most durable Marine Engine ever put on the market at this price. Noiseless—no cranking—easy to start—easy to operate—nothing to get out of order.

Three port designs.
Jump spark ignition.
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Smooth running
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No "back firing"
Will not "skip"
No packing to blow out
Highest grade accessories
Reverse clutch or solid propeller
Every engine tested over and above rated h. p.
Materials and workmanship guaranteed

Write for our handsome catalog going into the details of its superior advantages over other engines of its class.

Smith & Baldrige Machine Co.
75 Amsterdam St., Detroit, Mich, U.S.A.

Territory open to all responsible agents alive to a quality proposition.

NOBEL'S

BALLISTITE and EMPIRE
POWDER—Win High Honors

BALLISTITE won the Grand American Handicap, while the high average for nearly all the events was captured by Empire Shooters.

At the Dominion Trap Shooters Association Tournament held in Toronto, August 7th, 8th and 9th, EMPIRE won first and third high average on the third day.

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GIVE EMPIRE A TRIAL AND BE CONVINCED

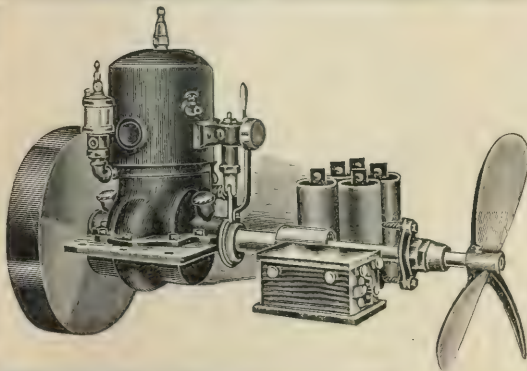
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BRANCH OFFICES:

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2½ H. P., \$ 70.00

4 H. P., 90.00

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Complete Outfits.

Send for Catalogue

GUARANTEE MOTOR CO.

67 Bay N., Hamilton, Can.

ENGINES OF QUALITY

Unexcelled, up-to-date, variable speed

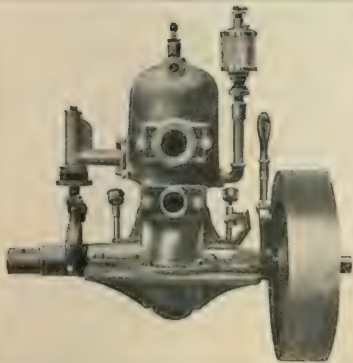
Marine Motors

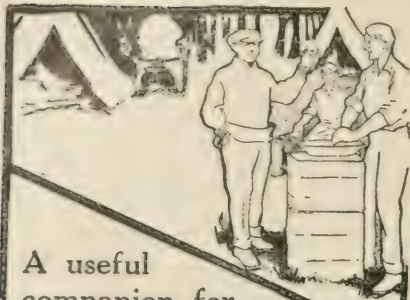
Easy to operate, reliable, powerful, durable.
2 and 4 cycle. 3, 5, 10 and 20 H.P.

MARINE POWER CO.

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MILWAUKEE, WIS.





A useful companion for your camping party is a 30 cent tin of

CALVERT'S 20% Carbolic Soap.

Many are the uses of this powerful antiseptic soap, but you will perhaps most appreciate now the protection it affords against mosquitoes and black flies, the safeguard it provides against infection, and the convenience it offers for making an antiseptic solution.

Ask your druggist for it, or write direct to F. C. Calvert & Co., 319 Dorchester St. West, Montreal. Booklet describing this and other specialties free.

SEND US YOUR ADDRESS FOR OUR

New Catalog

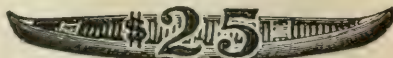
— ON —



**Tackle
Guns and
Camping Goods.**

Oldtown Canoes

15 and 16 feet



The H. H. Kiffe Co. 525 Broadway New York.

THE Queen's Hotel

**TORONTO,
CANADA**

One of the largest and most comfortable hotels in the Dominion of Canada, and, being adjacent to the Lake, commands a splendid view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario. It is well known as one of the coolest houses in summer in Canada, and is elegantly furnished throughout. Rooms en-suite, with bath rooms attached. THE QUEEN'S has been liberally patronized by royalty and nobility during their visits to Toronto, and among those who have honored it with their patronage are: His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia; their Royal Highnesses, Prince, Leopold, Prince George, Princess Louise, and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught; the Marquis of Lorne; the Earl and Countess of Dufferin; the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne; Lord and Lady Stanley, of Preston; Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. THE QUEEN'S is furnished with all the latest modern improvements.

Long Distance Telephone in Every Room.

McGaw & Winnett,

Proprietors.

**Guaranteed for One Year.
Yours for One Dollar.**



THIS Porcelain Plug makes "em" set up and take notice. The greatest plug value ever offered at

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with a year's guarantee. Imported Porcelains. Can't leak or short circuit. Can't soot over. It's a \$2.50 plug for \$1.00.

**NEVER MISS
No. 8**

Ask your dealer or send direct if he can't supply you. None just as good. Remember Never Miss No. 8.

Get our Catalogue of Ignition Goods FREE.

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LANSING, MICH., U. S. A.**



MANUFACTURERS
BY
ROYAL APPOINTMENT



HARDY BROS.

THE GREAT PRACTICAL ENGLISH FISHING
ROD, REEL AND TACKLE MAKERS
produce the best in the world.

If you want the greatest
satisfaction you must have

A "HARDY" Cane Built Rod

A "HARDY" Perfect Reel and Tackle

THE ENGLISH FIELD SAYS: "It is to Messrs
Hardy of Alnwick we owe our supremacy as rod
makers.

Hardy Bros. International Tourna-
ment, Crystal Palace, won 16 cham-
pionships.

Hardy Bros. have been awarded
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We publish the finest and most extensive
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ALNWICK, ENGLAND



GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG REMEDIES.

The result of twenty-five years' experience
in the treatment of
SICK DOGS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
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FREE BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED
On application to

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Never-Lose Key Tag.

Unusually novel and practical. Only Key Tag which makes it easy
for the finder to return lost keys with-
out cost or inconvenience. Two parts
hinged together. Name, address and
postage on inside. Finder simply
reverses and drops in nearest mail
box. Avoids necessity of offering re-
ward for return. German Silver
handsomely made, 25c postpaid.
Agents wanted.

C. E. LOCKE MFG. CO., 159 SPRUCE STREET, KENSETT, IOWA.



A Business Education Free

"THE ART AND LITERATURE OF BUSINESS"
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Complete, in six volumes, will be sent FREE to
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Thirty Subscriptions to
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These volumes enter fully into methods suitable for
all kinds of business and point out methods leading
to success. The books are bound in cloth, will
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Address W. J. TAYLOR,
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THE HILDEBRANDT BAITES



For Trout and Bass fishing.
No swivels required; "they
spin so easy." Made in seven
different size blades, 25
styles, in either Bucktail or
feather fly. For casting and
trolling. Send for circulars

Price for single, 25c; tandem, 35c.
JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT, Drawer S, LOGANSPORT, IND., U.S.A.

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H & R REVOLVERS

*For the Sake of
Protection and Pleasure*

Be sure the
H & R Revolver has
a place in your grip.

Get the most out of your vacation. Confidence, coolness, and self-reliance are developed through the enjoyment that comes from shooting with an accurate, dependable and safe H & R Revolver.

Mechanically perfect, minutely tested, superior in finish; in fact, a better revolver at a medium price.

We particularly recommend our H & R Automatic Double Action, 32 caliber, six shot, or 38 caliber, five shot, 3 1/4 inch barrel, nickel finish — \$6.00. H & R Hammerless, \$7.00.

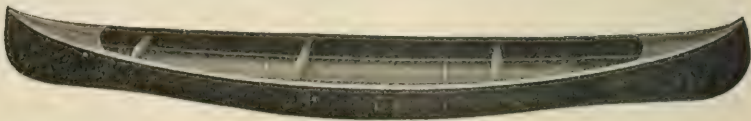
Ask your dealer to see the new target grip which fits the hand naturally, prevents slipping and twisting, affording a steady aim and greater accuracy in shooting.

Sold by all first-class dealers. Rather than accept a substitute, order from us direct. Look for our name on barrel and the little target trade-mark on the handle.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOG.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO. 491 PARK AVE.
WORCESTER, MASS.

'Tis time you were buying your

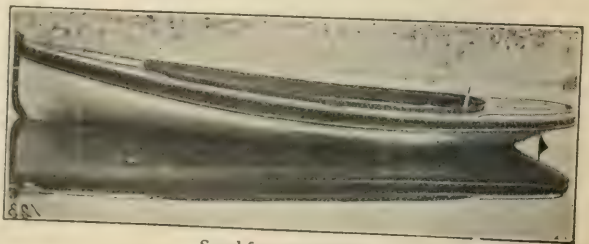


Canoe, Skiff or Launch

FOR THIS SUMMER.

We build all sorts of Gasoline Launch Hulls and can install any motor or sell you hull only. **WRITE US.**

We have the largest Canoe and Skiff factory in Canada, and when you buy a Canoe, Skiff or Launch and **want the best** see that it bears the stamp of the



Send for our Catalogue.

Peterborough Canoe Co., Limited, Peterborough, Canada

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Little Giant

GASOLINE MOTORS

RELIABLE - REVERSIBLE - TWO CYCLE

LIGHT, SIMPLE AND EASY TO OPERATE. ONLY THREE MOVING PARTS. MAIN BEARINGS BABBITTED. MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP OF THE HIGHEST GRADE AND GUARANTEED JUMP SPARK IGNITION.

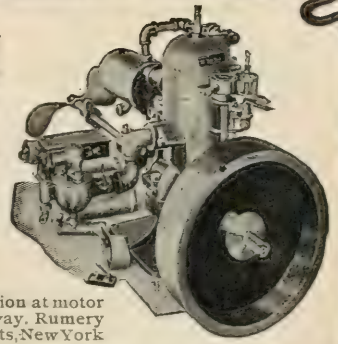
BUILT IN MULTI-CYLINDER TYPES

Send to-day for free catalog "N"

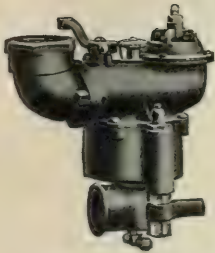
UNITED MANUFACTURING CO.
DETROIT, MICH.

171-175 WEST WOODBRIDGE ST.

Please send 10 cents for our book entitled *Ignition, Vaporization, Installation, and Operation of a Gasoline Motor.*



Motors on exhibition at motor mart, 1876 Broadway, Rumery & Vail, sales agents, New York



NINE TENTHS of motor troubles are caused by the carbureter used. If the carbureter goes bad—the engine goes bad—the machine goes bad—the owner cusses, he goes bad—and if you're selling motors the sales go bad. You'll find a smaller percentage of carbureter fall downs among machines equipped with a

Breeze Carbureter

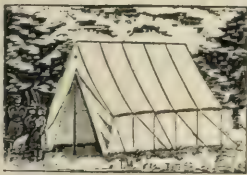
than among those equipped with any other carbureter made. We can prove it—have done so in four years of actual service. Our text book "Carbureters and Engine Troubles" explains how we do it. Send for it. We want agents in Canada, and dealers and jobbers to handle our goods. Write us—we mean business and have a liberal proposition.

Breeze Carbureters, Newark, New Jersey, U. S. A.

ROBERT SOPER

369 and 371 Bay Street North

HAMILTON, ONTARIO



Manufacturer of Sails, Tents, Awnings and Flags. Waterproof Horse and Wagon Covers.

Tents to rent and made to order of all sizes.

Men's Black Oiled Clothing of all kinds, Life Preservers, Cork Fenders, Boat Fittings.

Send for Catalogue

Phone Number 1383—Long Distance

THOUSAND ISLAND HOUSE Alexandria Bay. N. Y.

The most popular and beautiful resort in America. Fishing, Boating, Golf and other diversion

Send for Booklet to

O. G. STAPLES

PROPRIETOR

Alexandria Bay, - N. Y.

Do you want a safe, sound, reliable
Motor Boat ?

See Our Guarantee of Mullin's
 Pressed Steel

- 16 ft. 3 1-2 h.p. speed 9.....\$325 00
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- 19 ft. 3 1-2 h.p. speed 8..... 450 00
- 19 ft. 7 h.p. double cyl., speed 13.. 605 00
- 22 ft. 7 h.p. double cyl., speed 11 1-2 775 00
- 22 ft. 10 h.p. triple cyl., speed 14 . 885 00
- 22 ft. 16-20 h.p. triple cyl., speed 17. 1025 00
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Above prices subject to discount.

10 cents in stamps secures large art catalogue and testimonial sheet.

N. R. THOMPSON
 BRANTFORD. ONTARIO.
 SOLE DISTRIBUTOR.



When in Camp
 there is nothing goes quite so well as a bit of good fat bacon. If you have not been used to fat bacon — try it — the doctors say it is good and after you have tried it you will say so too. Ask your grocer to get you

'Star Brand'
 English Breakfast
BACON

Made by
F. W. FEARMAN CO., Ltd.
 Hamilton, Ont.

All Fearman's goods are Government inspected.



A Strelinger

inyour Launch is like gold in your pocket,
Mighty Satisfactory Safe Simple, Durable Reliable Powerful The Strelinger Always Goes

4 Cyl.--STRELINGER--1 to 4 Cyl.

"Good as Ever after 10 Years of Service"
 That's the way we build them. GOOD when you buy them, GOOD ALWAYS. TROUBLE LEAVES when the STRELINGER comes aboard. We carry in stock engines from 1 1-2 to 50 H. P. \$25 to \$2500. 2 and 4 Cycle Marine and Stationary. Send for catalogue. Special bargain on a few sample motors. Write now while the opportunity lasts.

The Strelinger Marine Engine Co.
 Dept. x 46 CONGRESS ST. E. DETROIT, MICH.

A RARE OPPORTUNITY



To Secure a Powerful, Speedy, Dependable
 2, 4 or 6 H. P. Two Cycle Marine Engine

We have recently purchased the entire plant of the St. Clair Motor Co., and offer a limited number of
THE FAMOUS LITTLE SKIPPER MARINE ENGINES.
 at very interesting prices.

They are selling rapidly. The price will be increased when the present lot is sold. Ask for Catalog R.G.

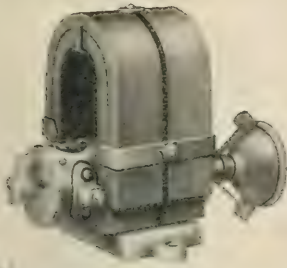
GRAY-HAWLEY MFG. CO., DETROIT, MICH.
 Manufacturers of Gray Mufflers, Autochimes, Valves, Foot-Pedals, Steam and Air Chime Whistles, etc., etc.

Free! An Unbreakable Rod

The Greatest Novelty in Fishing Rods

Silk bound waterproof, Split Cane Rod in Trout or Bass. Strongest rod in the world. For particulars how to secure one write Premium Department, Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, Woodstock, Ont.

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Wizard Magneto

Absolutely Reliable and Durable.

Make and Break or Jump Spark for
Marine and Stationary Engines.

SPECIAL MAGNETO FOR
FORD AND MAXWELL RUNABOUTS

Try a "WIZARD" on your Engine
Thousands in successful operation

HERCULES ELECTRIC CO.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CANADIAN AGENTS:
CANADIAN FAIRBANKS CO.
Montreal Vancouver Winnipeg Toronto

GOOD HEALTH!
DRINK

Bromo Mineral

The well known morning bracer.
Sweetens a sour stomach.

Sold at all Hotels in Canada.

ALSO DEALERS
IN ALL KINDS OF

HOTEL GLASSWARE
AND
HOTEL SUPPLIES.

BROMO MINERAL CO.

86 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

SHOOT MULLERITE

THE PERFECT BULK SMOKELESS POWDER.

HARDEST GRAIN. HIGHEST VELOCITIES

DEEPEST PENETRATION

GUARANTEED SUPERIOR to ANY SMOKELESS POWDER

TRY IT LOAD FOR LOAD WITH ANY SMOKELESS

YOU WILL BE CONVINCED

SCHOVERLING BROS., Sole Agents

6 Read Street, New York City.

Your local dealer can supply any load you wish; if not let us hear from you. A trial is our best argument.

An Element of Safety

With the old fashioned razor, a man is never safe. Most men will cut their faces a dozen times a year, at least. The man never lived and shaved regularly with the old style razor, who has not frequently cut himself.

A man can shave all his lifetime with the "Gillette" Safety Razor without a single mishap.

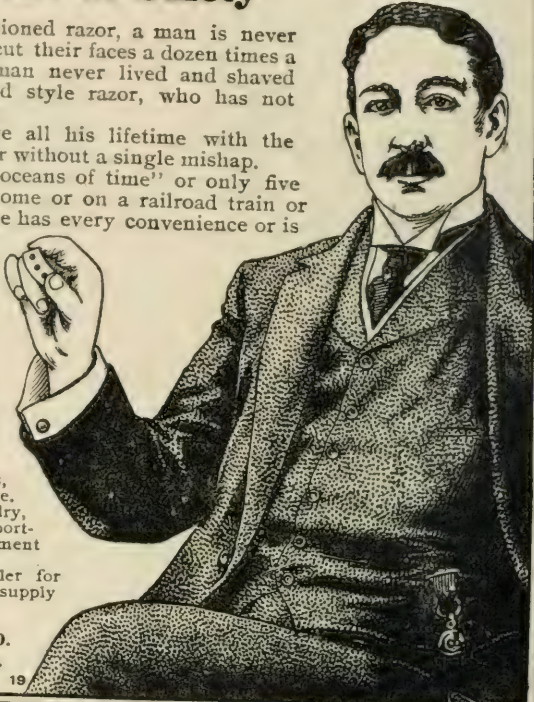
Whether he has "oceans of time" or only five minutes—whether at home or on a railroad train or ocean liner—whether he has every convenience or is without a mirror—it's all the same with the "Gillette."

The certainty of safety is only ONE of the many exclusive features of the "Gillette"—the safety razor that is safe.

The Gillette Safety Razor consists of a triple silver plated holder and 12 double edged flexible blades, in velvet lined leather case. Price 5¢—at all leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores.

Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, write us.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
of Canada Limited, Montreal.



Gillette Safety Razor
NO STROPPING NO HONING

Salmon Fishing

on the UPSALQUITCH RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK, may be had by applying to

T. MALCOLM,
CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK

who will give all information.

THE Kent Double Spinner Bass Baits

and Kent Champion Floater are the best baits for bass that can be obtained.

Sent Postpaid 75 cents

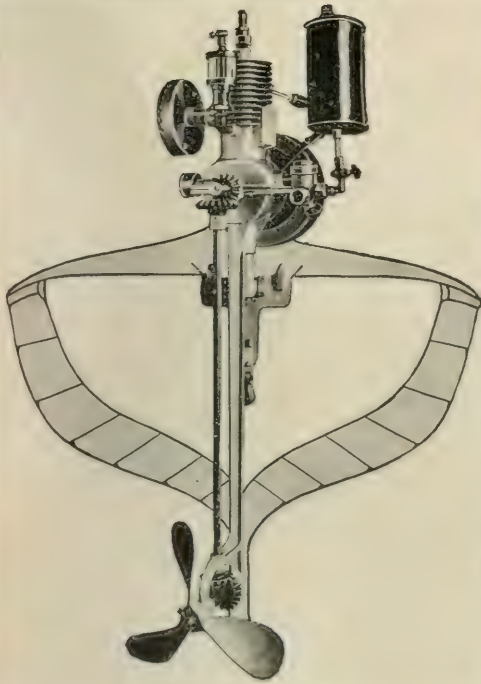
Manufactured exclusively by

Samuel H. Friend, Kent, O., U. S. A.

Korona Cameras Free!

Write for particulars to-day. W. J. TAYLOR, Publisher, Woodstock, Ont.

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NEW
Marine Portable
Gasoline Engine

2 H. P. Weight 40 lbs.

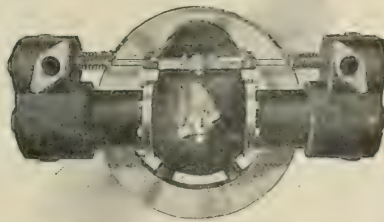
Can be instantly attached by two thumb screws to the transom of any row boat. Engine is air cooled. Just the engine for anglers and owners of dinghys and sail boats. For particulars address

Walnut Machine & Brass Foundry Company
 316 Walnut Street, Toledo, Ohio.

AUTO BOAT AND AUTO MOTORS

10-12 H.P.
 18-20 H.P.

Four Cycle
 Double Cylinder



Agents Wanted.

Satisfaction
 Guaranteed.

Send for Prices and
 Circulars.

THE BEILFUSS MOTOR CO., LANSING, MICH., U.S.A.

Kerosene and Gasoline Marine Engines

WE manufacture two types of engines, one designed for gasoline only and one for both gasoline and kerosene.

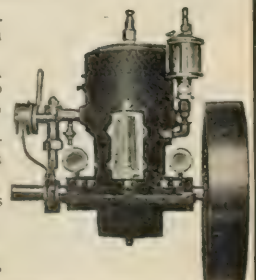
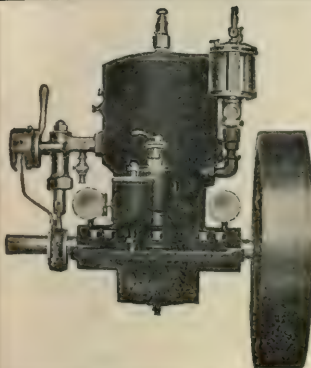
Our kerosene generator valve is different from any other type as it forces the charge directly into the cylinder without drawing it into base of engine, first heating it with hot air.

Our engines are correct in every detail, and their successful performance makes good our claim of a High Grade Engine at Reasonable Price.

WRITE FOR CATALOG. Ten sizes. 1, 2 and 3 cylinders

DUBRIE MOTOR CO.

450 Guoin St. - - Detroit, Mich.



LAKE OF BAYS

HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.



The LAKE OF BAYS

KNOWN AS THE

"KILLARNEY of AMERICA"

OVER 1000 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL
 PURE AND EXHILARATING ATMOSPHERE
 MAGNIFICENT SCENERY and LOVELY WATER TRIPS
 AN IDEAL TERRITORY for CAMPERS and CANOEISTS
 MODERN STEAMBOATS HAVE BEEN PLACED ON THESE LAKES
 GOOD HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS AT REASONABLE RATES.

Write for handsome booklet which tells you all about it. Sent free on application to J. D. McDonald, Union Station, Toronto, or to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

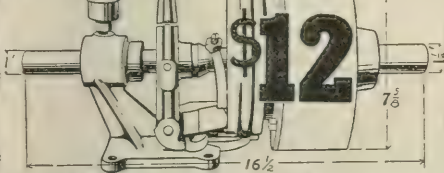
W. E. DAVIS
 Passenger Traffic Manager
 MONTREAL

G. T. BELL
 Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agent
 MONTREAL

\$12 **\$12** **\$12** **\$12**
STOP! LOOK!
LISTEN!

The Gear Sensation of the Year
Gies Reverse Gear
Successor to the reversible propeller.

SPECIAL TRANSMITS 1 HP.
No 1 Per 100 Revolutions

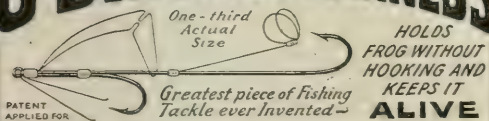


DONT Experiment—Get the Genuine.
 Be bamboozled by similarity
 in names — The Gies Reverse Gear
 is made only by

GIES GEAR COMPANY
 DETROIT
 MICH. — USA

\$12 **\$12** **\$12** **\$12**

U-B LIVE FROG HARNESS



HOLDS FROG FIRMLY IN NATURAL POSITION WITHOUT KILLING OR INJURING IT. Keeps mouth closed and PREVENTS FROG FROM BLOATING. Easily slipped on. Absolutely WEEDLESS. SAVES THE FROGS. Catches the SHORT-BITERS. At your Dealers or direct, postpaid, 50 cents.

UNKEFER & BRADLEY, Mfrs., 91 Dearborn St., CHICAGO



FOX MOTORS
HIGH SPEED-HEAVY DUTY

COMPLETE TO 6 CYL

We offer more real motor value, larger cylinders, more power, service and satisfaction than any other manufacturer. Our catalog claims it; our customers confirm it; our sales prove it.

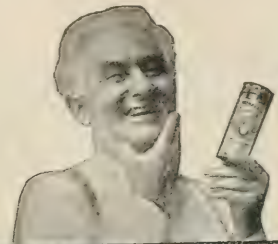
THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
 208 Front St., South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.

FOX MOTORS
HIGH SPEED-HEAVY DUTY

COMPLETE TO 6 CYL

We sell on the bore and stroke of our cylinders and their capacity in cubic inches. To realize the importance of this matter, send for our catalog.

THE FOX REVERSIBLE GASOLINE ENGINE CO.
 208 Front St., South Cincinnati, Newport, Ky.



After Shaving
 use
MENNEN'S
BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

and insist that your barber use it also. It is **Antiseptic** and will **prevent** any of the skin diseases often contracted.

A positive relief for **Sunburn, Chafing, Prickly Heat**, and all afflictions of the skin. **Removes** all odor of perspiration.

Get Mennen's—the original. Put up in non-refillable boxes—the "box that lox" Sold everywhere or mailed for 25 cents. Sample free. Try Mennen's *Violet (Borated) Talcum*. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark N. J.

RAINO WATERPROOF CLOTHING

Keeps you dry, clean and comfortable in the heaviest driving storm.

Plenty of materials are SAID to be waterproof. **RAINO** has PROVEN so by the severest tests.

Raino garments are soft and pliable and will not stick, gum, rot or peel.

Is the only satisfactory material for hunters, fishermen, yachtsmen, automobilists, etc. Color Olive Drab.

Write for sample and free book of styles.
 Dealers can also be supplied.

RAINO CO.
 737-761 S. Halsted Street, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

The Putman Boots

The
World's
Standard

*Go on like a glove
and fit all over*



The Putman Boots

are the oldest and best known line of high-cut boots and shoes on the market. Ask your dealer for them. If he cannot supply you, send for measurement blanks and free catalogue describing over forty styles, and we will deliver direct to you, express prepaid, a pair of the Genuine Hand Sewed, Waterproofed, made-to-measure Putman Boots.

ILLUSTRATION SHOWS

No. 725

12 inches
high.
Made of
Brown or
Black
Leather.

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., 16 HENNEPIN AVE., MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

**WHEN IN DETROIT STOP AT
THE TULLER**

Absolutely Fireproof
Cor. Adams Avenue and Park Street



In the centre of the Theatre, Shopping and Business District. A la Carte Cafe. Grille Room. Service Unexcelled. Every Room With Bath. European Plan. Rates \$1.50 per day and up.
M. A. SHAW, MANAGER.

**Good photos give pleasure
to the Amateur.**

No clogged up shadows and dead white skies if you use

“Wellington”

Plates and Films.



Wellington P. O. P. and S. C. P. (gaslight paper) will give you good results. Try them and see.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write

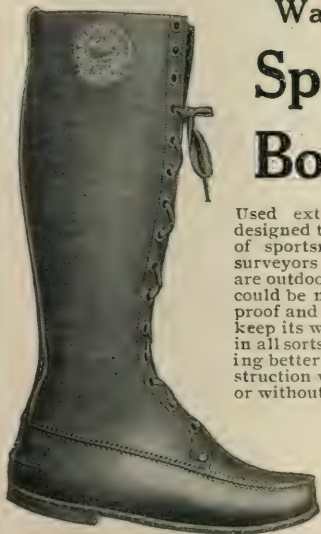
WARD & CO.

13 ST. JOHN STREET, MONTREAL, P. Q

Palmer's Moosehead Brand

Waterproof

**Sporting
Boots**



Used extensively by and designed to meet the views of sportsmen, prospectors, surveyors and others who are outdoors. No other boot could be made more waterproof and better adapted to keep its wearer comfortable in all sorts of weather. Nothing better for railway construction work. Made with or without sole and heel.

Write for "R" Catalogue showing different styles.

JOHN PALMER CO., Limited

Fredericton, N. B., Canada.

Largest manufacturers of Oil Tan Waterproof Footwear in the world.

**Motor Boat
Tanks**

Built to Stand Government Test.

Tanks of all sizes made to pattern.

Stationery Engine Cooling Tanks made to order.

All orders filled within three days

All goods sent C.O.D., F.O.B.

No overflow in filling our tanks. Prevented by drip.

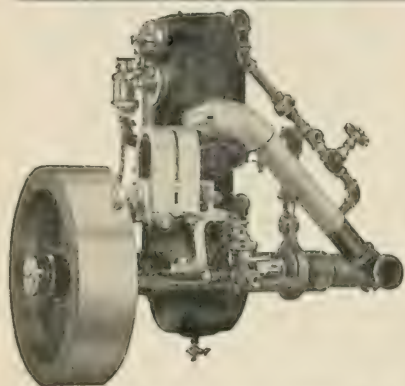
Ornamental Gal. Iron Works

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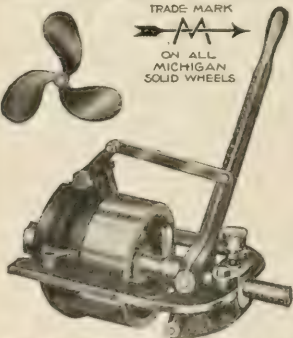
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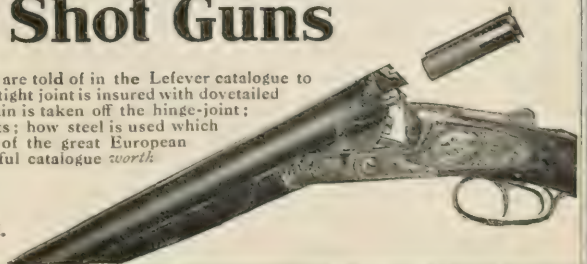
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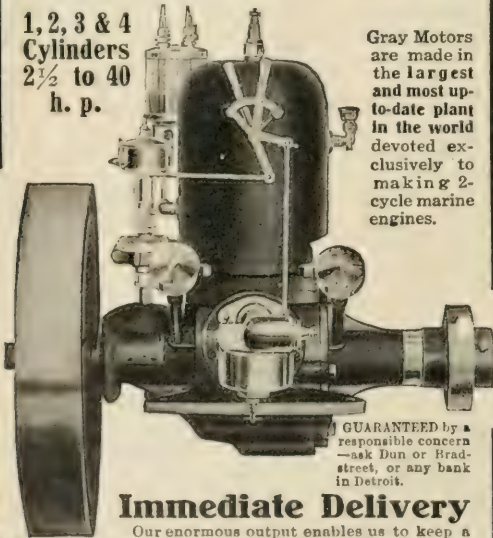
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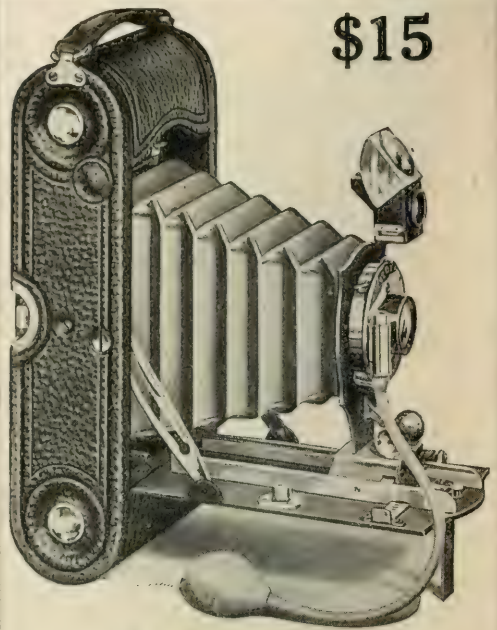
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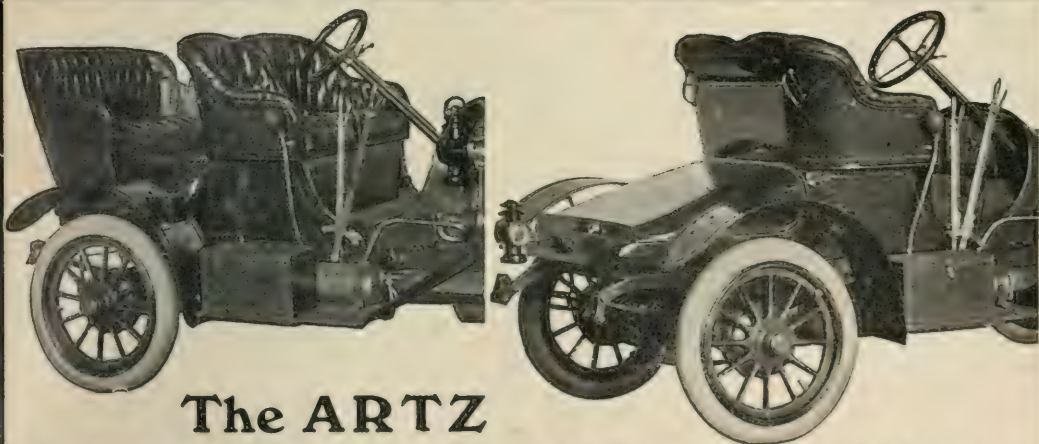
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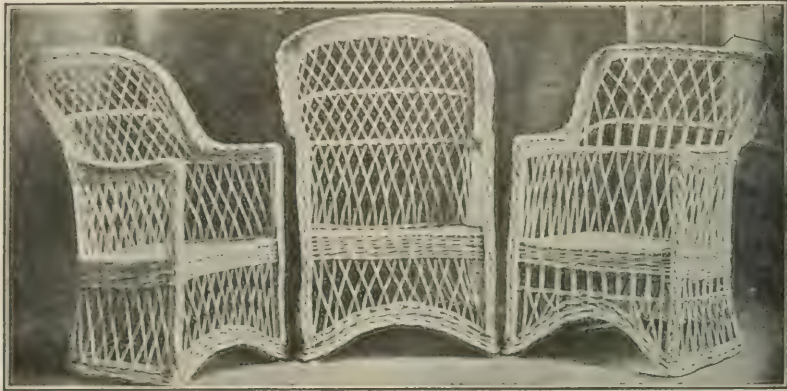
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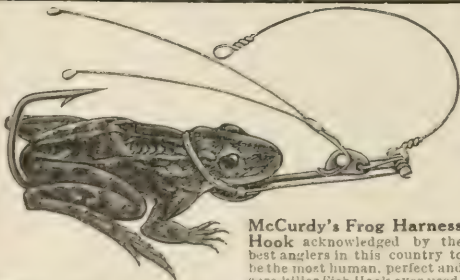
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Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

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MOUNT STEPHEN FROM THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

Photo—Merry M. Funn.



ROD AND GUN



AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. X

JULY 1908

NO. 2

Samuel de Champlain.

BY HAROLD RAYMOND.

WHEN Columbus laid bare to the eyes of wondering Europe, the fact of a vast continent in the west, Spain, by right of discovery, laid claim to the whole of the New World. She immediately followed up discovery with conquest, and being jealous of her possessions, which began rapidly to yield up great wealth, and being all powerful, she attempted to keep America free from foreign approach or interference.

Spain could not, however, hope long to stem the tide of enterprise and travel which was fast awakening the adventurous of all maritime nations. Cabot discovered for England the Grand Banks fisheries, Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, although the Bretons and Basques were the first to derive much benefit therefrom. Cartier had sailed up the wide gulf and river of St. Lawrence and claimed the territory in the name of the King of France. His terrible experience of a rigorous winter at Stadacona disappointed the hopes of his country for a colony in that wild land. The French had earlier ventured a settlement on the coast of Florida but the Spaniards, gaining knowledge of the attempt, marched thither in considerable force and utterly annihilated the little band of pioneers. Then for years war waged at home and all thought of dependencies abroad was forgotten.

In the European wars, however, there had arisen a soldier of much courage and resource, who was to carry the name of France through many a mile of forest and

swamp, over many a league of lake and river—Samuel de Champlain. This young man so far showed his ability in military matters as to win the personal esteem of the French King, who at the close of the wars gave him a position at Court. A life of pleasure and gaiety at Fontainebleau, was not to the taste of the erstwhile soldier, used to more arduous duties. Born in the little seaport town of Brouage, on the Bay of Biscay, he naturally felt a yearning for the sea, though his father, himself a naval officer, desired him to enter the army. He acceded to his parent's wishes but never forgot his early tendency and soon evinced a disposition to roam at large. Fired undoubtedly by the stories of the great conquests of Spain in America and the ventures of his own countrymen in the New World he had a strong desire to enter upon a similar life. Fortunately at that time a small expedition was being got ready to sail to the West Indies. He obtained leave to accompany it and here for two years or more he sailed about, exploring, surveying and gathering all information possible of the country. They voyaged as far south as Panama, then returned to France. The life in all its varied aspects took a firm hold upon the adventurous spirit of Champlain and from the day of his first sailing he never wholly forgot or gave up the love of the western sea.

Shortly after this he joined an expedition to the land of Cartier's voyages made years before. In two small vessels, one

of twelve, the other of fifteen tons they crossed the Atlantic and sailed into the broad Gulf of St. Lawrence and up the noble river of the same name. Skirting the northern shore with its huge basaltic cliffs hanging high above the tiny craft or passing leagues of silent impenetrable forests of spruce and fir, they sailed along day after day. Unlike Cartier's time the shores seemed devoid of human life though birds and beasts were abundant on all sides. Coming to the high and massive rock of Stadacona the military eye of Champlain saw in its seemingly unscalable heights, its towering invulnerability a fortress worthy indeed to guard and to hold the gateway of so noble a river. There and then he evolved in his mind his life's work and planned schemes that were never to leave his tireless brain till there came either accomplishment or death. From that moment he was ever moved by the mighty, yet silent forces of the wilderness.

On landing they were received by no demonstration of voices, hostile or otherwise, not a solitary being did they see, nor the sign of one. The large settlement described by Cartier had disappeared leaving no trace behind. Again the voyagers took to the vessels and sailed farther through the great regions of water and forest land. They arrived at Hochelaga. Here to their surprise and pleasure they saw a settlement of the natives of the country and immediately started a business in trade and barter with the aborigines. Champlain with a mind for discovery and exploration, set off up the river in a small boat with a couple of Indians as guides. He got as far as the St. Louis Rapids where, unable to pass or portage, he had to give up and return to his comrades and the ships. Before the coming of the ice and snow they weighed anchor and dropping down the miles of river turned, at length, their prows for far-off home.

The Breton and Basque fishermen had spread stories of a land, rich in promise, which the natives called "Acadie," meaning a "region of plenty." Several adventurers had gone out to this country and returned with rare cargoes of furs. The stories excited a good deal of wonder and speculation till at last a large expedition

was got together for the joint purpose of forming a colony and starting a trading association with the Indians. This party, under the leadership of a gentleman, De Monts by name, accompanied also by the indomitable Champlain, sailed in the year 1604 and landed on the south coast of Acadie at a place they called Cap le Heve, now Liverpool Harbor. They proved the stories true by finding all sorts of game and fur-bearing animals. As De Monts had been given a monopoly of the whole of the trade by Royal Charter he immediately set about finding a place for his headquarters. Shortly after their arrival they had been joined by a ship carrying supplies and materials for colonization. This ship, under command of one Pontgrave, who was afterwards to play a prominent part in the country's history, after discharging her cargo sailed almost immediately back to France, while De Monts and Champlain followed out their original intention of a tour of exploration.

They doubled Cape Sable entering St. Mary's Bay, then traversing the Bay of Fundy which they called La Baie Francais, they entered a fine sheltered harbor. One of the chief members of the expedition, the Baron de Poutrincourt was so taken up with the beautiful aspect of this harbor, the quietness, the gentle sloping hills and pleasant woodlands, that he begged permission to plant a little colony on the spot which he called Port Royal. The party continuing on their way sailed around the head of the Bay of Fundy coasting the shore. They came to the mouth of the River St. John, which Champlain explored some distance taking many surveys. Arriving at Passamaquoddy Bay they found the St. Croix River and here, upon a small almost barren island they erected their fort, the nucleus of a colony. Before winter had arrived Champlain set out in a small pinnace to range the western coast continuing making surveys and charts of the harbors. He found and entered to some length the river Penobscot. On his return the little party were preparing for the approaching severity of winter by building and strengthening their houses and chopping firewood. They had been told of the hardships that must be endured and were bravely op-

timistic. Pout-
rincourt had
sailed for France
leaving the little
colony at the
number of seven-
ty-nine. On land-
ing an attempt
had been made
to plant some
seeds of grain
and vegetables
for the ensu-
ing winter but
it was too late to
expect any
growth and the
attempt proved
futile. They had
built inside the
palisaded fort be-
sides a number of
houses in the
form of a square,
a governor's
residence and a
small chapel.
Unfortunately
the island was a
mere grassy up-
heavel at any
time, no trees,
no water, for
which necessar-
ies they had to
travel to the
main land. Its
site was chosen
because of its
defensive posi-
tion from hostile
natives, but hap-
pily they were
never troubled



CHAMPLAIN'S MONUMENT AT QUEBEC.

from that quarter. Being without much fresh food, when winter had settled fully upon them, they developed the scurvy in violent form and, despite the hopes, the cheerfulness and activity of the governor and Champlain, their spirits dropped to a low ebb. The winter proved a trial, the like of which they had never dreamed. Many succumbed to disease and when the soft winds of Spring and the warmer sun melted the intense frost about them, only forty-four of the original number crawl-

ed weakly forth to give thanks for the return of life and hope. When the ice had left the harbor, they embarked in their remaining boats for Port Royal across the bay, taking everything portable with them and dismantling the fort.

In June, Champlain, eager for the chance of exploration, advised a trip down the southern coast of the main land and both he and De Monts set sail coasting the rocky barren shores of New England, until the dangers of reefs and shoals

and the hostility of the several bands of Indians they met drove them back to Port Royal. During that summer a staunch friendship was made with the Micmac Indians which lasted to the very end of French rule in that country. De Monts presently sailed home to France leaving the colony in charge of Pontgrave who had arrived with another ship load of necessaries.

When the next winter came with its cold icy winds from the ocean and its heavy zero weather, the colonists were a little better prepared for it and the Indians kept them with frequent supplies of fresh food, but even then they were hard beset with the severity of the season and hailed with delight and gratitude the coming of the spring. With the warmer weather came also ships and news from France which much enlivened the pioneers. The Baron de Poutrincourt had arrived bringing with him a gentleman, one Lescarbot, whose graphic pen has left us some interesting records of his sojourn in Acadie. Port Royal was now in a better condition. A large field was tilled and grain and vegetables of all kinds planted and a good crop reaped. Altogether the colony was entering upon a period of prosperity and happiness. Voyages of discovery and exploration were undertaken, generally under the leadership of the irrepressible Champlain. Summer passed merrily by; autumn gave of her wealth of fruit and produce and when winter's chill came heavily upon them they were undisturbed, being prepared in every capacity. In fact the winter of 1606—07 was the most cheerful of all or any during the old French regime. Champlain, his heart and soul in the undertaking had inaugurated a society of friends which he called "The Order of Good Times" for the mutual and social harmony of the little band and pleasantly passed the long cold hours of the season of frost.

A sudden ending awaited the first colony of Acadie. One day there came a ship from home with fatal news. The promoters of the settlement had decided to abandon the effort of colonization. The experiment was deemed a failure. Very reluctantly the settlers of Port Royal saw their goods shipped away into the hold of the vessel and beheld the

work of years of toil and patience made level with the ground. Champlain, with Poutrincourt and Lescarbot finished a survey of Canseau Harbor which they had undertaken, then in the month of October, 1607, with drooping spirits they bid adieu to the scene of months of labor and distress yet which, withal, they were loth to leave. Hardships and disappointment to these men of iron were but as thistles to a scythe in a grain field to be cut down relentlessly before the march of stern resolution and need. Champlain had but tasted of the toil and he yearned for more. It came.

Next year, doubtless by his own efforts and persuasion, he was given power to found another colony in New France, with his old companion, Pontgrave, as chief trader. He had set his mind on Stadacona, the place of his first visit as a site. His plans had lain dormant all these years and they had now, since he was to have command, only to be called into practice. With a heart full of the joy and expectancy of the explorer and pioneer, he set sail from the seaport of Honfleur, France, on April fifth, 1608, Pontgrave with his supply vessels having preceded him by eight days. After an uneventful voyage, he sailed into the broad reach of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and headed for the river. He had appointed to meet Pontgrave at Tadousac and when he arrived at that harbor he was disagreeably surprised to find his friend in the hands of a number of Basque traders, who, resenting the monopoly of the newcomer, had seized his person and effects and were deciding on a plan of procedure when Champlain arrived. The latter, with his usual tact and forbearance, rescued his companion from the freebooters, and sailed on up the wide avenue of water.

The ship was one of those bluff-bowed high-sterned little craft that have made famous the names of the great navigators of three hundred years ago. Large square sails bellied out from long bending yards and as she sailed, not fast but steadily, up the gleaming river, frightening away clouds of water-fowl by the ripple and swirl of her low and broad cut-water, she must have presented a quaint figure in the midst of that sylvan solitude, un-



CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERS LAKE HURON, 1613.

broken save by the splash of the leaping dolphin or the defiant eagle's scream. Perhaps from among the dense forests of fir that clothed long stretches of the river's shore, the colonists, from their ship, could hear the bellow of the lordly moose, perhaps see the great branch-antlered bull caribou leading his numerous harem to fresher feeding grounds, afar in the ample waste of woodland.

Perched high up on the poop or rear-deck of the little ship stood Champlain, soldier, sailor, scientist, historian and now the parent of an embryo colony. With one hand on the tiller he gave instructions to the helmsman at his side, for only he knew the tortuous windings of that dangerous coast. Spread out on the deck at his feet was doubtless the chart of the river made from his former voyage. He watched the channels of approach with an untiring eagerness. A hidden rock would spoil his life's desire.

In the hard set lines of his rugged, yet kindly face, one could see that he had suffered cruel hunger, bitter cold, and danger and disease, yet in his eyes there was that large hope of the man of peril, infusing into the heart of him who should meet his glance equal hope and courage, for he was a born leader of men, this Champlain. As he stood he cast his eyes now and then at the knots of men gathered on the deck below: gentlemen, merchants and servants, a motley crew, yet he saw in them no distinction of class, but the hope of France in the New World, to be shaped into a dependency worthy of her fair name.

Suddenly his gaze rested upon a high bluff of rock, blue in the distance, but rearing a mighty front thrust far out into the channel. A lofty point of land jutted out from the opposite shore and in the distance they appeared to meet. A noisy clamour arose as he drew all attention

to the spot and a rousing cheer awoke the quiet of the river. Eagerly they gazed till the wind brought them up closer, and still closer, till they dropped anchor right beneath and in the shadow of the beetling cliff. Hurriedly boats were lowered and rowed ashore and Champlain after a solemn religious offering started immediately upon the task of rearing his settlement.

He selected the very edge of the shore below the heights, and all hands were put to work chopping down trees, sawing them into lumber, clearing away the underbrush and vines, digging drains and trenches, and amid the bustle and hurry of toil the leader himself was the busiest, guiding, helping, working with that industry that no danger or disappointment could subdue. Only darkness brought the labor to a halt and in the meantime tents were erected; for most of the band weary of the long voyage were glad to sleep on land again, while Champlain, with the eye of the soldier, for the protection of his men, placed a guard over the camp in fear of some unknown evil lurking about the great silent depths of primeval forest. And so was begun the initial stage in a colony which the founder hoped would become a great empire under the lillies of France and the cross of Rome, for Champlain combined with the practical example of the soldier and statesman the dogmatic principles of the church and had the energy of the infant colony and its promotors been turned upon reaping a benefit from the soil with as much zeal as the holy fathers showed in their efforts at converting the natives there might have been a different history of Canada to read. But the traders and land holders, emulating the example of Spain in colonization, were bent upon receiving from the land a maximum of riches for a minimum of toil.

For several days Champlain worked steadily at his settlement building dwellings, storehouses, meeting-houses and a chapel, the whole being strongly barricaded against incursions of hostile Indians. The planting and seeding of grain and vegetables was strongly advocated and plots of arable ground cleared for the purpose. He had sent his ship down to Pontgrave at Tadousac for more materials

and on its return everything was taken in hand in preparation for the exigencies of winter. They found the Indians about them a tractable lot, but knowing nothing of agriculture, depending on the game of the woods and the fish of the rivers for their living, a most precarious one at best as the French soon found to their cost.

Winter came and with it the hardships to people unused to severe frost and much snow. The scurvy broke out in a virulent form dealing fatal blows upon the little colony. They were in a sad state. All their fresh food became exhausted from the unceasing demand upon it, and the natives from whom they looked for succour were in a worse plight than themselves. Yet through it all, Champlain the leader, worked incessantly, praying, exorcising, cheering, and many a poor, tired, sick soul he brought back from the gates of a dismal death. Then the days grew longer, the sun warmer, the snows left the open places and the river moved once more; and up through the drifting ice cakes there sailed a little ship which the settlers descried with tears of joy. It was Pontgrave's nephew come from Tadousac to ask the welfare of the comrades at Quebec. With the presence of friends amongst them the colonists took fresh heart. They industriously began their spring planting and seeding, and Champlain seeing each and all busy with his own affairs set sail down the St. Lawrence.

During the winter his brain, ever alert and active in the interests of France, had conceived plans for greater discoveries and explorations of the country. To do this he must have a capable man to take charge of the settlement and so the trip to Tadousac. Pontgrave who had been enlarging his fish and fur trade during the cold season, acceded to his wishes and the two friends returned to Quebec.

Champlain had learned that in order to carry on any enterprise through the land he must be on terms of intimacy with the natives of the country, so he immediately called a council of the tribe of Indians amid whom he was settled and learned further of the two great factions that were habitually opposed to each other at that time: the Algonquins and

the Iroquois. The Algonquin tribes, to which his friends belonged, dwelt on the shores and north of the St. Lawrence, while the Iroquois, their inveterate enemies, lived to the south and west. He listened in sympathy to the tales of the inroads of the enemy, their encroachment upon the hunting and fishing grounds of his friends, and he warmly joined in a proposal to make a raid upon the country of the Iroquois and have revenge for the repeated insults. For this alliance with the Algonquins, Champlain has been much blamed, but it was undoubtedly his only recourse when he wished to venture upon new fields of exploration and travel. No doubt, also, the Algonquins led him astray by belittling the strength and prowess of their enemy. To have taken a neutral position would have seemed an admission of timidity, even cowardice, to the minds of the Indians, and to the chivalrous Champlain such a stand was intolerable.

When the Indians were assured by solemn promises that he and his soldiers would accompany them into the land of their bitter foes they were jubilant. They had seen the effect of the fire-arms of the French on birds and animals and they were boldly optimistic when told they would be just as effective against the Iroquois. They sent word by fleet runners to another nation who had upheld their cause in the strife: the Hurons who lived in a far country to the west. This tribe had always been on friendly trading relations with the Algonquins and upon hearing of the great campaign to be waged against their mutual enemies they

hurried down in their war canoes to the meeting. Greatly were they surprised at the appearance of the French whom they now saw for the first time. They invited Champlain to visit their country telling him of a vast ocean of water on the shores of which stood their settlements. Champlain acceded willingly to the invitation believing the body of water mentioned, to be the great south sea of the Spaniards whereby lay the way to China, and the riches of the East, a voyage he had ever in mind from the time of his first visit to America. He was therefore very eager



ALONG CHAMPLAIN'S ROUTE—A PORTION OF CHATS FALLS, ON THE UPPER OTTAWA.

to help the Allies in vanquishing their common foe and after a feast of some duration they set off in the month of June, Champlain leading the party in which were eleven arquebusiers of the Quebec garrison. Up the broad river went the war flotilla, the Indians in their bark canoes, the great explorer and his soldiers in a rough, open shallop. They crossed Lake St. Peter and entered the Richelieu river. When about half way down the natives quarrelled among themselves and half of their number went home. An obstacle appeared in the shape of numerous rapids and currents which so hindered the pro-

gress of the large boat that Champlain sent it back to Quebec with most of the arquebusiers keeping but two to assist him in completing the voyage.

With a greatly diminished force the bold leader kept on down the river, passed the dense oak and walnut forests, islets crowned with noble pines, mountains and cliffs of strange unaccountable shapes, the whole clothed in the balmy freshness of early summer weather. Then one calm, clear morning they burst upon the broad smiling bosom of an open lake, a dazzling expanse in the sunlight. To this large stretch of water Champlain gave his name which it bears today

They had now come into a hostile country where much precaution was necessary. Night was chosen for travel to safeguard from surprise by the Iroquois. One evening, shortly after getting under way, they came upon a band of the enemy who were undoubtedly like themselves on the war path. They were discovered and a mad rush was made by both parties for cover of the shore. The Iroquois, first to land, hastily erected a rude palisade but Champlain gathering his force together into some kind of order at once stormed the stronghold. It was the first meeting of the enemy with fire-arms and feeling the effect of the murderous gunshot, and wholly unable to comprehend the noise nor distinctly see the new power they fled precipitately, utterly routed and amazed. They did not stop to collect their wounded or canoes and the Algonquins satisfied with a victory so complete gathered together their prisoners for a great feast of torture. Champlain was then shown examples of persecution that befell the unfortunates who were captured on either side. Stricken to the heart with the intense agony of the sufferers during the exhibition of fiendish cruelty, he begged the Indians to allow him to shoot the remainder and save them from such inexpressible pain. The captors reluctantly granted his request. In setting down the facts of the incident afterwards, the good man forgot to mention that exquisite tortures on a par with those which he had here witnessed were practised under the name of religion in his own native Christian land but a short period before.

Glutted sufficiently with blood shed and feasting the war party now returned up the long water avenue, the Indians to their homes on the Ottawa and St. Lawrence and Champlain to Quebec.

There now ensued for the colony of New France a period of depression wherein the leader, never cast down, betook himself almost annually to the motherland for aid. It was slow in coming. Any man but the strenuous Champlain would have thrown up the cause in despair; but he was of a rare mould. Though his object was defeated at one point he clung tenaciously to another. In this way when he found the material side of his hopes coldly rebuffed he ventured upon the spiritual and the church never forsook him. His was an eventful, coloured life at this time, one year at home in France writing or speaking his mind to the merchants or princes of the realm; one day in a print shop in Paris, another seeking audience of the king at Versailles; next year back to Tadousac or Quebec instilling into the minds of the colonists the hope of the country and the faith in agriculture, or sweeping with the allied nations down upon the lodges of the Iroquois with his murderous terrifying fire-arms.

In the spring of the year 1613, after a successful return from France, Champlain finding his little colony at last in a progressive state decided upon an extensive tour of exploration. He voyaged up the St. Lawrence to the old Indian settlement of Hochelaga and finding the locality suitable, built a post giving to it the name of Mont Royale from the exceeding high mountain in the vicinity. He had not forgotten his promise to the Hurons and about this time he sent a young Frenchman, Nicholas de Vignan, on a trip up the Ottawa. The young man returned after a prolonged stay with a story of a vast sea with English ships and seaports, and also of a country containing mythical and impossible products yet which the credulous fancy of Champlain received without a doubt. He was eager to witness these wonders for himself and accompanied by four Frenchmen including Vignan, and an Indian he embarked in two small canoes from the new post of Mont Royale.

They threaded their way up the brown

waters of the Ottawa, along shores gay with the bright green of the maple and birch or sombred in places with the tall upstanding pines. Their progress was stopped by the tumbling rapids of the Carillon and Long Sault. Here with great toil the party had to pole their frail barks up the swiftly moving current, finding it a better means of locomotion than portaging through the impenetrable woods and underbrush that clothed the surrounding shores. Unskilled in the work, Champlain, in a particularly treacherous spot, making a false motion with his pole, was precipitated into the water and forced hurriedly down stream in the writhing current. Fortunately he was carried against an upjutting boulder where, clinging tenaciously he was finally freed from his perilous position.

The rapids successfully passed they renewed their journey. The waters of the river, except for a broad, regular current, were now excellent for the propelling of the canoes and no obstruction showed until the great falls of the Chaudiere loomed in the distance. The wild grandeur of the scenery enthralled Champlain and won a few hours rest for the tired crews. As they waited, watching the wide tumbling of the brown waters over the massive rock and the angry, seething whirlpools losing themselves in the deep distances beyond, they were surprised by the approach of a band of friendly Indians come for the purpose of offering their periodical gift of tobacco to the Manitou spirit of the falls. They listened to the weird incantations of the natives with wonder, watched their gro-

tesque yet supple movements with a degree of awe for the wild majesty of the surroundings elicited a sense of reverence from the spectators used as they were to the emotional pageantry of their own religious rites.

Day after day they toiled over the strong currents or rough portages of the Ottawa. Hitherto they had acted upon the guidance and counsel of the young man Vignan till his repeated and confusing errors led Champlain to doubt his fine tale of adventure. Their arrival at Lake Allumette, where they came upon



ALONG CHAMPLAIN'S ROUTE—ON THE TRENT RIVER NEAR HASTINGS.

a large Algonquin village under the rule of the famous chief Tessonat and who spoke of his having met and housed the adventurer Vignan during his former trip, aroused further suspicion in the mind of Champlain and in a quiet moment he asked for further details of the chief who willingly gave them. So incensed was he at the perfidy of the young man, who had really not ascended the river any farther than the Algonquin village, that he turned the canoes about and hastened, without farther parley, back to Mont Royale.

He was greatly disappointed, for he

had fully expected to reach and realize for himself that dream of all his ambition, the great South Sea. He did hear, indeed, of a great sea, but now for the first time he was assured that it was not salt but fresh water, and it lay, so chief Tessonat had told him, scarce a moon's journey from his camp on the Ottawa. Champlain, undaunted, still determined to continue his journey to the unknown waters, but in the meantime there had come to the colony a few men, the forerunners of a group of toiling and daring enthusiasts who were from now on to be the chief actors in the tragic drama of New France. These were the Recollet Friars, Dennis Jamay, Jean Dolbeau and Joseph Le Caron. With their long grey cassocks, girt at the waist with knotted cord, peaked hood to shield their shaven heads from the elements and rough wooden sandals, scarce any protection from the flinty paths of the wilderness they formed picturesque figures. These men were to give evidence of what severe ordeals, trials and tortures faith can endure when borne up by the influence of a fixed and burning zeal. Champlain had to be at Quebec to receive these devout missionaries, to acquaint them with the prospects before them, and apportion to each his field in the new land. This was an easy matter as each man had come fully prepared to do anything and everything in his power for the exaltation of his order even to the sacrifice of his life.

To the lot of Le Caron fell the yet unexplored Huron country. Shortly after his departure from headquarters Champlain followed fast in his wake, bound at last to fathom the mystery of the great sea. With a force of ten Indians, Etienne Brule, a Frenchman, who speaking the Indian language acted as his interpreter, and another Frenchmen, they set off from Mont Royal in two large canoes. Rapidly they covered the miles of water of the Ottawa over the same route as the past year's voyage, though this time under better and more assured guidance. Then on past the islands Allumette and Calumet of Chief Tessonat's encampment up the narrower reaches of the sombre river to its junction with the Mattawa. Thence they made their way to Lake Nipissing, crossed the lake of many is-

lands to the French river and down through more islands to the head of Georgian Bay.

Here at last was the great inland sea of Lake Huron or "La Mer Douce" as Champlain called it, its broad expanse rolling for miles around and beyond them. It was a bright, gala picture that the party presented that day to the vast primal region. Champlain in his rich colored silks and velvets, his two countrymen in all the flash of gay trappings and steel, and the dusky Indians in paint and shining nakedness, stealing along the silvery bosom of the water in their light, birch-bark canoes. They paddled down the large body of fresh water till it gave place to an archipelago of myriad islands, passed innumerable capes and bays and at last they landed in a harbor adjacent to the present town of Penetanguishene. Here they left the water to travel through the dense forests and eventually arrived at the encampment of a band of Neutral Indians, the first tribe the great explorer had yet come in contact with who were primarily tillers of the soil.

Unlike their friends, the Hurons, this nation spent little time on the war path and then only when forced to it. Unfortunately when the fierce war of extermination was started by the Iroquois upon the Hurons and their allies, this little tribe was pounced upon and literally effaced in the general massacres. Champlain and his party stayed with, and accepted the friendly hospitality of the Neutrals, for a short while, but presently started onward, through the forest, until the fair waters of Lake Simcoe sparkled on their sight. Here in the heart of the Huron country, they were feasted by their friends and allies, taken on fishing trips, given the freedom of the land, till the adventure-loving leader again made signal to move on. All this time Champlain was making a lasting impression on the Indians he met with, winning them over to his country and his religion by many friendly words and acts of kindness. Having crossed Lake Simcoe and finding no outlet they portaged through the dense woods and arrived at Sturgeon Lake, thence on down through a chain of lesser lakes and streams to the River Trent.

This river and its tributaries flowed through a great hunting territory of the natives and in honor of their guest they decided upon having a big deer hunt. Their method was not unlike the destructive plans of the deer-slayers of today. They divided the hunting party into two sections, one-half scouring the woods with wild cries and halloos to drive the deer to the edge of the woods and into the water where the other party lay in wait in their canoes, and killed the animals with a shower of arrows and spears. Champlain, and his two French followers, were given places of advantage on the firing line and the splendid execution of their arquebuses easily won the admiration of the Indians who were not content until they had gained the consent of their white brothers to engage in an immediate raid upon the Iroquois to the south.

On once giving way to the war fever the natives were eager for the trail. They started right away, gathering in numbers as they went. Paddling down the Trent in their great war canoes to its debouchement into the Great Lake of Ontario, they crossed this broad water in safety and entering the wide forest land on the other side found themselves in the Iroquois country. Plunging at once into the wooded depths they toiled for days and when near the point of turning back they were rudely overtaken by the harsh, wild cry of the enemy. A vision of an occasional savage in full war-paint crossed the silent avenues of the forest. Then resulted a surprise for Champlain. Instead of having the volleys from his fire-arms answered with the soft whirr of flying arrows, as usually happened, he heard the sharp crack of muskets like his own. The surprise ended in a panic, for his allies fearful of this new terror in the hands of so deadly a foe, turned and fled with scarcely a show of resistance, and Champlain wounded himself and sick of the affair was forced to follow. Day and night they ran back through the tangled thickets to where their canoes lay hidden on the shores of the great lake. These they launched in haste and not until the mouth of their own River Trent was reached did the Hurons deem themselves safe.

Champlain afterwards discovered that the guns of the enemy were received

in barter with the Dutch colony of Albany, who had also taught them the use of the fatal weapons until they became quite proficient marksmen.

All talk of fighting was now banished from the palavers of the Indians, the war-paint washed off, tomahawks laid away, while Champlain and his party, if not disgraced in the eyes of the allies, were not held in the former high esteem. Of course, the fault of the defeat rested with the Hurons themselves but their pride would not let them accept the shame, and the Frenchmen suffered. They were bandied about from one village to another all that winter and though always given the open hospitality and freedom of any camp, Champlain felt keenly the cold, stern contempt shown him by his erstwhile friends. He looked forward eagerly for spring and his return to Quebec. All the time he had spent in this new wilderness he had never once seen the friar Le Caron although occasionally a stray Indian would mention the fact of his being somewhere about the locality. When the warm weather broke up the ice-fetters of lake and river, the tired leader, weary at last of his pilgrimage, started off on a search for the missionary.

Straying away from the camp one day he got deeper into the forest than he intended and failed to find his followers. For several days he wandered about the dense bush feeding on roots and berries until coming upon the course of a river he followed the current and eventually after much hardship found his companions. Such were the misadventures that befell the explorer but he ever looked on the brighter side drawing inspiration from reverses the most severe.

At last in his wanderings he came upon a little encampment wherein was the friar Le Caron strenuously upholding the work of the church. He had, like Champlain, suffered much from insult and indifference and when the latter spoke of a return to the little colony on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the toil-worn friar readily consented, and after paying a promised visit to the Tobacco nation of Indians, gathering a few natives for guides the two-wilderness workers commenced the long journey home.

They returned over the same course taken in coming out. While going down

the Ottawa they came upon a combined encampment of Hurons and Algonquins and here Champlain had to act as umpire to a fight that had occurred. In his simple nature he was quite pleased with these friendly overtures thinking he had at last won his way into their hearts and good graces.

Arrived at Quebec the voyagers were given a fine ovation though it worried the great man to see what negligence and decay had fallen upon his favorite settlement. But with a spirit above depression or despair he started at once upon the task of putting fresh vim and spirit into the life of the colony. He repaired and renewed the walls of the fort and store houses ; built a larger and more serviceable style of house for the pioneers ; encouraged farming to a greater extent, though in every manner the fur traders balked his efforts. He made yearly visits to the mother country to win new settlers and to enthuse other leaders in the cause of the fair New France. To encourage emigration the good man married and brought his young wife to Quebec as an example, but the time was not ripe yet for the enlargement, to any extent, of the colony.

He made a sad mistake in bringing both religious factions to the new land, the Romanists and the Huguenots for they never agreed, were ever bickering and coming to blows. Then Richelieu, stepping in, founded his Company of a Hundred Associates ; another fatal error for those men cared nothing for agriculture or the development of the country. They wished to secure for themselves what riches there were in the vast stretches of forest land but farming was too slow a process for their mercenary tastes. They encouraged the colonists to become those restless, wandering sprites of the forest—the Coureur de Bois—hunters and trappers of the plentiful furred and feathered game. It was the valuable high-priced furs that had captured their attention and the wish-

es and views of Champlain they wholly ignored.

Things went rapidly from bad to worse and when the Kirke brothers sailed their English fleet up under the rocky promontory of Quebec they encountered nothing more formidable than a few fishing bateaux, and a number of half-armed farmers and fur-traders. Sweeping aside the feeble show of resistance the freebooters laid hold upon Champlain and carried him off to London. He gained recognition, however and a settlement being shortly made between both countries the indomitable leader was again placed at the head of affairs in his cherished colony.

While in France he had audience with the all powerful Richelieu and won over that shrewd statesman to his views and ideas regarding the future of New France, and being again in control and under the patronage of the great cardinal a better outlook seemed in store for the pioneers of Canada. Settlers were beginning to come more readily and agriculture was given more prominence as an asset of the colony. But just when the country was finding its new blood and was pulsing with the freshness of renewed energy, a great blow came and it staggered blindly almost to its fall. Champlain sickened with a paralysis, and after three months battling with the dread disease the great man, growing weaker and weaker, finally succumbed on Christmas Day of the year 1635 at the age of sixty-eight years.

In some odd corner of the ancient town his bones lie buried, the sacred dust undisturbed for centuries, for no one knows his sepulchre, and no stone however simple marks the spot. But fitting monument to the memory of the great man is the constant progress of the colony he founded and though it has passed from the hands of his own fair France its destiny is still guided by the able minds of the sons of those settlers he first gathered around the stern heights of Stadacona.



The Trail of the Kawazingemas.

BY HARRY ANTON AUER, Author of "The North Country."

PERCHANCE the title of this sketch suggests to the reader the migrations of a nomadic band of Indians in their native wilderness, so it will conduce to a better understanding at the beginning to simply say that the Kawazingemas are neither Crees, Mistassimis, nor Ojibways, but merely a family of three city dwellers, who years ago, led by a kindly fate, completely shattered the cake of custom, which binds the conventional man to the summer hotels, by plunging headlong into the trackless wilderness of Northern Canada to find companionship and rest in the mountains, and rivers, and forests; and in so doing, Mother Nature forged such subtle chains of memories that each year she calls her children of the city to the calm and peace of the wilderness in its primal simplicity and beauty. The name by which this trio of forest wanderers is known, is taken from a spot deep in the Land of Silence where all the beauties of mountain, forest, and stream come to a focus in a single stretch along a crystal river and this spot they have named "Kawazingema," meaning "The Great Pool" and it is their journey back to the forest home that is here related.

The Great Wilderness that to the uninitiated seems so passive and neutral and impersonal in her silence, holds many surprises for the man, who comes into her sanctum for the first time, for, as she quietly folds him in her grasp, her impersonal neutrality is seen to be but a thing of the imagination, and she comes to him as a Great Mother who both gives and takes from her children as she scourges their artificialty with her simplicity, and shames their pettiness with her majestic grandeur, and calls from her deeps to the unsounded depths within her offspring, and as she sends them back to the world of things from which they came, still is her pure breath upon their lips, and in their souls the vision of her majestic countenance, until with an insistence that brooks no excuse she again calls them back to her temple.

Perhaps, in June, upon the crowded street there comes a faint smell of wood smoke that causes one to stop and think; perchance, the aroma of the balsam bed steals into your senses, or it may be that as you look from your window upon the crowded smoky city, the unsightly view vanishes and you see a dashing stream of crystal, and a sudden leap and flash of life and light and color from the rushing water; whatever it may be it is too subtle to analyze, except that one knows that through her power to call up visions the Great Mother Nature is calling to her favorite children, and in joy do they answer the call,

The trail of the Kawazingemas starts by rail from Washington and leads north to Toronto; then after five hours the Muskoka lakes are left in the rear and by nightfall the country of the farmer is left behind as one approaches Lake Nipissing and enters the country of the lumberman. All night long the train rushes into the north and with the dawn the evidences of civilization have almost reached the vanishing point; the few stops are only the cabins of railway employees set in the wilderness north of Lake Superior, the lumber camps are mere memories hundreds of miles in the rear and the train rushes onward through the wilds where only the deer and the Indian have their habitation. At last you disembark at a water tower and telegraph station and make your way to the Hudson's Bay Post, where shoe-pacs take the place of your civilized footwear, and your summer gauze under garments are replaced by others of thick warm wool, and as the Hudson's Bay Company's clerk fills your provision bags you are ready to plunge into the wilds.

But there are many things you must first perform; there is your old friend Antoine, your Indian guide waiting for you, and you hold council with him for an hour while he tells you that the Indians have not been on the Shequamka for twenty years, but that if "The Master, Kege-dowinini," wants to go, he is ready;



OJIBWAY TEPEES.

then you visit the tepees of your Ojibway friends and introduce Chum, and Dad to the Indians whom they have never met, and you hold a long council with your old Indian Comrades of the trail, and talk with them about the Shequamka, only to find that they have avoided the river for twenty years, because "Mitchie Manito," the Devil, lives there. But at nine o'clock at night your duffel bags and canoe are placed aboard a train and for the last time you utilize the steam transportation of the white man; after an hour the train comes to a stop in the dark woods, the bags and canoe are put off in the forest and you stumble about in the dark until you have found them. Then, as the last rumble of the train blends into the silence of the night, comes the realization that the jumping off place has been reached; so Chum takes the cameras and the rods and the rest carry the bags to a shed which serves as a flag station, on the floor of which you sleep for the night.

To the exoteric the cold drizzling rain which served as a greeting as we awakened in the morning, might appear discouraging, but to the Kawazingemas it was merely one of the inevitable and fit-

ting moods which Dame Nature displays and as such a condition neither to be regretted nor deplored. Chum and Dad sat about the cook fire watching the rain hiss as it came in contact with its enemy the fire, with no more concern than if the breakfast were to be served in the New Willard. The fact is that you are attired for the occasion, you may be soaking wet, but the thick wool garments keep you entirely warm.

From the cook fire the trail leads down the mountain a mile and a half to the Shequamka River and though the trees had to be cut from the trail in places to allow the canoe to be carried through and the five hundred pounds of provisions and blankets and tents must be carried on our backs, yet the first portage was not an unlovely nor an unenjoyable one, for in spite of the douches of water showered from every spruce tree with which we came in contact, there was the happy sensation that at last we were back to great nature; the feel of the trail beneath our moccasins, the fresh, clean, earth smells, the aroma of the balsam, were all compensating joys. And the river? As it came down between the mountains, it was like meeting a new

friend who bore the image of an old friend dearly loved in the past.

All day long we glided down its crystal depths, between the forest covered mountains which had never echoed the ring of the white man's axe. At first the pace was slow with only a vista of quiet water spread out between the calm silence of the hills, often the stream widened into lakes two miles wide, and in the afternoon before us stretched Shequamka Lake with its miles of mirroring crystal.

The man who journeys back to primal nature for the first time will doubtless be impressed most with the appalling silence which seems almost a living personal thing; he looks upon the shores of a lake with the dense forest climbing up the mountain so thick that he cannot force

are permitted to sit in silent admiration of the dense mountains on either hand with the crystal water, boiling from below; then there is borne faintly to the ear a far off noise as of the wind blowing among the trees, yet there is no wind; but as the canoe rushes onward the noise becomes more distinct until at last you recognize the rush of the white water, which finally comes into view in the distance.

As we approached the rapids Antoine from the stern and myself as bowman, rose in the canoe to scan the leaping water and pick our course. Again we knelt in the canoe and with quick short strokes drove the light craft until it was running faster than the water, and in a moment the rapids leaped at us from all



"WE LOOKED BACK AT THE LEAPING WATER."

his way through, he sees not a single atom of movement in all the picture, not a sound strikes his ear, and he feels as if he were in the grasp of some awful fate, but a little experience soon teaches him that his own restlessness, and the fact that his ear has been attuned to conflicting noises, are responsible for the unrest which the silence of the hills first gives him, and as he loses his fretful mood Great Nature wraps her silence about him as a mantle of peace and calm repose.

Seven miles down Shequamka Lake the mountains open to form an outlet for the river; at first the current is barely perceptible but after several miles one notices that the shores are passing more rapidly, and gradually the mountains are becoming higher, and the stream narrower until the canoemen cease paddling and merely steer as the canoe is borne upon the swift current; for ten miles you

sides; rocks seemed to spring from the foam in front to end our career, but a quick stroke from the bowman averted the danger and in a few moments the tension of nerve and muscle was relaxed as we looked back at the leaping water, whose roar again slipped back into the silence whence it came. We continued to glide down the liquid incline until the sun approached the sky line of the mountains about us, and a growing chill settled upon the river to remind us that we must make camp; and as we rounded a bend, a point of projecting flat rock covered with spruce and birch presented to us an ideal camp site.

It takes but little time to clear a space, erect the tents between the trees, make the balsam beds two feet thick, and cut the wood for the evening friendship fires, and no sooner was the last log cut than Antoine spread upon the ground our sup-

per. As we enjoyed the evening meal, we congratulated ourselves that we had covered forty miles of river trail; and began to wonder why it is the Indians believe the Devil lives on the river, which had been to us only a vision of beauty.

There is about the upper part of the river a mystic quality that is strangely

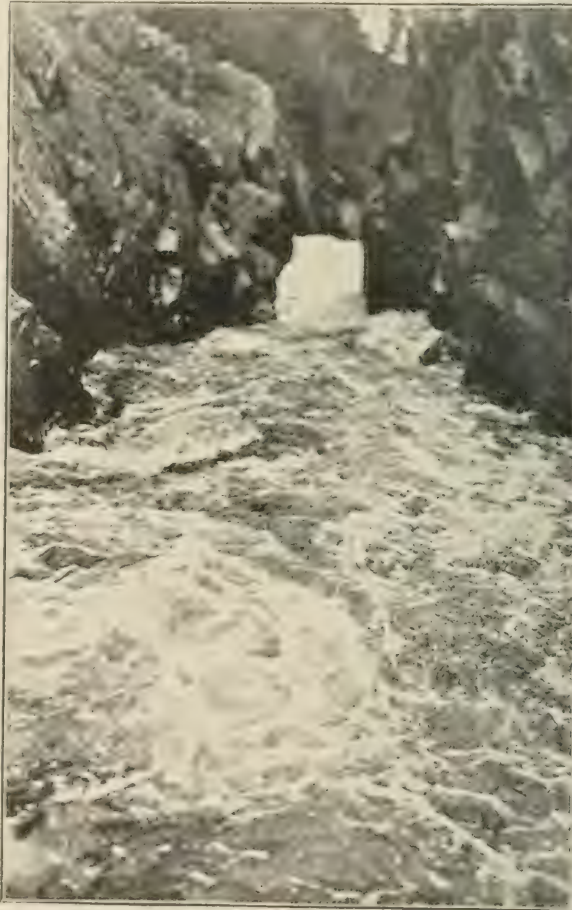
subtle, and baffling from which the superstition may unjustly arise; it may lie in the absolute silence unbroken except for the roar of the three stretches of white water which only seemed to leave the silence more intense as they were left in the rear; it may be that the weirdness was caused by this peculiar quality of the rapid water, which though it glided and boiled between the silent hills for miles, yet there was never a murmur nor tinkle of the stream to break the cloak of silence, which seemed to enfold us, as no noise came from the water below, nor the hills on each side, and no bird

fluttered above our head. As I look back upon the first day's journey it seems like an unreality culled from the stuff that dreams are made of, even the mountains as we looked out from our camp and beheld them in the purple twilight, perfectly reflected, in the river, seemed to be born of the fancy. In silent council we sat about the birch logs of the friendship fire, each with his unspoken thoughts

contented merely to be back again in the Great Forest.

The early morning air in the mountains even in August always has a quality of piercing coldness that causes one to roll his blankets tightly about him as he plans his movements on leaving the tent in order to be in motion all the time to keep warm. Dressing consisted

merely in pulling on our shoepacs as we had slept in all our other garments on account of the cold and on leaving the tent for the morning wash, it seemed as if all nature were smoking; countless columns of white vapor rose from the mountains, the white mist came up from the water, and even the Kawazingemas all seemed to have an inward smudge as our exhalations turned to white vapor. But no sooner was our toilet finished than we hastened to roll up and strap our blankets and tents and carry them to the canoe. Breakfast was ready, and the quart of tea we drank was just



KADASKEPKEDGEWAN.

the proper inward heat producer and quickly the dishes were washed and the canoe swung into the stream. Every one paddled to keep warm on such a morning; even Chum took a paddle to help circulation and the canoe leaped down stream at a rate that threatened to put seventy miles behind us before nightfall, but ten miles down there came to us a rush and a roar of a falls as the water



“THE CANOEMEN MERELY STEER.”

dropped forty feet. .

We looked for a trail on both sides of the river, only to find the spruce forest so thick as to present an impenetrable barrier; at last we found some rotten tepee poles where there must have been a trail in the long ago, but it was overgrown with young spruce, fifteen feet in height and so close that the branches interlaced. It was merely one of the favorite tricks the wilderness often displays merely to try your mettle, so we merely played the hand that was laid out and started with axes to cut a trail just wide enough to permit carrying the canoe; and in three hours we had made a path one quarter of a mile long and below the falls cooked dinner. Again we started down stream and as the roar behind dwindled into silence we began to hear another roar ahead, and once more cut our way through and went into camp at the end of the trail for the night. About the friendship fire we figured out at best, but twelve miles for our day's travel, and it slowly dawned upon our minds what the Indians meant when they said, "Mitchie Manito on the river." But our weariness and the night chill drove us to the warmth of the blankets and in the morning we awoke to repeat the performance of the previous day.

Two days we travelled through the cold rain, cutting our way around falls, but on the following morning the sun smiled upon us brightly even if coldly. The stream was fast and noisy and every mile had its own individual problem of dodging the rocks in the leaping white water which is the greatest joy of the canoeeman. With the afternoon sun dead ahead we approached a chute of

white water nearly a mile long which looked as if it could be run with loaded canoe and on starting into it all went well notwithstanding the sun shining upon the stream made it impossible to see the rocks until almost upon them, and in this situation we were escaping destruction in the rushing torrent only by inches; occasionally an unseen rock beneath the canoe would scrape the bottom and for a moment we would look expecting to see the water spurting through our craft, but the Red Gods of the Waters were smiling kindly upon us that day as the rocks we struck were evidently not sharp but smooth and merely scarred the canoe without ripping it open. In dashing around a curve at the lower end of the rapids however, the stream was so completely studded with needle like rocks that it was impossible to avoid them so Antoine and the writer leaped into the torrent and checked the canoe and by much labor finally guided it through the maze to deeper water without mishap other than having our legs cut by the sharp rocks.

Just below us was the Kadaskeked-pgewan, the rocky gorge where the river narrowed to fifteen feet between the walls of the mountain, where it roared and rushed with awful power in its restrained hunts. By this time we were certain we knew the meaning of the Indian report concerning the river, but even as we carried our canoe and duffel over the mountain of rock in a back breaking portage we were quite certain that Mitchie Manito must be a jolly good fellow, for though he often arranged the stage for a difficult play, yet he was considerate in making it one not quite be-

yond the range of our attainment.

Below Kadaskapedgewan there is a stretch of twenty miles of almost constant white water where the canoemen do not paddle, but merely sit in unstudied ease and steer and watch mountain after mountain as they seem to approach at first slowly then at accelerated speed until they rush past. At length we heard the faint roar of the falls at Cat Portage ten miles away and in another half hour as the Shequamka rushed into the Big River, the canoe was turned up stream and the active work with the paddles taken up again. For a time we paddled making little headway, then the poles were brought into use until we came to a point where we could no longer pole against the current; then Antoine and the writer leaped into the

twenty feet fall into the big pool; a paradise for the fisherman, yet buried so deep in the uncharted wilderness that it remains a prize only for the daring and its pools know not the drop of the angler's fly except those which the Kawazingemas, or their friends, have cast into the swirling water. Once more we pick our way to the big pool and stand aside to let Chum make the first catch; for a moment she whips out the flies and then without dropping them upon the water, by a slow back cast lands them behind her on the big rock while she lays down her rod. Chum is in no haste, she looks at the familiar falls as an old friend, met after years' parting and more dear by reason of the absence; she smiles down at the pool in memory of her encounter of years before, until wondering whether



"THE CANOEMEN MERELY STEER."

white water and dragged and pushed the canoe a mile until the current was less swift; then another mile of slow paddling and we came to the roaring fall of Cat Portage.

At last we were nearing home. There is nothing so conducive to inward satisfaction as to come back to the scene of your former campfires; and, as you cluster about the blazing friendship fire at night, memories of the last time your fire blazed at the Portage crowd upon you, and as you sit in the glow the faces of your comrades of other days come out of the smoke and hold silent council with you until the dying flames and the encroaching night chill drive you to the shelter of the tents.

Cat Portage is a half mile stretch alternating rapids and falls ending in the

the fish are still as eager as of old she again takes up her rod and begins to whip out the brown hackle and governor across the circling foam; at last a sharp forward snap of the wrist at the end of a vigorous forearm cast and the flies line out across the pool and drop quietly upon the water.

As if by magic a flash of light and color moving too rapidly to take form darts out of the water where the brown hackle has dropped and with a splash falls back into the dark depths; the flash of color was too eager and missed the brown hackle, but as the flies again drop upon the water a second time there comes another flash of color and the rod bends and bends as the electric connection between the fish and the leader sends the thrill along the rod to the fisher lady on



FALLS OF CAT PORTAGE.

the rocks. Chum speaks no word as the line races back and forth across the pool, sometimes going down and down bending the rod to the breaking point then suddenly slacking as the fish darts to the surface and clears the water by a foot, only to find that the hand that holds the rod has twisted the tip over her shoulder with the butt far advanced to take up the slack line. A number of journeys down to the depths and the invariable leap into the air at the end of the dash to the surface, and Chum begins to take in a little line, slowly at first for every inch is contested by a fighter who is born with a knowledge of how to play the game and who plays it in the desperation of his life as the stake. At last his rushes are shorter, his leaps barely clear the water and he is surely nearer the rock. Chum begins to smile and nods her head as you scramble down with the landing net, but the end is not yet for as the fish is drawn nearer, he recovers his dash and for five minutes lashes the water in his effort to escape, but to no avail for now you reach the net beyond him and as you swing it upward the line is slackened and the quarry is brought to the rock in silence.

No clapping of hands, no noisy exultation marks the defeat of this aquatic gladiator; the face of the victor is flushed with a pink glow, her eyes have an unusual sparkle, but her joy is too deep and seasoned with too much respect and admiration for the vanquished to find expression in any noisy hurrah. Indeed the rest of us crowding about her as she sits down with her captive in her lap understand well enough her feeling as

she gazes in rapture at the golden red extending from the belly of the fish up its sides until it is lost in the iridescent green and blue sprinkled with yellow spots with five rows of crimson spots from head to tail, surrounded by their areola of cerulean blue. After Chum has feasted her eyes she begins to stroke the graceful form with her hands and to follow the perfect lines with her fingers and not until fifteen minutes have elapsed does she open her lips and only then to announce the truism, "This is the most perfect poem in form and color that nature has ever made." You agree with her but ask her if she wants another to match it, but Chum only shakes her head; this is her first trout for a year and she must gaze at it in the ecstasy of her joy until its color and form have entirely filled her mind. Even as you hold it up from the spring scales which indicate four pounds Chum only smiles with contentment unmixed with anything so base as exultation.

But since Chum was not ready to resume her casting, Dad began to whip out the flies and at once connected with another native of the pool, and finally brought him to net. By this time I had become impatient at the sight of the two monsters, so taking my rod journeyed a hundred feet up to a smaller pool where the first cast brought two flashes to the surface as both flies were taken. Strange to tell doubles are easier to handle than singles and within ten minutes the net was placed under the lower and a moment later the upper fish was slacked in to keep the first company. The first weighed three pounds while the second pulled the scales to two. But on going

back to the big pool I found Chum and Dad had each taken their second fish the smallest being three pounds. So the catch was tied together and fishing prohibited until the supply in hand should become depleted.

I have often tried to formulate a psychology of fishing but without avail; there is something so illusory and subtle about it as to defy definition. I know not whether it lies in the beauty of color and grace of form of the trout, or in his peerless mettle as a fighter, or in the spell of his wilderness environment, but certain it is that there is something that absolutely intoxicates one as he whips out his flies across a trout water; his cares, his fears, his conventionalities, yes, even his own personality drop away from him as a mantle and he is

gan to narrow, and became more rapid; here we found some ducks travelling ahead of us and following them around a bend bagged nine of them. The purple shadows of the long twilight were falling upon the mountains and the chill of night was creeping down upon the water, all calling us back to the campfire, yet just a half a mile beyond us was Kawazingema. For an instant only was there hesitation, then with a rush the insuperable wave of impulse to see Kawazingema came over me and we rapidly plied the paddles up stream, each curve and bend greeting us as old friends until at last we took the poles to force our way against the rushing water; how good it seemed to be poling up the difficult stretch again, as we slowly forced our way inches at a time watching the



RAPIDS ABOVE CAT PORTAGE FALLS

transported into an atmosphere of dreams and fancies.

For several days we camped beside the rushing waters of Cat Portage waiting until the full moon, when we had planned our arrival at Kawazingema four miles up the river. Each day as we looked up the stream or fished the pools our thoughts went back to the woodland home just north of us, and every evening about the friendship fire, as we watched the growing moon rise above the trees we joyfully noted the time for our home coming was drawing nearer.

The evening before the day we purposed leaving Cat Portage, Antoine and myself took the canoe up the river to look for ducks; for two miles the river is broad and quiet with little or no current and in silence we paddled up until it be-

point ahead of us around which lay our old camp. At length we reached the point where the shallow water drops down into the pool and digging in the paddles with two strokes we were into the pool and in a moment had reached the bank of Kawazingema.

Whoever is fortunate enough to have a particular spot in the wilderness that is more cherished than all others, where no one but himself and his own friends have ever camped before can appreciate my feelings as I stood in the deepening shadows of the twilight once again in our old forest home. Two years had passed since we had left, yet there were the balsam beds upon which we slept, untouched except by the withering hand of time turning them from green to brown, there lay our tent poles just as



THE KAWAZINGEMAS COUNCIL.

we had left them, even the half burnt birch which we had used as a back log for our friendship fire welcomed us back to our old home, while the wood we had cut was piled close at hand as we had left it, waiting for us to come again to the family council. But as this was merely a preliminary visit and our home coming was to be on the morrow we pushed the canoe into the stream and anchored it just to see what welcome the denizens of the pool had for the returning Kawazingemas. The first cast met with a ready response and for fifteen minutes it was a battle royal, until out matched the speckled beauty was brought to the net and pulled the scales four pounds, the second cast brought one nearly as large and the third hooked another which brought to net weighed three pounds; then as we had enough fish and duck for the following day we paddled back to camp in the light of the moon and huddled close about the friendship fire while we reported to Chum and Dad that Kawazingema, untouched and unchanged, awaited us on the morrow.

The following morning was ushered in with a steady downpour from the heavy low-hanging clouds and the air was cold and penetrating in the chill, but nothing so trivial as a cold, driving rain could dampen our spirits, for we were embarking for the Kawazingema of our dreams and memories. By the time we had reached the rapid water and begun to pole, the clouds began to break and as the canoe rounded the point and crossed the big pool to the shore the sun came out in all his friendliness to shine a wel-

come upon us as we stepped ashore at the wilderness home. Quickly the tents were pitched on the same spots where they had stood two years before and the same tent poles and pegs were brought into use, and fresh balsam piled upon our withered beds and in a short time we were comfortably in camp.

Then to give myself the pleasure of seeing Chum and Dad work the pool, I paddled the canoe into the stream and anchored opposite the camp and my two comrades began to cast. In half an hour they had taken six trout ranging from two and one-half pounds to four pounds and having taken enough for our needs for the day we went ashore for dinner. In the afternoon Chum and Dad again fished the pool and as the trout were brought to the net, they were carefully removed and given their freedom, but after twenty were taken and released, we came ashore again to preserve the skins of some of the larger ones to the end that upon our return to the City we might mount and hang them upon our walls and in the long winter evenings be carried back to the Forest.

The wilderness reserves for her children the evening council about the friendship fire as the happiest moments, when the forest has become a mass of inky blackness and mystery, and the silence has become a pressing reality, and the little circle of light had drawn the forest wanderers together. The first night at Kawazingema we gathered close about the friendship fire of blazing birch logs for our council. Back came the visions of the day, the trout that were taken from the pool, the joy and appreciation

of being again upon the crystal water, the contentment and satisfaction and absolute relaxation in being home once more; again we sat as in council of other days and could almost see the faces that we used to look upon across the glowing coals; where now were Meskeekewinini and Bewabequoquewinini, Neshwabun, Masinaqua, and Biddequaw who had been in the Kawazingema council before? All were gone, yet not really absent, for surely the comrades of other friendship fires had in spirit returned to the Kawazingema council, and though their places about the circle seemed vacant yet sweet memory filled the void with their cheerful presence.

For an hour at least we sat in silence until a wolf pack began its long and dismal howl; I spoke to Antoine to ask why some of the grey sleuths of the wood made more noise than the others and he replied; "Two dose wolf mak eet vera beeg noise, young wolfs heem more sweet," and at once the period of meditation was broken and the council was in session as each in turn spoke the thought that came to his lips for expression. Again the circle lapsed into silence and as the coals died to their deep red glow the dense black of the forest began to give way to a grey until at last the light from the full moon coming over the mountains ban-

ished the inky blackness and diffused a soft silver haze over the scene. After a time, as the chill of the night drove us to the warm woolen blankets, the clear silvery note of the northern song sparrows which is rarely heard except at night, came from among the tree tops to welcome us with its night song back to Kawazingema.



NATIVES OF KAWAZINGEMA.

For a week we lived a life of exquisite ease in the wilderness home, hunting and fishing by day and meditating and dreaming in the glow of the friendship fire by night, until at last the hour of our leave taking had come round when the tents and duffel bags were stowed in the canoe and the final friendship fire was lighted. For half an hour we smoked our pipes in silence, when the morning sun coming over the mountains was the signal for the leader to bank the coals of the fire together between the

rocks and as the earth covered them to declare the Council of the Kawazingemas at an end; and with wistful look upon the beloved scene we entered the canoe and in silence pushed up stream.

Travelling north one day through a lake fifteen miles long we beheld a bark canoe approaching and coming nearer, the paddles of both canoes were lifted as is the custom with the forest people and as the canoes drifted toward each other we exchanged "Bonjous" of greeting



OJIBWAY FAMILY EN VOYAGE.

and then lighted our pipes for a friendly smoke with the Indian who, with loaded canoe, was en voyage with his wife and two children together with the family cat and dog to his winter hunting grounds, three hundred miles distant, there to remain until June should thaw out the ice from the lakes and permit the return journey with his canoe laden with furs. We inquired from the Ojibway if there were any want which our duffel bags could supply, and though we could not serve him in any way, he gladly supplied our pressing need for tobacco, then with mutual felicitations and good wishes we drifted apart and continued on our opposite courses.

Approaching Frenchman's Rapids where the waters of the lake make their leaping and noisy exit, we came to the last of our river trail, for with the exception of a few miles of dead water forming connecting links in the chain the course lay through large lakes up to the Height of Land. Poling slowly up the leaping stretch of the rapids, we came into the quiet waters of Whitefish Lake with the mountain girt shores stretching away into the distance. There is that about open water canoeing through a

large lake which is decidedly different from the river travel; in the first place there is the lack of personality in a lake, which we find in the river; it does not babble, it has no rapid places, no quiet pools often its monotonous grandeur presses upon the traveller with disquieting insistence. One also misses the white water of the river, which is the canoeman's chief joy, but in this respect the lake makes up all deficiencies when in a tempestuous mood, for in crossing its storm tossed surface the canoeman is put upon his mettle to the limit of his skill and judgment in making a safe passage; nor are there any eddies or pools where he may pause for a breath in relaxation, but he must meet each wave as it comes to him and no sooner is the hissing problem past than another rises to overwhelm him if he lack resourcefulness.

But fortunately the days of quiet and peace rule the lake more often than those of storm and tempest, and on such a day you are embarked upon a quiet sea. There is something about a large lake in its peaceful mood that is exceedingly mystic; the silence is intense, there is no movement in the picture, the mountains rising from the shores seem such final-



FRENCHMAN'S RAPIDS

ities as to call for no comment nor discussion, it is a study in majestic repose. I have never known an Indian to talk while travelling a lake, on the river he is a sociable being but when he comes upon the quiet of the lake, the silence of the hills wraps itself close about him, closing his lips; in this way does the great mother sound responsive chords in her children.

In open water canoeing distance, even with the initiated, is a most baffling element. Perhaps you may start at Frenchman's Rapids to travel to the upper end of Whitefish lake which at first seems several miles wide and perhaps four long, but after reaching what seemed to be the end you find it was only a curving shore which again extends away into the distance; to this point you paddle and after a time the bold outline of the projecting mountain comes sharply into view and you are certain it is but three hundred yards ahead, yet after you have paddled half an hour, it still seems no nearer and it takes another hour to reach the point, only to find that the lake still stretches between the mountains for three miles before you reach the tumbling mass of Pigeon Falls at the end.

There was something about our camp at Pigeon Falls that was particularly agreeable. The waters of the Lake of the Great Spirit rush through the narrow pass between the mountains which tower far above your camp on either side and then stretch out in the widening distance forming the shores of Whitefish Lake. Again we camped on the same spot, where we had stayed two years before when Chum's tent blew down in a heavy rain and wind storm at midnight, again we fished the eddies and pools of the rapids for the large trout and having taken one big one, quietly left the gorge to fish in the small creeks for the ten inch trout for the frying pan. It was good to sit at our campfire ten feet from the falls, and look down Whitefish Lake and see the long purple twilight steal upon the waters and the shadows creep up the mountains, and the forest to become grey about you, and then looking up to see far above the camp the overhanging rock of old rose color topping the mountain, still touched by the last rays of the sun while below the purple shadows deepen. And in the morning you look up again through the mists to see the sun lit mountain top as it heralds



A STUDY IN REPOSE.

the joyous day.

Five days in camp at Pigeon Falls were all too short to drain our cup of happiness, but the shortening days and the increasing coldness and depleted provision bags warned us that it was time to be moving closer the Height of Land where we could beat our retreat. Accordingly in the grey of a cold misty morning while the vapors hung like a cloud upon the lake, obscuring even signal rock above us, we silently took up our packs and one by one departed up the portage trail through the dark and dripping forest until the roar of the falls had become a murmur in the distance and we had reached the quiet water for embarkation in the canoe. For six miles we paddled up the mountain bound river until rounding a bend we came into the open water of Manitowick, the Lake of the Great Spirit, a large body of water with the mountains forming its shores veiled in the low hanging mists. As I have dealt with Manitowick in a previous volume I cannot repeat more than to say that the immense stretch of water and the rock cliffs of old rose crowned with green were as majestic and dominating as they had been years before. By good

fortune the waves were not running high to make our progress slow, but Chum, seemed to miss the dash and leap of the waves, which we had encountered two years before, when she had been obliged to bail in order to keep the canoe afloat. All the morning, the canoe leaping to the rhythmic stroke of five paddles, made rapid progress until at two o'clock, after eight hours hard paddling, we came to the Stony Portage at the upper end of the lake, and after cooking dinner on the rock, travelled rapidly up the trail until we came to our camping ground beside the big falls at Thunder Pool.

Here the waters of a great lake rush for a mile through a mountain gorge and with a roar that is heard for miles plunge into a large basin. Here we remained for nine days fishing the rapids, dreaming beside the roaring friendship fires and meditating on the rocks within the spray of the falls. Here we received our Indian friends who presented us with venison as they were leaving us, when it was too late for us to reciprocate the gift.

Strange to say, in the Forest one does not miss meeting people, indeed though you be alone in a world of complete si-



A STUDY IN ACTION—PIGEON FALLS.

lence where the only people you can possibly meet are a few honest Ojibways, yet no feeling of loneliness oppresses you, for as Chum remarks "there at least one can be in good company and away from small people, and breathe God's fresh air and revel in his clear sunshine, or in his pure rain, and with your own goodness or badness, be as happy or as miserable as your past life and your conscience will permit." But in the wilderness even your petty vices fall away from you as they cannot possibly live in the temple of the Great Mother Nature; the purity and freshness of the forest drive out all that is foreign to it; the repose and silence of the woods banish all your unrest and the majesty and repose of the mountains in their dominance give no room for pettiness as they clear your vision with their larger view and each day the Great Mother breathes into your soul renewed and better life.

Camping beside a falls even to the forest dwellers gives rise to strange illusions and the Ojibways never make their camps near a falls when it is possible to camp elsewhere. The Camp at Thunder Pool is a place of many illusions, the constant roar of the water as it thunders

into the pool is a thing which is at first disquieting and is apt to induce a temporary mood of restlessness, but the ear becomes accustomed to the unremitting roar, and you quickly accept it as an element going to make up the fitness of things. However there are other noises in the rapids that are more subtle than the rush and roar, which are yet heard at times above the deep reverberations. Perchance you have gone out upon the rocks beside the falls to watch the sunset above the trees encircling the pool; the mighty thunder of the water makes futile any attempt at conversation, so you contentedly watch the purple shadows deepening on the pool while above the trees the golden red after glow of the sunset colors the fleecy clouds; then with no sudden change in the noise of the water you slowly become conscious of the sound of a tolling bell. It is by no means a doleful experience, for the bell has the peaceful sound of a village church, it is muffled by the roar of the water; yet it is distinctly heard above the roar of the water. I know a man who camped beside the falls for the first time and the bell note was to him so real that he remarked to his companion, "Why

this is Sunday, and the country church bell is ringing" yet he was one hundred miles from any human habitation.

It may be you have wrapped up in your blankets for the night and the four walls of your tent deaden the roar of the falls until it has the sound merely of a heavy wind and rain in the autumn among the dead leaves; gradually you come to realize that there are voices singing; always in a high key, always female voices, and their song is so real that one could all but reproduce the strain. Frequently I have been unable to sleep at night by reason of the singing voices of the falls, pure illusion though they be, yet of so much substance as to banish sleep.

There is one illusion which, though having travelled among the Forest people for years, came to me this year for the first time. I had gone above the falls, to fish the rapids alone, and waist deep in the rushing water was engaged in whipping out the flies when suddenly I heard a shrill voice calling my given name twice; so real was the experience that I shouted back supposing of course Chum was calling to me from the bank, and receiving no response I waded ashore and walked down the trail fifty yards giving the long "Whoop! Whoop!" the Kawazingemas call, but receiving no answering call, I again made

my way back to the rapids and while casting I again heard my name called distinctly. On returning to camp I heard none of my party had been within shouting distance of me and none had called my name. Afterwards this illusion was not an infrequent experience with myself as well as others of my com-



ONLY ONE TEPEE REMAINED.

rades, one which was not altogether pleasant as it is a bit weird to hear your name called distinctly in a sharp shrill voice and then to find none within calling distance to acknowledge your answering shouts. The illusion of the tolling bell and the singing voices of the falls do not come suddenly upon you, but rather seem to steal slowly into your consciousness, and while you wonder how the illusion is produced yet it does not disturb you. But to hear your name suddenly called is so weird and baffling as to cause

you a temporary annoyance; it is an experience I have never had except near a falls and in the forest away from the rushing water no sound of the tolling bells, nor singing voices ever come to you. I have never known a traveler of the Open Places who has not remarked upon the voices of the falls, and the Indians accustomed to the rushing waters from birth never seem able to escape from the illusion which to them is of such

reality that they prefer not to camp beside the roaring water, nor is the Indian aversion due to any superstition concerning spirits or phantoms, but is caused merely by the fact that the singing voices prevent them from sleeping.

After being in camp at Thunder Pool for five days our provisions were exhausted, our bacon was gone, the bags of flour, sugar and corn meal were empty and only tea and rice remained, but calling the Kawazingemas into council it was unanimously decided to remain in camp until the rice should be exhausted; so we decided that we would have but two meals a day and for four days our breakfast and supper consisted of rice, tea, trout, with sometimes duck and venison. On a Sunday morning on the tenth day at five o'clock we had the last of our rice and tea with trout, and striking camp rapidly travelled up the

trail to the end of the Portage for our dash back to the Height of Land twenty miles up Dog Lake. All the morning we paddled up the Lake against a head wind blowing between the mountains and at one o'clock on rounding a headland we came within sight of the red roof of the Hudson's Bay Company's store; on the plain beyond, where a month before were countless Cree camps, only one tepee remained a study in desolation and solitude. One might make the mistake in surmising that after a month's absence, the sight of the red roof shining in the light of the September sun, was a joyous sight, but we beheld it in sullen silence for beyond lay the railroad leading back to the conventional life, and as the canoe grated upon the sand its harsh note told us that The Trail of the Kawazingemas had come to an end.

The Mountains.

BY WALTER L. THURTELL.

Tier upon tier, as if their crests would pierce
The vaulted sky, the mountains upward tower,
Rugged and grim, Titanic-pulsed with might,
Silent and dark, with caverns deep as night,
Eternal in their stark, primeval power.

About their heads the thunderbolts oft rage,
Adown their side the avalanches sweep,
The torrent's rush, the 'wildering wreathing mist,
Shadow and storm, that nothing can resist,
Plunge and career among the gorges steep.

Then comes a change. Mantle of purple light,
Snow sparkling gleams that jewel the distant haze,
Cloud diadems, halos of circling fleece,
Vistas of verdure, zephyrs breathing peace,
Brooks, glades and woodland, linked in lovely maze.

A land of change, of beauty and of pain,
One day in turmoil and the next at rest,
Region of riches, region of rocky waste,
Nature's abode, where all her moods are traced,
Where she has wrought her noblest and her best.



WABIGOON FALLS. LAKE SUPERIOR BRANCH, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

In the "Next West."

THE prairie provinces have been referred to frequently as "The Last West," but there is another and a newer west waking in the wilderness that lies north of the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific and west of the Athabasca. There is the Great Peace River of which we hear many contradictory stories, but which will become better known in the near future. Already a contract has been let for the first one hundred miles of the road west from Edmonton, and now two hundred miles more are under contract. This will reach across Grande Prairie, penetrate the Rockies and leave the end of the steel at Yellowhead.

In the meantime they are building up from Prince Rupert on the Pacific. A magazine writer who has visited the far north, declares that the Peace River country is the happy hunting ground of prospectors and explorers. For many years past the crude congealed petroleum has been used for caulking boats by the Hudson's Bay Company, and the petroleum resources of the country have

been reported on most favorably in the Dominion Geological Reports of 1884, 1896 and 1898. There is no doubt that the enterprise of developing these resources is, under the present conditions, extremely difficult, but the development of the country at large is moving so rapidly that within a few years railway transportation facilities will be provided, and the early pioneers will reap a rich and well deserved reward.

The lakes and rivers are full of fish of high excellence, white fish of great size and thickness, maskalonge weighing from twelve to fifteen pounds, and also large delicious lake trout, being amongst the best varieties. A fish company is already in operation at Calling Lake, which expects to export large quantities. No country in the world is entirely without drawbacks, however, and the peaceful Peace River Valley is no exception to the general rule. In common with all unsettled parts of northern Canada, it suffers from a plague of mosquitoes during the early summer months. These

will give way, in time, to settlement, no doubt, as that is the experience of the present North-West Provinces, while the wolves which are reported as being sufficiently numerous to cause considerable trouble and annoyance, will not last long when opposed by the rifles of the hunters and sportsmen of the future.

This, then, is the "Next West" of the immediate future—the country whose rare value and possibilities has been as yet overshadowed by the rush to the nearer of Canada's vacant lands. Its marvelous fertility and potential value cannot be more than outlined as yet, but it is an aid to those who wish to realize and understand the great and rich heritage of undeveloped country. Slow has been the development of this district as yet, and slow it will be for some considerable time, until the inrush of emigration has populated the district at present in course of settlement. But the consideration of its potentialities and the possibilities of the enormous expanse of country of which it is but a tiny part, may give pause to those who announce too loudly that the Last West is now in sight.



AT PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

A committee was last year appointed by the Government to investigate the possibilities and resources of the land in Canada north of the settled portions of the Dominion, including the Peace River district. This report, which is just issued, fully substantiates all statements which have been made concerning the wonderful fertility and charm of the Valley.

According to one witness who has had exceptional opportunities for familiarizing



PACK TRAIN IN YELLOWHEAD PASS. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.



DOUKHOBORS AT WORK GRADING MAIN LINE. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.



STEAM SHOVEL AT WORK, MAIN LINE, GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

himself with this country and its resources, there is in the Peace River section of the country as much good agricultural land fit for settlement, and yet unsettled, as there is settled in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta today. Mr. W. F. Bredin, Member of the Alberta Legislative Assembly, who resides at Lesser Slave Lake, after a careful computation, estimates the area of agricultural lands available in the unorganized territory of Mackenzie and Northern Alberta at not less than one hundred million acres. Mr. H. A. Conroy, of the Indian Department, who has been traveling through the country for eight or nine years, gave some interesting details. From the southeast end of Lesser Slave Lake (he said) to the valley of the Swan Hills, is a beautiful country, some portions heavily timbered, other parts open. The finest grass in the world grows there, Blue Top, some of it six or seven feet high. The basin all around the lake is fine agricultural land. The blue grass grows on the high land, not in sloughs. It is a very good grass and does not form sod. Probably four tons to the acre would be a good crop. There is a

good deal of open country all around the south side of Lesser Slave Lake. About forty miles north there is some twenty miles of a rolling prairie country. The feed is excellent. The Prairie River country is the finest piece of the Northwest that Mr. Conroy has seen. Most of it is level and open with nice bluffs of timber, mixed with some spruce and poplar. Between the Little Smoky River and the Slave Lake the country is open. Along the banks of the Smoky is very tall fine spruce timber. The country north of Dunvegan, all along the river, is fit for agriculture on both sides, and for a long distance back.

The evidence given by Mr. Bredin is fully as favorable from an agricultural standpoint as that given by Mr. Conroy. His judgment is that from the Mountains to Peace Point, a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, and for an average of seventy-five miles back on each side of the Peace River, there is a tract of land fully equal to the soil on any similar length of the Saskatchewan. A great deal of it is clean prairie especially on the north side, the balance being covered with scrub and small timber. With



CONON LAKE, MAIN LINE. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.



ROCK CUT ON THE MAIN LINE. GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY.

regard to its possibilities for ripening grain and vegetables, Mr. Bredin said that on his own ranch at Grand Prairie he had raised vegetables and oats every year for six years. He has had cattle there for five winters, and the average length for feeding them during the five years was six weeks each winter. All the country is good for stock. Both slough and upland hays are abundant. Pea vine and all the usual North-West small fruits grow there. At Lesser Slave Lake they have had magnificent crops.

Mr. F. S. Lawrence of Fort Vermillion, showed the Committee a sample of No. 1 Hard Wheat raised in the Peace River country in 1906. It was an average sample of 22,000 bushels held, at the time he obtained it, in the Hudson's Bay Company's mill at Fort Vermillion. The grain raised there for some time past has been of the quality known as the Ladoga. This has changed so materially from the sample originally obtained from the Ottawa Experimental farm that it

now bears no resemblance; the original stock being a soft wheat, while the sample produced is as hard as Red Fife.

As to the soil, many supposed that the Peace River Valley, as a valley, was a low-lying section of land in the bottom of the river.

Mr. Lawrence has farmed at Vermillion for over twenty years and has never had a failure in wheat in that time. There is no rust. He has raised as high as sixty-six bushels of wheat to the acre. That was the biggest yield and was accomplished without the aid of fertilizer.

All the witnesses were agreed as to the great quantity of timber to be found in the Peace River country and adjacent territory. The spruce is large and fit for saw-logs some being three feet across the stump. All the rivers have belts of timber on their banks except where the fires have destroyed it, and most of it is spruce and black bark poplar, the latter growing quite large, as much as three to four feet through the stump.

Passenger Pigeons.

BY R. W. SAWTELL.

SOME time in the early "Forties" I read an elaborate account of the doings of the passenger pigeon of America and the enormous number visiting the beach woods, during breeding time, and how they broke down large trees by their weight. The story seemed so improbable that I set it down as a "yankee story"; nevertheless it added largely to my desire to leave England, where I was not allowed to carry a gun, except by paying a licence and after that I was not permitted to kill birds or rabbits except "on my own land"—of which I did not own a foot. Every new story read about game in America, and its free use to the settlers, fired my desire to see for myself.

In 1840 an uncle of mine, who had lived in the county of Oxford for some years, returned to England, and his stories won my father's fancy to emigrate; but my mother's friends prevailed

on him to remain in England; by giving up the lease of their farm to him, and he remained till 1845. When I was in my twentieth year, and had the migratory fever bad, I determined to come alone, but having prepared for the event he could not resist the temptation to come and all the family also.

Like so many emigrants of that date we imagined that we could not purchase anything here, and supplied ourselves with loads of stuff, we had better have left in England. Guns, ammunition and musical instruments, however proved of some use. The first fall there were thousands of black squirrels fattened on corn, and in the absence of lamb and pork served a good purpose.

We frequently secured specimens of drumming pheasants, swamp rabbits and occasionally a deer; but we were disappointed on the whole. Here was freedom to shoot where and when you liked, but

seldom found anything worth the powder.

I have been looking over my diary of 1846-7 and find an occasional record of a pheasant, rabbit, or coon, and in the spring of 1846 a few wild pigeons. In 1847, however, I find on the date of April 8th that there were "millions—so dense were they crowded together that they not only darkened the sun but the whole vault of the heavens. For an hour or two before sundown they were passing from west to east, to their roosting place, and seldom could we get a sight of the blue sky. The noise of their wings was like continuous thunder, and when passing over beechwoods they dropped down in such immense numbers that in turning over the dead leaves, in search for nuts, they filled all space." It was during one of these drops that I fired and brought down sixty-six birds at a shot, but this seemed a waste of powder for we could get all we wanted by using a pole or long stick. Thus, we had more "poultry" than we needed, and soon tired of the

beech nut flavor.

It so happened that a gentlemen with whom I spent my last winter in England, shooting rabbits, came here at the great gathering of pigeons—this year 1847—and we had a fine time together. We followed the trails of the pigeons ten miles across East Zorra, Blandford and part of Blenheim, to see the pigeons in their roosting places. They occupied thousands of acres of the virgin woods, and the noise made was so defening we could not make each other hear a word. They crowded the trees so much that dead limbs, and occasionally green onces broke under the great weight, and thousands fell, but rose again to seek other trees.

The presence of the pigeons this year surpassed in numbers the description I had read in England. In fact it would be hard to exaggerate the facts, particularly in numbers. Where they came from, and where they went, I can give no information. They remained for some time but how long my diary does not state.

Babbling of Bass.

A Hundred Mile Search After the Gamey Beauties.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

PART II.

GIVEN a hard day's toil in the open air, followed by a preposterously large meal and only one result is possible—sound sleep. Besides the above requirements, we had now settled down travelling. All the packing up to be off, all the anxiety regarding necessities possibly forgotten, all the shaking down incident to having a green hand at the bow paddle, and the consequent delays in getting things done—all were now passed and done with. We slept with quiet minds. We had left the old headquarters five days before, travelled per trail and water-ways some twenty miles, and had reached our long sought for lake. Here we had loafed for three days at "Camp Perfection" in the midst of solitudes, scenery and bass, until erring human nature had reasserted itself and, not content with the goods the gods had sent, we must needs go farther, and as it proved fare worse. Fastening upon the Boy at

first, but soon communicating itself to me, the travelling fever had resulted in our determination to make a hundred mile recognisance in the vicinity of our ideal lake. For the last two days, therefore, we had slid down with the current farther and farther away from our ideal, taking the rapids with an ever increasing confidence until after two days of this blithe some work an insignificant strip of white water had bid us halt. This was at sun set so that an immediate camp to await the morning sun to dry our repairs became imperative.

In the morning while the Boy prepared the breakfast, I overhauled the three punctures, sustained on our last little descent, and at nine o'clock, as tight as a bottle, the old canoe was again under way.

But increasing signs of civilization warned us of our near approach to a town. Soon it appeared.

We carried over the inevitable dam and slowly paddled through the place. It appeared a singularly sleepy spot, so, stopping only to post a letter, we left it behind. Beyond it the current did not again appear and, as we entered a broad marsh, the channel lay straight before us, evidently deepened to form some sort of waterway to the town.

For six miles, through this marshy drowned land we plied the paddles steadily with a blazing sun above, and not a breath of wind to temper the heat. We wondered at the disappearance of the current, our best friend of the previous day, and at midday the cause appeared in a Government dam and lock, giving access, for small craft, from the thirty mile stretch of open lake beyond, to the little town through which we had passed. Truly civilization had appeared.

At a general store at the river's mouth we laid in a few necessities and pushed out into the great expanse of island studded water before us. We loitered along the right hand shore; things began to grow tame to us, we became discontented. Cottages appeared upon all the islands, a hideous sign, "Private Property" loomed up before us; horrors! a tin water chute came into view, and presently the end came. From far out in the lake, almost imperceptible at first, but steadily growing in volume, came the utterly abominable "put-put-putting" of a gasoline launch! "The limit," said the Boy simply. No further criticism seemed necessary. By this time his paddle was merely marking time. There was not an ounce in his strokes to help the canoe. The fever had gone, and had left him languid and disgusted with the environments our long loop had led us into.

We went ashore and languidly commenced a snack, sitting on the rocks with bare feet in the water, the canoe, as it were, a table across our knees. "Only two nights ago," mumbled the Boy, through a mouthful of sardines, "only two nights ago a wild cat screamed near our tent, and now," indignantly, with a comprehensive sweep of his bread and butter, "this!" A woman's laugh came to us over the water, not a particularly pleasant one either. He shuddered.

For a week the Boy had been close to the earth, seeing things as they are. For the first time his town bred nature had expanded under the charm of silence and of solitude. Among Nature's original works his mind had become—
— "a mansion for all lovely forms," and his—

— "memory a dwelling place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies;"
Out of this fairyland of eye and ear—
— "both what they half create
And what perceive"—

he had been rudely awakened by the sudden plunge into crowded ways again, and the revulsion of feeling was to be expected. I felt the same myself, and we both became so absorbed in melancholy reflections that with eyes wide open, facing the water we quite failed to notice the canoe drifting slowly away from our feet. Presently, with a yell I dropped everything and, rushing out to waist deep seized the truant. Not till I actually laid hands on her did the Boy realize the cause of my sudden movement. Then we laughed, and the spell was broken.

Once more under weigh, we drove the canoe along, cursing the steamboats and launches it is true, but cheerful under the assurance that having once cleared this lake, our further trip, through a chain of smaller ones, would take us further and further from these noisy distractions, "until we reach 'Our' dear old lake" as the Boy remarked. Thus, spontaneously, the designation which we had unconsciously used for the last few days grew into a name.

At sunset we camped on a well used picnicing spot and, from a nearby farmer obtained some milk. During "grub" a succession of curious people rowed past, audibly remarking on our delapidated appearance. That was distinctly rude. No doubt we did look rather like Indians, we had worked hard enough to look so, what if my toes did stick out of my left shoe, a week's beard decorate that part of my face which the sun had left unpainted, and my hair innocent for the same length of time of comb or brush, wave picturesquely in sixteen ways at once? What if the Boy's trousers had grown in a week the color of night and



NOTHING OVER THREE AND A HALF OR UNDER TWO POUNDS IN THE TOP ROW.

carried upon them traces of every meal that we had eaten; and what if his shirt, perforce could not be buttoned? What if he did always move about decorated around the middle with dangerous looking hardware? Had not a wild cat once come near the tent, and might it not come again?

Anyway it was none of their business how we looked, or if our tent was dirty Khaki color instead of glaring white, like the rest we had seen, so conspicuous along the shores. They annoyed us, so, turning our backs on them, we fed, throwing well aimed empty tins quite accidentally over our shoulders in their direction. Whereat they became more rude, but moved away.

Who cannot remember the thirty-six hour gale, from the northwest, that blew over all Ontario last summer about the end of July? From all sides I have heard of the same. To those who were in towns or on only narrow waters, it mattered little; but to the army of us who, in those days had to cross wide lakes and bays, it mattered much. By good luck, we had camped on the north-

ern shore of the lake, and when morning broke, did not quite realize what was in store. By the time that breakfast was over, it began to dawn on us that our work lay cut out and ready.

Waiting until the gale had chopped a little more to the north, we started, hugging the shore and struggling as best we could against the fierce blasts which assailed us at the mouths of bays. By four o'clock we had thus crawled some five miles, and still had fifteen before we reached the Upper lake, another stretch of twelve. Now a deep bay opened up to the north and out of it the white horses rolled, swinging and surging along before the hard drive of the pouring gale. It was only three hundred yards across, but to cross it in a light canoe with another man would have been ticklish work; to attempt it in a loaded one with a boy, would have been most foolhardy. The Boy entreated, knowing nothing of the look of a "bad place," but I wouldn't budge. It was maddening to have to stop with but a short stretch to cover again, it seemed so foolish, but I reflected that one would

look still more foolish clinging to an overturned canoe in that sea without a soul in sight to give a hand, and a three mile stretch of open lake to leeward.

For four leaden hours we watched that crossing until, just as the dusk began to settle down, a lull occurred. We put across at racing speed, even then having to humor the rollers with the nicest care, and reached the high bluff on the opposite side as the gale swept down again, and the heaving waves at once broke into foaming ridges, gleaming palely in the growing dusk. We were in high spirits now. Having seized the moment, we could avail ourselves of a high weather shore to steal along.

The Boy suddenly proposed paddling all night. This was a large order, but we yearned to get out of that huge open expanse where one remained at the mercy of every random wind. I knew he couldn't do it, but said that we would try and see. As the temperature was falling, we donned our sweaters and proceeded. A half moon lighted us on our way, and high above the gale howled in the trees as we crept along the rocky shore. Now and then, from some break in the shore line a sudden rush of wind would strike us, bringing up the canoe dead still as if she had struck a rock. We crouched low crossing such gaps for the force of the wind was like the push of a shoulder.

Hour after hour we drove along, changing sides at intervals. Conversation languished and in silence the paddles rose and fell. About one a. m. I felt my knees growing stiff, from the occasional spray which found its way in-board while crossing breaks in the shore line. At the same moment the Boy proposed camping. It was the first word he had said for an hour, and I had been wondering at his prolonged silence.

In the gloom we found a spot, unloaded, hoisted up and overturned the canoe, pegged out and hoisted the tent. Then I noticed that the Boy was weak. Jostling against him in the dark, I found him as cold as ice. This looked serious and I assumed the role of M. D., feeling his pulse—hardly perceptible. It appeared that for the last two hours he had been wet through with the spray

that I had escaped, and that the wind had half frozen him for all his sweater. He had said nothing, so much for game-ness.

A fire was out of the question. I had a better way. For just such an emergency I had brought a flask of rye. Opening it now I ordered the patient to take a dose. With a sip of water first, and another after, holding his nose during the operation, I managed to make him take it. In five minutes his circulation was restored, appetite returned, and a severe cold, if not worse, averted. It is on such occasions as this that one finds the real use of spirits.

On the second day of the "great wind" we awoke late. Still the white horses raced down the lake; still the trees above us rocked in the blast, and still the sky remained almost cloudless as on the previous day. Disgustedly we settled into what proved to be our hardest day's work. Leave the confounded lake that day we were determined on, and if possible before another meal. Until noon we pegged along fairly well, keeping under cover of the northern shore. By this means we certainly went farther than necessary but to "paddle the line" was out of the question.

At last we reached the Upper lake and, pausing on the short carry between, we surveyed the last stretch before us, and more sheltered waters. It looked very bad indeed—a perfectly open stretch, and lying more to the west. Thus the northern shore, though very high and bluff, afforded little protection. We made a difficult start in the sea that was beating on shore, and, grunting at the paddles edged slowly over to the best shelter we could get along the bluffs. Some of these presented the appearance of capes and bold headlands, picturesque no doubt, but claiming little admiration from us now. With heads low and shoulders humped we dug away with short quick strokes, heading dead on the sea and crawling doggedly forward, for the end was now in sight.

At five p. m., pretty well "all in" we reached the distant shore at the head of the lake. Not till we actually touched it could we "let up" for a moment. Even in the calm water here, the blasts

raced down through the high rolling hills and shoved the canoe about, shooting past in black fleeting squalls on the surface. "Thank the Lord, we're out of that rotten place," grunted the Boy, slowly straightening his cramped knees and endeavoring to stand upright. I wont repeat my own remarks upon this occasion. If the reader has any imagination he will be quite able to supply the omission.

The wind had not done with us yet. We carried over here into a small dam, crossed it and, after a much longer carry, reached a little mile long lake, sandy on the southern and high and precipitate on the northern shore. Even here the white caps beat on the shore and it took us a solid hour to struggle to the farther end. Then we stopped to have "grub."

But the Boy's blood was up. "Let's get into the next lake before night", was his cry. It seemed unnecessary, as we had left civilization behind now and several good camping spots lay near. As the inlet from the next water above lay at hand, we decided to try. Following the stream through all its many windings, after a couple of miles we reached the last of our series of lakes, easily the most picturesque of the lot.

High hills surrounded it, and here and there an island broke the expanse of waters. But the waves rolled on the shore even here, though the fierceness had fled from the gusts and we knew that the gale had blown itself out at last. Carrying over an obstruction, we paddled rapidly to a delightful little point, sandy, and flanked by cedars. As darkness fell we reached the spot and soon had the camp in order. By this time, pitching camp had become the work of a very few minutes, one soon learns to do only the very necessary things. Then for the first time for two days we sat leisurely down to a meal without a thought of hurry or work still ahead.

After all our hard tussle we reflected that we had not done so badly. We had covered about forty miles in two days and a night, and during the heaviest gale of the season. We began to think a little better of ourselves. "Many, no doubt," sagely remarked my companion, "have hugged the camp through all this

blow; they dont know what they've missed." We began to feel quite conceited about it at last, and sat out on our point until late in the night in all the high good humor and contentment that hard work done alone can give.

The loons welcomed us back to the wilds. Three of them flew back and forth over our heads calling wildly to each other. What a difference in this to the sounds that had distracted us two days ago! As the loon is a survivor of an early geological period, I have always associated him with the primeval. In his variety of notes one can hear a cry from a far off time, a time when history had not begun, when time can only be measured not in years but in eras. An utterly mournful, lonely cry it is. With such quiet thoughts, in the strange calm of a perfectly still night, we turned into the blankets well content.

It was late when we awoke next day, and, being Sunday, we took our time over breakfast and the first dip. But the turmoil of the last two days had so stirred up the waters, that the latter process proved a chilly affair.

The question arose again, how about a place in which to spend our summers? Since leaving "Our Lake" we had covered about ninety miles, but had seen nothing that pleased our fancy better. Most of the lakes through which we had passed were hopelessly out of the question. In the best, civilization was apparent; in the worst it was paramount.

Our present site pleased us, decidedly pretty; hills, almost to be dignified by the term of mountains, surrounded us. Islands appeared here and there. The fishing of course was conjectural, though I had met a man who had been here. He had caught black bass, he said, but appeared too curious about the places I had fished. For one who expressed himself content he seemed strangely anxious to try elsewhere. But the place was small. Allowing for future cottagers, the fishing was bound to suffer.

We decided to move on. Leisurely poking along we found the inlet and started up the stream. Judging from its size not much remained beyond. After a couple of miles of vigorous poling we reached a point where further progress

was impossible. Here we stuck and proceeded to scout for a clearing. Luckily we had come just far enough, and a settler's hut soon appeared. We struck a bargain with him to team the outfit over the three miles that lay between us and Our Lake. The last of the series of waters lying at the head of this stream, we abandoned as our Jehu informed us that it was no great thing.

At four o'clock, after two hours on the usual kind of "road," we reached the extreme eastern arm of Our Lake. This was a part of it absolutely unknown to us, so that it was with the vaguest ideas that we set out to find our old camp at "Endiang." These northern lakes are horribly alike. I have taken ten dozen photos on a two hundred and fifty mile trip through them, and been unable afterwards to distinguish

and place more than two-thirds. The islands all bear a family resemblance, likewise the points and channels. The same second growth occurs, the same deep inky water and rocky shores.

With the compass to guide us we threaded our way through a network of channels and by five o'clock had definitely recognized a stumpy bay which we had passed on our way down the lake a week before. Here we knew Camp Perfection to be but three miles distant, so,

with a short stop for a drink, we swung along the last lap of our hundred mile loop. To avoid a two mile detour round a long point, we carried over a narrow neck opposite the island and in a few minutes more had completed our trip.

We immediately celebrated the fact with a monumental feed. A bouillon

was again prepared, into which was thrown everything eatable about the camp; that's the beauty of the dish. One can dispose of so many odds and ends. Fish, fowl, meat, vegetables, bread, eggs, rice, barley, dough, biscuits and everything else that one is tired of seeing about the camp can all be put in. In fact, the more heterogeneous the ingredients, the more thoroughly satisfactory the dish. After this had disappeared, a long cherished tin of pineapple was broached, divided with scrupulous exactness and consumed, in the



A TEN POUND SALMON TROUT.

twinkling of a sheath knife.

The mere quantity that one eats in camp always surprises one. One takes to one's self the supply of, say marmalade, that would be deemed sufficient on a civilized table for a family of four. As to fish, one of a pound and a half, to each of us was enough for a meal, while in the matter of tea and coffee, well, our mugs held a pint, and were often filled twice. Undoubtedly one lives lustily in camp, working well, eating and

drinking well, and sleeping well.

We now had two weeks left to explore Our Lake, before we had to leave the district. Sallying out from our base at "Endiang" island, we poked about, fishing, photographing, bathing, examining the rocks, rich in mica and other minerals of which we were ignorant, and making short trips inland.

On one of these latter we discovered a settler's house and farm. From here we obtained fresh milk, eggs, butter and home made bread. Truly there is some comfort in the wilds. We astonished this good pioneer much I fear. Having written a letter on birch bark, I handed it to him with the request that he post it for me on his next trip to the settlement. He took it gingerly, examined it carefully, sitting in his chair and slowly wagging his head in puzzled surprise. "Surely to God," he burst out at last, "I never seen the like of that!" Then shouting for his good wife, he showed her the curiosity. But one must get far indeed from cities to experience such kindness and hospitality as these good people showed us. To us it was a revelation, yet they thought nothing of it, and to them we must suppose it seemed the most natural way to treat a stranger.

"That best portion of a good man's life.

The little unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

One morning, passing quietly through a channel filled with logs and stumps, an excited whisper from the Boy, "Look at the otter, look at the otter," made me glance all ways at once. The canoe drifted along while the Boy tugged desperately at his "gun." Then, within twenty feet of the bow, beside a projecting log, something flopped into the water and disappeared. Knowing that we had not disturbed him seriously, we returned in the afternoon, unlimbered and ready for business. For the life of me I could not see the creature amid the hundreds of logs before us. "There he is," whispered my lynx eyed comrade and I silently moved the canoe in the direction indicated. When within perhaps thirty feet of an upturned root the "gun" spoke, but the otter, whose head was turned from us, dived unharmed. We

practiced with that wretched machine afterwards and found that at ten feet, one might possibly hit a man, by aiming at his feet and asking him to stand very still. It was the ordinary 32 cal. light, short barreled useless thing, that usually kills the wrong person, and is absolutely of no service on small game. In a quarrel with a man, an axe would be more satisfactory; with any smaller antagonist, give me a bow and arrow in preference.

Another afternoon the Boy attempted to stalk a couple of ducks which had alighted in a tiny bay near at hand. They were not, of course, in season, but knowing the weapon, I cheerfully gave leave, promising to follow in the canoe to pick up the bag. The Boy departed, *vente a terre* through the second growth to the shore. Presently the "gun" spoke, and at regular intervals, each of its six shots was fired. Then came a pause, and again the steady crack, crack, crack began.

Wondering what it was all about, I climbed leisurely into the canoe and paddled round the point. By this time eleven rounds had been fired. I found the Boy prone behind a log waiting for me. It appeared that one duck had been found asleep, the other feeding. At the sleeping victim, the Boy had opened fire at a ten yard range, dropping his shots in a circle at varying distances from the unconscious bird. After the sixth round the duck had awakened and he informed me "began to feed." Certainly they were very "unacquainted with man," for they were still there, though becoming a little alarmed. I took the Boy on board and slowly edged up to the ducks crowding them in towards the shore. Presently they sprang into the air and whizzed past us at some ten feet distance and the "gun" said its last word. Not a feather stirred. Those ducks, I have since concluded, must have witnessed our previous practice—they knew the "gun."

By the end of the week we were almost, I say almost, tired of fishing. The capture of bass here seemed so easy that we, who used to tire out our companions daily in our ardor, even we began to have enough. Then we had

only the artificial minnow, now completely scored with teeth marks from pike and doree, and perhaps that lent a sameness to the day's sport.

On Saturday night therefore, we solemnly vowed that from sunrise to sunset on the following day, we would not wet a line. Having made the vow, we felt quite pleased with ourselves for our "Sabbath observance." Not many, we reflected, placed as we were in the pick of Ontario fishing and far from the influence of civilized codes, would voluntarily give up a whole day's fishing out of respect to the sanctity of the day. We grew quite eloquent about it at length, severely censuring the conduct of others whom we had seen on other Sabbaths engaged in their godless pursuits. The Boy called to mind stories out of illustrated books from his recent childhood, and from them drew harrowing pictures of the end of such evil doers. Finally we decided to spend the day quietly taking photographs and in target practice.

There were many places which we had wished to take near the camp; the cliffs behind the island, the narrow rock "gateway," the "painted rocks" white quartz barred with salmon color and light blue, and other interesting things. We had always intended doing this but could not give a whole day to it before. All the next day we climbed hills, lugging the heavy tripod and 5x7 camera with us. The telescopic arrangement, with its seventeen inch draw proved invaluable. At one point, I was endeavoring to stand on an overhanging ledge a couple of feet from the water and at the same time set the camera and secure a difficult view. Just as I had, for the third time, clutched at the legs to keep the "whole show" from toppling into the water, the Boy made one of his startling discoveries.

A large school of bass was leisurely swimming about below us, and could be plainly seen less than ten feet away moving slowly, occasionally coming to the surface and rolling over in a luxurious fashion fairly tantalizing. Oh for our rod and tackle!

The size of the monsters filled us with sorrow, and the camp was a mile away.

"We promised not to wet a line," at last my companion shouted, "but nothing about wetting bullets" and out again came his "deadly weapon." When a bass broke the surface the Boy unloosed a slug in his direction, sometimes coming within four feet of his mark. To this accompaniment I proceeded to secure my photo. Presently the regulation six shots had been fired and the weapon was sheathed, satisfaction being apparently expressed on both sides.

That evening the fishing fever returned with double force, and it occurred to us that on not one day so far had we kept strict tally of our catch in bass to submit to those we had left at the old headquarters.

The next day, we started from "Endiang" at about nine a. m. fishing steadily until four p. m. We used our one rod alternately, never passed twice over the same ground and kept exact tally on a sheet of bark of the weight of every bass we caught. The pike and doree we disregarded, for it was bass and bass only which had brought us here, and which would be our argument for moving. At about three-thirty it occurred to me that we would see the settler that evening and that he might like some fish. It didn't occur to me that his ice house was always full of them from his Sunday catches. We blamed ourselves for not having thought of it sooner as the biggest bass could then have been kept for him. However we decided to keep the last nine fish no matter of what size or species.

Of course the last nine were small, consisting of seven bass and two doree. Curiously enough the last of these nine proved the largest, the one on the left hand of the picture scaling exactly four pounds. This lot the Boy photographed at camp before we took them to our friend. In the fire light that night, after "grub" was done we cast up the day's score. Between nine and four, using but the one artificial minnow we had landed and weighed fifty-three small-mouthed black bass. Their aggregate weight proved to be one hundred and



THE END OF THE TRIP.

twelve pounds, which gives the average of two and one-eighth pounds apiece, a high one. This means of getting at the size of the fish in a new lake is much the most dependable. The average cannot deceive if over a dozen fish are caught.

One is inclined to remember only the large ones afterwards and thus thinks of the fishing in any waters as better than it really is. It is the little ones however that make such havoc of the expected average. The photo above of thirty-four black bass, (four large mouthed) looks well for the result of two rods in a day. There is nothing over three and a half or under two in the top row but all the small ones below bring down the average to a disappointing one and a quarter pounds. During our last week at Camp Perfection we definitely decided to put up our shack here on the island, which by now we were calling "Endiang" or "home."

Our last day broke gloriously, a perfectly clear, still, clear cut, fall like day. We were up betimes, took our last dip and with a brisk fire soon had the porridge boiled, bass, cooked and toast

made. We had found that bread even two weeks old could be made delicious by simple toasting. We lingered over everything that morning. It is hard to forego a place where one has lived every instant of the day from the rising to the setting of the sun; where the hours have rolled all too swiftly into days, and the days into weeks. Disagreeable things must sometimes be done though, and so it was now.

We put out the last fire, always a sad act, like extinguishing a life, then unslung the lug-pole, placing two crossed evergreen sprays in the ashes to apprise all and sundry, who would know, coming that way that the spot was vacant for the next wayfarer of the woods and waters. After carrying through the narrow "gateway" into the long open lake through which we had passed in coming down to Endiang, we repacked the canoe, considerably lighter than when we last came that way, and settled down to a steady swing which sent us along merrily.

An ever widening V of wake opened behind us on the placid surface even to

the shore. The sun climbed up from the clear horizon behind us flooding the whole scene with splendor. I sent the old Taounyawatha straight up the centre of the wide expanse to get the full reality of the breathless morning. Then, when far out in the very middle we could feel that here indeed was elbow room for our crowded fancies. At the half way island, the last of our yesterday's milk was divided, a drop left in the flask shaken in to legalize the toast, and then resting on the thwarts with mug in one hand and upraised paddle in the other, I gave the words, "To Our Lake, to Camp Perfection and to Endiang," while the last six shots from the weapon in the bow cracked out in the dead silence of the brilliant morning. On the last half of the stretch the Boy proposed a concluding verse to the now interminable epic of Our Lake. By a fearful mental struggle we wrenched the following into rhyme and rhythm; as we neared the shore, hastily improvising a most pious closing:

"But all things terrestrial, unlike the celestial
Must come to an end, and our tent we
must move,

And pass through the "connection" to
the last Camp Perfection
Which awaits us we trust in the realms
above."

My companion was so struck with the tone of this concluding stanza that he proposed finishing with a sonorous seven-fold Amen. This, however was voted down.

We found our driver, and in the course of about two hours were again afloat on the home waters. But how tame everything looked, how familiar. If we had done nothing else, at least we had spoiled our appreciation of the place. It now became imperative to get rid of the old shanty.

Ten minutes before "train time" on the last day of the holidays I received an offer. A month later the place had changed hands. Our old friend at Our Lake was communicated with and promised to have the new shack up by the spring.

Nothing remained but to spend the intervening months in pleasant retrospect of the summer which had gone, and to live in pleased anticipation of that which is to come.

From Sault Ste. Marie come reports as to the ravages of the wolves in Algoma. A. Dowlson reported discovering fifteen dead deer, John Boynton, nine, and George Waldon seven, all in the township of Searchmont or close by, and in all cases deaths were attributed to the wolves. George Dugle of Groscap found two dead deer and saw a couple of wolves near that place. John Munro reported finding two deer apparently killed by wolves twenty-eight miles from Searchmont. Mr. McCaley discovered no less than twenty-two carcasses of deer all killed by wolves near Goulais Bay. Ben Riel of Groscap tells a story of meeting two wolves on the road about a mile from his house. He had no gun at the time but hurried to the house for a rifle. On his return he could not find the wolves but saw two deer which the wolves had apparently killed. There are many reports of increases amongst the wolves in Algoma and the raising of the

bounty might be the means of leading to a diminution in their numbers, if not clearing them out.

That some game wardens do their duty despite all the difficulties they have to encounter, is shown by the conduct of John W. Robinson, of New Brunswick. He heard of an infraction of the game law by John W. McNaughton, one of the councillors for Glenely, Northumberland county, and camped on his trail for six weeks securing evidence against him. At the end of that time the case was so complete that McNaughton did not contest it, admitting that he killed a bull moose on January second, which is close season, and submitting to a fine of \$50 and costs. The moral effect of this case is likely to be felt throughout the Province and even beyond its confines. It is only right when so much is heard in criticism of game wardens that such a case of energetic work by one of their number should also be recorded.



ONE OF THE MOOSE HEADS.

Two Moose Heads.

THE above cut shows Foster, one of the guides of the Mississaga country in Ontario at the tunnel on the Mississaga, and the kind of moose antlers that can be got there. Mr. Foster is pointing with his finger at the bullet hole which was in the right place. No doubt the maker of the rifle would like to know what rifle it was that did the trick, but the records are silent on that point.

The lower cut shows the antlers bought by the C. P. R. from George Linklater. The spread is nearly seventy-five inches. The strong resemblance to the other antlers and one or two others that have been obtained, of the same shape, would go to show that this spread is typical of the Mississaga country. Linklater's antlers have undoubtedly the largest spread of any moose killed in the East up to date. This spread is rarely excelled, even in Alaska.

The Ontario Government has a forest reserve of some five thousand miles, through which the Mississaga River flows in a very swift way. Fortunately the head waters of the river can

be reached by rail, and you go down stream to the Soo Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway; therefore, the journey is as easy as it is swift and attractive from the scenic point of view.

The Record Head is badly drawn from a photograph. It will be photographed later.



A FAMOUS ONTARIO MOOSE HEAD.

The Record Head of 1908.



At the Portage, Petawawa River, Algonquin National Park, Grand Trunk Railway System.

A School Boy's Search for an Ideal Vacation.

BY HAROLD G. SALTON.

FOUR years ago, my father, brother and I, were seated at the foot of the Victoria statue, on Parliament Hill, Ottawa, discussing the all important subject of vacation. After a long and spirited debate we decided to go to England that summer. So we started off. Everything went well during the first couple of days. We enjoyed the trip down the St. Lawrence immensely but on the morning of the third day a huge storm struck us. The captain said it was "the worst storm he had ever experienced," but I suppose he told that story every trip; nevertheless my little brother of six was the only passenger at breakfast



The Author.

that morning. The members of the crew said it looked very funny to see such a small boy being waited on by seven waiters. We arrived in the Old Land safely, having had on the whole, a very pleasant trip. We spent about five weeks in England, dashing from place to place, all the time trying to take in as many of the sights as possible. The return voyage was a very monotonous one.

On the morning after our arrival home, one might see three pale tired people wending their way to the same old spot on Parliament Hill to discuss the holiday. This was the conclusion we arrived at: that although we had a very pleasant and extremely in-

structive trip, yet it cost us more than the fun was worth. We hurried too much to derive the needed energy for the winter's work and as light amusements and mental relaxation are the essentials of a true holiday, we decided that our English tour did not fill the bill.

The next June found us worrying over the same old problem of vacation. This time we went to the extreme and bought a secluded estate in

Quebec, twenty-eight miles from the nearest railroad station, over some of the worst roads I have ever seen. This kind of a place just suited me to perfection in many respects. There was fishing, hunting, bathing and boating, and almost everything one could desire. However it was too lonely for the women of the party, as the nearest person was Sandy, an Indian, living in a hut at the end of the adjacent lake four miles away. After a while I began to get a little tired of it, as it was almost invariably up to me to go over the two Lakes—Lad y Lake and Hawke Lake—and up a mile and a half hill, to the nearest farm house for provisions, at least two or three times a week. One night about ten o'clock Olis Whelan, from Ottawa, and I were coming through the portage between the two lakes staggering

under a hundred pounds apiece when we heard a wolf within fifty yards of us. The animal followed us closely till we embarked

on the second lake. Of course we were not the least bit afraid; nevertheless we decided to pass through this portage earlier in the evening in future, as there might be more than one wolf next time.

When the following spring arrived and we were starting for our accustomed council meet, mother did not

plead or even request us to return to the resort of the previous year. This time we decided to split the difference between the rush of England and the quiet of the forest and go to Ocean Grove, N. J. In Ocean Grove there was very little to do, with the exception of a little bathing, or promenading up and down the board walk, in the burning sun amidst

a noisy crowd of holiday seekers. The few days when it was calm enough to bathe in the sea, was to my mind, the only redeeming feature.

The summer holidays come but once a year and I felt they were for a definite purpose. This kind of a holiday was nothing but a waste of time.

In the Spring of the year 1905 we took things more deliberately and left ourselves lots of time to ponder over the same old vital question.



THE QUEBEC COTTAGE.



COMING HOME ; NOTHING DOING.



DREAMING THE HAPPY HOURS AWAY.

Burnt Lake, Algonquin National Park, Grand Trunk Railway System.

At length we decided to try Algonquin National Park. So for this purpose we had a portable house built in Davidson's factory where we had the pleasure of designing and supervising the construction. This enabled us as the work went on, to add many novel touches of our own invention to economize space or to increase the comfort; nevertheless it was built on strictly portable lines, for who knew but we would be off seeking some new place by the time twelve months more had flown.

We managed to erect our cottage on the best

point in Cache Lake before the ice melted.

On the twenty fourth of May we went up; this trip was taken more to get things settled for the summer than anything else. We only fished a couple of times during this trip, as it was a little

too early and we could not get proper bait. However we caught seven good sized ones between the three of us in about half an hour, trolling up and down White Lake, which is about a mile up the Madawaska from Cache Lake.

Since our first visit we



OCEAN GROVE: NOT MANY IN BATHING TODAY.



OUR TENT.

have availed ourselves of every opportunity to spend at least a few days in this paradise of the north. This I consider the school boy's ideal resort.

When you arrive at Algonquin Park Station, the first thing you notice is the Rangers' Home. In past years, outside of the tents, this formed the only accommodation for guests. This building was enlarged considerably last spring, but even then it proved too small although surprisingly good.

This year I understand a small hotel is being built to help out the city of tents. The word tents generally suggests to the average vacationist something to be shunned, they have heard campers tell of the awful experience they underwent the first time they tried to camp out, about the cold damp beds and the smoky fire and hundreds of other such experiences. However I feel quite certain that if you ever have the pleasure of sleeping in one of the tents at Headquarters of Algonquin Park your views of camp life will be entirely changed. When I first occupied one of these tents last fall I was surprised to find them so comfortable. I slept so soundly that night that I missed my train for home next morning and had to wait till the evening.

Last year a large party of

Pittsburg coal merchants came up and about thirty more tents were immediately erected on the same plan as those composing tent city, all having one dining room tent adjoining the rangers' house. This party confined their trips through the park so that no matter what lake they visited they would have time to return before night. They had exceptionally good luck in bass fishing on Cache Lake bringing in strings of them weighing from half a pound up to five pounds.

There is a certain doctor from Ottawa who frequents the park every year. He is what I call a perfect fisherman, lots of patience, bait and results. He always

spends a preliminary hour or two catching large shiners in a bay near headquarters.

I remember some men came home from their first little fishing trip one day disgusted with the fishing, never had a bite. The decision was to move on next day to some lake where there was something doing, they did not come all the way from P— to have this kind of luck. A few minutes after my friend the doctor appeared at the landing carrying a large grocery box on his shoulder.

"Been fishing long?" inquired our disgusted friends.



STARTING OUT FISHING.

Algonquin National Park—Grand Trunk Railway System.

"A couple of hours," the doctor replied and then turned out the contents of the box, twenty-four speckled lake trout weighing from three-quarters of a pound to five and a half pounds. The next train that came in brought a parcel for Mr. Bartlett, the superintendant of the park, which came from the next station below. From this parcel, issued to the amazement of the spectators, a trout tipping the balance at sixteen pounds two ounces! Our stranger friends decided to stay over another day and try their luck again!

A great many people when looking over literature describing various resorts pass over the Park as out of the question, when they learn that no shooting is allowed within its bounds. Now this, instead of being an objectionable feature, is one of the greatest arguments in its favor as a summer resort, for if shooting were permitted it would be of no advantage during the closed season and it would tend to drive away the game from the Park. As it is, a great many of the animals of the park are in a semi tame stage. This provides an unlimited field for the photographer; here you need not rig up scientific arrangements with flash light attachments to get wild life photos. A young lady teacher from Toronto secured some excellent pictures of beavers at work on their dam not more than six hundred yards from the station at high noon. Mr. Bartlett has some fine pictures of wild game taken in various places through the park.

The convenience of travelling in the park is one of its greatest assets, the rangers having built fine portages between all the important lakes and Mr. Bartlett has been kind enough to have these plainly marked; in many cases a small glass covered notice on a near by

tree tells you the names of the lakes between which the portage runs, the distance and the other lakes on that route, thus making it possible to take many week end trips from head quarters without any fear of being lost. If you wish to travel more extensively through the park and with greater ease, competent guides may be secured.

Last year, for the first time, a camp of boys from the military training school of Bordentown, N. J. came up to the park and placed their permanent camp on a large island in Cache Lake not far from headquarters. They divided up so as to have one lot of boys in camp while two other parties travelled through the park; thus each boy got two thirds of the time visiting the different fishing lakes and one third of the time to rest and prepare for the next trip. This plan seemed to work well. Even the camp time had its redeeming features as the boys had the privilege of taking their meals at the Tent City Dining Room and of going where they pleased. As this party was leaving the park I overheard Mr. Tracy say that they had camped in a great many of the well known camping places of America, including the Adirondacks and that they found many drawbacks to them all, but Algonquin Park seemed to suit them in every respect and they intended to make it a permanent camp for years to come. Since then it has been rumored that the exceptionally healthy appearance of these lads when they returned, created quite an interest in the park among parents of the boys and friends of the school.

I will close this attempt to express my enthusiasm over Algonquin National Park by hoping to have the pleasure of meeting many 'Rod and Gun' readers, in this camper's and fisherman's paradise this summer.

Those of our readers who enjoyed the fine articles on International Control of the Great Lakes Fisheries by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, and International Control of International Waters by Mr. C. H. Wilson which recently appeared in our pages, will be interested in knowing that the United States Senate have confirmed the treaty recently signed by Ambassador Bryce and Secretary Root for reg-

ulating and controlling the waters between Canada and the United States. A commission will be appointed to carry out the provisions of the treaty and it is hoped the food fishes of the continent will now have due and careful attention so that the supply of both countries may be conserved to the great benefit of all the people.

The Fresh Water Trout of Canada.*

BY DR. E. SISLEY.

I congratulate you on the effort you are putting forward for the betterment of the fish and game of this province, and wish to offer as my only excuse for addressing you a sincere desire on my part to assist, if only in a small way, the work so ably begun. My subject, at first sight, appears a very large one, but on closer examination it will be seen to dwindle down to rather small proportions.

There are in Canada two large and important families of fishes, each known under three different appellations, depending on whether we use an English term, a scientific, or a popular one. They are the salmon and salmonoids; the salmo and the salvelinus; the trout and the charr.

Each family is represented in the trout waters of Alberta, which comprise the southwest corner of the province, the Bow River and its tributaries, the Old Man and the Belly. There is only one representative of the salmo family in this province, and that is the *Salmo-Mykiss* or Cutthroat Trout, so well known to most of those present. This is a very beautiful and gamey fish, with many of the characteristics of the salmo family. At maturity it reaches to the weight of three or four pounds. It has well pronounced teeth, scales only fairly well developed to the naked eye, and readily seen under a magnifying glass; dark colored back and light colored underneath, except in spawning time, when the belly and sides are a vivid red in color, a picture to behold, also under each jaw is a red stripe, from which it receives its common name of cutthroat. Its flesh is white in color, which at first appeared strange to myself, as I was of the opinion all salmon had red flesh, but a government report states that the species on the Pacific coast, which are the most tender and palatable, are very pale in flesh and frequently quite white.

Its natural home is gravel bottomed rapidly running streams; it lives almost wholly on larvae, insects such as wasps, ants, beetles and grasshoppers, and is very rarely known to swallow another fish. I have opened a number of them and have never found anything but insects. Mr. Millar, of Millarville, whose well kept report extends over a number of years, shows the same fact. Probably the most important question with us is, "When does it spawn?"

I have had no opportunity until the last year to study its habits. About the first of May, J. H. Tomlinson, an enthusiastic and devoted disciple of Isaac Walton and a true sportsman, took me down to the mouth of Fish Creek, where, in two hours, we took thirteen fish, weighing twenty-five pounds, the largest being three pounds six ounces, and the smallest one pound, all being taken with the fly, the red ibis being the favorite. I regret to say, and am ashamed to say, that every one of these fish were females and full of ripe ova. Mr. Millar's reports conclusively show that they spawn during April and May. At the mouth of Fish Creek, terrific slaughter of these with ripe ova has been going on for years. There was every evidence of much fishing having been recently done in that locality. There were the remains of fresh beef lying around, and we also found about a pound of cured salmon eggs, which are said to be a very killing bait, and strictly prohibited in Great Britain for that purpose.

This evidence clearly proves, at least to my mind, that these trout (the *salmo mykiss*) spawn in the spring, and therefore should be protected accordingly. Now, I wish to make a statement which may at first appear a startling one. My subject is the fresh water trout of Canada. I have told you that our cutthroat trout is a real trout, a salmo. Now, I

*A paper read before the Calgary (Headquarters) Branch of the Alberta Fish and Game Protective Association.

wish to tell you that it is the only real fresh water trout in Canada, with the exception of the landlock salmon of Quebec.

British Columbia has a cutthroat of much commercial value, but it is apparently a sea trout. No better and more interesting exhibit could be made at our Dominion exposition than a glass tank with some live *salmo mykiss*. Many visitors would see a real trout for the first time. All other so-called trout are salmonoids or charr. My paper, then, should come to an end, but it would not be complete without a reference to the other most interesting family, the charr, especially as some gentlemen are anxious to start a hatchery here, and it will be wisdom for them to consider what they intend to hatch. In this province we have a degenerate representative of the charr family in the *salvelinus malma*, or what is commonly called the bull trout. The most typical representative is the *salvelinus fontinalis* of eastern Canada, commonly known as the brook trout. The family characteristics are the following: They live in fresh running water or clear spring lakes. They have large mouths with strong jaws, well fortified with teeth; have no scales, with two rows of pink spots along each side, brighter in some and more faded out in others. Usually the flesh is of a pink tint. Their living consists, to a very large extent, of live fish. The varieties in eastern Canada are the *salvelinus fontinalis*, or brook trout, the lake trout and the *salvelinus namaycush* or salmon trout. In British Columbia we also have the "Dolly Varden," or bull trout, the rainbow and mountain trout, all of which are not trout, strictly speaking; but are charr.

Of these fish, the *salvelinus fontinalis* of Eastern Canada is the only variety in the east that is of interest to the sportsman. This fish is noted for its beauty and its fighting qualities, the eagerness with which it takes the artificial fly, and the strenuous fight it puts up for life when once fairly caught on the hook. I have known it to jump six feet over the water to take the fly before the fishermen had completed his cast. Its eating qualities are unsurpassed for delicacy of

flavor by any other fresh water fish. This beautiful gamey fish, however, has one very bad habit. It is a cannibal of the first water. It will swallow anything in the shape of a live fish, even one of its own kind. With my own eyes I have seen one twelve inches long trying to swallow one ten inches long, and have taken one with a fly with the tail of another fish sticking out of its mouth. Even the young fry, as soon as their mouths are open, endeavor to swallow one another, and too often succeed. This renders the artificial raising of these fish very difficult, and very often somewhat disappointing. I wish to draw your attention particularly to this habit, for it applies to all the pink spotted variety or charrs. Later on, I shall tell you why I am so emphatic on this point. Look over Mr. Millar's very interesting report, and what do you find for stomach contents? Of a *salmo mykiss* almost invariably insects; of a bull trout invariably fish, except in one instance, and then it was a mouse. Let me read you one instance: Sept. 4, 1895, bull trout, length, 19½ in.; weight 37 oz., where caught, Sheep creek; in poor condition, stomach contents, 1 bull trout, 6 inches long, 1 cutthroat, 8 inches long.

Supposing there are 1,000 bull trout in a given stream in Alberta, and each one should swallow one fish per week of their own and other species, which is an absurdly small estimate, both as to number and capacity of appetite, it would mean the annual loss of 52,000 fish, which, experience shows, would be mostly cutthroat, or one per day would be 365,000. A bounty has been placed on the wolf; as great, or a greater, sinner goes free; yet well meaning sportsman wish to introduce more charr, in the shape of the brook trout of Ontario; in fact the C. P. R. have already placed some at Banff. I have told you that the bull trout is a lazy, degenerate fellow, but if these waters are suitable to the Ontario chap he will soon make himself felt, and in ten years you will have nothing left of your valuable *salmo mykiss*. Please understand I do not wish to say anything disparaging of the fine fish that eastern Canadians are so proud of, and justly so, in his own waters; but, leave

him there, at least until we have learned more about our own noble trout. Now, nature has given us a valuable fish, a true trout, with no vicious habits, and it is our bounden duty to protect the fish, and instead of bringing in charr to gobble it up, we ought to be cultivating and shipping it alive to other provinces which are not as fortunate as we are. As for their non-predaceous habits, they are eminently fitted for hatchery purposes. The government report from Ottawa, which I have here with me, tells where these charr, *salvelinus fontinalis* were planted in a salmon stream in Prince Edward Island, and in course of time the salmon were cleaned out, and now they would like to be rid of this vicious little monster.

Now, I would like to ask what have we been doing to protect the beautiful and palatable trout indigenous to the waters of this province? Answer: "Nothing?" Nay, on the other hand, we have wittingly and unwittingly done everything in our power to exterminate them, we have done most of our fishing when we should have had a close season. It is an open secret that many fish are dynamited when in the act of spawning for the purposes of sale. Dams, apparently, are not provided with proper runways or slides, and our pure streams are being polluted in the most outrageous manner. Our towns and cities drain

their sewage into them, and private parties dump their manure and refuse at the riverside so that it may be washed down by the first freshet that swells the stream.

Some intelligent people inform me that sewage does no harm with a stream like the Bow. I am afraid it will as our city increases in size, but in this connection would like to draw your attention to the mouth of the Elbow. The greater part of the year this is small and shallow, and for the first half mile from its mouth, at the present time, the water is very much polluted with sewage, so that no respectable fish like the trout, with its aristocratic nose, would ever think of ascending or descending the stream, as it ordinarily does in the process of spawning. This condition should not be allowed. One more point, and I am through. No irrigation ditches should be allowed to take water without first screening it. Thousands of trout descend these ditches never to return, and, of course, perish. I would like you to consult Mr. Millar as to his experience on this question.

No statement has been made by me which cannot be supported by the best ichthyologists in Canada and the United States, but in a short paper like this there is no room for quoting authorities, nor for going into the details that a scientific paper, which this does not pretend to be, would require.

A Good Western Bag.

OUR illustration shows the result of one hour's shooting to the south of Brandon one fine autumn morning. There were three guns in the party and no efforts were made to accomplish any record. To obtain twenty-one geese, six grouse and a jack rabbit inside one hour was satisfactory to the hunters and probably most sportsmen would enjoy a similar experience. The names of the hunters as seated showing from left to right are H. J. Smale, C. W. Harrison and R. Dowling. Apparently Manitoba has a good deal to offer to sportsmen and though we are often overwhelmed with western wheat it is as well to be reminded now and then what the West can do in the way of sport.



A GOOD WESTERN BAG.

The Use and Care of a Rifle.

BY HEBER LOGAN.

RIFLE shooting is becoming more popular every year. In shooting people find not only a pastime, but a good indicator of the qualities of a man's judgment and nerves. Many ranges have been built for the purpose of allowing people to become well acquainted with the art on which the safety of a country often depends. A certain amount may be learned from books on this subject, but the main thing is experience.

Any person who wishes to start rifle shooting should first learn how to hold a rifle steadily and in the proper position. Practice may be a great benefit in learning the proper position, but to have good nerves is the principal part of holding a rifle steadily. The eyes also must be in good condition, and if such is not the case an oculist should be consulted. Glasses will not be a hindrance in shooting. If a V sight is being used an orthoptic will be a great help, for it not only magnifies the object at which the shooter is firing, but it also concentrates the sight.

In selecting a rifle get one which is new or very little worn. A great deal will depend on the selection made. If you intend to shoot at long ranges the steel coated bullets will be used. These are very hard on the grooves of a rifle, and will wear them out in a very short time. Some may wear out the barrel of a rifle so much in one year, that it will not be true enough to shoot with the next season. It will be useless to get a cheap rifle. A rifle costing under twenty dollars, to be used for long distances, will be of no use. To get a very expensive rifle will not be waste, as may be supposed. It is quite possible, with the majority of rifles, to get a new barrel put in after the old one has been worn out.

Different kinds of rifles have different kinds of sights, so the proper way to use these sights will be learned by directions given with them. In the last few years the peep sight has become more popular with riflemen. These new sights have

the veneer and wind-guage attached.

All these things attended to, the next step will be to get the ammunition. The kind to get will depend on the calibre of the rifle. The best should always be procured so that the best results will be obtained. Some of the less expensive ammunition may injure the rifle. For the same reason the best marksman who have rifles which fire cordite and other ammunition equally as strong, never buy cartridges loaded with black powder to fire in their rifles. The first thing to attend to with the sights is to see that they are properly blackened so that no glare whatever will be on them. Black paint is often used for this purpose. The best way to blacken the sights is to hold them over a burning candle. Many put white paint on the lower part of the fore sight, which faces the shooter, leaving only a small portion black. This is a matter of preference, the object being to take an equal amount of sight in each shot. The rear sight must be elevated to the proper distance. The elevation depends on the number of yards from which you are shooting to the target, and also the way the rifle shoots. The number of degrees of wind must be found out, and the wind-gauge fixed accordingly. The man who wishes to make good scores must learn to shoot in a proper position. To a person who knows little about shooting this would seem a very small matter. It forms a very important part of the art however. The greater number of good shooters know how to place themselves in a proper position. It is rather hard to give a correct idea of this by writing. The proper way to learn is to get a shooter, who knows, to give you the proper directions while shooting. The three general ways of shooting are lying, kneeling and standing.

The best results will come by the first position. I will assume that you hold the rifle to the right shoulder. Do not lie in a straight line with the target, but allow the body and the legs to slant to

the left, while the rifle is in a straight line with the target. At the same time do not let the legs be spread out but keep them well together with the toes resting on the ground.

In kneeling, the body is also at an angle so that the aiming of the rifle will not draw the shooter up in a hunched position. One knee rests on the ground, while the other serves as a rest for the left elbow, the right arm not being allowed to touch any part of the body. While shooting in the standing position neither of the arms must touch the body or any other sort of rest. As in both the other positions the body is at an angle, for the same reason as before given.

After the shooter has taken his rifle and placed himself in the proper position, the rifle may be loaded by opening the breach and putting in the cartridge. Avoid all danger, however, by not loading till in the proper position to shoot. After loading, grip the small of the butt by the right hand, and place the left hand a little apiece from the trigger-guard toward the muzzle. Allow the finger next the thumb to touch the trigger. Take a careful aim at the object, or "bull's-eye," by catching the tip of the fore sight through the rear sight, and at the same time allowing it to be on the bottom of the object, or as it is called "six o'clock." Be sure that before firing the rifle is steady and is not rolled towards one side, for if that happens the bullet will go in the direction in which the rifle is rolled. Hold the rifle tightly against the shoulder and pull the trigger gradually, not with a sudden jerk.

Careful attention must be given to the directions already given; but one which is just as important, if success in shooting is expected, is the care of the rifle. Many books have been written on this subject which will interest shooters, but the main points may be given here.

After the shooter has finished firing he will find that the barrel of the rifle has heated considerably. Do not attempt to cool it by the application of water, but open the breach, and the barrel will soon cool. If the barrel of the rifle has corners it will be impossible to shoot for a long

time with it accurately, for the barrel will heat and expand. But the expansion will not be the same in all parts of the barrel, as the same amount of steel is not put in all parts of a cornered barrel. Even the expanding of a round barrel will put the bullet out of its course because it will not fit as closely into an expanded barrel.

The rifle must be cleaned of all the dirt which has collected in the barrel. The things required for this are, a rod for cleaning, a steel brush, a "pull-through," gun oil and gun grease. The whole will not amount to more than two dollars. If the breach can be detached from the rest of the rifle, lay it aside. Take the rod and fix the steel brush on it. Dip the brush in the oil and rub up and down the inside of the barrel. Next, remove the brush from the rod and in its place put a piece of cloth also dipped in the oil. Rub it up and down for a short time. If the barrel is still dirty, apply the brush again, and then the cloth. After the inside is thoroughly cleaned, put a cloth, slightly coated with the gun-grease on the "pull through" and apply to the inside of the barrel. (A "pull-through" is a piece of strong cord with a weight on one end, and a hole in the other, through which to place the cloth.)

Some kinds of gun oil may not have the qualities to brighten the barrel as well as might be wished. In that case a damp cloth may act as a better cleaner than the oil. First use the brush without being dipped in anything, and then use the damp cloth by means of the rod. In each case in which a cloth is used, it must be torn off, and wrapped around the rod so that it will not be too big for the barrel, but will just fit in tightly. After a damp cloth has been used, every precaution should be used to dry the inside of the barrel before applying the grease. To dry the barrel, all that is necessary to be done is to put a dry cloth on the rod and rub it up and down the inside.

Try as far as possible to keep all rust from the inside of a rifle. In a very short time the rifle will be rendered useless if rust or dirt is allowed to remain in the

barrel. Rust once formed is hard to get out. Some shooters try the following way to take away any rust which may happen to form in the barrel. Hang the rifle up by the butt. Pour boiling water mixed with a small quantity of soda, through the inside of the barrel. Dry the rifle out thoroughly after doing this, that no new rust may form.

The other metal in the rifle should be kept from rust. The grease will keep rust away if applied to all parts.

If it should happen that a piece of cloth gets stuck in the barrel, it will have to be bored out by means of an instrument for that purpose, placed on the end of the rod.

When the shooting is over, and the rifle is being put away, place a covering over the muzzle, and always keep the breech closed when the rifle is not in use. If it is possible to get a case for the whole rifle it is better to use it as an extra precaution.

Our Vanishing Deer.

BY W. H. LOW.

IF you will allow me the space of a few lines in your valuable magazine, to express my opinion on the above subject, I will be greatly obliged.

In your February number I read with interest an article by Mr. A. C. Pratt, M. P. P., on "Our Vanishing Deer." I cannot however agree with the writer as to hounding deer being one of the principal causes of our rapidly disappearing deer.

I have hunted with hounds for about eight years and can say we never got our full complement of deer, although they were fairly plentiful and we had good hounds. We were satisfied with one deer to each man, and sometimes less. On the other hand, I believe that more deer can be, and are killed by still hunting.

Last fall I was unable to take in our annual hunt with hounds, but later in the season I went still hunting and could have shot six deer in three days, but did not fire at them. Why? Because I could not get sight of a vital part, such as head, neck or shoulder, but could easily have shot them in the hind quarters. What would the result have been—the poor creatures would probably have escaped only to die a slow and lingering death. How many still hunters would have lost such opportunities? My friends also had similar chances.

Now, if we were "butchers," as Mr. A. C. Pratt called some of us, we would have taken a chance shot at the unfortunate animals. However, we got our full complement of deer, two to each man.

I got two in one shot. Of course this was merely a chance shot, but you could not do that on the lake shooting. One

of these deer was nearly dead when I reached it. The other had its spine broken, and I was obliged to dispatch it with another shot from my 38-55 Winchester Rifle. I could have finished it with my hunting knife as I suppose some still hunters do, but it seemed too much like work fit for a butcher.

If you take the lake shooting with hounds—consider which is the most cruel, still hunting or lake shooting with hounds. In the lake they afford a hard mark, as only part of the head is visible which is a small object and moving rapidly. The deer is not always exhausted as Mr. Pratt claims, as they are very often watered in twenty minutes by a good dog.

We give them a chance for life. They either get off scott free or are killed instantly by being shot through the head. As for a still hunter he takes a chance of wounding them and perhaps leaves them to die in torture.

Mr. Pratt also draws our attention to a statement that a great many deer die from plunging into cold water while heated. If this were the case, there would not be any left for Mr. Pratt to argue about at the present day. A few might die in this way if they had heart disease. As they have been hunted by wolves centuries ago and have plunged into half frozen lakes to escape from numerous pursuers, they are naturally accustomed to the cold water and the howl of the wolf, therefore the bay of a hound makes little difference to them.

Last year I noticed where deer had deliberately broken through a frozen stream

and waded in it, when they might have avoided it, and there were no signs of any creature on their trail. This is ample proof to show that they are accustomed and are quite hardy to cold water. Mr. Pratt should also bear in mind that deer are not domesticated animals and that nature has provided them against the cold and wet.

A great many still hunters leave more cripples in the bush than they take out, some that they cannot overtake and others that they are not aware are wounded, for the fact is that if still hunters do not see any sign of blood they give them up as being missed.

If by any chance one is wounded when hunting with dogs we can easily put him to water again by putting a dog on the fresh blood trail. By this means the poor creature will not be left to make easy victims and food for the wolves. Wounded deer draw the wolves to that locality and make havoc among other deer during the winter months in the deep snow.

Mr. Pratt is kind enough to tell us that a deer is a ruminant, and must have time to digest its food. Are we going to wait until we are informed that the deer has finished digesting his last meal and that he is in good running condition? I have shot deer at all hours of the day,

and in every case they have had a full stomach.

It seems too absurd for Mr. Pratt to put our beautiful intelligent deer on the same level with a stupid sheep. If there are so many dry does to be found as he states, it is the wolves which are to blame for hunting deer during the rutting season, not the hounds that only have ten days open season in a year. I have always understood that in Ontario the open season for hounding deer was limited to fifteen days viz: 1st Nov. to 15th Nov. and I believe it is so, as for the Province of Quebec it is but ten days, viz: 20th Oct. to 1st Nov.

If I was desirous of getting my complement of two deer I certainly would go still hunting, but I don't go for the quantity but for the sport, and I think that most other hunters that use hounds do the same.

I think that one deer for each man is all that he should be entitled to. Such a limitation would help to increase the game. If hunters are not satisfied with one (1) deer a season, well in that case, the Law at all events should not allow any person to shoot more than one (1) doe a season.

I also think the sale of deer should absolutely be prohibited.

BY JAMES G. SHAW.

Those who follow deer hunting should be much indebted to Rod and Gun for the publicity given to the controversy over Hounding vs. Still Hunting. Personally I have enjoyed the various letters that have appeared in the magazine on this subject, and have I hope, profited somewhat by the different ideas advanced, although I regret to see so much personal feeling introduced.

Some of those, who have written, have apparently overlooked the fact that there are really many first class sportsmen on both sides of the argument, and that in spite of the different opinions on the subject, we are all agreed as to the desirability of better protecting and increasing game, in general, and deer in particular, and only differ as to our ideas of how this should be done. When then

our object is a common one, each sportsman should respect the opinions of his fellows and endeavor to agree upon a common ground, for we can hardly expect any Government to take action in the matter when there is such diversity of opinion as to what action should be taken.

That there is immediate need of some action being taken, will I think, be admitted by all, for it is hardly possible for any one who follows hunting at all intelligently, to deny that all game is slowly but surely decreasing. Whether the decrease in the number of deer is due in any degree to the use of hounds, I cannot personally say, but I am free to admit, that while I have always hunted with dogs, and am a lover of a good dog and thoroughly enjoy his companionship in

the woods, the arguments advanced by those who are opposed to the use of hounds, have convinced me that hounding should be stopped for a few years at least, if only as an experiment. It is hardly possible however, that deer hunters will ever agree on this point, and therefore the suggestion of Mr. Dainard in your April number, namely that the deer hunting territory be divided, and hounding allowed in one part and prohibited in the other, is well worthy the consideration of all sportsmen. While it could hardly be expected that this plan would work out very satisfactorily the first year, in view of the fact that so many parties have fixed hunting grounds, I think in the course of two or three years it would be found that the large majority of still hunters would drift into the territory set apart for that form of hunting, and in addition to what might be learned from the experiment, this would do away with the many objections there are to still hunters and those using dogs hunting in the same territory.

It would also give deer hunters of all classes, a common ground upon which they could meet and unite in asking for some better protection of game. In this connection I think the following points might well be urged upon the Government.

1. That the bounty on wolves be increased.
2. That the use of firearms of any sort in territory frequented by game be prohibited during the close season.
3. That the sale of game of any kind be prohibited for say a period of five years.
4. That a larger revenue be raised for the better enforcement of the game laws by a small tax upon all guns.

In connection with this latter suggestion, one hesitates to recommend any addition to the already too high taxes, but so far as deer hunters are concerned it would make little difference to them whether they paid a couple of dollars a year on their guns or paid it for a license, and there is really no good reason why

they should be singled out as the only class of sportsmen who should contribute towards the revenue as at present.

All men who hunt, whether deer, duck, partridge, or quail, should in fairness, contribute to the protection of game and the great majority would I believe be glad to do so. The most simple form of licensing would be to license the gun no matter for what hunting use it is put, and it appears to me that this form of a license or tax would raise considerable revenue, and at the same time, put a damper on the indiscriminate use of guns by boys and others in the slaughter of small birds, squirrels, etc.

Mr. A. White writes from Aylmer, Ont:

I have been very much interested in reading "Rod and Gun," more particularly the discussion regarding the use of dogs in hunting deer. I am probably one of the oldest hunters in the Dominion and am familiar with both styles of hunting. I will give my views on the question.

In the first place I am a great lover of hounds and have never been without one or more for the last fifty-five years.

I know of districts in the older parts of Ontario where the deer were once plentiful and where they would still do well if the hounds had not driven the last one to their finish.

In fact the fewer the tracks the easier for the hounds to bring them to their destruction.

My principle objection to the use of dogs is this: We know the natural enemy of the deer is the wolf. Countless ages have taught them that the water is the safest place when pursued by wolves; consequently when they hear the hounds (domestic wolves) they take to the water and their death.

Now what do we find? Just this: What Nature had taught them was their best means of self preservation, has been turned to their certain destruction, which means extinction in a short time.

Fishing Rights in Nova Scotia.

A case of great importance to the public of the Province, and incidentally all over the Dominion will shortly come before the law courts of Nova Scotia. The question to be decided, and its possible effects, are well described by Mr. Benjamin Hills, Mill Village, Queen's County, N. S., in the following letter which we quote in full:—"The people along the Medway River, N. S., are greatly excited over a question that is of no mere local importance, a question that concerns the whole Province. The case of M. Dwyer, of Halifax, against L. Mack, of Mill Village will be decided by the courts, and it is not for me to discuss its merits, but I may be permitted to point out its bearings. It concerns fishing rights throughout Nova Scotia.

The Medway River is a natural highway. Rising in the South Mountains, about a dozen miles from Bridgetown, in the Annapolis Valley, it traverses the Southwestern Peninsula to the Atlantic at Port Medway, flowing through a country rich in mineral, lumbering, and agricultural resources. Every year thousands of logs for lumber and pulp are driven down the River for many miles. It is constantly traversed by skiffs and punts and its free use is essential to the industry of the country. For some years past, certain parties have been quietly acquiring narrow strips of land, generally about thirty feet wide, along the River banks with a view to obtaining control of the fishing. From the earliest settlement of the country the public have enjoyed undisturbed the privilege of fishing anywhere on the River. Now that about all the available land bordering on the River has been secured, an effort is being made to keep the public off and to reserve miles of the River for the exclusive use of a few individuals.

In the case of Dwyer versus Mack, Mr. Mack is accused of taking and destroying fish and disturbing the fish. The plaintiff also asks the Court to restrain Mack and all others from taking or disturbing fish, and also to confirm his ownership of the bed of the river and of the fish

therein. Should the Court grant the request of Mr. Dwyer, it would give him power to stop all stream driving. The logs cannot be driven without disturbing the fish, and most stream driving is done during the fishing season.

It would also give him power to prevent boats from passing up or down the river. For that, too, of necessity disturbs the fish, especially in Mr. Dwyer's particular part of the stream. Such a judgment would also confirm the claim of every owner of land on every river of Nova Scotia. American millionaires or Nova Scotia plutocrats would soon secure every available stream in the Province. Every stream worth fishing would soon be closed to all but a favored few.

It would mean that our railway and steamship companies would have to cease to advertise Nova Scotia as the land of free fishing and hunting; that the amateur angler must throw away his rod, and that the dealer in fishing tackle might as well shut up shop. It would mean that Nova Scotia would in this sense become the land of the monopolist, and not the home of the free. The Government now maintains an expensive department for the protection of inland fisheries. The people willingly pay the cost for the public good, but they certainly will not allow themselves to be taxed to keep up the fisheries for a few monopolists. Should the present attempt to close the rivers succeed, naturally the next step will be to stop the public from hunting. If one man owns all the fish in his part of the river, surely another one owns all the game on his part of the land.

Seeing the greatness of the issue involved, the people of Queen's County are subscribing liberally to a defence fund in order that the Courts may be able to fully investigate and finally settle the whole question. It is to be hoped that all over the Province those who are in favor of maintaining the rights of the public against monopoly will subscribe to the fund.

If the monopolists are right, let it be so declared, and let them undisturbed enjoy their privileges. If they are wrong, let the public know and freely exercise their own privileges."

Fish and Game Protection in British Columbia.

FIFTY business and professional men of Cranbrook, B. C., organized the Cranbrook Fish and Game Protective Association at a recent meeting, with these executive officers: Archie Leitch, president; V. Hyde Baker and J. F. M. Pinkham, vice presidents; Dr. F. W. Green, G. A. Wilson, F. A. Dunne, James Bates, F. E. Brian, Harry W. Drew, T. T. McVittie, Nels Hanson and William French, the executive committee, and C. M. Edwards secretary and treasurer. The object is to cooperate with a similar organization established in Fernie five years ago to protect the game and fish of East Kootenay, which are being rapidly exterminated, owing to the apathy and indifference of the Provincial and Dominion Governments.

Harry Herchmer, LL. B., president of the Fernie association, declared in his address at the organization meeting that the first duty of the combined organizations was to bring pressure to bear on the Provincial representatives and on the Government to compel its recognition of the importance of preserving the game, big and little, and the fish of East Kootenay from the destruction with which it is threatened. They have the Indians from Alberta and the native Kootenay tribe to contend with, in what often proved a wholesale slaughter of big game; while around Fernie it has grown positively dangerous to go abroad, owing to the promiscuous shooting by every Italian, Slav and Jap who can lay hands on a firearm. These men destroyed everything, even the squirrels, chipmunks and insectivorous song birds.

Mr Herchmer pointed out that this indiscriminate slaughter could be controlled by imposing a license to cost two dollars and a half a year and this would bring a revenue of eight thousand dollars a year, to be applied for more thorough protection. Bears, he said, should be put on the protected lists, and neither trapped nor shot out of season. The district was the habitat of every variety of big game on the North American continent, except the cariboo, which was confined to the Selkirk range, west of the Rockies.

Thousands of dollars a year are spent in the district by sportsmen and naturalists in hunting trips. If the government does not at once interfere there will be soon nothing left for the Indians, the prospectors, the inhabitants or those coming from a distance for the sake of the hunting and the scenery.

Secretary Edwards suggested that the British Columbia Government be at once memorialized by the association to declare the electoral districts of Cranbrook and Columbia protected areas for five years under the Game Protection Act. This stretch of country, together with the Fernie district, would include the region bounded on the east by the boundary between Alberta and British Columbia, on the north by the Vermillion, on the west by the Kootenay and on the south by the Elk rivers. Within its borders are found the big horn, mountain goat, grizzly, black and brown bear, blacktailed and whitetailed deer, elk, moose, beaver and every variety of winged game, to say nothing of the rainbow trout, the pluckiest fish that swims, which is plentiful in every strong creek. Five years more without rigid protection will see the last of big game.

A memorial embodying Mr. Edwards' suggestions has been forwarded to the government.

Noah Spool, trapper and hunter, living near Moyie, B. C., while standing at the door of his cabin a short time ago, was struck by a 30.30 soft-nose bullet, which glanced off the bone of the upper arm, passed through his right lung and lodged in the muscles of his back. He lay for two days in his cabin, and then, unassisted made his way to the Cranbrook hospital, where the bullet was extracted. It had expanded, part of the jacket being found sticking in the inside of the shirt. Though it is doubtful if ever a man recovered after having an expanded bullet driven through his lungs, the doctors quite expect that Spool will pull through and soon be on his feet again. Soon after Spool left the shack it was entered and robbed of a quantity of marten and lynx skins by Frank West, a youth, who

sold the lot in Cranbrook for fifty dollars. The boy admits that on the day Spool was shot he fired at and missed a grouse with his Winchester, and does not

deny that it might have been his bullet that hit the veteran trapper. Spool cannot connect the lad with the shooting.

A Nova Scotia Moose Hunt.

BY J. E. WARNER.

LOOKING down the muzzle of a Winchester all day when the guide ahead of you is carrying his gun at the "slope," and you are conscious that the men behind you has his at the "trail," is rather nervous work, though it is one of the things to which one has to become accustomed if he spends a week or two in the woods of Nova Scotia looking for moose.

Three of us decided to go moose hunting last fall and we engaged Harry Lightizer as guide. It was my first experience in big game hunting and if I had known what strenuous labours were involved I doubt if I should have been so ready to accompany the boys as I was when I accepted their invitation. A man of sixty, not accustomed to manual labor, finds the strain pretty severe, but once I got into it all regrets vanished and looking back upon what I did I find that I gained much: and I am so heartily glad of the experiences and the health recruited that I intend to follow the same course again next hunting season should circumstances prove at all favorable to the enterprise.

It was the first day of last October when we pitched our tent on an open plain, doing the work in a downpour of rain. There were a few old wind falls close by and a little bit of axe work speedily gave us a plentiful supply of fire wood. Our tent stove was soon going and comfort prevailed. Dinner in the open was enjoyed though we had to get it over early for Harry's "blood was up." He had descried the game from afar and was anxious to have us out on the trail. Accordingly we humored him and set off about noon.

The others had been over the ground two years previously and had taken a moose, but I was entirely new to the

work. Over barrens, boulder bestrewn plains, woods undergrowth and swamps we went in Indian file, Lightizer leading the way. Every hour or two the guide, if he was on "a hot scent," would call a halt, whisper a word of caution or explain some sign, and then on again apparently gliding over the ground so smoothly did he progress.

At length he told us that a moose had gone out of a certain clump of bushes and crossed the plain to another clump half a mile away and that quite recently. Around we went, carefully keeping to windward until we came to a point indicated by Harry's finger when I suddenly saw the man who happened to be next to him clutch his rifle and throw off his safety. I looked all round but could see nothing. Glancing back at my companion I saw that he was taking aim and speedily his Lee-Metford spoke. Then I saw the moose which had been hard hit going over the rugged plains at an awful clip. It appeared to me that it was my only chance and I let fly though I am never likely to be able to tell whether I did any damage or not.

Under the direction of the guide we followed the trail for a mile. Instinct, experience or woodcraft led him on and in the right direction though I was plainly at sea and at length we came to where she had fallen. She sprang up and would have been off again but we had been prepared by Lightizer for what was likely to happen, and as she arose the four guns spoke like one and under the circumstances it was pretty difficult to tell whose bullets made the holes. Our success made us jubilant and we all felt that we had not done badly for a four hours' hunt.

The moose proved a good fat one and next day we carried the meat to camp and did more hunting. During the

week we continued our hunting tramps but were not successful in capturing any more game.

The whole period we spent in camp was a time of undiluted enjoyment. Lightizer's work proved a series of revelations to us and added very greatly to the interest of our camp life. We had altogether the best of fun, the height of enjoyment, good appetite and good food and

laid up a store of health, which did us good for months. We have now the most pleasant memories of that camp life and one and all determined to repeat our trip this year if the chances are favorable. We were delighted with our guide who proved himself careful and competent in every way and the prince of good fellows in camp as well as on the trail.

Books of Interest to Sportsmen

"The Pistol and Revolver" by A.L.A. Himmelwright (the MacMillan Company, Toronto) is a complete and most interesting record of the history of small arms, ammunition, etc. The pistol was the earlier of the two weapons and was very different in its beginning from the efficient and beautiful little weapon it is today. The revolver has proved its usefulness times without number and from its first introduction was a favorite. Nowadays the use of the pistol is limited almost exclusively to target and exhibition shooting. While it is much more difficult to shoot well with either pistol or revolver than with a rifle yet "rapid progress invariably rewards the efforts of those who persevere and when once thoroughly interested in this style of shooting, there comes a fascination for it that frequently endures throughout a lifetime." The revolver is popular for hard service and its record is one of splendid work Magazine

pistols are the latest type of hand firearm and the Colt, Luger, Mauser, Mannlicher and Mors equal the best military revolvers in accuracy. While the magazine pistol may supersede the revolver for general use, the author believes that this will not occur for some years yet. The portions on ammunition are full and only the necessary technical language is used. A description of target shooting follows and this, with the hints to beginners, is well written displaying a full knowledge of the subject and an ability to teach others which all would-be public instructors should possess. In the appendix full particulars are given of the annual championship matches of the United States Revolver Association. The book is indexed and is altogether one which by reason of its careful compilation and general interest must commend itself to all sportsmen.

A seizure of 800 pounds of fish was made by Game Warden Loveday at the Central depot Ottawa. The fish was in transport from Nipissing to Montreal and on examination was found to be improperly labeled and otherwise to contravene the regulations.

A civil servant who went on a fishing

excursion up the Ottawa on Victoria day had the unpleasant experience of having his tackle and paraphernalia seized by the local game warden. The seizure, it is claimed, was irregular, as the tackle was not being used, and steps are being taken to call in question the legality of the warden's action.



THE ITHACA GUN BUILDERS PREPARING FOR A FOX HUNT.

Gun Builders Good Gun Users.

THE Ithaca Gun Co. of Ithaca, New York, who have three hundred skilled workmen in their employ, are strong believers in the principle that men who use guns know better how to build them. They therefore encourage all their employees to become gun owners and to use them regularly. In addition to the aid given them in trap shooting, the Company maintain a kennel of bird dogs and a pack of hounds. These dogs may be used not only by the officials but also by any workman who may wish to have a few days' hunting.

Fox hunting gives good sport in the neighborhood of Ithaca and the men are great on fox hunting not only on account of the excellence of the sport in hunting Reynard but also because the more foxes they kill the better the bird shooting in the locality. Last year no less than fourteen foxes were killed and brought in ahead of the Company's pack of foxhounds and several more were reported to have been killed by outside parties.

In the illustration given the gentleman holding the hunter is Mr. L. P. Smith, the vice-president of the Company, who is himself an enthusiastic sportsman, and delights in seeing the employees using the guns made by the firm. Two of the dogs are half beagle and used for rabbit hunting only; the rest are fox hounds, the best the Company have been able to secure for red fox hunting in a rugged country where endurance and gameness counts for everything, particularly in winter.

The white dog near the centre of the picture is "Turk," a big, coarse, rugged hound, eight years old and until last winter the leader of the pack. Turk is described by Mr. Smith as "an all day dog and an every day dog." Frequently he has been taken into a strange section of the country, put out after a fox in the morning, and never failed to return to camp soon after sun down, ready for another chase next day. The homing instinct is particularly strong in this dog.

The other white dog in the front of the picture is "Noble," a son of Turk. Last winter was Noble's second winter with the pack and he was usually in the lead, appearing to fill efficiently the place of his good old daddy.

Mr. Smith adds that to his regret dogs appear to be unable to catch foxes in New York State except on rare occasions. He has seen dogs catch foxes in the Southern States but imported South-

ern dogs are not able to catch New York State foxes any more than native hounds. The experience at Ithaca is that Southern hounds cannot run in snow and crust without getting sore and lame, and zero weather appears to pinch them up so much that they are always looking for a warm nest instead of returning home. The Company is satisfied from experience that its policy is a good one and means to continue it.

The Passenger Pigeon in Confinement.

OUR readers have recently shown much interest in the passenger pigeon. Interesting reminiscences of by gone times have given place to the query whether this beautiful bird has become extinct or is likely to again re-visit the country—not in the millions of old times but still in numbers which would gladden the hearts of all naturalists.

So far, the evidence appears to be against the reappearance. Reports of pigeons have not stood the test of inquiry and no further appearances have followed these reports. Noting the interest in this subject amongst our readers and contributors, Mr. Ruthven Deane has kindly forwarded a reprint of an article contributed by him to "The Auk," on "The Passenger Pigeon in Confinement."

Mr. David M. Whittaker raised a flock of fifteen of these pigeons from a pair of young birds which he received from an Indian who trapped them in Shawano county, Wis. Professor Whitman, of the University of Chicago purchased the whole flock but in the following year returned seven of the birds to Mr. Whittaker. Those retained by Professor Whitman increased and decreased until the winter of 1907 when the last bird died.

Of the seven birds returned to Mr. Whittaker in 1890 four males are alive, the last female dying in 1906, probably of tuberculosis.

A flock of passenger pigeons have been maintained in the Cincinnati Zoological gardens for some years. The original flock, which consisted of twenty-six birds, half males and half females, came from Michigan in 1875. They bred from time to time and twenty-three young ones were reared. The increase did not keep pace with the decrease and the

flock has been reduced to three—one male from the original flock, now about twenty-three years old, one male raised in the gardens about eighteen years old, and one female obtained from Professor Whitman in 1902, about twelve years old. No particular disease, as far as known, has caused the decrease but the birds died in most cases from old age.

The remnants of the Milwaukee and Cincinnati flocks now number only seven and the chances of further reproduction are but small.

Mr. Deane concludes his interesting review with the following words the latter of which may well be taken to heart by our authorities throughout Canada:

"As a sufficient time has now passed since there has been an undisputed record of a flock, or even a single bird, having been seen, those who have given this subject much attention, are forced to believe that this noble bird, in its wild state, is now extinct. Every little while reports appear in the press or sporting papers, that our Wild Pigeon has again been seen, but we have no specimen or facts to verify the record. How many times have I run down some of these reports, only to find them to be cases of either mistaken identity—Turtle Doves—or humbugs. It is hard to believe that this bird, which within a comparatively short time traversed the country in countless numbers, has been wiped off the face of the earth through the agency of man, yet when we read the mass of evidence which Mr. W. B. Mershon has brought together in "The Passenger Pigeon," of the wholesale slaughter which has been going on for so many years, we stop and wonder."

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

The Russell Car.

During Earl Grey's visit to Toronto last month a Russell landaulet was placed at his disposal and by its means his Lordship saw a great deal of the city and its parks and gardens. Even when visiting the races in state the landaulet was not far away and as soon as ceremony could be dispensed with was again pressed into service. In his trips to various places of interest in the suburbs and outside the city his Excellency was accompanied by his suite who followed in a big Russell touring car carrying seven passengers. Earl Grey is as enthusiastic over automobiles as over a piece of international diplomacy. He takes the keenest interest in the great development of the domestic product, and from time to time gives vent to his opinion in a series of glowing compliments relative to Canada and Canadian manufactures. The Canada Cycle and Motor Co. of West Toronto, builders of the Russell car, have taken a great deal of pleasure out of the satisfaction displayed by Lord Grey on the running qualities of their automobile.

The quiet, but powerful, motor, the complete flexibility and consequent absence of vibration, and the ample clearance thoroughly prove its dependability. Many visitors to Toronto make a point of viewing the Canada Cycle Company's five and a half acre plant before leaving the city. The six hundred workmen who unite in the making of Russell motor cars are worth going a long way to see.

Increasing Demand for Autos.

The farmers who would do away with autos should learn of the record made by the Ford Motor Company—one hundred cars a day. To be exact one hundred and one cars were built, tested and shipped in one day—a car every six minutes, ten cars per hour! The same day the

sales reached one hundred and seventeen. There has been nothing like it in the romance of industry and the men who talk about restrictive legislation have no knowledge of what a vast industry is being developed at almost lightning speed. This development likewise means that motor users are a constantly increasing army whose votes are likely ere long to outbalance any nonprogressive section of the community. It is a pity our provincial legislators cannot spend a day at one of these factories and learn for themselves what is being done. They would not be likely to father any unnecessary restrictive measures after such a visit.

Royalty and the Auto.

Practically every crowned head in the world travel today in automobiles. The King of Great Britain has been an ardent motorist for eight years and so far has only met with one accident. Royalties have been mixed up in many accidents, including the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Abruzzi, the Duke of Sparta and the King of the Belgians. On the whole, however considering the reckless use to which some of the autos are put, the results are a grand testimony to the efficiency of the auto.

A Bicycle Reaction

According to Percy P. Pierce, president of the Pierce Bicycle Co. of Buffalo, who once drove the Pierce Great Arrow car to victory in two Glidden Tours, bicycles are coming in again, Says Mr. Pierce; "The sales of this season thus far have been far greater than those of last year at this time, and those in turn were greater than in 1906. The figures do not come anywhere near the enormous totals of the late nineties when the bicycle was king and if you didn't ride you



A RUSSELL LINE UP.

This is Main Street, Invercargill, New Zealand—the farthest point south in that island ever reached by an automobile. In the picture are five Russell motor cars in military line-up. The Canada Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. Toronto Junction, are to be congratulated on the worldwide growth of their industry—the making of Russell cars.

weren't anyone. Now, however, the reaction is being felt. For a few seasons after the bicycle boom flattened out like a punctured tire there wasn't any more interest in the bicycle than there is in a cent in a busted savings bank. The stalwart few stuck to the game. In the cities the new boom isn't felt so much as in the towns. The arguments made there which sell bicycles is the appeal to the saving instincts. The bicycle knocks out car fares and still furnishes a lot of fun for those who can't afford a motorcycle, much less an automobile."

The Speed of Motor Cars

It is reported that at the Brooklands track, near London, England, Felice Nazzaro, the Italian driver, made a world's record by driving at a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour for a distance of two and three quarter miles.

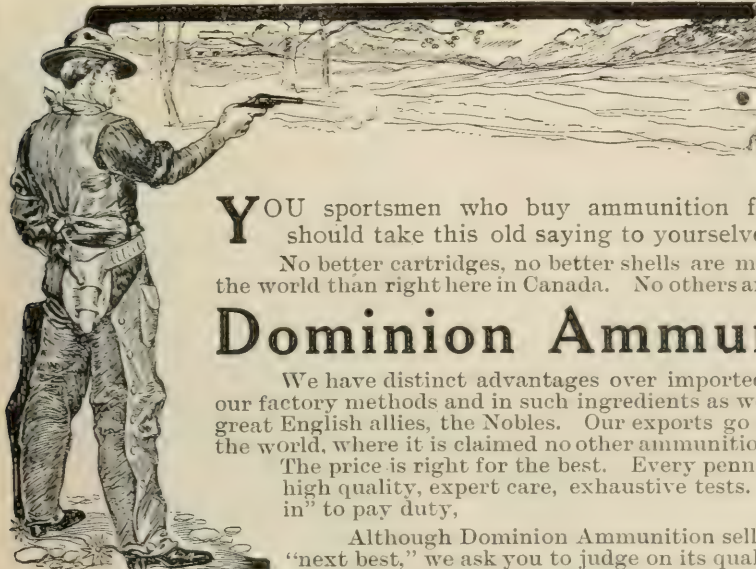
Two miles a minute is not flying but it is not far off.

Summary of Auto. Growth.

The manufacture of automobiles first began to assume the proportions of being one of the country's greatest industries in 1902, said Charles C. Clinton, of the Geo. N. Pierce Co. of Buffalo, and from the figures compiled, which show the great progress since, it is clear what a factor it has become in America's industrial life. Twenty-one concerns now in operation were doing business in 1902. Fifty-two were in the business that year. Eighteen discontinued before 1903.

In 1903 there were 71 new concerns in the business, and 30 discontinued the same year. There were 100 in all that year.

In 1904 there were 54 concerns in the business, and 40 discontinued, or 106 in all.



Far Off
Hills Look
Green

YOU sportsmen who buy ammunition from the States should take this old saying to yourselves.

No better cartridges, no better shells are made anywhere in the world than right here in Canada. No others are quite so good as

Dominion Ammunition.

We have distinct advantages over imported ammunition in our factory methods and in such ingredients as we import from our great English allies, the Nobles. Our exports go to all corners of the world, where it is claimed no other ammunition is *quite so good*. The price is right for the best. Every penny you pay is for high quality, expert care, exhaustive tests. You don't "chip in" to pay duty,

Although Dominion Ammunition sells lower than the "next best," we ask you to judge on its quality alone.

The Proof is in the Shooting.

Dominion Cartridges
(Sure Fire)

Regal Shells
(Ballistite Dense
Smokeless Powder)

Be Fair to Home Factories.

Sovereign Shells
(Empire Bulk Smoke-
less Powder)

Crown Shells
(Best Black Powder)

Dominion Cartridge Company, Ltd., Montreal.

In 1905 there were 51 new concerns, and 38 discontinued, or 141 in all.

In 1906 there were 43 new concerns and 29 discontinued, or 146 in all.

In 1907 there were 51 new concerns and 168 in all.

The following table illustrates the growth of the output of the American automobile industry since 1903 by the cost of the cars which were manufactured during those years :

Output Cost.

1903.....	\$16,000,000
1904.....	24,500,000
1905.....	40,000,000
1906.....	65,000,000
1907.....	90,000,000

Magneto Ignition.

Designer Sam Hartly, of the Cleveland Motor Car Company sets forth the merits of magneto ignition in the following manner.

We believe that the gasoline car should be independent of outside necessities so ar as possible and that given fuel and

oil, there should not be a further expense to the user, but that by the mechanical generations of electricity the ignition problem should be made reliable, durable and without further expense to the buyer for batteries or for charging storage cells, which may be exhausted at inopportune times, as well as being some considerable expense to re-place or re-charge. Further than this, the magneto gives a better spark than the usual battery, because it is not considered advisable to carry a sufficient weight of battery to produce a spark larger than actually necessary, although it is well recognized that an increased spark size results in increased power and therefore is really economical in the saving of fuel. This as well affords greater satisfaction in the vehicle, as greater flexibility arises from the increased motor power given by the large spark.

Taxicabs in London.

Mr. De Magner, of the American branch of the Panhard & Levassor Co., who has returned from London and Paris

reports that taxicabs have become such popular street vehicles in London that the demand for them is much greater than the supply. He adds :

"The taxicabs are used by all classes, day and night at the uniform rate of twelve cents a mile, and they present a most attractive appearance in all hues with chauffeurs in bright and smart liveries. Although scarcely a year has passed since these swift-moving carriages appeared, the capital already invested in London taxicabs is \$10,000,000. There are 758 taxicabs on the streets, 2,600 taxicabs on order, and 1,700 licensed drivers. There are eight taxicab companies, their average day's takings of a taxicab being \$11.20. The average cost of a London taxicab is \$1,703 and its average takings are about \$78 a week. Some chauffeurs are already buying their own taxicabs on the installment plan, and the picturesque hansom is disappearing gradually, like the old-fashioned horse 'bus, which practically has been crowded aside by the motor omnibus."

Chassis, according to Mr. C. M. Hamilton of the Isotta Import Co. of New York is both singular and plural, and chases for the plural is out of order. One word suffices for singular and plural.

From the first introduction to the public the portable storage batteries of the Apple Electric Company, Dayton, Ohio, have proved staunch favorites. Since that time constant study and experience have led to improvements with the result that many of the troublesome features developed in the early days have been overcome. The batteries are made to stand the rough usage inseparable from practical automobile and motor boat service. They have been so far perfected that the care they require is simple and anyone who will follow the instructions accompanying each battery will find that they can easily keep their batteries in good shape. Those who are not acquainted with the merits of this battery, or who wish to know anything about ignition either for auto, motor boat, stationary gas engine, etc. would do well to communicate with the company at Dayton, Ohio and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

The Wonders of the Auto.

American locomotives have been our boast at home and abroad. In points of design, durability, and general efficiency we shall probably maintain the world's supremacy for a long and indefinite period, says R. E. Olds, President of the Reo Motor Car Company. We shall likewise undoubtedly continue to lead every nation in both quality and value of their production. This wonderfully perfected self-propelling vehicle is provided with road-beds and tracks as nearly perfect as American engineering skill and unlimited capital can afford. Public safety demands this and public sentiment insists that anything short of this is criminal. The locomotive engineer must serve a long and unbroken period of apprenticeship under the skillful scrutiny of a master mechanic before he is permitted to preside at the throttle. Ordinarily one hundred and fifty miles constitutes a division and rarely does it cover more than one hundred and seventy-five miles. At the terminus, engines and crews are exchanged, the former being carefully overhauled and repaired by experts while the latter are permitted to rest and recuperate, and the world counts it a great engineering feat. Compare automobiling engineering and efficiency with this for but a moment. An automobile is driven from 1500 to 2000 miles over the hilliest and roughest road through seven or more states under the strict surveillance of an observer nominated by a competitor. It must report neither late nor ahead of time at each control. Moreover it must survive a gruelling contest of this length for a period of fifteen or more consecutive days without making a single repair or replacement under heavy penalty. Or it may even make a world's non-stop record covering 4992 miles in twelve consecutive days as did the Reo roadster recently without stoppage of the motor. In making a trip from Portland, Me. to Portland, Ore. and back again as the crow flies, the distance covered would approximate 4970 miles. On the other hand if a similar trip were begun at Paris and run to Berlin and from thence to St. Petersburg; back to Rome and from there to Madrid; thence to Paris and London and then, on to Edinburgh, and finally a trip into the Grampian Mountains in Northern Scot-



Pulling for the Shore!

One of Uncle Sam's Navy boys was given up by the doctor.

His stomach would not retain food or medicine, until a mess-mate suggested

Grape-Nuts

On this world-famed food and milk he gained about 40 lbs. in four months and got well.

It requires no "Expert Chemist" to prove that

"THERE'S A REASON" for **Grape-Nuts**.

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Limited.

Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

F A M O U S
Nipigon River

**Finest Brook Trout
 on the Continent.**

We carry a complete line of
 Tourists Supplies, including
 Canoes and Camp Equipment.

For further information write for Pamphlet with Map of River and Lake free of charge.

Revillon Bros., Ltd.

(Established 1723.)

NIPIGON, ONTARIO.



A 71 lb. Catch.

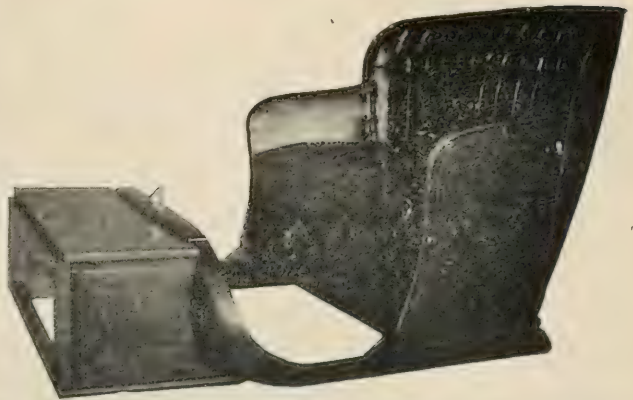
land, the distance covered on either one of the above instances would still be less than was covered by the Reo in California recently when winning its world record non-stop run. Figuring this distance on the basis of 150 miles usually required of a locomotive to run between repairs, adjustments and overhauling it would entitle the motor car to thirty-three controls or stops for repairs in every 1962 miles and yet be entitled to a place beside the American locomotive for engine efficiency. The conclusion is obvious. Automobile engineering has won its spur by sheer force of merit and efficiency and this is notably true of the American engineer. He has well merited the confidence and plaudits of the engineering world.

Calgary branch of the Alberta Fish and Game Protective Association at their annual meeting elected the following officers:— President Col. Cunliffe; Vice President, Fred Green; Secretary-treasurer, F. C. Lowes; delegates to the Provincial Convention, Messrs. Darker, Peet, Ings, Green Adams Marnin, Cunliffe, Winter, Lowes, and Hogbin. Dis-

cussion took place on several subjects, the most important being the proposed establishment of a fish hatchery at Banff. Several delegates expressed the opinion that a fish hatchery at Banff would keep the streams and lakes of the Province well supplied with fish. The Secretary was instructed to communicate with the Department of Marine and Fisheries, through the Hon. Frank Oliver, pressing the importance of this matter upon the consideration of the Department and urging immediate attention to the subject. It was stated that Alberta had some of the finest fishing streams in the world and may yet attract armies of tourists.

The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia have issued a private postcard on the front of which are the names of the President and Secretary, over colored pictures of the moose, woodcock and trout, with the mottoes "Protect the Game" and the "People's heritage underneath."

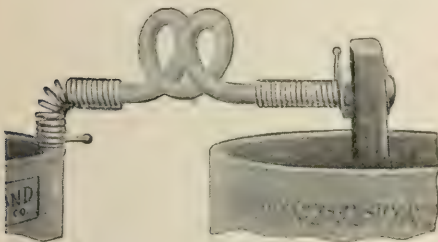
Improvement is the order of the day and the Artz Folding Tonneau, manufactured by the Dayton Folding Tonneau Company, Dayton, O. may be classed as a distinct improvement. Its success in the States during the last three years has been rapid, every one being captivated by its appearance and usefulness and now it is to be introduced into the Dominion there can not be a doubt as to its success in equal proportions in this side of the line. At first sight it appears incredible that a large tonneau can be folded up, but the Artz is so constructed that this can be done in a few seconds without the use of tools. The great strength and stiffness of the back is obtained by making it of five layers of veneer, one half inch gross thickness, alternate layers crossing the grain of the others. To fold up the tonneau the first operation is to fold the seat (which is pivoted at the rear edge) up into the curve of the back; next the side panels (which are hinged at their rear edges to the back) curved in against the seat, with the front lower corners crossing each other and held back tight against the up-turned seat by a spring hook. The back is then folded forward and down. There are steel springs in both seat and back



and the cushions are made in leather and stuffed with curled hair. The extension front shown in the illustration is only put in when the rear deck is longer than the tonneau proper. The Company manufactures a good line of single and double rumble seats, artillery boxes and folding lazy back seats. Any reader desiring to build automobile bodies or extra seats



can obtain five ply front seat backs, tonneau backs, and rumble seat backs of this Company who are pioneers in the manufacture of such backs.



Cleveland Battery Connector.

The Cleveland Battery Connector illustrated herewith, is manufactured by the Cleveland Spark Plug Company, 1030 Power Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, who manufacture the Cleveland Spark Plug, known especially as the "plug" with the spiral core that shoots a flame." The

use of the Cleveland battery connector does away with troublesome thumb-nuts, and makes a permanent connection that cannot be jarred loose. A special No. 16 insulated copper cable is used, made especially to the Company's order. The bronze coils at each end are permanently fastened without soldering. To apply the Cleveland battery connector, you remove the thumb-nut, seize the connector between thumb and forefinger, and force over threads as illustrated. The coiled bronze wire will clamp firmly with a vise-like grip which nothing can dislodge. You cannot even pull them off unless you first expand the bronze coil by twisting the free end to the left.



SPORTS AFLOAT!

Being a Section Devoted to Those Who Brave Wind
and Wave, in White-winged Yacht or Dainty Canoe,
in Fragile Shell or Swift Power Boat

Edited by

LOU. E.
MARSH

Misfortune Brings out the Right Spirit.

The members of the Tecumseh Boating Club of Wakerville, Ont., whose boat-house was destroyed by fire at the beginning of the season at a loss to the Club of about \$10,000, met their misfortune in a right gallant spirit. Within a fortnight of the fire they held their annual meeting when it was reported that available resources, that could be applied towards the cost of rebuilding aggregated nearly \$5,000. It was decided to erect a new building at a cost of \$8,000 and arrangements were made for taking steps to secure the additional \$3,000. A Building Committee was elected and plans adopted, while it was also decided to erect a temporary wooden house. If the fire had not occurred the Club would have been in as prosperous a condition as at any time in the history of the organization. The election of officers, who have a difficult year in front of them, resulted as follows:—

Honorary President—Mr. F. H. Walker.

President—Mr. J. R. Coate.

Vice President—Mr. W. P. Ladd.

Secretary—Mr. Wm. Daniels.

Treasurer—Mr. H. H. Bennett.

Directors—Messrs. W. H. Isaacs, J. E. Dobie, J. W. Petch, R. H. Revell and F. H. Cooper.

Captain—Mr. A. H. Wilson.

The Swimmers in Good Shape.

The following are the officers for the thirteenth season of the Toronto Swimming Club:—

Hon. President—H. A. Sherrard.

Hon. Vice Presidents—A. C. Goode,
Dr. C. Sheard, A. L. Cockrane.

President—C. S. Norris.

Vice President—A. J. Raynor.

Hon. Secretary—J. M. Gouinlock.
Assistant Secretary—J. W. Anderson.
Treasurer—J. G. Fleming.
Captain—A. H. Field.
Vice-Captain and Swimming Instructor—E. W. Vernon.

It was stated at the meeting at which these officials were elected that the Club is now in good shape. They have their own building and their new diving tower is fully completed.

A Lake Simcoe Association.

The residents of Lake Simcoe have decided to form an Association of their own on similar lines to those governing the Muskoka Lakes Association. All residents of the Lake over eighteen years of age are eligible for membership. The object of the Association is to unite together the interests of those in different parts of the lake and to encourage aquatic and other sports in Lake Simcoe. It was decided to hold the annual regatta at Roach's Point on civic holiday.

The following were elected as the first officers:

Hon. President—E. B. Osler, M. P.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—Dr. J. A. Temple, J. B. Kay, W. Kemp, J. Strachan, T. H. Sheppard.

President—Lewis A. Howard, Keswick.

Vice-President—G. A. Kingstone, Eastbourne.

Second Vice-President—F. D. Porter, Orchard Beach.

Secretary—Alexander Warden, Roach's Point.

Treasurer—F. G. Hearn, Orchard Beach.

Committee—J. C. Baker, Belle Ewart; Cecil Kilgour, Roach's Point; T. H. Brunton, Orchard Beach; Lieut. Col. W. G. Macdonald, De Grassi Point; Rev. J.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

We point to the difference between the positively and absolutely safe Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver and the imitation near-safeties. They have some device added to them to make them near-safe. The safety feature of the Iver Johnson Safety is the firing mechanism itself—not some spring or button device to pull or press. That is why you can, in perfect safety—*not* near-safety—kick it, cuff it, knock it, or

HAMMER THE HAMMER

"SHOTS," our booklet, tells all about it in a plain, simple way, so you can't go astray on the SAFE revolver question. Send for it—FREE.

Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver

Richly nickeled, 22 calibre rim-fire or 32 calibre center-fire, 7.50 (Extra length barrel or blued 3-inch barrel, or 38 calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, - - - - - finish at slight extra cost)

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver

Richly nickeled, 32 calibre center-fire, 3-inch barrel, or 38 8.50 (Extra length barrel or blued calibre center-fire, 3¼-inch barrel, - - - - - finish at slight extra cost)

Sold by Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price if dealer will not supply. Look for the owl's head on grip and our name on barrel.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS, 157 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York: 99 Chambers Street.

San Francisco: Phil. B. Bekeart Co., 717 Market St.

Hamburg, Germany: Pickhuben 4.

Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Truss Bridge Bicycles



Hyde, Eastbourne, T. A. Reid, Jackson Point ; J. F. Edgar, Moreton Park.

Lady Crews for Ottawa.

The managers of the Ottawa Canoe Club are contemplating following the example of Montreal and organizing a war canoe crew composed of ladies. The St. Lambert's Club, Montreal, can turn out three of such crews and the ladies have given fine performances. A war canoe race between crews composed of ladies would certainly add great interest to any competitions in which they took part.

The New Edinburghs

The New Edinburgh's crew are working hard, and having succeeded in obtaining all but one of last year's paddler's they appear likely to give a good account of themselves in any contest for which they may enter. The club are to have crack paddlers in the fours, singles and doubles and their junior crews will also be very strong.

Canadian Henley Officials.

The following officers were appointed at a meeting of the executive committee of the Canadian Association of Amateur

Oarsman to manage the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines on Friday and Saturday, August seventh and eighth.

Ed. Mack, chairman; Major Heron, E; T. Boland, Claude Macdonell, M. P. - Alex. Boyd, Capt. J. Wilson, G. S. Ewart, E. F. Seixas, Capt. A. H. Malcolmson, J. W. McAllister, P. J. Mulqueen and L. C. Hoskins, secretary.

Rule 14 has been suspended at the discretion of the umpire.

Organizing the Paddlers.

The Ottawa Association of Aquatic Clubs has been formed for the purpose of dealing principally with the "deadheads." The following were elected officers:—

Chairman—E. A. Olver, Victoria Yacht club.

Vice-Chairman—W. A. Lamb, Ottawa Canoe Club.

Secretary—pro tem J. M. Douglas, Britannia Boating club. The secretary of each Club will forward not later than June fifth of each year a list of the members of his club who are in good standing and also those who are under suspension.

A Dependable Companion

Wherever you go or whenever you go, whether on business or pleasure, be sure to take along a Conklin Pen, and you'll always be ready for any writing emergency. You'll never be held up through lack of ink. When last drop is exhausted fill

CONKLIN'S Self-Filling Fountain Pen

again at nearest ink-well by simply dipping in pen and pressing Crescent-Filler. No bothersome dropper, no fuss, no muss, no cleaning up to do. Self-filling, self-cleaning. Won't scratch, blot, balk or skip. There is no other pen in the world like it.

Leading dealers handle the Conklin. If yours don't, order direct. Prices, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 to \$15.00. Send for handsome new catalogue.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
315 Manhattan Bldg.
TOLEDO, OHIO . . . U. S. A.

*Drinks
Ink
Like
A
Camel*



Motoring in Canada.

The American Consul at Windsor, Ont. directs attention to the great field for motor boating which exists in that town. The Detroit River and Lake St. Clair with their numerous beautiful islands have many popular pleasure resorts. These are reached other than by motor boat although the pleasure of these excursions would be greatly augmented by the use of such boats. Probably the near neighborhood of Detroit accounts for the absence of manufacturers and agencies at Windsor, although the place offers exceptional facilities for either or both to do good business.

The Consul at Halifax, N. S., makes a very similar statement regarding his district and points out what a fine field there is in applying motors to the Nova Scotian fishing fleet. He argues strongly in favor of sending an American representative to the district and when familiarised with the requirements of the fleet applying just what is required.

Batteries are matters with which every

one who has anything to do with electrical appliances look upon as very important, and consequently a good battery is much to be desired. The X cells dry batteries, manufactured by the Electrical Specialties Limited 12-14-16 Shuter Street, Toronto, are evidently just that kind of battery as with all the thousands sent out to different parts of the country not a single complaint has been received. Many letters of commendation have been sent in but the first complaint has yet to make its appearance. The Company's factory is up to date, the staff efficient, and the business is conducted on such terms that customers are satisfied. A larger type of battery is now being made with a recuperative power that astonishes customers. If any user's dealers do not supply these batteries a line direct to the Company will assure prompt attention and a supply at factory prices. To show their confidence in their batteries the manufacturers offer to refund the money in any case where their X cells haven't been found satisfactory.

CRUISING AND RACING
GASOLINE LAUNCHES
FULLY EQUIPPED



A VARIETY OF STYLES IN STOCK
FROM 16 to 35 ft. IN LENGTH.

Special Light Motor Boats

FOR HUNTING AND FISHING

Hulls furnished, caulked, puttied and painted ready for interior fittings.

Knock Down Frames, Frame and Plank Patterns.

Second Hand Launches.

Send for Catalog

Robertson Bros.

Yards and Launch Works

Foot of Bay St.,

HAMILTON, CANADA.



Ithaca Guns

Extra close shooting with even distribution and good penetration are essential qualities that a gun must possess for the very best success at the traps. Ithaca Guns have a world-wide reputation for their superior shooting qualities.

Every Ithaca Gun is guaranteed in every part—shooting included.

"Bob" Edwards the veteran barrel borer is still boring them.

Here's what some of our customers say about them :

"The Pigeon Gun came yesterday. It is a beauty and a hard close shooter. The boys all tried it at our club shoot and everyone pronounced it a peach."

*E. Beckwith, Sec. Mt. Pleasant Gun Club,
Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.*

"My Ithaca No. 4 arrived all O. K. and to say that I am satisfied is mildly expressing it. It is without doubt the finest arm I have ever handled; both the shooting qualities and the finish are superfine."

Bert Mason, Salamanca, N. Y.

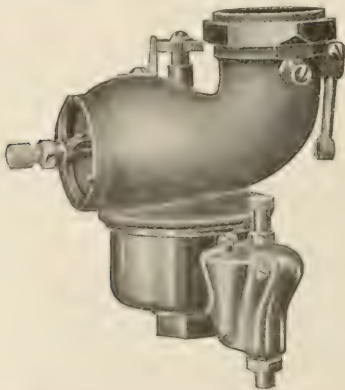
Send for Art Catalog and special prices on 18 grades
\$17.75 net to \$300 list.

ITHACA GUN COMPANY

Dept. NO. 13

ITHACA, N. Y.

A good carburetor is a most important consideration both for automobiles and motor boats and owners of either or both know well the necessity for careful selection. In all considerations of this kind the Heitger Carburetor should not be overlooked. Model A is the automobile type and Model B of the Marine type. Both have been perfected after many experiments, and the models for 1908 show improvements making them more reliable, neat and compact. The Heitger Company, 205 West South Street, Indianapolis, Ind., have met with such



success with these carburetors that they have had to increase their facilities for manufacturing to such an extent that they are now turning out over one thousand carburetors per month. The plant is modern, the materials used the best obtainable, and with skillful workmen very fine results are achieved—results which amply account for the success the carburetor has obtained. The Company issues an interesting little booklet giving particulars and illustrations of their carburetor and this will be sent free to any of our interested readers who will apply direct to them and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Marine motors are now made equal to all kinds of work. The light pleasure skiff, the high speed boat, and the heavier commercial boat can all be pleasurably and profitably worked by motor power. Motors are reliable, powerful and economical and the man who has once realised how much greater are his advantages with a motor will not willingly go back to sails and oars. The many motors on the market show how rapid is the rate of

progress in the use of the motor for power. Amongst the numerous aspirants for public favor the Brennan motor, manufactured by the Brennan Motor Company, Syracuse, N. Y. is one giving smooth running under all conditions. The motors are standard from eighteen to eighty horse power and have stood the most severe tests. The same company supplies engines and transmission gears complete for any standard automobile car, and will also build very reasonably to order, four cylinder chassis complete. The company are experts on motors and are willing to give the benefit of their knowledge and experience to anyone who will consult them on motors. They also publish a leaflet telling users how to start the motor, describing various causes of mis-firing and giving a special warning against any attempt to run the motor when a knocking sound is heard. The best policy in such a case is to stop and correct the difficulty.

While motor boats are first favorites everywhere, row boats are not likely to be abolished very soon and those who like short journeys on the water with some exercise will fill the square stern and pointed stern row boats, manufactured by the W. H. Mullins Company, of Dayton, Ohio (distributed throughout Canada, by Mr. N. R. Thompson, Brantford Ont.,) ideal for this class of work. Mr. Thompson will gladly answer all inquiries and guarantees to give purchasers full satisfaction.

A Fast Motor Boat.

A new speed marvel in the motor boat line has been given a try-out at Toronto. She ran a mile in 2.30 which means twenty-four miles an hour and also means the fastest boat on the bay. The new boat was built by the Marine Construction and Power Company, of Toronto for Mr. M. G. Bellman, of Toronto. She is thirty-two ft. long, four feet four beam, and has a draft of less than a foot. She is fitted with a four cylinder thirty horse power Roberts engine. She is a distinct racing type making no noise.

Marine motors are in ever increasing demand and amongst the large numbers which those demands have called into existence the Caille Perfection deserves

SHOT

The use of "M. R. M." Chilled Shot by trap shooters means satisfaction and high scores.

Our Shot is made to suit. Right material, correctness as to size, round and well finished are the features which make our Shot a favorite with particular sportsmen.

See that this trade mark is on every bag.

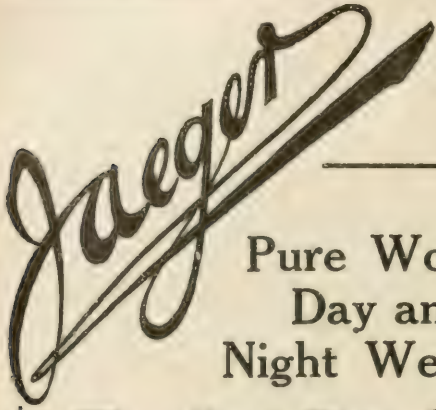


**THE MONTREAL ROLLING MILLS
CO.**

more than passing notice. The makers—the Caille Perfection Motor Company 1322 Second Avenue, Detroit Mich., claim that this is the most powerful and quietest engine built and consequently the most effective for its work. Many motor boat owners have used this engine in their boats and are more than satisfied with their experience. As a sample we quote the following :—

Montreal, Dec. 18th, 1907.

Dear Sirs :—If you are getting out a new catalogue for 1908 I wish you would send me one. Although I will not be in the market for another motor the coming season, still I want to keep in touch with your line, and also it will give me pleasure to put in a good word for you with any prospective buyers I may run across. I am pleased to say that the little 2 H. P. motor purchased from you last spring went through the summer and fall without a single break down or hitch of any kind, a remarkable good record by a most satisfactory engine. If you wish to use this as an unsolicited testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours truly, V. L. Gnaedinger.



Pure Wool
Day and
Night Wear

The One Best for
Camping, etc.

Adaptability: Jaeger Pure Wool Wear enables you to withstand any sudden change in the weather or temperature without discomfort or danger to health.

It does not chill when damp—like linen or cotton garments. You can allow Jaeger Wear to dry on you with perfect safety.

Serviceability: Jaeger Wear is made from wool of the highest quality, of absolute purity and of the best workmanship. This combination gives Jaeger Wear a unique durability in withstanding the hard wear and tear of camp life.

You cannot do better than put some of the following articles in your camp kit:

Sweaters, Shirts, Camp Rugs, Golf Coats, Sleeping Bags, Stockings, Caps, Underwear, Dressing Gowns, etc.

Jaeger Wear is sold at fixed moderate prices in most cities in Canada.

Ask your dealer, but look for the Jaeger trade mark.

Send for copy of "Health Culture."

RETAIL DEPOTS:

Montreal: 316 St. Catherine St. W.

Toronto: 10 Adelaide St. W.

Winnipeg: Steele Block, Portage Ave.



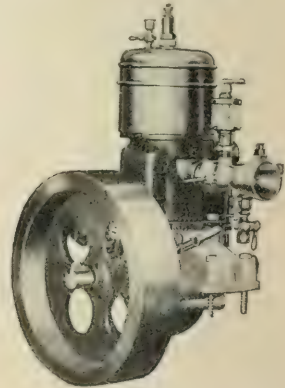
The Olympic Trials.

For the Olympic trial matches on the St. Catharines course Rule 14 of the Rules of Racing was suspended at the discretion of the umpire. Rule 14 reads as under:—

Accidents—14. Every boat shall abide by its accidents, except when during a race, a boat while in its own water (while on the course) shall be interfered with by any outside boat, the Umpire may order the race to be rowed over, if in his opinion such interference materially affected its chances of winning the race.

The "Refined" Motor.

This three horse power Motor only weighs fifty pounds and is specially adapted for canoes, dingheys, row-boats, dories and tenders up to twenty feet in length. The Motor is of first class construction being guaranteed by the makers for two years against defective parts. The cylinder has a three and a half inch bore with a stroke of three and a half inches. The engine turns a twelve inch propeller at from two hundred to eight hundred revolutions per minute. There are no gaskets or packing of any kind



used, neither are there any valves, springs, triggers, cams, nor gears to get out of order. All working parts are accessible, it reverses instantly, is of simple construction, and is easily operated. The "Refined" Motor has given the greatest satisfaction wherever sold as can be seen by the testimonials furnished by Dinning & Eckenstein, Merchants Bank Building, Montreal, who are placing these engines on the market. Their "Marine Bulletin" No. 10 can be had on request.

Alpine Club Notes

Before another number of the Magazine is published the third annual camp will be over. Arrangements have been so carefully made that success appears assured. Accommodation has been provided for two hundred campers and Rogers Pass from July sixth to the fifteenth will be the scene of much active excitement. An extensive program has been arranged and the climbers will find plenty of exercise.

It is announced that the Rev. C. R. B. Kinney, who has been a member of the Club from the start, will make an attempt this summer in company of Professor Coleman, of Toronto University, to scale Mt. Robson. Mr. Kinney visited the foot of the mountain last year with a view of attempting the feat but as climatic conditions were against him he reserv-

ed his efforts for a later date. A start will be made from Edmonton in August, the route being by way of the Athabasca. After the climb, successful or not, Professor Coleman will return east while Mr. Kinney will go to Victoria where he is now stationed.

The Canadian Pacific Railway was, as is usually the case with this great company, generous in the matter of railway fares, allowing members the benefit of one-way fares plus twenty five cents when the standard railway Convention Certificate was secured. The Camp Secretary (Mr. C. Wheeler) issued a special circular to all members calling particular attention to this matter and he was not responsible if anyone neglected to thus secure their position.

Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association

The resolution adopted at the Toronto Convention, upon the proposition of the Woodstock Branch, to the effect that protection will never be effectually carried out until entrusted to a separate Department with a Cabinet Minister at its head is evidently causing a little thinking throughout the Province. Here is what the "North Star", of Parry Sound, has to say on the subject:—"The attempt to administer the Fish and Game Protection Act under the Minister of Public Works for the Province is a mistake. The Minister of Public works has too large a department to give the time necessary to the game and fishery protection, and there should be either a departmental head or the Department should be attached to the office of the Provincial Secretary or some other department having less work than that of the Minister of Public Works. The enforcement of the game and fishery laws is more or less of a farce." The leaven is working though it may take some time to leaven the whole lump.

nounced as an Independent Conservative candidate for South Toronto for the Legislature, to fight mainly on the program of the Association, withdrew his candidature on the assurance of the Premier that these points in the programme should have the immediate and sympathetic consideration of the Cabinet. Now that Premier Whitney has been again returned to power it is up to Mr. Evans and the other members of the Association to see that he makes good the promises he has given.

We regret to have to record the fact that the Berlin branch of the Association has been disbanded. Amongst the many other engagements of the members it was found difficult to get a meeting and with the discouragement of the officers the branch ceased to exist as an active force. Mr. A.W. Merner, the Secretary, did his best but receiving no support gave up the task. This does not mean that Berlin people have no longer any interest in the subjects dealt with by the the Association and we look forward to seeing a young vigorous branch reorganize at Berlin.

Mr. A. Kelley Evans, who was an-

OUR MEDICINE BAG

If any of our readers are thinking of visiting the Quebec Tercentenary Celebration, or may have been deterred from making arrangements to do so on account of doubt as to whether accommodation could be secured, we would like to draw their attention to the Tent City. There is little doubt that those who take up their quarters in canvas town will be the most comfortable visitors to Quebec. Every detail has been most carefully thought out and every modern luxury has been provided. There will be accommodation for 10,000 people, if necessary, and there will be accommodation of all kinds, that is to say, there will be big tents, little tents and cubicles. The streets of this city will be lit by electric light, the sanitary arrangements are of the best and latest design, and running water, hot and cold, will be laid in every room. Stoves will be provided in case of inclement weather. The prices are extremely reasonable both for accommodation and meals. An experienced hotel man will look after the general details and the caterer is one whose reputation in the States makes the success of this portion of the enterprise a certainty. Anybody who takes our advice and locates in this novel and thoroughly up-to-date "hotel" will get an interesting experience added to their holiday which will never be forgotten.

Dr. Grenfell, the heroic medical missionary of the Labrador coast, had a thrilling adventure recently which nearly ended his useful career. Dr. Grenfell had left Battle Harbour on a medical visit to patients at a distant settlement and was proceeding with a light komatik and a fast team of dogs. Familiarity with the ice led the Doctor to venture across a bay eight miles in width, on loose ice which was being pressed in by a northeast wind. During his journey the wind veered suddenly off the land and blew hard. The Doctor, komatik and dogs disappeared but fortunately the

Doctor not only succeeded in cutting the dogs loose but scrambling on an ice pan twelve feet square also hauling up his eight dogs on the same place. The ice was drifting out to sea and the Doctor had to get shelter or freeze. Accordingly, although "it felt like murder", he stabbed three of the largest dogs and borrowed their coats. The carcasses were piled up for a windbreak and thanks to these precautions, the Doctor, who had to spend a dreary night under these depressing circumstances, escaped with nothing worse than frost bites. Next day he was rescued by some of the brave fishermen for whom he has done so much with the result of "increasing my affection and respect for the class of men from whom my rescuers are derived, and amongst whom it is my good fortune to be passing my life." By a remarkable coincidence the Doctor was clad in his football flannels which helped him more than the regulation garments of the missionary. He lost his komatik, surgical instruments, rifle and outfit. "The revulsion of feeling", says the Doctor, "in really stepping on to dry land again made mountains dwindle into veritable molehills". The experience will draw the Doctor and his flock closer together and enable them to see how much each owes to the other.

Mr. Bastedo is evidently finding his task of negotiating between the Dominion Government and the Provinces over fishing matters, a work of much difficulty. Reports from the provincial capitals show that the local governments are desirous of controlling their own inland fisheries. How federal and provincial rights are to be adjusted is a matter for experts though we hope some means will be found by which it may be possible to ensure something like a uniform policy throughout Canada. In the case of Ontario matters are said to be at a deadlock and the negotiations are little better in Nova Scotia.

“Old Twilight” puts in an effective plea for better protection of the birds in the “North Star”, of Parry Sound, Ont. He has no objection to fish and game protection—indeed very much the other way—but wishes to include birds in such protection. He points out that the necessity for spraying fruit and vegetables is largely due to the scarcity of birds and concludes that if we continue to allow our song and insectivorous birds to be slaughtered the day will soon come when we shall “hev to spray our grain crops an’ our grass, an by ginger ! the day’ll come when we will hev’ to spray ourselves, especially the old folks and the kids. We wouldn’t need no sprayin’ machines if we had the birds.” “Old Twilight” is down upon air guns and cats and thinks if the women would make as much fuss about these matters as the cigarette evil they would “be doin’ somethin’ fer the country.” “Old Twilight” would forbid the manufacture and sale of air guns and license and tag cats, killing off all the felines that nobody owns. “People don’t encourage birds to come around; they would sooner depend upon paris green and copperas. The trees are gittin’ scarce and in the long drouths the water holes and springs dry up. What’s the matter with nailin’ up bird boxes and havin’ a bird bath in every orchard? “You can’t believe how the birds would appreciate that?” If something is not done and that speedily he prophecies that “a generation from now folks will wonder what a crow looked like, and you’ll hev to go to a picter book to see a robin?”,

Mr. C. J. C. Crump writing from Ronville, Lake of Bays, Ont., early in April says : “Having just returned from a fortnight’s snow shoe trip through the townships adjoining the southern boundary of the Algonquin Park, I thought you, and probably some of your readers, might be interested as to the conditions I found relative to the game and fur-bearing animals in that section of the country. Everywhere I found the same story—wolf tracks in abundance and virtually the only deer tracks I saw were those made when being chased by the wolves, and which, without exception, ended in capture and murder of the deer. I saw three



Take A Real Holiday

The chief aim in taking a holiday is to get out of the “rut” of city living—living by the clock and by rule. In order to turn your vacation into a “real holiday” take a supply of BOVRIL with you to camp or to your country cottage.

BOVRIL, minimises the cooking—provides a delicious and sustaining meal in a few moments, is handier than anything else and if added to Canned Meats, Pork and Beans, Stews, Fish, Soup, etc., it intensifies their flavor and increases their nourishing value very greatly.

BOVRIL, is nothing but the quintessence of beef. All that is in beef is in BOVRIL.

Try this recipe:

BOVRIL... 2 tablespoonfuls
Bread Crumbs 1 *“*
Butter... 2 ounces
Squeeze of lemon juice.
Thoroughly mix in an en-
amelled pan and spread be-
tween slices of bread.

The 8 oz. and 16 oz. sizes are more economical than the small bottles.

BOVRIL Ltd., 27 St. Peter St., Montreal

In Sickness or in Health

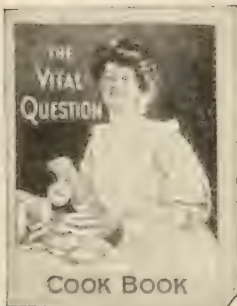


the best body builder—the food that gives bounce and buoyancy to mind and body is

Shredded Whole Wheat

a food for invalids and athletes, for outdoor men and indoor men, for busy housekeepers and city toilers, for summer home and summer camp, for any meal in any clime, the one universal food—to grow on, to work on, to play on, to live on.

It is the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world. No other food can match it for building strong and sturdy bodies, for restoring impaired digestion and giving vim and vigor to weary brains and worn-out bodies.



"It's All in the Shrears"

Shredded Wheat (heated in oven) is delicious for breakfast with milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fresh berries or stewed fruits.

Our new and handsomely illustrated Cook Book is sent free for the asking.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.
Toronto Office: 32½ Church St.

partially eaten carcasses in one day, and seventeen altogether. A fact, not generally known probably, is that wolves do not howl during the winter months, but steal upon their prey. Beyond all doubt, unless some remedial action be speedily taken, the number of deer will be annually reduced, though they will not be exterminated, as the Algonquin Park is an ideal breeding ground. Putting it down at a low estimate, every wolf would kill at least twenty deer during the winter months. This annual wholesale slaughter, coupled with the running of dogs during the open season, which undoubtedly accounts for so many "dry does", must eventually and at no distant period, have but one ending. I am confident that if the bounty on wolves was increased to \$25.00, it would mean the destruction of a good many, as there then would be inducement to hunt them systematically. I had the good luck to shoot an adult she-wolf, who had been feeding on a partly eaten doe, killed sometime previously. Signs of fur-bearing animals were few and far between—in fact I saw only three mink tracks. Owing to the great demand for this fur during the last three years, it spells good money. This valuable animal is getting scarce and I would suggest a closed season for a few years the same as for otter and beaver. Beyond all doubt a great many moose and deer are killed out of season by men working in the lumber camps, who also do a lot of illegal trapping. Partridges are very scarce. To sum up the whole matter in order to protect our game and fur-bearing animals from partial if not total extermination, I would suggest: 1. The appointment of game wardens at a yearly salary, who would devote all their time to their duties, and perform them conscientiously. 2. An increased bounty on wolves. 3. The stopping of running dogs during the open season. 4. The open season for deer to be four weeks, instead of two, limiting each licensee to two weeks hunting, with the privilege of killing two deer.

Try this Bovril Recipe.

Into a small enamelled pan put two tablespoonfuls of Bovril, a tablespoonful

of bread crumbs, two ounces of butter, and a squeeze of lemon juice. Season with pepper and salt. Thoroughly mix the whole together and then spread on thin slices of bread. This is a simple recipe but proves a really nutritious and appetizing "tit-bit" for picnics, afternoon teas and all "al frasco" meals. Bovril is the quintessence of beef—it drives away hot weather lassitude and gives vigour and tone to the whole system. Added to Canned Meats, Pork and Beans, etc. it makes them ever so much more tasty, appetizing and nutritious. The eight and sixteen ounce sizes are more economical than the smaller bottles.

Mr. William Beech, who was the first settler of the Fort Churchill district at Hudson Bay, recently visited Ottawa for the first time and gave the officials of the Department of the Interior some most interesting information of the far North. Mr. Beech came from his home by way of York Factory, Oxford House and Norway House to Winnipeg—over eight hundred miles—by dog train. He reports good pulpwood at Sturgeon Lake, "the finest in the world." The trees run forty feet in length, straight, and without a limb upon them. His estimate was twenty millions of feet of spruce timber around Oxford Lake and the islands, and an abundance on the east shore of Lake Winnipeg and Thunder Lake. At Norway House he saw growing potatoes, cabbage, celery and parsnips. Some wheat was also raised as a test by a trader named Hyer, but Mr. Beech could not say how long it took to ripen. At Norway House the people are all Indians with the exception of the Hudson Bay employees. There are at the post Anglican and Methodist Churches and an Indian school. The people in charge of the churches have good flower and vegetable gardens. The few settlers are greatly assisted in the work of portaging &c., by the Indians. In some of the lakes there are lots of fish but in some instances the Indians have difficulties in getting enough to live on. Pulpwood is also to be found on the Churchill River and at Fort Churchill Mr. Beech has seen radishes and lettuce just as fine as

any in Ontario. The English Church clergyman has a fine garden with peas, beets, onions, etc., though in one year the plants did not reach perfection as a frost on July 13th greatly affected their growth. He thought it would be possible to keep cattle there though an attempt to keep sheep had been frustrated by the wolves. There is an old fashioned sawmill at Fort Churchill and he believed if the settlement grew into a city there there would be sufficient timber for building purposes. After leaving York Factory Mr. Beech was sick and for twenty-three days lived in a shack with twenty Indians. He described the Cree and Chippewyan Indians as fairly civilized and dwelt upon their earnestness in religious matters. However cold it might be, often forty below zero, the Indians would sit around bare headed when praying.

Reports from the Pacific Coast state that the attempt to "transplant" lobsters from the Atlantic to the Pacific has in its preliminary stages been completely successful. The lobsters made their long journey in tanks without any apparent injury and on reaching Vancouver were transferred to open crates in which they were kept in the sea for sometime to enable them to recover from any effects the change might have had upon them. When giving them the freedom of the Pacific all bearing spawn were retained in the crates in order that the progress of their breeding might be noted. At various protected bays up the coast the remainder were set free. These are expected to find new homes for themselves in their virgin territory. So far there is every probability of the transplanting experiment proving successful.

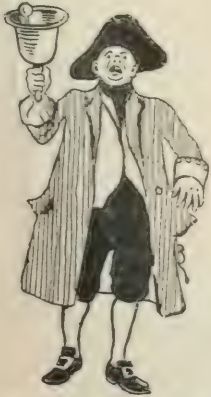
Sportsmen are great travellers and all their travels are not in the woods. In ordinary life they travel in cities and the great majority know much of hotel life. Canadian sportsmen and tourists crossing the border to Detroit cannot do better than make for the Hotel Tuller, which they will find is a homelike though quite up-to-date establishment. It is pleasantly situated and under the able management of Mr. M. A. Shaw maintains a

high reputation with the touring public. This reputation is thoroughly well deserved and will be endorsed by all who find occasion to visit this hotel.

Great precautions are being taken in both the eastern and western sections of the new Grand Trunk Pacific to prevent forest fires. The contractors are under special restrictions and patrols are regularly made to see that compliance with these restrictions are enforced in the various construction camps. The records of the Canada Atlantic, and the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario are to be maintained if at all possible. No serious fires occurred during the construction of these railways and they afford proof that careful vigilance against such fires is sufficient to prevent them. As the new line will go through some of the grandest forest districts remaining in Canada this care will receive general commendation. Both in the east and the west extra fire rangers are being provided by the Dominion Government, and these in conjunction with those provided by the Provincial Governments and the foremen of the various camps, should prove sufficient to prevent any serious fire.

Mr. J. B. Tyrrell, of Toronto, an account of whose exploring trips through the so-called Barren Lands of Canada appeared in a recent issue, has been elected a member of the Explorers Club, of New York, of which Lieut. R. E. Peary is President.

The Grand Trunk have just issued a new attractive little booklet in connection with the "Gananoque Inn" situated at Gananoque. To the nature lover and artist the Canadian side of the Thousand Islands is the most beautiful and the most interesting. Gananoque is at the head of this most delightful region. The "Inn" has been popular for some years and this year will not be an exception, Gananoque itself has been famous as a health resort for centuries and long before the white man settled there. It is easy of access by some of the finest and fastest trains of the Grand Trunk. Copy of booklet can be secured free on application to G. T. Bell, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.



Guelph-Ward Ho!

TAKE UP THE CRY; SHOUT IT FROM THE HOUSETOPS; AND JOIN THE MERRY-MAKERS AND YOUR FRIENDS AT

Guelph's Old Home Week

AUGUST 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 1908

Your welcome will be boundless—your entertainment limitless. SO LET IT BE—"GUELPH-WARD HO!" and pass it on to your friends.

WRITE FOR FULL PARTICULARS AND RAILROAD RATES, AND PASTE THIS IN YOUR HAT.

J. M. DUFF,
Chairman.

J. M. STRUTHERS,
P. O. Box 544, Secretary.



OTHERS tell you their battery is superior

We Refund the Money

if our X CELLS do not prove superior.

You see WE ARE convinced.
HOW ABOUT YOU?

A trial order will convince you.

No. 6 X CELLS in barrel lots 19 cents

No. 7 X CELLS in barrel lots 38 cents

X CELLS? Yes, because they excell all others.



ELECTRICAL SPECIALTIES, LIMITED

12-14-16 Shuter St., Toronto.

UP-TO-DATE FACTORY.

PROMPT SHIPMENTS.

The Rev. John Pringle, whose name has been much before the public recently, has been giving a description of the Yukon which classes it as one of the greatest of Canada's many assets. He points out that while the Klondyke is but fifty miles square, the Yukon has an area of two hundred thousand square miles. If anything like the riches of the Klondyke are to be found in other parts of the Yukon the riches of the country are beyond estimate. Although the population has decreased from 27,000 to 6,000 he believes the former figure will be reached again. Mr. Pringle clears up some misconceptions as to the climate. On only a few occasions last winter did he find it necessary to wear an overcoat. As a potato growing country it can hardly be surpassed. The fishing is first class while the timber is of a fairly good quality. Of course there are not the same facilities for wheat growing as in the western prairies. Coal in the form of lignite, is being used in the steamships and partially for domestic purposes. Copper mines were being worked vigorously until the big drop in the market price. The Rev. gentleman is enthusiastic over the future of the Yukon and with good reason.

The People's Game and Fish Protective Association of Nova Scotia are still continuing in their good work of fish propagation. They recently received a large consignment of speckled trout fry from the government hatchery at Bedford, Halifax Co. which were placed in the Milton Ponds. If this restocking is continued the Milton Ponds should furnish the best trout fishing in the country.

Evidences that moose are on the increase in the Province of New Brunswick continue to accumulate. A circumstantial story is told of an experience in Moncton which adds much to the general testimony. Mr. A Metcalf, an employee in the city waterworks department on returning home one day in the early part of last month found two moose—a bull and a cow—feeding in his yard. The former showed fight when Metcalf appeared but he managed to fend off the angry animal with an umbrella which he was

carrying at the time and reached the shelter of his house. The farmers on the outskirts of the city report seeing moose feeding in the fields with the cows. Trainmen likewise report seeing numbers near the roads. In several instances farmers in different districts are applying for special licenses to kill moose in defence of their crops.

The latest publication produced by the Advertising Department of the Grand Trunk Railway System is a booklet descriptive of their line between Chicago and New York through Ontario via Niagara Falls, also Chicago and Portland; via Toronto and Montreal, under the title, "Trains 3 and 4." It pictures to the reader by concise description and well printed half tones the route of these two popular trains. It is universally agreed that the lines of this great system provide a great diversity of scenery and reach many points of interest, and the route traversed by these two trains is no exception. These features are lucidly dwelt upon and are well illustrated in "Trains 3 and 4." The publication is a handsome one of 32 pages, printed in two colors and is adorned by a strikingly beautiful cover printed by the tricromatic process, the sketch showing a head-on view of the premier train of the Grand Trunk System, "The International Limited" approaching as if through an archway with massive pillars on either side, surmounted by the Dominion Coat of Arms, with the Canadian and United States flags draped on either sides, emblematic of the international character of the line, making in all a most pleasing effect. It can be had for asking. Address G. T. Bell, general passenger and ticket agent, Montreal.

Bruin paid a visit too many to the lumber camp occupied by Messrs. Stehelin, near Weymouth N. S. early last month. The first visit was paid on a Thursday evening and evidences of his curiosity in the way of over-turned articles were so numerous that no desire was felt for a repetition under like circumstances. However, as it was thought he might reappear to complete the work of dis-

arrangement which he had so well begun preparations were made to give him a warm reception. On the following evening Bruin appeared but this time he was not allowed to have his own way. Within a few feet of the door of the lumber camp Mr. E. G. Stehelin placed a bullet in his brain and ended the marauder's career. The bear proved to be a fine large one and weighed about seven hundred pounds.

Upon the recommendation of the Minister of Public Works of Ontario, the issuing of angling permits to the number of twenty in one year, free of charge to non-residents who are guests of the Province has been authorized.



The cut of the hunting knife that accompanies this article represents a knife that if regularly made for the market would, in my opinion, often be chosen by the hunter in preference to many of the other types now offered. It is not my intention to criticize greatly other models of knives now made simply because I happen to favor the design of the one shown but in my opinion the shortcomings of many of the knives now made can be attributed to the blades being too straight, often too thick and usually too narrow to best adapt them to the work they were designed for.

The shape of the handles on some of the knives now offered I can hardly think of as being such as best fitting a man's hand although many of them are nearly perfect. In the knife shown we have one with a wide, curved and thin blade—highly desirable and essential features in a hunting knife if it is to be of value in cutting meat, skinning an animal or for the thousand and one other purposes for which it will eventually be used. The handle also seems of the correct shape while the "hang" and "feel" of the knife in one's

hands seems very near perfect. From the cut of the knife one might suppose that it was unnecessarily heavy, but such is not the case for the blade being thin (one-eighth of an inch at back with true taper to the keen edge) the knife weighs no more than many other knives of the same length (six inch) having often thicker blades.

The Marble Safety Axe Company who kindly consented to make one of these knives for me, write regarding the probability of manufacturing same for the market, as follows :

"In order that we might be in a position to better decide in regard to manufacturing and marketing a knife similar to the pattern submitted, it occurred to us that we might obtain some advance information in regard to what the demand for this style of knife would be by having an article appear in several of the sporting magazines mentioning the fact that we would take up the manufacture and marketing of this knife providing sufficient advance orders could be obtained to warrant us in doing so. As a commercial proposition it would not pay us to produce the knives unless we could sell several thousand of them each year.

"In case we should take up the manufacture of this knife, we believe that we would be able to secure better results in the use of a neatly designed and engraved hard rubber handle similar to the one used on one style of our Ideal Hunting kind of handle. By making use of this material handles of uniform shape and size would be assured as in the forming up of handles made from stag horn or cocobola. It is very seldom that any two handles are of the same shape. We are also finding it very hard to secure suitable stag horn for this class of work. It would also be our idea to make the knives with hilt, with half hilt and without hilt. The cost of such a knife as this should not be over \$2.50 to the consumer."

The excellence of the many desirable specialties made by the Marble Company for sportsmen is a guarantee that should they decide to add this knife to their present line it would be made by skilled workmen, from the best of material, cor-

rectly designed, and with a finish and temper never surpassed by any manufacturer.

From Mr. Marble's letter it will be noticed that should they receive sufficient encouragement to justify them in placing the knife on the market they will make it with hilt, half hilt and without hilt, and as this has been the only feature on which I have heard of hunters differing—the shape of the blade and handle having met with the approval of all who have seen the few knives so far turned out—it may be stated that should the knife be made for the market the intending

purchaser will be enabled to select a knife specially suited to his requirements.

Those interested should write the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Michigan at once.

In closing it might be well for me to state that having one of these knives which will undoubtedly lasts a life time it makes little difference to me personally whether the knife is ever made for the market or not, but knowing that there are many others looking for just such a knife I would for their benefit like to see it manufactured.

Ashley A. Haines.

Mr. Edward Sturdy, a fisherman of great experience in England contributes the following formulas to the "Fishing Gazette" for computing the weight of fish when in good condition should the angler have mislaid or have forgotten his balances for weighing fish :—

SALMON

Lengths in inches	weight in pounds	Length in inches	weight in pounds
30.....	11.574	43.....	34.082
31.....	12.770	44.....	36.516
32.....	14.016	45.....	39.063
33.....	15.504	46.....	41.725
34.....	16.848	47.....	44.506
35.....	18.379	48.....	47.407
36.....	20.000	49.....	50.432
37.....	21.713	50.....	53.584
38.....	23.522	51.....	56.864
39.....	25.428	52.....	60.274
40.....	27.435	53.....	63.819
41.....	29.544	54.....	67.500
52.....	31.759	55.....	71.320

TROUT

inches	weight lbs. oz.	inches	weight lbs. oz.
9.....	5	20.....	3 7
10.....	7	21.....	4
11.....	9	22.....	4 9
12.....	12	23.....	5 3
13.....	15	24.....	5 15
14.....	1 3	25.....	6 11
15.....	1 7	26.....	7 8
16.....	1 12	27.....	8 7
17.....	2 2	28.....	9 6
18.....	2 8	29.....	10 7
19.....	2 15	30.....	11 9

The measure should be taken from the snout to the middle rays of the tail fin. It is recommended that the above be cut out and pasted in the angler's fly book or in his hat.

THE TRAP

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont. :: :: :: :: :: ::

Tournament Dates

July 1st—St. Catharines.
 July 3 and 4—Thomasville, Georgia. Canadian shooters invited and will be made welcome.
 August 5, 6, 7—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, Sherbrooke, Que.
 September, 9, 10, 11 and 12—Tournament of the Canadian Indians at Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Stray Pellets

We publish in this issue the portrait of Geo. Beattie, Hamilton, Ont., who during the present season has been doing excellent work at the traps. Mr. Beattie has been known but a comparatively short time as a trap shooter, but has rapidly forged to the front. At present he is one of the youngest as well as one of the best shots in Hamilton Gun Club. In 1906 he broke 371 out of 400 at the Canadian Indians tournament in Montreal and at the Dominion tournament the same year won high average the first day with 190 out of 200 in the regular events, winning high average first day, and broke 49 out of 50 in the championship event, making a grand total of 239 out of 250 for the day. He won a Hollis gun, valued at \$150 during the tournament with 59 out of 60. Last year he won a Lefever gun valued at \$75 at the Dominion shoot in Toronto. This year he won the Queen's Hotel Cup at Brampton with a straight score. He won high average at London on May 14th with 94 per cent. and was high man in the recent contest at Toronto, scoring a total of 555 out of 600 in the three days or 92½ per cent at what was considered very hard target shooting. The last day he broke 193 out of 200, winning out over every contestant, amateur and professional. We have no doubt he will give an extremely and got his share of the prizes in the various bird contest in England this month.

Court Thompson, Hamilton, has entered the professional ranks, as a U.M.C. and Remington Missionary. Court is one of the most genial and popular men at the traps and is also a clever exponent of the good qualities of the scatter gun. This Company made no mistake in gathering him into the professional fold.

Joe Jennings won the duck boat and decoys offered by the National Gun Club, Toronto, as first prize at their weekly shoot, by breaking straight 25.

Four Kingsville shooters on June 12th undertook to beat the best four score of ten Harrow shooters on Harrow Club grounds. They made a slight mistake,—they should have stipulated for the worst four. The scores were: Kingsville—W. A. Smith 21, Dr. McKenzie 19, Theo Wigle 16, Thos. Pastorius 16. Harrow—C. J. Pastorius 18, E. Pastorius 23, O. M. Pastorius 18, Forest Pastorius 21, E. Ford



GEORGE BEATTIE, HAMILTON, ONT.
 Crack Canadian Trap Shooter.

19, C. H. Lloyd 16, J. Stocker 18, J. Bertrand 14, A. C. Cunningham 16, R. Wright 13. This was the first of a number of inter-club shoots.

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Stratford Tournament.

The tournament held by the Pastime Gun Club at Stratford, Ont., on Victoria Day was a decided success. As previously announced the money prizes were entirely eliminated at this shoot and only articles of merchandise were awarded as prizes. Some of these, however, were very valuable, the Ithaca gun offered as the premier prize being alone worth a long trip to compete for. The style of handicap adopted proved its success in distributing the favors and altogether the Stratford method of conducting a tournament is well worthy of imitation. J. Aitcheson, Stratford, was the fortunate winner of the \$70 Ithaca gun for highest score in the 5th event, with 23 out of 25, although Dr. Kay, Otterville, was close after him with 22. K. C. Turnbull of the home club won high average with 132 out of 150, and a number of valuable prizes including the Marlin rifle offered in event No. 7, most of his shooting being from 20 to 22 yards. B. W. Glover, London, won second average with 130 and got his share of his prizes in the various events. The scores:—

	Shot At.	Broke
K. C. Turnbull, Stratford	150	132
W. Boles, Stratford	150	109
A. W. Fisher, Stratford	150	99
W. Miller, Stratford	150	112
T. Savage, Stratford	125	110
B. Glover, London	150	130
R. Day, London	125	97
S. Webb, London	150	115
Dr. Kay, Otterville	150	110
Mr. Maynard, Woodstock	80	50
Mr. Partlo, Ingersoll	150	115
Mr. Kerbyson, Ingersoll	150	110
Mr. Nichols, Ingersoll	150	109
G. Dunk, Toronto	150	116
Mr. Marsh, Toronto	150	112
Mr. Beck, Brampton	125	66

Mr. Holmes, Clinton	110	87
F. Nash, Stratford	40	14
J. Aitcheson, Stratford	150	120
Mr. Johnston, Harriston	150	91
C. Turnbull, Stratford	40	14
G. Hess, Stratford	40	16
J. Ross, Toronto	105	80
J. Myers, Stratford	65	48
D. Hay, Stratford	65	46

Cutler Gun Club Scores

The following are the scores made by Cutler (Ont.) Gun Club during May. When it is considered that some of the members have only shot at the traps a few times the scores made, particularly those of Messrs Gignac, Galar-



EXETER SHOOT: A Hot Squad

FOR SHOTGUNS
AND RIFLES



neau, McEwan, Turgeon and Lacelle, are very good. We wish other North Ontario clubs would send in their scores, if for no other purpose than to show us they are still alive. The scores:—

	Shot At.	Broke
A. Galarneau	150	101
Glover	200	108
Livingstone	175	81
McEwan	200	146
Beauchamp	175	64
Filiatreault	100	49
Gignac	200	152
Turgeon	200	126
Lacelle	200	123
Fortin	200	108
Bellemarre	200	84
Durocher	50	17
Mantha	100	41
H. Galarneau	150	82

Hamilton Happenings

The Hamilton Gun Club held a practice shoot on Saturday afternoon, June 6th, Court

Thomson, professional, representing the U. M. C. company, was high average for the day, breaking 90 per cent. of the targets shot at. Scores:—

	10	10	10	10	15	25
Court Thomson	9	9	8			15 25
W. P. Thomson	8	8	8	7	13	22
Barnard	4	7	8	7		
Edwards	7	7				
Davies	6	5	7		10	17
Hore	5	3	3	3	7	
Barnes	5	6	9	10	13	16
Beattie	7	9				14 21
Bowron	4	6	6			19
Wark	9	6	7			24
Oliver	3					9
Dr. Wilson						15 23

The regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun club took place on Saturday, May 16th. W.P. Thomson was high, with 86 per cent., breaking 77 out of 90. The scores:

	10	20	20	20	20
Crooks	8	18	18	14	16
Barnard	6	12	14		
Thomson, W. P.	9	17	18	15	18
Barnes	6	16	13		
Beattie	7	16	17	15	16
Grant	7	9			
Palmer	6	13	10		
Cantelon	7	12			
Cline	7	15	15		
Oliver	4	9			
Dr. Wilson	12	13	13	16	
Fletcher	15	17	15	17	
Frank	10	17			
Hunter	8	11	16		

Mr. Ewing, who won the International Championship used a Lefever Gun, and the same gun in the hands of another shooter won first prize in the merchandise.

The amateur championship of Kansas, State noted for good shots, was won by Mr.



Some members of the Brampton Gun Club.

Charles T. Rankin, who used a Winchester gun and Winchester shells. While the "man behind the gun" did a good deal to ensure this success, he was the first to admit that his gun and ammunition also counted for much.

Eleven out of the first fourteen high men and the winner of the National Amateur Championship and of the National Professional Championship used Red "W" goods. In the present year the Preliminary Handicap at Pinehurst won by Geo. S. McCarty, the Mid-Winter Handicap, Pinehurst, won by C. W. Billings, the Sunny South Handicap at targets, Brenhan, Texas, won by Otto Sens; the Western Handicap at live birds, Kansas City, won by Dan Bray, and the Preliminary Handicap, Birmingham, Ala., won by A. S. Carrell, Bessemer, Ala., were all secured by users of the Red "W" brand. Users of Winchester shells hold all the world's championship trophies for live birds and target shooting and all National average honors.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company have issued a circular letter in which they call attention to the successes achieved during the season of 1907 by shooters using their goods. Such shooters won first average honors in 292 tournaments out of 499 reported, the percentage being 65.1. Both the high amateur average and the high professional average were won by users of Winchester factory loaded shells.

THE RIFLE

The semi-annual match of the Canadian Off-hand Rifle Association, took place on Victoria Day, in Toronto, at the range of the Glen Grove Rifle Club. Mr. W. Latimer of Toronto, for the third time, succeeded in proving his right to the Elliott gold medal, representing the Canadian championship, followed by Mr. J. E. Brayley, who captured Dr. Thorburn's silver medal for second place.

The Glen Grove five-man team again won Major Miller's silver cup and the Parry Sound team came in again for second place, winning the cup presented by Captain Elliott.

The following are the scores for the championship match, thirty shots per man, offhand at 200 yards, on standard American targets.

The scores:—

	1	2	3	T'l.
W. Latimer 1	89	84	76	— 249
J. E. Brayley, 1.....	82	77	83	— 242
T. J. Madill, 1.....	75	79	87	— 241
H. Graham, 2.....	74	87	78	— 239
R. Knox, 3.....	76	83	78	— 237
J. Simpson, 1.....	76	74	75	— 225
D. W. Hughes, 1.....	65	79	76	— 220
J. J. Thomson, 1.....	62	80	70	— 212
J. Bowerman, 4.....	73	72	67	— 212
F. Smith, 1.....	64	68	63	— 195
D. F. Macdonald, 5.....	67	49	49	— 165

1, Toronto; 2, Alliston; 3, Orono; 4, Port Perry; 5, Parry Sound.

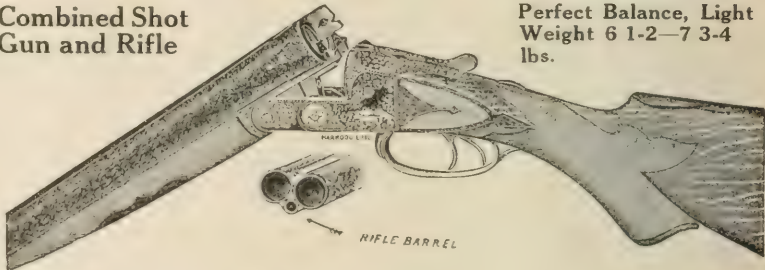
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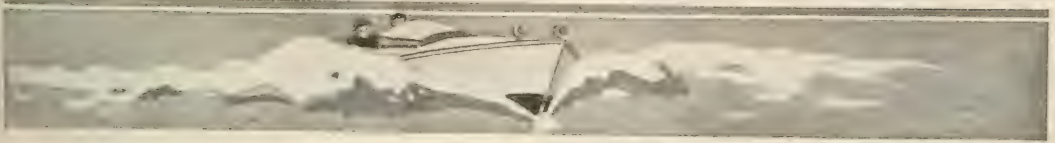
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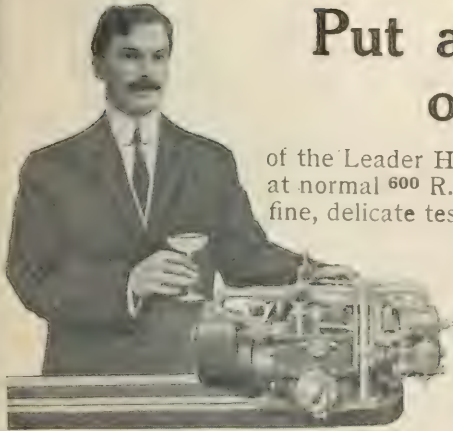
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There is a reason for it. The impulse vibration of one cylinder neutralizes that on the other, and practically eliminates vibration of the whole. The cylinders being opposed, take up all vibration between them, and the result is a silent, smooth running engine that can only be duplicated by an electric motor. Automobile manufacturers recognize this principle and

use the horizontal opposed type of motor .

Do manufacturers of upright engines tell you because their crank shafts are fitted with counterbalance bobs they eliminate vibration? Well, don't you believe it. Ride in a boat with a vertical engine and then in one fitted with the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine, and note the difference. Let their makers say what they will, it is absolutely impossible to prevent considerable vibration in upright engines: vibration means discomfort and boat injury.

Owing to its compactness, the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine can be installed beneath an athwartship locker in a launch, under the cockpit floor of a cabin cruiser, and under the deck of an auxiliary yacht, thereby not consuming one inch of available passenger room. This increases the passenger-carrying capacity of your boat 25 per cent. or more.

The Leader is by far the cleanest engine on the market, and very convenient because every part is readily accessible. It starts from the switch; after that, all you have to watch is the course ahead.

The Leader was the first successful horizontal opposed 4-cycle engine placed on the market and to-day it is easily three years ahead of its nearest competitor. I personally guarantee every engine that goes out of this shop because I know that it is perfect in every feature. Running, as we are, more than full capacity it would perhaps be a little cheaper not to give each one such painstaking care, but I will not permit an engine to leave the testing block until it has proven perfect in every part. Therefore, a guarantee from me with my long experience (22 years), and my personal standing in this field of work, means that you take no risk.

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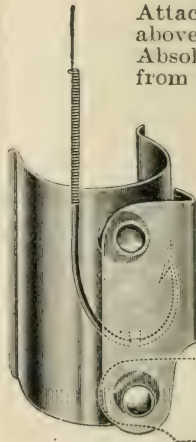
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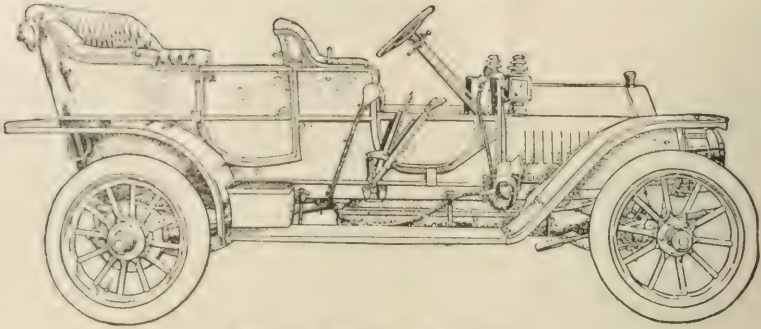
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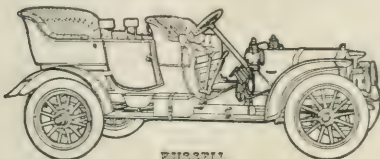
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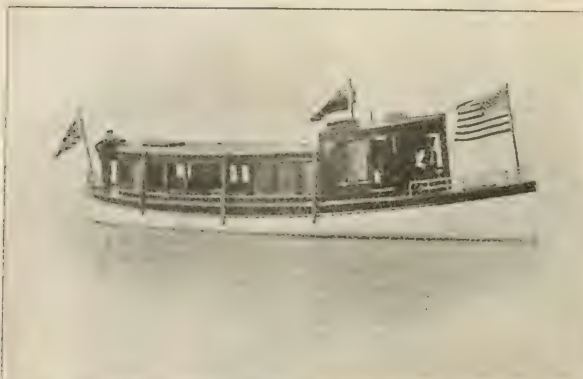
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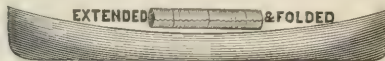
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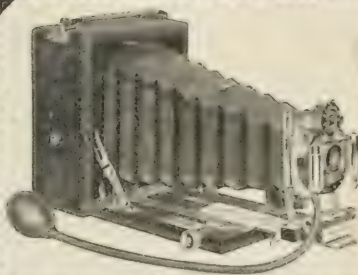
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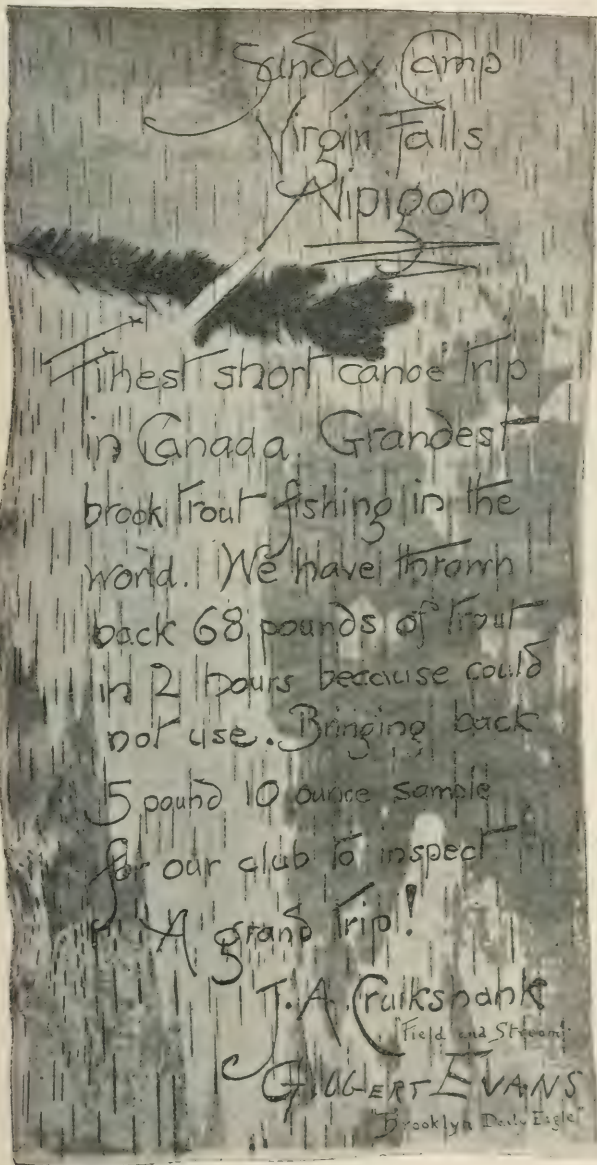
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Canoe Trips

WE can tell you where to go for any kind of trip, long or short. Tell us what you want and we will answer promptly.

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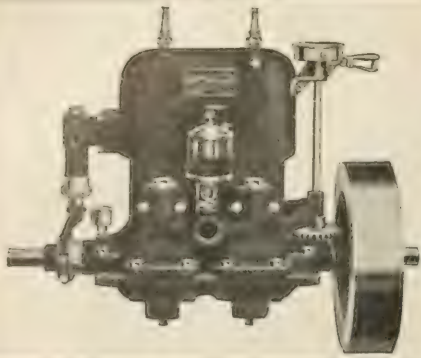
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Tourist Agent,

C. P. R. Offices, MONTREAL



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Complete with upright gear driven commutator, Schebler carburetor, and all electrical and boat equipment including shaft, bronze propellor and stuffing box.

Fully Guaranteed. Immediate Deliveries.
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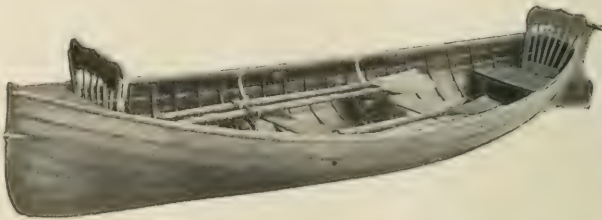
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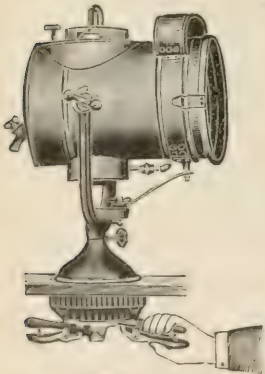
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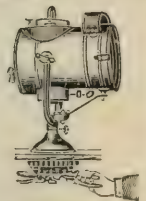
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To Quebec in July.

THE main interest for the traveller in Canada during July is the great celebration of the three hundredth birthday of Quebec, on which half a million dollars is being spent for the greatest series of pageants ever arranged in the Old World or the new.



The reputation of the province of Quebec as a fishing and hunting country is established, and the new territories made accessible by the Canadian Northern Quebec and the Quebec and Lake St. John Railways, will enhance it, for they include an abundance of lakes, rivers and woods, that cannot fail to provide fine sport.

The Tercentenary will do much to advertise all kinds of Canadian interests. The impressions of those visiting Quebec for the first time will depend largely on the facilities provided for seeing the pageants without undue fatigue. The ideal way to enjoy the Tercentenary is to spend the nights and early mornings in the cool country.

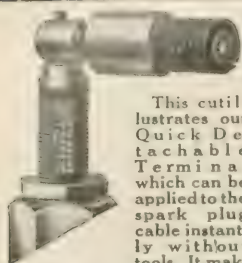
The Quebec and Lake St. John Railway and the Lake St. Joseph Hotel excellently combine to give the maximum of satisfaction to visitors to Quebec, before, during and after the Tercentenary. The hotel is on the lovely lake St. Joseph, in the Laurentian mountains, and only 22 miles from the city. With a railway station in its grounds, the journey either way occupies only fifty minutes. During the Tercentenary a special service will be in operation all day and every day.

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Write to the Information Bureau, Canadian Northern Railway System, Toronto, for the booklet "Roads to Sport" which deals with fishing and hunting along Canadian Northern lines in six provinces.



This cut-illustrates our Quick Detachable Terminal which can be applied to the spark plug cable instantly without tools. It makes perfect contact, cannot jar off, but allows quick disconnection when desired.

Now is the Time

to equip your engine with better ignition. The heart of the ignition is the plug, and, since gasoline costs money, cheap plugs are dear at any price.

The Cleveland Spark Plug is exceedingly well made of selected materials, standing alone in its class as the only plug both practically perfect and scientifically correct. Finishing each part to micrometer guage renders it gas-tight without the use of springs, taper-joints or packing. The spiral core acts as a powerful condenser, producing an **intensely hot spark**, that shoots a flame right into the mixture resulting in **maximum power** at all times. The action of the spiral core renders the plug absolutely proof against short circuiting since it **positively** prevents the deposit of carbon on the insulation surface.



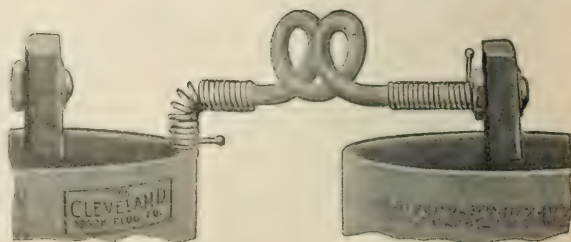
"It shoots a Flame."

Write *to-day* for our introductory offer (for a limited time) which gives you **free** with each order for spark plugs, your choice of Battery Connections or Cable Terminals.

Our printed matter contains interesting information on ignition and explains in detail the wonderful action of the "spiral core," the feature of the plug that "shoots a flame."

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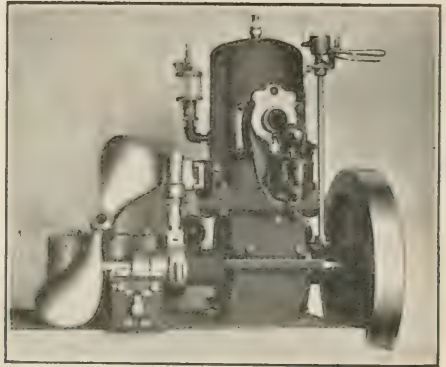
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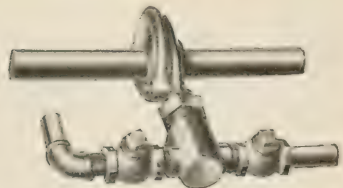
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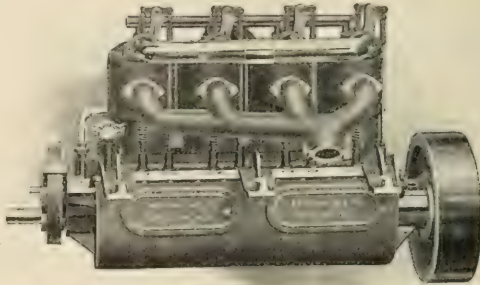
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For Autos, Boats and Stationary use.
TRANSMISSION GEARS AND ACCESSORIES.

As experts on motors we design and construct them in accordance with your requirements.

If you have any use for a motor will you allow us to give you the benefit of our expert knowledge thereon ?

It may prove of great value to you and in any event will be cheerfully given.



This knowledge and experience has not been obtained without cost and it is placed freely at your service.

Brennan Motors are made for small boats, high speed boats and heavy commercial boats. They are complete in every detail, reliable, powerful and economical.

They have been tested in Canada and stood all tests as our Canadian testimonials will show.

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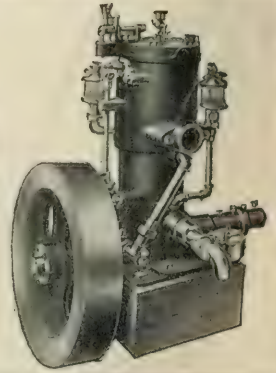
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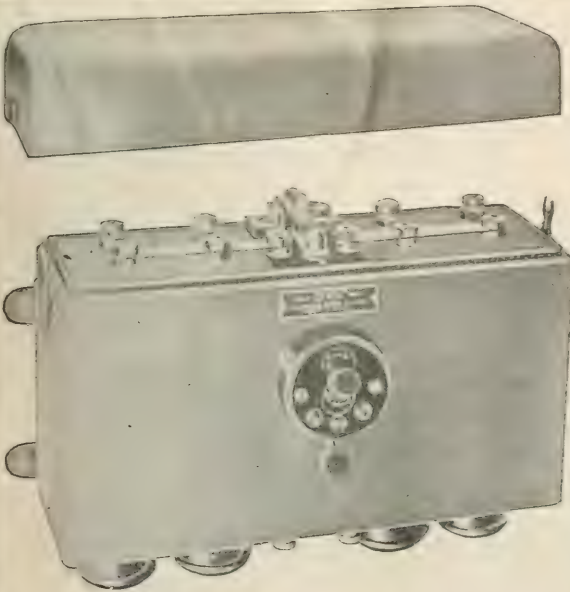
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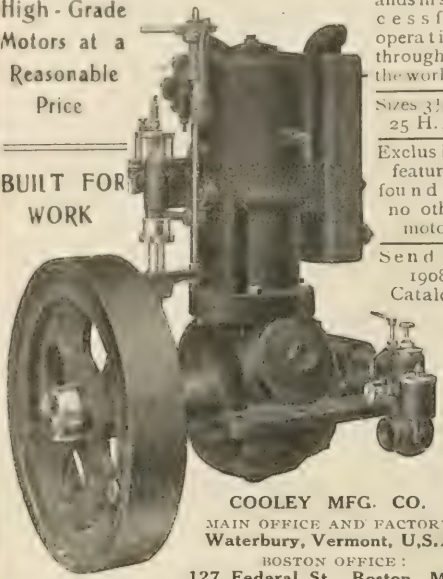
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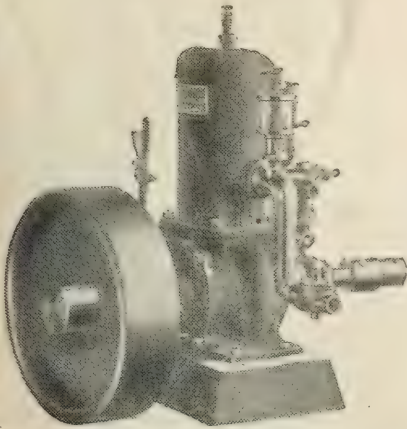
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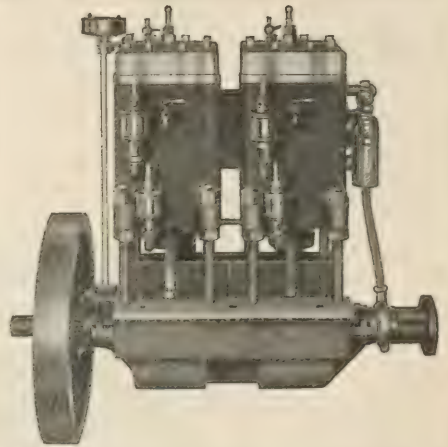


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1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinder.
1 1/2 to 20 H. P.

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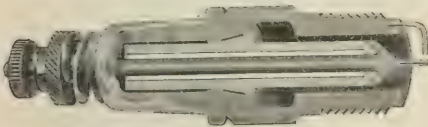
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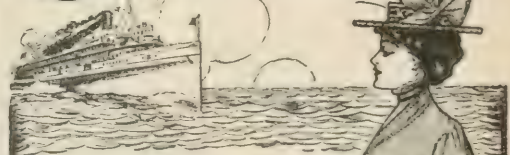
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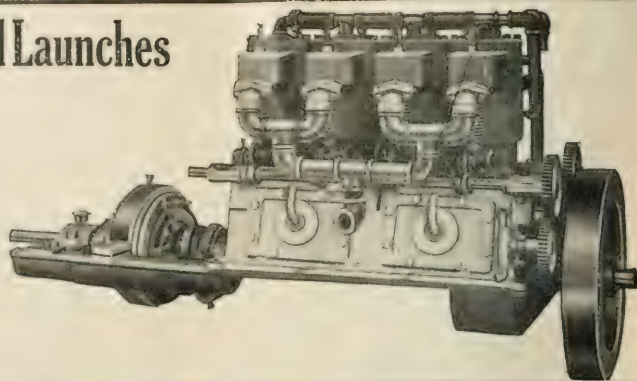
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See Our List of Premiums for
Sportsmen in this issue

Premiums for Sportsmen

To all our subscribers, young and old, these premium offers are open. Our premiums, comprising practically everything in the sporting goods line, from a fish hook to an automobile, can be obtained FREE by securing subscriptions to the magazine. There are thousands of sportsmen who have never seen ROD AND GUN who would willingly subscribe if they were shown a copy.

If you see what you want in the following list, write and we will tell you how many subscriptions it will be necessary to secure in order to earn it. We will furnish sample copies for canvassing purposes and do all in our power to assist in making your canvassing campaign a success.

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A Shield Brand Pipe;

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A copy of Steel Traps; describes the curious makes and tells how to use them, also chapters on care of pelts;

A copy of the Amateur Trainer, by Ed. F. Haberlein;

A copy of Practical Dog Education by Abbott;

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A Gem Carlton Reel;

Anti-Cussin Fish Hook Holder made by Sportsman's Specialty Co., Chicago. The Anti-Cussin Hook Holder keeps hooks and snells in perfect order.

A round Plate Nilkel and Rubber Click Reel made by Wm. Mills & Son, New York.

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We will send :

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An 18x36 Dunnage Bag manufactured by John Leckie, Toronto.

For Five Subscriptions,

We will send :

A "Napanoch" Tool Kit, consisting of knife, reamer, file, saw, chisel and screw driver, contained in a leather pocket book $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches; manufactured by

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A Marble "Expert" Hunting Knife;
Or a Marble Special Hunting Knife.

For Six Subscriptions

We will send a Conklin Fountain Pen.
A Stag Brand Steel Rod;

One dozen Stag Brand Rubber Frogs or Froggies;

For Seven Subscriptions.

We will send :

A Bristol (No. 1, 2 or 10) Steel Rod, with polished maple handle.

A Younger Willow Chair, manufactured by W. W. Younger, Toronto, suitable for verandah or parlor.

For Eight Subscriptions

We will send :

A Brass Hand Pump

A No. 2 Brownie Camera, size $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ picture;

A box containing 50 Van Horne Cigars
An acetylene lantern, manufactured by American Acetylene Stove Co., Minneapolis, Minn. This lantern is adapted for all purposes and runs the $\frac{1}{4}$ foot burner 12 hours full charge.

For Ten Subscriptions.

We will send :

A Frost Improved Kelso Automatic Reel—capacity 100 yards;

A Hunter E-Z Apart Reel, full German Silver phosphor bronze bearings;

A Stevens No. 16 Crackshot Rifle;

A Savage Junior 22 calibre single shot rifle;

A Younger Willow Chair, large size;
Or a box of Sweet Caporal Cigarettes, containing 50 packages.

A Camera, size 3 1-2 by 3 1-2, manufactured by Canadian Camera Co.

For Eleven Subscriptions

We will send:

A No. 2 Flexo Kodak, taking picture $3\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ sold by Lee & Sargent, Montreal.

For Twelve Subscriptions

We will send:

A Carlton Automatic Reel.

A Steven's Favorite No. 17 Rifle.

One dozen Cleveland Battery Connectors—only connector of its kind on

the market—indispensable to motor boat and automobile owners. See illustration in advertisement of Cleveland Spark Plug Co. in this issue

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A Bait Casting Rod manufactured by the Fischer & Tesch Mfg. Co. of Chicago, Ill.

Or a Bristol Steel Bait Rod No. 23, 7 feet 3 inches long with celluloid wound handle.

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We will send:

A pair of "Witch Elk" Hunting Boots, manufactured by Messrs. Witchell-Sheill Co., Detroit, Mich.

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A fourteen inch Weedless Bronze Propeller mae by Michigan Wheel Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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We will send:

A Wipe or Contact Spark "Wizard" Magneto. Length, $10\frac{1}{2}$, height 7, weight 12 lbs. Manufactured by Hercules Electric Co., 707 Langsdale Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Or a Century Camera, 4x5, including a double plate holder and sole leather carrying case.

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A one-inch Marvel Carburetor manufactured by Marvel Mfg. Co., Indianapolis, Ind. A Carburetor that has proven itself to be a wonder and never fails to perform its duty at all times;

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For Thirty Subscriptions

We will send "The Art and Literatnre of Business" by Charles Austin Bates. Complete in six volumes bound in cloth. A fine addition to any library.

A white walled tent, size $9\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{2}$, 7 oz. duck, manufactured by Robert Soper, Hamilton, Ont. Tent with fly for forty-five subscriptions.

For Fifty Subscriptions

We will send:

A Savage Featherweight Rifle, manufactured by Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y.

A White Wall, ten by twelve, best ten ounce duck tent, three foot wall, complete with pegs and poles, manufactured by Sonne Tent & Awning Co., Montreal.

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We will send:

A Bastien 16 ft. basswood canoe with two paddles each, painted vermilion red outside, blue inside, beam 31 inches—depth amidship 10 to 12 in.; weight 60 lbs. Manufactured by H. L. Bastien, Hamilton, Ont.

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We will send:

A $1\frac{1}{2}$ Horse Power Perfection Marine Engine, complete with all accessories.

Made by Caille Perfection Motor Co., Detroit, Mich. This 1½ H. P. Engine is considered one of the finest engines of its size on the market.

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A Dean 16 ft. cedar varnished canoe with two paddles. Send to Walter Dean, Toronto, for catalogue.

For One Hundred Subscribers

We will send :

A Waterman Outboard Motor

An 11-foot "Special" King Folding Canvas Boat, manufactured by the King Folding Canvas Boat Company, Muskegon, Mich. This boat is 40-inch beam, 13 inches deep, 20 inches at ends, includes jointed oars, carry case, bottom lining, thwart seat and folding seat with back and spreaders; weight 55 lbs.

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A Waterman Out-Board Motor; makes a motor boat of any boat in five minutes. Write to Waterman Marine Motor Co., Detroit for catalogue.

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A Hildreth Two Horse Power Engine, complete ready to install in boat, manufactured by Hildreth Mfg. Co., Lansing, Mich.

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We will send a 2¼ h. p. 1908 model engine, complete with propellor outfit, batteries, coil, switch, etc., manufactured by the Canadian Fairbanks Co., Montreal

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We will send:

A Palmer Marine Engine, including Bronze shaft, propellor, (reversing) Stuffing Box, full electrical equipment. For full particulars of engine send to Palmer Bros., Cos. Cob, Connecticut for catalogue mentioning this magazine.

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Advertisements will be inserted in this Department at 2c. a word. Send Stamps with order. Copy should not be later than the 15th of the month.

SPORTSMEN—Send one dollar to W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ontario, for a Perdew Crow Call, made from red cedar, with German silver reed and band, handsomely polished. Each one guaranteed to be perfect and give satisfaction.

FOR SALE—E. grade Lefever gun, automatic ejector, new, special price, Box P. Rod and Gun, Toronto, Ont.

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FOR SALE—Greenhart Trout Rod and a Dagama Bass Rod—both beauties. For particulars apply A. Fenn & Co., 101 King St. W. Toronto. 1t

FOR SALE—Camera, new, size $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$, leading make. Apply H. T. Allsopp, 97 King St. E. Toronto. 1t

FOR SALE—Automatic Fishing Reel, aluminum. Apply H. T. Allsopp, 97 King St. E., Toronto. 1t

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FOR SALE—A dandy Troll—A. B. patent — fifty cents.—H. T. Allsopp, 97 King St. E. Toronto. 1t

FOR SALE—Two Magnetos, one for jump spark, single cylinder engine, length $10\frac{1}{2}$ in., Height 8 in., weight 15 lbs., one for a two, three or four cylinder engine—stationary or marine—for particulars apply A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron St., Toronto, Canada. 1t

FOR SALE—A one and a half power marine engine, with complete outfit—elevated timer—950 revolutions per minute. Apply at once to H. T. Allsopp, 97 King St. E., Toronto. 1t

FOR SALE—A Meek Improved Blue Grass Simplex Reel, made of brass and German silver. A beauty. New. Sell cheap. Box Warren & Ellis, 302 Yonge St. Toronto.

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FOR SALE—Five Horse Power, Single Cylinder Marine Engine, complete with Float Feed Carburetor, boat equipment—cost \$150.00. Will sell at a bargain. Apply to Francis U. Kahle, 299 Washington Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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FOR SALE—Several Folding Canvas Folding Boats, at a bargain, write for particulars to Box "Folding", Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, 117 Mail Building, Toronto.

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SEND SEVENTY FIVE CENTS to A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron St., Toronto, for a Kent Double Spinner Bass Bait. A dandy.

FOR SALE—Carbureter, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch., leading make—new. Apply at once to A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron St., Toronto.

FREE—SAFETY RAZOR—Free. To advertise our splendid Razors, we want every man and woman in Canada to buy ten shares of stock in this company for \$1.00 and receive by return mail our safety razor outfit, including extra blades if you send names of five friends. You will buy more shares when you find how well it pays. Spot cash salary to live agents, either sex. Get in at once.—Standard Safety Razor Co., Quispamsis, N.B.

SEND ONE DOLLAR for a set of 12 Cleveland battery connectors. — A boon to motor boat owners.—Sample sent upon receipt of ten cents. You will become enthusiastic over this device.—A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron St., Toronto, or Trunk and Leather Goods Co., 97 King St. East, Toronto. 1tf

FOR SALE—A one inch Marvel Carbureter for marine engine—a dandy—absolutely new. Apply Box Carbureter" Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada., Woodstock, or to A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron street, Toronto, for further particulars. 1tf

FOR SALE—Two carbureters, one especially adapted for three port, two cycle engine and also one for two port engine. Give bore and stroke of engine when writing for particulars to A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron St., Toronto, Canada, or to W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, Ontario. 1tf

FOR SALE—An Artz Folding Tonneau, suitable for Ford Model N. & R., or Cadillac Model A.B.C.E and K., or Franklin Model G., or Wayne Model D., or Mitchell Model E.—Apply A. H. Byrne, 414 Huron St., Toronto. 1tf

FOR SALE—Several two blade and three-blade bronze propeller wheels—new, also a number of weedless, speed propellers. State size required and whether for right hand or left hand engine. Apply Trunk and Leather Goods Co., 97 King St. East., Toronto.

ROD AND GUN'S ADVERTISERS.

Readers who fail to consult our advertising pages miss a large proportion of the most interesting matter in the Magazine. They will find that they may learn much from these announcements.

Every advertisement in ROD AND GUN comes from a responsible firm, and our readers may be assured of courteous answers to all inquiries and good value from all purchases made through these pages.

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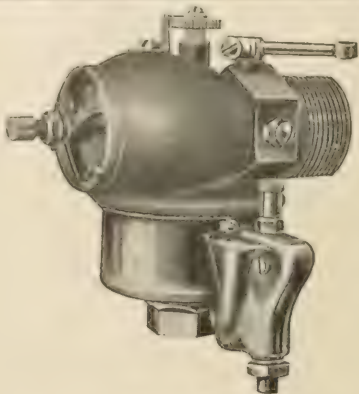
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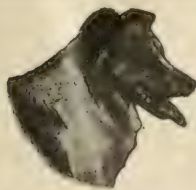
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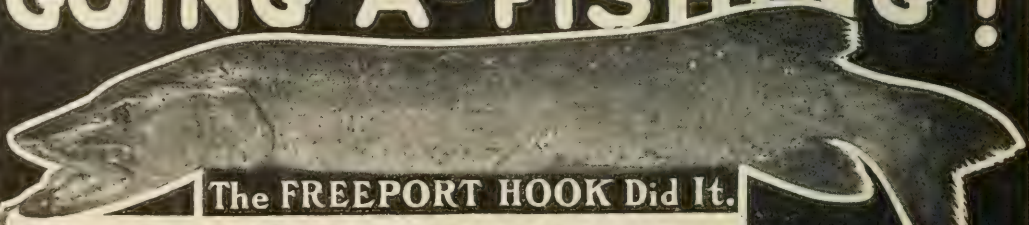
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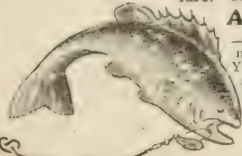
is made right, because I first made it for my own use. I am selling it because sportsmen want it. It is hand-made, in all parts, from the best materials--each HOOK tested to hold big fish. It is absolutely weedless and snag-proof--among lily pads, roots, logs or sunken tree-tops. Bait is always in natural position and motion--and the scientific color is a perfect lure. If you want to know all about



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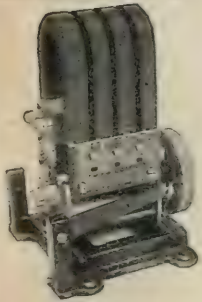
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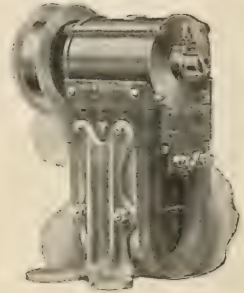
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Not a Cheap or Flimsey Motor

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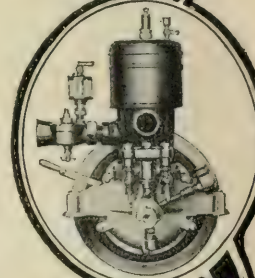
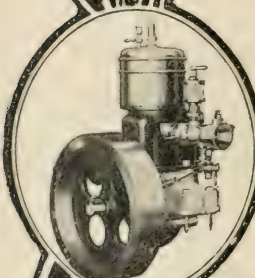
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MOTOR Co.
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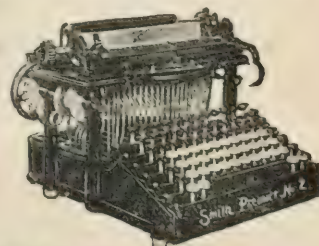
The complete straight-line key-board, removable platen, perfect alignment, delicate adjustment and wonderful durability of the

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Fishing
Route
on the
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Niagara
To
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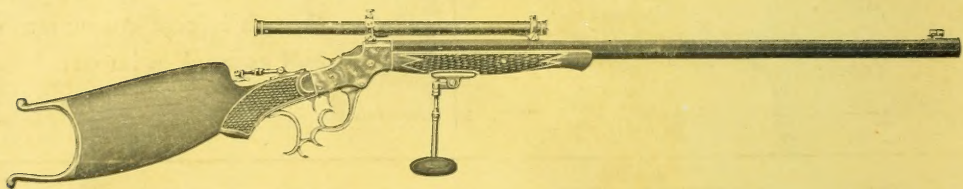
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