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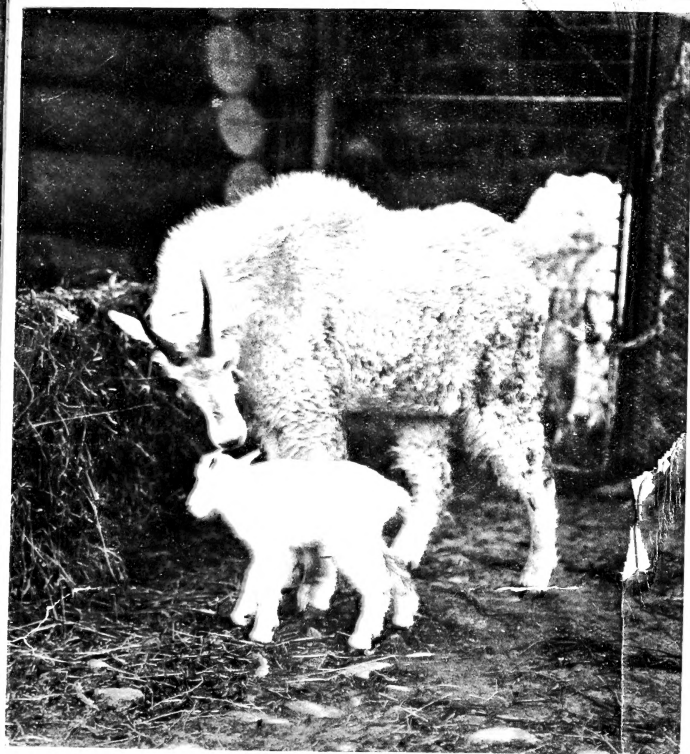
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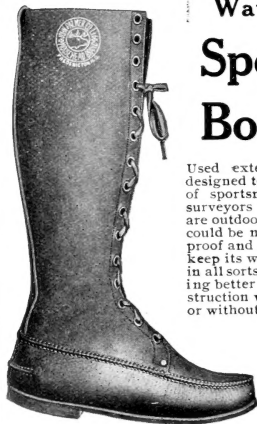
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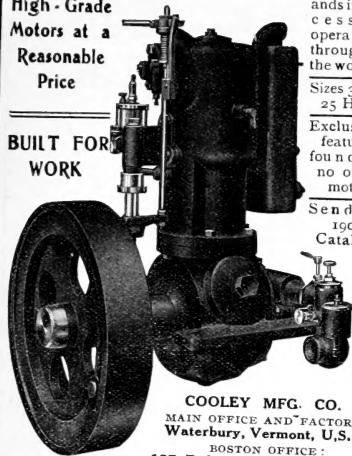
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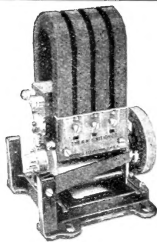


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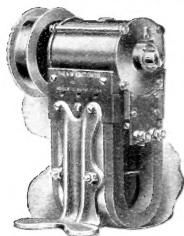
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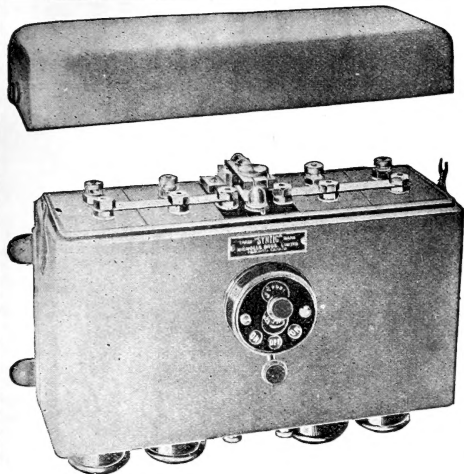
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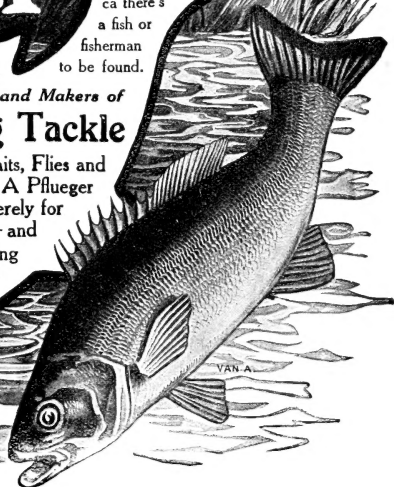
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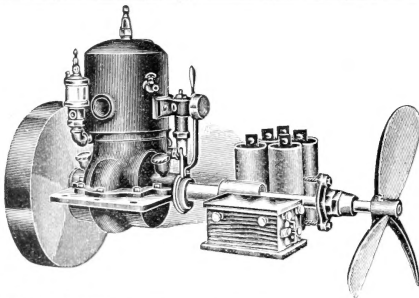
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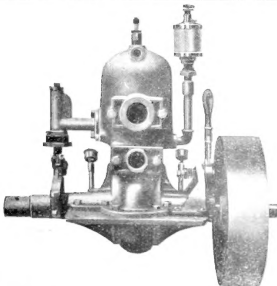
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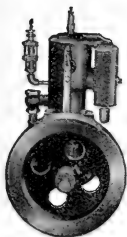
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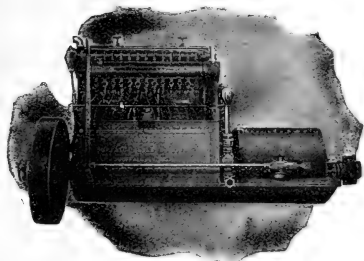
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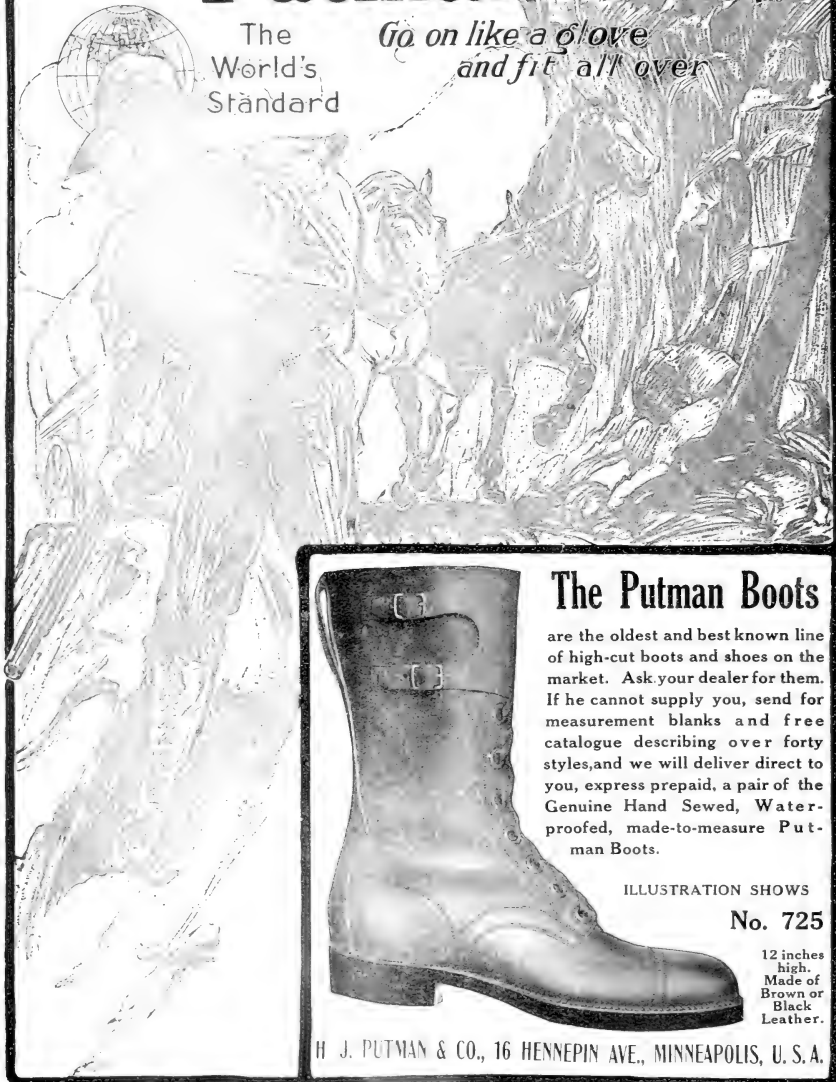
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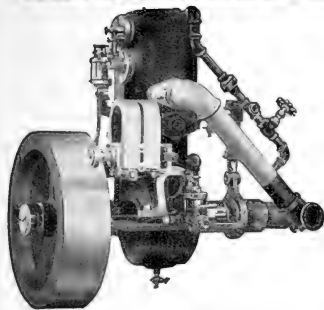
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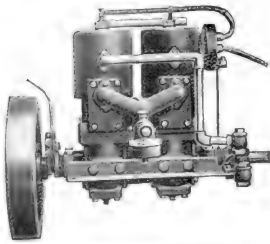
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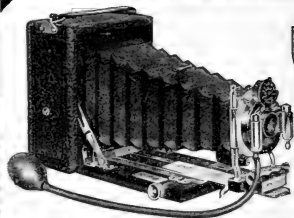
The GREATEST BOON to the man who shaves himself that has ever been invented. The majority of men who do not shave themselves will testify that it is because of their inability to keep their razor sharp. This PATENT STROP does away with this difficulty and makes shaving a delight. You cannot round the razor's edge. No other strop will sharpen both sides of the blade so evenly and quickly.

Sent post paid on receipt of price \$1.50 each Use it five days and if not satisfactory return it and we will refund your money.

U. J. ULERY CO., N 7 Warren St., New York City



Highest award at St. Louis World's Fair. Adopted by governments of U. S., Canada and England. 15 models to select from. Catalogue Free. ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., Miami, Ohio.



Korona Cameras

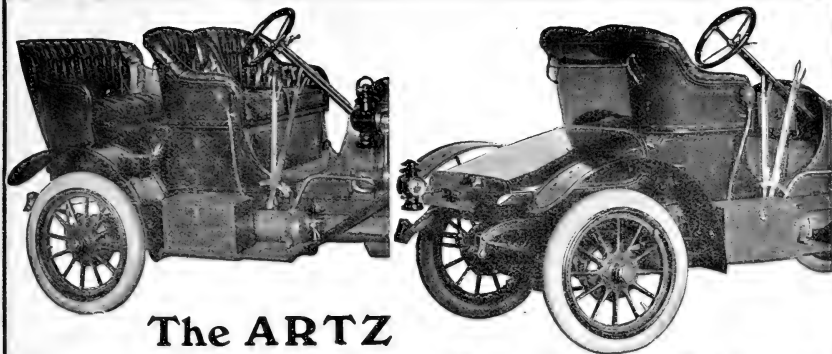
always represent the highest standard of camera quality. If carefully examined they will win your approbation by their perfection in every detail and the many little features which give them their individuality. Koronas are famous for their lens equipments and they are sold at very reasonable prices fitted with our

TURNER-REICH

Convertible Anastigmat f. 6. 8.
The perfect American lens.

Send for Catalogue

Gundlach-Manhattan Optical Co.
798 Clinton Ave. So., Rochester, N. Y.



The ARTZ

Folding Tonneau on the MITCHELL RUNABOUT

Opened or closed in 5 seconds without the use of any tools. As firm, strong and comfortable as a standing tonneau.

Also made for Fords, Cadillacs, Buicks and many others.

Write for full description and prices to

DAYTON FOLDING TONNEAU COMPANY
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.

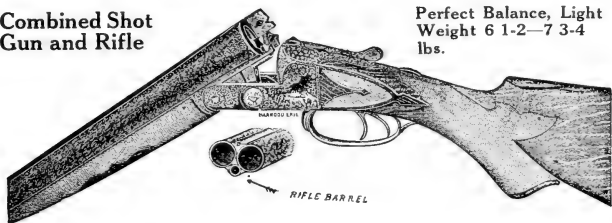
"MR. HUNTER" take a

THREE-BARREL

on your next hunting trip and be prepared for all classes of game.

Combined Shot
Gun and Rifle

Perfect Balance, Light
Weight 6 1-2—7 3-4
lbs.



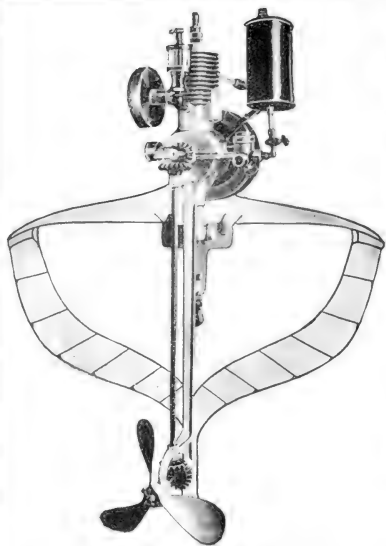
Made in a variety of gauges and calibres. Guaranteed hard, accurate shooters in all three barrels. The only up-to-date weapon on the market. Send for free 1908 catalog.

Have you seen our New Single Barrel Trap Gun with top rib?

The Three-Barrel Gun Co.

Box 1001.

Moundsville, W. Va., U. S. A.



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

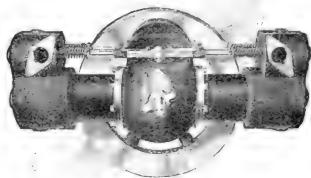
Walnut Machine & Brass Foundry Company

316 Walnut Street, Toledo, Ohio.

AUTO BOAT AND AUTO MOTORS

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

Four Cycle
 Double Cylinder



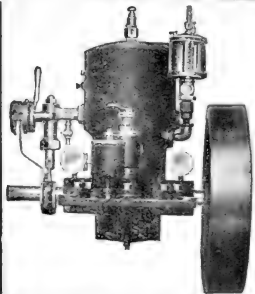
Agents Wanted.

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.

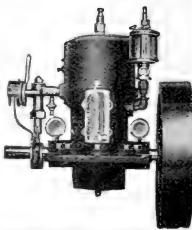
Our kerosene generator valve is different from any other type as it forces the charge directly into the cylinder without drawing it into base of engine, first heating it with hot air.

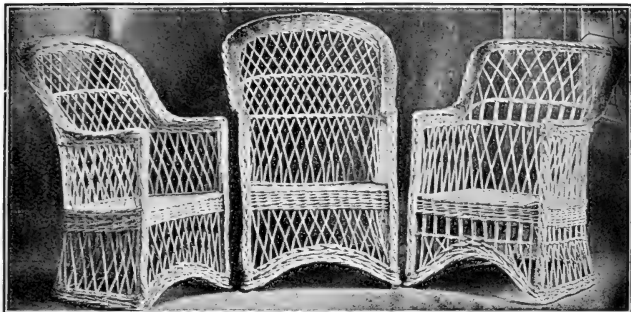
Our engines are correct in every detail, and their successful performance makes good our claim of a High Grade Engine at Reasonable Price.

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

DUBRIE MOTOR CO.

430 Guoin St. - - Detroit, Mich.





No. 10 \$3.50

No. 14 \$5.00

No. 12 \$4.00

Size of seat16x1
 Height of back from seat 23 in.
 Height of arm from seat 9½ in.

19x19
 26 in.
 10 in.

18x17
 24 in.
 20 in.

THE distinctive feature about my Willow Furniture is not the price, but the quality—lots of Art Furniture is sold at less, but you would not want it at any price when placed alongside of YOUNGER'S WILLOW FURNITURE.

I grow my own Willow. I supervise personally the workmanship. I guarantee strength and durability of every article. As to BEAUTY of this furniture, it speaks for itself. The handsome set, illustrated above, sells for \$12.50. It comprises three comfortable arm chairs, made of Willow. That means coolness and comfort. There is no reason in the world why you should sit in an unventilated and unhealthy upholstered chair when you can buy these artistic chairs at prices from \$3.50 to \$10.

We also manufacture a variety of other Rush and Willow Furniture, including Settees, Arm Chairs, Fancy Chairs, Invalid's Chairs, Tables, Picnic Baskets, Automobilst's Baskets, and numerous other articles. Special baskets of any style made to order. No extra packing charges for shipping to outside points. Send for catalog.

W. YOUNGER, 666 Yonge St., Toronto.



Our Preserved Frogs,
 Shiners, Minnows, etc.
 are life-like.

Ask your dealer for
 those packed by the

ANGLERS' BAIT & MFG. CO.,
 273-275 South Water St.,
 CHICAGO.

To be obtained in Canada from
 Warren & Ellis, Sporting Goods
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**McCurdy's Frog Harness
 Hook** acknowledged by the
 best anglers in this country to
 be the most human, perfect and
 sure killer Fish Hook ever used.

Perfectly weedless, keeps the frog alive, and gets a short bite every
 time. Made in all sizes and of very best of material. Price per hook
 35 cents. Manufactured by

B. F. McCURDY, 4014 State Street, CHICAGO.
 Dealer in live and artificial fish, bait and sportsman's supplies.
 Calendar, Catalogue and Price List free on application.

E. I. C.

DRY BATTERIES

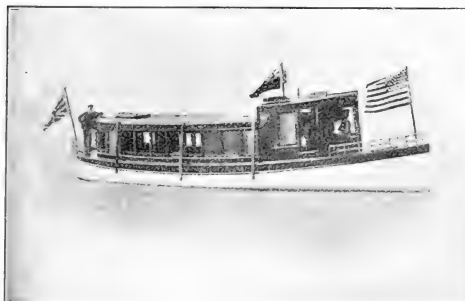
BEST BY TEST

We want you to write us to-day about
 our Battery.

A trial will convince you of their
 merits.

The Electric Ignition Co.

BERLIN, ONTARIO.



HIGH-GRADE Gasoline Launches

From \$175.00 up.

Rowboats and Canoes.

H. E. GIDLEY & CO.

DEPT. R

PENETANGUISENE, ONT., CANADA



Damascus Hunting Hatchet



FOR THE

Sportsman, Motorist, Trapper, Engineer,
Prospector, Surveyor.

THIN. TOUGH. PRACTICAL.

Large enough to cut up your big game and your firewood. Small enough to carry on your belt.

Handle so shaped that it cannot slip or turn in your hand. Equipped with the JONES ADJUSTABLE HANDLE FASTENER, which keeps the handle always tight. When your handle breaks you don't have to burn it out. "JUST TURN THE SCREW."

Price \$2.50 with leather sheath

Weight complete $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 lbs. 16, 18, 20, 22 or 24 inch straight or curved handle. Also Camp Axes any weight and standard shape.

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you SEND US HIS NAME and Hatchet will be sent you prepaid on receipt of price. DEPT. S.

THE C. A. C. AXE COMPANY
35 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

The K-W Spark Plug



\$1.00 Postpaid
to any address.

No packing is used but accurate taper joints positively prevent leaking of compression.

A spring at the end takes up the heat expansion and effectually prevents cracked porcelains.

A mica tube is encased within the porcelain core, making both a mica and porcelain plug in one which is far superior to either mica or porcelain alone.

**The best insulated plug on the market.
Soot proof and will not short circuit.**

The more plugs of other make you have tried, the better you will like this one.

If your dealer does not handle it, send direct to us. Take no substitute.

THE K-W IGNITION Co.

46 Power Ave., CLEVELAND, OHIO., U.S.A.

A Matchless Cigar Lighter

Will be sent **FREE** to anyone sending us One Subscription to Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada. Address,

W. J. TAYLOR, publisher, Woodstock, Ont.

"Vulcan Sparker"



No. 305 Six Volt 70 Ampere

MADE IN CANADA.

Established 1898

"Vulcan" { SPARKING BATTERIES
YACHT LIGHTING and
SPARKING SYSTEMS

Are standard equipment on all high grade Automobiles and Motor Boats

Over 300 Outfits in use in Canada.

GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEAR

The CROFTAN STORAGE BATTERY CO. 433-425 West Queen St. TORONTO, CANADA

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CHARLES LANCASTER
TO H. M. THE KING



Est. 1826
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Ejectors

£63 £45.
£27, 26.

THE ART OF SHOOTING" Seventh and Revised Popular Edition, 2/6; Postage 6d extra.

ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST FREE

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Will be given FREE to anyone sending

3 SUBSCRIPTIONS to

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

The King Air Rifle is a winner. Every boy who is anxious to become proficient in shooting should take advantage of this opportunity to own one. No difficulty in securing the 3 subscriptions. Send for sample copy to show prospective subscribers. DO IT NOW.

KEROSENE OIL ENGINES

MARINE AND STATIONERY

As Reliable as Steam

WE SPECIALIZE: Each one of our Engines is absolutely the best of its class from schooner to canoe.

"REMINGTON"
"DUBRIE"
"TWICE-TWO"
"REFINED"

SEND FOR "MARINE BULLETIN" NO. 10.

DINNING & ECKENSTEIN

503, 504, 505 Merchants Bank Bldg
MONTREAL.

Practical Dog Education is the title of a book by Thomas C. Abbott recently published, containing some new and thoroughly practical ideas on dog training, or rather dog education. The methods recommended by Mr. Abbot represent the experience of the best trainers throug out the country. The man who masters the principles will be able to train any dog. The book is handsomely bound in cloth and a copy will be sent, post prepaid on receipt of **W. J. TAYLOR** Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada Woodstock, Ont. price, \$1.00. Address, at

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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
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Hardy Bros. International Tournamen-
t, Crystal Palace, won 16 cham-
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forty-one Gold and other awards.

We publish the finest and most extensive
Catalogue which is sent free to any address.

HARDY BROS.
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
SPORTING GOODS IN CANADA

FREE BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED
On application to

H. CLAY GLOVER, V.S., 118 W. 31st St., New York
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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 without 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, KENSFET, IOWA.

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"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
make a fine addition to any library and to the young
student will furnish an excellent business education.

Address W. J. TAYLOR,
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THE HILDEBRANDT BAITS



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
trotting. Send for circulars

Price for single, 25c; tandem, 35c.
JOHN J. HILDEBRANDT, Drawer 8, LOGANSPORT, IND., U.S.A.

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

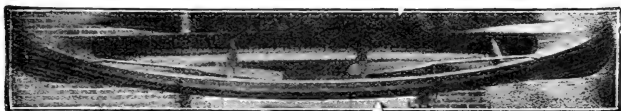
Be Your Own Taxidermist

Mount Your Own Fine Specimens of Birds, Animals and Game Heads

Sportsmen here is something that will interest you. We can teach you by mail in your own home to mount all kinds of birds, animals, tan skins, make rugs, robes, etc.

We have taught 15000 of the leading sportsmen of the country to do their own Taxidermy work, and we can teach you too if you will give us the opportunity. Our course is not an ordinary cheap booklet, but a complete scientific treatise, prepared by expert Taxidermists, and has been proven by seven years of success; yet the lessons are so exceedingly simple that anyone can learn quickly and easily. Our school is recommended by this magazine and all leading sportsmen and Taxidermists. You can save your own trophies, decorate your home and den and make big profits with Taxidermy. Enroll in our "School for Sportsmen by Sportsmen" and let us teach you this splendid business.

Let us send you free our fine new catalog, hundreds of testimonial letters, and a copy of the Taxidermy magazine—all free for the asking. Get these, they will interest you. Write to-day. N. W. SCHOOL OF TAXIDERMISTRY, BOX 10-X, OMAHA, NEB



NOW IS THE TIME

to place your order for a

CANOE or SKIFF

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

The Lakefield Canoe Building and Manufacturing Co., Limited, Lakefield, Ont.



NO! The Breeze Carburetor will not cure all your Motor Troubles. But it will come nearer doing the business than anything yet produced. It is easy to make claims but the people are tired of talk—they now want results. We honestly believe we can show you that the Breeze Carburetor will actually increase your motor power and flexibility. Decrease your fuel bills, with less adjustments, and adjustments that will not change after once made.

Will you give us an opportunity to show you?

If interested drop us a line for full particulars and copy of our latest Text Book, 36 pages, "Carburetors and Engine Troubles."

It is worth dollars to Motor Owners. It costs only (1) cent to get it. It will tell you how you can do the trick. Manufacturers of

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

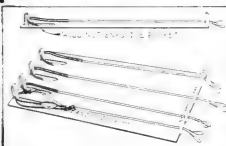
No More Tangled Hooks

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.

The Anticussin Hook Holder

Is made of non-corroding metal, highly nickled, size 3 in. by 6 1/2 in. Will absolutely prevent hooks from rusting. Saves twice its cost in hooks the first season. Sent prepaid upon receipt of 3c and your dealer's name. Money back if not entirely satisfied.

SPORTSMAN'S SPECIALTY CO.
1377 N. CLARK ST., CHICAGO



SKIDOO!

MARINE ENGINE

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.

Catalog FREE

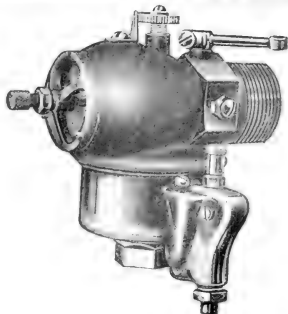
2 ACTUAL H. P. Bare Engine \$23

Complete Engine with Accessories and Fresh Water Boat Fittings, \$43.75. Salt Water Boat Fittings, \$5 extra.

Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable engine of its size on earth. Simple, compact, strong, durable, reversible, economical and safe. Anyone can install and run it. Drives boat 5 to 8 miles an hour. Sold from factory to user on 30 day's approval and 5-year guarantee. Prompt shipment. Order now.

Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. 64 Detroit, Mich.

HEITGER CARBURETER



MODEL A. '08

Small, neat, light and efficient, nothing better at any price.

Being adopted by Automobile, Motor Cycle and Marine Engine Manufacturers.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Horizontal or vertical outlet.

We also make a special carbureter for 3-port, 2 cycle engines.

Good Live Agents wanted for Canada. A good proposition.

HEITGER CARBURETER CO., 195 West South St.
"Indianapolis, Ind.

CATALOG ON REQUEST



"No Fleas on Me"

I AM WASHED WITH

'Standard' Oil of Tar

which is a Non-Poisonous Disinfectant, has a fine odor, perfect in its action, and is the best General Disinfectant on the market.

If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and one dollar for trial gallon tin to

The West Chemical Co.

125 Queen St. East

Toronto.

AN EVER READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 BLADES

MANUFACTURED BY THE

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY

299 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Will be given FREE to anyone sending 3 subscriptions to

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

This razor valued at \$1.25 is guaranteed as good a shaver as any \$5.00 razor made. Only a limited number are being offered. See advertisement of American Safety Razor Company for full description of the razor we are offering.

GOING A-FISHING?

The FREEPORT HOOK Did It.

Write for My Book--It's Free.

Handsomely illustrated—tells all about "the Dutchman" and those who "follow the Dutchman"—all about the habits of fish—and how I came to make a really scientific fish-hook that, for scientific reasons, will catch fish, anywhere that fish are. Last season, thousands of fishermen-sportsmen bought "FREEPORT HOOKS"—re-ordered—told their friends—the friends ordered—re-ordered—told their friends—they ALL said: "Best we ever used." And I can prove it.

THE (Patented 1904-1908, FREEPORT HOOK

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. It is always in natural position and motion—and the scientific color is a perfect lure. If you want to know all about

A Fish Hook That Will Catch Fish

—send for MY BOOK. Or—ASK YOUR DEALER, or send me ONE DOLLAR—for one complete "FREEPORT HOOK." You get your money back, if you don't like it. Made in two styles—Frog, Treble-hook, and Minnow, single-hook, and and Pickerel. "Follow the Dutchman."

LOUIS BIRSACH, THE FREEPORT HOOK
Block V 32 Freeport, Ill.



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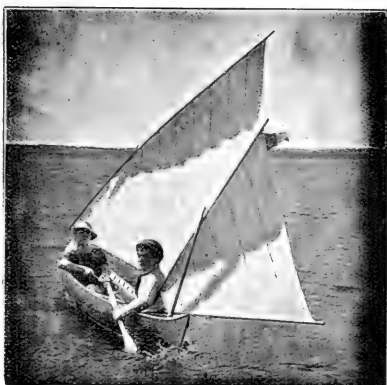
Distinctive New Wall Papers

Never before have we had such an attractive stock of New Wall Papers to select from. The points of merit are numerous, but originality of design, great beauty of coloring and smallness of price are among the attractive features. They are the latest productions of the leading English, French, German and American manufacturers, and with few exceptions the patterns and colorings are confined exclusively to ourselves.

Samples will be forwarded free of charge to any address. Please state for what room, color and price desired.

The W. J. Bolus Co., Limited

245 Yonge Street, TORONTO.



THE
William English Canoe Co.
PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Send for Catalogue.

CONVINCING REASONS

Why the WITCH-ELK
Hunting Boots are Best

For
Sportsmen
Engineers
& Miners



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

THEY WILL PLEASE YOU.

Ask your dealer to order you a pair or write for catalogue O.

Witchell-Scheill Company
DETROIT, MICH.

Manufacturers in Sporting and Athletic Footwear.



**THIS BOAT FOLDS
INTO A PACKAGE.**

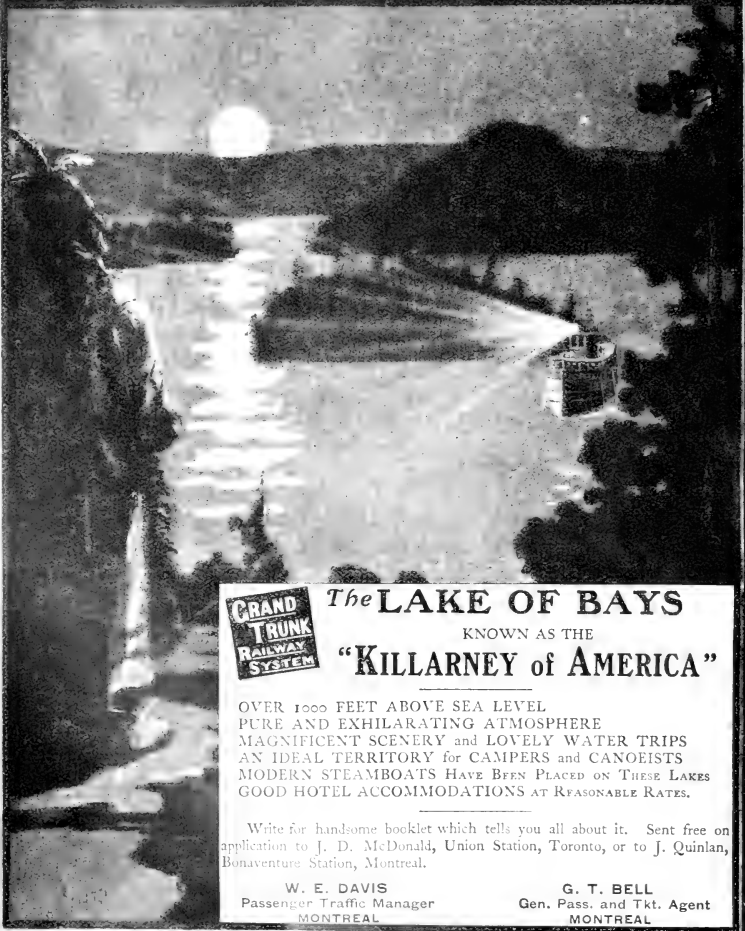
It's Solid and Stiff when in use—collapsible and quickly made portable. Carried by hand or in a buggy. Tempered galvanized, light steel ribs give both strength and lightness. Is a revelation in boat construction. Non-sinkable. Puncture proof. No repairs. No cost for storage. Wears longer than a wooden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

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.

465 Lake St., Muskegon, Mich.,
formerly Kalamazoo.

LAKE OF BAYS

HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.



**GRAND
TRUNK
RAILWAY
SYSTEM**

The LAKE OF BAYS

KNOWN AS THE

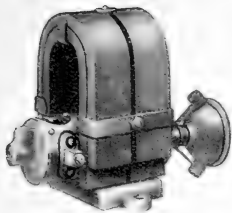
"KILLARNEY of AMERICA"

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



Wizzard 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.



For
Hunter
or
Fisherman.

Mosquitoes or Black Flies often choose the wrong moment for their attacks. They won't choose the wrong people though, and the wrong people for them are those who use

CALVERT'S
20% Carbolic Soap,

Because both these and other insects avoid the presence of Carbolic.

30 cts. a tablet, at your Druggists, or by mail from F. C. Calvert & Co., 714, Dorchester St. West, Montreal. Write for booklet (free) describing this and other specialties.

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.

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.

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

\$1.00

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

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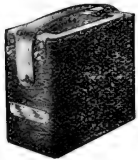
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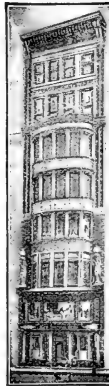
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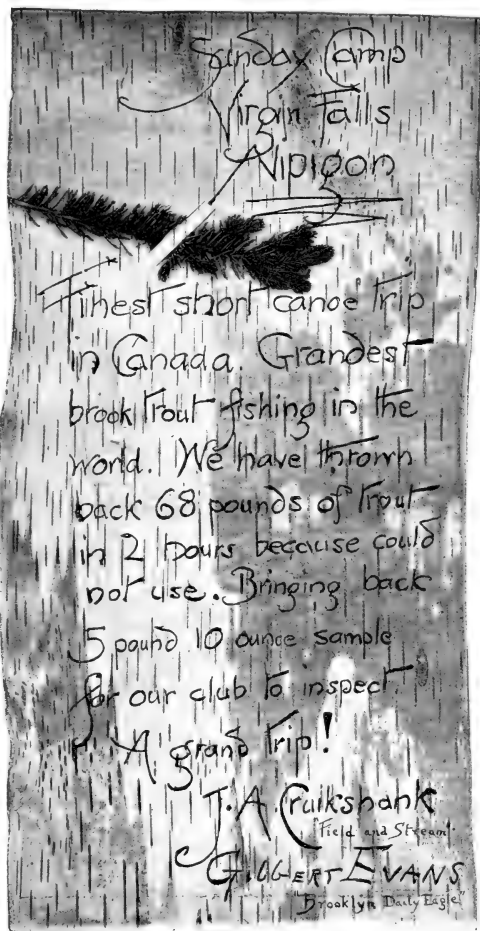
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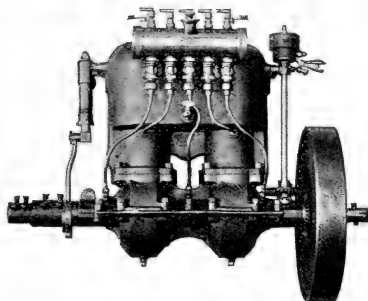
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THE main interest for the traveller in Canada during July is the great celebration of the three hundredth birthday of Quebec, on which half a million dollars is being spent for the greatest series of pageants ever arranged in the Old World or the new.

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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.

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The Hotel is new, electrically applanced, (including telegraph) has 100 spacious guest rooms, splendid dining, dancing, and lounging halls. The grounds furnish tennis, golf and other sports, and the lake, for fishing, boating and bathing, is superb.

The trains of the Canadian Northern Quebec Railway run direct from Montreal to the hotel station, over a wonderfully picturesque route, including Shawinigan and Maskinonge Falls, Grand Mere, Lac aux Sables and the Bastican Valley.

The hotel is also a first-rate vantage point for trips to the Upper St. Maurice, Lake St. John and the Saguenay. Write the manager for rates which are \$2.50 up. For train services write Guy Tombs, G. P. A. Can. Nor. Que. Ry. Montreal.

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.

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

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FISHING IN KOOTENAY LAKE, NEAR NELSON, B. C.

ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. X

AUGUST 1908

NO. 3

Yachting on the Finest Harbor in the Dominion.

BY N. MILTON BROWNE.

IF you were to ask me to name the premier yacht club in Canada, I should unhesitatingly answer: The

Royal Cape Breton Yacht Squadron, of Sydney, Cape Breton.

All things being equal, such as the size of the city and population, and the number of members' names on the roster, the club at Sidney stands first on the roll as a cradle for the sport of kings.

The squadron's home is conceded by all who have had the pleasure of spending a few hours within its walls as being as well appointed as the best club rooms in America.

Nestling close to the water's edge, on the shore of the beautiful Sydney

River the site is all that can be desired from the view point of a sailor. He loves the bounding sea with

the whitecaps wildly screaming from the bow and tumbling waters flooding the scuppers, while the white-sheeted craft plunges bravely out into the broad Atlantic. There are nine miles of open bay before the nearest headlands are left behind, and it is seldom that even the hardiest sailor can cover this outside course without reefing his big sails.

To the more timid of the yachtsmen, and particularly the ladies, the inner course of the broad expanse of river offers tempting allurements, and every Saturday afternoon during the



Courtesy of G. F. Wheeler.

THE PEERLESS CIBOU.



SHAKING OUT THE SPINNAKERS.

summer season, the harbor is dotted with the pleasure craft sailing the racing schedule of the season's series.

The Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club was organized in 1899, and during the few years it has been in existence the boats of the fleet have brought home some of the very best trophies offered for competition in the sailing world of Eastern Canada.

The first notable victory won by the squadron was when the clipper boat Cibou, designed by Herrick K. Duggan, and commanded by the late Shirley Davidson, of Montreal, was sent to Halifax

in the summer of 1901, and pitted against the best yachts in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, fairly ran away with the the Prince of Wales and the Wenonah trophies.

In 1902, the Cibou was shipped to St. John N. B. and entered in the race for

the Coronation Cup, a trophy donated by Commodore Thompson, of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club. Again, victory perched on the banner of the fleet Sydney representative and the valued piece of silverware, the pride of St. John yachtsmen, was taken away to the city by the sea.



THE ST. LAWRENCE, SEWANHAKA CUP DEFENCE.



Courtesy of G. F. Wheeler.

HOME OF THE ROYAL CAPE BRETON YACHT SQUADRON.

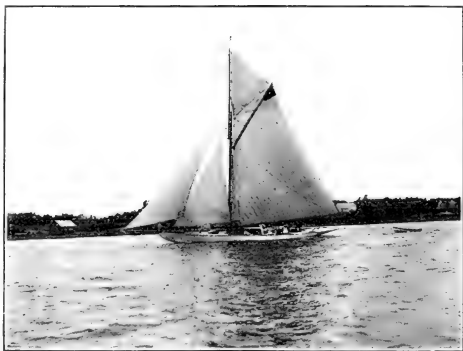
In 1903 the *Cibou* defended the Coronation cup against the *Glencairn*, a Dugan design, owned by a member of the St. John Yacht Club, winning her races handily, and in 1904 she vanquished *Cabot*, a Prince Edward Island boat that was sent across the strait to lift the cup. The hand of the man that held the tiller and piloted the *Cibou* to victory in all her races, that of the late Shirley Davidson, is stilled in death; but the memory of the best sailor that ever trod the deck of any craft will long remain green in the memory of those who watched the master manoeuvre his craft into the premier position.

In 1905 the *Cibou* was sold to Mr. Axel Johnson, of Norway, and regret

was general that the owners had seen fit to send the good little craft out of the country.

For three years there were no contests for the trophy. In 1906 Mr. Carruth, a native of Boston, who has a summer home at Baddeck, on the Bras d'Or Lakes, challenged with his fast sloop *Micmac*, a design from a model by Arthur Benning, the American naval architect.

Following a series of races by boats owned in Sydney the *Yendys*, owned and designed by Herrick K. Dugan, was chosen to defend the cup, which she did gallantly, winning the first three races. It is expected that Mr. Carruth will challenge again this season. The *Yendys* is a miniature of the



J. K. L. ROSS' GLORIA.

American cup defenders, twenty-seven feet on the water line and forty feet over all. The building of such a craft has revived the oft-talked of Canadian challenge for the America cup. Mr. Duggan has made a model of a ninety-footer off the same model as the Yendys, which is at present hung on the walls of the library of Mr. James Ross, President of the Dominion Coal Company, at his summer residence here in Sydney. It might be, that if sufficient funds were forthcoming, Mr. Duggan could be induced to have a boat constructed off a model of his to represent Canada in a race for the International trophy.

The blue ribbon of Maritime waters, the prize most eagerly sought after by Provincial yachtsmen is the Prince of Wales' Cup, donated by His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII when he was heir apparent to the throne of England, to the Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Under the conditions of the deed of gift this trophy must always be sailed for in Halifax waters, the club winning the cup being obliged to send it back at the end of twelve months to the capital squadron.

For several years the Halifax sailors were not called upon to defend the treasured silverware, until finally a Sydney yacht, the Gloria owned by Mr. J. K. L. Ross was sent to the Garrison City and easily lifted the coveted trophy. In 1906 the Gloria again went to Halifax to de-

fend her title, and finished in third position. The race for the cup that season was an International event, the Sydney yacht being pitted against the two fastest racing schooners in America, the Elmina and Corona, which finished in first and second places. The same year the Gloria annexed the Shelbourne and Minot cups, winning the two races by large margins.

Another craft owned and sailed in Sydney waters for the past three or four years, that enjoys a Dominion wide reputation is the St. Lawrence which defended the Sewanhaka cup in 1904. This speedy sonder boat is a bit behind the form she showed in those memorable matches, but with a good man at the tiller, there are very few boats in her class in these waters that can sail over the finish line ahead of her.

Last summer the three big yacht squadrons of Nova Scotia amalgamated for a cruise to be held in July, but the Dominion Coal-Domin-



Courtesy of Jimmy Kendall.

SHIRLEY DAVIDSON.

Steel trial intervened and as many of the yachtsmen were personally interested in the litigation the trip was called off. The program, however, will be carried out this season. The Sydney fleet after a sail through the lower half of the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes to Baddeck, will join forces with the Bras d'Or Squadron and continue the cruise to St. Peter's Channel, where they are scheduled to meet the yachts of the Royal Nova Scotia



YENDYS, CORONATION CUP HOLDER.

Yacht Squadron. The flotilla will then return to Baddeck, where two day's racing will be held, and thence to Sydney where the sailors have arranged to hold high carnival for a week.

As an escort to the flotilla of yachts, a fleet of twenty-one motor boats will make the trip through the Bras d'Or Lakes. It is claimed by the followers of the chu chu craft in this city that Sydney can boast at least of two boats of this description that can give their back-wash to any similar vessel moving in Maritime waters. The "Buzz" owned by Mr. A. D. Igraham, has a registered speed of twenty

knots an hour, and is the acknowledged king of the motor craft on the local harbor.

The beauties of the Bras d'Or Lakes have been sung in song and legend, from the time when the wild and untutored Micmac camped along their silvery, sandy shores, down to the present day, when the tourist from every land and clime journey to this health-giving

country to while away the summer vacation hours in the most salubrious climate on the American continent.

Leaving Sydney the yachts will cruise around Cranberry Head, distant about nine miles from the home quarters,



HERRICK K. DUGGAN IS SITTING DOWN ON LEFT.

and reach across the Atlantic some six miles to the opening of the lakes.

The entrance is made through a narrow Gut, one hundred and fifty yards wide, through which the tide runs at whirlpool pace, reaching at half flood between sixteen and twenty miles an hour.

When the wind and tide are both running out, it is one of the prettiest sights imaginable to watch either one or more boats beat in through the narrow channel. The flying seas drive clean over the deck and half way up the mast, drenching those sailors who have the temerity to venture in when such conditions exist. Having negotiated this tossing section of water, however, the yachtsman is more than repaid for the dangers he has risked when he beholds the magnificent panorama of land and water that is spread before him.

On the one side mountainous hills clothed with birch, spruce, maple, ash and numberless others of the tree species, swathe the almost precipitous hillsides with a crown of green that in the perspective looks like a vast emerald set with mighty irregularity between the blue vault of heaven and the shimmering sea below. Across the water on the other shore, an altogether different order prevails. Here the magic hand of the planter is in evidence. Large tracts of farm land of the richest and most profitable kind run from the

shore far back into the country, and the merry songs of the planters and the women in the fields form a fitting accompaniment to a scene of Nature at its best, that must be seen and heard before being half appreciated.

The run to beautiful Baddeck, "The Pearl of the Lakes" made famous by the late Charles Dudley Warner in "Baddeck and that sort of thing" is some sixty miles from the entrance and it is the enthusiastic opinion of every person who has enjoyed the sail, that the scenery and general environment far excel the beauties of the famous lakes of Switzerland or the gloomy grandeur of the Fjords of Norway.

The remainder of the up-river voyage to St. Peters is about forty miles, and is but a continuation of the pleasant scenes through which the yachts have already passed.

The charter members of the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club were: Judge Dodd, W. Buell, J. A. Gillies, A. C. Ross, W. Turner, Dr. E. J. Johnston, R. B. Van Horne, H. H. McDougall, K. D. McDonald, E. C. Hanrahan, F. C. Kimber.

The officers of the Royal Cape Breton Yacht Club for 1908 are: Commodore, Herrick K. Duggan; Vice Commodore, F. C. Kimber; Rear Commodore, A. E. Nash.

The Mountain Goat Breeding in Captivity.

ON May twentieth, 1908, the first Rocky Mountain Goat ever bred in captivity was born in New York Zoological Park. Its parents were brought from British Columbia by Director Hornady in November 1905, with three other specimens. All five were born in May 1905, and were captured in the mountains north of Fort Steele.

Since the arrival of the little herd in New York, all its members have been maintained in excellent health. They are fed on very clean crushed oats (in the hull), sliced carrots and potatoes, an occasional apple and all the clover hay they can eat. There are three adult

males and two females, and they have been given three large corrals and a rustic barn in the southwestern corner of the Park. For amusement and exercise they climb all over the roof of the barn, and spend much time aloft.

Although very level-headed and calm in times of real danger; the Mountain Goat is shy of being handled, and petted and with nervous impatience flings itself away from an outstretched hand. One member of the herd will permit their keeper to touch it. Although they are not quarrelsome toward each other, they were so free in prodding each other with their skewer-like horns it was necessary to



THE FIRST ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT BRED IN CAPTIVITY.

saw off an inch from each horn tip.

Quite a number of goats have come into captivity, but very few have survived longer than a few months. The climatic conditions of the Atlantic coast region have carried off eight other goats of our acquaintance in two years or less, and until now it has been doubted whether it were possible to acclimatize the species on the Atlantic coast, and maintain it in health and vigor up to breeding point. For this reason, the news of the birth in the New York herd will be hailed with delight by all sportsmen and nature-lovers.

The period of gestation was from November twenty-fifth, 1907 to May twentieth, 1908, or four days less than six

months. The kid now in the public eye was born at three a. m. At three-ten it arose to its feet; by three-thirty it was jumping about the stall, and climbing upon its mother's back, as she lay upon the straw. It nursed for the first time at three-twenty. Two days after birth it was thirteen and a half inches high at the shoulders and weighed seven and a quarter pounds. Of course its pelage is pure white, and like nearly all young hoofed animals its eyes now are practically black. It is very strong and capable, and seems to take a very hopeful view of life. In sex it is male, and it has been christened "Phillip",—for reasons that every goat-hunter will understand.

When it sucks it stands directly under

its mother's body, and makes a continuous whining noise like a young puppy. Frequently it butts the udder, and the mother patiently lifts a hind leg into the air to give her offspring the best possible opportunity. The mother is a model of what wild-animal mothers should be,—a good milker, affectionate, solicitous for her offspring, but quiet and sensible toward the keepers.

The Zoological Park goat herd is in

charge of Keeper Bernard McEnroe, who has managed it with great skill and success. He never permits any of the goats to get thoroughly rain-soaked, but shuts up the herd whenever its begins to rain. In New York it was quickly found that Oreannos cannot endure the rain. The pelage soaks up water like a sponge, holds it for hours, and the animals have not sufficient vitality to endure it.

Salmon Trout Fishing in Ontario.

Pleasant recollections of this fine, sport linger in the memories of the Howlers Bowling Club, Brockville, Ont.

By previous arrangement six of the members of this jolly club made a start the first fine Saturday evening in May for the fishing grounds at Charles-ton Lake. This lake is one of the many beautiful deep inland lakes that water and drain the rich agricultural country just north of the Upper St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville.

Showers threatened at the start but as the party had plenty of rubber clothing, a covered three seated spring waggon and a smart team they were not to be deterred. The twenty mile drive was made in very little behind the record and the popular resort known as Foster's Hotel was reached about half past nine o'clock in the evening.

It was not too late to complete all arrangements for guides, boats, bait, etc., and earnest entreaties were sent Heavenward for a fine day in the morning.

The morning broke clear and cool with about two inches of snow covering the country. Under the rays of the warm sun the snow rapidly disappeared. After breakfast at half past eight a start was made for the lake, only a stone's throw from the hotel.



ONE OF OUR FISH DINNERS.

With two of the party to each boat and under the guidance of an experienced oarsman the fishermen were speedily in the waters of the salmon trout. Archer spinners, copper wires, and silk lines were all at work with the aid of that beautiful silver shade as bait.

At midday the party gathered on a picturesque spot for a well earned fish dinner. Nine trout ranging from six to nine pounds were the result of the morning's work

Through two holidays the hours passed thus with ever increasing luck and pleasant pastime.

Cycling Through British Columbia.

BY S. D. H. POPE.

THE summer of 1906 I was engaged to take a position at Stuart Lake, a place in the interior of British Columbia, remote from the ordinary mode of travel. There were two ways of reaching my destination that I could take. First, by taking the steamer up the coast for five hundred miles and then travelling on the rivers and lakes; or secondly by taking the train to Ashcroft and journeying four hundred miles by road and trail. The latter route was the one I selected as being the shorter although the more arduous.

Accordingly on the morning of August, the sixth I was on board the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer "Princess Victoria" bound to Vancouver, the commercial capital of the Province. This city, the largest in British Columbia has increased in size in the last few years, with wonderful rapidity, claiming at present a population of 75,000.

I left Vancouver at five p. m. on the Canadian Pacific train for Ashcroft. The train was crowded to its utmost capacity, some people going through to Montreal without a berth. Delay after delay occurred until finally we were two hours late, arriving in Ashcroft at half past three in the morning.

This town, situated on the Thompson River and surrounded by huge sand hills, is the gateway to the Cariboo country. From here stages run to Parkville two

hundred and eighty miles north, the centre of the mining district. These stages are certainly not the most comfortable vehicles to ride in, especially in hot weather and I congratulated myself several times on my foresight in trusting to my bicycle.

Having in my mind the reputation of Ashcroft for heat I strapped my belongings on the wheel and "hit the trail."



DEEP CREEK : FIRST NIGHT OUT ON THE TRAIL—
THIRTY-FIVE MILES.

After crossing the river I had a two mile hill to climb to get out of the Thompson valley. The road runs for twenty miles along the Bonaparte Creek through a valley that surpasses anything I have seen, once water is run through the ground. About nine miles from Ashcroft I passed a sight that is typical in the interior, viz. an Indian ran- chere composed of a dozen dirty houses

hardly fit for a pig to live in and a large well-built Roman Catholic Church.

About half past seven I reached the Hat Creek road house fourteen miles from Ashcroft where I stopped for breakfast. After following the valley for six miles further the road branches up among the hills. This is the beginning of Clinton hill. The hill itself would not have been bad but the road-gang had been re-gravelling in places with the result of making even walking very hard work. After three hours steady climbing the road became better enabling one to make better

time. The worst part of this long climb was the heat and also the tantalizing number of little lakes along the road. Fortunately I had been cautioned against the water before leaving Victoria and thus saved myself time and trouble.

Clinton, I reached at noon. Here is the junction of the old Yale-Cariboo road with the new. The old road ran directly west from Clinton to the Fraser Lillooet and then followed the Fraser down to Yale at the foot of the Fraser Canon. This road from Yale to Lillooet was abandoned when the railroad appeared and is now impassable. Once I came across an old mile post one hundred and ninety-four miles from Yale, a relic of the gold excitement.

I stayed all afternoon at Clinton on account of the heat. At half past six it was "on again." Shortly after leaving Clinton the road begins to climb out of the valley, in one continuous hill for three miles. By the time I reached the summit it was getting dusk and I speeded up, having a

splendid road for five miles. Then I came on the dust and it demanded very persistently that I slacken speed and proceed in a slow and dignified manner. I observed however, that it had no objection to my waltzing from one side to the other. Then a hill tempted me and away I went. At the bottom of this hill was a stone, large and sharp, I have reason to believe. The stone is still there unless someone heavier than myself has made its acquaintance. A half hour's plowing through the dust brought me to the fifty-nine Mile House.

The next morning came all too quick for me, but I managed to get off at nine o'clock. The road was rough and cut up with huge ruts making wheeling the

reverse of pleasant. Then I met my old friend, the dust, and stayed with him for an hour. Passing the Seventy Mile House I went on to the Seventy-four Mile House for lunch. The heat was intense but I wanted to make forty miles before night came. The next thirty miles lay over the hills. The road was not exceptionally hilly but very rough.

I passed the Eighty-three Mile House at three p. m. and started on over the summit. On the summit the road was fair and I made fairly good time for fifteen miles. Then there is a three mile drop into the Bridge Creek Valley. On this hill I made exceptionally good time but not owing to any effort on my part.

Here I found one of the most dismal looking places for a roadhouse viz: the one hundred Mile House. I stopped for supper and that completed my resolution to hunt another ho use.

After passing over a small range to get out of the valley I encountered another long steep hill. Beyond this the

country was more open and rolling. At the bottom of the hill I ran into a bunch of steers who thought it a good chance to hold an investigation on my steed. Pulling a gun from my bag I let one shot in the air. This stopped them for a short time and then I gave them another. This set them running towards a bend in the road and there was a race to see who would be there first. I won out and gradually left the steers behind. A little after dark I reached the one hundred and eleven Mile House. The next day's ride was uneventful. The road led through the Lac la Hache valley and along the beautiful lake of that name. For six miles the road was dusty, worse than further back and then it entered the



INDIAN GRAVES AT GRAVE-YARD LAKE.

woods. Here was a piece of road that I would not exchange for any city pavement. It was hard, smooth and just level enough for pleasure without being monotonous. For several miles the road led through the pines before entering the open country. In the midst of the woods I came across a little log school house close by the lake.

Several road-houses were scattered along the road and I remember one particularly through the cows and refuse scattered on the road in front of the house. I had lunch at the one the hundred and thirty-two Mile House and then stopped at the one hundred and fifty Mile House for supper. After supper I mounted again thinking to make the Mountain House

eight miles up the hill before dark. About a hundred yards from the hotel the roads parted and I turned to the left because it led down hill. I had a very pleasant ride for four miles to Williams Lake where I turned around and walked back.

The next morning I was up and away at four a. m. After

an eight mile walk up hill in the early hours of the morning one feels inclined for breakfast. Consequently I waited an hour for it rather than try to make the next house twenty miles away. This twenty miles was in splendid shape, a great part of the distance being down hill. About half past ten I reached the summit of the Fraser valley and could see far below me a very small river. Down the upper part of this hill I came on wings but the lower part demanded a more careful investigation. At the bottom of the hill is a small village, Soda Creek, where I stopped for lunch. From here a steam boat runs up to Quesnel, sixty miles, twice a week.

The road from here to Quesnel is very seldom travelled on during the summer months while the steamer is running. The freight wagons that pass over it in Spring, before the river opens, cut the road up considerably. I left Soda Creek at one p. m. and reached Alexandria a distance of thirty miles at four p. m. Here I played out for the time having indulged too frequently in the water by the roadside. Alexandria is the site of an old post of the Hudson Bay Company, Fort Alexandria, the buildings, which are still standing on the bank of the river.

I stopped here for the night and the next morning, Sunday, I wheeled into Quesnel. In the days of the Cariboo gold excitement, this town, situated at

the junction of the Quesnel River with the Fraser, was an active bustling place but now has dropped back until it is used simply as a distributing centre for places to the north and west.

Here the wagon road ceases, the rest of the journey being continued over the Yukon Telegraph Trail, run-



HUDSON BAY POST ON FRASER LAKE.

ning from Quesnel to Dawson. This trail was originally cut out by the Western Union Company before the Atlantic cable had been laid, the intention being to run the line through Alaska and across to Siberia. The work was abandoned as soon as the Atlantic cable was seen to be a success. About seven years ago the Dominion Government took up the work and now operates the line to Dawson. Cabins are stationed about every forty miles with two men, operator and lineman, to each. Through the kindness and hospitality of these men I was able to travel without the trouble and discomfort of carrying a pack.

At Quesnel I met an operator who had

been down on leave and was shortly returning to his station at Bobtail Lake. On Thursday we were ferried across the Fraser by an old Indian who told me very proudly that he had been Governor Sir James Douglas's coachman. About ten o'clock we bade good bye to civilization and turned our faces to the wilderness. Fifty miles of trail lay in front of us before we reached the first telegraph cabin at Blackwater River. For ten miles the trail was wide and fairly good for a wheel. Then it dwindled in size, consisting mostly of sharp little rises and pitches. Dick was on ahead on his horse and coming up the hills he had the laugh on me but I gained on the descent every time. A little after noon we reached the sixteen mile refuge cabin where I had my first accident. Just as we were pulling into the camp my back tire exploded. This I mended while Dick prepared a lunch of bacon, bread and tea.

After the horse had a rest we were off again. From here on the trail began to climb for about eight miles and to ride

up a hill on a trail was an impossibility. However the trail was hard and smooth and we made fairly good time. On reaching the summit the scene was changed. The country was fairly level but simply covered with boulders. I zigzagged in between them very slowly. Here we met a couple of men going into Quesnel. One thing that struck me in this country was the behaviour of the horses when the wheel came in sight. They were just as frightened of it as the present horse is of the automobile. This was quite natural as my wheel was the first to be ridden over the trail.

For the greater part of the journey the trail follows the hills, keeping out of the low ground in the valleys altogether. The boulders lasted for about five miles. Then we came on a level stretch of good hard trail in the midst of a clump of jack pines. Dick proposed a race and away we went although there was hardly room for both of us. The bicycle took the lead and kept it until the trail became strewn with roots. Bouncing over these for a hundred yards soon put all thought of a race out of my head. Shortly after we rode into Deep Creek camping ground where the second refuge cabin is stationed, thirty-five miles out.



STONEY CREEK INDIAN VILLAGE IN NECHACO VALLEY, AN IDEAL SPOT FOR DUCKS IN SEASON.

While Dick picketed his horse in a natural meadow near by I rustled wood. In a short time we had a good fire and then eagerly stood around and watched the kettle for fear it would boil too soon for our appetites. Two slices of bacon, two slices of bread and tea ad lib was our order for supper.

Then we prepared to make our bed by the fire but Nature objected and sent her watery minions to drive us into shelter. We slept in the cabin, that is when the mice were not running over us.

About six a. m. both of us woke up but anyone who knows the custom in the North will also know that we didn't get up then. It was after seven o'clock before we finally made up our minds to tumble out.

Outside of the cabin was a most dismal day, the rain coming down in a steady drizzle that promised to last all day. By eight o'clock we were ready to "hit the trail" again. Needless to say it

had not been improved by the night's rain. Roots spread themselves in every conceivable direction across it, the deeper spaces between them filled with water, the shallower composed of mud.

At first I wheeled the bicycle along but soon became tired of that method of progression. Getting a good grip on the handle-bars, I mounted and struck out. It was dirty, wet work, bumping over the roots, splashing through the pools, ploughing through the mud first on one side of the trail and then on the other to dodge some large bunches of roots.

After travelling like this for a mile I lost a nut off my front wheel but had the good fortune to pick it up in a mud puddle about a hundred yards back. It was then put on "to stay."

About noon we caught up to an Indian pack train at the top of the plateau before descending to the Blackwater River. It is hard enough to pass a pack train on horse back but when one is mounted on a wheel, well to use a colloquialism, "there is going to be something doing." The horse in front suddenly became aware of the machine and bolted ahead. The rest followed suit as I came up to them with the result that that there was a mass of ten horses struggling and kicking to get ahead. I finally dismounted and walked past.

From here we commenced to drop down to the level of the river. This is done in two successive descents, the first leading on to a plateau about a half mile wide. The second descent is about three hundred feet, the trail winding down the face of the hill. I commenced to ride but the impossibility of making an about turn was quickly demonstrated.

Then I began to walk but the steps soon lengthened until I was really on the jump.

The Blackwater River runs at the foot of the hill, the trail crossing it at the Telegraph Cabin. The storm broke just as I was crossing the bridge and the invitation to come into the cabin was quickly accepted. Here Mr. Waller had a hot lunch for us and even now, although I am fairly hardened in that respect, I hate to think of the amount we put away. The storm lasted for a couple of hours when the sun appeared bright and strong and in an hour all traces of the down-pour had disappeared.

During the afternoon we amused ourselves teasing the cats. After enticing the cat to us we put pussy over a certain crack. A few taps with the heel and pussy would be ten feet away throwing dirt for a hundred yards. Occasionally, the torturer would drop a few "cuss" words, the wasps being very impartial.

The next day we were off fairly early, after rounding up Dick's horse which had taken

French leave from the stable. Mr. Waller accompanied us for about a mile on our way. After climbing out of the valley the trail became fairly smooth and hard.

In a short time we caught up to the pack train but this time I was wise. Striking off the trail, I circled through the trees out ahead of the train while the Indians stood with open mouths.

Game was a very scarce article on the trail. The only chicken we had a shot at allowed us to empty a revolver before condescending to come down.

About half past twelve we crossed Mud River, nineteen miles from Blackwater. The weather was threatening, dark clouds



MY DESTINATION: FORT ST. JAMES ON STUART LAKE, B. C. ESTABLISHED BY THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY IN 1806.

coming up and an occasional drop of rain falling. We hurried through lunch and started off again, thinking we might possibly escape it. About three miles further the storm broke, a regular old-fashioned hailstorm and in two minutes we were both wet to the skin. We halted under a big tree and held a conference as to whether we should wait under cover or keep on travelling. Both of us were in favor of travelling. Wheeling, however was almost an impossibility, and in about two minutes I realized this fact. Mud baths are not the best to take on the trail. After one experience I walked practically all the rest of the way.

About five o'clock I commenced to clear and shortly after I was on the shore of Nalkesby or Bobtail Lake. The trail along the shore of the lake is simply a mass of boulders over which I practically carried the wheel as the quickest way out of the difficulty.

I remember one particularly steep hill near the lake on account of the marvellous manner in which I slid down to the foot while trying to gain the top. All the hills were covered with hail and sticky clay rendering it very hard to get a foothold.

Just at dusk I reached the cabin where Dick had already started a fire. I was decidedly tired but some dry clothes, a big hot supper and a cigar will make one forget almost any trouble.

The next day, Sunday, I laid over, putting in the morning cleaning and oiling my machine.

On Monday I was off again, this time by myself. The trail was about the same as usual, ride and walk, walk and ride. The only obstacle was a large windfall in a draw. The trees were piled on each other in every conceivable direction, making very poor foothold. Beyond this was a level stretch of country the trail running straight and almost level.

At one o'clock I reached the Beaver Dam refuge cabin and stopped half an hour for lunch. Five miles further on the trail rises on to a Hogsback along which it runs for several miles. This mound maintains a height of about seventy-five feet above the surrounding country and is from ten to twenty feet on the top.

From the Hogsback the trail descended abruptly to the ordinary level of the country. A few miles of good wheeling brought me to Tsinkut Lake. There is no bridge across the creek running out of the lake, the only way to cross being to wade out on a bar which makes a semi-circle in the lake. As I was trying to make out the bar a rancher came up and offered to ferry me across in a canoe; an offer I very gladly accepted.

Beyond this lake the country is more open and grassy, timbered with small poplars. This is the entrance to the Nechaco valley which has been attracting so much attention in the last couple of years. In fact practically all the land in the valley that is of any use has been taken up, either by settlers or speculators. Two or three miles from the lake the trail divides, the new trail running off to the left to the cabin. Naturally I followed the old trail and as a consequence had to climb about six or seven fences before coming in sight of the cabin.

Here Messrs. Charleson and Milne very kindly put me up for the night.

The next morning I did not leave very early as I had only thirty-two miles to go to reach Fraser Lake. About nine o'clock I pulled out, Mr. Charleson accompanying me as far as the Indian village of Stoney Creek. Here everyone turned out to watch me, even the dogs voicing their welcome. The trail runs along Noolki Lake for a couple of miles, then branching off to Tachic Lake. At half past twelve I reached the Bearhead refuge cabin where I had lunch. The trail between here and Fraser Lake was good with the exception of a few sandy stretches.

At half past three I crossed the Nechaco River on a ferry owned and operated by an old miner and prospector, Vital Laforce. Vital was the first man to find gold in the Omineca country, being the discoverer of Vital Creek.

Shortly afterwards I reached the Hudson Bay Co's post where Mr. Peters, the officer in charge, gave me a hearty welcome.

The next two days I spent in idleness around the post. On Friday I started off again. The trail to Stuart Lake strikes off from the Telegraph trail in a

North Easterly direction. For the first eight miles the trail was fairly good, but soon became rather the reverse. Owing to a table of distances I had obtained from Mr. Peters, with descriptions of the various landmarks, I was able to tell exactly what progress I was making.

Ten miles from Fraser Lake I reached a sandy hill, very appropriately called Mount View. From the summit of this hill one can see for miles to the south and west, a splendid view being had of the Nechaco valley.

At noon I reached the cabin on the divide, twenty-three miles from Fraser Lake. At this point I started on the down grade to Stuart Lake. After passing Anderson Lake eight miles from the lake shore, the country is level, with small poplars and cottonwoods growing on it and an occasional meadow where the Indians cut hay. This part of the trail was exceptionally bad, three miles of it being corduroy, which did not improve the wheeling in the least. Bumping over the logs and ruts I exploded the back tire, my second accident. This I mended but when five minutes later it did the same trick I dismounted and walked, thinking it only a short distance to the lake.

At five p. m. I reached the Stuart River where the Siwashes were engaged in catching salmon. One of them ferried me across to the Hudson Bay Company

Fort, St. James on the opposite shore of the lake. This ended my journey of four hundred and twenty miles which if not exciting is remarkable for the few accidents considering the character of the last two hundred miles.

This part of British Columbia, while new to settlers, is yet old as far as the Hudson Bay Company is concerned, the first post being founded in 1806. During the last two years, however, people have been coming in and taking up homesteads chiefly in the Nechaco valley and around Fraser and Francois Lake as the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will in all probability pass through that part of the country.

For agriculture the country is well suited. The Hudson Bay Company have at their two posts on Stuart and Fraser Lake grown all the vegetables and small fruits they can consume. At Fraser Lake a crop of oats measured seventy bushels to the acre, when thrashed by horses. This year three-fourths of an acre yielded eight thousand pounds of potatoes some of these weighing as much as three and one half pounds, while the yield in the other vegetables was proportionately as great.

It will only be a few years now until this part of British Columbia has its towns and flourishing settlements as large as any in the present settled part of the Province.

The British Bisley.

BY WALTER ROWSON

WITH the approach of the Bisley Week and the Imperial contest for the King's Prize—carrying for its recipient the "Blue Ribbon" of the rifle world—the cracksmen of our Canadian battalions will be contemplating a visit to the Old Country, and reviewing their chances for a repetition of the feat of 1904, when the trophy reached these shores after an absence of almost ten years.

In England, speculation will be rife as to the final issue of this year's competit-

ion, for in London, especially, the first day of spring would herald the commencement of every military man's joy—the Bisley Season.

From this day onward throughout the summer, and in fact, until late Autumn, the Waterloo terminus of the London and South Western Railway is overrun by crowds of riflemen, one would think numerous enough to give hope even to Nobs and his defence programme.

Saturday noon, when work has been

shut down in the majority of metropolitan factories and offices, is the time when some idea can be gathered of the Britisher's prowess outside the daily grind of his civilian life.

Crossing old Father Thames by the Blackfriars and Waterloo bridges a long procession of men make their way towards the terminus, being there joined by another contingent from the south river side; and by one o'clock the platforms seethe with an enthusiastic horde, all anxious to board the first train Bisleywards in order to enjoy the longest possible time at the ranges.

In full enjoyment of the cosmopolitan spirit which prevails on Bisley days, officers of His Majesty's crack cavalry regiments rub shoulders with weedy-looking members of Volunteer infantry, and red-coated "Tommies" of the line condescendingly give points in marksmanship to gentlemen of the National Rifle Association.

The N. R. A. men turn out to shoot in the most awe-inspiring "get ups". Usually their precious rifle is carried in a ten dollar case, they guard very carefully a grip of details necessary to correct sighting, and to cap all adopt a suit of clothes which the shoemaker has evidently tried to make a good job of—and failed. The main design in one of these suits would appear to be a leather patch over every joint, and an extra yard or so for the lower chest.

All carriages for the accommodation of Riflemen are turned smoker, the compartments for eight somehow manage to hold another eight, and—well by the time Bisley is called the optics are fit for anything but potting bulls.

The country around Bisley is decidedly flat, and would be almost monotonous were it not that it is well wooded on the outskirts. Many are the poor "recruits" who tramp the dry scrub in search of that particular target number which is to be honored by their first shots: and given one of the sultry days so common to the south of England during the summer months, the burden of a regulation rifle and a couple of perambulations of the three miles of ranges on a seemingly hopeless quest, he can justly aspire to

prize money who has still sufficient zeal for target work at the finish.

It makes an interesting study to pass down the various ranges and note the progress of the rifleman from the time of his appearance at the two hundred yards until his final success at the eight hundred or thousand yard shoots.

At the short range those who have just mastered the theoretical knowledge of their armoury are put through an exciting ten minutes while they plug at the circle from positions kneeling, standing, and lying down.

The riflemen at the longer distances are dotted along the firing line almost shoulder to shoulder. Each man keeps religiously to his own spread of matting, and bores for the black disc with a silence and method almost automatic in its regularity. After firing a shot he waits for the marker to signal his score, jots it down in a note book, and bringing field glasses into play locates the position of the bullet mark. With this as a guide to his sighting he reloads and continues firing.

Not until it is too dark to see the targets do the Bisley men leave for home, and as they troop towards the small wayside station the air is full of enquiry and discussion on the afternoon's scores. Troopers of the Imperial Yeomanry—resplendent in colour, boots and spurs—speak excitedly of their "highest possibles", and N. R. A. men make plans for little dinners at the Trocadero, to be paid for by the prize money they have bagged. Not the least happy among the throng are those Volunteers whose names are to appear in next year's list of marksmen.

While waiting for the return to London, sounds of revelry float across from club bungalows owned by the more exclusive regiments, mingling pleasantly with the buzz of camp life which rises from the tents on Bisley Flats. And when the train from Aldershot pulls alongside with a merry detachment of regulars on weekend leave, the spirit of military camaraderie grows so strong that the battling ground of the world's best shots is left behind with a resolution to speedily share again the delights of a Bisley Saturday.

A Still Hunt With a Camera.

BY F. B. DOUD.

AS the months of October and November thrill the sportsman with a desire to hie away to the old camp in the hunting grounds, so the summer months, when Nature has donned her glorious garb, fill the lover of nature and those who hunt with the camera with a longing to study the natural forces and seek out the beauty spots which can always be found with a little observation.

So, one May day, just after a big rain, which stopped the seeding operations on the farm, myself and Chum—tis a good idea to take your boy or girl along for a companion—hiked off towards Dundas, Ont. About two hours' drive brought us to Crook's Hollow, one of Wentworth's remembered landmarks. Here, behind the paper mill, we sought our first beauty spot.

Crook's Creek, swollen by the rain, came running down over the falls, the flume feeding the mill overflowed and splashed down at our feet, the spray blowing in our faces while a picture was taken.

Across the creek, down close

below the falls, a picture was taken of the rush of water tumbling perhaps twenty feet.

"Gee, this is fine!" exclaimed Chum.

Yes, truly this spot is worth a visit on such a summer's morning.

On along the road through Crook's Hollow we saw many pleasing scenes. At one place in the road, we turned below an abrupt ledge of rock some twenty feet above, and on the top, just at the verge, is an immense rock resting upon two smaller stones.

This seems a curious prank of Nature!

East of Greensville about half a mile we came to Tew's Falls. That day a good stream of water was tumbling over into the dizzy depths below. We tied a

stone on to some binder twine which we had brought along, and tossed it over the falls, and on measuring the length of the string which ran over the edge made the drop one hundred and sixty-five feet.

Up along the top of the ravine, much higher than the falls, we followed a path to a spot where somebody had



THE RUSH OF WATER BEHIND THE PAPER MILL.



THE MILL FALLS.

gone down. By holding on to trees and roots we scrambled down. At one place where there was a sheer broken ledge of rock, we had to use a rope which we had fortunately with us at the time.

Chum took a mighty quick slide on his pants down some score of feet.

Above, a chill north wind was blowing, but down in the ravine we found the month of August. There the birds were fully alive; the ferns were growing rampant, the trilliums, hepatics, blood-roots and bleeding-hearts were in full bloom; yes, the bumble-bees were there too.

Up at the foot of the fall a powerful wind was blowing and the water as it reached the bottom was dispersed into spray.

If ever a picture was well earned it was here. Chum and I, when we regained the top, were in very good humor for our dinner, which was heartily enjoyed on the bank of the stream just above the falls, a good spring of water near at hand.

After dinner we followed the path along the top of the ravine through the woods perhaps half a mile to Webster's Falls, where Crook's Creek takes its mad plunge of eighty feet down to the great rocks below. This place was once a scene of great activity. Above, on the verge stands the ruins of a grist mill. Cut into the stone over the door is the following motto, "Speed the plow".

Near the foot of the falls are the burned ruins of some power house, but now

Nature is slowly at work throwing her mantle over all.

To secure a picture we must cross over the rushing stream, but how and where?

Down the ravine we went climbing over fallen trees and great rocks which have tumbled from the heights above. This surely is the forest primeval! No axe has ever been used down in this wilderness of fallen trees and rank woods growth.

At the first bend in the stream we crossed over on a large pine and worked our way back up near to the falls where a snap shot was made.

We scrambled back the way we had come—to the top of the falls, feeling we had enjoyed an hour of hard earned pleasure.

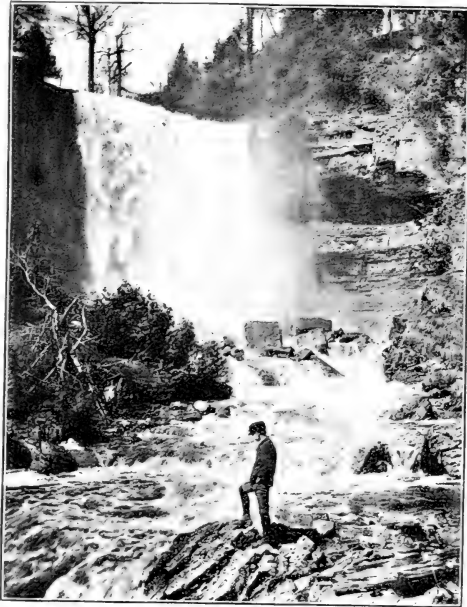
Back at Tew's Falls again we went out along the east side of the ravine about a mile to a point overlooking the Grand Trunk Railway above Dundas.

Through the telescope we had a good view of Hamilton and the op-

posite side of the valley. The 'scope brought up distinctly the water pouring over the Red Mill Falls, near Ancaster village; another of Nature's beauty spots.

As we retraced the well trodden path, we noted where Crook's Creek and the other that comes down the higher falls join together, perhaps three hundred feet (a guess) below us.

We here pulled up some evergreen trees, juniper I think, and took them home, where we arrived before sundown,



WEBSTER'S FALLS

much pleased with our day's hunt. We got some fairly good pictures and enjoyed the views of one of the finest scenic parts of Ontario.

The next day we nursed some weary legs, but nothing could rob us of the pleasures of the retrospection.

A Saturday in August.

BY W. A. STAEBLER.

A lank brown youth in a tattered and ink stained office coat glared savagely at the back of the last tardy customer leaving the bank, but with the last bang of the heavy door, his mood changed wonderfully. As he cleaned up his work his tired eyes found time to gaze away into the distance, where waving tree tops showed beyond the hot stretches of brick and mortar, and patches of blue sky mocked him at his toil. But somehow the dreary routine of debits and credits, the nightmare of figures, the tiresome drone of the teller calling "deposit!", the endless succession of staring faces at his little wicket, passed into nothingness before the sweet inrush of thought born of a clear little creek, away off in the woodland, along which his mind travelled in fancy.

From over the hills and far away there rollicked a glad little breeze, a soft little tell tale, a mid-summer breeze. It stole

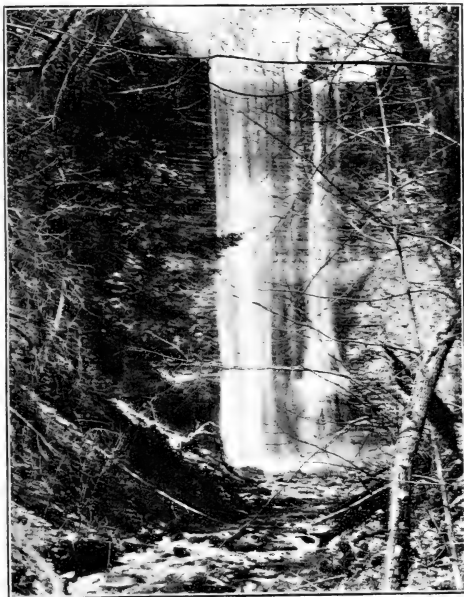
through the cool dim paths of the woodland, picking up gossip at squirrel hole and nest, then over a clearing and into a meadow it danced, and took note of the figure, and under one arm was smuggled a

rifle, its tiny black eye peering over the fields.

A clear little creek, erratic and wilful, sulked through a dark swamp and splashed into a garden for wild folk that lay just beyond. Blue flags raised their delicate tops from a carpet of sword grass that bunched into causeways the spongy black mould, and Jack-in-the-pulpits looked down from a terrace with envious eyes at the color below. Just beyond lay the woodland, a rustling green symp-

hony sun splashed and quiet, save for the soft steady hum of numberless insects, or the pulsating throb of a grouse at his wooing.

As monarch of this and all just beyond t, far out where the grain fields rippled and waved, a grey whiskered burly old



TEW S FALLS: SEEN THROUGH A WOODLAND SCREEN.

wood-chuck reigned well and wisely. For he alone of the beasts of the forest, though boasting no strength nor fleetness nor cunning, still cropped the sweet clover at sunrise and sunset. While the bones of the proud ones lay scattered in dust. At his door-step the wild things paused as they journeyed, to seek counsel and learning from this far seeing wise one. And ever and often this warning he gave them, "to the arms of your mother, ye earth born, fly back, nor try with a human to match your wild cunning".

The afternoon passed, and over the garden the shadows had lengthened until the flowered carpet grew deeper in hue. From out a cool burrow two beady brown eyes scanned the cover with care and patience. But nothing disturbed the green tossing prospect, sweet

peace was the pass-word that breathed from the shadows, and the flags nodded the answer to flip flapping leaves. The bell notes of a thrush pealed like chimes through the stillness, and again was the garden as quiet as death.

Then broke on the air the sharp spit of a rifle, and a cloud of pale smoke drifted up from the bushes. Soft of tread, keen of eye, well versed in woodcraft was the lad that stepped from the shade of the bushes. Yet a frown wrinkled dark on the boy's brown forehead and a strange uncouth word passed through his teeth as he searched around the burrow for traces

of gore. Ask the rollicking, tattle tale mid-summer breeze what it whispered as it passed by a burrow that lay in the garden, and ask why it laughs as it skips into the evening and tells the glad story to the wild things beyond.



ANOTHER VIEW OF WEBSTER'S FALLS.

Mr. H. B. Becker, formerly of Woodstock, Ont. who removed some time ago to Lesser Slave Lake, has written of his experiences in that new country. He describes last winter as the finest he ever saw. All kinds of vegetables and grains grow there. They were selling butter for fifty cents per lb. and eggs for one dollar per dozen, game

was scarce though birds were plentiful and fur bearers were seen in numbers. He had not been successful in finding trout streams though pike were plentiful. Horse breaking he found amusing though his boys take to it better than he does. With good fortune he expects to thresh three thousand bushels of grain in the fall.

Salmon and Pigeons.

BY CINNA.

As one who, like Mr. Young, who writes in your June issue of Salmon and Pigeons, begins to feel like an old timer, would you allow me to say a few words on these most interesting matters.

Of Salmon I know nothing except what I have heard from my late father who was born and lived for forty years on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and who was an angler and sportsman and took a deep interest in all pertaining to fish and game.

I have often heard the subject discussed in my younger days as to whether the Lake Ontario salmon did or did not go down to the sea.

I have also seen articles written to "Wilke's" "Spirit of the Times", at that time probably the only paper devoted to sport published in America.

My father's contention was that the salmon did not go down or up the St. Lawrence but went to the deep waters of Lake Ontario after spawning in the small streams that emptied into the Lake from the north. I have seen it also stated that there are salt springs in the deeper parts of the Lake which supplied them with the necessary salt water. My father's reasons were, I believe, largely formed from the fact that in a lifetime spent on the waters of the St. Lawrence, angling, spearing with torch, seeing seining and gill netting carried on by fishermen etc., he had never known of a salmon being taken in the St. Lawrence.

Of wild pigeons, however, I saw a lot and also killed a lot both about Chatham and on the shores of Lake Erie. In the seventies the Chatham Gun Club frequently shot matches with Detroit, Windsor and other places and the birds used were the wild pigeons which we got from commission merchants in Detroit. They cost us ten cents each and we could get any quantity we wanted. The last roost or

breeding place was near Petosky, Michigan. The writer was told by a young man who was in a commission house at Petosky at the time, of the number shipped by his firm alone, and although forgotten it was enormous both in dead and live birds.

The passenger pigeon at that time seemed to be reduced to one immense flock which was followed from place to place by the men engaged in netting them and was in the writer's opinion practically exterminated in two seasons. The last seen in the County of Kent was near the Big Point Club in the spring in 1879. The Club's game book shows that Mr. J. B. Pike killed in April of that year twelve, Mr. C. J. Moore three and the writer two. There was a flock of about fifty feeding in a buckwheat stubble near the Club House out of which the birds were killed. That is the last authentic accounts of the wild pigeon being seen in the County of Kent.

What a pity such a beautiful, graceful bird should have met such a fate! We must lay the blame on that greedy individual the market hunter, who cares not whether it be the last bird or the last fish so long as he can make a dollar out of it. If something is not done, and that at once, the wild pigeon will not be the only species of our game and fish that soon will be a thing of the past.

It seems impossible to get our law makers to see that game and fish are valuable assets to the country. The market hunter and the market fisherman seem to be all powerful. One of them appears to count for more than several thousand lovers of sport.

If there is any talk of stopping their destructive work they cry out about vested rights, but forget about the vested rights of the thousands whom they deprive of sport and recreation on land and water.

Hunters' Experiences in the North Countree

BY W. H. ALLISON.

ON October twenty-first in the year 18— a jolly party of hunters, of whom I happened to be one, left Toronto for our annual hunt in the vicinity of Lake Nipissing. We had our camp at the mouth of the South River, some twenty-two miles west of Callender.

About noon of the following day we arrived at our jumping off place and after dinner took our canoe in the hope of reaching camp in readiness for the following day's hunt. It fell to the lot of myself and Griffiths to portage a canoe and camp outfit over a rough trail to Wolf Lake seven miles to the West. The task proved a trying one to people fresh from office life.

We were told when we left that at half past three on the same afternoon a pair of dogs would be started for our particular benefit. We would be expected to reach our stand by that time and stop any and every four footed beast that came our way.

The equipment was too heavy and almost knocked us up. For all that however we were at our stands at four o'clock. No sooner were our loads off our shoulders than we saw two deer going at full speed and heading north. Though it was only a chance shot and I feared I was not steady enough after my exertions I succeeded in dropping the foremost in its tracks and at the first shot. Two shots were fired at the second one but failed to stop it.

The fact that at a quarter past four we had a nice fat doe strung up caused us

to forget for a time our lame shoulders caused by the carrying of the canoe. We required this canoe for the purpose of reaching an old camp which was half an hour's paddle from the landing nearest our runway. At sundown we started out to find it and reached the place as darkness came on. It was a wild, desolate place, situate about fifteen rods back from the shore amongst the tall dark pines fit for the home of a hermit. At that time we were nine miles from all civilization.

We prepared supper as well as we could, and as neither of us had ever been over the ground previously, we could not but

reflect upon the many changes we had undergone since leaving home, only twenty-one hours before. After a good smoke we turned in on a bed of green boughs and slept, as only sportsmen can sleep, until three o'clock in the morning, when I awoke, feeling cold, and started the



OLD LUMBER CAMP ON WOLF LAKE.

fire. We were up at daybreak and after a hasty breakfast, bustled into our canoe and were at our stands, three miles away, by seven o'clock. No game however called upon us during the whole day.

Towards evening we tramped back to the mouth of South River to learn what success the balance of the crowd had had in their hunting. We found that Bartlett and Arthur, the youngest sportsmen of the party, had wounded a large doe which got away as the dogs refused to work after having been taken off the track at the stand. They had ex-

pected to find her dead within a short distance of where they stood but in this they were disappointed.

Thursday again found us early on our stands and I was placed on a watch between an old lumber camp and the narrows of Wolf Lake—without success. Only one deer was seen that day by any of the party and that passed between my brother and the doctor, but too far away for either to reach. Accordingly we returned to camp without any game but four partridges which the boys knocked over on their way home.

Luck was against us again on Friday although dogs ran well and put a large buck between the stands in the marsh to the east of the South River. Several shots were fired at him but we were all too far away for any of us to reach him. Rain fell heavily nearly all day and the high wind rolled the waves from the north on old Lake Nipissing in such fashion as to indicate that our sport for the week was nearly ended.

The storm still continued on Saturday and we arranged for a run at noon. After reaching our stands two dogs were put out and an hour later the booming of my brother's gun told us something was trying to get past at the marsh. After the third shot a loud halloo indicated that

the deed was done and a large buck had fallen shot through the head. There was no prouder man in the district than the lucky one who did the shooting, it being his first deer. Every season for the past ten years had he hunted and at last success had crowned his efforts. No wonder he was proud! One of the party had a camera and we are able to show "The Despatcher at Work".

Sunday we spent quietly in writing to the dearest ones at home telling them of our good and bad fortunes for the past week.

On Monday the dogs were started as soon as we had time to reach our stands. About ten o'clock I saw a fine buck coming my way. As soon as he was within range I opened on him with the Winchester and at the third shot he dropped, shot through the neck. The amateur, Arthur, hurried over to me and assisted in hanging him up. The deer dressed we sat down on a con-



DISTURBED WHILE AT LUNCH ON THE WATCH.

venient log to chat over my success. Presently I saw my brother running down towards Arthur's stand and in a few moments a fine buck passed within a few yards of where Arthur should have been standing. A couple of shots failed to stop him and he soon disappeared over the hills.

Two sets of dogs were giving tongue at a quarter past seven on Tuesday morn-

ing, and we were all attention at our different stands. Arthur, the amateur, was the first to notice a deer heading for his stand and in a few moments he was throwing lead at it, although it was some seventy yards away and still going. When the gun missed fire his heart almost failed him. After firing eleven shots the deer bounded off through the bushes and on going to look for the traces of blood he found the deer dead within three rods of where it disappeared. It had been shot through the neck and shoulders. The deer proved to be a full grown farrow doe and being his first deer Arthur was very proud of his success. In the afternoon three of us started for Wolfe Lake in order to portage out the deer and canoe. It was seven o'clock before we reached the camp on our return trip, dead tired.

An early start on Wednesday morning showed us the creeks, marshes and rivers were frozen, causing the deer to change their courses. Apparently the deer ran north to the open lake and we had no success.

On Thursday the dogs again gave tongue as early as half past seven. They were on the hills to the west and soon started deer. The amateur, who seemed to be the most fortunate in having deer run to him, was the first to open proceedings by firing four shots at a large doe which finding the bullets come too close turned back; after another lively run on the hills, circled, and attempted to pass my big brother's stand. A few shots from his 38.55, one of which broke its hind leg, caused it to stop in the alders. I ran for nearly a half a mile and the dog coming up at the same time dashed into the bushes. From the noise made, it appeared as if the dog has seized the deer. It ran out on the cleared land within three rods of the water, and at the second shot which went through



THE DESPATCHER AT WORK.

the neck, it fell dead. The most exciting episode of the whole hunt was the sight of the amateur running up to head off the deer knife in hand. His cartridges had given out and in the race he lost his mitts and overcoat. He had posted himself behind a large stump, waiting for the deer to come up to him, and I was sorry I had disappointed his expectations of a fight.

That day ended a pleasant hunt which we all enjoyed to the full. Our bag consisted of five deer, twenty-seven partridges several rabbits and duck and a large owl.

Some of the boys tried the fishing and succeeded in taking fifty-five pike and whitefish, and in addition a bill fish four feet long.

In the Glow of the Camp Fire.

BY W. A. WARREN.

AMONG the most valued assets of the ardent sportsman are the reminiscences of the many delightful days and nights spent within the magic circle of the cheerful camp fire. As evening approaches, the bright glow of the setting sun reflects harmonious tints of red and gold from the crest of yonder hill, shading gradually to the sombre blue-grey of twilight, in the valley, and the mellow, rich notes of the full throated wood robin falls with soft cadence on the ear.

Here, with the camp fire smouldering lazily at his feet, one enjoys some of the most sublime moments possible to mortals. The calmness, the purity, and the grandeur of the environment inspire him with a certain sense of awe and reverence, and he enters a sphere peaceful, beautiful, and broad beyond expression. The cares and worries incident to daily life are forgotten.

Then, as the shadows gather, and twilight fades into the deeper shades of night, the camp fire is replenished. Huge fagots quickly transform the slumbering coals into a roaring column of flame. Clouds of brilliant sparks hurtle thither and you like a miniature fireworks display.

The camp now becomes the arena of amusement, banter, and story telling. The odor of excellent tobacco mingles with the fragrant burning balsams. Good fellowship prevails, and as we sit watching the lurid reflections on tent and nearby trees, set in relief by the more intense

blackness beyond, many are the tales of adventure and mystery unfolded. Little sketches of personal experiences are related with much self complacency, losing no embellishments in the telling. Peals of hearty, ringing laughter awaken echoes from the surrounding forest. After which revelry comes the season of repose.

Reluctantly each fellow leaves the cheery fire to roll himself in the blanket spread on the thick bed of fir boughs, and yields his weary body to the refreshing influence of gentle sleep. The last sounds of which he is drowsily conscious

are the subdued snap of the fire, the murmur of the neighboring brook, and the sighing of the mild night wind.

Dreamland is all too narrow and limited for real enjoyment. No sooner has one fairly entered its mysterious realms than he receives a rude punch in the ribs and "Time to get up; going to be great doings;" brings him back



READY FOR A CRUISE AFTER BIRDS.

to the material world and to the realization that the new day is being born. He yawns, and half asleep, rolls out of his blanket. Heavy eyes blink in the faint grey-dawn, and the air is chill as he stumbles to the brook, in the dim light, for a morning dip. A sleepy twitter here and there tells of the awakening birds.

Daylight comes with marked rapidity, and soon the woodlands ring with the joyous choruses of the little feathered songsters. Wide awake now, how fresh and vigorous one feels! Hungry as a bear, each does ample justice to the piping hot breakfast, and is keen to whip the

stream for the "speckled beauties," or search the forest for furred or feathered game, according to his taste.

In a jolly camping trip in 1902 it was my privilege to spend four delightful days in the woodlands. My chum and I had frequently visited this specially fine partridge cover, and had enjoyed many an hour of excellent sport in this vicinity. We frequently discussed the question as to the prospects of camping out in this charming spot. My wife, who had never been through this part of the country, listened with interest to our glowing descriptions and hopeful plans. Catching some of our enthusiasm, she inquired "Why don't you include some of the rest of us in your party?" The suggestion was at once regarded with favor.

Recollecting that we had come upon a new lumberman's shanty with a log stable beside it, in the very heart of our hunter's paradise, I reminded Ralph of it, and said "What is to prevent my wife and your sister from accompanying us? We can also take feed enough to keep the team right there until we are ready to return." His reply was favorable to the proposition and we decided forthwith that the ladies should share in the pleasures of our anticipated trip.

The day chosen for our starting out on the expedition was Sept. 16th. The day was bright and propitious. An express wagon was chartered for the occasion and well loaded with all the paraphernalia needful for the comfort of ourselves and the horse. The ladies were perched on the top of the load and the rest of us hung on wherever there was an inch of territory to occupy. The sixteen mile drive afforded abundance of merriment to the entire party. Even the six months old

cocker spaniel expressed delight by sharp barks and broad grins of unholy joy.

When we turned off the main wood road to reach the shanty, all hands had to walk, on account of the roughness of the pathway. Presently a partridge boomed up directly in front of the horse. Without pausing to reflect on the possible results of such a proceeding, I quickly threw my gun to my shoulder and pulled on the disappearing bird. The results were sudden and varied. The bird fell instantly, and the horse, startled by the report, jumped to one side almost upsetting the entire outfit. Ralph was thrown to his knees, in which devout attitude he muttered a few pregnant ejaculations savoring strongly of "condemnation."

A few minutes later we entered the little clearing in the centre of which stood our chosen abode. Our guests of the occasion exclaimed with delight on reaching the beautiful spot, and entered into the spirit of the hour with zeal. We immediately unloaded blankets and the provisions, into the shanty, and while



THE COCKER RETRIEVES WELL.

we unharnessed the horse and fixed up the stable, the members of the gentle persuasion proceeded to make arrangements for supper. The long drive had given us ravenous appetites and the way the edibles disappeared would have made the dyspeptic "green with envy."

The shanty was a one-and-a-half storey affair, with steps leading to the upper flat. This part of the building was taken by the ladies for their special use. We made them a bed of fresh cut fir boughs, and then fitted up a similar one for ourselves on the lower floor. Our preparations having been all completed at an early hour we took a stroll along the wood road where we were fortunate

enough to get several partridges. By dusk we were back to the camp and had gathered a goodly supply of combustible material for a real camp fire for the benefit of the novices.

About nine p. m. Ralph touched a match to the pile and our party assembled around the blazing pyramid in gleesome humor, and midnight had come long before we grew tired of the weird amusements connected with this part of our program. But exhausted nature at length sought repose, and we were all soon tucked away in our respective nests, sweetly oblivious to all terrestrial cares and sorrows.

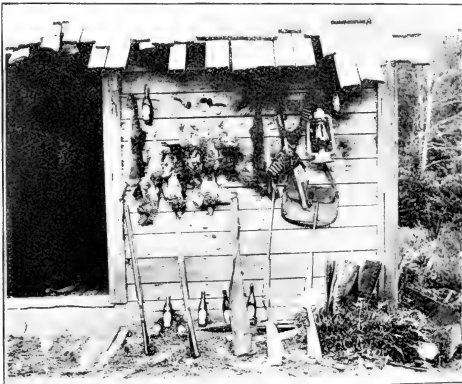
Early next morning I arose to make preparations for the day's engagements, the first of which was to start the fire and get the kettle boiling. Picking up my gun, as I went for water to the spring, I had scarcely taken a dozen steps before two fine partridges scurried up a short distance ahead of me. One of them came quickly to earth in response to an urgent summons from the right barrel of my trusty 12 gauge. The other bird was gathered into custody shortly after. The report of the weapon awoke the rest of the party and inspired them with zeal for the hunt.

Breakfast having been disposed of, Ralph and Lena, armed for heroic deeds, started for the hunting grounds whilst Mrs. Warren and I set out in another direction. My wife carried a trim little 24 gauge which she handled with skill. Our sally was not in vain. Game was plentiful, and the echoing reports indicated all were having a share in the sport. A bonny bunch of birds attested to the success of the day's chase.

In the evening the camp fire was re-

kindled, and impaled on split sticks we daintily roasted some of our birds over the hot coals. Our midnight lunch would have been relished by the Royal Family.

Next morning we spent some time in rifle practise with Ralph's 40-72 Winchester. Whilst all made fair scores, Ralph carried off the highest honors. In the afternoon we sallied forth again in search of game. We had not gone far when we stumbled upon a big covey of birds which scattered in all directions before we had an opportunity to pay our respects. One of them took shelter in a thick tree, and although we could distinctly hear his "quit, quit, quit," we could not get a view of him. Soon he was again on the wing, when a well directed shot brought him to the ground. Some of the others were captured in due course.



A MIXED BAG.

On the last day of our outing we took a long tramp of some fifteen miles along an old wood road. Beside the edges of this road the birds seemed to find their favorite food. At short intervals one or two partridges would

start up, and in one spot there seemed to be a regular volcano of rising birds. The sport waxed fast and furious. By simply walking back and forth on the road we found all the shooting we could wish. Our object was not, indeed, to see how many birds we could kill, but to have a good time and possess ourselves of a reasonable amount of the spoils of the woodlands. Happy owners of trim little Ithacas can fully appreciate the pleasure of the sport when that extremely powerful, beautifully balanced weapon swings with unerring precision on the swift flying game.

I have camped a great many times and under varied conditions, but never in my

life have I enjoyed four days of such perfect weather, day and night, as on this occasion. It was near the full of the moon, the nights were clear, and we had no wind to mar our enjoyment. The bright moon illuminated the little clearing with a silver light, and the glowing camp fire cast bright reflections of reddish hue. But for our voices, and the snapping fire, silence reigned supreme.

The ladies have never forgotten the exquisite pleasures of this trip, and I have always felt glad they had this opportunity

for enjoying the delights of camping out and seeing the brightest side of the sportsman's life. My wife often relates the story of this charming outing to her friends. As she talks her eyes kindle with the old-time enthusiasm, and I know she is living those four perfect days over again.

Having finished our vacation, we reluctantly packed our effects for the homeward journey, and with sighs of regret we bundled into our waggon and bid adieu to the scene of our delightful holiday.

Goin' Fishing.

BY A. R. DOUGLAS.

Goin' fishing? Guess I will;
Kinder think there'll be
All kinds of fishes great and small
Downstream near that old tree.

The weather's hot, jes, scorching hot,
And I'm all "het up" too,
So guess I'll take a holiday
And see what I can do.

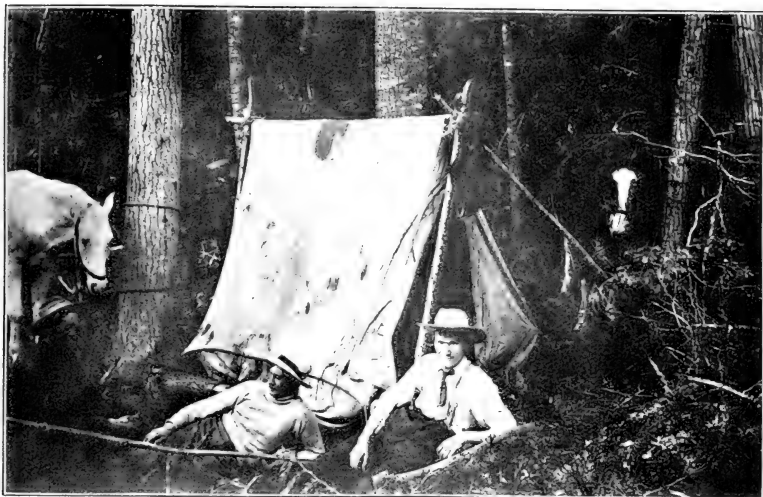
"Gee Whiz"! it's great to sit and dream
Beside the laughing brook,
An' watch the fishes jumping
As they try to take yer' hook!

And when you hook a great big trout
It kinder makes you thrill
To feel him pulling "mighty hard",
"That's when he tries your skill"!

Them city-folks all call me "Rube"
Cos' I act simple-like
They say I don't know anything,
Can't even ride a "bike".

But when it comes to fishin'
"I tell you what", they're mad
When I come back with lots of fish
An' they can't "ketch" a shad.

You see I know the place to go
And how to bait my hook
I'm simple, but "you bet yer life"
I know this little brook.



OUR CAMP IN THE WOODS.

A Fine British Columbia Falls.

BY CHAS. F. NELSON.

SOME seven or eight years ago a party of my friends went on a prospecting trip from New Denver, B. C. up Wilson Creek.

On their return, after an absence of a couple of weeks they were loud in their praises of the beautiful sights they had seen.

The one most admired was a magnificent waterfall surpassing in grandeur any of the great scenes for which this country is noted. Beyond this they saw numbers of glaciers and through all this wild country could be found many kinds of big game.

Their enthusiastic reports roused in me an ambition to go and see these beauties of nature for myself.

The fates seemed against me however till last summer, when after due preparation, one lovely July morning four of us started out on horseback, fully equipped for any adventure and with plenty of plates for our cameras, to be sure of bringing back a photo of the falls.

Leaving New Denver about eight o'clock we took the trail along the shore, to Roseberry at which point Wilson Creek empties into Slocan lake. Artists are enraptured with the view to be seen from this trail, but we hardly paused to look at it, so eager were we to get on to the falls.

At Roseberry we left the lake shore turned up Wilson Creek following the Government trail for a distance of ten or eleven miles, paying but scant attention to our surroundings and pushing on with all possible speed. Arriving in due time at Frying Pan Camp we called a halt, and as it was long past the noon hour we heartily enjoyed the lunch we had brought along, washed down with copious draughts of "Prospector's Tea", which is not supposed worth considering unless strong enough to almost float an iron wedge.

Having secured the horses, to prevent their returning without us, we set out to try and reach the falls that afternoon.

One of the party, who had so been the guide and who also carried the rifle that was to protect us in case we stumbled on a bear, showed us an old trail leading down to the creek and off we set on what we thought was a short cut.

Every few minutes George would shout, "Here you fellows make more noise, we don't want to run foul of a bear." Although his anxiety amused us we followed his instructions and made the woods ring with our shouts — we had not lost any bear either.

Before long we reached the creek and started up the long bank, but as often happens "the shortest way home is the longest way round" and we soon found ourselves endeavoring to force our way through a dense thicket but not accomplishing very much. The ground was covered with pine needles and we found the walking very tiresome, every other minute one or other of us would slip and come down on our knees but not to perform our devotions. We also found that the pine needles had a bad habit of dropping down the back of our necks, till we soon felt as though clothed in downy garments of porcupine quills.

Then some one said he was thirsty, and lo, we were all thirsty, and rash offers of from two bits to twenty dollars were made for a drink of water.

No one appeared to take us up though and so on we struggled.

After two or three hours of this we suddenly found ourselves back on the trail barely a mile from camp. All the time we could hear the roar of the falls as though defying us to reach them, and perforce as the hour was late we had to give up for that day, return to camp and

prepare for an early start next morning.

After supper we set up our tent and dusk found us going to bed, but hardly to sleep.

George had said that there were more porcupines around there than hair on a dog so everything must be hung up in the tent. When this was done we found had barely room to squeeze in ourselves and no room whatever to turn around.

However we crawled in and covered up for a good night's rest. Vain delusion—Four crowded into a small tent on a July night,

meant warmth and all too soon we began to realize that we were in a first cousin to a Turkish bath! Then, slap from George, slap from Jack, muttered expostulations from Fred, and with one accord we all consigned some invisible torment to perdition. This proved to be a species of gnat that divided its attentions impartially between the horses and us. With all this we were so annoyed that sleep was out of the question and the first streak of dawn found us



WILSON CREEK FALLS.

crawling out and preparing breakfast.

As soon as possible we were off again and distaining short cuts and easy roads we chose the stiff but direct climb down the mountain side to the foot of the falls-



ON THE TRAIL

As we got along we were delighted to find that the difficulties were more imaginary than real, and an hour's hard work brought us to our goal, where we stood in awe and admiration before one

of the grandest sights in the country.

Wilson Creek was full to the banks, the summer freshet being on, and this great volume of water, coming from regions beyond unknown to us, dashed first over some rapids into a huge pot and then raging round plunged out over a straight drop of at least seventy-five feet, driving a huge column of spray down the creek which would very shortly have soaked us to the skin had we not sought shelter beneath the rocks at one side.

Gazing in delight and wonderment at this magnificent spectacle, we felt amply repaid for our trip and agree that British Columbia contained no grander view than that before us. Soon the camera was placed to take the picture, but to our disgust we found that the sun's rays would not strike down there for a long time, so for three hours we waited on his majesty and shivering by wished we had brought our coats along.

Our patience was at last rewarded and some photos were taken which turned out all right and which are here reproduced.

They give but a very poor idea of the beauty and grandeur of the scene, which must be seen to be fully appreciated.

Having accomplished our purpose we returned to camp and after dinner started for home. That evening we arrived safely in New Denver well pleased with our visit to Wilson Creek Falls.

A curious question in Forestry has arisen in the States and is dealt with in one of those informius pamphlets published by the Forest Science of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. It is entitled "Production of Red Cedar for Pencil Wood" and is written by Mr. L. L. White, forest assistant. From it we learn that no less than three hundred and fifteen millions of pencils are manufactured in the States each year and the industry

is still growing. To make these pencils 300 tons or 20,000 cubic feet of wood is required every day of the year. The whole industry appears to depend upon red cedar, and it is said that some of the mills now in operation must close down within a dozen years for want of material so reckless has been the destruction of the trees and so shortsighted those in control of operations.

An Imaginary Fishing Trip.

BY O. E. MOREHOUSE, M. D.

"Breathes here a man with soul so dead,
Who never to his neighbor said,
While in conflag close together—
"Now isn't this fine fishing weather?"

EVER since I was able to stand on the banks of beautiful Keswick and hold angleworms for my father to catch a mess of trout for our supper—ever since I was allowed to take a bent pin fastened to the end of a piece of wrapping twine and go down to the frog-pond to catch mud chubs from two to five inches long—ever since I 'got growed up' and could own a fishing tackle of my own and take my place with the boys and later with the men—ever since these epochs in my life's history has it been my good fortune as the years roll by to go out and spend a few days fishing—that most delightful of all pastimes and sports.

Just as regularly as 'the Spring time comes gentle Annie' have I been seized with that uncontrollable and unconquerable desire to leave the haunts of men and go out and commune with Nature for a time and incidentally catch a few fish.

And what more health-giving exercise is there? What will invigorate a man's flagging energies so quickly and so thoroughly as a few days spent beside some babbling brook or lazily floating on the bosom of some placid lake that is filled with trout that are only waiting for us to come and take them?

Think of the sweet and refreshing slumber one obtains while lying in a tent, made more gratifying when we know that we will be awakened in the morning by the sweetest of all music—the singing of the birds, the like of which no denizen of the great cities ever heard. And the man who never heard this music is indeed to be pitied because he does not know the call of Nature and has never heard or seen the pleasures she has in store for him—ready if he would but go, to see and hear.

The past winter was particularly hard

and trying as besides the unusual amount of work that I was called upon to do the weather was very inclement and this with the terrible condition of the roads made me almost a physical wreck; while with listening to the constant complaining of my patients who were really ill, and worst of all to the everlasting refrain of those who thought they were ill but who were not, my nervous system had become so tangled up that I found myself bordering on hysteria.

I recognized that there was only one cure and that was to get out into the woods and go fishing for a time.

The season being far advanced those who had gone with me in other years had all been and had their day, thus leaving me alone but still undaunted, and so I informed my wife that I was determined to go even if it was necessary for me to do so without a companion to share my joys and sorrows. She proceeded to veto my proposition conjuring up all manner of imaginary dangers that were lurking for me in the wilderness—I should be killed on the way in, I possibly might fall off the bank of the stream and thus furnish bait for the fishes, or get drowned in the lake, until finally I was forced to give in and go to bed in no enviable frame of mind.

I soon sank into a troubled sleep where I saw myself on the banks of one of the most beautiful streams ever beheld by mortal man, every bend of which formed the most perfect pool imaginable which seemed to be filled with trout of all sizes and they seemed to be beckoning to me to come on and take them. I saw myself scooping them out with the landing net and piling them on the shore but the pile got so bigger. I saw myself standing on the top of a high rock overlooking the largest of all the pools,

and as I gazed into its liquid depths I suddenly saw the waters part and a trout of monstrous proportions come to the surface, and giving me a wink continued to come on and on until he passed me in the air and as he turned to go back he hit me a resounding slap in the face with his tail which knocked me off the rock and I fell — down — down — bringing up with a

crash on my bedroom floor which instantly awoke me as it did also my wife who asked me if I had indeed gone crazy.

I stood for a moment considering the matter until finally I satisfied myself that perhaps she was right, so I crawled back into bed and was soon sleeping the sleep of the just, awaking next morning thoroughly cured. And thus ended my fishing trip for the season.

The Delights of Fishing in the Kootenay, B. C.

IT has been told so often that it has almost attained to the dignity of history—the story of the Oregon Treaty by which Canada and the Empire lost an immense tract of fertile land of varied resources, comprising the present American States of Washington and Oregon. The story is that the tract in question was light-heartedly given away by the British Commissioners because one of them learned that it was valueless, his authority being his brother, a young lord fond of sport, who was disgusted because the salmon at the mouth of the Columbia would not rise to his fly.

What a thousand pities that the young lord's fateful venture was not made on the Columbia's noble tributary, the Kootenay; Canada would have been richer by a magnificent province, and even he would have had a fine day's sport. Many a disciple of Walton from far remote lands has cast his fly on the waters of Kootenay Lake and River and none have yet recorded complaints of poor sport and some of the visitors have been fastidious. The delight of the jaded city dweller, whose opportunities are too few to allow him to acquire skill or even patience, is pleasant to behold, but it is not equal, as a testimonial to the Kootenay's finny champions, to the guarded admissions of those who have revelled in the delights of the lakes and rivers of Ontario, Quebec and New Brunswick, much less to the surprised pleasure of those whose love has been gained over the shaded pools of English streams, and the encomiums on the Kootenay have

been uttered or penned by representatives of all these.

Every point on the lake and river has its own band of champions. The mouth of every stream that empties into the main lake is acclaimed by some as par excellence the favorite home of the trout. On the river, the Narrows at Proctor and the big pool a few miles below the great Bonnington Falls are admitted by the experts to be the best sport. But beauties have been landed in many other places. Indians and Chinamen, who have no time for long excursions, catch them off the wharves of Nelson.

With the large and rapidly growing community inhabiting the orchard homes on the shores of the West Arm the favorite method of travel—except for business trips to the city for which, of course, the ubiquitous launch is used—is by boat or canoe. During the fishing season, which covers the Spring, Summer and part of Autumn, any one in a small boat puts out a trolling line as a matter of course, and considers himself aggrieved if at the end of his voyage, however short, he has not landed at least a few.

Every genuine Kootenain is a true sportsman and would disdain not only the flagrant offence of fishing out of season or with nets, but even such violation of the real angler's code of honor as is involved in the use of any other lure than a fly. Of varieties of flies requisite for the fullest measure of success there is—as “of the making of many books”—no end. No man can seriously pretend to know what fly, or even the member of

which species of fly, the trout may favor on a given day. It depends upon the season, the hour, the weather, the stage and state of the water, and even, some devotees declare, on the idiosyncracies of individual trout. But the experiment is part of the game and no man really imbued with the spirit of Isaac Walton will grudge his friend, the trout, the gratification of his most discriminating taste in form and color.

The favorite trophy of every Kootenay fisherman is the Rainbow Trout, which has no rival as a beauty and very few as a combatant. To have landed a genuine Rainbow of the first class is sufficient title to be enrolled among the select. So eagerly is the honor coveted that many a debate has been waged, worthy from its earnestness and eloquence of any parliament on earth, to win recognition as a Rainbow for member of some "lesser" breed" and indeed, there is often room for debate, for the Great Lake Trout—the *Salmo Kootenaiensis*—so nearly resembles the Rainbow that often only the most erudite in such matters can distinguish. The Great Lake Trout, often called the Salmon trout, is often as beautifully marked as its more highly esteemed cousin, but it attains greater proportions, also differs slightly in the form and marking of the fins. The char also attains to great size and occasionally gives the fisherman all the contest he desires before he is finally landed and subdued.

That the Kootenay's unrivalled attractions in respect to its fishing is fully appreciated by those fortunate enough to live on or near its shores, is fully attested not only by the numbers who take advantage of every leisure hour, but perhaps even more by the fact that very few care to go away for the summer. Those whose annual vacation must perforce be taken during the fishing season seldom care for any longer journey than a few miles along lake or river to a summer cottage or tent. The days are spent on the water in the never ending trial of wit against the alluring and elusive trout, their nights floating on moonlit waters or round the sociable and cheerful camp fire in the loveliest surroundings on earth.

The degree to which this devotion is sometimes carried may be illustrated by a

reminiscence. Some years ago, a good many years ago as time is reckoned in a new country, before fruit growing as an industry was thought of, while lumber markets were glutted, in the West at least, and when declining prices of metals and labor troubles had combined to restrict mining operations, Kootenay experienced a few comparatively dull years. A young professional man in Nelson was complaining of the depression and expressing grave doubts as to the probability of any early revival. A friend suggested the expediency of removing to some more promising field. The answer came without hesitation; "But where else would I get such fishing?" and he remained in spite of depression.

Nor is the resident Kootenaiian alone in his zeal. The visitor who has heard of the glories of the sport and once tasted of the reality, is as keen as the native or the "old-timer." No weather daunts him, and even impending danger will not always compel him to admit defeat.

A visitor from Denver recently ventured out into the main Kootenay Lake in a small boat trolling, accompanied by a citizen of Nelson. When they were about a mile from the Proctor light house he felt a tug on his line and began hauling in. The fish showed fight and a few minutes of splendid sport followed. Human ingenuity and endurance were gradually winning, the fish was nearly landed when in excess of zeal the man from Denver leaned too far over the side, the boat was overturned and both occupants, fully dressed, were in deep water. They managed to clamber upon the upturned boat, one at each end, soon other small boats came to their assistance. But none were very near and after they were secured it was a slow process towing their boat broadside to the shore. When, after nearly an hour's partial immersion, suffered almost in silence, they were near land, the Nelson man turned to his companion and asked: "Well, old man, how do you feel?" Through chattering teeth came the reply: "All right, and I've got the fish"—and he had. It was a five pound char. As he went overboard the line had become tangled round his leg, and the fish had been towed to shore in the wake of the shipwrecked fishermen!

But such accidents are of very rare occurrence. The Kootenay, like most other rivers of its character, has taken its toll of human lives, but a surprisingly small proportion of the recorded fatalities have claimed fishermen as their victims. There are places, however, on the edge of the swift water both above and below the several falls in Kootenay River where there is danger for the inexperienced. To many such places are the most attractive of all and the sport they afford and the prospect of success are at least equal to any other, but they should be essayed only by skilled boatmen who have some knowledge of the currents and eddies.

The fishing season in Kootenay begins the twenty-fifth of March. At that time of year winter is not quite over. Even on the lower hills snow is still lying as a rule. It is not an uncommon sight to see on an early morning train from Nelson to Slocan Junction parties around with fishing rods and rifles, and all clad in winter garb, the first to fish the big pool, the latter to ascend the hills in quest of mountain goat.

Kootenaians have hardly realized as yet that the fishing in which they all delight would, if known to the outside world, attract thousands of holiday tourists and sportsmen looking for new spheres and new forms of sport. Fishermen as a rule are not prone to advertise that they have discovered the finest pools. They may occasionally invite a friend but not the world at large. But the citizens of Nelson and other cities of Kootenay are gradually becoming impressed by the enthusiastic praises of occasional visitors, especially American business men, who, having once enjoyed the experience, have declared that hereafter at least a week of Kootenay fishing will form one feature of their year's programme. And, indeed, there are many who have come regularly for several years past and on whom the pleasure never palls. Even if the duty of advertising Kootenay's attractions to the angler were left to these alone, its fame must slowly travel everywhere, for these men are as proud of having discovered a new pleasure ground as they would be of discovering a new star or comet.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the possibilities of Kootenay as a re-

sort for fishermen have been discovered by outsiders. Local residents appreciated and took full advantage of them but were content to enjoy them in silence, without summoning all other fellow-anglers to share their sport. Such reticence was not the outcome of any selfish purpose of keeping all the pleasure for those on the ground. Indeed there is no need and no justification for any attempt to exclude others. The lakes of Kootenay, all the large lakes at least, are very deep. It is suspected by many authorities, familiar with the habits of fish of all varieties in many parts of the world, that the largest fish rarely come to the surface at all, and that, barring the use of dynamite and of deep fishing with nets, the supply of fish in the waters of Kootenay is practically incapable of depletion.

An old fisherman who has beaten the waters of Kootenay lake and river regularly for the last ten years, and a thorough sportsman, was lately asked his opinion of fishing in Kootenay as compared with other places, from the sportsman's point of view. His answer is interesting: "I never tell any one how many fish he can catch in a day, partly because I can't tell, nobody can, but chiefly because to a true sportsman that is not the point. I never advise the man who goes fishing with the object of filling a large basket, unless of course, he is a professional making his living by it. There is never a scarcity of fish here, except occasionally for a day or two at a time. Under normal conditions even a rank novice is fairly sure of some measure of success. But for the fisherman, the man who is looking not for a bag but for sport, I don't know anything better. I have fished a good many streams in Canada, east and west, and I have had more real enjoyment wrestling with the trout in these lakes and pools than I have had with fish anywhere else."

Traffic on Kootenay Lake is steadily increasing. Three steamers leave, and return to Nelson, daily, traversing the West Arm and different parts of the main lake. The flotilla of launches, the "mosquito fleet" as it is called, is the largest in the Province, and of rowboats and canoes the number is legion. It has been remarked by visitors times without number that there is no other city on the con-

continent, probably in the world, whose people so generally avail themselves of the advantages of the body of water on whose shore the city lies. But all this traffic, even when it is multiplied twenty-fold, as it is certain to be within less than twenty years, will have no appreciable effect on the supply of fish in the lake and streams. Hundreds of rapid and almost inaccessible mountain brooks afford safe spawning grounds, while in the depths of the main lakes there is absolute immunity from human depredation. Down the river, below Nelson a succession of rapids and falls make the Kootenay unnavigable except for small boats and in the pools and eddies are the favorite haunts of the Rainbow Trout.

Not the least charm of fishing in the waters of Kootenay is its infinite variety. No amount of experience or degree of familiarity enables the fisherman to guess very nearly at what hour of any day the fish will prefer to feed or what delicacy they will fancy. To ensure a good day's sport and a reasonable certainty of at least enough luck to save him from disappointment and humiliation, the fisherman should set out at dawn on a summer's morning. It may be that the fickle trout will reward his self-denial. If not he still has a reward unknown to dwellers in cities or on the plains—the glory of sunrise on a mountain lake, with the ever changing hues as the rays strike distant snowy peaks and pine clad hill sides and at last the bosom of placid waters, while the fresh breeze of morning is sweetened with the fragrance of the pines. The warmer hours of morning, noon and early afternoon may be spent under the shadow of curving promontories without any relaxation of the vigilant look out for trout. The late afternoon and early evening each brings its special charm, and some-

time between dawn and sunset the trout must rise to feed, and then comes the angler's opportunity. If he has been both wise and fortunate in his selection of flies few of his casts will be unrewarded, and the fish that is most fastidious in his choice of fare will afford the rarest and keenest sport in his chase and capture. After such a day the fisherman returns to home or camp at peace with himself and the world and at rest in body and mind. If he be a stranger to the land he has found a new love and the recollection of a glorious day passed under changing but ever lovely skies amid the grandest and most beautifully varied scenery Canada has to offer, will be for him an abiding treasure in his memory.

It is the testimony not of Kootenaians, their minds are too full of present enjoyment to reflect on anything else, but of strangers whose ordinary days are spent amid the surroundings of large business centres, that as a means to recover vitality and freshness, to enjoy the pleasures of nature unalloyed, and to carry back to the daily toil an ever refreshing and vivifying memory, there is nothing attainable in the new world, requiring so little mental or physical effort as a trip to Nelson and a holiday with the trout of the glorious waters of Kootenay.

The waters of Kootenay are wide and deep, the people of Kootenay are hospitable and sociable as are all Westerners, and especially to those who know and honor the sportsman's code. There is room for all who love the open air, the mountain side, the lake and river. Nature has been generous, even prodigal, in her gifts. None are debarred but by their own will. There is opportunity for pleasure here for all, and Nelson and Kootenay extend a welcome.

A thrilling story comes from Michigan of the escape of a United States fishing tug captured by a Canadian Fisheries Officer. It appears that the tug, which is named the Roy, was first taken to the Manitoulin Island where the crew were placed under arrest. From that place the tug Endress towed the Roy intending to take her to Sault Ste. Marie. The

same night the Roy went aground on Fox Island Reef. All efforts to get her off failed and the Canadian tug left to secure further help. No sooner were the Americans alone than they went to work shifting ballast and succeeded in working the tug off the reef. They then started for American waters and after a stop at Detroit for coal and supplies went on to Alpena, Mich

A Successful Moose Hunt.

Hearing a Moose Fight.

BY ALVIN PHILLIPS.

IT was in August last that I received a letter from Mr. W.H. Templeton, of Warren, O., stating that my name had been recommended to him as a guide and he wished to arrange a moose hunting party to Canada in the fall. He had written in advance as he wished me to plan out his trip for him if I would do so. It did not take me long to figure out his requirements and I sent him the particulars, telling him the open season dates, the time for him to start and the place where I would meet him.

Having arranged these matters satisfactorily I left Dorset, Ont., a few days in advance in order to purchase supplies in North Bay and prepare everything that might assist to assure the success of the trip. Well loaded up

I took the Canadian Pacific west bound express to Metagama one hundred and seventy miles from North Bay. Here I left the train and made camp while waiting for Mr. Templeton to join me. I am glad to say he arrived on time and the morning after we broke camp. I loaded up my seventeen foot canvass covered canoe with our supplies and outfit until Mr. Templeton wondered where he was to get in. He was soon made acquainted with the means of answering that problem but when we were well off he

still said it was a mystery how it was done.

The day was grand and with everything in our favor we made considerable progress. About four o'clock in the afternoon we sighted a small bull moose feeding in the river. By going quietly we paddled within thirty feet of him before he noticed something strange about us and decided to clear out. He started

off at a walk and then not being quite sure, turned and had another look after which he made up his mind and went off for keeps. He was quite a young animal and so we allowed him to go without making the slightest attempt to stay his progress.

As we travelled along we saw plenty of signs of moose and heard them every night.

On the third day we saw a bull but did not get him. The following morning we saw another small yearling bull but passed him by.

In the evening we paddled down a small winding stream about three miles from camp. Here we listened for moose and presently heard a moose give a call. By the time we reached the spot where she was feeding in the river it was so dark we could not see to shoot. In a short time the cow called again and was answered by her mate, a big bull, with a



MR. TEMPLETON'S FIRST MOOSE.

Soft gentle grunt. We remained quite still and I was able to see the bull's antlers, the distance being not more than forty or fifty feet. Mr. Templeton could see nothing, not being used to the woods at night but to myself the outline of the animal and his horns were quite distinct.

The cow and calf were feeding on the grass and pond lillies and the bull stood guard over them, giving a grunt every five minutes and the cow repeating her call every quarter of an hour. We waited patiently for the best part of an hour and seeing that there was no chance of a shot at the bull we returned to camp hoping that the moose might remain near the river till the next morning. Just as we had arrived at this decision we heard another bull coming down the river very fast. He had heard the calling of the cow, and, grunting all the time, was making his way straight towards her.

We agreed to wait and hear, if we could not see, a fight between bull moose. By this time bull, cow and calf had all moved off about one hundred yards in the bush and on dry ground. There they waited till the other bull came up. Apparently the two bulls took their time and remained on guard so effectively that neither saw an opening. At last, and then quite suddenly, they came together like two freight cars with a crash that could be heard a couple of miles off. Mr. Templeton could scarcely conceive that such a noise could be made by moose. It is no use for me to try and describe all that we heard that night. Readers who have had no experience of the kind would certainly not believe me. I must say however that the fight went on in great shape until seven rounds had been fought out, there being only one minute between each of them. The last round was over in about thirty seconds and the big bull won. His success enabled him to keep his cow and the other bull went up the river again though not so fast as he came down, as he had clearly received more than he bargained for when he set off for that cow.

Mr. Templeton declared that to have heard such a fight was worth the whole trip to him even if he not did see another

moose. In the excitement of the fight we had forgotten ourselves and on its termination found that we were quite cold. This made us hurry back to camp where we speedily warmed up and retired.

Next morning we broke camp and on our way out we called at the scene of the fight. It was quite a sight to see how the small trees had been broken off while others had been torn up by the roots and the ground trampled and thrown up all over the place. There were no moose about and we went further on.

It was two nights later when, though only nine o'clock, we were in bed and asleep that we were awakened by the grunting of a bull moose and the rattling of his horns on the trees. From all we could hear it appeared clear that he was coming out to the lake shore close to our camp. We arose and decided that, as the moon was shining, we would have a look at him. He soon got our scent however and ran off.

The following morning we decided to have a hunt for him. With the exception of two hundred acres of green wood the rest was all burnt country. Travelling through the green wood against the wind we came on moose about two o'clock in the afternoon. The cow was first sighted as she walked slowly up some rising ground. Following her about fifty yards we saw her step out into a clear place where the bull was already standing, presenting a fine shot. Mr. Templeton with his 303 speedily brought him to the ground and finished him with a second shot.

Congratulations were in order as it was Mr. Templeton's first moose and he did the work as well as if he had been a veteran. On his part he told me he considered the trip a perfect success and he enjoyed every moment of it. I think he did for he showed it in many ways.

Two days later brought us back to the railway again and I recognized the deep feeling with which he took his last look at the moose country and gave me a hearty shake of the hand before taking his seat in the number two east bound train for home.

Protective Work in British Columbia.

PROTECTIVE work in British Columbia is entrusted to the Provincial Game and Forest Warden, an office ably filled by Mr. A. Bryan Williams, of Vancouver, whose third annual report was recently issued. Progress in the work has been the dominant note in each of the several reports and that at an increasing ratio. Consequently we are now told that "the majority of the intelligent thinkers in the Province are now well aware, or rapidly becoming so, that our game is an asset of such value that it is well worth the expenditure of a good deal of money." Surely this means much and it would be well if it could be said of every Province, even for those where protective work has gone on much longer than is the case with British Columbia.

For the last three years protective work in British Columbia, even though it has had such a remarkable effect as that noted above, has in Mr. William's opinion, "been more or less of an experiment and conducted somewhat on amateur lines. Probably it was wise to experiment at first, but this stage is now past." What would other countries do if they possessed the natural assets of British Columbia? There is no need to look far for an answer. The people of the United States, after their past experiences, would spend millions upon it, and the Province should at least spend thousands in the perpetuation of its big game. In other countries experience has shown that half hearted steps are of little use. The work, if it is to be done at all, should be properly done, and as to its necessity there can no longer be two opinions. In the United States and in South Africa, destruction has gone so far that the governments are spending large sums in the effort to save what is left. In British Columbia there is still a splendid stock of all species of game animals and birds though their numbers in some districts are sadly reduced.

Satisfactory results have been proved even from a small expenditure. "Where the two or three game wardens under salary have carried on an active patrol of

their districts a marked improvement has been effected and for the expenditure of a couple of thousand dollars it is probable that the Province has a good many thousand dollars worth more game than it would otherwise have had." Mr. Williams strongly urges the necessity of permanent game wardens under salary. "The Deputy Game Wardens not under salary are, in most cases, useless, and in some cases worse than useless." A few, however proved themselves active and of practical value. The effort to secure efficient service from the Fire Wardens in the additional capacity of Game Wardens proved a regrettable failure. As Game Wardens they were under nobody's authority—and probably this is the reason for the failure. If tried under proper conditions this policy which has been advocated in more than one province, should prove successful.

Mr. Williams advocates the reconstruction of the game laws of British Columbia. "Their intention is good in the main, but they have been amended so often that many of the clauses contradict one another; they are almost unintelligible to the ordinary man, while to enforce them actually as they read would be an absurdity. This is pretty strong criticism and no doubt might be held to apply to other Provinces as well.

While there are no complaints against the Magistrates in this report the same cannot be said of the local justices. Some of them, we are told, displayed a distinct unwillingness to issue summonses, and that acquittals would follow was a foregone conclusion. Such light fines were imposed that they were simply an encouragement to offenders. "Such a state of affairs is most discouraging to an officer, as the difficulty of obtaining evidence is great, and when it is obtained the fine should be sufficient to be felt."

After noting the value of the extra assistance given in the Warden's office, Mr. Williams summarises the position in this way: "We have made some advance in enforcing our laws in one or two districts; we have proved that satisfactory results can be obtained, at any rate with

our big game, at a small expenditure, and that some good has been effected with our small game; the people have become much more educated to the value of the game, have seen sure results from the employment of salaried Game Wardens and are making no uncertain demands for advance of a substantial character. Now the population of the country is increasing so rapidly that it is impossible for any advance to be made without the expenditure of a good deal of money, and in consequence the question as to whether it is worth the expenditure or not must be seriously considered. If the game is not worth what it is generally thought to be, then let us drop it altogether and let every man get what he can while it lasts. If it is the value to this country it has been absolutely proved to be to other countries, then let us take up its protection in a proper manner." Mr. Williams estimates that at the present time visiting sportsmen leave \$150,000 in the Province annually and with proper protection this amount will be increased ten times as well as leaving "sufficient game for our own people and a substantial legacy for those that come after us." He thinks that the expenditure of \$25,000 per annum for protection would place the department on a proper footing.

Respect for the game laws is "infinitely greater than it was by both the Indians and the whites," though this is not the case with regard to foreigners "most of whom will kill any kind of game whenever they think they can do so without fear of being caught."

The conditions on the Coast are described as deplorable, and Vancouver Island especially needs more strenuous action. The incursions from the States and the loophole afforded by the use of the miner's license are noted while it is stated that "every section of the Act that can be broken has been broken"

Indian raids from Alberta have been stopped and the conduct of the Kootenay Indians greatly improved. In the Kootenays with the expenditure of a little more money, and the establishment of a Provincial Game Preserve "matters will be on a fairly good footing and there will be every reason to hope for such an in-

crease of game that the district will once more regain its reputation of being one of the finest game countries on the continent."

Lillooet still improves. Reports from the caribou country of Chilcote, the Yellowhead Pass and the Cassiar district describe slaughter in each of them, and particularly in Cassiar are the services of a good live Deputy required. Non-residents have had their trophies checked and licenses examined, though many who were hunting on the coast, principally an undesirable class, evaded the license. There were thirty-six convictions with seven hundred and forty-one dollars collected in fines and nine acquittals.

It was estimated that the number of people visiting the Province for either fishing or shooting during the season came to one hundred and ninety-two. Of this number eighty-six took out big game licenses, seventy-six took out small game licenses, about fifteen fished and the remainder were hunting bears either in the spring or fall. While the amount of money left in the country by those who visited it for bird shooting was not appreciable, that left by the remaining one hundred and four must have been a very considerable sum. Not only had money been spent by these people on sport but several of them have made heavy investments. The revenues collected from licenses amounted to four thousand six hundred and seventy-five dollars—a considerable increase on the previous year. These fees would have been considerably augmented but for evasions under the miner's licenses and the place of residence. In the opinion of Mr. Williams the increase of the non-resident big game license fee to one hundred dollars would only be reasonable for the amount of sport British Columbia can offer, and with better protection, one hundred and fifty dollars would not be excessive. With the licence fee at one hundred dollars sufficient revenue would soon be obtained to put big game protection on a fairly good footing. In support of his position with regard to the license he mentions that in the Cassiar district there were twenty-seven non-residents hunting and the bag made by

twenty-four of these people amounted to seventeen moose, fifty-six caribou, fifty-two sheep, thirty-four goats, six grizzly bears, and seven black bears averaging seven decimal five animals to each person who actually shot.

The five dollar non-resident bird license is stated to have given considerable trouble by reason of persons crossing from the States and shooting all kinds of birds, even domestic fowls; recrossing the border before they can be stopped. Under the circumstances Mr. Williams advocates the restriction of this license to British subjects whose residence is either in England or some other Province of Canada.

Quotations are given from letters received from a number of non-resident sportsmen visiting the Province as well as from the reports of several deputy wardens, and all are in line for efficient protection.

While the differences in the question of a gun license are admitted a license of ten dollars or fifteen dollars for Asiatics, even if they were not prohibited from shooting altogether, is pressed upon the attention of the government. It is stated that these people kill all they can without regard to species or seasons and catching them is a matter of great difficulty.

Naturally Mr. Williams dwells with satisfaction upon the results of three years' protection. He believes the conditions at the present time would have been almost impossible of amendment had not the Government taken steps for protection when they did. Now prospects are bright and with more work in the right direction will steadily improve.

The first Game Reserve has been set aside and by Order-in-Council a close season on all birds and animals within the area declared for the next ten years. The Reserve is, roughly speaking, twenty miles long by fifteen wide. Though it has not a winter range the animals only leave it during the close season, and therefore the absence of such a range is not a great drawback.

Regret is expressed that the proposed reserves in the Kootenay and in Vancouver Island have not also been set

apart. Particularly is this the case in East Kootenay where, Mr. Williams thinks, there is a chance for the finest reserve in the whole Province, easily accessible to tourists and residents of the Province and therefore likely to prove a great attraction.

Considerable attention is given to the destruction of game by wolves. In the north of Vancouver Island such destruction is said to be going on at a "fearful rate." Poisoning seems to be the only effective method of thinning them out, and it is doubtful, even with the increased bounty from two dollars and fifty cents to five dollars per head, "if a man could make any sort of wages at it." Distributing poison free of charge amongst reliable timber cruisers and prospectors is suggested. "The experience of the United States in the matter of noxious animals seems to be that the only way any substantial results can be obtained is by the employment of experienced men to put out poison and track the animals during the breeding season."

Most interesting is it to hear that the Indians in the southern portion of the Province "are becoming aware that the game needs looking after, and a few of them are even aiding in its preservation." It is a pity the same cannot be said of the north but unless grossly libelled the Indians of that region are great destroyers of the game notwithstanding that they are the best off of any Indians in the Province.

The concluding portion of the report is devoted to birds. The European partridges set out appear to be doing well. Pheasant shooting on the mainland is said to have been a complete failure, the reason being that greater numbers need to be imported and turned down in the spring. In addition the very old cock pheasants should be killed off. The engagement of a really reliable man, who understands what he is doing, is advocated for this purpose.

Ducks are decreasing in numbers and snipe were scarce though geese were fair. Reports of black game are encouraging as are also those of the capercaillie. The prospects for quail are generally speaking fair, though the severe winter told hardly upon them in several parts of the Province.

Big Game Conditions in New Brunswick.

Views of a Veteran Guide.

BY ADAM MOORE.

THERE is one subject upon which sportsmen never tire—big game, their haunts and habits, and the present and future supply. All sportsmen, and many who are not sportsmen, are deeply interested in these matters and as often as they meet together some phases of these things are certain to be brought under discussion.

Now, although I have made a study of these things for many years and have in that time learned a good deal about them, I know full well that there is much I haven't learned. However by keeping steadily at it I pick up some new points every season—points that are useful in teaching me where to look for game under different conditions, and how best to approach it when found.

Amongst the guides of New Brunswick are to be found many fine intelligent men who made a life study of their calling and who are full of information thereon. They could, if they would, tell of many interesting things they have seen, and if they did there would, be surprises for many sportsmen. They are not however easily made to talk and they think the more in consequence.

Nothing is more amusing to a guide than to hear a man who has been in the woods after big game for a month telling his experiences with a "know it all" air. He thinks he knows all there is worth knowing but if that same individual would spend a month each season for five more seasons hunting big game at different seasons, in different weather under many changed conditions, he would by the end of that time, have learned enough to know that there was much more for him to learn and that he knew comparatively little.

As the moose is the largest and most important of our big game animals some experiences and conclusions I have arrived at with regard to moose may be interesting to readers.

All observant guides and woodsmen

know that moose are increasing fast in New Brunswick. For all that there are many men who will report that on a canoe trip they have seen dozens of cows, only a few bulls and no calves. The conclusion they come to as a result of their observations is that a close season should be put on bulls for a few years and the settlers be allowed to kill the cows for their meat.

This is the worst kind of ignorance and simply demonstrates how little they know of the habits of the animals they talk so confidently about. Why they see the cows in the water in daylight without calves is because the calves stay with the cows very little, and the bulls don't come out in the open water much in daylight.

Anyone, however, who will take the trouble to go out in a canoe in the middle of the night to where the moose feeds would be surprised at the number of big bulls they would see. If they selected any night through June, July or August they would be sure to have such an experience as I have described. In the northern half of New Brunswick there are comparatively few lakes and the moose have increased to such an extent that they have practically eaten the whole of the feed out of these lakes. Now they don't feed so much in the lakes as they did formerly for the very good reason that there is not so much to feed upon. In most of these lakes the lily pads are all gone, the leaves and roots having been completely cleaned out by the moose. There are likewise no black ducks or muskrats on these lakes, the moose having eaten up their feed.

Two years ago on the Little Pictou Lake there was a bed of rushes so thick that a canoe could not be got through them. My home camp was immediately opposite and about one hundred yards distant. It was quite a common thing, about dusk every evening, in the months

of June and July to see a drove of from six to twelve moose feeding in this marsh and moose were in full sight all the time.

At present there is not a single rush left, not a single root or green thing and there were about thirty acres of marsh. This is only one of hundreds of just such places.

The moose in the country are more plentiful than ever but they feed in the thickets. The whole country is a mat of moose food and that accounts for their increase. They are not, however, seen so much as they have been owing to the fact that they do not feed so much in the open and for that reason merely superficial observers think moose have been decreasing.

Moose like to wade and play in the mud and water and they do this whether there is feed or not. It is generally supposed that they go into the water to get away from the flies; perhaps they do, but I doubt it. I know that many people will not agree with me on this point, but I ask them not to jump on me too hard till they have studied the moose a little as I have done. The fly reason has been taken too much for granted and people have not looked for any other.

In the southern part of the Province where there were no moose for a great many years they are now becoming plentiful. There are many lakes larger and small full of lilies and other food that the moose like best and as a result they seem to drift from the north to the south. Once there they stay, apparently because they get better food. In my opinion the young bulls seem to drift more than the others—at least there is a larger proportion of young bulls in the south to those present in the north. The increase in the number of bulls killed in the north is not twenty-five per cent, in the south the increase in the numbers killed is fully double.

When I was at the Sportsmen's Show at Boston last spring I heard several of the Maine guides claiming that they had the best moose country in Maine because they hunted near the boundary and the moose drifted over to them from New Brunswick. I know there is a lot

of truth in these statements. The moose of New Brunswick do drift into Maine in large numbers and most of them are small bulls.

I have two hunting grounds and two sets of camps—one in the northern portion of the Province on the headwaters of the Little Tobique; the other south of the St. John River on the Magaguadavic Lakes and am therefore conversant with hunting conditions in both portions of New Brunswick. Around the southern camps there was not a moose ten years ago, there are plenty of them to be found there now.

Last winter was a very cold and long one and Spring was late. I was on the upper Tobique and on May the fifteenth moose couldn't travel in the woods for snow, while in the southern portions of the Province they could get around nicely a month earlier. The moose in the north had a hard time of it; they became very thin and many of them had not shed their hair in June—in fact I saw several as late as July tenth that had not shed their hair. Quite a number, however, wintered on the shores of lakes and streams where the water had over flown and frozen and made the travelling good for them. Those came through all right; they had plenty of feed and shed their hair early while the bulls had good horns. While the moose in the north averaged smaller than usual—just as we all expected, Dr. Munroe, of Providence, R. I. shot one on the headwaters of the Nipisiquit River with antlers having a spread of sixty-eight and a quarter inches, making a record for New Brunswick, the previous record being sixty-seven and a half. There were several other large heads taken last season, the majority of them in the south.

For the first half of July last summer, I was on the upper Tobique with that celebrated photographer of live animals, Mr. George Shiras of Pittsburg. This gentlemen had the best outfit of cameras and knew better how to use them than any photographer I have had the pleasure of accompanying to the woods, and I have been with several good ones. There was no trouble in getting photographs of moose in all kinds of positions,

both in daylight and with flashlight. By means of a jack light we could find a big bull in a few minutes any night and also by means of the same light we could see how far they were off and make allowance accordingly.

We were only away from the railroad about two weeks and used in that time over seventy plates, nearly all of them on moose. The trip was the most exciting one in which I ever took part and I consider that it beat hunting with a rifle to a standstill. Twice after the flash was fired the moose tried to get into the canoe. The animals were blinded by the flash and could not see us; while I was blinded in the same way and could not see them. Once we had the canoe half filled with water and some plates spoiled but no one was hurt. Finding what made them come towards the canoe we refrained from doing it again and had no more trouble.

By means of the jacklight we could go just as close as we wanted. If they were standing facing us they would jump back, when they jumped at all though they seldom jumped when in that position. If however they were standing headed away from us and close to the bushes on the shore they would invariably jump back from the flash on the bushes and being blinded they might strike the canoe. It is my belief that they will never charge a light or a canoe when they can see the canoe. I don't believe a moose will charge a man anyway, wounded or not and I have no fear of them whatever.

Last fall one of the sportsmen whom I was guiding shot a big bull in a mud-hole. The animal was shot through the lungs and I saw he was done for though he still stood up. I asked the sportsmen to loan me his rifle and when he did so I got a club and went down the hole, drove the bull out about one hundred and fifty yards to a nice grassy place and killed him there, having a nice clean place on which to skin him.

I have never seen a bull show any signs of charging, though I have seen three different young cows that would not get out of the way of the canoe and one of them did look ugly. The other two just looked as though paralyzed and we passed them so close that I could

have touched them with the paddle.

As to the reported shortages of bulls all I can say is that I have not seen a pond or hole of any kind where cows gather without finding plenty of bull signs by the first week in October. In every case can be found holes pounded in the ground, bushes broken by horns, small trees rubbed and signs that any novices may recognise to show that there are bulls everywhere. Most of these signs are made in the night but they are plain to be seen and no one with any knowledge of the woods should fail to recognize them.

Again many people, and some of them guides who should know better, think when they hear a cow making any kind of a noise that she is calling. This is very often not the case at all. Most of the calling heard where I hunt is made by cows when the bulls are with them. When travelling on the ridges I often see cows feeding in the water and the bulls standing on the shore watching them, or sometimes wading in the water with them. I have very seldom seen the bulls feeding in the water in the rutting season—they don't feed much in the water any way except in July—I mean good bulls, not spike horns.

There is one thing of which I am quite sure—there are more good bulls in this country than any one would think from what they see in the open. Bulls have the knack of keeping just out of sight though remaining where they can see and hear all that occurs in the open. Sometimes however they do appear foolish and will stand and gawk at a man standing in plain sight and close to them. Sometimes I have thought this foolish conduct occurred just after they had been in a fight and got badly used up. I have seen them after they have been badly battered by fighting and they must have been very sore and stiff. That is the time when they are slow to start—some of the times at least. They are great fighters often carry on the combat to the bitter end of one or both of those engaging in the battle.

A few years ago in an old beaver pond not far from my camps, the lumbermen found the bones of two very large moose. The horns were brought to my camp and

I made a careful examination of them. One set having a spread of fifty-five inches, was perfect; the other was badly gnawed by several animals and so, although large, were useless. I purchased the good set and gave them to a friend. No doubt those moose had fought to their death; they were not over twenty feet apart when found.

Another time when hunting on a line of ponds we found traces of two big bulls. These animals proved so cunning that we could not get a shot at them, although every morning we could see where they had been in the night. Very careful hunting was the policy we adopted as we knew we should get them some day unless we scared them. All at once they disappeared and we could find no signs of either of them or where they had gone.

It was a week or so later when a guide passing along an old tote road near these ponds had a sniff of carrion. This led him to the place where moose had been fighting and later to the moose themselves lying dead with their horns locked. Examination showed their necks to be broken. I also saw the place and the horns, the latter being very large and handsome. The scalps, however were spoiled. Such instances as I have quoted go to show that two large well matched moose will kill each other fighting.

In some parts of the Province, where the country is open with ponds marshes, bogs, barrens or burnt land moose can be called very successfully by a man who understands them. In heavily wooded country, where ponds and lakes are few and far apart, there are few that can be called into the open in daylight. If a bull is looking for a cow he may be called though he may not show himself. The trouble is that the big bull being able to beat off the other fellows is seldom without several cows and the result is that it is the smaller bull which is called. I don't believe there is any man who can call moose at any time, though a good caller can get most moose to come some times when things are favorable and the bull is looking for a cow.

Moose are increasing fast, I repeat, and there is no good reason why they should not. They are not killed off to any great extent except by man. The

bears kill a few small moose and the bob cats get a few calves, though these causes do not cut much ice.

Some cows are killed near the settlements and a few at some of the lumber camps. As a general rule however, the law regarding the protection of moose is very well observed, and there will never be enough killed by visiting sportsmen to affect the supply. With residents, however, it is very different. These may be in the woods winter and summer though I believe there are less moose killed out of season in New Brunswick than any other country in which moose are found.

We are hearing just now of an agitation set on foot for the purpose of allowing settlers to kill cow moose for their own meat on the ground that the cows are too plentiful and for that reason are deteriorating the breed. In my opinion the agitation is all wrong and is founded on a wrong basis. There are bulls for all the cows and some to spare and if we kill off the cows where is our future supply of bulls to come from?

If a stock breeder wished to increase his stock and could not buy what he wanted he would surely not kill off his cows in order to do it. Our woods are full of moose feed that is good for nothing else but feeding moose and we ought certainly to make the best use of this food. There is enough of it to feed ten times as many cows as there are now and if the present law is observed, as I trust it will be, there will in time—and no long time either—be that number found in the woods of New Brunswick.

Will you allow me to figure it out in my way as follows: say there are three hundred moose in the grounds on which I hunt. Half of these are breeding cows and the other half bulls and young moose. These one hundred and fifty cows will raise on an average one calf to each cow per year; most full grown cows have twins and very few have none. In the fall they will easily average one calf to each cow—one hundred and fifty calves, half being bulls. Half of these again will drift away from that particular part of the country leaving about thirty-seven bulls each year as an increase to the moose population. About one third this

number is killed each year — not wholly by sportsmen but let us say by men. I am giving figures that are on the safe side, stating bare facts as I know and believe them to be. Can any one doubt after this that the moose are increasing? Why should they not? They certainly are doing so and I believe all who know the situation in New Brunswick will agree with me.

The sentiment of the great majority of the people of New Brunswick is in favor of moose protection. They however wish to secure the benefits of such protection for themselves and not merely protect the moose for the Maine hunters. At present the protection given is sufficient and there is no reason to shorten the open season. Nowhere are moose better looked after than in New Brunswick and they are increasing faster in the Province in consequence of the care given them. They have fewer enemies in New Brunswick than elsewhere.

About seventy-five per cent of the non-resident sportsmen who visit New Brunswick in the open season get their moose. Can any other Province or State make such a statement with truth? I think not.

I have guided sportsmen who have

visited and hunted moose in other Provinces and States and they have all agreed that sport in New Brunswick, at least in moose hunting, surpassed all that they have experienced elsewhere.

Nearly all New Brunswick guides have their own territory over which they hunt and they hunt nowhere else, and no one else hunts in their special territory. In consequence of this division a sportsman can easily hunt here for a whole month and not see a human being outside his own party, or hear a shot other than his own. There are no shooting accidents in the Province and no visiting sportsman has been shot within its bounds. Last fall there was not a single shooting accident throughout New Brunswick.

Game is so plentiful in the Province that the sportsmen can not only wait to see if the animal has horns, but also wait to see if they are good horns before firing.

It is agreed by all sportsmen that the registered guides of New Brunswick work on principles unequalled by any organization of guides in America. Their laws are largely unwritten laws agreed to by themselves but maintained in all their fullness with more loyalty and consideration for that reason.

A Night With the Coons.

BY WILLIAM CARRELL.

AWAY back in the early seventies coons were very numerous in the neighborhood of the town of Picton, Ont., and had been raising Cain with the farmer's chickens and corn. A friend, who lived about two miles out of the town invited five chums to go out to his place some nice moonlight night and have an old fashioned coon hunt. As no guns were to be used, each of the boys provided himself with a good stout blue beech gad about three and a half feet long and about an inch in diameter and on a glorious night in the latter part of September, Pete, Lew, Will and Ben met at Billy's house ready to start on their much talked about hunt. Before we start let me in-

roduce your readers to the boys. Pete, Billy, Lew and Will are whole souled, jolly fellows and great lovers of sport, Ben only differs from the rest on account of his size and is called the fat boy of the family. He was snort and very broad across the shoulders and though weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred and twenty-five pounds was not corpulent, but very light and active on his feet and the best runner of the five for a short distance. All being ready Billy whistled for the dog which answered the signal at once. He was not much to look at, being just a plain dog, but he was all wool and a yard wide when it came to hunting ring tails. Away we went and

before the clock struck seven we were climbing the hill to the south of the town. It was an ideal night, not a breath of air stirring, and just a tinge of that crispness in it that denoted the coming fall. Everything seemed so quiet and still, bathed in the soft light of the moon which was just showing over the tops of the trees in Macaulay's bush. After crossing the Lover's Walk we arrived at the crest of the hill and looked back on the town. The lights in the houses appeared like fireflies in the distance and the people there were resting after their day's toil while we were tramping away into the night on a hunt after ring tails. We had started to climb a fence when Ben cried "Hold on ! listen" and the quivering call of the little screech owl was heard in the distance.

"I told you we would get some coons, didn't we hear that one whistle ? I'll bet they are making for the corn field. Did you hear that one ?"

Again the call was heard to be answered by a bird nearly overhead which was plainly seen by us all in the bright light of the moon. After roasting Ben for not knowing the difference between a coon and an owl we climbed the fence and cut through a corner of the bush and out again into a ploughed field.

When skirting along the edge of the woods the dog began to act strangely and kept whining and crowding close to us. Pete remarked to Billy "What's the matter with the dog?" As if in answer to his question an unearthly screech was heard in the bush. The dog in his fright started to run but got tangled up in Ben's legs and over they went. We all stood looking at each other when Ben, who was still sitting on the ground, looked up and said "Gosh, all hemlock, what was it ? Did you see it? It was about six feet long and went like a streak." None of us spoke for a long time though we felt that another salute like that would have stamped the whole bunch for home. However, it was not repeated and after a time we mustered up courage and started on again, being very careful to keep as far from the bush as possible.

The dog went on ahead and just after crossing a fence he started to give ton-

gue. As he struck across a meadow away he went with nose to the ground and tail in the air. Then back he came and a dark object was seen running along the top rail of the fence.

"A coon ! a coon !" and all thoughts of our recent fright were banished from our minds as away we dashed across the field to try and head off the coon which was fast making for the woods. It was a mad race, the boys shouting and the dog barking. The fat boy was running well and was nearly within striking distance. Before he could strike his wind gave out and he stopped short. While trying to get his breath he started to abuse the fleeing animal for not waiting for him.

"You measly thing," he said, "Why didn't you wait ? If you had waited just a minute I'd have broken your nose, but just wait until I get rested and I'll break your blame neck."

Pete, Billy and the dog succeeded in getting between the coon and the bush and turned him back towards Ben, who was still so busy talking to himself that he did not notice old ring tail until he was nearly passed him. All at once he saw him and away he went again. His efforts, however, were in vain, for after another short run his wind failed him again and he started to abuse the poor thing worse than ever. The old fellow paid no attention to him but kept on running and made straight for Lew and Will who had taken up positions on each side of the fence and were prepared to give the old fellow a warm reception.

However, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft aglee" and such was the case here. They both struck out viciously with their gads fully intending it to be the old ring tail's last run. The old fellow proved too cute for them, dropped to the ground and scurried across the corner of the field to the other fence as fast as his legs would carry him, arriving just in time to escape the jaws of the dog which was close at his heels. Along the top he went and as none of the boys were near enough to stop him he reached the woods in safety and there none of us were inclined to follow. Calling the dog we continued our journey, crossing a meadow and seating ourselves.

on the fence to rest. Ben started to tell us what a wonderful escape the coon had and said if he had waited just a minute he would have cooked his goose but he said the blame thing would not wait for him to get a good crack at him.

"Oh!" he said "if he was only coming along there now"—He swung his stick round but what he was going to say was never said for with a crash away went the rail we were sitting on and over we went into a patch of sheep burrs which are not very pleasant companions though they stick to a person closer than a brother. Fortunately none of the five were hurt in the tumble. Laughing and joking we scrambled to our feet when Pete observed to Ben. "It was a good thing for the coon he was not on the ground where you fell for there would not have been enough of him left to have carried home!" We were then nearing our friend's place and after crossing another field arrived at the house.

We soon had him and his dog out and made a start for a large corn field on his farm which is close to the bush and looked forward to lots of fun on our arrival at the field. We each took up a position which would prevent any coons which might happen to be in the field from reaching the bush. All being ready the dogs were loosed and away they went through the standing corn. Now they were giving tongue as they struck a fresh track. We were all excitement and watched anxiously for any of the coon family that might try to make the woods by the all rail route. None appeared and the dogs raised an awful row near the centre of the field in which a lone hickory tree stood. Pete, who was the nearest to them, started over to see what all the row was about and made nearly as much noise as the dogs, shouting for the rest to come on as he had all the coons in the bush up in the hickory. The rest of the crowd were not long in getting there and sure enough we counted five of the animals up among the branches from which we proceeded to dislodge them.

Will did the climbing and after getting up they handed him his stick. As he tried to shake and poke them out the coons moved away from him. When he

advanced two went out on the same branch which began to bend with their weight. The outer one seemed anxious to get back, but before he could accomplish his purpose a vigorous shake sent him tumbling to the ground where he was immediately tackled by the dogs and a battle royal ensued. A good poke with the stick dislodged the other and down he went through the branches landing square on Ben's back and rolling off right on top of the dogs. Proving to be an old dog coon it was an interesting fight and kept the dogs guessing until a well aimed blow from one of the gads ended his career. The dogs soon finished the other one. There were three clinging to the branches. A good shaking and poking soon put them on the ground but in the mix up two of them succeeded in reaching the fence and were speedily scurrying along the top rail to a place of safety in the bush. We left the dogs to finish the one on the ground and started off for the two on the fence.

Now started a race for life. The two ring tails were straining every nerve to reach the bush. We were not doing badly and we determined they should not escape if we could prevent it. Away we raced down the field bumping into the corn stalks and now and again taking a tumble as our toes caught in the roots of the corn. Laughing and shouting we eagerly tried to head off the fleeing animals. The dogs joined in the chase and we made an awful row. It was a wonder the coons did not die of fright. Terror seemed to add wings to their feet for they won out handily and made the woods first, with the dogs a good second, while the bunch made the also rans and we came up to the fence puffing, blowing and perspiring after our chase. The dogs kept right on and we heard them barking furiously a short distance away. On entering the bush we found they had taken a stand at the bottom of a large basswood which looked to be hollow. As we had no means of climbing it we were about to call off the dogs and quit when one of the boys proposed, as it was early and a nice night, we should get an axe and chop the tree down. No sooner was the proposition made than it was acted upon.

Our friend started off home and soon returned with the needed article but as it had not had an introduction to a grindstone for some time previously it was not in a condition to give a person a clean shave. A little thing like that did not bother us. We cleaned up a place and built on a good fire so we could see to chop, arranging that each of the boys should take his turn at the chopping. Will had just thrown off his coat to take the first crack at it when Ben, who was always hungry, said "If I had known you fellows were going to stay here all night I would have brought some grub with me!" Our friend then proposed that we leave the dogs to keep watch and go up to the house and have some supper. As none of the boys fell in with the idea he stated that if one of us would go with him he would bring something out to us and asked which we would prefer to drink, milk or cider. We all voted for cider and away he and Lew started.

Will went to work at the chopping, but the dull axe made it slow work and he had not made much of a showing when the two returned with a large basket filled with good things. Home made bread that would make you hungry to look at, fresh churned butter as yellow as gold and the taste of the country right in it, a nice comb of clover honey and last but not least two old fashioned pumpkin pies, and a large milk pail nearly full of good sweet cider—a feast for the gods. We were not long in putting the grub where it would do the most good, then filling our pipes we settled ourselves for a quiet smoke and had not been sitting long when Ben started to tell us about the thing that had scared us. We soon shut him up as none of us cared to talk about it in the gloom of the woods. Will resigned his position at the axe and the chopping went on merrily but slowly. All had taken their turn except our friend and it looked as if

we would have to give up the job as the moon was getting low. However, he said he would have a try at it anyway for luck. He had been chopping for some time and we were making up our minds to start for home when a shout from Lew "Look out! there she goes!" brought us all to our feet as with a crash the big tree tore its way through the others. It was hardly on the ground when we were among its branches eager to get at the coons all supposed were imprisoned inside. After quite a bit more chopping we at last made a couple of openings. Our friend put his hand in and when he withdrew it he exhibited to the astonished gaze of the rest not a coon but a dead red squirrel as a reward for our labor. It was comical to see the look of disgust on the faces of the rest at being fooled so badly. Ben burst out laughing and said "You're a nice bunch to take out coon hunting. Why any kid would know the difference between a coon and a red squirrel!" All joined in the laugh which followed. We realized that the ring tails had made their escape and there was no use of us staying any longer.

We started back for the coon field and after picking up our three coons and bidding our friend good bye we struck out for home and after getting on the road we started to talk of our night's experiences and fun and wondered what it was that had given that awful screech. We never found out and it remains a mystery to this day. Some people said it was a lynx and some said it was an owl but whatever it was none of us would have cared to have heard it again that night.

We trudged for home singing and joking and arrived in town just as the clock in the Methodist Church tower struck five, tired out and ready for bed but all saying it was the best night's fun they had ever had. So ended our night with the coons!



An Old Hunter's Reminiscences.

BY JAMES HAMMOND.

BORN in Ontario as long ago as July 13th, 1826, I have had much hunting and trapping and some curious adventures in the course of a long life. When I was nineteen years of age my family moved to Bristol, Que., and in 1854 I decided to visit the far famed Queen's Bush in Ontario of which we heard so much. Travelling was a difficult matter in those days, but I overcame all difficulties and reached my destination.

I was so satisfied with what I saw that I purchased two hundred acres in the township of Elma, near Listowel. After building a log shanty upon the place and making other preparations for occupation, I returned to Quebec to bring my wife and our belongings to our new home. At that time I had a brother who had only lately settled at Bristol and had just made a small clearing. A small field close to the woods had been planted with corn and one morning when looking over it we discovered that a bear had been there and done considerable damage. We then and there decided to stop his depredations.

Each of us had a strong muzzle loading shotgun and on our return home our first care was to see that they were in proper working order. Then we loaded for the bear, putting in a heavy charge of powder and two bullets, each weighing about an ounce, in each of the guns. At sundown we went to the corn patch and thinking he might not come for some little time we sat down to wait for him. The first time we rose and examined the corn we saw his Bearship standing broadside towards us looking our way. Fearing he might have business requiring his attention elsewhere in a hurry and not wishing to detain him, we both fired at once. He ran off and we looked at each other as though we thought both had missed. In a few moments we heard a groan and following the tracks we speedily discovered a dead bear. By dragging and carrying we got him to the

house and took off his pelt. When we came to examine it we found six holes in the hide. Three out of the four balls had gone clean through him and he did not suffer long.

In the course of my experience I have trapped seven other bears, three wolves, otter, beaver, fisher, mink, muskrat, foxes, marten, wolverine, wild cats, black squirrels, ground hogs, etc.

The task of removing my family and belongings from Bristol, Que. to Elma, Ont., was very slow work. First we travelled from Bristol to the Ottawa River by means of a team and then by boat to Aylmer. From that place we teamed again to Bytown from which we obtained a boat on the Rideau Canal landing us at Kingston. Another boat took us on to Hamilton. One team took us as far as Millbank, township of Normington, and a second on to our home at Elma.

In the course of my hunting experiences I was fortunate enough to shoot four deer with two shots. In the first case three deer were feeding together and as I was watching them two came into line and raised their heads together. At the same moment I fired shooting the first one through the head and breaking the neck of the second one. In that way I secured two with one shot. In the second case a bunch of seven or eight were going past me at a nice distance and without seeing me. I fired and in this instance the first dropped in its tracks and the second got off with a front leg broken. The ground being bare I was unable to follow its tracks.

Another peculiar thing happened in our hunting. One day I was out with a cousin, he being armed with a rifle and I having a shot-gunn. During the day we had a fair chance at a deer and both fired at it. My cousin hit and killed the one we fired at and we found that my bullet had struck a deer we had not seen at the time and broke both its hind legs.

The foregoing incidents are nothing

to boast of and all I claim is that I acted quickly when the chances came. A hunter cannot put the game in position and consequently when such opportunities

as I had come to him they are due to good fortune and no merit of his own. They are, however, incidents upon which all sportsmen love to dwell.

A Fight With a Porcupine.

BY ALEX. W. COOKE.

MY friend and I along with a number of other young lads were camping with the "Entomologists Society" of the Ontario Agricultural College in the woods in Muskoka. Our camp was situated on one of the legs of what is known as Leg Lake, which is about three miles from Gravenhurst, Ont.

The lake has three distinct legs each shaped like the leg of a man. We were camped on the shores of what would be the middle leg of the lake, the other two legs being separated from us by peninsulas. The incident I am about to relate occurred in the last week that we spent up there.

On a bright sunny day my friend and I decided to take a little row around the end of one of the peninsulas and explore one of the other legs. After rowing about two miles down the lake, we were rounding the end of the peninsula, or going through what is known as the Irish Channel (a narrow-strip of water which separates the peninsula from the mainland) when I happened to look towards one side of the Channel and beheld to my surprise some wild animal rapidly swimming towards the boat. Not knowing what it was and having left our rifles at camp, we began to paddle for all we were worth, and having only two light canoe paddles to send a large boat through the water, we did not make much progress.

The animal soon caught up with us and it was not until he had come quite close that we discovered it to be a very large porcupine. Seeing that we could not escape from it we allowed the animal

to come alongside the boat. It immediately began to climb in, and 'twas at this point that we thought it best to begin action.

We waited until it got its two front paws on the gunwhale of the boat and then we both struck at it with our paddles. This did not seem to have the desired effect as it continued to try and get into the boat so we hit it again, this time harder than before, and knocked it off into the water. It was not, however, to be beaten off easily and again it came at us biting and snarling savagely. We then saw that there were no other means to make it stop but death.

After fighting it about twenty minutes, in which time we had knocked it off the side of the boat several times, we finally decided to finish it. Bringing in our paddles which were by this time splintered and full of quills, above our heads we hit it for the last time, knocking it completely out. We had not killed it as was our expectation, but only stunned it. This gave us time to fasten a cord around its hind legs and tie it firmly to the stern of the boat. It was in this manner that we managed to bring it back to camp. Not without difficulty, however, as it soon revived and commenced to struggle violently, but the cord held it fast and by the time we had completed the two miles back to the camp it was dead, death being due to drowning together with the blows which we had inflicted beforehand.

After hauling it up on shore we pulled a large number of quills out of his body some of which I have at home to-day.

A Few Words More on Behalf of Our Vanishing Deer.

BY JAMES DICKSON, O. L. S.

I—and I am sure many of your other readers—have been very much interested in the numerous papers on "Our Vanishing Deer" which have appeared from time to time in the pages of "Rod and Gun". The discussion of hounds versus still hunting, also shooting in the water, has been both interesting and instructive, and shows the great interest some of our keenest sportsmen are now evincing in the best methods to be adopted for the preservation of our game. The question at issue seems to have been given careful consideration and the articles are well written, and will eventually lead to beneficial results. But it is to be regretted that some of them show a bitter feeling and a lack of respect for the opposite party, which is quite uncalled for.

To one who is not a hunter the arguments and facts seem so convincing as to be unanswerable until the other fellow puts in his oar; then the whole fabric is knocked into smithereens. Each writer discusses the subject from the standpoint of his own experience, and his views and suggestions are worthy of consideration. I observe that all the writers are sportsmen and their sole aim seems to be the devising of the best method to so protect our deer that they will have them in sufficient numbers to enable them to deprive one or two of life in each year with a minimum of trouble.

As I am not a sportsman and never go hunting, but from my profession and experience in the woods have had exceptional opportunities of studying the haunts and habits of our game; and as I take a keen interest in its preservation a few remarks from me are as likely to be unbiassed as any from those who go out on their annual deer hunt.

With the exception of my first six years, all my life has been spent in the deer country and from four to eight months of each of the last thirty years

have been spent under canvas at all seasons of the year in a game country, so that no matter what views I may entertain respecting deer my opportunities for studying them have been exceptionally good.

It was when a lad on a backwoods farm that I first saw the introduction of dogs in deer hunting. It was all still hunting with muzzle loaders and mostly smooth bores sure to kill only at a distance of one hundred yards or a little over.

The woods were well stocked with all sorts of game. There was a primitive game law which no one ever thought of observing. A few of the boys would make wooden snow shoes and taking a dog for a forenoon during the March crust, go into a cedar swamp where the deer were yarded and kill one, but this was indulged in so little that there would not be a dozen killed in any one season in a whole township. They were practically unmolested from the middle of January until the middle of July when the bucks and dry does began to put on flesh. To go out then and get a deer entailed very little more trouble to anyone who could shoot straight than it did to go out to the field and catch a sheep.

Deer were so plentiful that it was a rare occurrence to take a stroll round the clearing, walk a mile in the woods or visit a neighbor without seeing one.

There were also wolves. The wolves then were the same cowardly, sneaking rascals they are today—seldom seen, though their howling at night was so common as to seldom excite a remark.

The sheep had to be penned in a house every night and it was no uncommon occurrence to have the dog driven to the door and taken in to save him from the maulers. But the deer did not seem to lessen in numbers. It was a rare occurrence to find a half devoured car-

cass in the woods and such wholesale slaughter as we now read about was never heard of.

Dogs were introduced. The deer had their regular runaways or trails leading to their only harbors of refuge—a lake or river. The gunners took their stands behind some tree or bush by the side of the runways. The shooter could generally so locate himself as to almost touch the game as it bounded past. It was, and still is, an easy matter to tell where the deer were to be found and also in what direction they would run. One man put out the dogs. It was a pot shot nearly every time. And if by any chance it was passing at such a distance as to render a running shot uncertain a single shout would bring him to a stand until he could locate the new danger, unless very hard pressed by the hound.

The dice were loaded at every turn. There was a great slaughter for a few years. Nearly every house had its winter store of venison laid in. Then deer began to get scarce, and such has been and is, the case all over the settled parts of our back country, wherever hounding has been kept up.

The hound is of no earthly use in Ontario except for the purpose of running deer, and were every man's hand against the hound to the same extent as it is against the wolf it would soon have a telling effect on their numbers.

Venison is not by any means the staple food of the wolf and if he had not a supply of mice and other small fry on hand the deep soft snow of a single winter would put him out of business. I have before now, in the pages of the "Rod and Gun", and would here repeat it, challenge any person to name a section of our deer territory, where a fair proportion of the woods was left standing, where they became scarce before the introduction of the hound. And I would further challenge any one to name a section where the deer were wiped out or the numbers practically diminished by wolves before man, and I mean the white man, lent a helping hand with rifle and dog.

Abolish hounding and prohibit the killing of does, and in a single decade deer will have become as plentiful as ever, and the restriction of the number allow-

ed to any one person might very much modified.

It has been urged that if hounding is abolished many who have no longer the physical vigor or who have not had the practical experience to enable them to become successful still hunters would be deprived of their annual sport. This is undoubtedly correct. But there comes a time in the lives of all men when Nature steps in and puts on the brake, and man has to submit to the laws of Nature and no man will ever become a successful still hunter without experience.

Experience can only be obtained by practice and two or three days tramping the woods along with a good still hunter would teach him more than a dozen seasons of standing by a stump and dropping a deer when it is driven up to the muzzle of his gun. Hunting is like any other kind of business—better put in a short probation learning how before you go into it.

Now a word about the moose, by far the noblest of our game. I have never killed one but I have had the pleasure of permitting them to go unharmed when I might easily have shot them down. I preferred seeing the noble animal meandering through its native wilds, to looking on its bleeding carcass lying at my feet, merely in order that I might be able to boast that I have slain a moose in order to obtain a set of antlers to adorn the walls of my office.

They are now to be found in all the unsettled parts of Ontario, and I know no member of the deer family that is more easily stalked. But of all the mean and contemptible methods adopted to allure an animal to its destruction that which is known as the "calling" takes the cake. Imitating the cry of the female in order to ensnare the male is the smallest piece of business in the whole hunting line.

There are only three or four weeks in the year when either sex has any particular desire for the companionship of the other. At this time Nature has ordained that the sexes shall come together for the propagation of the species and has implanted in each an irresistible longing for the companionship of the other, and the female emits a peculiar cry which may be heard at a long distance in the silent

woods which is immediately answered by the male, if there is one within hearing distance, and they start towards each other. A birch bark tube is easily made in which anyone skilled in moose language can soon learn to exactly imitate the cry of the cow. Armed with this all the hunter has to do is to take his stand by the side of some tree or bush to leeward of where moose are likely to be, give the call and wait. There is an immediate answering note and a rush for the supposed cow.

The watcher repeats the call at short intervals and there is always a response, and in a short time the huge beast is seen standing within easy range, when he is mercilessly shot down. Could any method of taking life be meaner? It is butchery pure and simple—butchery in the meanest sense of the word. I am not aware that this method of hunting is ever indulged in by daylight, and certainly the hours of darkness are most befitting for such dirty work.

I have read a great deal about how difficult the moose is to stalk but from the standpoint of my experience this is greatly exaggerated. I have seen a great many and have come upon them both by land and water, quite unexpectedly on both sides, and also when they must have seen me quite a distance before I was aware of their presence and I can only recall one instance when they did not stand long enough for me to have pumped them full of lead had I wished to, and been in possession of the necessary artillery.

If a party or family is in want of food, then get it by any means in your power; but if sport alone is the motive give the animal a fair show for its life. Remember, that which is sport to you spells death to the animal. Do not strike below the belt or practice any dirty tricks. Shoulder your rifle and take to the woods

in open day. Remember that you are fully armed with death dealing weapons while the game must depend for protection on its native instinct and a light set of heels alone. Then if you succeed in bagging the game, you will have achieved a victory, and secured a trophy of which you may well feel proud.

To a novice, reading most of the articles written about "Our Vanishing Deer" it might seem that the writers look upon the game as only worth protecting in order that they might afford them a few days annual sport during the hunting season. But I submit that all our wild animals and birds, with the exception of the carnivorous ones, are valuable assets to the Province and that even the latter from the number of smaller pests that they destroy are not an unmixed evil. If properly safe guarded they will be a source of revenue both directly and indirectly in the near future. There are vast areas in Ontario which from the nature of the soil will never be cultivated but remain in their natural state. It requires neither cultivation nor reforestation. All that it asks is that it be left alone and the vast forests that have been so ruthlessly destroyed will in the course of a few years be reproduced, and the preservation of the forest means also the multiplying of our game. Give our wild animals a fair show, leave Nature as nearly as possible to herself, and she will in due season yield an abundant harvest.

There is not more than two or three per cent of our population engaged in the spoliation of our game but until a more healthy sentiment prevails and that handful are taught that deer are not protected for the nourishment of their starving curs and that the taking of game out of season is an offence that will be as severely dealt with as any other violation of the Criminal Code, our legislators with legislate in vain.



Shotguns and Their Loads.

BY G. B. SMITH.

Many of your readers will probably be interested in knowing my experiences of shot gun loads best adapted for various game, as promised in a previous article.

Of course all kinds of game are not plentiful in my neighborhood, but it is probable my experience, with such modifications as may best suit the individual shooter, will serve as a useful lesson to sportsmen everywhere.

I will commence with the lighter and go on to the heavier loads :

Snipe load: $2\frac{3}{4}$ " shell, $2\frac{1}{2}$ drms. powder, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. No. 9 shot.

Plover load: $2\frac{3}{4}$ " shell, $2\frac{3}{4}$ drms. powder, 1 oz. No. 8 shot.

Partridge load: 3" shell, Winchester leader, 3 drms. powder, $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. No. 7 shot.

Rabbit load: 3" shell, (Winchester leader) 3 drms. powder, $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. No. 7 shot.

Crows and Hawks or large birds: $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. shell, (Winchester leader) 3 drms. powder, 1 3-16 oz. No. 6 shot.

This last load is suitable for a general all round load, including ducks, prairie chickens and other birds,

Woodchuck, badger and coon loads: $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. shell (Winchester leader) $3\frac{1}{4}$ drms. powder, $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. No. 4 shot.

Long range duck loads: $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. shell, (Winchester leader) $3\frac{1}{2}$ drms. powder, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. No. 6 shot.

Fox load: $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. shell (Winchester leader), $3\frac{3}{4}$ drms. powder, no pressure, $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. No. 2 and 3 shot.

Pigeon load: $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. shell (Winchester leader) $3\frac{3}{8}$ drms. powder, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. No. 7 shot.

The powder I use is Mullerite, my measures given are struck and my combination wads used are :

Pigeon load: 1 trap, 1 white felt 11G $\frac{3}{8}$ in., 1 express 11 G $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 1 thin top wad.

Fox and duck lead : 1 trap, 1 express $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 11G, 1 white felt 10G $\frac{3}{8}$ in., 1 thin top wad.

Crane and Woodchuck loads: 1 nitro felt, 1 regular B. Edge 12 G, 2 German brown felt $\frac{3}{8}$ in 11G. 1 Thin top wad.

Partridge and rabbit loads: 1 Eley field $\frac{1}{8}$ in., 1 brown felt 3-8 in. 11G, 1 B. Edge 3 8 in. 10G. Thin stop wad.

For the smaller loads I use $\frac{1}{4}$ " B Edge 11 G wads.

Now with these combination loads a sportsman can meet any kind of game and at the same time all are far reaching and killing loads, with wonderful penetrating power.

There are, no doubt, sportsmen who will prefer different sizes of shots on ducks—say Nos. 4 or 5. My experience, especially on marshes and rice beds, is that ducks, however hard hit in the body, will dive down in roots or mud and hide. By using smaller shot and catching them in the head or neck one pellet will lay a duck on its back senseless, in which case it is very easy to pick up. The aim in hunting all waterfowl should be to kill them in this way and this can best be accomplished by the use of smaller shot.

A question may well be asked if the larger shot will not kill at greater distances? It certainly will and might be preferred where the distances exceed sixty yards. Coarse shot has indeed greater penetrating power but having fewer pellets to a load the chances of a hit are less than with the smaller shot and I register more kills with my favorite load of No. 6 shot.

The loads I named are heavy and should not be used in short shells, nor in guns not chambered for the length of shells named.

I might say a few words on the strength and quickness of shot shell primers. I had a recent argument with a friend of mine as to a quick smokeless primer. He was of opinion that some shell makers make their primers too strong. In my view it is foolish to argue that a primer can possibly be too strong, and if such a condition were possible it would be easy to re-

duce the power load. For smokeless powders a strong primer is essential. Only quite recently has a good primer been put into a shell and so far as I know only one shell has it yet. The make of this particular shell is a matter of private judgement and all sportsmen by experimenting have the same chances of finding it out as I have had.

Smokeless powders are often condemned when the blame rests upon the weak primers that are placed in the shells. When the results are poor the cause in many cases would be found, if investigated, to be due to the primers and not the powder. I have used a good deal of SS. smokeless powder in my time and on many occasions have been asked how I could possibly make a good score with it. Of course, when used with weak primed shells the results were not satisfactory. Load it into a quick primed shell marked "W" and some wonderful results can be obtained. In all my experiments SS. powder gives the closest and most even pattern with great penetration.

In all cases where sportsmen find that smokeless powder is not giving them results I would advise a change, not in powder, but in shells and when the right one is discovered good results will be obtained. There are many shells on the market with too weak a primer and these are used by men who aim at cheapness with the result of simply wounding instead of killing their game.

Some years ago when black powder was in general use many professionals used $3\frac{1}{4}$ inch shells. Few are using this length now and the reason is that when smokeless first came in there was very little difference in heavy and light loads. All primers were then weak and as good results could be produced with a 3 inch as with a $3\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Then the fact that a quicker primer was essential was learnt and improvements have gone on until the strong primer can be obtained today. A long shell with plenty of wads between shot and powder is the ideal load. This gives quick ignition in powder and makes it necessary to use a long shell if you wish to make kills at long range. I hope the makers will continue to market a $3\frac{1}{4}$ shell.

Dupont powder, which is one of the

best, especially in heavy loading, requires harder wads and slightly more pressure, as it is slower in starting and increasing in strength and velocity going through the barrel. Such powder is not so sensitive as the quick and sudden high speed powder. Both have their advantages, the one in reaching the game quicker and the other in holding the pattern closer with heavy loads.

Mullerite and Schultz powders are very good and quick. Be particular in loading. No hard wads are required, only soft ones, three-eighths of an inch thick, just seated nicely, and no pressure. One pound of over pressure might cause a wild pattern. Even in a small load say three drams, these peculiarities must be closely watched and instructions carefully followed.

I have had many arguments as to the rate of travel of black and smokeless powders. Some men claim that up to sixty yards black powder sends shot as fast as the smokeless powder. I am quite convinced to the contrary. In my early days I lost many a fox through black powder. In a distance of fifty yards and leading probably six inches, I discovered that my shot struck the tail of the fox, leaving me a whole brush of wool but that was all.

During the past winter I killed one fox at seventy-seven yards broadside. He was going at the rate of about thirty miles per hour and I made the experiment of how quickly my shot could reach him. I held right on to the tip of his nose and he made a somersault. When I investigated I found that he was struck in the ear by one pellet, in the neck by two, and near the heart by a further two. The result showed how quickly the load must have travelled and how well the pattern held together.

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I will conclude with a little story of a coon hunt. A few years ago three of us accompanied by a dog, half Newfoundland and half collie, took to the woods for a coon hunt. The dog went nosing about and when we had gone some distance we sat down. After about half an hour we heard the dog bark several times, soon to be followed by sounds similar to those made by a large horned

beast. It appeared to be bounding towards us and what in the world it could be we could not make out. We knew that there were no cattle in the woods and we waited with a dread none of us cared to express for the animal's appearance. We had revolvers and knives and resolved to make fight of it. However, before it became visible the animal turned to the right and keeping up most dismal howls passed out of hearing. At some of the louder howls it almost seemed as if the log on which we were sitting would roll over us. The echo of the howls could be heard for miles. As the moon was bright and the air crisp we could hear long distances. We were mighty glad when we thought the danger was over. When the animal passed out of hearing our big dog came in but made no effort at all to get on the trail.

As soon as we recovered from our surprise (fright?) we set off for home in a hurry. Just before we reached the clearance we came to a large tree which had fallen and started to climb over it. The tree was about four and a half feet in diameter and needed a bit of climbing. We all

stuck close together and jumped off the big log about the same time. Our jump was followed by such a squealing and snorting as I hope never to hear again. We rolled over each other and whatever it was we fell upon made such noises that we were nearly all in fits. It took us sometime before we realized what had happened and then we discovered we had tumbled into a nest of big hogs that had been searching for beech nuts. It was all we could do to collect our thoughts sufficiently to make for home.

No, sooner had we reached the clearing than our dog started barking right in front of us. By this time we had recovered sufficiently to be able to look around us. On the top of a small tree sat two of the finest coons we ever landed. The capture of the coons finished up an exciting night's hunt which I am never likely to forget as long as I live.

None of us have ever discovered the name or nature of the beast that gave us such a scare and if any of your readers have suggestions on the point I should be very pleased indeed to receive them.

An extremely interesting work is carried on by the Marine Biological Association of Great Britain, by means of a government steam trawler. They are first caught in the usual way in the North Sea. Each haul is carefully recorded, first being counted and measured, and all details of locality, time, number, species, sex and size are put down, together with accurate observations on the water, the depth and bottom of the sea, the kinds and quality of food available etc. All these data are subsequently tabulated and charted. The fish are marked on the dorsal surface with a thin curven disk bearing a number. This is attached to a fine silver wire which is passed through the thinner part of the fish near the fin and secured on the under side by a small bone button. The fish do not appear to suffer inconvenience and their growth is not interfered with in any way.

The fish are then released. So thoroughly is the North Sea swept by the fishing fleets that out of 5,039 plaice of all sizes thus marked 992 were recaptured within a year. This represents 19.7 per cent. or nearly one fifth, and for the medium sized fish the figures are far higher, ranging from 28.4 to 39 per cent. for the whole of the North Sea and to 43 per cent. in the more northern portions. The regular fishermen of the North Sea co-operate heartily with the department by forwarding to the laboratory at Lowestoft all the marked fish they catch. At the laboratory references to the records easily establishes how the fish have gained in size and weight since they were caught before. Moreover the distance between the spot where it was released and the place where it was again caught gives an idea as to its movements.

The American Bison.

FROM time to time we have referred in these pages to the formation and work of the American Bison Society. The "annual" report which really covers the years 1905-7, has now been issued in a handsomely illustrated and well printed booklet which contains a good deal more matter than the annual report.

Readers may be reminded that the only object of this Society is the permanent preservation and increase of the American Bison—an object appealing as strongly to the sympathies of the Canadian people as to those of the States. While President Roosevelt is the Honorary President of the society, the Governor-General of Canada is the Honorary Vice-President, and Commissioner Perry of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, Regina, occupies a position on the Board of Managers.

The formation of the society was largely owing to Mr. E. H. Baynes, whose personal interest in the bison and its preservation has led him to contribute a great deal of active work on behalf of the society. The history and proceedings of the society are given at some length in this report.

An elaborate report on the Flathead Buffalo Range in Montana is contributed by Professor Elrod who testifies to the disappointment felt in the district by the authorities of the United States allowing the Canadian Government to purchase the Pablo herd. This herd was started in 1884 with thirty-six animals and in 1907 it numbered almost six hundred, the annual increment for several years being between sixty and one hundred. The entire herd was purchased with the exception of about a score which Pablo reserved, the price being \$250 each, delivered at Strathcona, the Canadian Government paying the freight. Approximately four hundred animals were brought to Canada and two hundred remain on the range. The range, which it is proposed to select for a National Buffalo Range, is sufficient for a herd twice the size of the Pablo herd of six hundred

and still have food for as many more animals of other species.

A proposal to form a New York State bison herd in the Adirondacks was accepted by the House of Assembly and Senate of the State \$20,000 unanimously voted for the purpose. This legislation was voted by the Governor on the grounds of the many demands upon the Treasury of the State and the fact that the success of the experiment would be questionable.

Professor Hornaday tells the story of the founding of the Wichita National Bison herd. The New York Zoological Society presented the National Government with fifteen head. These were transferred from New York to the Reserve, all difficulties being overcome and the animals were safely landed at their future home. Since their arrival two calves have been born—one male and one female, both of which are vigorous specimens and seem likely to survive. The professor believes that in a very few years a herd of more than one hundred animals will result.

A census of living bison in America show 1116 in captivity in the United States, 476 captive in Canada and there are 130 in Europe. The wild bison in the United States are estimated at 25; wild bison in Canada, 300; Cattaloos, a cross between the pure blooded bison and domestic cattle are now estimated at 345, no less than 260 being in the States, 57 in Canada and 28 in Europe.

Professor Hornaday, in some notes on this census, says:—"The most important event of 1907 in the life history of the American Bison was the action of the Canadian Government in purchasing the entire Pablo-Allard herd of six hundred and twenty-eight animals and transporting three hundred and ninety-eight of them to Elk Island Park, Canada. Of the two hundred and forty bison still remaining on the Flathead range, all save ten head belong to Canada, and will be removed during 1908. No emuneration of the sexes and the calves remaining in Montana has ever been made, and the

division of the herd of two hundred and forty into males, females and calves, as shown in this census, has been made by the rules of proportion, using the known quantities in the three hundred and ninety-eight head already taken to Canada, and reported upon by Howard Douglas. Inasmuch as it was impossible to induce the U.S. Government to purchase the Pablo-Allard herd, and forever maintain it on the Flathead reservation, the next best thing was that it should pass into the hands of the Canadian Government, and be located on the upper half of the former range of the species. In view of the breaking up of the Flathead Indian Reservation, and its opening to settlement, it was no longer possible for Mr. Pablo to maintain his herd, either there or elsewhere. The Canadian Government deserves to be sincerely congratulated upon its wisdom, its foresight and its general enterprise in providing \$157,000 for the purchase of the Pablo herd, in addition to the cost of transporting the animals and fencing Elk Island Park. It is for the Canadians to write the full history of this important transaction, and record the names of the men who are entitled to the credit for this grand coup by which Canada secured for her people the finest herd of American Bison in the world. The friends of the bison may indeed be thankful that the great north-western herd is not to be scattered to the ends of the earth."

Of the wild bison of Athabasca, Professor Hornaday says:—"I think it was in 1902 that the Canadian Government wisely enacted a law prohibiting the killing of any of the so-called "Wood-Bison" that range in the uninhabited region immediately to the westward of Smith's Landing on the Athabasca River. While all unconcealed hunting ceased, it is probable that the Indians and half-breeds of

that region killed many a bison surreptitiously, for food. Two years ago it was reported that the gray wolves were devouring the young calves, because the bison lived in such small bands that the bulls were unable to protect their young offspring. Last year, Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton visited the region inhabited by the wild bison of Athabasca, and saw thirty-five individuals, three of which were young calves. From his observation and facts gathered by him, he estimates the total number of Athabasca Bison at "not less than two hundred and fifty nor more than six hundred. If I must fix upon a definite figure as my estimate I will say 300". On this point the following from Mr. Howard Douglas, Superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Park, at Banff, dated October 28, 1907, is of general interest:—"I have got the best information I can procure with regard to the herd running wild in the North, and regret having to report that they are decreasing, owing to the timber wolves killing the young calves, so that where there were supposed to be six hundred head a few years ago, the estimate now is only about three hundred, with very little young stock among them, and unless drastic measures are taken soon there will be none left." The Government sent an Inspector of the Northwest Mounted Police during the past summer and his report corroborated the statements made. From this report I have no doubt that some means will be taken to protect the herd in the future."

The success of the Society and its programme is thus of supreme interest to Canada, and all Canadians must wish a long career of usefulness to the American Bison Society and the carrying into effect of its one object—the permanent preservation and increase of the American bison.

It is interesting to note in connection with the further attempt of Commander R. F. Peary to discover the North Pole, that the crew of the Roosevelt, the special steamer built for the purpose of the expedition, will be manned with a picked crew of hardy Newfoundlanders with Captain Robert A. Bartlett, of Brigues, Newfoundland, as sailing master. The

full supply of coal and remainder of provisions will be taken on board at Sidney, C. B. Commander Peary has announced that while his route will be practically the same as on his last trip he will this time use the "drift method" and take precaution that the running ice will not carry him beyond the line of his goal.

Open Season for Hunting and Fishing Throughout Canada.

BIG GAME.

ALBERTA.

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Moose, caribou and deer | Nov. 1 to 30 |
| Antelope | Oct. 1 to 31 |
| Elk, wapiti | Protected till 1910 |
| Mountain sheep and goat | Protected till 1909 |

BRITISH COLUMBIA

| | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------|
| Mouse, caribou, elk, wapiti | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Deer, mountain sheep and goat | Sept. 1 to Dec. 14 |

MANITOBA

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Moose, caribou, deer, antelope, elk, wapiti | Dec. 1 to 15 |
|---|--------------|

NEW BRUNSWICK.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------|
| Moose, caribou and deer | Sept 15 to Nov. 30 |
|-------------------------|--------------------|

NEWFOUNDLAND

| | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| Caribou | Aug. 1 to Sept. 30 |
| Moose, elk, wapiti | Protected till 1912 |

NOVA SCOTIA

| | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Moose | Oct. 1 to 30 |
| Caribou, deer | Protected till 1912 |
| Big game protection in Cape Breton | till 1915. |

ONTARIO

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| North of C. P. R.—Moose, caribou | Oct 15 to Nov. 15 |
| South of C. P. R.—Moose, caribou, deer | Nov. 1 to 15 |

QUEBEC

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Moose, deer | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Caribou | Sept. 1 to Jan. 31 |
| Counties of Ottawa and Pontiac—Moose, deer | Oct. 1 to Nov. 30 |

SASKATCHEWAN

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|
| Moose, caribou, deer, elk, wapiti | Dec. 1 to 14 |
| Antelope | Oct. 1 to Nov. 14 |

Females and young of big game are protected all the year in British Columbia, Manitoba, Quebec and Saskatchewan and cow moose in Ontario.

Bison and buffalo are protected all the year round in Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Big game licenses are as under :—

The bag limit in :—

Alberta : one moose, caribou, deer, two antelope.

British Columbia : five bull caribou, five deer, two bull elk or wapiti, two bull moose, five mountain goats, three mountain sheep (rams.)

Manitoba : one elk, moose, caribou, deer, antelope.

New Brunswick : one bull moose, one caribou.

Nova Scotia : one moose.
 New Foundland : three stag caribou.
 Ontario : one bull moose or one bull caribou, two deer.
 Quebec : one moose, two caribou, two deer.
 Saskatchewan : two males only.

| | Residential | Non Residential |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|---------------------------|
| Alberta..... | \$ 2.50 | \$ 25.00..... |
| British Columbia..... | | 50.00..... |
| Manitoba..... | 2.00 | British subjects \$ 25.00 |
| | | All others 100.00 |
| New Brunswick From 25c to | 2.00 | 50.00..... |
| Newfoundland..... | | 50.00..... |
| Nova Scotia | | 30.00..... |
| Ontario..... Deer | 2.00 | |
| | Moose, caribou 5.00 | 50.00..... |
| Quebec | | 25.00..... |
| Saskatchewan..... | | 100.00..... |

FUR BEARING ANIMALS

ALBERTA

| | |
|----------------------------|---------------------|
| Mink, fisher, marten | Nov. 1 to Mar. 31 |
| Otter, muskrats..... | Nov. 1 to Apr. 30 |
| Beaver | Protected till 1912 |

BRITISH COLUMBIA

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| Land otter, marten..... | Nov. 1 to Mar. 31 |
| Beaver..... | Protected till 1911 |

MANITOBA

| | |
|--------------------|-------------------|
| Fisher, sable..... | Oct. 1 to May 15 |
| Marten..... | Nov. 1 to Apr. 15 |
| Muskrat..... | Jan. 1 to May 7 |

NEW BRUNSWICK

| | |
|--------------------------|--------------------|
| Mink, fisher, sable..... | Oct. 15 to Mar. 39 |
| Otter, muskrat..... | June 11 to Mar. 1 |

NOVA SCOTIA

| | |
|--------------------------------|--------------------|
| Mink..... | Nov. 1 to Feb. 28 |
| Otter..... | All year |
| Beaver..... | Protected all year |
| Other fur bearing animals..... | Nov. 1 to Mar. 31 |

ONTARIO

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Muskrat | Dec. 1 to Apr. 30 |
| No muskrat may be shot during April. | |
| Beaver and otter | Protected till 1910 |

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|
| Otter, marten, muskrat..... | Nov. 1 to Apr. 30 |
|-----------------------------|-------------------|

QUEBEC

| | |
|--|---------------------|
| Mink, otter, marten, pekan, fox, racoon..... | Nov. 1 to Apr. 1 |
| Muskrat | May 1 to Apr. 1 |
| Beaver..... | Protected till 1910 |

SASKATCHEWAN

| | |
|---------------------------|---------------------|
| Mink, fisher, marten..... | Nov. 1 to Mar. 31 |
| Otter..... | Nov. 1 to Apr. 30 |
| Muskrat..... | Nov. 1 to May 14 |
| Beaver..... | Protected till 1910 |

FEATHERED GAME

ALBERTA

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Ducks, swans..... | Aug. 24 to Dec. 31 |
| Rails, coots..... | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Snipe, sandpiper, plover, curlew, crane..... | Sept. 1 to Feb. 28 |
| Grouse, partridge, prairie chicken, ptarmigan, English pheasants..... | Protected all year |

BRITISH COLUMBIA

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Ducks of all kinds, snipe, bittern, heron, plover, meadow lark..... | Sept. 1 to Feb. 28 |
| Grouse of all kinds, including prairie chicken and ptarmigan..... | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Pheasant, quail, partridge, swan, insectivorous birds..... | Protected all year |

MANITOBA

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Grouse, prairie chicken, partridge..... | Oct. 1 to 31 |
| Plover, quail, woodcock, snipe..... | Aug. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Upland plover..... | July 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Ducks..... | Sept. 1 to Nov. 30 |
| Pheasants protected till 1909. | |

NEW BRUNSWICK

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Wild goose, brant, teal, woodduck, black duck, snipe, woodcock, Shore birds..... | Sept. 1 to Nov. 30 |
| Sea gulls, pheasants, insectivorous birds..... | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Protected | |

NOVA SCOTIA

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Grouse..... | Oct. 1 to 31 |
| Ducks, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, snipe..... | Sept. 1 to Feb. 28 |
| Wild geese, brant..... | Hill year |

ONTARIO

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Grouse, pheasants, prairie fowl, partridge, woodcock..... | Sept. 15 to Dec. 15 |
| Quail, wild turkey..... | Nov. 1 to Dec. 1 |
| Swans, geese..... | Sept. 15 to Apr. 30 |
| Ducks..... | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Snipe, rail, plover and all shore birds..... | Sept. 1 to 15 |
| Capercaillie protected till Sept. 1909. | |

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

| | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| Partridge..... | Oct. 1 to Nov. 30 |
| Woodcock, snipe..... | Aug. 31 to Dec. 31 |
| Waterfowl..... | Aug. 26 to Feb. 21 |

QUEBEC

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Woodcock, snipe, plover, curlew, sandpiper..... | Sept. 1 to Jan. 31 |
| Partridge..... | Sept. 1 to Dec. 18 |
| Ducks..... | Sept. 1 to Feb. 25 |

SASKATCHEWAN

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| Ducks, geese, swans, rails, coots, snipe, plover, curlew..... | Sept. 1 to Dec. 31 |
| Prairie chicken, partridge, grouse..... | Sept. 15 to Nov. 31 |
| Cranes..... | Aug. 1 to Dec. 30 |

FISHING

BRITISH COLUMBIA

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| Salmon trout, whitefish..... | Nov. 14 to Sept. 30 |
| Salmon Angling..... | No close season |
| Trout, other than salmon | Jan. 1 to Sept. 30 |
| Sturgeon..... | July 16 to May 31 |

NEW BRUNSWICK

Bass, may be caught at all times by hook and line.

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Lake trout and land locked salmon and speckled trout..... | Apr. 1 to Sept. 30 |
| Salmon | Feb. 1 to Aug. 15 |

NOVA SCOTIA

Bass may be caught at all times by hook and line.

| | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| Salmon..... | Feb. 1 to Aug. 15 |
| Trout | Apr. 1 to Sept. 30 |

ONTARIO

| | |
|--|--------------------|
| Bass in Lake Erie west of Point Pelee..... | July 16 to May 24 |
| Bass and maskinonge | June 16 to Apr. 24 |
| Pickarel..... | May 16 to Apr. 14 |
| Speckled trout..... | May 1 to Sept. 14 |
| Salmon trout and whitefish..... | Dec. 1 to Oct. 31 |

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

| | |
|-------------|--------------------|
| Trout..... | Apr. 1 to Sept. 31 |
| Salmon..... | Jan. 1 to Aug. 30 |

QUEBEC

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Salmon, fly fishing | Feb. 1 to Aug. 15 |
| Salmon trout..... | Dec. 1 to Oct. 31 |
| Ouananiche..... | Dec. 1 to Sept. 30 |
| Speckled trout..... | May 1 to Sept. 30 |
| Grey trout, (lunge) touladi (lake trout)..... | Dec. 2 to Oct. 14 |
| Bass (not including sea bar or barfish)..... | June 16 to Apr. 14 |
| Dore..... | May 16 to Apr. 14 |
| Smelts..... | July 2 to Mar. 31 |
| Sturgeon..... | July 16 to May 14 |
| Whitefish..... | Dec. 1 to Oct. 31 |

Fishing for speckled trout through the ice is prohibited in Canada.

It must be remembered that changes are sometimes made by Order-in-Council but subject to such Orders the above may be relied upon as correct.

Mr. M. S. Casson writes from Iroquois, Ont. :—A pointer to our Chief Game Warden. We hear and read many opinions expressed by hunters and others of the best methods of protecting deer. The best of all however can be stated in four words: "Give the hunter snow." This is the view of one of the oldest and most successful hunters living in Ontario today. Though he is past seventy-eight years of age, he last fall killed two deer

running at full speed about seventy-five yards distant. Often do we hear of hunters wounding deer and losing them. Why? Because they have no snow. The same old hunter thinks a good sized book could be written on the many advantages of having snow when hunting deer. I may add that the writer and the hunter referred to have had the advantage of hunting with men like Jack Miner.

The Last Panther.

BY JAMES E. ORR.

MORE than sixty years ago I worked a farm north of Lambeth, Ontario.

I was a strong young man of twenty-five and not easily frightened by any of the wild animals then roaming around. On one occasion, however, I met my match.

I was returning home at midnight and was about half a mile north of the village when I heard a most horrible yell, an unearthly screeching meow which was repeated several times and followed by a horrible spitting noise like a cat, only about one hundred times as loud. As I glanced nervously around I saw a panther on the fence.

I paused for a moment not knowing what to do. The people in the village would laugh and think I was a coward if I turned back. Home was half a mile away and I determined to make a run for it.

I did not follow the road. Jumping the fence west of the animal, and frightened out of all reason, I went at a desperate pace, knowing that if I were caught there would be one man less in the world in a few minutes. I stayed for nothing and kept up my pace until the house was reached. I don't think the panther followed me far. Apparently, after about forty rods of a race, he was discouraged and gave up as I heard no more spitting after that. When I reached home I was exhausted beyond the power of words to express.

Next day I learned that the panther went a mile further north to Cutler's farm killing a sheep, eating about half of it and leaving the rest for a fill up another night. These animals with their immense jaws can break almost any bone, even those of oxen.

The next day old Mr. Cutler prepared his rifle and expressed his intention of watching all night believing that the panther would return to take another meal off the sheep. The programme was carried out and sure enough about midnight Mr. Panther made his appearance

and prepared to eat a good supper. Just as the rifle was raised the animal gave one of his awful meows—a screech that echoed through the mid-night stillness of the Byron Hills and awakened every dog within hearing distance from his slumbers, causing them to howl in a variety of keys sufficient to upset a man of strong nerves. The result was that the old gentleman was so frightened he had not the nerve to fire, and leaving his sheep unprotected he quickly retreated to the shelter of his house and bed.

On the day following the news was spread through the neighborhood: A live panther had been seen on two previous nights by two different men. The story was circumstantial enough to be believed and accordingly two noted hunters of the district, Mr. Patrick and his son, decided to try and hunt the marauder down.

For several hours they made a close scrutiny of the thick woods, going cautiously over the hills and ravines of the countryside. It was not until the evening was closing in that they discovered the panther in the top of a big chestnut tree. At the moment of discovery the animal was preparing to spring like a cat upon the shoulders of the men. Cool heads and steady nerves were required to conquer that dangerous animal. The elder Mr. Patrick took careful aim and fired but did not bring the animal to earth. The son fired and registered a hit for the animal fell. As it fell it gave a thunderous roar and grabbing a branch of the tree with its fore paws it hung there spitting like wild fire.

The reloaded rifle was used again, the third shot bringing the animal to the ground with a flop.

I guess this was the last panther ever seen alive in Westminister. From nose to tail it measured six feet and stood three feet high. The hunters stated that the glitter in the animal's eyes was most unpleasant to look at.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

"Hibernian" writes from Montreal :—
"In a very interesting article in your current issue by Dr. E. Sisley there is a statement that rather surprises me. I have been fishing on the other side of the Atlantic and in Canada for the best part of forty years and have up to now always looked upon the Char or Charr as a variety of trout *without* the carmine or pink spots, which I have always considered the birth marks of true trout. Dr. Sisley on p 160 says, in speaking of the cannibalistic habits of brook trout, 'I wish to draw your attention to this habit, for it applies to *all the pink spotted variety or charrs.*' I have caught charr in Ireland and here, but invariably to a fly, (and a deeply sunk fly too) at least I have always considered them Char-fish with deep pink flesh never much over a pound and absolutely without speckle or spot, but varying in colour; generally though, dark olive back, shading into gold on the sides and fading into white on the belly. Will some of your readers kindly convince me of my error or confirm me in my faith. I'm not "sot" in my belief, but I dislike having the ideas of many years shattered at one blow."

Surely it is a sign of the times for dignified Senators to discuss fish protection. At a recent meeting of the Senate, Senator Casgrain suggested a parliamentary committee to obtain information regarding the inland fisheries. The Hon. R. W. Scott informed the House that the International Committee was considering the appointment of a commissioner to report upon the inland fisheries. Senator Ross thought that the difficulties were created by dual jurisdiction.

Mr. John J. Huston, a well-known guide of Thessalon, Ont. writes : Pos-

sibly the following little incident may interest some of your readers. Four years ago I had occasion to take a canoe trip to Wauquematogoming Lake by way of Wauquekobing. As I approached the trail leading from the latter lake to the Mississaga River a sudden screaming came from the direction of the hill just back of where the Canadian Club House now stands. My helper in the bow yelled "pigs" and I answered "Mr. Bruin"! The sounds certainly conveyed the impression that a dozen pigs were in some way suffering tortures. As soon as the bow of the canoe struck the shore I grabbed my pistol—a Mauser—and made off in the direction from which the sounds came. While passing about thirty yards from a large tree that had fallen towards the lake I noticed a black fluff of hair apparently on the surface of the ground, the intervening bushes hiding the view. I stepped up on a knoll and peered over the bushes. There I could see Mr. Bear down in a hole left by an upturned tree root. He was evidently enjoying himself hugely having all kinds of sport with a little white pig. Just as a cat plays with a mouse the bear was playing with the pig, dangling it around in its forepaws and tossing it from one side to the other, occasionally giving it a gentle nip to make it squeal. I watched this for some time but fearing that if my presence were discovered suddenly it would mean an end of the pig's life I gave a low whistle. Mr. Bruin raised his head to listen and I, taking advantage of the attitude, shot him in the head the bullet entering between the eyes. He dropped suddenly and I sent a second bullet into him. When I got to the edge of the hole the pig had succeeded in worrying himself from the clutches of his tormentor and hurriedly made his escape towards the lake, bearing with him the tracings of Bruin's claws visible all over his body.

A most attractive folder has been issued by the C. P. R. on the Muskoka and Georgian Bay districts. This pamphlet contains an excellent map of the north shore of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay and also gives an accurate idea of the sportsman's country that has been opened up by the extension of the Toronto and Bala Branch up to Sudbury. We hear of several parties who are taking advantage of this new line to be amongst the first to visit the French River country and the map in the pamphlet should be a great help to them. This folder can be obtained by applying to Mr. L. O. Armstrong, Tourist Agent C.P.R., Montreal. This same department issues a leaflet describing the fishing and hunting to be enjoyed in this new country.

Several inquiries have reached us lately as to the possibility of obtaining guides and canoes on the French and Pickeral Rivers especially in that portion of the French and Pickeral River districts opened up by the new branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Toronto to Sudbury. We are glad to be able to give the information that Mr. Fred Currie, whose address is French River Village, P. O., is able to supply several canoes and guides and we would recommend our readers to communicate with this gentleman should they be contemplating a trip in that locality. He can supply about ten boats and guides. Joe McKenzie, who lives on the Indian Reservation, is also a good guide, is arranging to supply about ten boats and will also procure other guides if necessary. We are informed that a letter addressed to him c/o. C. P. R. Agent at Pickeral, Ont., will reach him. A Mr. Wm. Hood is making arrangements to send thirty men into this section to act as guides. They are men who have previously been in the Muskoka Lakes and Lake of Bays district, and are going in charge of a foreman to study the water and country. Mr. Hood is also arranging with the Ontario Government to secure lands for them, and they will all settle in that district permanently. All are enthusiastic about the country, and they say that the fishing and hunting there is going to be superior to anything opened up in Ontario to date. There is no

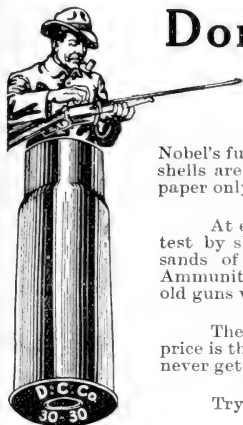
doubt that this country is about as fine as could be desired, the bass having been practically undisturbed and the maskinonge fishing being probably as good as can be obtained anywhere. Tents and provisions will probably have to be obtained in advance, at Toronto, Sturgeon Falls or some other place.

One of the contingencies to be reckoned with by either hunter or fisherman is a wet camp. Sometimes for days together the heavens spill their contents and to those unprovided with waterproof clothing the vacation may be utterly spoiled when time is limited. All campers, hunters, and fishermen will be glad to hear of a comparatively new huntsmen's jacket that really does what is claimed for it—shed water. Equipped with a Raino jacket you can not only keep dry about the camp, but can be out in the pouring rain and smile at the heavy clouds, knowing the water will not penetrate through this protector. Then the feeling of supremacy over this inconvenient watery element gives one such an elation that, combined with the sport on which we are bent, makes us feel we are somebody and thrills us with joy unspeakable. The jacket has lining of khaki that form game pockets, and pockets in plenty are added. The fabric is neither rubber that peels and cracks, nor is it a slicker that becomes sticky. It is a chemically treated cloth and its life is endless if decently cared for, yet it may be pitched about anywhere, and will not spoil before a hot camp fire. For automobilists it has the added merit of keeping out the cold wind when caught in a sudden change of temperature as neither wind nor rain can go through it. Thus possessing sterling merits, it still does not handicap one by its weight for the jacket weighs less than four pounds. Equipped with this jacket and a pair of trousers of the same material you can defy the elements, be they what they may.

Early in June several seines were seized in Lake Ontario by Inspector Boulton. The seines were of small mesh and it is reported that hundreds of pounds of illegally caught fish have been destroyed in the vicinity of where these nets were taken.

WHATEVER GUN YOU USE be sure you have the best ammunition

Dominion Ammunition



is known all over the world as a standard. The Dominion plant is conceded to be the most complete of its kind in the world. The world's greatest explosive experts—the Nobels of Scotland—make our smokeless powder. We combine Nobel's fulminate of mercury in our primers to get *sure fire*. Our paper shells are the choicest splitless, water-proof stock—the best American paper only is used.

At every stage of manufacture we test exhaustively. Finally, we test by shooting our own ammunition, destroying hundreds of thousands of good primers, to make assurance doubly sure. Dominion Ammunition must pass the most severe of all trials—it must be tested in old guns with weak springs, as well as in new guns.

The best ammunition for all makes of arms is our speciality. The price is the right price for the best. You may pay more, but you will never get better ammunition. Dominion is sold all over the world.

Try it next trip.

Dominion Cartridges
(Sure Fire)

Regal Shells
(Pallistite Dense
Smokeless Powder)

Sovereign Shells
(Empire Bulk Smoke-
less Powder)

Crown Shells
(Best Black Powder)

DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY, MONTREAL.

A great deal of excitement has been caused this year by the fresh find of silver at Silver Centre about fifty miles south of Cobalt and a great many prospectors are going in every day. Lately a new discovery has been made south of the Montreal River which is said to be extremely rich in silver and copper. This claim is three miles south of the Matabit-chouan River and one mile from the shore of Lake Timiskaming. The most convenient way to get into this country is via C. P. R. to Timiskaming station more convenient than going in from Haileybury. Those who would like to combine a little silver hunting and prospecting with a hunting and canoe trip could not do better than go to Timiskaming. There is an excellent hotel there called Hotel Bellevue. A beautiful trip through a district renowned for deer and moose with a chance of finding silver thrown in, could be enjoyed by proceeding up Lake Timiskaming and going by way of the Kipawa River into Kipawa Lake. Such a trip could easily be extended through to Grand Lake Victoria and thence into the Otta-

wa River or the railway could be oimed at Kipawa station. It is not often that one is able to recommend a trip combining both pleasure and profit to the same extent as this trip would, and we hope that some of those who take it will let us hear of their experiences.

Marble's Rifle Cleaner.

Since the introduction of Marble's Rifle Cleaner the sales have increased very rapidly. It is now recognized as the best implement made for cleaning lead and burned powder from a barrel.

It is constructed of sections of brass gauze washers on a spirally bent spring tempered steel wire. The brushes are a little smaller than bore of rifle or revolver. This allows the spiral spring to force but one side of each brush against the bore. Thus they follow the twist reach into every angle of the entire rifling and rapidly remove all lead, copper, rust or powder residue. Exceedingly durable. Price prepaid 50c. State caliber. Marble Safety Axe Company 101—129 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.

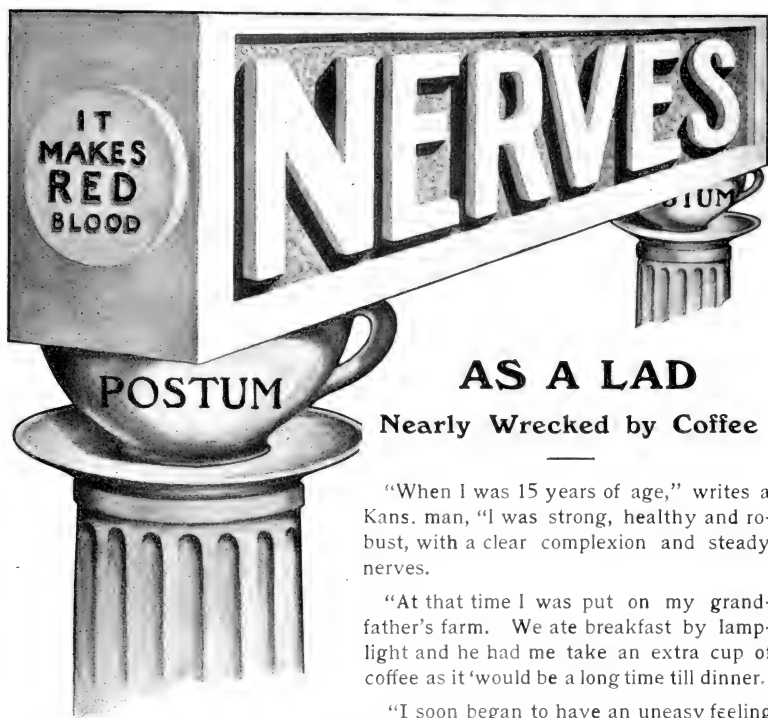
In this year's Birthday List of Honours was included the name of the Hon. W. G. Falconbridge the first President of the Ontario Forest, Fish and Game Protective Association who also occupies the high and responsible position of Chief Justice of the King's Bench and who received a Knighthood. This recognition of Chief Justice Falconbridge's eminent services on the bench as well as his public work afforded the deepest pleasure to the large circle of people who know the value the new knight's many good qualities and the manner in which he has at all times discharged his public and private duties.

Red W Cleaning Preparation.

The necessity of keeping a gun well oiled and free from rust and corrosives, has always been appreciated by regular hunters and others who wish their guns to do the best shooting possible, and good preparations for this purpose have been in demand. The Winchester red W cleaning preparations, Gun Oil, Gun Grease, Rust Remover and Crystal Cleaner, are the best on the market and with their aid any gun can be kept in the best condition. They are especially necessary at the sea shore, or in camp on the banks of stream or lake, and in moist days of summer, when firearms rust easily. Get a set of these preparations and give the gun a thorough cleaning and oiling. They are for sale by all dealers. Ask for red W cleaning preparations.

To those whose hobby is bird shooting we strongly recommend a trip into Saskatchewan especially the country around Regina, Qu'Appelle and Moose Jaw which can be reached by the C. P. R. Here is probably the finest wild duck shooting to be obtained in the world. There are over forty varieties of wild duck to be found, about a dozen varieties of geese and brant, wild swan, pelicans, and cranes of various sorts abound, and in addition, for those who prefer larger game, there are both blacktailed deer and antelope (pronghorn) in abundance. Special attention however is drawn to the wild fowl. During the latter part of August

and the whole of September and October it can be said that the flight shooting to be obtained in this district is not surpassed anywhere in the world. The grain fields to the south in the neighborhood of Regina, Qu'Appelle and Moose Jaw have just been reaped and twice a day, at sunrise and sunset, the geese fly from their breeding grounds, literally in thousands, to feed on the stubble. The hunter could thus begin his day at daybreak with geese, and this shooting would be over by about 6.30 to 7.00 a. m. It is presumed that one's tent is pitched on the shore of the Lake. From breakfast-time until nearly sunset one might shoot duck from a punt or from the shore, or go off on ponies to the wooded districts after black-tailed deer, or go westwards into the more open prairies after pronghorn antelope. In addition to all these there are countless prairie chicken which offer splendid sport this being a particularly strong flying-bird. To the collector an endless variety of uncommon birds of the avocet and wader tribes can be promised and also some magnificent species of crane which will tax his stalking powers to the utmost, and there is one large crane in particular, a specimen of which once obtained, should make an ardent collector happy for months. As to fishing all the lakes are teeming with coarse fish such as pike, pickerel and what is locally known in the district as the buffalo fish. The latter grows to an enormous size, up to forty and even fifty pounds in weight, and seems to be a species of carp. The pike also run heavy, fish of twenty-five and thirty pounds being quite common. Then there is the white fish which frequently reaches eight or ten pounds. As a rule these are netted but there is undoubtedly a time in the fall of the year, when they will take the fly though the period is not a protracted one, and varies according to the year, sometimes not occurring until late in September, and sometimes as early as the middle of August, but rarely lasting more than two or at most three weeks. Any sportsman who spends a couple of months under canvas there will regret leaving the country and will desire nothing more fervently, both on the score of sport and of climate, than to repeat the experiment.



"When I was 15 years of age," writes a Kans. man, "I was strong, healthy and robust, with a clear complexion and steady nerves.

"At that time I was put on my grandfather's farm. We ate breakfast by lamp-light and he had me take an extra cup of coffee as it 'would be a long time till dinner.'

"I soon began to have an uneasy feeling in my stomach and did not sleep well nights. Always proud that I had been able to outrun any boy in the neighborhood, I was now pained to find that I could not run half the usual distance without having to stop and gasp for breath.

"My cheerful disposition gone, I became cross, nervous, irritable. So bloated, I could not breathe well lying down. Unable to think clearly, I feared I was losing my mind. This continued for some time as I did not realize the cause. Finally one doctor told me I must quit coffee, and he prescribed

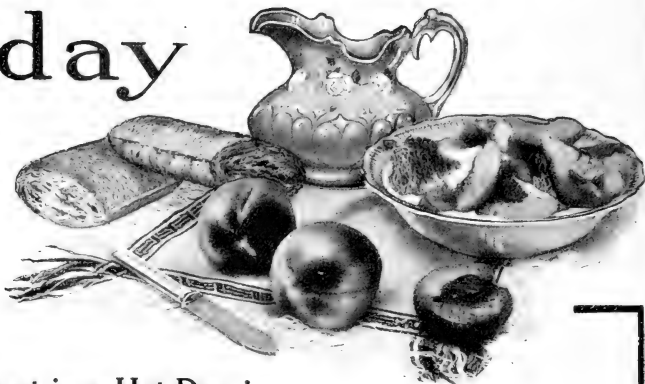
POSTUM

"When I learned how to make it right (directions on pkgs.) it tasted delicious, and in a short time I noticed I could sleep better, think more clearly and the bloating went down. Now I am a sound young man and look upon Postum as a capital support for nerves weakened by coffee."

"There's a Reason"

Name given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

The Cool Spot in a hot day



The Cool Spot in a Hot Day is

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

with Fresh Fruit and Cream. If you haven't tried it, you do not know all the joys of summer. A pleasant surprise for the stomach after eating heavy meats and pastries. A brain and muscle-making food that gives the greatest amount of mental vim and physical energy with the least tax upon the digestive organs. A food for the outdoor man and the indoor man—ready-cooked, ready-to-serve—wholesome, healthful, strengthening.



"It's All in the Shreds"

Start the day right by eating Shredded Wheat for breakfast with milk or cream and a little fruit. It is made of the choicest white wheat that grows, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, most hygienic food factory in the world. TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer, used as a TOAST with butter, cheese or marmalades, delicious for luncheons, for picnics, for camps, for excursions on land or water.

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

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 52 Church St.

Mr. S. T. Bastedo, who was formerly Deputy Minister of Fisheries for Ontario and has lately been engaged on behalf of the Dominion Government in negotiating arrangements between the Federal and Provincial Governments with regard to fishery matters, has been appointed the Canadian representative on the International Commission appointed under the treaty lately agreed upon between Canada and the States for the purpose of arranging similar regulations regarding fishery matters on both sides of the line. Mr. Bastedo's long experience on fishery affairs and particularly his long study and personal experience of these questions as affecting both sides of our international waterways eminently qualifies him for his new position and the interests of Canada—highly important as they are—may be safely trusted to his care.

A correspondent writes that he has been spending a vacation in the woods less than sixteen miles from Webbwood station on the "Soo" branch of the C. P. R. One afternoon, while resting from fishing on a small lake near a lumber-camp, and admiring the magnificent scenery, he saw two large bull moose and several deer feeding in the lake. A return visit to the same place on the following day resulted in his seeing four large bull moose and three cows and again several deer feeding in the lake. On this last occasion he had his camera with him and was rewarded by several fine pictures. It is not often that such luck falls to anyone. Moose are often seen when a camera is not part of one's equipment and it was an exceptional piece of luck to go out especially armed with the camera and get better subjects and more of them than anticipated. This section of the country should be visited in the fall by those after big game as there is no doubt that the moose and deer have increased in this section lately.

The International Deep Waterway Commission met at Toronto in June and made further progress with the differentiation of the boundary line between Canada and the States. It is stated that many old maps were gone over and generally found to be wrong. The Commis-

sion also engaged in discussing the troublesome question of how to prevent poaching on the Great Lakes.

A bear in church was the strange scene which startled the members of the St. Mary's congregation at Winnipeg the other Sunday. Naturally there was great excitement for a time and it was not until the animal was recognized as a pet that had strolled from its home some distance away that calmness was restored. Evidently Bruin knew it was Sunday and was desirous of learning for what reason the humans gathered in a building instead of remaining outside in such glorious weather. Many besides the bear wondered at the same thing.

"The Flight is on—Duck Shooting's Good!"

This might well be the title of the new Marlin Wall Hanger which we have just received from The Marlin Firearms Company, New Haven, Conn. It is a beautiful reproduction of an oil painting by the celebrated artist and sportsman, Muss Arnolt, and depicts the flight of ducks at the close of the day, showing two sportsmen in an old dug-out, with the decoys well placed, taking toll of the passing flocks. The skill of the shooters, or at least one of them, bids fair to secure a record bag, for while his companion is reloading, this chap has brought down a Mallard drake and its mate, and is all ready for a third shot. Evidently his gun is a repeater, and probably a Marlin, as the Marlin Company makes quite an assortment of repeating rifles and shot guns specially adapted to duck shooting. The falling Mallard drake is faithfully and beautifully portrayed in the foreground *in all of its natural colors*, with wings outspread and is just striking the water. Every sportsman who knows the beauty and variety of colors of the Mallard male duck, and every shooter who ever has been or ever expects to go duck shooting, will appreciate this handsome new hanger. It is an attractive addition to any sportsman's library or den. One of these hangers will be sent to any reader of Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, who will send ten cents in postage stamps to The Marlin Firearms Company, Willow Street, New Haven, Conn.

for residential purposes. There are two miles long of fine villa lots for sale here at very moderate prices. The camp hotels furnish meals if desired. The fishing in the inland lakes is not only good but very good for bass and trout. Good wagon roads lead to a score of them. There is also a good canoe trip with short portages among these lakes in the forest primeval. Write to R. Shaughnessy, Kensington Point Desbarats Ontario and he will give you all details.

Watson's Rifle Sights



No. 8—Patented

Price
\$2.00



No. 8 A—Patented

Nos. 8 and 8 A are ideal sights for roughing it through the deer season. The bead in No. 8 is 22 K. gold, secured to a fine pin of tool steel. No. 8 A is similar only the bead is suspended on a fine ribbon of steel. These little gold balls can be plainly seen in any light that anything can be seen to shoot at.



No. 9—Patented

Price
\$2.00



No. 9 A—Patented

Nos. 9 and 9 A are similar to 8 and 8 A only small and fine. They are intended for all the light 22 calibers, and when mounted look handsome and in proportion to the size of the rifle.

The Gold Beads in these sights can be made any size to order.

SEND FOR CATALOG.

T. A. WATSON

GREEMORE, ONTARIO, CANADA

Coffee in camp is most enjoyable and can be had to perfection if a percolator forms part of the outfit. There is no good reason why it should not as one is now made smaller than the usual camp pot with bail to use over the camp fire and folding handle. The great advantages of the percolator are that it does not boil over and doesn't spoil the coffee if not removed at the prescribed moment. To make coffee with a percolator is easy. By this process coffee is distilled but never boils and the coffee grains never enter the reservoir containing the pure filtered coffee. This percolator which is supplied by the International Silver Company 218 Fifth Avenue, New York, is heavily nickel plated on hard metal and is constituted to stand the hardest usage and any heat, all attached parts being rivetted. It is a most useful article for camp use and while supplied by all big dealers will be sent direct if any difficulty is found in the way of securing it.

Our Chicago readers and others conveniently situated would do well to look into the attractions of Kensington Point Desbarats, if they would rent a camp-house on an island or build a summer-house of their own. The Hiawatha Camp Hotels are well run places which make friends for themselves. Thomas Barret, the manager, is a success as a summer hotel man. The air is superb, it is even and invigorating to a degree. The beaches in several shallow bays give water at a temperature of seventy-two degrees. For sailing boating and canoeing the water dotted with a hundred isles are unsurpassed. The north shore of any body of water is infinitely the best

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Men

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A good college education is now recognized as one of the most valuable of life's assets and ambitious young people are well advised in making any sacrifice to procure its advantages. Amongst the best residential schools in the Dominion for boys and young men is the college at Woodstock, Ont. The success achieved by past pupils constitute the best testimonies to the efficiency of the education imparted within its walls. Here was established the first manual training department in Canada and it is today the best equipped and efficient to be found within the borders of the Dominion. Wood turning, wood carving, iron work including forging, brazing, welding and clay modelling are included in the curriculum. The regular English, scientific and commercial courses are given and there is also a teacher's course. Students are prepared for the university matriculation and for other examinations. Numerous successes testify to the thoroughness of the education imparted and must lead others to follow the examples of many who, believing that a sound education is the best equipment for the battle of life, have secured an admirable training at that College. Any young reader desirous of further educational advantages should address the Principal, Box 21, Woodstock, Ont., when full particulars will be cheerfully and promptly forwarded.

Mainly for distribution purposes at their two exhibits at the Franco-British Exhibition in London, England, Messrs. Hardy Brothers, the well known fishing rod specialists, of Alnwick, England, have had prepared a French translation of their fine catalogue. The French edition is well illustrated and six beautifully colored plates of flies are included. The whole get up and contents are of the best being equal to their well known English catalogue which is received with favour the world over every year. If any of our French Canadian readers would like a copy of this catalogue Messrs. Hardy Brothers will forward one post paid if application is made to the firm direct and mention made of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada." A catalogue in English, reviewed in these pages in June, will also be sent by Messrs. Hardy to any of our fishermen readers asking for the same.



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.

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*Drinks
Ink
Like
A
Camel*

John R. Corning recently caught a seven pound shad with a fly while fishing on the Carleton River, This is a most unusual occurrence.—Yarmouth Times. Unique indeed, but not more so than to land a cod fish with a "fly", which the writer of this paragraph did a number of years ago at the confluence of the George's River with the Bras d'Or Lake, C. B.—Truro News.

Mr. T. R. Pattullo, of Bridgewater, father of T. S. Pattullo of Truro, N. S., is well known as one of the keenest sportsmen in Nova Scotia. On the 16th of June, at the age of seventy-five years, he accomplished a feat that we are sure is unique in any record of fly-fishing in Canada. In the Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co., this veteran angler, between nine-thirty o'clock a. m. and two o'clock p. m. killed six salmon and hooked a seventh which he lost. The largest fish weighed twenty-five pounds. Only those who have killed with a rod one of these lively, gamey Atlantic salmon, can fully understand the physical exertion required

for such a feat; and here are six of these contests within five hours, and that by a fisherman in the seventy-sixth year of his age!—Truro News.

Clearly it is not all profit to engage in sealing. The schooner E. B. Marvin reported at Halifax, N.S. in June having been absent since the previous September. Her catch totalled six hundred and forty skins which was exactly one thousand less than the number taken the previous year. The amount realized just about paid the running expenses of the schooner leaving nothing for the men who have spent nine months on the expedition.

Truman Dunn, of Seymour, and R. N. Simpson, of Campbellford were each fined \$25 at Campbellford, Ont., for having in their possession fish out of season. The charge was laid and supported by C. H. Cassan, fishery inspector for the district.

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Get Into **Jaeger** Pure Wool **Wear**

The coolest, healthiest, sanest and most comfortable wear for Outing or general use that is or can be made.

Animal wool has been evolved by *natural* selection as the *fitest* covering for an animal body. Jaeger Day and Night Wear *adjusts* itself automatically to the heat and humidity of the atmosphere. When too hot it allows the *skin to breathe* and assists the *rapid evaporation* and diffusion of the body's moisture. When too cool it *protects* the body against chill.

With Jaeger Day and Night Wear you can be hot or cold and you run no risk—you can be wet or dry and you run no risk. Your clothes may get wet, and dry on your body yet you run *no risk*. With anything else but pure wool you run the greatest risk.

Take Jaeger Wear in Your Camp Kit.

It is the best, most serviceable and durable clothing for all seasons and occasions.

Negligee Shirts in Twill Flannels, Pure Wool "Cambric" and "Taffetas;" Sweaters, Golf Coats, Camp Rugs, Sleeping Bags, Stockings, Motoring Ulsters, etc.

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During the summer months steamers from Montreal and Quebec visit Gaspé twice a week, the voyage down the St. Lawrence being ideal.

A splendid chance for a private gentleman wishing to possess fishing rights, or for a club.

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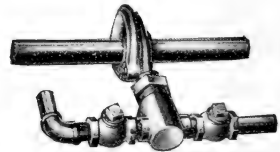
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THE NEW LONDON MOTOR CO.
NEW LONDON, CONN.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING



A Constitutional Question.

Is it constitutional to exclude the auto? The recent passing of an act by the Prince Edward Island Legislature to prohibit autos in the Province is, as might have been expected, to be thoroughly tested as to its constitutionality. Some of the owners have deliberately broken the law and been fined five hundred dollars. An appeal against these convictions should show whether the law is not ultra vires. If it is good law then the sooner the Prince Edward Islanders receive some enlightenment on the subject of autos the better for the progress of their island. Prince Edward Island is not, as might be supposed, in the heart of Darkest Africa, but is a portion of the Dominion of Canada, the inhabitants of which pride themselves on their enlightenment and progressiveness.

Without a Gear Box.

It is reported that the 1909 Panhard cars will be a distinct novelty. It is rumored that the new French invention which has been purchased by the Panhard Levassor Co., and will be introduced in the 1909 models of Panhard cars indicates that the device is entirely successful in its operation and destined to be revolutionary in its effects. Although the principle of the device is a carefully guarded secret, it is known that by some means the change of speeds is effected direct from the fly-wheel and the necessity for the gear box is absolutely done away with. The experiments which have been conducted with the new cars have been concluded, and the invention is scheduled to appear early in the fall. The sweeping effect of such a change in transmission can readily be appreciated. The few automobilists who have heard rumors of the device credit it with being remarkably effective. It is said its simplicity is its most surprising feature, and that it will increase the efficiency of the

car markedly. Aside from simplicity of operation, it is expected to make a material reduction in the cost of production, which will be reflected eventually in a lower-priced commodity for the public.

Automobiles and Hotels.

The Ontario Motor League is engaged in arranging with the hotel-keepers throughout the Province to grant favourable rates to members of the League. In return they will issue signs to the hotels as a guidance to their members and recommend such hotels as the places at which they will be welcomed when on tour.

A Prophecy Coming True.

Henry Ford in a recent interview declared it to be his belief that the horse was doomed to go, that its period of usefulness was nearing an end, the automobile succeeding, and that this fact combined with the recognized danger from a sanitary view point of allowing the horses to traverse the streets, would in the course of ten years cause the horse to become a rare animal. Every section of the country has entered its protest against this statement in editorial and by letter and because of the general lack of information which their protests proclaim Mr. Ford has taken the trouble to present the following facts gleaned from recent accounts appearing in various papers. New York City has voiced its sentiment by endorsing the taximeter Cab so enthusiastically as to swamp the cars in service and force the operators to place rush orders for more cars. Horse drawn cabs line the curbs with nothing to do, while hundreds of people, shoppers and business men who have heretofore utilized the horse vehicle, now walk because the gasoline cars are all in use. In Milwaukee the council has decided to replace the

horse-drawn fire engines with motor trucks, has purchased a motor police patrol and for sometime has used automobiles in the department of parks, police department and fire department. From Georgia there comes the report of the use of motor tractors for ploughing, the tests developing the fact that with a motor one man can plough three times the acreage possible with horses. Mr. Ford has been for two years experimenting with farm machines, and has secured patents on a gasoline tractor. On his farm of four hundred acres where nine horses have been required to work it, the motor tractor is being already successfully used, and this fall the horses are to be sold and all the farm worked with the motor driven vehicle. Armies abroad are experimenting with trucks for transportation of troops. Many officers in military manoeuvres instead of riding on the back of a galloping charger now cover more ground with a runabout. The mounted police, in the larger cities, long ago adopted the motor cycle as being superior to the horse and now almost every city has part of its force so equipped. Three mail carriers on rural routes outside of Seneca, Kansas, are using runabouts to deliver the mail. Over in Syracuse, New York, a gasoline motor hearse is in daily use. In hundreds of cities motor ambulances are in constant use, demonstrating their superiority over the horse-drawn varieties. From the foregoing it will be recognized that the motor car is fast proving its value for business. For pleasure it has been popular from the first, and this year with all the talk of financial depression, there is a shortage of cars. There are 200,000 automobiles registered in the United States and when you consider that the industry is young, a practical economical car being a possibility only for the last three or four years, you will appreciate how rapidly the horse is being superseded. Of course sentiment favors the horse, and the majority of the people dissenting with Mr. Ford's view of the horse's doom are guided by sentiment.

Needless Restrictions.

It is difficult to imagine what rural councillors can think of autos when we find them petitioning the Legislature

to make it illegal to run autos on the rural highways before eight in the mornings and one afternoon of each week. This is the position of the representatives of the Leeds and Grenville counties. Surely these men can know nothing of auto progress or they would refrain from such needless and irritating attempts at restrictions.

Taxicabs in Boston.

Fifty of the new, handsome Taxicabs have been put into service by the Taxi Motor Cab Company at Boston. For a long time New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Washington have been enjoying cheap Taxicab rates, but it has remained for William P. Barnhart, representative of the new firm, to get the Boston public interested in this new method of transportation. Although only fifty of the cars have been put into service at the present time, it is the intention of the new company to place at least one hundred and fifty cars in Boston as soon as traffic warrants it. The new taxicabs are dark green and yellow very handsomely upholstered. They are a product of the factory of the E. R. Thomas Motor Company of Buffalo, the manufacturers of the "Thomas Flyer". The cars cost \$3000.00 apiece and are of the latest French design. They can be used open or closed and will seat five passengers besides the driver. Under the new system the French Taximeter will be used to estimate the charges, and it will be impossible for the passenger to be overcharged. Furthermore, it will make no difference with the taxicabs whether they carry one or four passengers the charges for the vehicle being the same. For the first half mile the car costs 30 cents, 10 cents is added for each half mile thereafter, and 10 cents for each six minutes of waiting. The new Taxi Motor Company will have its sub-stations at all of the popular hotels, clubs, cafes and both railway stations.

The Pilot Cars for the A. A. A. Tour.

Chairman Frank B. Hower announces that the two pilot and confetti cars selected for the Fifth Annual A. A. A. reliability touring contest are a 6-cylinder Premier '45' touring car and a Reo '20' touring car. The selection is proving a pop-

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Won by Fred. Harlow, Newark, O.

The Professional Championship

Won by Fred. Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.

High Average for the Entire Tournament

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196 straight—Made by an Illinois Amateur

Runner-up in the Amateur Championship

(H. E. Buckwalter, Royersford, Pa.)

Second and Third Moneys in the Preliminary Handicap

Won by Woolfolk Henderson, Lexington, Ky., and Fred. Harlow, Newark, O.

ALL THE ABOVE HONORS WERE WON BY SHOOTERS WHO USED

DUPONT SMOKELESS

THE POWDER THAT MAKES AND BREAKS RECORDS

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS POWDER CO.

Established 1802.

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ular one in view of the well-known reputation for durability and reliability which both these cars have won on road and track. A 6-cylinder Premier "45" was used in successfully laying out the 1908 route early in May last, when the heavy rains, deep mud and rough country roads put the pathfinding party and car to one of the severest tests known in the history of motoring. The companion pilot car—a Reo "20"—is a \$1250 model, one of which created the great sensation in the 1907 Glidden reliability touring contest by being the only car of the 83 starters selling under \$2250 which finished with a perfect score, and then made its 500-mile official non-stop dash immediately thereafter, principally from New York to Jamestown Exposition in twenty-three and one-half hours. In view of the clean bills of health back of these cars it is confidently expected that the strenuous work of piloting the 1908 Gliddenites and How-erites will be creditably and satisfactorily performed through the six states beginning at Buffalo and terminating at Saratoga.

Taxicabs in Paris.

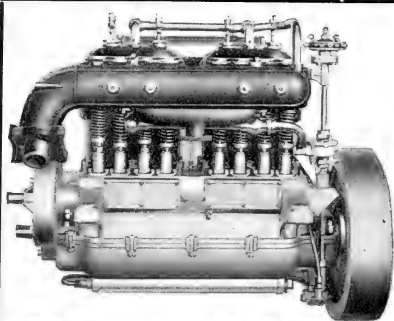
"The use of the taxicab in Paris seems as a whole to be profitable" says C. M. Hamilton of the Isotta Import Co., writing from abroad. "The systems vary and as is always the case the company that can control the largest number of vehicles can usually minimize expense in every direction and make the largest amount in proportion to the capital invested, while the least is yielded by the man who has little capital and who must bear the brunt of it all.

Change of Address.

The Rajah Auto-Supply Company have located their office at their new factory at Bloomfield, N. J. (Watsessing Station, D. L. and W. R. R.) Their largely increased manufacturing facilities at this place will enable them not only to maintain but also to increase their reputation for quality and promptness of service.

A New Battery.

The Electrical Specialities, Limited, who have made such a success of their X cell dry batteries are now placing on the market a new type of dry cell which they have named the "White Kitten". The company states that they have received so many inquiries for a battery costing less than the X cells and not made to stand such strenuous work as the X cells are expected to stand and do stand, that they consented to satisfy this existing demand by placing a new cell on the market. The Company are confident that the White Kitten will give satisfaction on light ignition, bell, telephone and similar open circuit work. Even with the low price—16c in barrel lots, f. o. b. factory—the Company with guarantee the White Kitten to give better satisfaction than any imported dry cell of similar class.



Beaver Motors

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.

HIGH SPEED. HIGH GRADE.
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Lightest and most comfortable Camp Bed made. No stiff sides. Weighs 3 lbs. Holds up 500 lbs. Folds into a package 16 inches long and 8 inches through. Price plain \$3.75. With netting \$4.75. With tent \$5.00. Write for catalog or send orders to

GREEN BAY COT CO.
Dept. 26, New London, Wis



SPORTS AFLOAT

A section devoted to those who brave wind and wave.

*Edited by
LOU. E.
MARSH*

Selecting the Olympic Representatives.

The most important events since the publication of our last number were the contests for the selection of representatives of Canada in the Olympic aquatics to take place in England. The regatta at which these events were decided was held at St. Catharines on Friday, June twenty-sixth and created much interest throughout Canada. Particularly gratifying was the splendid spirit shown by the clubs of Nova Scotia in sending three crews to contest the events. Although none of them won, their public spirit was none the less commendable and the manner in which they took their defeat showed that they are true sportsmen. The regatta was favoured with ideal weather, there was a splendid attendance of the public interested in boating and some exciting finishes were seen. The morning was taken up with the heats and the finals were rowed in the afternoon. In the fours, the North Stars of Dartmouth won over the North West Arm of Halifax and the Argonauts of Toronto beat St. Mary's of Halifax. In the first case the finish was so close that spectators could not decide as to the winner but in the second case the Argonauts finished three lengths ahead. In the final the Argos had all the best of it and won by five lengths. Time nine minutes, sixteen seconds.

For the singles Lou Scholes, who was the favourite having won the championship in England four years ago, showed himself greatly the superior to those who entered against him. He won his heat with ease, Harry Jacobs, of the Dons, being second and John O'Neill of Halifax, third. The second heat was productive of a fine race which was pulled off by Bowler, of the Dons, Cosgrave, of the Argonauts, taking second

place by only a few inches, and William Duggan of Halifax making the third. In the final Scholes was not at all pushed at any stage. He speedily gained the lead and maintained it throughout, winning by four lengths. After a number of changes the second place was taken by Bowler who finished one and a half lengths in front of Jacob. Time 9.16.

The Fours Were

Northwest Arm, Halifax—J. Turner, stroke ; A. Turner, 3 ; J. Hopkins, 2 ; W. Hopgood, bow.

North Star, Dartmouth — P. Sawler, stroke ; A. Sawler, 3 ; W. Nelson, 2 ; O. Sawler, bow.

St. Mary's, Halifax — Pat Meagher, stroke ; G. Power 3 ; F. O'Neil, 2 ; G. Fitzgerald, bow.

Argos, Toronto—Geff Taylor, stroke ; C. Riddy, 3 ; R. Gale, 2 ; G. Balfour, bow.

The officials were as follows : Referee, T. P. Galt ; judge at finish, Capt. Wilson ; assistant judge at finish, F. B. Steacy ; timers, Don Cameron, George Ewart and James Bailey ; clerk of the course, Wilfred Murphy.

Canada's Representatives.

Eight

Argonaut R. C. Toronto.

Fours

Argonaut R. C. Toronto.

Pair

Argonaut R. C. Toronto.

Scullers.

L. F. Scholes, Toronto, R. C., Toronto, Walter Bowler, Don R. C., Toronto. Coach and Manager

Joseph Wright, Toronto.

Trainer and Boatman

Edward Skippon, Toronto.



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You can return it in 10 days and get your money back if it does not suit you. Nothing like it. Try it and see.

Marvel Manufacturing Co.
 Indianapolis, Indiana U.S.A.

L. S. S. A. Winners.

At the Dominion Day regatta at Hamilton L. Gooderham's skiff won the Birley Cup for fourteen foot dinghies, Bruce Harvey's the Gooderham Cup for sixteen foot dinghies, L. Gooderham the Comfords Cup for fourteen foot dinghies, the Unique V. Y. C. for the Frank E. Walker Cup for sixteen foot skiffs and Simpson R. H. Y. C. that for sixteen foot one design class dinghies.

The Zoraya won the Queen's Cup over a course of twenty-five nautical miles and the Whirl the Nicholls Cup.

Dominion Day at Toronto.

Very fine sport was seen at Toronto on Dominion Day, although a ten mile breeze did somewhat interfere with the success of the events. The singles was won by Coryell of the Parkdale Canoe Club from Blackburn, the champion and a surprise was furnished by the Island Aquatics winning the war canoe race from the Toronto and Parkdale crews.

The pair oared race went to the Dons, who also won the junior fours. J. Cosgrave was successful in the junior sculling events.

A Regatta at London, Ont.

For some time past there has been a revival of boating on the Thames and Dominion Day was celebrated by a regatta at London, Ont., held under the management of the London Rowing and Bowling Club and the Thames Boat Club. The events were all contested locally but they made up an excellent program and created much interest in boating matters throughout London and the large district of which London is the centre. The following were the officials to whom credit is due for most excellent management:—Judges—Mr. W.J. Hayward, Mr. Jos. Weld, Mr. W.H. Phelps, Mr. Jack Collison, Dr. J. N. Wood, Mr. E. J. MacRobert, Mr. G. B. Gerrard. Timers—Mr. A. McMahan, Mr. Jared Vining, Mr. Ed. Young. Starter—Mr. Gillean. Clerk of the course—Mr. A. Keene. Referees—Mr. G. B. Gerrard, Mr. A. Tillman. Regatta directors—Mr. James D. Tytler, Mr. Jas. McDougall.

The Picton Yacht Club.

The members of this Club, under the leadership of Commodore Miller have arranged a big programme for the present year. They intend to visit Chaumont Bay in August at the time when the Eastern Yacht Racing Association is to be held. A uniform yachting cap with the Club's crest worked in the front is to be adopted for use by the members. Committees have been appointed to attend to the carrying out of the various arrangements and it is confidently anticipated that in addition to the pleasure afforded a considerable strengthening of the Club will also result.

A Paddling Marathon.

The Rideau Canoe Club of Ottawa, recently held a paddling Marathon race on the Canal. There were large numbers of entries and a good race resulted. The race is said to be the only one of its

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IVER JOHNSON SAFETY HAMMER REVOLVER

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kind in the Dominion and it certainly brought out thousands of spectators. The representatives of the New Edinburghs, Messrs Merrill and Crowe were in the front throughout. Their boat leaked badly and they changed their craft in the course of the race though they were careful to comply with all the conditions while doing so. The race proved a grand test of endurance and aroused wide interest not only in boating but also in general circles. The crews finished in the following order :—

New Edinburgh, Merrill and Crowe 2 hours.

Toronto, Blackburn and McNichol, 2 hours 1.30.

Grand Trunk, Morrison and Glass 2 hours 1.52.

Carleton Place, Robertson and McCaw, 2 hours 3.57.

Rideau, Kuhn and Lyon, 2 hours 5.20

The entries and number of contestants were as follows :—

1. Carleton Place, Robertson and McCaw ; 2 Toronto, McNichol and Black-

burn ; 4. Rideaus, Slade and Clark ; 5. Britannia, M. Skuce and Plante ; 6. Rideaus. Regan and Whiteaves ; 7. Rideau, Kuhn and Lyon ; 8. Carleton Place, Knox and Gordon ; 9 Grand Trunk, Glass and Morrison ; 10 New Edinburgh, Merrill and Crowe ; 11. Ottawas, Gisborne and Black ; 12. Rideau Knight and McElliott.

The officials were as follows :—

Starter—Sydney Smith

Judge from start to first locks—E. A. Oliver.

Judge from first to second locks—D. Robertson.

Judge from second locks to turning buoy and return to second locks—W. F. Forgie.

Turning Judge—Charles Sutherland.

Time-keepers—A. Rosenthal and W. E. Gowling.

Judges at finish—Robt. Craig, Rideaus ; A. Tach, Britannia ; W. J. Johnston, Ottawa ; A. Stitt, New Edinburgh ; A. Keyworth, Carleton Place.



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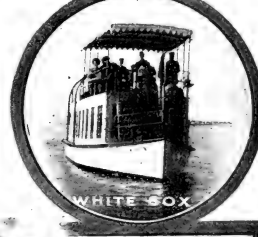
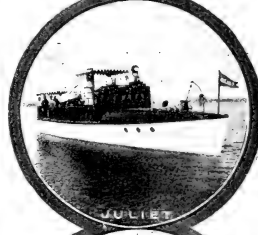
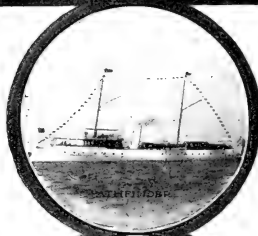
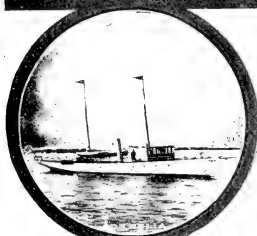
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LOOKING FORD

A Sportsmen's Fair.

Under the auspices and in aid of the funds of the Rideau Canoe Club of Ottawa, a most successful Sportsman's Fair was recently held at the capital. There were numerous attractions and in addition to a much needed reinforcement of the Club's funds a wide interest was aroused in the Club, its members and affairs.

A Fast Yacht.

In recent races of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club from Toronto to Port Dalhousie, Strathcona has easily defeated the whole fleet. On one occasion she had the race won before she was clear of the Bay, having a six minute lead by the time she was through the eastern gap.

Queen City Yacht Club.

The Queen City Yacht Club has run off races in three classes, classes A and C going around the island and the dinghies going twice around the triangular course in the bay. The results were as follows :—

Class A—1. Canada sailed by Whitney ; 2 Vesta, sailed by Ellis ; 3 Halcyon, sailed by Hales. Time, 1.23.

Dinghies—1 Osborne : 2, Martin : 3 Henderson.

Class C—1, Elaine; sailed by J. Nicholls; 2, Sheerwater, sailed S. Salmond ; 3, Nanoya, sailed by Rolls. Time, 14.2.42.

Running the Lachine Rapids.

Dominion Day was made notable in the neighborhood of Lachine by the attempt of Messrs Dunn and McDonald, members of the St. Stephen's Boat Club of Lachine, to run the famous rapids in a light eighteen foot skiff. The Iroquois Indians who live on the Caughnawaga Reserve, near Montreal, have for generations run the rapids at intervals but always in staunch boats. The two daring white men were two hours in making their perilous journey and amongst the spectators who watched the feat many declared that there were times when they would not have have given a brass

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farthing for the lives of the men. However by skill and judgement the men got through without a scratch and so also did their skiff.

A Good Trainer.

The St. Catharines Rowing Club have secured W. J. Nelson, who has for years been connected with the Toronto Rowing Club as coach for the crew they are entering for the Canadian Henley at St. Catharines in August. The local club have a good crew and all they needed was a coach. In Mr. Nelson they have a man who knows the game down to the ground and who will do his utmost to have the men fit for the encounter.

A free souvenir wheel will be given away by the Michigan Wheel Company of Grand Rapids, Michigan. This souvenir wheel is a small model of their famous Twentieth Century speed wheel about the size of a dollar, highly polished, very handsome and attractive, and can be used as a watch charm or lady's



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Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.*

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hat pin. All they ask in return is a photo of your boat under full speed with a short testimonial of the speed and results you have attained with their wheels or reverse gears.

An International Regatta

Amongst other arrangements for celebrating the Quebec tercentenary is one for an international regatta. The competing crews will be made up by sailors from the British, French and American warships visiting Quebec and the course will be in front of the Lake St. Joseph Hotel on Lake St. Joseph. A similar, though less interesting, regatta was held on the Lake at the time of Prince Louis of Battenberg's visit with a British squadron. The ships' boats will be taken to the hotel over the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, which is running a special train service to and from the hotel during the tercentenary and the regular summer trains to the Upper St. Maurice, Lake St. John, and the Saguenay and to Montreal, through the Laurentians, will all stop at the station in the hotel grounds.

The Refined Motor.

A claim is made by the Thrall-Fishback Motor Company, Detroit, Mich., that in the Refined they produce the perfect motor. Certainly there is a good deal in this claim. It is no idle boast that in the Refined motor is found "a combination of beauty, reliability and symmetry of design." The motor weighs but fifty pounds complete, is three full horse power and will reverse instantly while all the time it is under perfect control. The motor is specially adapted to canoes, row boats, dories, dinghies, launches and small craft up to eighteen or twenty feet in length. The propeller is twelve inches and turns from two hundred to eight hundred revolutions per minute. All the parts are so made that they work with each other and combine in an engine the efficiency and excellent working of which many satisfied users testify. Their booklet is one which should be read by every motor user and a copy will be sent to any interested reader who will apply to the Company direct and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

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THE TRAP

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

Tournament Dates

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

The first trap shooting club on Prince Edward Island has been organized at Charlottetown, Mr. Von Clure Gay being unanimously elected president. The manner in which this Club has been taken up gives promise for the establishment of other clubs on the island and the possibility of a friendly rivalry and neighborly matches. At the opening snoot good scores were not conspicuous but there was nothing of which complaint could justly be made. A high wind was blowing at the time and veterans might have been excused for not piling up high scores. Weekly shoots are to be held and with better weather and more practice some presentable scores are expected before long. The new Club will be governed by Dominion trap shooting rules and its future progress will be recorded in our pages.

The present officers of Ingersoll Gun Club are: President, F. W. Staples; 1st vice president, John Staples; 2nd vice president, John Brebner; 3rd vice president, H. W. Partlo; secretaries, W. J. Kirbyson.

The American Indians held their annual tournament this year at Cedar Point, near Sandusky, Ohio. D. McMakon, Highgate, Ont., was the only Canadian who competed. "Dave" broke 20 straight in his last event and as his was the only straight score and it was class shooting, his returns were very satisfactory. Of the total program of 700 targets the following were the 20 high men: W. R. Crosby 670, L. R. Barkley 669, G. S. McCarty, Philadelphia, 668, R. O. Heikes, Dayton, 666; C. M. Powers, Decatur, Ill., 659; W. H. Heer, Concordia, Kan., 659; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia., 657; S. A. Huntley, Omaha, 657; Geo. Roll, Blue Island, Ill., 641; E. O. Bower, Sistersville, W. Va., 640; J. W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, Col., 639; H. Fleming, Pittsburg, 636; H. W. Kahler, Denver, 636; L. B. Fleming, East Liberty, Pa., 636; Tom A. Marshall, Kelltsburg, W. Va., 632; George Mackie, Scammon, Kan., 632; L. J. Skiper, Wilmington, Del., 632; J. A. Elliott, New York, 626; J. F. Mallory, Parkersburg, W. Va., 624; J. M. Hughes, Milwaukee 625. Heer won the Mallory trophy cup on the final day by breaking 47 out of 50. He was closely pushed by several experts.

North Hatley Tournament

their annual tournament on Dominion Day. It was a very light, hazy day and good scores were hard to make. Court Thompson, the gen-

The North Hatley, Que., Gun Club held its U.M.C.-Remington representative, was present and shot steadily all day, but could not be persuaded to part with his coat. The boys thought he must have his monthly pay cheque in it. His genial presence, however, assisted in making the shoot a success.

H. P. Stockwell was high gun, winning a pair of field glasses.

In the Merchandise event, the prizes were won as follows: 1st, J. B. Goodhue; 2nd, H. P. Stockwell; 3rd, F. Gosnell; 4th, N. G. Bray; 5th, C. G. Thompson. The scores

| | Shot At. | Broke |
|-----------------------------|----------|-------|
| H. P. Stockwell | 180 | 161 |
| Court Thompson (Pro.) | 180 | 17 |
| Court Thompson (Pro.) | 180 | 160 |
| N. G. Bray | 180 | 154 |
| Rev. R. Wright | 180 | 142 |
| J. B. Goodhue | 180 | 139 |
| C. G. Thompson | 180 | 138 |
| F. W. Mitchell | 180 | 121 |
| E. J. Perry | 180 | 113 |
| A. E. Ross | 180 | 115 |
| J. C. McConnell | 180 | 101 |
| Malcolm Craig | 120 | 78 |
| J. H. Turner | 80 | 44 |
| S. H. Ball | 160 | 88 |
| J. Ballin | 80 | 45 |
| C. A. Hanson | 60 | 39 |
| P. A. Hatch | 40 | 13 |
| A. H. Foss | 20 | 9 |
| W. E. Loomis | 20 | 9 |

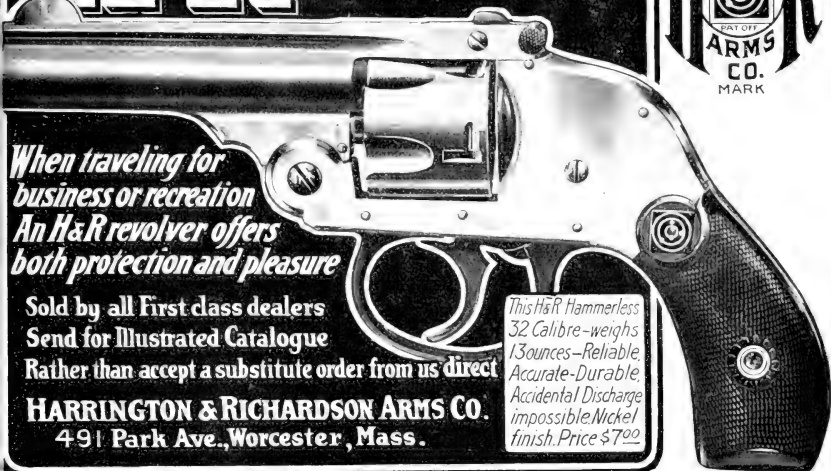
London Holiday Shoot

Springwood Gun Club, London, Ont., celebrated Dominion Day with an inter-club shoot which was very enjoyable. Ingersoll won the five-man team contest with 93. London was next with 85 and Exeter third with 77. London won the three-man team event with 42.

The five men shoot was for the silver cup donated by Mayor Stevely and five individual prizes donated by the club. The trophy is a challenge one, and must be successfully defended three times before it becomes the property of any one club. The prize winners in the individual events were: First event, R. Day, London; second event, J. Trebner, Exeter; third event, F. Kerr, Exeter; fourth event, A. S. Blackburn, London; fifth event, W. J. Kirbyson, London; sixth event, B. W. Glover, London. The high averages winners are: 1, J. Webb, London; 4, A. S. Blackburn, London; 5, B. W. Glover, London; 6, R. Day, London; 7, H. W. Partlo, Ingersoll; 8, W. J. Kirbyson, Ingersoll; 9, F. Kerr, Exeter; 10, J. Bissett, London. The scores:

| | Shot At. | Hit. |
|---------------------------------|----------|------|
| B. W. Glover, London | 100 | 89 |
| R. Day, London | 100 | 88 |
| S. A. Webb, London | 100 | 90 |
| Farker, London | 100 | 91 |
| J. Bissett, London | 100 | 84 |
| G. Nicholls, Ingersoll | 100 | 77 |
| H. W. Partlo, Ingersoll | 100 | 86 |
| W. J. Kirbyson, Ingersoll | 100 | 86 |
| G. James, Ingersoll | 50 | 42 |
| A. S. Blackburn, London | 100 | 89 |
| F. Kerr, Exeter | 100 | 86 |
| S. Fitton, Exeter | 100 | 82 |
| J. Trebner, Exeter | 100 | 92 |
| W. Johns, Exeter | 100 | 71 |
| W. Saunders, Exeter | 100 | 78 |
| W. Curley, Ingersoll | 20 | 19 |

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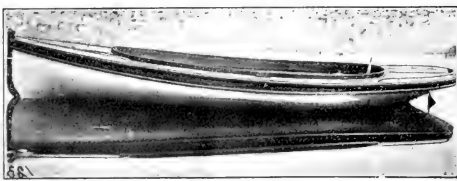


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Brandon, Man. Tournament

The recent annual tournament of the Brandon Gun Club was the most successful event ever held under their auspices. The team shoot was captured by team No. 1 of the Fort Garry Club, Winnipeg, by winning from Brandon by only two points, 88 to 86. Fort Garry team No. 2 being third. The winning team was Buchanan, Lightcap, Brodie and Houghton. The Brandon team was J. Waddell, D. E. Clement, O. Hymph and T. N. Williamson. R. Mc a Winnipeg, representing the U.M.C. and Remington Gun company was on the grounds with

his new pump gun and made a good showing. Tom Brodie of Winnipeg made the highest aggregate with 119 out of 123, with Saunders second with 117 out of 125.

Canadians landed first and second place in the Olympic trap shooting competition, individual series. Ewing is first, with a score of 72 out of a possible 80, and Beattie is second with 60. Ewing gets a gold medal and Beattie a silver medal. The former killed 27 birds out of 30 in the final stage.

The Rifle

From a meeting held at Dean Lake Station, Ont., at the end of June, another sporting club has developed, that of the Dean Lake Athletic and Sporting Club, with a membership of twenty-two for a commencement. The object of forming such a club, is to endeavor to promote a greater interest in all out-door sports, chief amongst these, and one of most interest to in connection therewith. This part of northern readers of this journal is the Rifle Association Ontario boasts of a goodly number of crack shots both in the field and at target, and is the desire of the club to have these men brought together with a view of participating in competitions throughout the territory. The following officers were chosen: Honorary presidents, Mr. W. R. Smyth, M.P.P., Mr. Henry Sargeant; Honorary vice presidents, Messrs. T. Craig, Wm. Wallace, J. B. Chenier, E. Nadon, Walter Barrett; President, Wm. Hall; Vice-President, Thos. Baker; secretary-treasurer, H. E. Woodhouse.

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St. Catharines Tournament

St. Catharines Gun Club celebrated Dominion Day by holding their annual tournament. The day was fine and the shoot a very enjoyable one. A short program of 120 targets was supplemented by a few extra events. D. Beam, president of the club, who likes to be called "Bill Bailey" by his shooting brethren and by his more distant relatives "Chief Smoot Face" and Mr. J. R. Pringle "Bill Bailey" and Mr. J. R. Pringle, the general secretary, manipulated the affair and are entitled to due credit or its success. There were not many shooters from a distance, but the attendance of the shooters of the locality was good. G. M. Dunk, Toronto, was there with his usual "winning ways," and was the sole representative of that village. Dr. Overholt, Hamilton, was there. The Doctor tries to hide his identity at the traps under the shooting name of "Dr. Wilson" but his good scores and genial manner always give him away. Other good shooters from Hamilton were Messrs. Barnes and Ryan, but there were still other good men from that "mountain section" conspicuous by their absence. Straight scores were made in the various events by J. R. Pringle, W. H. Honsberry, G. M. Dunk, C. Choate, D. Konkle, Dr. Wilson, Barnes and Smith. Bill Bailey nearly did it once, but he slipped up on his last bird and left a cavity in his score that will never be filled. The best shooting of the day was done by Mr. Pringle, who broke 149 out of 165.

The scores—

| | | |
|-----------------|-----|-----|
| Bill Bailey | 140 | 119 |
| J. R. Pringle | 165 | 149 |
| W. H. Honsberry | 120 | 97 |
| G. M. Dunk | 155 | 136 |
| J. Blank | 165 | 135 |
| C. Choate | 140 | 117 |
| D. Konkle | 140 | 124 |
| Wm. Lamman | 120 | 70 |
| Ed. Konkle | 50 | 36 |
| P. Guthbert | 70 | 34 |
| Weston | 90 | 57 |
| R. Blank | 165 | 132 |
| M. Singer | 10 | 5 |
| W. A. Smith | 145 | 120 |
| M. Brady | 65 | 50 |
| Dr. Wilson | 145 | 120 |
| Ryan | 145 | 109 |
| Barnes | 145 | 126 |
| Brown | 60 | 53 |
| F. Coy | 30 | 14 |
| Dr. Campbell | 25 | 15 |

Hamilton Happenings.

A final shoot of 50 targets for the Robertson, Reardon, and Du Pont trophies was held at the Hamilton Gun Club grounds June 13th. The first prize, the Robertson Cup, was won by the veteran John Cline, second prize, Du Pont shield, went to Barnes, while Geo. Beattie captured the Reardon cup. An added bird handicap was used in this event and proved very satisfactory. The feature of the afternoon was the shooting of George Beattie, who broke 122 out of 125 shot at.

Following are the scores in the Robertson

| | | |
|--|----|----|
| Reardon and Dupont trophies, 25 birds each | | |
| Court Thompson (pro) | 21 | 23 |
| Wark | 19 | 23 |
| Beattie | 25 | 24 |
| Fletcher | 17 | 22 |
| Barnes | 21 | 18 |
| Bowron | 17 | 14 |
| Barnard | 13 | 10 |
| Oliver | 13 | 10 |
| Lee | 15 | 15 |
| Dr. Wilson | 19 | 23 |
| Ripley | 15 | 15 |
| W. Thompson | 25 | 21 |
| Upton | 19 | 22 |
| Cline | 24 | 22 |

The summer shoot of the Hamilton Gun

Club at targets was a pronounced success. The program consisted of ten events of 15 birds each and three and five man team races at twenty-five targets per man. The weather was ideal, although there was a strong wind blowing, which affected the scores. The five man team race was carried off by the Riverdales of Toronto, and this club also tied with London in the three man team race. G. Logan and R. Day shot off for the honor, with a straight score, while Logan scored 24. W. P. Thomson was high for Hamilton in the team events, scoring 48 out of the possible 50. Court Thompson, the U.M.C. professional, was the guest of the club, and made a creditable showing, making 90 per cent. on today's shooting. The visiting shooters were loud in their praise of the beautiful grounds of the local club and of the able manner in which the tournament was conducted by President Ripley and Secretary Lawlor. The chances of the club were jeopardized by the absence of Beattie and Fletcher, who were shooting in England on the Canadian six man team at the Olympic games. Joe Jennings of Toronto won the high average for the day. The scores

| | Shot At. | Broke |
|----------------|----------|-------|
| Court Thompson | 150 | 128 |
| B. W. Glover | 150 | 132 |
| R. Day | 150 | 126 |
| J. E. Jennings | 150 | 142 |
| W. P. Thomson | 150 | 135 |
| H. A. Hornings | 150 | 133 |
| Dr. Wilson | 150 | 128 |
| William Wark | 150 | 125 |
| J. J. Cline | 150 | 120 |
| T. W. Barnes | 150 | 104 |
| J. Hunter | 150 | 139 |
| M. Raspberry | 150 | 124 |
| George Stroud | 150 | 118 |
| George Mason | 135 | 121 |
| H. Marshall | 135 | 98 |
| G. Logan | 120 | 107 |
| J. Logan | 120 | 109 |
| T. Logan | 105 | 89 |
| Hawkins | 105 | 85 |
| S. A. Webb | 75 | 61 |
| Bredanz | 75 | |
| James Cross | 75 | 46 |
| A. King | 75 | 57 |
| J. Bowron | 75 | 56 |
| Rich | 45 | 36 |
| Hirons | 120 | 87 |
| W. R. Davies | 60 | 30 |
| F. Oliver | | |

FIVE MAN SHOOT—

First—Riverdale Gun Club, Toronto—J. E. Jennings 25, T. Logan 21, J. Logan 25, G. Logan 22, E. Hirons 21. Total 114.

2nd Hamilton Gun Club No. 1—John Hunter 18, Dr. Wilson 22, W. P. Thomson 24, Rowland Day 24, William Wark 21. Total 109.

Third Hamilton Gun Club No. 2—George Stroud 19, T. W. Barnes 22, Harry Marshall 19, J. J. Cline 19, Marshall Raspberry 21. Total 100.

THREE MAN TEAM SHOOT.

(Twenty five targets per man)
Springwood Gun Club Lennox, Ont.—B. W. Glover 24, R. Day 22, S. A. Webb 22. Total 68.

Riverdale Gun Club, Toronto, No. 1—Geo. Mason 22, G. Logan 24, A. Hirons 22. Total 68.

Merchants Gun Club No. 1—J. J. Cline, 18, M. Raspberry 24, Hornings 23. Total 65.

Riverdale Gun Club, Toronto, No. 2—J. E. Jennings 24, T. Logan 20, J. Logan 21. Total 65.

Hamilton Gun Club, No. 2—Dr. Wilson 19, W. P. Thomson 24, John Hunter 21. Total 64.

Hamilton Gun Club, No. 3—T. W. Barnes 22, Wm. Wark 21, Geo. Stroud 21. Total 64.

Shoot-off—Springwood Gun Club (R. Day) 25, Riverdale Gun Club (G. Logan) 24.



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.

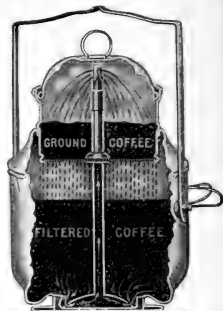
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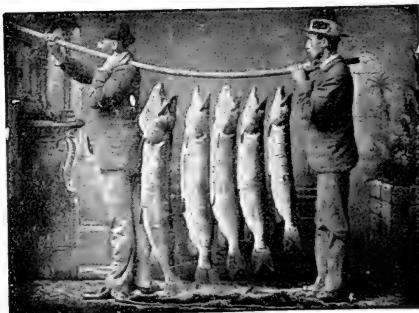


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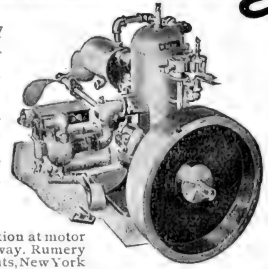
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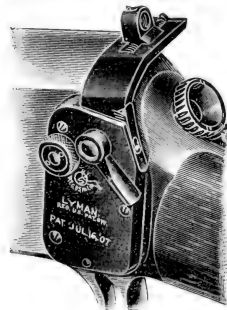
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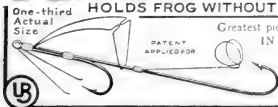
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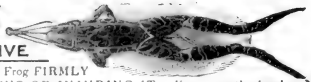
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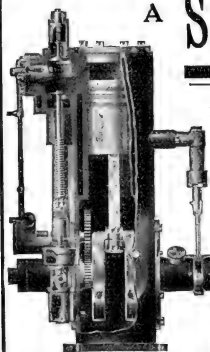
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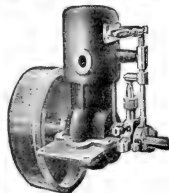
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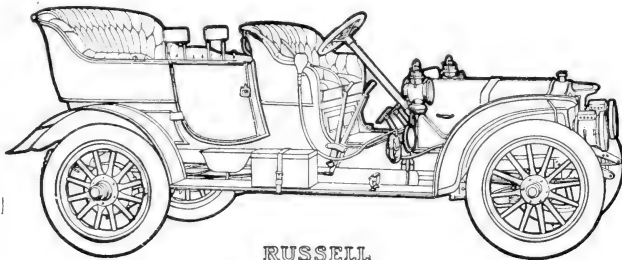
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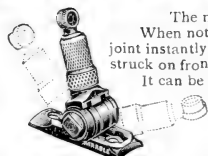


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It can be used on all rifles with long firing bolts.

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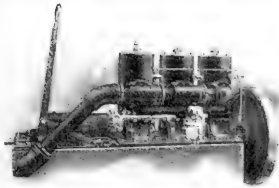
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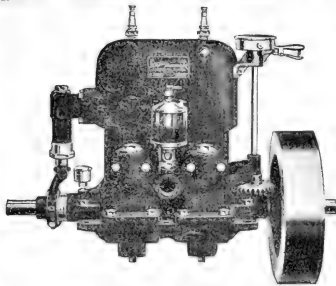


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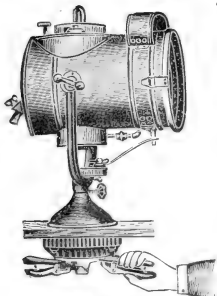
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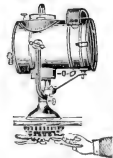
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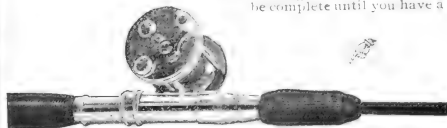


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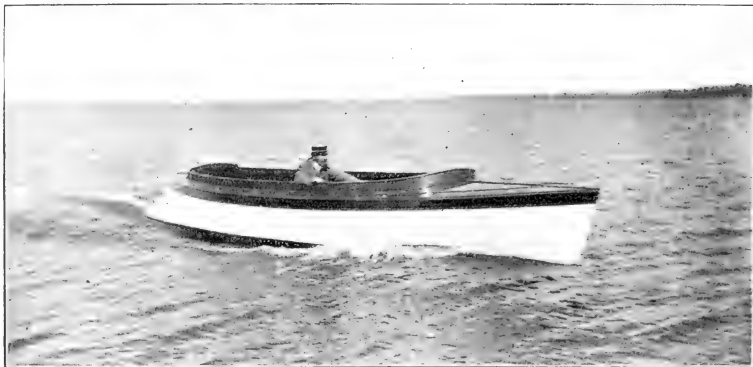
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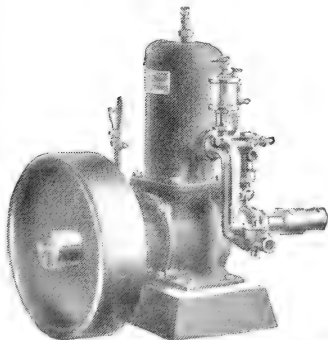


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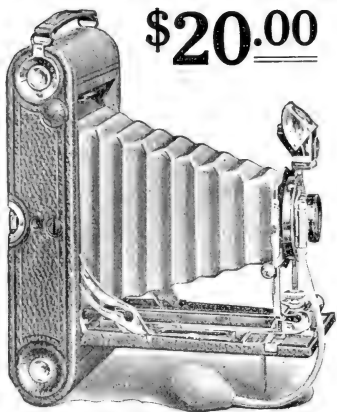
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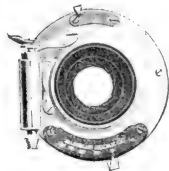
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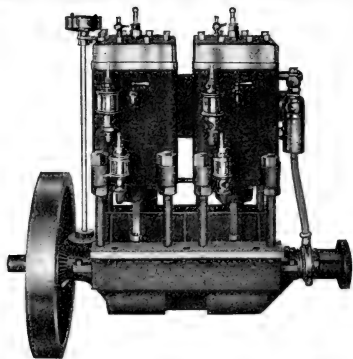
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This oil keeps the reel's sensitive mechanism in perfect order. "3-in-One" is the one sure and safe reel lubricant. Won't gum; won't dry out.

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PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP

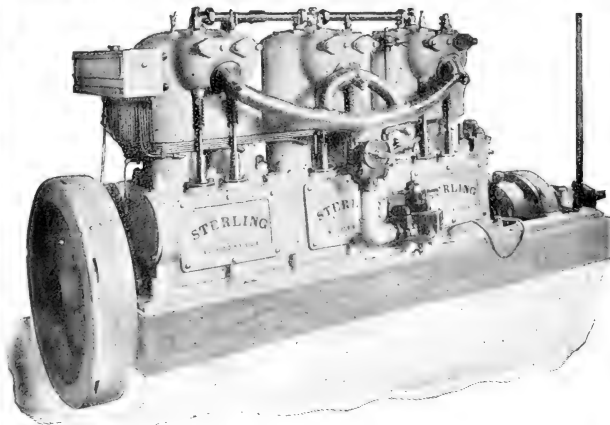
The LEFEVER gun used by Mr. Barber is the same gun which he used in winning the G. A. H. in 1905, score 99x100, and the PRELIMINARY HANDICAP, 1905, score 98x100. These scores have never been equalled at a G. A. H. Tournament. With proper usage a LEFEVER gun will last a lifetime. No gun can outwear or out-shoot a LEFEVER. Its the simplest gun built.

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High Speed 18 ft.

Kunabout



Beam: 4 ft. 8 in. Speed: 12 miles per hour.

This boat will beat any boat of its length, beam and power in your harbor. 6 H. P. Gray Motor, Reversible Clutch, Mechanical Force Feed Oiler, Mahogany Finish, Starting ratchet and control in rear of motor. Everything handy for operator so he does not have to leave his seat to do anything on the motor. Auto steering wheel or brass double handle, as preferred. Linoleum on floor. Price with Brass Checks, Cleats, \$255. NOTE—If you want to build a boat off these lines we will furnish them free to your boat builder if he buys and installs a Gray Motor.

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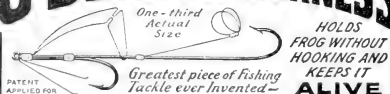
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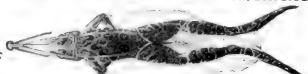
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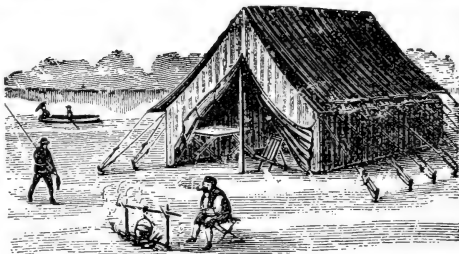
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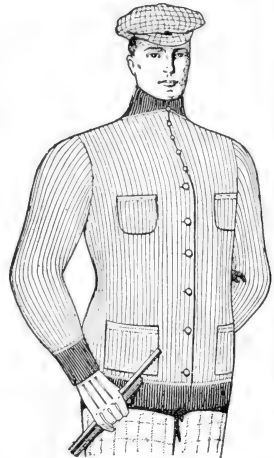
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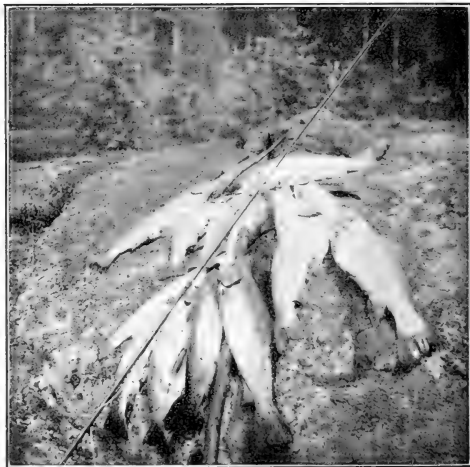
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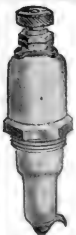
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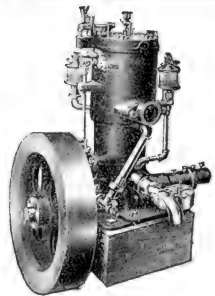
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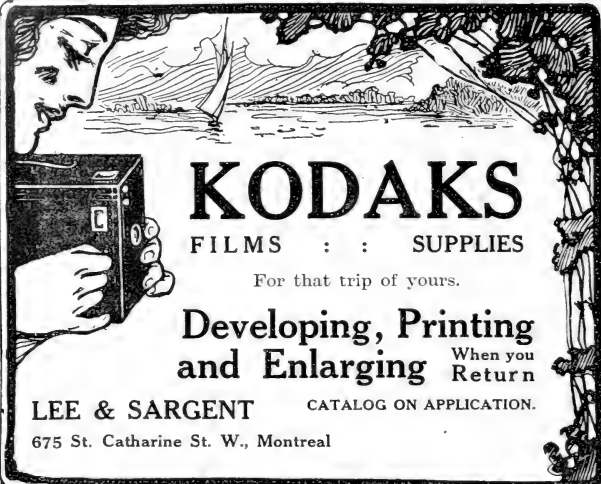
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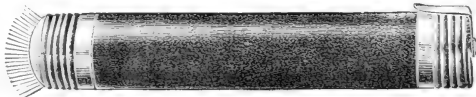


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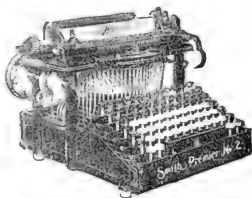


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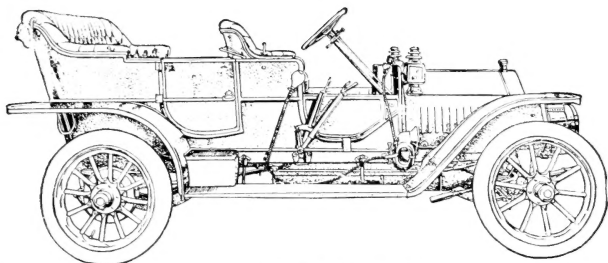
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