

# ROD AND GUM IN-CAN-XA-XA

APRIL 1921

FIFTEEN CENTS



"SHOT OUT AND STRUCK IN MID AIR"

W. J. TAYLOR, LTD. Publisher. Woodstock, Ont.,

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# FISHING

# TACKLE

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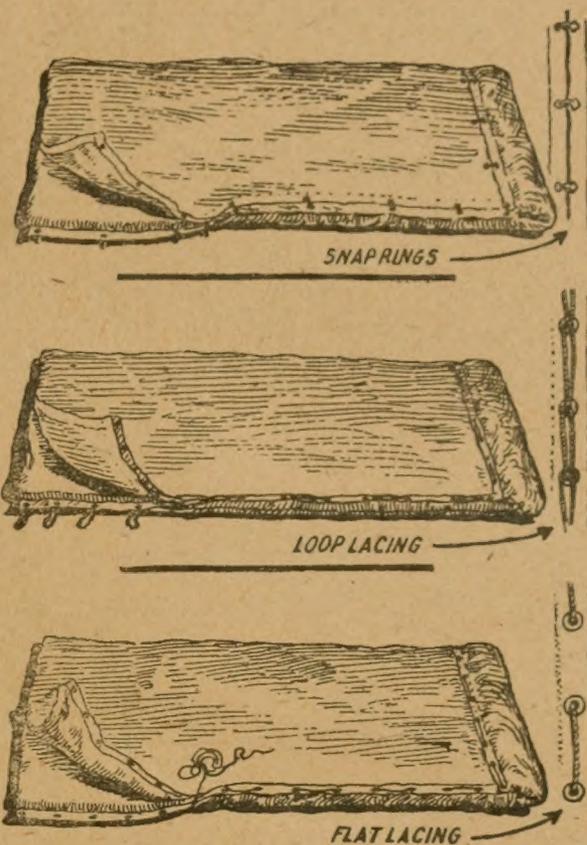
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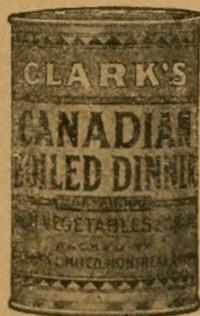
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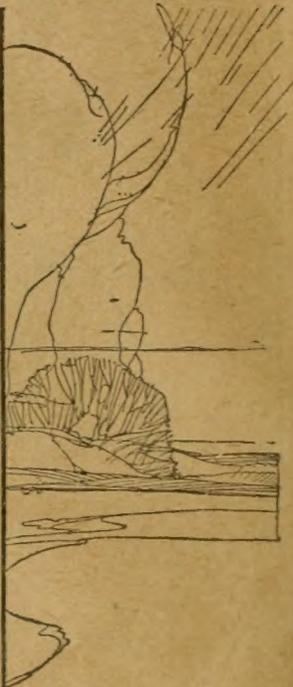
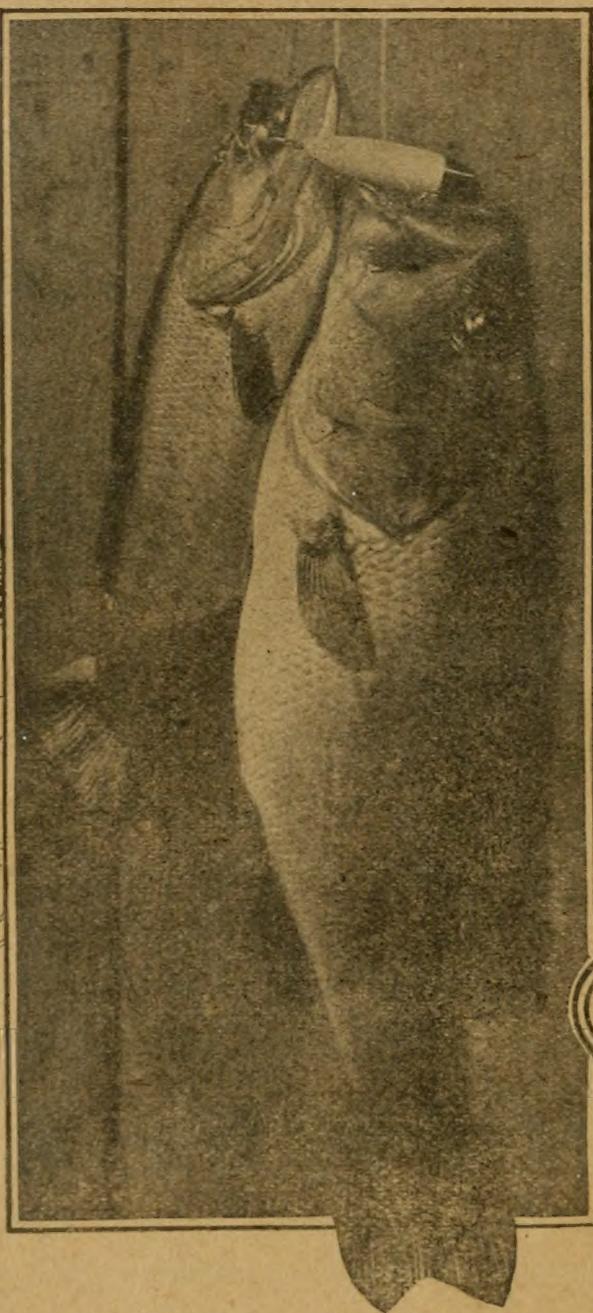
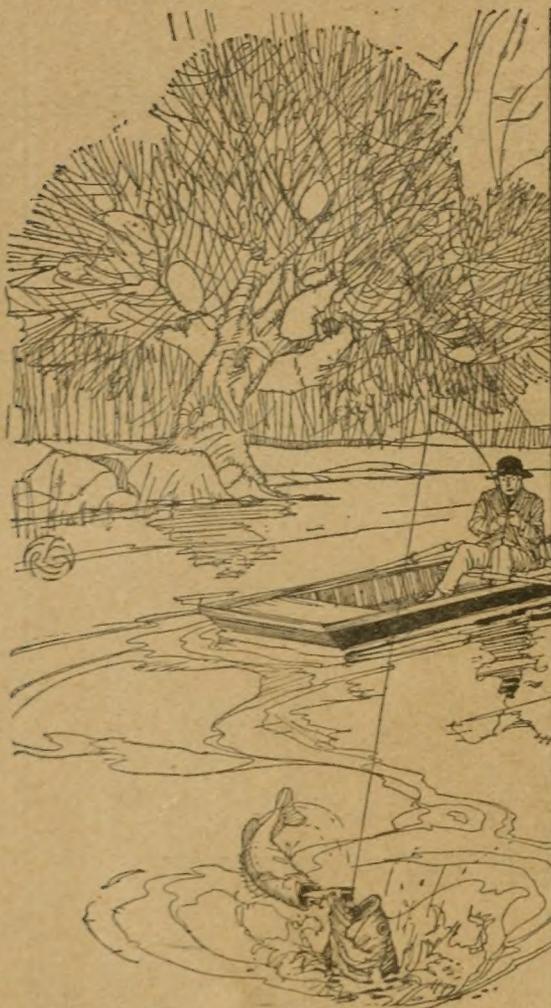
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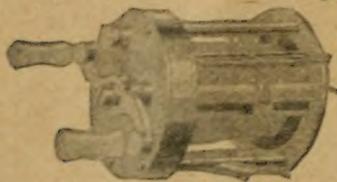
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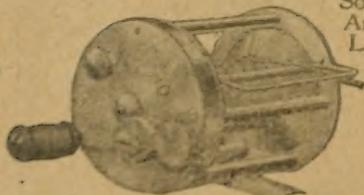
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South Bend Anti-Back-Lash Reel



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# Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, April, 1921

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## EDITORIAL

In the best interests of the country the Government at Ottawa should either repeal or further amend the present obnoxious law pertaining to the owning and carrying of firearms throughout the Dominion. The tragic years of 1914 to 1918 inclusive and the spectacle of Allied troops stationed in Germany in 1921 show the need of maintaining a high standard of national physical fitness, coupled with the necessary training in the use of firearms. There is no need to review the work of the citizen soldiery that astonished the world. Canadian marksmanship during the recent upheaval is now a matter for the historian. Anything that hinders the free use of firearms for legitimate sport afield or target practise is nothing short of a calamity. The youth of the country must be trained and developed; not for the purpose of provoking war but as a matter of preparedness for any eventuality. The restrictive amendments to the criminal code are slowly but none the less surely stopping the training of Canadians in the art of marksmanship.

Surely those in charge of law enforcement have all the authority they need for keeping a check on firearms, in the importation permit clause. Every weapon that is brought into Canada must be admitted through the Customs department, and then only when a permit has been issued. Wholesale dealers and jobbers and even individual purchasers know the difficulty of importing firearms so that there need be no fear on that account. Anyone who would smuggle firearms into the country would be the last person to apply for a permit to own or carry, as required by the present amendments. The only arm that is being manufactured in Canada at the present time is the .22 calibre so the fear of a Red uprising with non-imported guns can be dispelled.

One amusing feature of the law is that permits have to be secured for all cannons, guns, etc., so the various municipalities have to go to the proper authorities and get permits to own relics of the Crimea and all wars since that time.

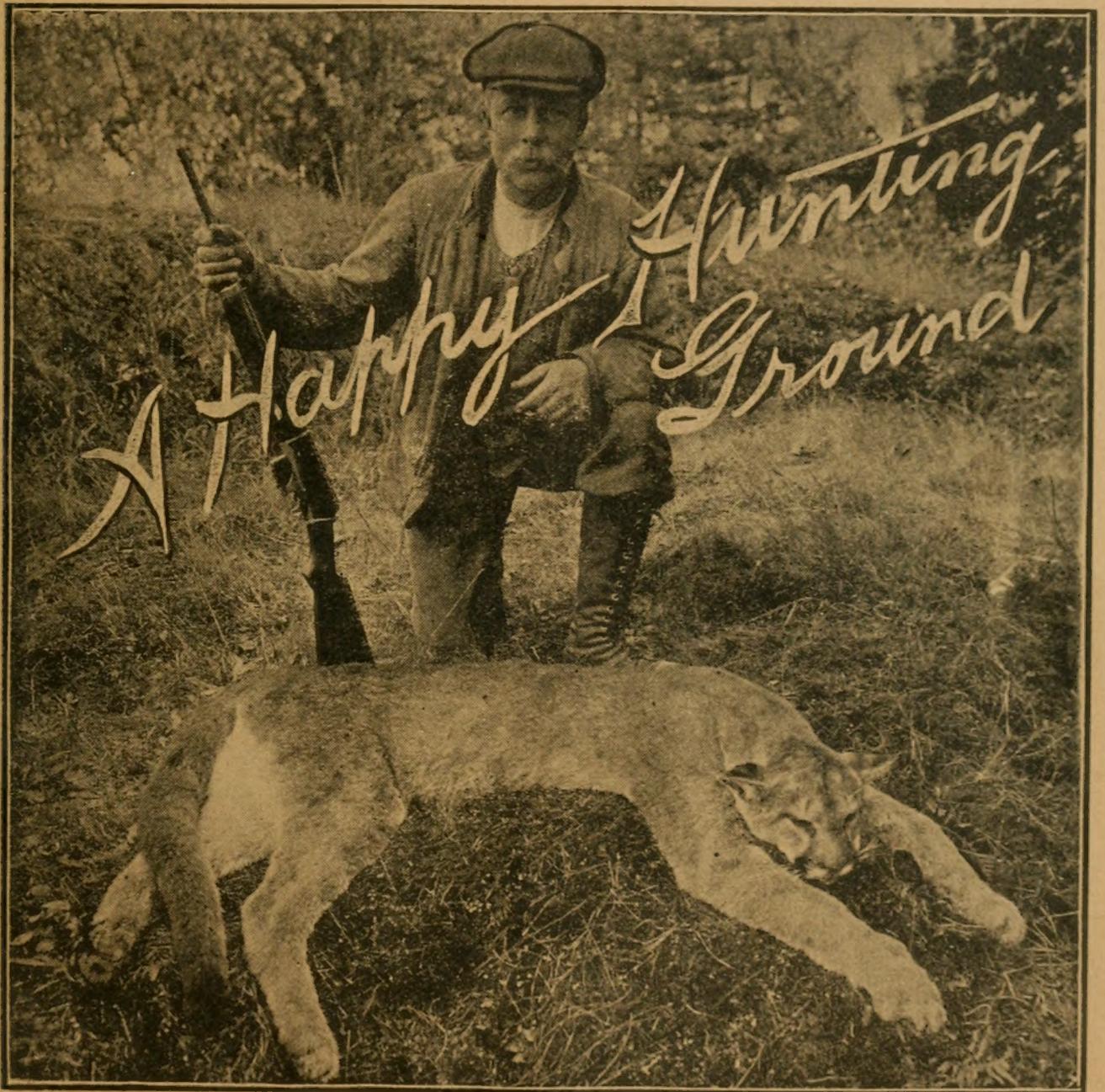
If sufficient pressure is brought to bear on the Government there is no reason why these amendments cannot be repealed before too much damage is done.

# ROD AND GUN IN CANADA

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No. 11



N. DEBERTRAND LUGRIN

WHEN Nature fashioned Vancouver Island, she seems to have designed it with three ideas in mind,—to make it one of the richest places of this world in point of

natural resources, one of the most beautiful places scenically, and to endow it with the most equable and delightful climate that she could contrive. Canada is all a marvellous country,

of diversified loveliness, with outstanding natural features of a grandeur and beauty quite indescribable, but Dame Nature, changing, whimsical, saved Vancouver Island for "le dernier gout," the last perfection of a continent of charms.

That is why a holiday spent upon this island is like a visit to fairyland, and leaves a memory with the visitor, so enchanting as to seem part and parcel of the rainbow fabrics of one's happiest dreams.

One might fitly term it "the land of the sky-blue water" for it is encircled by the sea, and jewelled with rivers and mountain lakes that mirror the turquoise and sapphire colors of the sky. To further borrow from poetical captions, we have described it as a "happy hunting ground," for game-birds, and song-birds throng the woodlands. The lakes and rivers are famous for steelheads, cut-throats, and Dolly Varden trout, and the spring salmon flock to the mouths of the streams in the spring and autumn, while in the forest fastnesses all sorts of game are to be had from the rabbit to the black bear, the mink to the panther. Herds of elk and deer come to drink at the lakes within a mile or so of the main highways, and I have seen a cougar hiding in the bush, not a stone's throw from the trail I was travelling, while the bears in the summer time, when the black berries are ripe, are almost friendly—almost.

Here is a story of an almost friendly black bear.

It begins like this.

A glorious day in early September, and a vacation of two weeks ahead of us, we had our own car, our own camping outfit, a dog, and two guns. My friend knows a little about a gun, and I know a little less, though we both had some practice overseas, but our ambition was to get a bear each, and maybe a specimen or two of the cat-tribe, for the latter, particularly the panthers, are such predatory beasts that the season for shooting them is always open, and the government offers a bounty on the skins of the cougar and the wolf.

The roads on this Island paradise are the best in the world, hard and

clean, and well-shaded in most seasons by a diversity of foliage,—the moon-white blossomed dogwood tree, the maple, the willow, the poplar, and the many varieties of coniferous or evergreen. After travelling over the famous Malahat mountain, from whose summit one looks down over a wonderful panorama of valley and hill and mountain with the blue sea a broad expanse here, and there an encircling arm round a green isle, or peninsula; we made several detours so that we might take in Shawnigan and Cowichan lakes. The latter lovely sheet of water with its beautiful river is famous for its trout, but as it was not our destination we only stopped there over night. Perhaps had we not had another objective in view, we would have remained, for in the late twilight a band of fifteen elk came down to drink; pheasant called in the woods round about us, and we saw the trout jumping a hundred feet or more from shore. All in all it was such a delightful place that it was with more or less reluctance we pushed on the next morning, comforting ourselves, however, with recalling that the shooting of elk is entirely prohibited, and that we had no boat from which to fish.

The terminus of our trip was Sproat Lake in the Alberni district, and to reach this place, famous for its fishing and as a big game rendezvous, we passed through some of the most magnificent timber country in the world, the great douglas fir forest on the borders of Cameron lake. We pitched our tent on a level stretch a short stone's throw from the water, where a four years' second growth of fir made a semi-circular shelter. All around us were the green-treed hills, and in the distance the snow-crowned peaks of Mount Arrowsmith; a slender stream wound its musical way in a little path of its own choosing through the baby fir trees, and down beside the tent. We had borrowed a boat from the hostel at the end of the lake where we had left our car, and then had betaken ourselves as far from sight or sound of civilization as the lake would let us go.

Our first glimpse of a bear had

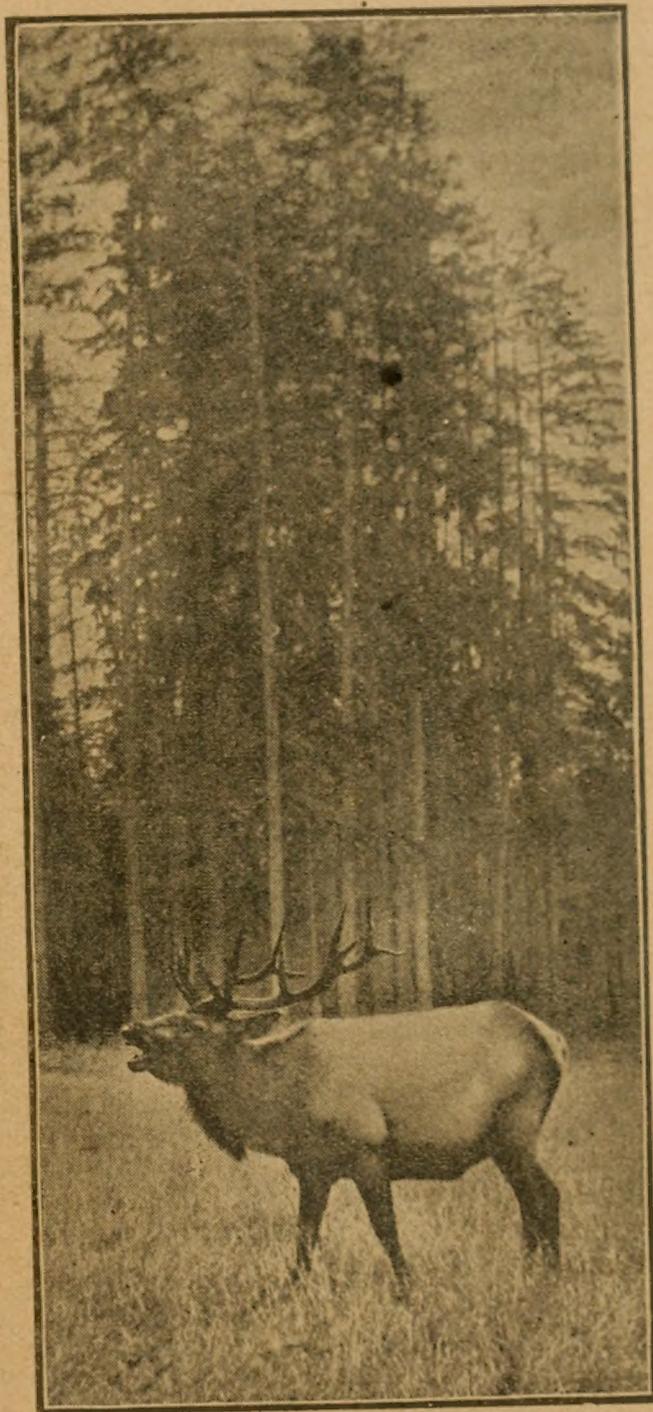
been at a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile, in the bottom lands as we were gliding along through the timbers of Cameron lake. We stopped the car to get a closer look, but bruin was not disposed to be friendly and after turning his head in our direction, promptly disappeared in the bracken. The idea of having really seen a specimen of what we had come for, long before we were expecting it, was very encouraging. Our second glimpse was a more intimate one.

My partner and I had been sleeping the deep dreamless slumber that belongs to the heart of the woods, when we were both awakened by a shuffling and a sniffing somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the tent. We had had a particularly good afternoon on the lake the day before, and twelve speckled beauties had been cleaned and strung up over night, ready for breakfast. When we were awakened it was about sun-up. Poking our heads out of the tent flap, we were just in time to see a fair-sized black bear devouring the last of our string of trout, which he had pulled down. We sent a couple of shots after him, as he rushed away through the underbrush, but did not touch him. For several days after this experience we patrolled the lake, with no success. Then one night, just as we were returning home after the finest day's fishing we had ever had, we saw three bears.

We had followed the lake for a mile or so, and then ascended Taylor river. Here in the fall the salmon run up to spawn, and at the mouth of a small stream which feeds the river, a great boulder lay, behind which the water bubbled into a deep pool. The bears had waded out through the shallow water to the rock, and the largest, apparently the maternal parent, was lying flat on the stone, her two young cubs just below her on a rocky ledge. She was scooping up the fish with the greatest dexterity and throwing them to the cubs who devoured them with relish, wriggles and all.

We decided not to take any chances in the uncertain light, and paddled noiselessly as close as we could, my

partner paddling, and I in the bow with the gun. What slight wind there was, was in our favor. The bears all had their backs to us, and we were within beautiful range when mother bruin looked around and saw



Elk—Vancouver island.

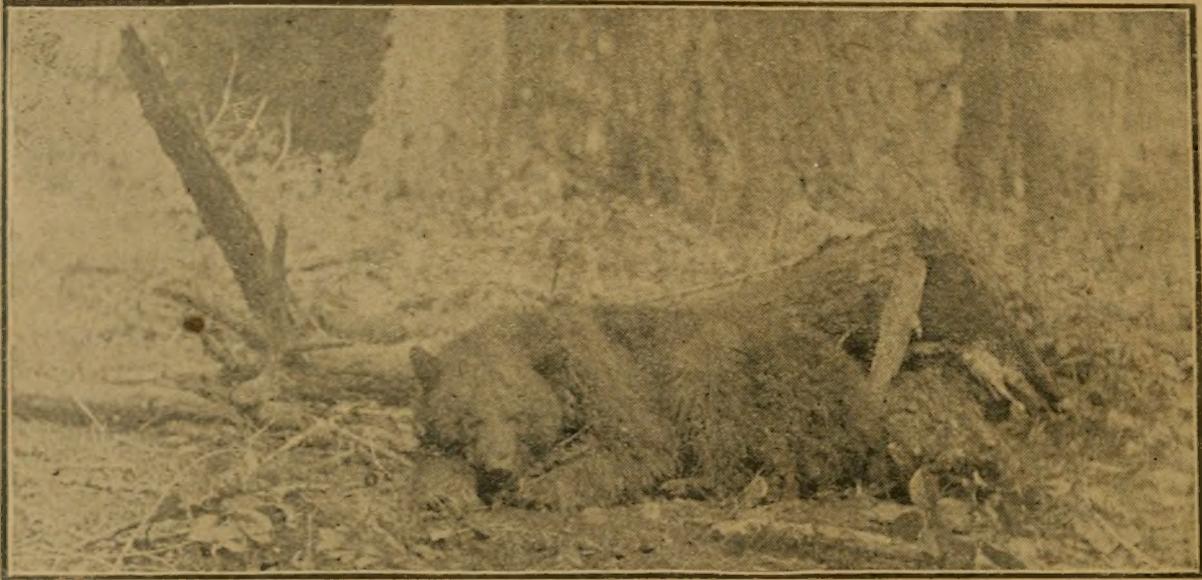
us. Bears are notoriously clumsy, but they were off that rock with the greatest agility, and in the thicket, before I had time to send more than one shot after them. One of the cubs squealed, and keeping the gun in readiness, we paddled swiftly to shore.

But we did not dare venture into the underbrush very far. The light was fading fast and after beating about a short distance and seeing or hearing nothing, we returned to the canoe, and went back to camp.

We had an early breakfast, and took up the chase shortly after sun-

the same bears we had seen the night before, that our one shot had taken effect. I suggested that I go into the bush to find the cub, and that my partner who is the better shot, should try for the bear.

I entered the underbrush without any misgivings, feeling that my part-



Black bear, Vancouver island.

rise. The chances were that if the cub had been hit, they would not have wandered far, and it might be possible, would return to the trout pool for breakfast. We kept close into shore, working our way along with as little noise as possible. After an hour's paddling along the lake and up the river we saw the giant boulder that marked the mouth of the small stream, and we could see too that the bear, or a bear was fishing there. All that was visible of the animal or animals was the tip of an ear above the top of the rock, and now and then a black hairy paw that swooped down into the stream, catching while we watched, a silvery, struggling trout that must have been at least a three-pounder.

We decided to land and to try our luck from the shore, so drew the canoe noiselessly up, made it fast, and crept along the narrow strip of beach. Presently we could see one bear, and what we took to be a cub, though even as we looked they moved farther around the rock, out of range.

One cub! That meant if these were

ner had by far the most dangerous job. The going was rough, black-berry vines, wild honeysuckle and thick-growing bracken impeding every step. I was ascending a gradual slope, and having reached a ridge, looked ahead to a fairly level bit of rocky-land, dotted with some firs. I pursued my way. There was a clump of fairly tall trees just ahead of me, and toward it I walked, alert for anything, as I thought.

I caught a glimpse of a small black form lying in the crumpled bracken below the group of firs, and scarcely able to repress a shout of victory, I sped toward it. It lay quite still.

My nerves tingling with the excitement of my first success in bear-hunting, I thrust aside the intervening vegetation, and reached the small victim. I noted with pleased surprise that it was a much bigger cub than I had thought, and turning it over found that I had made a neat wound behind the ear. Flushed with pride, I was about to lift the carcass, when a growl that sounded like thunder to my startled ears, came from the

bushes to the left, and instantly following it there rushed into the open, old lady bruin of the night before, followed by the remaining cub.

The fir trees were of small girth, otherwise this story would never have been written. I was halfway up one of them before I had time to think, though I had not "shinnied up" a tree since I was a small boy. The bear made an attempt to follow me, but gave it up, the tree was too light. Breathless I reached the first branches and strung myself across them, wove myself among them would be more accurate, for not one of them alone would bear my weight. Then I realized that I had left my gun beside the dead cub. Later on I realized other things,—that I had eaten very little breakfast in the excitement of the impending chase, that I was desperately thirsty, that the branches of the trees were so scanty that the sun had full sweep over me, and that bears have an infinite amount of patience.

At first I did not shout for help, because I did not want to spoil my partner's chances of a bag at the river, and I thought that any time within the half hour a call from me would bring him. At the end of that time or a little later, I heard shots. I counted five. Shortly after, there was a grunting and snorting in the bushes, a tearing of bracken and other underbrush, and a large black bear came from the river-way, and made off toward the left.

Then I waited and listened, and waited and listened for what seemed another hour, but which was only fifteen minutes by my watch, when I ventured a shout. It met with no response, except from the bear, who, walked slowly around the tree, and seemed to be making up her mind whether to essay another climb. I shouted again, and save for the angry growl from the bear, I had no reply.

Then I heard more shots, and after that the stillness seemed more intense than before, and ominous with suggestion. All of a sudden another



A good day's sport, Vancouver island.

I sat there for three hours.

And every minute of the time Mrs. Bruin remained at the foot of the tree, ambling round it or sitting down on her haunches, the slightest move on my part causing her to glance up at me and growl menacingly.

realization came to me. My partner had only put a handful of cartridges in his pocket, the other were in a bag over my shoulder. And he had probably shot his last one. So now instead of wanting him to come into where I was, I felt that I ought to

try and keep him out. I sat tight, and watched the bear, whose malignant little eyes were following my slightest move.

When the sun was getting almost unbearably hot on my uncovered head, and my limbs were cramped to numbness, I heard a shout from the direction of the bank.

The bear heard it too.

I shouted back.

"I'm treed—treed by a bear."

Another shout, and I called back the same information. If "Mrs. Bruin" would leave the tree long enough for me to get down! Another shout. She was moving about restlessly loathe to leave, and yet eager to investigate.

"She is ready for you," I shouted again, and I know that my partner was endeavoring to put some sort of a question to me, but the distance dissipated the syllables. So then of course, he could not hear what I was trying to tell him. The bear, her cub following every movement, now trotted slowly away from the tree towards the direction of the shouting, which was, to my notion, foolishly prolonged. I began to carefully unwind myself from the limbs. With much difficulty I had done so, and, climbing to the branches with my hands, prepared to get down to my gun, when the bear turned, saw me, and rushed back to the foot of the tree. I regained my perch. Then I heard my partner.

"I've got a bear, a beaut. I've got a bear. Hulloo, there!" Wearily I summoned all my vocal strength.

"I'm treed. Don't come any further unless you can make a dead shot."

From the thicket the voice responded.

"I haven't a shell left. Where are you?"

The bear was standing now some twelve feet out from the tree, undecided which way to turn. I knew it would be unsafe for my partner to

venture further. So I called out instructions. "Go back and fetch some shot, and for my sake, hurry."

He was disposed to stop and argue the point, and it was only after I had waxed very much more vehement that he evidently went back to the boat, for a long, long silence ensued. Then followed the weariest two hours I have ever experienced. Just before my partner returned, "Mrs. Bruin," no doubt persuaded by the whining importunities of her young progeny, and possibly thinking that I was dead in the tree, made up her mind to forsake me, and after nosing around her dead baby in rather a pathetic fashion, disappeared in the underbrush, followed by her cub.

I descended the tree with caution and difficulty, recovered my gun, and placing it in immediate readiness, went through some gymnastics to restore the circulation to my limbs. It was while I was thus engaged that my partner burst through the bushes, scarlet-faced, dripping with perspiration and out of breath from his long row and his hurried climb.

Together we conveyed the body of the cub to the boat. My partner had shot one of the two bears that we had seen at the creek mouth, and had had a lot of difficulty in getting the body out of the water into which it had toppled. His second volley of shots had been at still another bear farther down the stream, that had waded out either to drink or fish, but he had not made a hit.

Each of us, having procured a trophy, was quite satisfied to let well enough alone. The skin of the bear was good, that of the cub particularly fine.

Later in the season we went out for birds and deer, but that is another story. We, however, demonstrated to our own satisfaction at least, that for perfection of climate, magnificence of scenery, and plentitude of game, Vancouver Island is veritably a "happy hunting ground."



# Le Renard Noir

WILLIAM MACMILLAN



**T**HE Cure Pouliot who steered straight the lives of the uncouth, two fisted woodsmen of the little village of Saint Ubal was a lover of animals as well as of men; a passion that brought many strange animals to his snug square cut cabin.

In the course of time the good Cure became seized with the idea of owning a silver fox. Of the ordinary flame hued foxes there were aplenty but only on very rare occasions did one hear of a silver in the near vicinity.

Fortune favored the priest, for one day word was brought from the Natashquaan that Louis Lapleine, a breed from the Newfoundland Labrador was coming out with a live silver fox.

A shrewd bargain was struck and Lapleine shouldered the fencewire cage into the garden of the good Cure where a pen had already been built in the optimistic hope of just such an opportunity as this.

"Tien Monsieur, have a care, for he has the soul of the devil and not for three days has he tasted food. He is not gentle like your cows. His teeth they are sharp and long and he is quick." With shining eyes Cure Pouliot peered into the dark cage at his treasure. The breed was right. He surely was a magnificent animal, almost as big as a young wolf with a coat of glistening black. Though the good man didn't know it, it must have been just such an animal as this that prompted Robert Service to write

"Forsake ye the skin, it's as dark as  
sin  
And black, as the core of the Pit."

"Ma Foi what a tail!" In his eagerness he leaned too close to the widely spaced bars, an angry snarl, a murderous lunge and he drew back quickly with the shoulder of his tunic in ribbons.

With a heart that held nothing but kindness and love for all creatures the Cure of the tiny settlement watched over his newfound treasure. Day after day he sought by means of dainty tit bits to wheedle the magnificent animal into some show of friendliness, in vain. The viciousness of the snarl never weakened and the cruel claws were ever ready to challenge his every move. Suddenly their world was thrown into consternation at the news that the Cure's Fox had forced his way through the bars of his pen and only the broad tracks in the snow showed whence he had gone.

"Such foolishness" said Pierre Tremblay in respectful rebuke "To pay three hundred dollars for a live fox; for me, better a red one nailed to my door."

One week later, fifty miles to the eastward towards the Gulf, there drifted back tidings of the sudden appearance of an enormous silver fox and from the meagre discriptions the Cure and his people were positive that it was the fox of their acquaintance.

Come with me into that wild and little known country that sweeps up from the very mouth of the Gulf. For about the distance of a mile inwards from the tumbling frothy waters of the sea stretches a drear plane of piled and jagged ice right up to the fringe of heavy timber that in turn rolls back in serried rank on rank to that place of story and romance the Hudson's Bay full three hundred miles away. In the tranquil shelter of this mighty forest lies countless streams, rivers, lakes and almost oceans along whose frozen banks there scurries in the ways of their lives, numberless small creatures. Step still further with me into the shadows of the giant, snow encumbered balsams. Across the rotting trunk of a prostrate hardwood mercifully covered with snow shows the cautious uncertain trail of a fisher. Down by these black rocks

yonder, the absence of snow on the lower branches of the trees marks the winter den of some long sleeping bears. Across the little clearing there sweeps with noble tread a stately buck. With the peculiar gentleness of his kind he mincingly lifts each little foot and cups it softly and daintily in the yielding snow. It was in this forest that Cure Pouliot's silver fox had been sighted.

No human trail broke the virgin glory of that white carpet. Truly the sly silver could not have chosen a better place, or one more excluded from all contact with his late captors. In the days that followed however, men did make their appearance, big keen, clever woodsmen whose very existence depended on their skill and cunning with the trap and deadfall. They too had heard of the silver and they left no spot untrampled in an effort to locate his runways.

Twice did the wary fox catch sight of his would-be captors. On each occasion he quietly melted into the darkness of his den in the massive trunk of a long dead balsam. True on one of these occasions there was a dog and the fox's hair rose on his arched back as the sniffing animal pointed his nose towards him but fortunately a galloping rabbit tore past and the fox was safe. The days that followed were crammed to the brim with eventful happenings.

Wary from his short association with humans he avoided signs of man with careful intent and kept out of sight and sound of unknown things. Noises, of which he knew not their origin, would cause him to sink from sight into the surrounding shadows.

The cunning of generations was crystallized in this wonderful silver fox than which there is no more valuable animal in the world. Tracking the plump spruce partridge or even the swift white ptarmigan was of small moment to him. With unbounded faith in his own strength and powers of endurance, on two occasions he pitted his strength of jaw and quickness of movement against those brainy fellows, the fishers. The first time being a trifle slow he came out of the encounter

with nothing worse than a three inch gash in his chest where a sharp claw had sought for the fatal lunge. The other time, however, he chose the moment when one of his enemies was gorging on the sweet tender flesh of a lately killed ptarmigan. With the noiseless swoop of the great horn he leaped upon the brown back, one snap of the wonderful jaws, a wrench of the neck to the shoulders and his victim lay quivering on the blood stained snow.

Not always did the silver risk injury in this fashion and he more often contented himself with the lazy stalking of feathered prey. With the characteristic restlessness of his kind he wandered dozens of miles in a single night searching for what he knew not. On a certain one of these long runs, as the grey dawn was breaking over the tree tops, his super-sensitive nose warned him of the nearness of humans. With infinite caution he slipped silently between the shadowy tree trunks that breasted right up to the rear of a farmer's barn. The familiar scent of fowl was wafted to his nostrils on the gentle morning breeze. Pausing in his walk he sniffed his way around its sides, pushed and wormed his way through the wires of a hen coop erected against the south side of the barn. Once inside, his instinct led him to slip through the little door into a dark foul smelling chicken house. An uneasy bird squawked loudly and fluttered from its perch, startled for a second the fox switched his tail and leaped against the wall, there was a tang and the little door through which he had come dropped with a bang.

Disquieted at the sound, he turned and sought to make his way back, his wet nose bumped unpleasantly against the closed door. He clawed at the wood, the birds got excited and the night was filled with squawks, clatter and the flapping of wings. Some geese in a corner now lent their voices to the discordant uproar and the silver became frantic. Abandoning the door he leaped for the small window set waist high in the wall. It was covered with wire. He scurried into the furthest corner shoulder-

ng terrified chickens on his way. The door was flung open and a lantern flashed in the hands of the awakened farmer. A small white thing darted excitedly toward the fox. A snarl simultaneous with a side swipe and the poor little terrier was flung to one side with reddening flanks. And the amazed farmer saw a huge black shape bearing down on him and before he could move it shot out of the door. Experience is a wonderful teacher and the lesson he learned that night made a deep and lasting impression on his receptive brain; while to the people of the settlement the farmer's tale of the adventure lost nothing in the telling of it so that gradually the night maurader became, in the minds of the people, the size of a wolf. The routine of the nightly hunts never grew monotonous and each occasion brought its own peculiar lesson; mistakes that would only occur once. His own kind he scrupulously avoided. A strange thing befell him one night when he was far from his resting place of the day. Galloping along the trail that cut through and under the thick underbrush, he sensed a fox. Had he been a lynx or a fisher he might have headed straight for the spot, but not le noir. He was too wise for that. Pointing to the left he made a huge circle keeping well clear of its approximate centre where he figured lay the scent that had attracted him.

Narrower and narrower he circled till he caught the faint whine of one of his own kind. There was untold desolation in that sound that gripped at the heart of the silver. Quietly he bellied to the snow in the shadow of a low cherry and eyed the red fox that lay in the snow not twenty yards from him. For the life of him he couldn't understand why the red should want to lie in such a place full in the faint light of the moon. Suddenly the red, unaware of the watching silver, sprang viciously into the air. There was the stiff rattle of a frozen chain and the black cold iron jaws that was clasped around one slender leg flashed in the moonlight. That this was the work of man the silver fox was convinced and he

slipped away into the darkness with another lesson stored up for future use. For of all the cunning denizens of the great forests none surpass the wonderful reasoning of the fox, and this big silver was endowed with a remarkable share of craftiness and wisdom.

The end of January found the cold season fast approaching its peak and in a few weeks the world was gripped by the icy fingers of a terrible cold spell. The balsams stiffened and grew rigid in their shields of snow and ice. The hardwoods became brittle as glass. The snow no longer swirled with the wind. It hardened into a surface that showed no telltale tracks. Few animals moved. The marten, mink and fisher hugged their burrows while the foxes and great grey lynx moved only through necessity. The shadowy forms of the big horned owls swished through the sky in fruitless search eager to tackle anything that moved.

Thoroughly protected by his long thick black coat, the silver, during the day, cuddled close in his warm den, swept his magnificent brush around his slender legs and slept with the inevitable eye open. Hunting at this time was favored with ill results, thus when early one morning after hours of fruitless stalking his wet nose caught the appetizing scent of partridge he licked his chops in anticipation and galloped towards it with less than his usual caution. A mile of circling brought the meal within sight. It was perched on top of the tightly packed snow at the foot of a young balsam. With a song in his heart the silver bellied to the snow and watched his opportunity to launch the sure leap. The bird wakened to its danger and flopped to one side, the watcher was astonished to see it jerk suddenly onto its back. Twice and thrice it repeated this odd performance. Where had he seen such antics before? Suddenly the lesson of the trapped fox burst on his consciousness and he realized that here again was some man-made plan of evil design. He circled mincingly around, throwing the bird into a flurry of excitement. He was loath to leave a possible meal. They

were too hard to get just at this time but so cleverly had the traps been set for the inquiring foxes that he failed to detect a single human scent; but his lessons had been well learned and after watching the excited bait for some time he loped off on other trails.

The silver fox saw many traps set for his capture but clever as was their arrangement they failed to achieve their purpose. Scores of times he fled from the very snares that were set exclusively for his own enjoyment. On one such occasion he was feeding on the juicy flesh of a clumsy rabbit that had blundered into the iron jaws of a fox trap when the bushes were thrust aside and a hunter came full upon him. Both had to think quickly, a fraction of a second meant life to the fox and a thousand dollars to the man and the fox proved the quicker of the two. With a leap he tore through the balsams even as the hunter's rifle shattered the silence. Hours later with sides heaving, lungs strained to bursting he limped on sorely bleeding paws to his den in the tree stump.

The hunt for the wonderful silver increased in intensity while bitter soul-searing cold searched out the weak and laid them low. It was then that the fox realized that owning the most valuable fur coat in the world has its penalties and big disadvantages. Fur buying houses from one end of the country to the other began acknowledging letters from this district requesting information as to the price they would pay for an enormous silver fox pelt.

No other silver of his size, had been seen for years. Moreover the story of the woodsman who had had a shot at him bore out the conclusion that he was a fox of extraordinary size and quality worth all sorts of money to the man lucky enough to trap him.

The days that followed were mighty eventful to the fox. With the growing scarcity of game in the wooded mountains he was of necessity forced to work down towards the valleys and then it was only a matter of time before he would come in open conflict with the plans of men.

An early morning raid on an

isolated chicken house was the beginning of the end. Why spend hours of hard weary labor in an oftentimes fruitless hunt when all one had to do was to slip quietly into some chicken house and feast on the inmates that fluttered about one's head.

With the strengthening of this habit, the bolder he grew till now he no longer choose his farm but raided indiscriminately. Thus on one such occasion he exacted heavy toll of the heavy buff cochins in the barn of Petit Gros Louis. These chickens it might be said were the joy of Gros Louis life though possibly if he doted on anything as much it would be his big Airedale dog. When Gros Louis, on his morning visit to the barn, discovered the theft and murder of his pets he set the dog at once upon the faintly showing prints that came and went from the barn and the contention of the neighbors that Gros Louis' dog was *bon a rien* was utterly set by the ears. The Airedale put his nose to the ground or rather snow and with his master in the rear, set off.

Meanwhile, the silver unconscious of the things he had started was ten miles away curled comfortably up in his den, sleeping the untroubled sleep of the wellfed and content. For hours he slept, indeed the sun was high in the heavens when he was awakened by some unusual sound. Raising his ruffled neck he strained his ears for its repetition. It came in the unmistakable grunt of a heavy running dog. The hair bristled along the fox's back and he stepped with insolent tread from out of the darkness of the den to the bright light of a sunny day. Not a mile away he caught sight of the brown coat of the Airedale galloping heavily but inexorably up the slope that led to the foot hills. One long steady look he gave, then he put his nose to the snow and slid into a long steady lope. First he headed directly to the south working in a gigantic circle till the pursuing dog was far behind him, then following the habit of his kind he doubled on his tracks of the night and shot away to the north forgetting

altogether to reckon on the type of dog that was on his trail.

For hours he swept through the dense shrubbery of the foothills till he at last burst into a little clearing having in its centre a little cluster of black rocks. Instinctively searching one out whose flat surface was warmed by the sun he stretched his hot panting length on its soothing touch. His usually keen sensibilities dulled by the mighty laboring of his heart he failed to get the approaching scent of the hard running Airedale.

The bushes were dashed apart and the dog came crashing at his prey. In a flash the silver was on his back, his claws presented to the foe. Wise dog that he was, however, the Airedale paused in his tracks, pointed his nose to the sky and for the space of a minute howled to the four corners of the compass. With blood shot eyes and quaking heart the silver watched this strange behavior.

Having called his people the dog now circled the fox in a slow sinister way. Wedged tightly in between two slabs of the black rock he presented to the attacker a front that was decidedly formidable.

Two hours later two more dogs picked up the scent at the den and suddenly their deep baying drifted down to the panting fox. At the top of the low hill they halted for a

moment then with deep throated barks tore down on their victim. The silver wedged himself more securely under the overhanging rock and prepared to fight for his very life. Alone and given equal chances he might have escaped, but three were exactly, two too many for him.

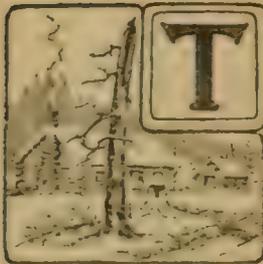
As the first dog, the Airedale sprang in on his slender paw shot out and with lightning like quickness tore open the brown sweating face. The other dog, a Dane was at his shoulder in a twinkling and the cruel teeth snapped a scant hair's breadth from the fox's paw. Quick as a flash both paws shot out and raked his face too. Before he could recover from his lunge, the Airedale rushed under his guard and sank his teeth high up on his left front paw.

The game was up and the fox should have known it but his great staunch heart refused to admit defeat and he slashed and tore at his assailants doing fearful execution with his free paw. The Airedale suddenly let go his hold only to secure a fatal grip in the panting chest, a wrench and the gallant silver shuddered and lay still while the dogs crawled away to lick their hurts. It began to snow, silently and thickly the great flakes floated down on the terribly mangled silver black form covering in reverent shroud a great and gallant heart stilled forever.





HARRY M. MOORE



**T**HIS tale has to do with four people, the Drover, the Farmer, the Writer and—the Old Pioneer. Rifle makers may find in it an argument against the small bore for a sure kill. Hunters in general may read it with interest—that's all I ask.

The Oak Ridge!

The Old Pioneer sat on a rock with his ancient Winchester across his knee

“If you find the oak ridge, boys, sit down and take it easy. All the deer run east to west here—from lake to lake—and going and coming they cross that ridge—”

“Where is the oak ridge?” he was asked.

The Old Pioneer stroked his whiskers reflectively and smiled.

“As my old friend Shakespeare said, ‘That’s the rub!’ Where is the ridge? Find it! And when you have found it, sit down!”

He got up and silently joined the shadows in the thick spruce brush.

The Farmer shrugged his shoulders, the Drover threw a shell into his rifle, the Writer plucked at a hazel bush.

Find the oak ridge? Find it? Why it looked as easy as finding a duck with two bills. Weren’t all

these ridges, oak ridges? The Drover argued “No! These trees look to me like ash or elm.” The Farmer chuckled. “Come on?” he shouted, “You chaps wouldn’t know a silver birch from a juniper.”

The Oak Ridge!

“And when you have found it, sit down!”

The Old Pioneer had said it, and he knew. What a world of knowledge is crammed into the brains of these old pioneers? Just when they get wise to the sham and hypocrisy of this beat-the-other-fellow-to-it world and are able to speak with authority and show us young gaffers the pitfalls and how to avoid them, the good Lord calls them Home and we place for-get-us-nots on their graves. Just when they have completed their apprenticeship in that great College of Hard Nocks they are taken away and it takes us years and years and years to learn, unlearn and learn what they could have told us! Oh, well—

The Oak Ridge!

“The deer run east to west here, and going and coming they cross that ridge!”

The Farmer swore he could lead the party to the ridge. But, hold on! The baying of a hound came down on the west wind from the lake. The hunters went into caucus. Those dogs would run from lake to lake. A "real" sport would not shoot a deer ahead of another man's dog! And it cost money to feed those dogs all winter and all summer and—and—

Before proceeding further it was agreed that should a dog bring a deer within rifle shot of any member of the party, he was to shoot that deer, hang it up, and send word to the owner of the dogs that his deer was at such and such a place, please accept with thanks!

All that day the Farmer and the Drover and the Writer matched their wits against the wily red deer, the keenest-scented animal on our continent. At sunrise that day three deer scrambled to their feet in a small clearing and their white flags aggravatingly apprised the hunters that they were making too much noise. Twice in the following hours more deer were seen—a flash of white and they were gone. Not a shot had been fired. Towards noon a hound brought a fine animal across a high rock to the west and turned him back to the lake.

By this time the hunters had spread out. Then from somewhere off to the south the Drover's rifle barked and the Writer moved over that way. The Drover had drawn first blood—a pretty little two-year-old doe.

In the meantime the baying of the dogs grew fainter and fainter. Came muffled shots and silence.

Next morning at sunrise The Farmer and the Drover and the Writer crossed the plowed fields. The Farmer was to spend an hour or so in the woods before returning to his plough. The Writer was to meet the Drover at the ridge where the latter's deer hung.

The Writer skirted the wood to the south, arrived at the ridge, but The Drover was not in sight. He sat down. He sat down in a hollow behind a mound just beneath a gnarled scrub oak, upon the branches

of which an odd acorn dangled in the west breeze. He ran his eyes over the other trees. All were the same. All had acorns on them—all had—

The Oak Ridge!

"And when you have found it, sit down!"

The magazine of his high-power, 25 calibre, full, with a shell in the barrel, he waited.

Suddenly he jerked up and stared into the poplar clump in front of him. The brush was snapping—something moved. He cocked his rifle, pushed the barrel over the mound. The cracking continued, becoming louder and louder, yet nothing could be seen. A faint rumble on the west wind and the Writer turned around. And then—

Then he rubbed his eyes.

Tripping over the fallen trees, their heads lowered, slowly, almost silently, across the clearing from the dense bush beyond, came—

The Writer rubbed his eyes again!

Ghost-like, grey, with the sun shining on their flanks, three does filed slowly towards him.

The Writer pulled his rifle back quickly from its resting place and he squatted on his heels. The largest animal was less than one hundred yards away and she had not seen him. Bang! Three does stopped suddenly and raised their heads. Bang! They wheeled and bobbed up and down like a cork on rough water. Bang! It was hard shooting. The target was live—livelier than the running rabbits in a shooting gallery. None had fallen. There was nothing to show that they had been hit at all. The Writer pumped in the shells, aimed, fired, and swore. Then as if by magic the clearing was vacated. Six shots in all had sped on their death-dealing mission and—

The Writer sprang to his feet, grabbed his empty hot rifle by the barrel and threatened to pitch it to Kingdom Come. Just then— Over the edge of that ridge in that dense bush to which they had gone, a deer bawled!

The Writer sat down. The sun had just struck the ridge. The hands of his watch pointed to eight.

What could he say to the Drover?

And what would The Drover say to him? Six shots and not a hair to show for it. The brush cracked up along the ridge and then—

Then the Old Pioneer trailed his rifle into view.

"What are you shooting at?"

"Deer—three of them!"

"Get any?"

"Not a — one!"

The Old Pioneer shuffled over and took a seat on the dry grass.

"You got one," he ventured. "I heard it bawl. When you hear a deer bawl, son, it's a goner. Wait here for a few minutes and you'll find it down there somewhere." He pointed towards the heavy wooded valley.

Presently the Drover and the Farmer sauntered up, asked questions and rested their legs.

"Three deer?" queried The Farmer. "And you didn't knock any of them down? Well, that is tough!"

The Writer's wrathful eyes glanced menacingly at his rifle. He swore.

"A—pea-shooter won't kill a deer. The——." Words failed him.

The Writer got up and walked into the bush. One hundred yards from where the deer had stood and watched him, the leaves were splashed with blood. A red trail half a foot wide carried him down the valley for another two hundred yards. There against a small cedar lay a choice yearling with a hind leg broken near the hip. The animal had bled to death. The deer hung up and thus encouraged, the Writer wandered up the valley.

Another trail of blood carried him westward. A deer sprang to its feet somewhere in front of him. He examined the place where the animal had been lying. The leaves and the earth were saturated. The doe's trail, easy to pick up and still easier to follow, lead him up to the animal. She was going down a slight grade at the time and staggering like a drunken man. She was dying—slowly dying on her feet! She turned briskly. The Writer planted a shot through her neck. She hadn't enough in her to jump. She just flopped, her ears moved backwards and forwards twice—that was all.

When examined that doe had beside the bullet wound in her neck, two bullet wounds half an inch apart just back of the front shoulder.

The Writer whistled.

Then The Farmer and the Drover and the Old Pioneer gathered around and there was much thanksgiving and handshaking, a division of the venison and the hard work of toting a two hundred pound doe half a mile.

At The Oak Ridge they rested. The sun flooded the ridge with a strong steady glare. The west wind brought the baying of hounds, the popping of rifles.

The Old Pioneer shouldered his rifle and smiled.

"When you find the Oak Ridge, boys, sit down! Didn't I tell you?"

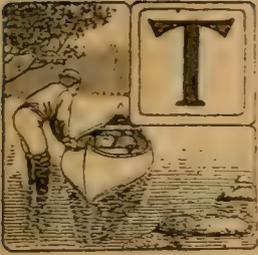
He had. And they thanked him. For out of the mouths of the pioneers comes the garnered wisdom of eventful years.



# The Blue Grouse on Vancouver Island

With a Plea For Its Protection

G. S., F. Z. S.



HERE are three varieties of this well-known bird to be found in B.C. The Dusky (*Dendragapus obscurus*). The Sooty (*D. o. fulgenosus*) and Richardson's Grouse, (*D. o.*

*richardsonii*).

The Vancouver Island "Blue" however, is of the Sooty variety, and as it is well known throughout the Island by its common name, the blue grouse, I will use this name for it throughout this article. It might be well perhaps to mention that all three varieties are likewise known as the "blue" throughout the entire continent, and the only noticeable differences in the three varieties is, that the white tail band is somewhat narrower in the Sooty variety, and Richardson's is by way of having no tail band at all; although a trace of a tail band may often be detected in a mature specimen.

The male is a beautiful bird of a slaty blue colour, with an orange line above either eye, and a beautiful orange fold of skin at the base of the neck, on either side, which when inflated has an outer circle of white feathers. But although these bright colourings disappear after the mating season, during that season, the beautiful orange and white of the head and neck, the drooping slaty coloured wings and spread tail, with the creamy grey of the underparts, produce a perfect harmony of colour against the various shades of grey and green of the woods. It is perhaps the most beautiful of all our native game birds on the Island, and wins more admirers from even the most observant on account of its beauty and fearlessness.

On account of its edible qualities it is naturally much sought after by the sportsman; although it could hardly be termed a sporting bird,

flying as it does with a fairly swift, though straight and heavy flight to the nearest limb to await its death, often merely ducking its head to a bad shot, and may often be easily knocked over by a stone. This fact has naturally led to its being destroyed in large numbers annually during the breeding season, by the game hog and small boy, for during this season it may be approached within a yard or so quite easily. Until 1920 no attempt beside a written and unenforced law had been made to protect this bird, and even now the .22 and silencer has much to answer for in the hands of tourists, and indiscriminate persons. Why are tourists in cars allowed to carry arms out of season? Such weapons can have no other purpose than to destroy wild life.

The blues return from the mountains to their spring quarters in the lowlands, about the first week in March, when the male bird or 'hooter' as he is then usually called, takes up a position in the branches of some tall fir, and announces to all and his kind in particular, that he is back to the old trysting place. Here he will sit as a rule from sunrise to a short while before sunset, uttering every now and then, his ventroquial "Who, who, whoo-ooo-ooooo;" which sound is emitted by the discharge of air from the sacs at the base of neck. A few days after his arrival, he will be found on the ground strutting about like a miniature turkey cock, at all hours throughout the day. But after the hen bird commences incubation he returns to his roost among the higher branches, and seldom comes to earth, except in the morning and evening. A peculiar trait of the male bird is the 'corroborree' during the 'wee sma' oors,' and is so well described by Dr. Mitchell in a very early writing that I will give his description of it here, though necessarily somewhat cut

down. "During the mating season, and while the females are occupied in incubation, the males have a habit of assembling principally by themselves. The time of meeting is break of day. As soon as the light appears, the company assembles from every side, sometimes to the number of forty to fifty. When the dawn is passed, the ceremony begins by a low hooting from one of the cocks. This is answered by another. They then come forth one by one from the bushes and strut about,—resembling the pomp of the turkey cock,—and as they pass each other, frequently cast looks of insult, and also utter notes of defiance. These are the signals for battle. They engage with wonderful spirit and fierceness, and utter a cackling, screaming, and discordant cry. On the rising of the sun they all disperse. These places have often been discovered by hunters; and a fatal discovery it has been for the poor grouse."

The above is interesting also, as it goes to show, how the habits of this bird have been forced to change, by the onward march of civilization. That is putting it nicely. I have endeavoured to discover these little early morning 'scraps,' and I have been lucky enough to discover such 'stamping' grounds as Dr. Mitchell speaks of, but the birds in and around the ring might have been counted upon the fingers of one hand, and there did not seem to be any organised meeting, only a sort of 'Hallo! you here, thought I'd just chip in while passing' look about them, and they came, fought or passed by just as they thought proper or discreet.

During their stay in the lowlands, their feed consists chiefly of the young shoots of clover, peavine or vetch, and such like, with berries in their season. After the young are old enough, about August to September, they return to the hills, remaining in the more open spots until the berry season is over, when they retire to the thickest timber, and feed upon the fir fronds. Here they remain all winter, coming to the ground only for water round about sunrise and at dusk. From the time of their

moving into the hills until early spring, they are usually to be found in coveys of up to fourteen or so, and even larger when two or more coveys join forces; but perhaps I should say, *were* to be found, for what with their greatly depleted numbers, owing to the depredations of the cat in settled parts, and the constant shooting, both in and out of season, it is exceptional to-day to find many coveys of over six to nine. Of course these changes, forced upon them, have certainly gone to make them more sporting birds, and they are not quite the 'fool hen' they were once called. Yet it seems to me this enforced education has been somewhat severe. But as we cannot undo what has already been done, let us hope that now we have a more sporting bird, he will get a more sporting chance in return, before they all become completely annihilated.

It is barely ten years ago that I remember bags of blue grouse numbering up to seventy and ninety, being brought home off a particular piece of ground, by a couple of hunters in a two days hunting trip and very few hunters, I remember, ever brought home less than twenty-five to thirty each. The question is, what could these fellows do with all these birds? Especially when these were shot during some of the hottest days of the year, and what is the result? I walked with two others over the same ground I refer to, but three years ago, after my return from France, with three trained dogs. Two of us saw not a sign of a bird. The other saw three, although we hunted till near sundown. With apologies for leaving the trail, I might mention that the ruffed grouse, which was likewise extremely numerous in those parts, was conspicuous that day by its entire absence. And not only that day, but many times since have I scoured those hills with and without a gun to find but a few solitary birds.

When will hunters understand that the blue and willow (ruffed grouse) are indigenous; are hard to raise in captivity, and will in all probability, in a few years, in most districts become extinct. Weakened as they

are now, and strengthened, as are the vermin by the introduction of the domestic cat, I cannot see much hope for these birds unless they are protected for at least five or six years. Pheasants and quail can be replaced, are easy to raise, and are quicker to detect the approach of the sneaking cat. Yet the laws are stricter in respect of these birds, and the native grouse are seldom spoken of even, or given but a passing notice. For two years I have not raised my gun on a 'blue' or 'willow.' Nor shall I again until I find them as plentiful as they were a few years back. Three pairs of 'blues' fed with my poultry this spring, and it is not at all an uncommon sight for a cock bird to give us a display of his beauty on the gravel path by the door, while his mate applauds from the pergola above. Such sights as these are of more pleasure to me, than to see the same pair hanging in my larder. Especially when I know that every pair I shoot brings them all nearer to extermination. The native birds should be out first thought. For as I said before, you cannot replace them, any-

more than you can expect to settle the blackgame or capercailzie—as has been attempted on this Island—under the existing laws, framed by members casting for votes from the gamehogs in their constituencies. The ideal gamewarden is the man who is fonder of the bird than he is of the gun, for he will not be so easily led by others to propose even a short open season, when he knows there should be NONE.

As the law will not protect our native grouse, may I appeal to all upon the Island, who may read this, to ignore that selfish feeling, which may arise within them, and that says, "If I don't shoot them someone else will," and to steel their hearts and lower their guns when their native grouse swing by. And by so doing help to re-establish in their old haunts, those old familiar sounds of the ruffed and sooty grouse. For they are hardy and prolific birds as a general rule, and if this were done by everyone, it would be but a few years, before we could all again enjoy, with a limited bag, A DAY WORTH WHILE.

#### DESTRUCTION OF BASS.

Will you kindly publish the following letter in your most valuable magazine?

I would like to ask if all the people of Ontario have become so enamored with money that they forget there is such a thing as British love of fair play and justice? I ask this question Mr. Editor, because the greatest small-mouth bass fishing ground in the world is being destroyed.

The department of fisheries are allowing fishermen to draw their seine nets over the beds of bass while spawning, for the purpose of taking carp.

I have personally watched these men make a haul for carp, and get about a half dozen carp, and about half a ton of bass in their net. At other times I have seen the fish spawn hang thick in the web of the net.

It is only a few years ago that you could watch acres of bass making the water boil while feeding. But it has come to the pass where something must be done if we are to save our great bass fishing grounds.

The question is, are we going to countenance the destruction of our bass fishing for the benefit of a few carp fishermen?

Port Rowan, Ont.

Yours in sport,

We understand that the Government has shortened the season by placing the closing date for seine fishing for carp from June 15th to May 15th.

Editor.

#### CARNIVORA OF NORTH AMERICA.

*Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.*

Into how many classes are the carnivorous animals divided? Does the marten, weasel and fisher belong to the cat or dog family? To which family does the bear and skunk belong? To which family does the wolverine belong?

R. Lockholm.

Jessica, B. C.

The following constitute all the carnivora of North America.

Family, Phocidae—Seals.

Family, Procyonidae—Raccoons.

Family, Ursidae—Bears.

Family, Mustelidae—Weasels, skunks, badgers, wolverine, marten and mink.

Family, Canidae—Dogs, fox, wolf, coyote.

Family, Filadie—Cats, lynx, panther, cougars, puma.

Editor.

# Hunting Rabbits in Bluffs

GEORGE R. BELTON



HEN all fruits fail us, welcome haws" says the Scotchman.

And when all sports fail us welcome rabbits. I find it nearly as hard to wax enthusiastic over rabbit shooting

as over fox hunting in England and to be perfectly frank I can scarcely help feeling a bit sarcastic when I speak of a lot of men hunting and hallooing for a whole day over a fox that any one of them could shoot with a twenty two rifle at any time, but they all prefer to go whooping all over the country after the little beast. Well, people who do that have surely never tracked a bear or chased a bull moose. And people who can get enthusiastic over rabbit hunting have never hunted elk.

But when there is no opportunity for bigger hunting you can get on an outfit that will stand the gaff yet not encumber you too much and get out into the cold of a western prairie day and see where there are any signs of rabbit. The signs may begin so near the house that any pity you had for the little beasts will vanish when you see some good shade tree or perhaps even a fruit tree that you had nursed for some years, carefully girdled. Then you get to the real bluffs, though it seems a little small to get after the little furry creatures who have been nibbling at the poplars and birches wherever the bough were low enough to let them get at the bark. But you may remember that this is the year before the regular epidemic that comes at stated periods and wipes them out anyway and you are perhaps only giving the anaesthetic to one that might die a lingering death later anyhow.

And suddenly you see a whiff of fur fly around a clump of bush. At once you are the hunter, ready for his game. The twenty-two rifle is a pretty sporting chance for you and for him and you get some thrill as

well as some good practice before you keel one over. Then it is all day for you and you come to a runway where they have made one of those mysterious paths that seem to lead to nowhere after starting no place in particular and you wait awhile to see if one will come along it. When you begin to freeze and start on you see the white skiff begin to move suddenly near a hollow and realize that there was one near you all the time depending on nature's camouflage for concealment. For nature was the original camouflager and the most successful. She put stripes on the tiger long before the navy striped our battleships; she made the weasel and the rabbit turn white in winter long before there were guns to shoot them. Did Nature know all things from all time?

Well, you have your sport in the thick bluffs and get a few rabbits over your shoulder to walk home. The wind is a bit stiff and it blows like a blizzard may be in the east ready to break as soon as you reach the open. It is a mile home and no track but the remains of the one you made coming out; dusk is beginning to show and the mystery of the night of the silent places is creeping on. You are not one bit afraid but you take your direction carefully and strike out at a good pace. The dog (bless his old heart) begins to bark at the house and you warm up all over. He has his uses even if he is a fool at hunting. Just as the storm gets fierce you see the stable ahead, and take a look to see if all is right before you go in. Yes, all in and fed; so to house and supper.

You hang up your coat and turn round. The lad has the smaller rabbit.

"Ah! The poor wee kitty!" he says. "Look at the bleed on it, where it blooded a whole lot on its nice soft fur."

You don't feel just like a conquering hero.

Rabbit pie is very good; though if it were made from ordinary barnyard animals you would not eat it so readily perhaps. Rabbit fur can be tanned into a very good sort of robe for light uses; such as a stole for the girl, or lining for the lad's cap. So it may be worth while to have a shoot once in a while when the rabbits are getting too thick, and the winter days are monotonous. But there is the other side of it too. A few of the furry timid creatures around are a nice thing to see when all is white and drear in the country.

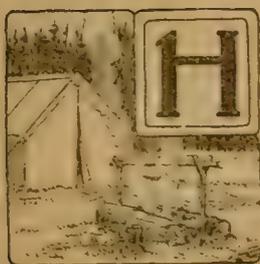
God made the higher to live on the lower. Yes that is what the higher says anyhow. I have not heard what the lower think about it. I have never seen it in the Bible though it may be there for all of that. Like the saying that the Jews are the Lord's chosen people—it was the Jews who said that. I doubt if the Scotch ever admit it. While the Russians—well, I have never heard the other side of that pogrom stuff; the Russian side of the story.

There are two sides to any story. Who can tell the rabbits' side?

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## Hunting Shore Birds Under the Migratory Birds Convention Act

BONNYCASTLE DALE



**H**AVE you ever tried to catch one particular snowflake? Add to that pleasant task, a heavy fog inextricably mingled with the snowstorm—fog snow and driving wind—and you trying to catch that particular single flake. Well; that is easy, to shore bird shooting under the new migratory birds' convention act.

The season for shooting shore birds opens in Nova Scotia on August the 15th but we let a week elapse for good measure. We had no fine shot. Here, when you go to buy fine shot at the stores, they produce number ones and think they have got you a nice fine shot. We had to unload some goose shells filled with S. S. S. G., S. S. G. and other little lead marbles and refill them with some number sixes that we had taken out of snapped cap shells. Laddie was having the time of his life. In front of him were many empty shell boxes. In some were number ones, number sixes, B.B's, S. G's, S.S.G's, S.S.S.S. S. G's and other cannon balls. (Outside in the driving thick fog we could hear the yellowlegs calling— three long, clear whistles. The hunters call them "telltals" as they give warning to all other shore birds that

some one is coming. Also, there was noisy common terns screeching through the fog; then the low single throaty "ker-loo" of the big curlews and the mingled cries of many other varieties.) All this time, Laddie was taking out big heavy shot and throwing it in the boxes of fine shot, or loading the shells with big shot in place of small. So thoroughly mixed up was he that I did not know what any shell contained.

Later, out over the "English" hay meadow we stumbled, down onto the salt marshes where the "redtop" wild marsh hay grows. Cameras, guns, note books, binoculars were tumbled into the canoe and off we paddled in the "pea soup" fog. Two miles outside, the old Atlantic was heaving along and sending her big smooth swells right into the harbour of Port Joli. Out of the thick, white steaming fog, a giant black blue swell would come roaring at us and up its throbbing shoulders our light canoe rushed. Down the other side we went tobogganing. Rare fun, even if our hearts promised to provide rare flying shots for us speedily. Far off down the bay we could hear the winches of the gas boats rattling as they drew in huge masses of herring. They take thousands of barrels, each week, out of this one harbour alone.

"Look out for the rocks" I cautioned Laddie. The glacial age spattered this harbour as thickly with great boulders as an old fashioned pudding had plums. Under us, the incoming tide ran swiftly and the eelgrass waved wildly. Now we left the deep places and entered the great shallow sandy bay where lay the feeding grounds. A roller lifted us on its broad breast and careened us ahead, depositing us "splash-thump" right on the wet sands. It tried to carry us back out to old ocean, but failed.

"What's that?" asked the boy.

Laddie, so I picked up the gun and a slicker and followed him. He had a spade and a slicker and immediately on arriving at the edge of the little marshy lagoon, started to dig a trench.

"What is it, a grave?" I asked.

"You'll see!" he said as he worked. Six feet long by about two he made it and in it he laid a slicker.

"Lie down" he urged, and I did. Over me he laid the other slicker. Under my head he placed a log and another over my feet. Then he started to throw sand on me until I was nicely buried up to my breast.



Shore bird hunter concealed in the sand.

That was a bird sitting well within gun shot.

"Scare it up till I see what it is." The boy rattled a paddle and the huge bird leaped aloft into the fog and I saw what it was,—a little pectoral sandpiper just nine inches long; the bird they call "grass snipe" across the border and the gunners there are paying five dollars each for killing them by mistake.

"Look!" called the boy as a flock of big looking plover flew in. They looked as big as black ducks. I threw up the gun thinking they were golden plover but as they passed overhead I saw they were tiny least sandpipers, six inches long.

"Come over to the pond," invited

On top, he laid some dry eelgrass and on that he laid the faithful old ten bore. (Odd feeling,—that sand on my breast.)

"You'll see some fun soon," he said as he disappeared into the fog.

It had been ghastly enough when he was doing the "dust to dust" work, but it seemed worse lying there alone in my little half finished grave.

"Peet! Peet! Peet!" and a whole flock of birds swooped right over my face, looking as big as mud hens at least. Down they settled right in front of me and not more than fifty feet off. Least sandpipers, I made them out, when up went my gun involuntarily. Some twenty pectoral sandpipers flew in, looking so large

in the fog! My gun settled to rest, but not for long. They were coming from everywhere and I let a nice

with the left. It was a pretty hard position to shoot in and that horrid boy was liable to come running any



Laddie and the nest of common tern.

flock of golden plover pass right over the pond unscathed as I mistook them for pectorals. Three long sweet

minute asking, "Where is it?"

I had just wriggled my neck into a less back breaking position when



Laddie and nest of semipalmated plover.

whistles and a yellowleg flew right over me. I missed him with the right and hit him in just the same spot

another big whistling bird crossed. Again I missed, driving my arm down into the sand. I saw I was under

shooting. Another came calling through the fog and I dropped him with the right. No sooner had I loaded, than still another came out of the fog, flying west. I hit him with the right. He turned and flew to the east and I hit him with the left and he fell into the lagoon stream.

"You have only got two more shells, get a black breasted or a golden" called the boy out of the fog.

Time after time my gun flew up only to find it was a flock of some kind of small plover that was settling in. Every time I had fired at yellow-

this sandbank and very busy they had to be, to keep the wind and sand from burying not only nest, but sitting bird. Along would wander a ruminative cow from off the salt marsh meadow. Instantly every flying male and sitting female tern plover and willet attacked that cow and drove it on a swift run away from that breeding ground. Every hawk, crow, eagle or osprey that flew over was chased miles away. We noticed that the osprey hovered and dived and fished while these screeching tern were chasing it. Also, we had



Laddie pulling out the paper plover decoys.

legs, they jumped up like a scurrying cloud of silver leaves and disappeared into the thick curtain. Once I fired a single shot at what I took to be a flock of blackbreasted plover, flying over, and thank goodness, I missed, or they were too far off. I think now they were undoubtedly something else.

If you are going shore shooting, be sure and take a hand book of game birds and a strong pair of binoculars. I do not know a single person along this shore who dares go out and shoot shore birds excepting Laddie. He can tell them pretty nearly right every time. If there is a fog it is all the more difficult. Now the tern returned and scolded me badly for shooting just where they had had their nests and had reared their young. We had found their nests with the three olive and brown spotted eggs laid point to point on

found the nests of the semipalmated plover all along the heaped up tops of the sandbanks. Like the tern, just a hole in the sand sufficed for a nest. But these eggs were smaller and light yellowish white with brown spots. The mothers ran away with all the wings broken and dragging but that did not make us follow. No, we just pictured the nest and left it intact as we never take an egg or injure a sitting bird.

Laddie left me again with those two precious shells. I did not want another bird as two is our regular bag, but he wanted that blackbreasted plover. In they came, right straight over the pond, a whole flock of them. I raised my gun and aimed at the leaders but luckily was able to stop the order before it got to my finger tips, for these huge birds shrank to little bits of semipalmated plover when they got close to me.

Again I stiffened and threw the gun up and almost fired into a flock of poor knot-birds, called robin-snipe,—little bits of chaps. Then I was sure I heard those sweet calling golden plover as I threw the gun up and almost pressed the trigger. Bally semipalmated again,—all protected birds. Now I am fairly sure that the flock I later missed with both barrels (Laddie says they were too far as the fog had thinned) were golden. I have hopes they were jacksnipe, as

I heard a "scaape" far off in the fog. I resurrected myself by violent wriggling. Laddie grabbed the oilskins and I the two hard won yellow-legs.

Be sure, if you go shooting in a fog for shore birds and have the bird book and the binoculars and the gun pointed right at the bird, not to shoot unless you are absolutely certain that you are not going to pay five dollars each for the birds you thought they were but were not.

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## Suggests Gun License

*Editor Rod and Gun In Canada:*

Please refer to page number 653 in 'Rod and Gun' of November, 1920. There is an article written by J. R. Innis, about game protection, I would like to give you my ideas of game protection in Canada. Of course they may not go far in this part of the world as I was raised in England among the dogs and game where every man protects his own. Just to make a long story short, is there anything we can do to help the real good sportsmen?

First of all we will start with the man who goes out with dog and gun at the fall of the year. He comes home with an empty bag simply because there is nothing left to shoot. *Why?* Because we have let so many young people run around with a small shot gun or a twenty-two rifle, shooting at anything they see, in or out of season. How many boys do we meet in mid-summer with a small rifle just looking for something to shoot at? By chance he comes up against an old partridge with her brood of perhaps six or seven chicks. Naturally, she makes a big fuss to give her brood a chance to get away to some safe place, in the meantime perhaps the young fellow who is not a sportsman puts up his rifle, shoots, and perhaps only wounds her for the time being. What happens to her then? Mr. Fox or Mr. Cat comes along and gets her. Then her baby chicks are left to die from cold and starvation.

Another thing I have seen done. While some fellows are on their summer holidays with their lady loves sitting in a boat or canoe, in the shade of an old tree, the fellow thinks he is a real sport by taking along a twenty-two rifle. Out comes a muskrat or some other fur bearing animal, the girl of course holds her

breath while her gentleman shoots the animal instead of sitting still and watching it work which would be more interesting. After he has killed it, what happens to her young? They all die from starvation. Then when he gets back to the hotel he blows what a good shot he is. If he wants to shoot, why not buy a few clay pipes and shoot at them?

When you ask a game warden what that fellow is doing catching game out of season, his only answer is, "Oh well, that man is a good neighbour he won't do much harm." Only this last fall I saw a man setting lines and rods to catch fish that were out of season, I don't see any reason why those fellows should get away with such a crime.

Now sportsmen, I have dogs and a gun of my own, but being a salaried man do not get much chance to get away. I think we could help the game protection by introducing a gun license in Canada. If a man wants to go shooting let him pay his license, to be renewed each year at the post offices. This would mean that when a policeman meets a man with a gun in a case, ask him for his license, if he had not purchased one then deal with him accordingly. By doing this the Government could afford to pay two men to go around, all over Canada looking for the defaulters. They could make the law so that a boy could shoot with his guardian, providing the guardian had a license.

Please note this is only my idea of the game. There are many men who go out shooting, who would kick hard at the idea of paying even three or five dollars a year.

I am,

Yours very truly,

C. C. Costar.

# The Rattlers of Tobermory



F. V. WILLIAMS



WE were just nicely settled on that old log when a rustlin' in the bush back of us caught our attention; just the faintest rustle imaginable and we sat as quiet

as two human beings could and wondered what on earth was in there under that evergreen

bush. It was a bright sunshiny day in early spring and a party of us had journeyed to Tobermory to fish for herring through the ice. The weather had turned so warm that the ice had become too soft to be safe and here we were seated on aforesaid old log with a mysterious rustling going on in the bush behind us. In back of this fringe of evergreen bush rose the face of a cliff, and the face of the cliff and our two selves were getting a right royal toasting in the spring sunshine.

"Say, old top, I could lay down here and go to sleep," remarked my companion, and at the sound of his voice, again that mysterious rustling. I scowled a warning, and we 'froze' there on that log for ten minutes, and then—a rabbit leaped lightly

over the log a few feet from us and sitting upright began watching something in the dead grass and twigs beside the log. As we looked, the little fellow evidently in terror, as he was visibly trembling—began to sink down on all fours. There was a sudden sharp challenging buz-z-z beyond. As the rabbit leaped a diamond backed snake shot out and struck at him in mid-air. He fell sprawling sideways, got up and leaped away with a terrified squeal. "Good Heavens, man, did you see that?" "Did I see it?" We were both on our feet and there leisurely recovering himself from his strike was a big rattler. He caught sight of us at the same instant, and with an almost imperceptible movement, he was coiled and ready to strike.

Before I realized what had happened, my friend had hurled a three or four pound jagged piece of broken rock straight into that reptile's coiled body. The thud of the rock striking the ground and the threshing about of the wounded snake seemed to awaken snakes from everywhere. Personally, I saw five in as many seconds, and there was no need to have my companion yell "Beat it." We ran out on to a more open piece of ground and started for the beach. The beautiful spring day, our fishing trip a failure,—it was all forgotten in the haste to get away from the neighborhood of those snakes. Half way to the beach, my friend who was following me suddenly yelled, "Holy mackerel, look back at that cliff!

We had been following the cliff but had left it and had started directly for the beach. We were out in the open now where a breeze that still felt a bit wintry was sweeping in off the water. There was little danger of snakes here and I stopped and looked back. Say! I didn't suppose there were so many rattlesnakes in the whole Dominion of Canada as there were collected in a few hundred feet of sheltered, sunny spots among those rocks. There were knots and bunches of snakes, crawling and basking there in the sun, and ye gods! the snow was still lying in spots where the sun was not so warm and ice still in the lake.

We walked a half mile down the beach to an old fisherman's place, and seeing the old fellow out at work in his wee yard, we headed that way. Arriving at the place, we paused and asked him if he had ever heard of rattlesnakes in this part of the country? For a moment he eyed us curiously, and then queried, "Didn't I see you fellers comin' from up there at the foot of the cliff just now?" We admitted we had, "An' you didn't see no snakes?" Right here my friend could not resist trying to say something funny, "Well, he answered, we thought we saw a snake's track up there but were not sure about it!

"Oh, I see," the old fisherman answered, "you were not *sure* about

it. Well, well, that's too bad you're not *sure*, but if you want to make *good* and *sure* there's snakes there, you just walk straight back the way you came and climb up that cliff a little piece and you'll be able to 'smell' them, and you won't have to bother with their *tracks*."

We then admitted to our informant what we had seen, as by the amused twinkle in his eyes he had already guessed why we were talking about snakes.

"Yes," he went on, "there's snakes enough in them durned rockpiles back there to pizen the whole Province of Ontario if they ever started out, and what they live on gets me. I've been here for years and the snakes now are thicker'n ever. A rich feller what owns a bunch of land in back there, says he's goin' to turn loose a couple o' car loads of hogs here this summer to clean up on them there snakes. He tells me that snake pizen don't bother hogs." We had to admit we were not sure on this point, and as our time was getting short we bade our friend good-bye and left for home.

It was twenty months before I again had the opportunity of visiting Tobermory; two years nearly, and from the paint brush of Jack Frost had come the first few autumn tints. The woods were great splashes of gold and red with still enough green to set off the more brilliant colors. The mornings were a bit frosty, and the days simply grand. We were enjoying every minute of life at our camp, and on one of these fine mornings, who should walk in on us but our friend the fisherman of two years before. He stayed an hour and discussed everything from politics to the latest rifle. Just before he was leaving, he inquired if we would care for some 'wild pork' to help out our larder. "You see," he went on, "them snakes was pretty nigh cleaned up by the pigs they turned loose and now all along through that big swamp you can find wild hogs most any time. Some of that pork is mighty good eatin' for a change." As soon as our visitor had departed, my pal and I at once began discussing 'pig' pro

and con. Partner finally ended the whole controversy as far as he was concerned by saying he'd bet I could hunt a week and never see a wild pig,



"His mane bristling]and—

and if I did it would probably be some old 'razor' back that wouldn't be fit to eat and finished up by asking, "Do you ever expect to get any sport out of shooting pigs?" I had no answer for this, but, I had a hunch that there might,—mind now I was not saying I was *sure*,—but I put a great deal of confidence in what the old man told me,—and I might get a nice piece of acorn fed pork for our camp fare that would prove mighty welcome. In spite of the laughter of my companion I took my 44 Winchester and started out.

The swamp was easy to locate. It was such an enormous piece of wild land that there was all sorts of room for a thousand hogs should they choose to make their home there. For the first two hours after arriving at my hunting ground I did not see even a hog track, and then I did find signs and plenty of them, in a little piece of soft ground between two ridges. This piece of low ground led to the edge of the swamp, so I climbed the side of the opposite ridge into a piece of heavy timber and crossing through this to the edge stood there in the shadow under a great tree watching the swamp. Perhaps ten minutes passed and then out of the tall grass a medium sized, what I would have called a year old pig, walked out.

The distance was eighty, perhaps ninety yards, and I stepped back into the deeper shadow and drew a careful bead on that pig's shoulder. I held carefully and pressed the trigger, and the pig went down. He jumped up again and began to run in an unsteady circle, then he went down again, slowly, but squealing. Say, I never heard such squeals, and the first thing I remember seeing was a monster boar, his mane bristling and his whole attitude bespeaking trouble, coming crashing through that underbrush and swamp grass. He sure was coming, and then I heard a movement on the right and there were two other regular wild hogs. They were already in the open, and there, back of that big boar came two others, one as large as the leader.

I thought perhaps at first they

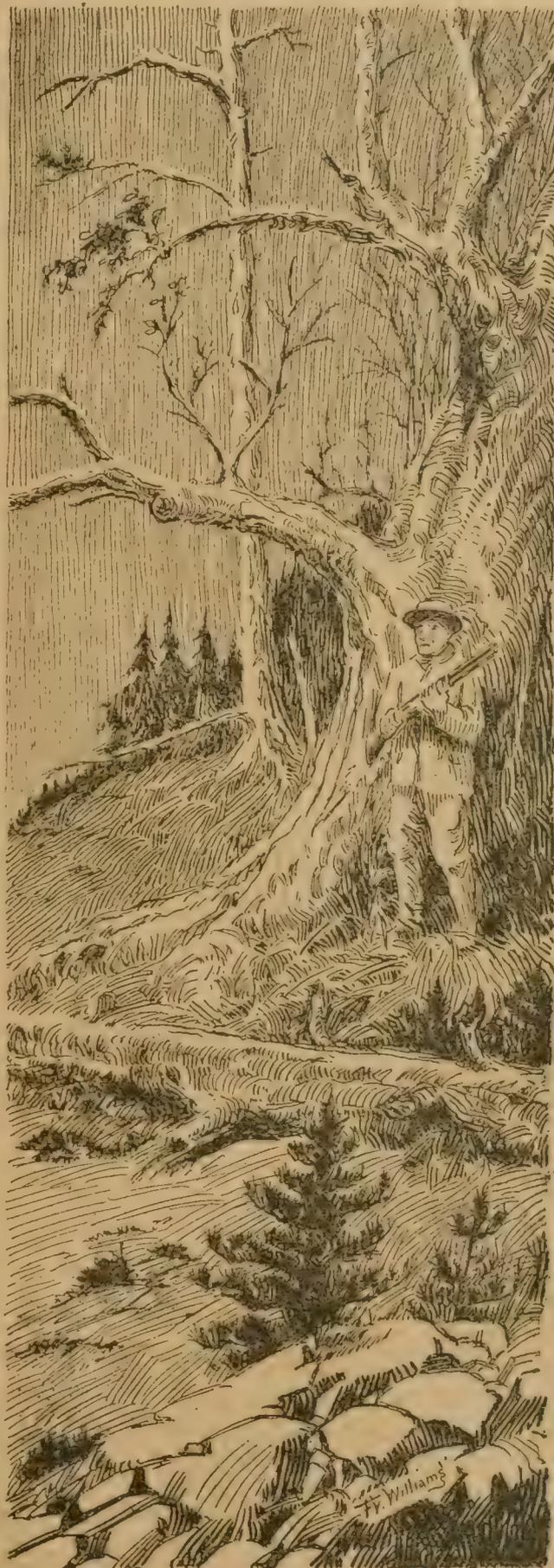
might not see me, but I was soon disillusioned as to this for the big fellow did not even glance at the dead pig. He came straight for the place where I was standing. Possibly he had been watching me from cover from the first. At any rate, he knew where I was and he was coming to get me, as to that, there was no doubt, and now the whole tribe was with him. I took a careful aim and let go. He dropped to his knees but was up again in a second and came on as fast as ever, squealing with rage and so close I could see his little red eyes like two glowing coals. I fired once more and as I did so he stepped into a little hollow and I missed. I had had seven shots in the magazine of my rifle; three of them were gone, and there were now at least ten wild hogs charging me, the nearest, the big boar not ten yards away.

I had always figured I had an average amount of nerve but it was act quickly or put up a close quarter scrap with that bunch. Common sense told me to get out of the way. I hesitated for a second or two and tried to cram in a couple more cartridges, then with the big fellow—who was bleeding from a wound in the side of his ugly face,—ten feet away, I dropped my rifle and jumped for the nearest branch of the tree I stood near. Thank fortune, I made it and pulled myself up out of reach just as that bunch of pigs closed around the foot of my tree. Say, how they did romp and race around there for a few minutes.

The big fellow of the bunch seemed to have it in for my rifle and he, along with another, tore at it and stamped on it with their forefeet. In a few minutes they gave this up as a bad job apparently and began rooting and snuffing about the foot of the tree. Then one of them got his eye on me perched up there in the branches and he bristled up and grunted savagely a few times. He then went away and lay down a few feet from the tree, and there I camped for three hours with that army of pigs cutting off my retreat.

I was just beginning to think I'd have to give it up and drop out of

the tree, grab my rifle and make the best fight for it that I could. My limbs were becoming so cramped and numb, I could hardly move and it



—his whole attitude bespeaking trouble.”

would only be a question of time till I fell out, then I *would* get it, already I could fancy that big boar with me on the ground ripping at me with those tusks of his.

A twig snapped over in the swamp, then there was a rustle of some heavy body moving through the bush. The big leader leaped to his feet and for about one minute he stood and watched that swamp in silence. Then with a short grunt, as if he was giving a command, away he went and the whole drove after him. As I watched I could see the grasses waving and the bush bending and snapping as they tore away through the thicket.

What it was that attracted their attention and caused them to leave my tree I did not know—but I do believe to this day that another half

hour in that tree would have been my finish. I dropped to the ground and fell in a heap. It took me a good five minutes of thrashing about and rubbing my stiffened limbs to get the circulation started, then I crammed the magazine of my rifle full of cartridges and with one in the chamber I ran quickly out to the dead pig I had shot, bled it, and partially cleaned it with my small belt knife, then made tracks for camp. Three of the boys and the fisherman returned with me to the scene of my adventure. We were all armed but we saw no pigs except the dead one which we carried back to camp. That wild acorn and beechnut fed pork was great. We gave the old fisherman a quarter of the pig for he had tipped us off.

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## The Snow Is Thawing

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

The snow is thawing, the crows are cawing.

The sun is warm and high;  
The sap is flowing,  
The cocks are crowing,  
The bright May days are nigh!

The ice is out on the lake and stream,

The glistening coat is shed,  
And the eddies whirl,  
With a dash and curl,  
Now the winter days are fled!

The pussies wink on the willow top,

The cat-kins dangle their tails—  
Then heigh! hum! ho!  
To the brook we go,  
By the same old well-worn trails!

The hair-bell sways on the old back ridge,

The crocus opens her folds,—  
The buds are bursting,  
The roots are thirsting,  
The red squirrel chatters and scolds!

The heart is beating a glad refrain,

The blood mounts up to the cheek,  
The brooks are brimming,  
The fish are swimming,  
A day seems more than a week!

The snow is thawing, the crows are cawing,

The sun is warm and high;  
The sap is flowing,  
The cocks are crowing,  
The bright May days are nigh!



# Bad Medicine

## *Some Fireside Yarns*

E. DALTON TIPPING

**W**HILE walking up Jasper on my way to supper the other evening, who should I encounter, but my old friend of the north country, Yukon Dan.

He had reached Edmonton that afternoon with a shipment of furs, and was on his way to supper when I met him; so of course I asked him to come and dine with me.

I noticed with some resentment that we were the cause of amused scrutiny by passers by, as we walked to my hotel, and only then realized that Dan's costume was a little out of keeping with his present surroundings.

He wore the habitual garb of the north country, namely, a blanket coat with a big capoo hanging down the back, trousers of the same, a fur cap, and on his feet a pair of fancy beaded moccasins; but to me he was just natural Dan, and the sight of him, carried me back to his little log cabin in the silent north.

I told him, that it would please me very much if he would share my bachelor quarters with me, while in the city; and that after supper I wished him to meet some of my particular chums; which invitation he accepted with thanks.

Oh! wouldn't I have a surprise for the boys at the club on presenting Dan, whom they had heard me speak so much about; and that blanket suit, I wouldn't for anything have him dressed differently. After supper we smoked and chatted for a little while, and then strolled over to the club.

When I ushered Dan in, the various expressions on the boys' faces made a study; but on hearing the name, Yukon Dan, they simply took him by storm. Little I thought on our way to the club, the surprise that was in store for us. I presented the boys in turn, but the surprise came when I introduced Ed.

"Dan let me make you acquainted with our big game hunter, Edwin Walker." Dan grasped Ed's hand and quickly said.

"Is your father's name Jack Walker,? I know it is, I can see the likeness in your features; your father and I were partners on the Peace River, twenty-five years ago."

Ed answered.

"Yes, my father is Jack Walker, and you sir, must be Dan McCrae of whom I have heard him speak so often, but I never heard him speak of you as Yukon Dan."

"I earned that title at Dawson some years after your father and I lost track of each other." Then Ed made a rush for the door.

"I'll have dad down here in twenty minutes," he exclaimed!

Dan had become quite excited, and talked about his first meeting with Ed's father; while we quietly waited to witness the reunion of these old frontiersmen.

We had not long to wait, for presently in they came, and the way they greeted each other, was refreshing beyond words.

Naturally they commenced recalling incidents which happened when they were last together, and for our benefit, gave them in detail, which I will try to relate.

Dan turned to his old partner. "Say Jack! Will you ever forget the awful time we had, trying to locate that Indian gold mine?"

Then turning to the boys, he said.

"Walker and I had been prospecting for two months on the Pembina, west of Edmonton; lining our boat up stream, and some job it was, as the fall of the river was very great, the rapids becoming more numerous as we worked up."

"One evening while preparing our camp, we were surprised by a visit from an Indian, he spoke pretty good

English, and seemed quite friendly, so we asked him to eat with us.

"He told us, his camp was one mile up river. 'I come from Morley,' he said, 'where I visit my wife's sister; I on my way home to Lac St. Anne.'

"He asked us what we were doing, so I showed him our gold pans, and said, 'Washing money out of river.'

"Then he said, 'you get him lots money?' I shook my head and said, 'No, not yet.'

"Then he drew from his pocket, a piece of white quartz, about the size of a walnut, and on turning it over we were amazed to see that one third of its surface consisted of pure gold, in big jagged lumps; he wished to know what the sample was worth. We asked if there was more where he found it, but he said, 'No, I find him in little creek two days ago, I get off my horse to get drink, creek nearly dry, not running, just water in holes; I follow up creek and find this on the stones!'

"Before he left camp, we offered him a winter's grubstake, a new rifle, and fifty traps of his own choice, from the Hudson's Bay Store, if he would show us the creek.

"He told us, he had his squaw with him, who was sick, so wanted to get her home, but 'may be he come back'; which of course we knew was his way of putting us off, as the Indians have a foolish superstition about putting a white man wise to a rich prospect; they think it brings them Bad Medicine, (bad luck). So after he had gone, we commenced making plans. First of all, it meant a trip back to Edmonton, to get horses and a fresh outfit.

"It being the latter part of September, we had a month before the freeze up to make the trip; and although neither of us had travelled the old Morley trail, we had a good idea of the course it took, besides being constantly travelled by Indians, would be easy to follow.

"So early next morning we packed up and were soon floating merrily down stream.

"A day and a half brought us to where the Yellow Head Pass trail

crossed the Pembina; here we left our boat, and got old Jimmie McDonald who kept the stopping-place, to take us to Edmonton, which we made in four days.

"While Walker bought our grubstake I rustled around and picked up four packhorses also two saddle horses, and two days later found us well on the trail again.

The night of the seventh day brought us to our old camp where we had entertained the Indian. Just to think of it, two days from there was where the Indian said he found the gold. Next morning we located the pack-trail the Indian had come in on, and night found us a good twenty miles nearer our goal. But the day had been a strenuous one, as the trail followed the course of the Pembina, making it necessary to cross innumerable ravines and coulees formed by creeks flowing into the river. About 5.30 in the afternoon our trail wound down on to a big flat surrounded on three sides by hills, with the river to the left; and as there was ideal rustling for the horses, we decided to spend the night there. While packing up next morning we were surprised by a visit from a band of wild horses; they came out on the side-hill northwest of our camp, the leader, well in advance of the main herd, eyeing our outfit with curiosity, head erect, snorting his defiance. Then turning, they galloped over the ridge and out of sight. I should judge there were about thirty in the herd, and in that bunch there were sure some beauties; but say! I'll bet they would give a man an interesting time before he could turn any of them off as ladies' single drivers.

"We had only travelled a short distance when we came to where our pack-trail forked, one crossing the Pembina, the other keeping right on; the one that crossed the river looked to be the most travelled, so we followed it; we had no difficulty in fording as the water was scarcely more than a foot deep. From here our trail left the river and took a south-westerly course; the first few miles were good travelling, but after that we got into muskeg and bog holes

kept soft by springs, and had great difficulty in getting through. Early in the afternoon we crossed the divide and had a grand view of the valley of the Brazeau River, with the main range of the Rockies looming up to the west.

"Before night our trail had wound down to the river, following its course southwest, and here we were again fortunate in coming upon a large hay flat similar to the one we had left on the Pembina. This, we decided was to be our headquarters for several days, while we prospected the surrounding country.

"If there is anything in this Indian bad medicine, (or in other words) casting an evil spell on one; some Indian must surely have hurled his vengeance upon us; as this camp was to be the start of our catastrophies, which came fast and furious.

"At our various camps along the route we had no difficulty in holding our horses, by keeping two on picket, the other four never wandered very far; so on pulling into camp on the Brazeau flat, we picketed our two horses, turning the rest loose, thinking no more about them, and were soon comfortably settled for the night.

"About four o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the galloping of horses, and a lot of snorting, coming from the direction where we had our other horses tied. Something had undoubtedly given them a bad scare, in the dim light I could only see one of our picketed horses, the other evidently had broken loose, he was rearing and plunging at his rope; Walker and I each grabbed our rifles, but before we could get out, he had broken his rope, and was soon galloping down the flat in the direction the others had gone.

"Then in the grey light we saw the cause of their panic, in the form of a huge grizzly bear. He was lumbering down the flat in rapid pursuit of our horses; we fired several shots at him, but as the light was bad, and he must have been fully four hundred yards from us, I don't think we hit him. But had the satisfaction of seeing him change his course, making for the

river where he disappeared in some thick brush.

"We then decided to have breakfast, and start out at once after our horses. We had only left camp a short time when it commenced to rain. We followed the tracks till we reached the muskeg country and there lost them; as we had only a lunch with us, we struck back to camp, tired, hungry, and soaking wet. It was long after dark when we reached our tent, and as soon as our hunger was satisfied we rolled into our blankets, and being properly tired out, were soon asleep.

"Next morning it was still raining, so we lay in camp and talked over our situation. To be left away back in that wild country without horses was a serious matter; but we felt confident that we could overtake them before they got too far, and decided next morning to start out, rain or shine, with grub and blankets, and hunt till we found them. Of course if it came to the worst we could build a raft, load on our outfit, and float down the Brazeau, (which empties into the Saskatchewan) and thence on to Edmonton, but that would not be without its dangers, as I remembered hearing of a Government engineering party, making the same trip a few years before, and nearly losing their lives by going over falls, or something of the kind. However, our first move was to try and recover our horses; so we spent the rest of the day baking bannocks, and getting things in shape for our trip.

"Next morning we were up early, the rain had stopped and weather looked settled, so after breakfast we shouldered our packs, and with rifle in hand were again on the march. As the rain had completely obliterated all tracks, we figured our best plan was to make across to our former camp on the Pembina, and might possibly see some sign of them there. On reaching the Pembina we found we would have to make a raft to get across, as owing to the heavy rain, it had risen over two feet. As we had two ropes with us, also a small axe, we soon got some drift logs roped together and made the other side without much trouble.

"On climbing up to the flat, what was our amazement, to not only see our own horses, but the wild band all feeding together, and before we had a chance to think, some of them got sight of us, and with a snort of alarm, away they went, our own horses keeping abreast of the leaders. As by this time it was growing dark, we picked a sheltered place for our night camp; also cutting an outfit of spruce boughs, the ground being still wet from the rain. We took turns in keeping on the fire, so in that way were each able to get a little sleep.

"As soon as it was daylight we started out once more in a final effort to recover our lost horses. We searched till noon without getting a sight of them, and as we had only enough grub for another day, we decided to give them up, and trust to the raft to land us with our outfit in Edmonton.

"That evening while seated at the campfire we talked the trip over; there was nothing to prevent us from still spending some time prospecting, besides making that trip down the Brazeau would give us a splendid opportunity to prospect all the way down.

"So next morning we started back to camp, feeling that we might be a lot worse off, and reached the Brazeau flat while the sun was still quite high.

"Walker was walking in the lead and suddenly stopped and pointed ahead, 'Say! Isn't that the clump of willows where we had our tent pitched?' I looked, 'sure enough,' but the tent was gone. We quickly ran over, and, Oh! what a mixup, our tent was on the ground, just torn in ribbons, everything was covered with flour, our sack containing our sugar was all chewed up and in short, our complete outfit was scattered all over the flat. Walker gave me one blank look, and we both said—'Bears!' and something more which I won't repeat.

"Of course our first task was to recover what was not spoiled. First we got our tea pail which we had with us, and started gathering up beans; we found a pint of salt in the end of a bag, but everything else in the grab

line was spoiled. Our blankets though badly torn were still of use; but the most important find of all was our emergency stock of matches which I had in a strong beer bottle, well corked to be sure of them keeping dry. It was lying in the long grass, about thirty feet from the camp, and only by accident I stumbled over it.

"Our dunnage bag containing our ammunition and medicine kit had been carried away intact, although we spent considerable time looking for it, we never found it. We were certainly a pretty dejected pair that night, and planned that early next morning, we would make our raft, and lose no time in getting away, as our only food consisted of about two quarts of beans, and a little tea, the latter we had with us when tracking the horses.

"I'll never forget that night as long as I live, I must have done nothing but dream nightmares.

"'First off,' I was trying to ride a slippery log through fearful rapids to end in going over a fall that seemed to have no bottom, for I went down, down, down, until I woke up. Then I would be at death's grip with a grizzly, and would again wake up just in time to escape the awful sensation of being mauled to death. Suddenly, I was awakened by the crack of a rifle, I sat up and rubbed my eyes, it was quite light; Walker was standing by the fire, a broad grin on his face, he had just shot a fine buck deer not four hundred yards from camp. Good fortune was surely returning, as with this addition to our scanty larder, starvation would be averted for a time at least. We lost no time in dressing our meat, and very shortly had a frying pan of elegant steak cooking on the fire.

"After breakfast we commenced building our raft, getting our material from a standing clump of fire-killed spruce down the shore a short distance. We carried our logs down to the water's edge and placed them side by side; these were to be roped to crosspieces at both ends, by looping the rope around each log and over the crosspiece, then before the roping

process commenced we turned each log over and chopped a deep groove for the rope to go in; this for a double purpose, namely, to keep the rope from wearing on the stones, besides holding the logs firmly in place.

"By noon we had it completed and launched, then we gathered up what remained of our outfit, blankets, saddles, etc., placed them on board and lashed them down with ropes in case we should upset.

"Then out we shot into the stream; Walker standing at the front with a long pole to keep the raft from running into cut banks, while I worked a big sweep on the stern, and in this way we were able, with care, to keep it straight.

"We built it about seven feet wide by fourteen long, should it ever turn sideways in a rapid and strike a rock, we and the raft would quickly part company; this was the one thing we had to watch.

"I should judge the current was carrying us at the rate of four miles an hour, though in narrow places and through rapids, this speed was doubled, but that would only be for a short distance. The scenery was simply grand; huge cutbanks towering above us, some of which were two hundred and fifty feet high, with grotesque sandstone figures worn by rain and storms of centuries. So absorbed were we, that we had lost all track of time. I glanced at my watch, it was 5.30 and would be dark in less than an hour; so I called to Walker, to look out for a decent place to land, as at this point the cutbanks shut us in on both sides. I noticed with some uneasiness, that the current was running much swifter. 'What a fierce place this would be to strike those falls.' In the distance I thought I heard a faint roar. Walker heard it too, for he glanced around, with a queer look on his face, but said nothing; and I then remembered that he could not swim.

"The roaring became louder, just ahead was a sharp bend in the river, and to make matters worse, the water had undermined the banks, giving a man no chance to 'frog out.'

Our only move was to keep the raft straight and be on the alert.

"I'll never forget those minutes of suspense, should we be lost in this fierce place, our fate would in all probability, never be known, and go on file as another mystery of the unknown lands. How much better it would have been, had we taken our back trail; by travelling on half rations, we might have made it.

"Every second that hideous roar became louder, until the very cliffs seemed to tremble. We were approaching the bend.

"As the raft floated around we stared; and could scarcely believe our eyes. From two hundred feet above us, there fell as pretty a waterfall as one could imagine.

"While floating by, we gazed up at it; the mental relief came so suddenly, that we seemed almost stunned. I know I felt a big lump in my throat, and for a minute could not speak. Then Walker, wiping the beads of perspiration from his forehead said. 'If I ever get out of here alive, no more frontier life for me, another scare like that and my hair will be as grey as a badger's.'

"We only travelled a short distance when we came to a break in the cutbank to our left, forming a horseshoe bend, below which, lay a little flat of about five acres, covered with scrub spruce and poplars; the banks sloping down to a gravel beach, making easy landing. With a long rope we secured the raft to the shore, and were soon comfortably settled for the night.

"We were up early next morning. The whole country was enveloped in fog, but by the time our breakfast was over, it had sufficiently lifted to enable us to continue. We travelled till noon, running innumerable rapids without any mishap, though several times we just grazed big boulders. Owing to the heavy strain on my stern sweep the cross braces had become loose; so while Walker fried our noon meal of venison, I busied myself trying to strengthen it; the job was yet unfinished when dinner was announced. While eating dinner we detected a muffled

roar coming from down stream, and decided that Walker should investigate the cause, while I worked at the raft. After completing my job I sat down to wait for his return, and must have waited nearly an hour before he came in sight.

"When he got in haling distance, he called, 'It's the falls all right, but we can make them,' and then, on coming up he said, 'the main current is on the other side, with a drop of about eight feet, the fall is more of a chute on this side; by unloading our stuff I think we can line her down.'

"And as the falls were over a mile from where we were, we boarded our raft and floated down, making a landing one hundred yards above them. We then took off all our stuff and with two long ropes, let her down, over she went, but as the water was deep at the foot of the falls she came to the surface in good shape.

"We then carried our stuff down, and were again on our way, very thankful that we had so successfully passed this worrying obstacle.

"About noon we passed the mouth of a large river flowing in from the south, which on looking at our map, we found was the Nordegg; two hours later we shot into the broad waters of the Saskatchewan.

"On approaching an island, we saw a man baling out a boat, and

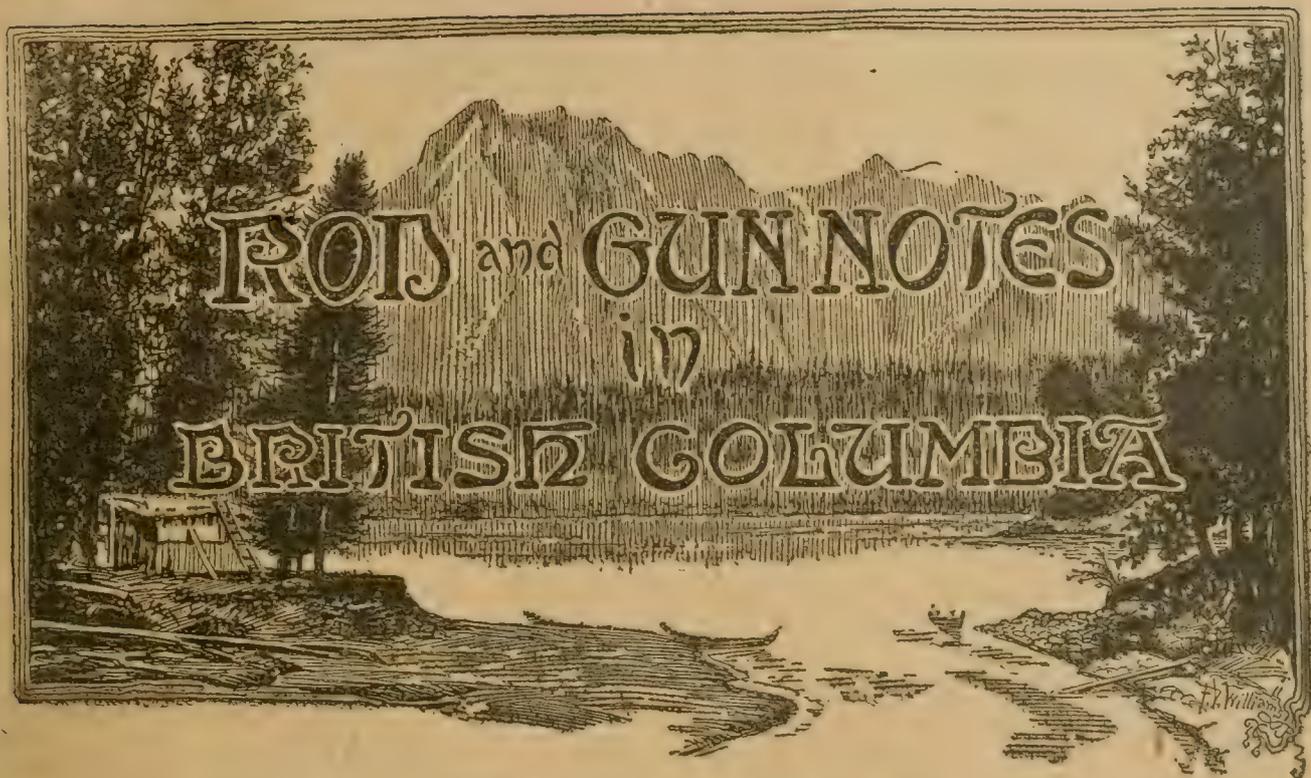
two others at a camp-fire on the shore; so we worked hard and succeeded in making a landing.

"On hearing of our experience they kindly invited us to join them in their meal. Did we say, 'No thank you?' why, I was ashamed of the way we consumed their hot cakes; and before leaving they gave us enough grub to carry us through.

"Just before dark, we ran through what is known as the Blue Rapids. They were fierce. One big wave nearly washed Walker off, but he hung to the ropes that held our outfit getting an awful wetting, as the raft would plunge nose first into the big waves, and even where I stood the water came nearly to my knees. On striking smooth water we landed for the night, but as our bedding was all wet we had to take turns in keeping a fire burning, so that each could secure a little sleep.

"The next day about noon, we shot the Rocky Rapids without any mishap; and from there on we had easy going, reaching Edmonton the following afternoon. You ask, 'if I ever went back to search for that Indian gold.' No! I did not; the following years were very wet, and I hit for the Yukon, and now, at my age, another trip like that would finish me."





## Big Game Hunting in British Columbia

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

### PART X.

I WONDER how many head of caribou we have seen in the last three days. I intended to have kept count of the number, but after the first day I forgot all about it, as I usually do. We have not seen hardly as many as I expected, possibly three or four hundred and the biggest band did not exceed twenty seven head. Still you would think that out of that number we might have found a couple of heads to suit us. However, we are still eating moose meat and it looks as if we should have to continue doing so until we move camp. Of course we have seen a few nice heads that lots of men would have been overjoyed to get, but as we still have a few days to spare I think our best plan is to do a long day's travel further up the range and try new ground in hopes of finding some really fine ones. Last year there were lots of splendid bulls close by here, but then it was at least a week later that I was here and that makes a lot of difference. You see, though you may think that this range is alive with caribou, still after all we are only on the edge of the main caribou range which is some eighty or ninety miles further east. If we were there we should be almost certain to see enormous numbers and some of the herds would contain from one to five hundred head. Why not go there? Well your chances would not

be very much better than here for though you might see plenty of bulls you wanted, you would likely find that those particular beasts were surrounded by others that would be in your way when you came to make your stalk. As it is, some of the finest bulls are sure to be wandering out this way before long as there are enough cows here to attract them. At present I think they are further east and the reason I want to move camp in that direction is so that we can meet them.

It is splendid the way the weather is keeping fine, just two little flurries of snow so far and that gone almost at once, and now we have another perfect day to move camp. We are lucky in having a good lot of horses that are easy to pack and do not everlastingly want to be hitting the trail for home. One year I was out we had nothing but huge horses, far too heavy for the work and never content to stay where they were turned out, no matter how good the feed was. There is nothing that I know of that is more trying to your temper than packing such horses. Try as I would I could not always cinch them up tight enough as they would blow themselves out just as I took a pull, then about the time the pack was on and the "hitch" thrown I would find that the cinch was slack and it would all have to be done again. In addition

it was twice as hard lifting the packs up those few extra inches especially as one or two of them had a trick of biting whenever they got a chance. Altogether I had a bad time of it with them and often had hard work to keep my temper, and not to do that with pack horses is a most fatal mistake. Thank goodness we have not much packing to do today as we are only going to take a few days' grub so as to have as light loads as possible and be able to travel fast.

How far are we going to go? As far as ever we can and I hope we shall make at least fifteen miles, more if possible. I do not anticipate trouble with soft ground as we will go right up out of the willows and travel along the dry plateau for ten miles or so. After that we shall have to descend and cross the tundra over towards the opposite foothills as that is the only place I know of where we could find any wood.

It is lucky we moved camp yesterday as it looks like snow this morning and I doubt if it will be safe to go far from camp today, still we will go for a short distance as we may have the luck to find what we want close by; we not only saw several fair sized herds a short distance further on, just before we reached here yesterday, but I noticed tracks that were undoubtedly made by very big bulls. Of course the fact that an animal has large feet and leaves a big track does not necessitate his having horns to correspond with his feet, though the chances are better. You had better put on a sweater under your coat today, there is not likely to be any sun and it will be cold if we have to wait about much. We will go on foot as we are not going far enough to need the horses.

Look, there is a big bunch of caribou right up out of the willows on the higher ground, there are nearly forty head, most of them are lying down. There are a number of bulls among them and two at least appear to be the possessors of extra big horns, but they are a good mile away and too far for me to make sure. I can also see several other small lots at various distances but we will hurry up and get closer to the big lot first.

This is as close as we can go to them without them seeing us and we are still quite away off a reasonable shot. It is too bad as one of those bulls is a beauty. Look at the width of the palmation of his tops and even from here you can make out some huge points branching out from them. Then the beam, while perhaps not over long, is heavy and in addition there is a splendid wide plough that

is far above the average for this species. No, this species of caribou never has ploughs that can compare in size with those of Newfoundland, but in that country nearly the whole of the horn growth is concentrated in the lower parts and they never have tops worthy of the name. Yes, I have met a few men who consider the Newfoundland type the more beautiful of the two but it is a matter of opinion; personally I infinitely prefer these with their great length and fine tops. That beast in front of us is what I consider a splendid specimen of an all round head. If you prefer it you can get much longer massive horns, but they will surely be lacking in points. On the other hand you can get one with more points, but the chances are that they will be short in the beam. Altogether I think you had better shoot this one if you can get within range, though I do not see any chance of your doing so just at present.

No, there is no possible way that I can see of getting any closer to them without them seeing us. All the ground in front of us is as level as a billiard table; they certainly have chosen a safe place for their siesta. Of course we can take a chance of having their curiosity bring them up to within shot like you saw them do once before, but the conditions are not so favourable here and on an occasion like this when you want them to come close they are more than likely to keep too far away when circling round for our wind. If we lie here for a time they may move over the brow of the hill, or down into the willows to feed, when we could slip down this little draw and get near them easily, or they might even take a notion to come down wind towards us. They are quite unconscious of our presence so we will wait a while anyway.

Nearly all of them are on their feet now and it will not be long before they begin to move. I am mighty glad of it as we have been waiting around here for nearly three hours, if they had only been doing something interesting it would not have been so monotonous but with them all lying down, apparently asleep, I have had about enough of it. I am about frozen too as I can plainly see you are and now it has begun to snow quite hard. If they had not already begun to move about I would have shown myself and taken a chance on their coming towards us as we ought to be moving back towards camp in case this snow gets too bad.

Now that is unkind of them, see they are moving straight away from us and we shall

have to let them go at least a quarter of a mile before we dare start after them. They might at any rate have gone down into the willows. If we were wise we would leave them alone and pull out for camp as we must be a good two miles from it and I really do not believe it is safe to go any further away in this snowstorm. Well if you care to take the chance of getting lost and having to stay out all night we will go on after them, but I warn you it is a bit of a risk as goodness only knows when we shall get suitable ground for a stalk.

There at last they are out of sight: that wretched little bull must needs hang around on the brow of the hill in a most obstinate manner, however we can push along now but we must not be in too big a hurry at first as some of them might take a notion to come back.

He has a beautiful head all right and you have the satisfaction of having killed him with one shot at a distance of at least one hundred and fifty yards. Of course my kneeling down and letting you use my back for a rest for your rifle was a great help, nevertheless it was a good shot as you placed your bullet exactly on the right spot. I would have waited and tried to get closer, as I think we might have done, but we have had such a long chase that it is now getting on in the afternoon and I was anxious about getting back to camp tonight if we delayed any longer. As it is I must hurry up and take out the inside as the weather is getting worse all the time and we are miles from our tents. It certainly has been a great hunt. I should think we must have followed them three miles up on the plateau and when at last they descended the hill we were further behind them than when we started after them. We could not have had much more difficult ground for cover, hardly any depressions or hollows worthy of the same for the greater part of the way and if we had not at last found a gulch going the way we wanted it to for a good half mile we should never have got near them at all. Even as it was it was, only by doing a record sprint that we managed to keep in sight of them through the snow and not get them mixed up with those two other bunches we nearly ran into. I thought we were going to get them easily when at last they did turn down hill into the willows, but that old cow simply would not let them stop and feed. Did you notice how she everlastingly took the lead and pushed on in spite of the others spreading out and beginning to pick at the willows. Then we lost a chance when we tried to make

a short cut and had to retrace our steps owing to the ground between those ponds being too soft for us to cross. Then again half an hour afterwards when we thought we were in a good position that old dragon of a cow must needs drag them all off up hill again and upset all our calculations. That manoeuvre of her's very nearly gave them our wind and I am not sure they did not get a touch of it; anyway they kept going at an increased speed for some time afterwards. Our bull evidently had enough chasing all over the country and at last turned down hill on his own account and the rest, being hungry, voted in favour of his move and followed him, so that we were able finally to head them off and now he lies there dead.

You certainly are earning your trophies now and if I am not much mistaken you are going to pay a higher price for this one than for all the others as it is beginning to get so thick and misty it is going to take us all our time to find our way back, so the sooner we start the better. Wait a second while I tear out a piece of the tenderloin from the inside if I can get at it and then we will be off.

Which way are we going? I am going to try and make our way through the middle of the "tundra," keeping the wind in my back for a guide. We shall have to take our chance, of running foul of ponds and swamps as to go back the way we came would nearly double the distance and mean being caught in the dark long before we got back and it might turn too foggy for us to find our way down to where we could get wood for a fire. By going this way, while we shall have harder walking, if we have luck we will make camp all right.

How are your legs holding out? What! you are nearly played out. Nonsense, you are good for ten miles of this yet if you only knew it. I am feeling a bit fagged myself; the last marsh we crossed was a bad one. I went in nearly up to the waist when I stumbled into that soft spot. I am soaked to the skin and I expect you are about as wet as I am from the snow off the bushes. Anyway if you are not you soon will be if that is any consolation to you. You think you are tired, but you are not really so, only just a bit weary and you would find that you could go plugging along for hours if it were really necessary. It is astonishing how a man, who is in good condition, can keep going when it is a vital necessity for him to do so. After a time you get to such a state that you cannot feel much more fatigued and you struggle on

and on, though every step is an effort. Then every little stick, hole or other obstacle that you would never notice when you were fresh, trips you up and every time you fall you find it takes a greater effort to get up. Perhaps after a time when you have had a fall you lie for a bit to rest, regardless of the fact that the ground is soaking wet or covered with snow, and you feel you want to go on lying there. When you get to that state then you really are tired and it is about time you made a big effort and hunted up a place where you can get a fire and lie up. But you are a long way from being in such a state; perhaps if we had to keep going until tomorrow morning you would be getting that way, but we are certainly not going to have to do that. As a matter of fact we cannot be more than three miles or four at the outside from our camp and if this snowstorm would only stop so that I could see just where I was going we would be back there in a couple of hours. So far we have done all right though we did get a bit tangled up in the marshes and willows and may have travelled a mile more than was necessary but the main thing is that I now know just where we are and I think we shall make camp if it does not get any worse. How do I know where we are when I cannot see two hundred yards away? Do you remember when we began to spy this morning I pointed out to you a whole lot of little lakes and ponds, some of them were in bunches, others by themselves? Then there were big open grassy marshes and places where there were tall scattered willows and ridges thickly covered with "buck brush." I suppose you did not do more than give a casual glance at it all, being far too intent on thoughts of getting a shot at a good bull. Well if you did not take any note of the country I must have done so as I could draw you a fair map of it. We have wandered into the midst of five little ponds that I remember to be right out in the centre of the "tundra" and directly opposite the centre of the big lake. The three knolls that are near our camp are slightly to the right of the direction the wind is blowing, but we shall have to go out of our way still more to try and get on some ridge where the ground is harder, as this wallowing through slush up to your boot tops is far from encouraging.

Big game hunting is a rotten job, is it not? Nobody but a senseless idiot would go out into the mountains and labour like we have been doing when he might have been sitting by his home fire in comfort. The thought

of a warm cosy house and a good dinner waiting for you and a nice easy chair and a pipe as you read the paper afterwards, fill your thoughts now do they not? As it is you are wet and tired and it is snowing harder than ever. The wind has died down and a fog got up so that we do not know where our camp is. Altogether we are in a bad way. Is that how you feel? Not quite as bad as that yet, eh? Good for you, I thought you had more grit and you will make a big game hunter yet. You are still thinking of that big bull caribou and what a fine pair of horns he has and what a chase we had after him? That is the way to look at it. The trophy will have a far greater value for the hard time you are having now as you are going to find out something about what the men who live up in this country and hunt and trap and prospect sometimes have to endure, but I can assure you it is only going to be a mild taste of hardship. Wait until you have been caught out in deep snow with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero, then you will know something of what hardship really is. But we must not stop here any longer or we shall get chilled through. We will take rests occasionally but they must only be for a minute or two at a time.

I believe we are within a mile of our camp, perhaps quite close but in weather like this we might pass within a hundred yards of it and not know it was there. For some time I have been listening for the horse bell, but so far in vain. Even if I did hear it I do not know that it would help as the horses might be farther off camp than we are now. Probably they have found some sort of shelter and are standing still.

No, a compass would be useless. How do we know whether camp is north, south, east or west of us, we may not have got as far as it is or we may have passed it or one side or the other. A compass is useful when you want to go in any particular direction and set your course from camp and it is often a great assistance in a timbered country, but in a case of this kind it is useless. I believe we are well beyond the big lake and, judging by the size of the willows, on a lower level than we should be, but that is all I know except that if I am right in my supposition we are not far from some clumps of small balsams. It is getting dark so we had better make an effort to find some.

We are in luck, here is a nice little clump of balsams, they are very small, but will do us, so here is where we stay the night. It is

no use fooling about in the dark as the chances of finding camp now are nil. We might not run across another place as good as this and have to make a fire with dead willow sticks and perhaps not find enough to last us until daylight. As it is we will soon be comfortable; hustle around and cut all the brush you can cut with your butcher knife. I will hunt up some dry sticks to light a fire and then build a shelter with the brush you have cut. I saved the paper from our lunch this morning so I shall have something to start the fire with which is lucky as the snow has wet all the twigs.

Here, you need not cut any more wood, I think we have enough to last us until morning. Come and look at the nest I have built. Do you see how I cut an opening in the brush and fastened a stick across the top of these two bushes? I laid a number of long willows slanting onto it and then shingled it with brush and now all we have to do is lay some more brush under it to sit on. It would not keep out much rain, but it will the snow and once we have a good fire going you will feel more cheerful.

I see you are shivering and feel utterly miserable; that is because you stood still too long doing nothing, but the fire is going fairly well now and I will soon have a blaze that will warm you up. See, I am throwing on a pile of green balsam brush, it looks wet enough to put the fire out, but do not fear. Just

wait until it dries and it will go up in a big blaze and give out no end of heat for a few minutes. It will soon die down, but we will keep piling more on until we get a lot of coals and can burn bigger stuff.

I thought I would warm you up. You feel better now? Take off your boots and wring out your wet socks and hang them up to dry, then take some snow and not only wash your face with it, but your feet too. You will find that it will not only freshen you up but make you less liable to catch cold, though I do not think there is much danger of your doing that out here. The time you will catch cold is on the stuffy boat on your way back to town. Now I will get some supper ready, though it will only consist of chunks of that tenderloin that I put in my pocket and they will have to be toasted on sticks and eaten without salt. Still I expect you will find that it goes down well; I know I shall enjoy it as I am mighty hungry. Yes, when I left that caribou I had an inkling that we should not get back to camp tonight, in fact I had a pretty good suspicion of it when we first started the chase after him and that is the reason I took the trouble to carry this meat.

It is nearly ten o'clock so as we are fairly dry now we may as well coil up as near the fire as we can and try and get some sleep.

(To be continued.)

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## Feathered Invasions

J. W. WINSON

**I**N the beginning, the sportsman was a food-hunter, purely and simply. There was no "call of the wild" beyond the call of the stomach, and whether he hurled stones or arrows, laid traps or nests, used gun or fish-hook, he was out to satisfy the hunger of his family.

Gradually this first object of the chase is disappearing and is to be found only in Eskimos and other native races; or backwoodsmen and travellers who must "live on the country." The sportsman today, while enjoying more than any other man the dishes made possible by his success with rod and gun, would go out just as eagerly if his victims were only vermin.

His steak and chops come from prosaic pastures and stuffy styes, his drumsticks and

wishbones from coop and barnyard. There is nothing romantic in butchering; little that is thrilling and glorious in the poultry run.

The sporting instinct turns elsewhere for gratification, will go even so far as the African veldt if funds permit, and will find exciting enjoyment in the torrid plains where lions roar, in the sweltering marshes where elephants gambol or the bubbling mud where hippos frisk and crocodiles flirt.

When hunting tiger through the trembling jungle or climbing impossible crags for mountain goat, the primeval urge of hunger is left far behind; it is now a test of wit and skill, the ancient instinct is evolving into something greater.

The primary need for hunting is gone, and sport becomes a higher and more generous

art every year. The Migratory Birds Act with its international scope is a monument of this advance; for it is designed as much by and in the interests of sportsmen as of agriculturalists. Its aim is to conserve game birds as well as the insectivorous, to establish as far as possible, a fair share of sport all over the continent.

A continent spread from Arctic snows to tropic jungle, from eastern gulfs to western seas with great lakes, high ranges, rivers and prairies, is bound to contain much diversity; birds plentiful in one place will be absent in another. Some rare visitor welcomed with joy in one locality, may be a nuisance a thousand miles away. Under one act, protection will be uniform, but there must be modifications under regulations that will allow hardships to be lightened. Where a bird becomes a pest, relief must be granted.

These provisions are all in the treaty, but it will be obvious that their execution must be in the hands of sportsmen.

Where permission is given for the reduction of any birds that are causing unwonted damage, the wardens must see that the slaughter is regular, and is confined to the bird and the district mentioned. For this they will invite the co-operation of sportsmen and no better method could be devised than to grant permission to the local gun club for the combining of sport with usefulness to the community.

Some birds under this new protection will increase faster than others; birds like the bobolinks that were shot in thousands on the Louisiana rice fields, robins and black-birds that are considered large enough for the pot by some of the southerners.

The robin in the Fraser Valley of British Columbia is gaining numbers that many fruit growers look upon with alarm. There is a huge flock of band-tailed pigeons near Vancouver that threaten any small acreage of chicken wheat with complete destruction.

Sportsmen may soon be called in to restore any such unequal balance, and not only will there be sport in the shooting (and food supply too, seeing that Japanese will go from the city in autos for robin-shoots, and enjoy the bag!) but there is also somewhat of an obligation in it, for, had they not ruthlessly shot every hawk in sight for years, these larger perching birds would not be so numerous.

The Valley of the Sumas, a tributary of the Fraser about fifty miles from its mouth was troubled last year by a large flock of

Lewis woodpeckers. This valley, crossed by the International Boundary Line, is noted, at least on its American side, for the fine quality of peas that are grown there. The weevil has not yet found this district, and the crops are in good demand for seed, but the "Lewis" has discovered their good qualities, and has passed the good word to his fellows. The birds increased very fast the last two or three years, and when the 1920 crop was sown, they fell upon it with appreciation.

The peas round the edge of the field, those left exposed by the drill, are legitimate spoil for bird or rodent, but the woodpeckers were keen-eyed enough to find those only partly covered, which of course would germinate; and were even accused of digging for them. They made no secret of their raiding. They came on to a field and stayed there, going no further than the fence, for days. It was not a variation in their ordinary diet—but a full course for every meal.

Naturally, the farmers got out their guns. Local stores were denuded of shells, and not till then did the battle cease. If conditions are the same this year, the federal officers or state game wardens must take charge.

The Lewis woodpecker is not a woodpecker half its time. It flies with a regular swing like a crow, not with the jerky leaps of the rest of its tribe.

It will sit on a snag or post, and catch insects like a king-bird, darting in the air and twisting back to its perch in true flycatcher fashion. It is so fond of cherries that a new local name for it is cherry-bird, and when the fruit grower sees closely the crimson dash of color on forehead and neck, he is inclined to call it cherry stain.

A grey collar is another distinction, the grey breast gradually deepens to red under wing and tail.

The under feathers are bristly. The whole of its back and wings are a polished black with an iridescent sheen of green.

An alien immigrant, that is non-migratory is colonizing the eaves of Vancouver city under the name of the Japanese starling. This bird is of the size and build of the European and American starlings, is in color jet black, with a striking white patch in the centre of each wing. As some one said "They have silver dollars on their wings." Another feature is a small tuft of feathers hanging over the base of the beak, looking as if the base was swollen.

These birds are escapes from Japanese

fishing vessels or from the oriental immigrants who-brought them in cages.

They are to be found in the Phillipines and Hawaiian Islands under the same circumstances, staying at all times about the city buildings. They are the Myria birds of India and Assam, coming originally it is thought from Southern China. Their habits of sociability, "talkability," and adaptability to confinement, make them favorite cage birds among certain of the Chinese and Japs, hence their arrival in British Columbia.

It may be said with safety there are now thousands in Vancouver. They have extended to the suburbs, and to New Westminster, twelve miles away.

They join the ever present house-sparrow on the eaves and wires and in the gutters. Grain and garbage, fruit and insects, anything at all edible goes for their fare.

For nesting sites there are crannies in roofs and buildings that janitors cannot reach or guess. On vacant lots there are snag-holes, woodpecker holes and similar dark recesses. These agree with their home sites in China, where they also make holes in soft banks.

They feed in flocks as a rule, making regular rounds of certain districts, and can be seen in many suburban gardens where berries and grubs are plentiful. As the streets are better kept, garbage collected and conserved more closely, their source of food will be diminished, they will be forced to take to the country for sustenance.

Then must the truck gardener and farmer

look to their crops. They were first recorded in Vancouver by Mr. Kemrode, in 1904. In twenty years the dozen or so has become a thousand and more. How soon the two thousands may become a plague is not a long computation. They have very few enemies. Hawks and owls do not love city smoke and noise. An occasional Cooper hawk may be seen in the city, or a Sawhet owl in the suburbs, but these are very little check. Sentiment favors the birds at present. They do no harm in the city. Their pretty magpie flight and soft musical twitterings are a comfort to the cooped-up business man with a yearning for the wilderness. But sentiment changes. The world is run for economic ends rather than sentimental, and it may not be long before a cry is raised against these Asiatics.

Here will be another opportunity for the sportsman to come to the aid of the farmer who has, perhaps grudgingly and involuntarily supported the hunter's game. It should be a source of confidence and co-operation between the two classes who are oftimes at variance in settled districts.

It should do at least this—incite sportsmen to study the habits and life-histories of other birds and animals than those which fall to their gun under the present laws. The man behind the gun is no less a fine sportsman, if he knows the non-injurious hawks and owls at sight, and the larger insectivorous and non-game birds that deserve no pepper from his shells—and are protected by law.

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## Reasoning by Fish

GUY BOGART

You will doubtless be interested in the following notes concerning the glimmer of reason in the fishes. By the way, it is now the opinion of some scientists that man's ascent biologically was through the fish family. It has been proved by a French naturalist, as the result of a series of interesting experiments that fish can actually reason, though very slowly. M. Oxner baited a hook and fastened a tiny piece of white paper about two inches above it. With this bait he tempted a recently captured fish. The fish, however, was wily and for seven days refused the bait. Then, when the week-old memory of his capture had apparently vanished from the mind, the fish bit and was hooked. M. Oxner carefully unhooked the catch and replaced it in the water, also readjusting the bait with the warning paper. Three times

the fish bit with a day's interval between each bite. After that it no longer touched the bait for the meaning of the paper signal had become known to it. On the twelfth day the piece of paper was removed from the hook and the fish bit the bait. The paper was replaced, and for three days the fish refused to tackle the lure, contenting himself with watching it from a safe distance. On the fourth day, however, the fish swam right up to the paper signal, sniffed it, and then descended, and very cautiously nibbled the bait until it had succeeded in eating it all off the hook without swallowing the latter. On the hook being replaced, the fish did exactly the same thing, and so carefully avoided capture. Experiments with other fish carried out by M. Oxner had similar results.

# Four Deer in Three Days

J. KNAPP

IN 1913 some of us had been hunting some few days at the first of the season in the old bush near Crow Lake. We had very poor luck as the snow had not come yet, and we were "still" hunting, so we stayed out of the bush for a few days. Near the end of the season down came a good tracking snow, so my Dad, Ed. Reynolds, Rube Tharrit and myself started out one morning in couples, Ed and I keeping down what we called the "front ridges" which were lying along the new line of the C.P.R., which was just being built at that time. Dad and Rube kept further north by the Loyal fields.

We had gone about a mile when we came to the track of the big buck travelling north, so we followed it. He kept feeding and travelling from place to place until he crossed the east end of Loyal's fields. We ran across Dad's and Rube's tracks while they were following the track of a small deer, which was going east, and looked to us as though it was making for Long Point on Rock Lake. We left the track we were following and took after them as we thought it a surer kill to get the four of us after the one on Long Point, and say, didn't we run? The deer was going fast, and Rube and the old man were making good time, I'll say. We didn't overtake them until they had gone about two miles and had got out on the point where they had separated. Rube had gone down the north side while the old man had taken the south side which the deer had followed.

Ed went after Rube, and I had gone a short distance, when I left the old man to watch on a hill. I went on after the deer, which was a fawn and it acted just like fawns generally do. It crawled into all the mean places it could find and finally got out near the end of the point and went in under a ledge of rocks and laid down. It had taken a round about course to get in there, and seeing me going by on its track, he thought he had better be getting along. I saw the deer as he slipped across a rock. I blazed one shot at him for luck and let the others know he was coming. I had broken a front leg, low down, as we found out after. Well he ran out near Ed and stopped in some very thick second growth, so Ed started to shoot and run toward the fawn. It turned and came back towards me again, but it never got to me as Ed hit it a couple of times and was chasing along trying

to get an open place where he could finish it. He saw it a short distance ahead, so he ran up, caught it and cut its throat. I can still see Ed after that fawn. I could not shoot for danger of hitting him.

We dressed the fawn and bagged it. Rube and Dad came down to us, then we made a fire and ate some of our lunch. Afterwards, the old gent, being pretty tired, said that he would take the fawn and start for home. The other three of us went on after the big buck. We followed him down north of Rock Lake where we raised him without even hearing him run. He was heading for the big green swamp. We let him go and started for home.

We had gone about a mile when we came to some fresh tracks, so we started to spread out. Ed went up on a hill to watch. Rube and I had only gone a few steps when out ran a doe and two fawns. They were about a hundred yards from us. We fired a few shots without hitting any of them. But when they got up on the ridge that Ed was on, (the timber was not quite so thick) he cut loose at them, but didn't think he hit any of the three.

They were running in the direction of home. We thought we would follow along; we had gone about one mile when I picked up a sliver of bone about an inch long. I knew it was out of the leg of a deer, so we knew that Ed had hit one. We hadn't gone much further when we saw some blood, and more blood as we went on. We could tell, by the tracks, it was the big doe that was hit. She soon left the two fawns and went off by herself. She swung off east and started in the direction of Long Point—a short distance and then we separated again.

I had just taken a few steps out onto a rock at the shore to wait until the others came down the point a little, when I heard the ice breaking across the bay. There was the doe just going ashore and having quite a time getting out with her broken front leg, and very little ice along the shore. I fired a few shots, but before I could get to the range she was out of sight in the brush. It was a long shot, for the gun I was using then was a .38-55 carbine. However, I had shot too high as it was not as far as it looked at first.

The other boys came back and we went around the bay and took up the chase once more, for it was surely against our will to ever

give up a wounded deer. There were very few in the neck of the woods then.

That old doe could travel some on three cylinders, I'll say. Rube, who was fond of jokes, remarked that it was funny why nature gave deer four legs when they could go so blooming fast with several legs shot off.

She turned away east and went down over the high runway on the south side of the lake. We kept on for a mile or so and it was getting dark. We had four miles to tramp home. We left off and ate the remainder of our lunch on the walk. It was three tired boys that trailed out about eight o'clock that night.

Next morning very early, we packed huge lunches and were off again, and were three miles out or more before it was light. As we went down the path toward Rock Lake, we crossed the tracks of a buck and doe. They were heading in toward the "crooked pine" as we called a certain pine tree; by the way its top was crooked, but made a fine landmark.

We didn't stop for these tracks but headed for the place where we left off on the wounded deer track. As it was snowing a little we travelled fast to get to the old track. It was some job to follow it. We had gone but a short distance from where we had left off the night before and there if that deer hadn't gone into the lake again as we were pretty sure she would go to a point across from Long Point. We went around to the east of the lake and there sure enough was the dim track of the deer. She had gone along the shore, sometimes in the water and sometimes on the sand and rocks where the snow was melted off. She went along this point a little way and then took to the water again. We were pretty sure she had gone across to Long Point. It had been snowing quite hard all this time, and it took time and skill to tell just where that wise old doe had gone. It was a walk of about four miles to get around to Long Point, again, so we hunted up a big pine log and rolled it in, and put a couple of small chunks along each side of the big one with a couple of old slabs torn from the sides of old logs across the top. We put Rube in the middle to hold the three guns. Ed mounted the stern and I the front, each with a stick for a paddle. Rube shouted, "Heave away me hearties," and we were off.

Well I'll say right here that the trip across that lake was one that few would undertake. A gale of wind was blowing and driving wet snow sifting down all the while. Poor Rube couldn't swim a stroke, although he didn't

seem to care. We had to sit on the big log in the middle and hook our feet on the outside of the raft to keep it from going to pieces. But we got safely over, and bidding good-bye to the old "ship," we once more took up the trail. We found our deer ashore on Long Point and she had been lying on the very end of the point all night near where she came out of the water. When we were crossing she must have seen us and risen to run to the point. She didn't run far, however, being stiff from lying wounded, running about half a mile. She then slowed up, walking along. We followed her until she went into a small swamp. Ed went on one side and Rube the other. I went in to chase her out. She had crawled through an old wind fall, so I kneeled down and crawled through too. It was the easiest way. I had just got fairly under when slash! out she went from under the other side. Now I don't know how I got out so quick, but I was clear in time to shoot once. Just as the doe gained the high land at the edge of the swamp, I under-shot her, Ed missed the first one, but broke her neck with the second shot, so that ended the second chase.

Rube declared after, that I rose up with the whole windfall on my head and shot out from underneath the brush, but I never noticed how I got out. All I could see was that old doe and a fine one she was at that—the biggest doe I have ever seen.

We dressed and hung it up, then made our weary way home. On our way we crossed the tracks of the buck and doe again. We followed along until we found where they had fed that morning. We poked around the tracks for some time. Owing to the snow that had fallen, we could not tell which way they went last. We finally got up on a knoll and were moving along slowly; I was ahead. I slipped and fell, and just as I got to my feet, I saw one jump of the big buck as he went into the green of a small swamp. We all watched for a few minutes, but he stayed right in there. I turned to see where he had been lying and there about 25 yards away, near the edge of the swale, stood a fine doe. She had been standing there all the while looking at us. Just as I got an eye on her she knew it and made a jump into the ever-greens. But I got her in the air on that same leap. The bullet caught her back of the shoulder and went plum through. She went a little way before she stopped. Right here we made a big mistake in not going after the buck, but were anxious to get after

the wounded doe. That buck stayed in the swale until we went after the doe, and then he made tracks down the stump runway. We chased the doe out again and she was about all in. Soon after she got out where it was open, Ed finished her. We hung her up and went home.

Next morning we were off early again. We struck off for Loyal's fields, but struck a track before we got there. We followed in the direction of the crooked pine, toward which a buck was running—the same buck that was with the doe day before. He was trying to find her. However, I killed him about one hundred yards from where the doe was hanging. He was lying in a swale near where I had first seen the doe. Rube was with me, while Ed had gone down to the stump runway to watch. When we raised him we both had to cut loose, but we had to run a good way before we could get anything like an open shot. When he came out to the hill, Rube cut some hair off his hips and took the left horn off with the same shot. I took the next shot and hit him in the right hip, then down he went. He wobbled along again, but I ran and caught him, till Rube came to my assistance. We floored him and used the knife. The loss of the horn didn't count as he was a "spike," but a big one. Now we had a deer each, counting a fawn, "which we hated to do but had to." Dad only hunted the

first day as he was too old to travel so much.

For a bush like that I think four deer in three days was pretty good work. The deer were few and far between and very wild. I have hunted in different parts and I'll say they are the hardest deer to hunt of any with which I have come in contact. The bush is small and is hunted to a finish; has been for sixty years. I don't know whether it was just fool luck or our knowledge of the country that we had such good success. But I'll say here, that all of us knew every stump and stone in that part of the country, and are no fools when it comes to hunting deer, especially still-hunting. Ed is known far and wide as a deer slayer. Take it from me, Rube was no Rube "atall, atall!" Me? Oh, I don't always kill them the first crack, but I have brought home the heart a few times. Let anyone hunt in that part and he will go hungry for venison. You have got to grow up in that country in order to be anywhere near on an equal footing with the deer there, especially the old bucks. I am told the deer are getting more plentiful there these last few years, which shows that there are not so many killed out of season now. It is great feeding ground and there is good cover for the winter in the swamps.

I hope some time to have a hunt in the old home bush again and renew my acquaintance with the old land marks.

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## AMONG THE SLOUGHS

In the silence of the morning, in the waiting for the dawning,  
 With visions fair of whirring wings across the golden glow:  
 There's no joy like the abiding by some darksome slough in hiding,  
 With gun in hand and faithful dog to follow where you go:  
 For I've been in the heart of it, and I have taken part in it,  
 And I know.

On the prairie gaily tramping or beside some thicket camping,  
 With wary eye through tangled boughs we scan the pools below.  
 Ah! a shot—they're rising, falling! trusty scout! you need no calling  
 As with a plunge, to play your part—across the slough you go.  
 Ah! I've been in the heart of it and I have taken part in it  
 And I know.

When quiet like a fairy wand is stealing o'er the prairie land,  
 We patient wait the evening flight—the rarest sport I trow  
 With our muscles tense and numbing, eagerly we wait the coming:  
 For this one hour of ecstasy all comfort we'd forego,  
 When you've been in the heart of it and once have taken part in it,  
 Then—only then you'll know.

—Lilla Nease.

# The Importance of the Color Screen to the Photographer

G. W. VISSER

**F**IFTEEN years ago, we took pure white skies in our prints quite as a matter of course. Only a comparative few of the rapidly increasing number of amateurs knew anything of the theory of color or of its application in conjunction with the use of color screens on cameras.

However, through judicious advertising and helpful booklets, large vendors of photographic apparatus gradually taught the enterprising amateur how he could improve his pictures vastly by using color screens and ray filters. The result is, that at the present time there are but few amateur photographers who have not, at least, one filter in their outfit. Strange as it may seem, although many bought them, only a relatively small number really used them. It was too much trouble,

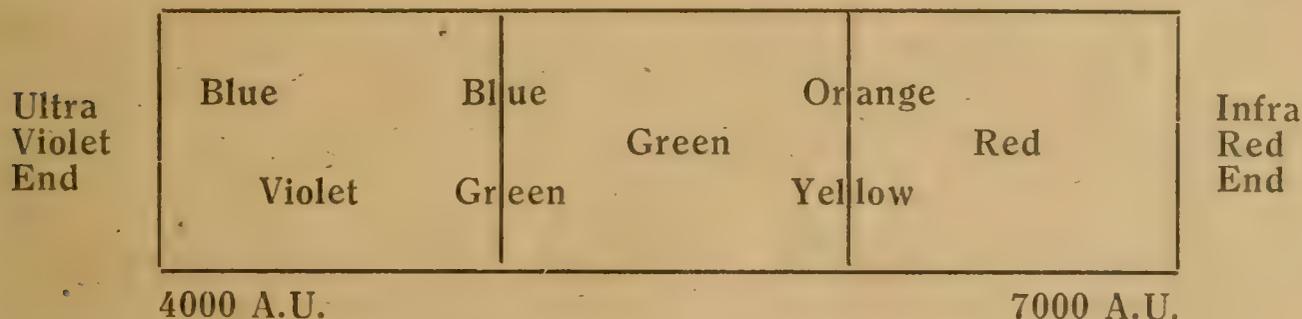
cluding woods and sky with live or dead game.

(3) Fishing pictures—usually including lake or river and sky or trophies.

(4) Pictorial work. This is a very broad subject and requires special treatment and its inclusion in his article would unduly lengthen it.

Before going into the adaptability of the color screen to each of these divisions, just a word of the theory which underlies the usefulness of the color screen. Light is composed of all colors and when we split white light into its component colors by using a prism, we get what is known as a spectrum. The arrangement of the colors in the spectrum is broadly shown in the accompanying sketch.

It will be seen that the visible spectrum is marked by a scale of numbers ranging from



they said. Well, every innovation is more or less of a nuisance at first, but a little study and persistence will result in the filter becoming an every day necessity to camera users.

To the sportsman who packs a camera on his hunting and fishing trips, the ray filter is of prime importance, because many of his pictures will include live or dead game, fish to say nothing of any purely pictorial negatives that he may make. Now, animals are given protective coloring by Nature and as we shall see farther on, plates and films have a much distorted sense of color values and as a filter corrects this defect, it is at once apparent how important the filter is to the sportsman-photographer, in this one branch alone.

The sportsman's photographs will roughly classify into the following divisions:

(1) Camp photographs—including lake and sky, sky and snow or perhaps the camp alone nestling in an attractive nook in the woods.

(2) Hunting photographs—invariably in-

cluding woods and sky with live or dead game. 4000 to 7000. These divisions of the spectrum are called Angstrom Units (A. U.). Below 4000 A. U. we get Ultra-Violet, which is invisible to the eye and above 7000 A. U. we have Infra-Red, also invisible. It is with the ultra-violet that we shall concern ourselves mostly, as it plays a very important part in all branches of outdoor photography. These ultra-violet rays comprise those constituents of white light which produce the chemical effects of light and naturally play a leading part in the essentially chemical action of the exposure of a photographic plate or film.

Now, the sky being the source of daylight contains a preponderance of ultra-violet rays, consequently when we photograph our camp with lake and sky and white clouds as a background, the ultra-violet rays chemically affect the film to the effect of FOGGING it enough to completely bury the clouds. The only exception to this, is when most of the sky is veiled in rather dark clouds which shut out

these troublesome rays. When the film is developed, the portion representing the sky is almost solid black, and of course prints pure white. There is a wide difference in tone gradation between the dark blue of the sky and pure white.

The yellow ray filter absorbs the ultra-violet light and as much of the violet light as is necessary to compensate for the extra sensitiveness of the plate or film to these rays.

By so doing the clouds will be allowed to register on the film. Just by way of further comparison, observe the tone of the grass in a non-filtered picture. It is very dark, almost black compared with the white sky. Actually the green grass is LIGHTER in tone than the blue sky. However that is a minor point compared with some others and is hardly noticeable after the sky has been corrected. In the foregoing it has been shown that the normal film records the green grass DARKER than the blue sky. It twists up the rest of the colors pretty badly too. For instance it records orange, green, light red, yellow and brown at just about the same shade of grey. There is a difference in the print but not nearly the contrast observed by the eye. It follows then, that it is practically impossible to photograph a partridge standing or sitting on the ground or in his usual haunt—concealing himself by blending with foliage which nearly coincides with his feathers; unless we use a filter to help the film to differentiate between the different colors which otherwise would photograph so much alike.

The filter increases the exposure considerably, and the partridge may move and spoil the picture, but it will be spoiled anyway—the color screen gives us the one and only chance to get the picture.

The writer once photographed a moose standing against a background of red-gold, orange and brown autumn leaves. It was a superb picture—that King of Canadian forests silhouetted against a background that Franz Hals would revel in. But when the film was developed I could not find the moose for several days. True there were a few "blotches" that indicated "something"—I knew it was the moose, but as a picture it was a flat failure. A "short-time" filter (to be explained farther on) would have shown up the moose with the least increase of exposure.

Dead game—deer, moose or bear is usually lying on the ground or on snow, thus having considerable plain contrast; quite sufficient to show the animal up. Deer photographed in this manner without a filter lose most of

the delicate gradations of brown and brown-grey which add so much to the beauty of the animal. The color screen will bring these shades out, making a much nicer picture.

About the most difficult thing to photograph faithfully—among all sportsmen's trophies—is a speckled trout. Trout possess a wider range of color than any other game—the colors ranging from brown green on his back through varying shades of red, red-orange, yellow and white on the belly to all the colors of the rainbow in the spots. Clearly the unfiltered plate or film is absolutely incapable of giving anything like a faithful rendition in black and white of the beautiful shimmering, yet evanescent colors of a trout. The ordinary ray filter, as sold by The Eastman Kodak Company will go a long way toward making a good picture, but in order to get the best result, one should use a panchromatic plate and a "K-3" filter, of which mention will be made in another paragraph.

Under the division of Camp Photographs, I have mentioned sky and snow. Really the application of filter principles to this branch of photography requires an article by itself. I shall, however, show briefly where a filter helps in pictures of winter landscapes and camp scenes. The unfiltered photograph of a winter scene usually shows a pure white sky and "blank" white snow. Snow is not a blank white mass and moreover the sky is very, very much darker than the snow. Snow has rounding, beautiful shadows, it has texture and in order to make winter photographs pleasing, we must retain every characteristic of the snow, for therein lies the beauty of this class of pictures.

From previous paragraphs we know how the filter will give proper value for the sky, by absorbing or holding back the predominant ultra-violet. Snow, being highly reflective, reflects much ultra-violet from the sky. It follows then that the filter will tend to bring out the shadows and texture of the snow. Full exposure in snow photography is very important. In bright sunlight there is unusual contrast presented between the white snow and dark objects which may be included in the picture, such as figures or trees. Contrast is greatly increased by under-exposure and an under-exposed snow picture has the "chalk and soot" effect which is so unpleasant and inartistic. Plenty of exposure lessens the contrast and this principle applied with the use of a filter, or better yet, a filter and a panchromatic plate, will give snow pictures that are very true to nature. The time of day

is another very important part of snow photography. At noon when the sun is at its meridian, there is so little shadow that even using a filter, hummocks or drifts of snow will hardly show up against a pure white background. The best time is in the morning or evening, when every drift casts long shadows. Beautiful effects may be secured by photographing almost against the sun, just as it comes from the clouds after a heavy snowfall. This strictly comes under the highest grades of pictorial work and may be taken up later.

The last point to cover in this article is FILTERS. There are FILTERS and filters, good, bad and indifferent. There are also many kinds—each used for a specific purpose. We shall concern ourselves with those covering the problems outlined in this article.

The writer has used only those manufactured by The Eastman Kodak Company and the Wratten filters. I understand the Eastman filters are practically the same as the Wratten products and they are supposed to be a standard.

The filter applicable to the needs of all sportsmen who carry their cameras on their trips may be purchased almost anywhere at prices ranging from fifty cents to a dollar—I refer to the Eastman Kodak Company's filter. Using this filter increases exposure from five to eight times normal, with any of the standard makes of plates or film. Simple enough isn't it? -

Those having cameras that will accommodate either plates or films will find that three or four plate holders loaded with pan-chromatic plates and a couple of Wratten filters numbers K-1 and K-2 will after a little

experience find an entirely new field open up in which faithfulness of reproduction and beauty of tone predominate. The pan-chromatic plate is sensitive to *all* colors and even without a filter gives splendid tone rendition and when used with the filters mentioned, which are made to suit the plate the effects are perfect. The Wratten filters when used with the Wratten pan-chromatic plates, increase exposure but little. In the case of the K-1 filter exposure on ordinary subjects is but one and one-half times normal and with the K-3 filter, giving greater correction, four and a half times normal and with the K-2 three times normal. These figures, however, do not apply when the Wratten filters are used with ordinary plates or films. The increase in exposure is then very much greater and amateurs will find the Eastman filters which are a lighter yellow, more practical.

A tripod is a necessity when using a filter, except when photographing in bright sunlight or on very open landscape. A tripod is quite a nuisance when one is "packing" but the difficulty may easily be overcome by using an Eastman "clamp." This clamp may be carried in the pocket, and when a tripod is required, simply cut a stick about an inch or so in diameter, flatten it a bit at the top, screw on the clamp and for all folding cameras up to post card size it will serve perfectly. There are folding tripods sold, but my experience has been distinctly in favor of the other method.

Just as a last word. When in doubt, *over-expose*. A finisher can reduce an over exposed negative to suit you but nothing can be done really to help under-exposure.

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## Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE

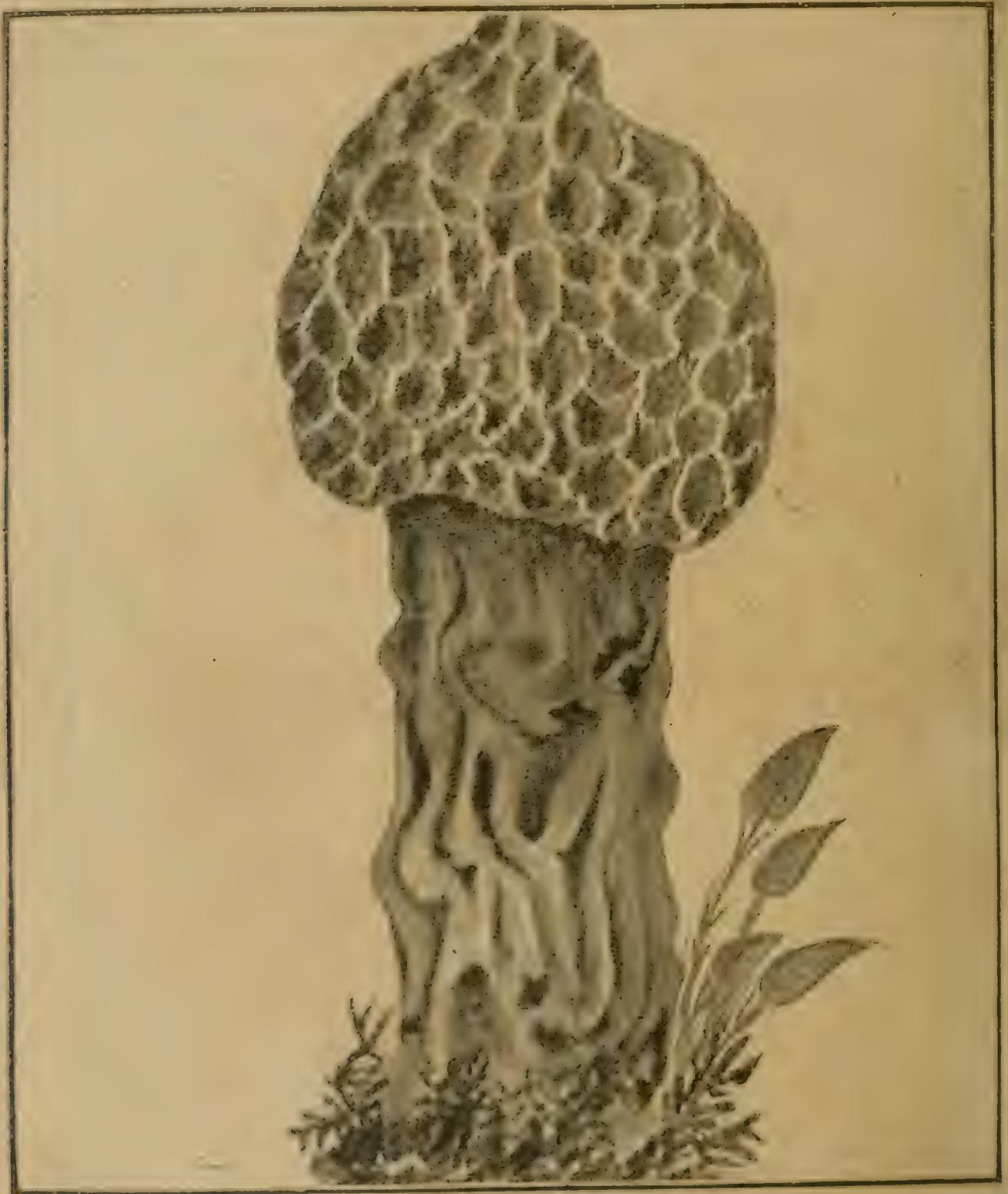
### *Morchella crassipes* (edible)

I have found this mushroom growing quite abundantly in a thick pine woods on the bank of the river Nith in the county of Brant, about a mile from Paris, Ontario. At first sight this plant does not impress one with its beauty, but on closer examination it will be found to be one of the most beautiful of fungi.

The specimens found by me were of a grayish color in old specimens and dark brown in the young ones but it is not in the color where we must look for beauty in this species, but to its form; its long slender cylindrical stem and beautifully shaped cap with fragments of the veil adhering at almost regular intervals to the edge of the cap gives a beauty of form surpassing that of any other fungus that I have been fortunate enough to examine. It occurs from about

the end of May to the beginning of October, being larger in wet weather or on moist soil than when situated otherwise.

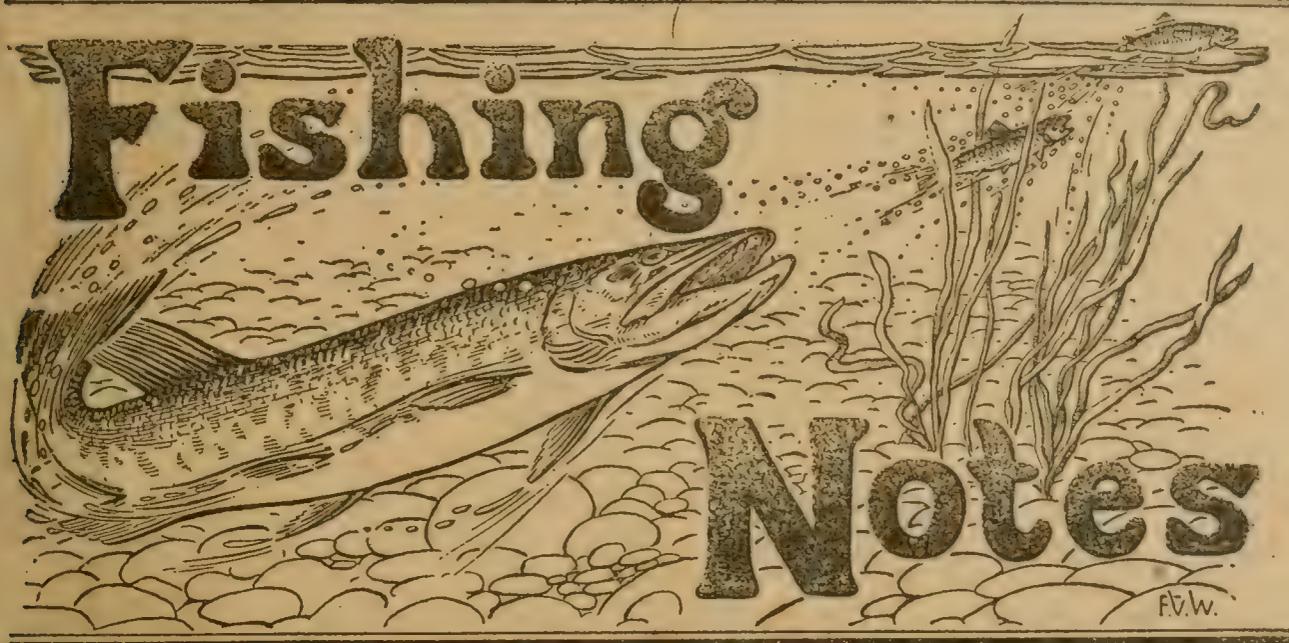
As will be seen by the cut, the pileus is ovate but some specimens may be found to be more conic than ovate and still others are expanded to almost convex but the edge is never upturned or the center depressed. During dry weather the cap may be cracked into patches



*Morchella crassipes* (edible).

separating the dark color of the outside and showing the white flesh beneath. The stem has a bulb and it is hollow in nature specimens. It is cartilaginous in texture.

This plant is edible. I have eaten it raw myself on several occasions. It has a somewhat nutty flavor, but is not listed with the edible sorts.



## Amateur Fly-Tying

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

### Chapter IV.

#### Fly-Tying: First Considerations

**T**HE use of the artificial fly in the capture of fish is not restricted to comparatively modern times. Quite the contrary is the case, for this creation has been in use in a more or less crude form for over two thousand years. Nevertheless ancient writings do not offer a great deal of information on the subject, though occasionally some reference of an enlightening character is made by which we are guided right. Aelian in his writings states of the ancients in his *De Natura Animalium* that:

"The Macedonians who toil on the banks of the Astraeus, which flows midway between Berea and Thessalonica are in the habit of catching a particular fish in that river by means of a fly called *hippurus*. A very singular insect it is; bold and troublesome, like all its kind; in size a hornet; marked like a wasp, buzzing like a bee. The predilection of the fish for this prey, though familiarly known to all who inhabit the district, does not induce the angler to attempt their capture by impaling the live insect. Adepts in the art had contrived a taking device (*captiosa quaedam machina*) to circumvent them, for which purpose they invest the body of the hook with purple wool, and having two wings of a waxy color, so as to form an *exact imitation* of the *hippurus*, they gently drop these abstruse cheats down stream."

This is exceedingly interesting. The insect

imitated in the artificial was a bee or wasp of some sort. To-day we find that one of the best flies at a certain time in the summer is the imitation bee; indeed we have a fly called the *western bee* that is a very close imitation of the original and which when used gives exceedingly good results. In this voice out of the lost and dead ages comes up another truth: those anglers of the past were able to make exact imitation flies and they floated them "gently down stream" which only goes to prove that floating flies (or flies fished in a dry form) is not a modern invention but is as old as the hills.

From the days of the ancients to the year 1496 is a great leap and yet not until that year did anything in regard to fly-tying appear in print to be traced. In that year in England appeared a book very nearly next to that of Walton's "Compleat Angler" in importance which took up the making of flies and gave some information on the subject not to be passed by lightly. It was written by a woman, "her prioress-ship" Dame Juliana Berners of St. Albans. Her first slender volume was named "Fysshynge With An Angle" which later was included in her second book which was entitled the "Boke of St. Albans." The original edition states that it was "Emprinted at Westmestre by Wynkyn de Worde, the year of Thycarnacon of our Lord 1496." Sufficient to say that she gave descriptions of flies that are still in use with

more or less finish to them and what original touches men have been able to give them.

From the date of the issue of Dame Berner's book upwards more and more information on the use and the making of artificial flies has come forth until to-day there seems to be no nook or cranny in the art that has not been investigated. This investigation has, of course, been more thorough and complete in England than in any other country in the world. Save for Louis Rhead's most delightful and commendable "American Trout Stream Insects" no serious attempt at classifying American stream insects that the trout feed upon has been made. In England the same cannot be said to be true for this classification has very nearly been complete what with Alfred Ronald's "Fly-fisher's Entomology" (still a classic of the sort) and Frederic Halford's various books "Entomology" and his well known "Dry-Fly Man's Handbook." To this English list we should not forget mention of Leonard West's "The Natural Trout Fly and Its Imitations." The art as applied to English waters has been examined and faithfully reported down to its minutest details and as regards England there is very little more to be said. Their entomological list is complete with probably a few more insertions as time goes on.

In the measure of time it is not so very many years ago that the dry-fly was introduced into this country, the subject having aroused such great interest in England by the various writings of Halford. At first it was held that the dry fly was an impractical introduction for our North American streams in that the waters were totally different as to flowage; those of the English streams being smooth-flowing while the majority of our streams are by nature swift-flowing, or, at least, impetuous enough to make the dry fly out of place—out of its element so to speak. This theory, however, has been combated by defenders of the dry fly on our shores, Emlyn M. Gill in his book "Practical Dry-Fly Fishing" and in the two books by M.L. La Branche "The Dry Fly in America" and "The Dry Fly In Rapid Waters." We also have proved that there are times on even swift water in nooks and places a dry fly may be floated successfully for a certain distance and that many a trout lying in wait for insects next to a boulder has met his fate on the delicate floating lure that has glided past him. Yet for the dry fly as used in this country it may be said that there always obtain more or less placid stretches of water and pools

on any stream, and the wet fly angler who would pass up the use of the dry fly under these circumstances is indeed missing some interesting features in the world-wide sport. Indeed there is a time when the dry fly will out-shine the wet fly, although most of the time we use the submerged fly. Pursuing just this same topic, Louis Rhead accurately states:

"Of this I am sure: for every insect a trout taken alive at the surface, a thousand are consumed drowned under water or near the surface; and to one natural insect able to float on the surface there are hundreds which cannot float. Because of this fact I believe it to be the height of folly to fish exclusively with dry flies on the surface. Wet fishing with two or three accurately copied insects is in every way as effective on the average American stream. I do think the dry fly method is excellent on large pools, and more or less placid water; but the trouble is that trout prefer to lie under a rock where turbulent water flows above from which, in a runaway, they get insects alive or drowned as they go swiftly by."

The case of both the wet fly and the dry fly has been stated as follows: The first function of a hackle is to break the fly's fall; to let it down lightly on the water. And that is especially true whether it be a cock's hackle, or a hen's, or a soft hackle from any of the small birds. Anyone who has tried to fish with flies tied without hackles over moderately-shy trout will find them apt to be scared by the violence of the fall of the fly on the water. When the fly reaches the water, another function, or other functions of the hackle come into play. If the fly be a floater (winged and hackled at the shoulder only), then the functions are, *first* flotation, and *secondly*, imitation of the legs of the fly. Many good fly dressers hold that the body is the really attractive part of the trout fly, and that in a floater a hackle which is sufficient to insure proper flotation and otherwise colorless and inconspicuous serves the purpose best. A good cock's hackle, such as is used for floating flies is extremely sharp and bright when held up to the light and even in the ruddy shades lets but little color through. There can, however, be no harm, and it is probably safer if the hackle, as held to the light, bears a fairly close resemblance in color to the legs of the fly it represents. A winged floater, hackled all down the body with cock's hackle to represent a sedge—or even a similar pattern without wings—is probably

taken for a fluttering sedge, by reason of the "buzz" effect. A floater (hackled with a sharp cock's hackle at the shoulder and without wings) is probably the best method of suggesting a spinner spent or still living. The wings of the natural spinner have a iridescent glitter which is well-suggested by the extended fibres of a first-rate rusty or honey blue dun, cock's hackle. Such a hackle thus serves, beyond the purpose of breaking the fly's fall, the double purpose of flotation and imitation of wings. In the case of the sunk flies, we find that these present still more complex propositions according to the way in which the fly is presented to the fish. Fished directly up-stream, a wet fly (whether winged or not), which is hackled with a stiff cock's hackle, has thrown away one of its chief advantages,—the mobility of the hackle. In fact, one is inclined to think that if a hackle were not needed to break the fall such a fly might best be dressed without a hackle. A hen's hackle, or a small bird's hackle would respond to every movement of the current, and would thus suggest an appearance of life in action which is very fascinating. Doubtless the hackles suggest the wings and legs of hatched-out insects, drowning or drowned, and tumbled by the current in some cases; in others they undoubtedly suggest some nondescript, struggling subaqueous creature. In either case the mobility suggests life. However, an up-stream wet-fly man (no matter how keen he is on this method), does not always cast directly up-stream, but more often *up* and *across*, and occasionally *directly* across. When he casts across, or up and across, and holds his rod tip so as to bring his team of flies as nearly as possible perpendicularly across the current, a new set of considerations arise. The droppers, catching the stream's flow, more than does the gut cast are drawn head up-stream and tail down-stream in advance of the gut cast. Here soft hackles are apt to be drawn back so as to completely enfold the body of the fly, with the points of the fibres flickering softly beyond the bend of the hook, thus suggesting a nymph vainly attempting to swim against the current. The top dropper may be dibbling on the surface, thus suggesting an ovipositing fly. Here the hackle represents the wings of the natural fly in active motion. In these conditions cock's hackles, whether dressed at shoulder only or palmerlike are apt to impart motion to the wings and body and suggest life in this way rather than of their own motion, as do soft hackles. The

resilience of a first-class cock's hackle is great, and every exertion of it must react upon the fly body, which it surrounds, and impart a motion, which, whether lifelike in the sense of resembling the motions of some particular insect or not at least is sufficient to attract attention and excite the rapacity or tyranny of the trout if it does not appeal to its appetite.

So far as true imitation of an insect is concerned there is a possibility that (as they now represent themselves) the dry fly is more of a correct imitation of the live insect than the wet fly which at best is but a poor imitation of any insect if a passable counterpart at all. Indeed the majority of the wet flies are what we call "fancy flies," made of materials as the fancy suggests, here a touch of red, here a touch of blue, or green, or yellow—all made up to represent what may be termed a fly—but not an imitation. On the other hand a dry fly presumes to be very nearly an imitation of a true insect on the stream and when it does ride on the water it carries itself in a more less natural manner and does win fish. But there is one point that must be remembered. It is far harder and demands a great deal more skill to catch fish on the wet fly than it does on the dry fly. The dry fly man casts his fly and it floats down for him. Different with the wet fly man, he is forced at all times to work the fly in the water to give it the appearance of animation.

Likewise it may be said that the opportunities of the dry fly man for sport are restricted; but that the wet fly man should be so orthodox as to leave out the dry fly when good waters obtain, is in the sense of the ridiculous. The wet fly man, however, is not set back by weather conditions and can fish early and late whether it rains or shines, indeed even when it is freezing; and there are those who have caught trout on the wet fly in the winter season. Weather conditions, on the other hand play a great part in the successful performance of the dry fly angler; the day must be more or less calm—not disturbed by either wind or rain, and the waters of the stream must be more or less smooth flowing, *and never muddy or roiled*. In dry fly fishing, natural insects must be carefully imitated; the fly is floated, invested as it is in its oiled coat. The time of the day must be taken into consideration; any hour cannot be selected, and only choice occasions when the fish are on the rise will see the dry fly man in his element. At the same time the dry fly angler must be a particularly skilled fly master (that is, skilled in the proper and

accurate delivery of the fly) and must be vastly more of an entomologist than the wet fly man who abandons all this and places his confidence in the fancy flies. The dry fly man can measure his success by his ability to imitate or very nearly imitate the natural flies that fall to water and are snapped up by the rising trout.

Many thousand words have been exhausted telling us that the dry fly is an exact imitation of a dun or a drake fly as the case may be. The feeling of exaltation in the matter has well nigh been complete. We are handed out a card full of flies and we are told that these are dry flies: exact imitations in fact. What conceit! It is marvelous that in all the time that has elapsed since the floating fly was put on the market no one has been able to note that not one of the dry flies on the market, English make or otherwise, are anywhere near exact imitations of any living insect. "But," you utter in surprise, "how can you say that?" Look at these dry flies. Their bodies are round, built right on the shank of the hook. Did you ever note a drake, a delicate May-fly, with a body of that sort? You certainly never have, for it has a gentle up-curling body typical of the *Ephemera* Halford to the contrary, notwithstanding. (Not one of Halford's exact imitation floating dry flies have the detached body so they fall flat in that respect). If the fly were fished under the water, as in the case of the wet fly, it would not matter as to body for a drowned drake does not have its body curled; you generally find them with the body straight out; but when a drake is riding the water (as the dry fly would imitate) the body is certainly curled and then the only way to imitate it would be to have an upward-curling, detached-body to the fly. Since writing the above I have referred to Mr. Rhead's book and I note with pleasing surprise that he holds the same identical view. He states regarding the drakes:

"One of the most remarkable and peculiar features in all drakes is the way they cock their tails upward from the body. In order to imitate this feature successfully it is necessary to have what is known as the detached body; viz., with the tail made separate from the hook and slightly curled upward. There are few English flies tied in this way; but I have not seen any detached bodies on what may be called strictly American flies. The detached body fly I have found far ahead of the fly with the body tied round the hook; that is, if intended to represent the drake

class. For that reason I tie all my drake flies with detached bodies."

In the first place one gives the trout credit for a superlatively keen eyesight in his element; his ability to see and hear in this watery world of his must be equal to our ability to see and hear in our element; and the more clear the watery element the fish is in, the more far-reaching is the range of its vision; the more rid of fog and mist and gloom our element is the farther we can see. These facts are practically self-evident. We are given to believe that if the trout gave any time to a study of the dry fly floating past him he would note the absence of the upward curling body and would not strike. As a matter of fact it is doubtful if the average trout studies the dry fly for naturalness any more than does the same trout study the wet fly for naturalness. The fly suddenly drops: and on the impulse of the moment he strikes. One thing fixes itself on the consciousness of the trout; the fly floats. That is so far as its instinct leads it. The trout knows that live drakes float; this one floats. He strikes. I am willing to believe that five out of ten average trout strike on impulse without study of the insect in question. This, however, does not go to say that any old fly that you can tie off-hand will do the work. It will not. There are trout *and* trout. Those of waters little fished over, fall the easiest to the wiles of men for they have not been educated up to the feathered frauds. But it is the trout *not average* on much fished over streams that I firmly believe make a study of flies. To circumvent these, therefore, demands a more or less accurate imitation of some, or many insects that they consume.

On the other hand eliminating the one feature of faultiness in the so-called exact imitation dry fly (that it does not possess a detached body) is the fact that, like the wet fly it possesses hackles (which presume to imitate the natural insect's legs) in superabundance. If you were to count each hackle filament on a dry fly you would be surprised at the number legs it has or hackles. Yet this is supposed to be an exact imitation of a live insect which has a scanty six legs! Not much to boast over as an exact imitation! Of course the dry fly man gives it as his excuse that a number of hackles on the fly are necessary for, in combination with the wings of the fly in an oiled state, they help to keep the fly up and floating. How the bunched, nay, bristling hackles must appear to the eyes of the trout I do not

know. It is a fact nevertheless that the best dry fly fishing occurs in the dim of evening, most captures then being made: probably because the trout cannot make out the fly and its makeup as readily as when the water is silvered with light. Louis Rhead notes another fault with the dry fly that I will here include and that regards the position of the wings. Now anyone who has spent even a few days or hours of his life in study of the insects falling to the stream (particularly the *Ephemera*) has noted that they ride the surface of the water with their wings, not outspread, but absolutely upright, and so close together that it seems but one wing.

"The most important class, called drakes—and a great many specimens of the other classes," says Rhead, "have their under bodies quite pale and colorless compared to the upper part of their bodies. From the trout's point of view—that is, looking upward—the artificial imitation with pale or white under body must be a more acceptable lure than the commercial fly as now tied with upper and under body exactly the same. Another desirable change, still more important, is to tie all drake's wings close together instead of outspread—a most unnatural attitude which the insect never assumes, and only introduced in later years by dry fly experts to assist the fly in floating. With the aid of oil, the fly will float just as well with closed wings as with the wings outspread."

Here then are some of the points scored against the so-called modern exact imitation dry flies in which so great faith is pinned. (1), the natural drake has an upward curling body that should be separate from the hook shank; the dry fly as now constituted has not this feature; (2), it has a hundred hackle legs where six would be all that were necessary; (3), the natural drake rides the water with wings close together; the dry fly with wings not so arranged is not an exact imitation; (4), the body of the dry fly is one color, usually pale throughout; it should be made with the upper part dark and the underside pale. This is what may be termed an insignificant detail although Rhead has made flies with bodies so arranged. (5), the wings of the so-called exact imitation dry flies no more imitate the transparent wings of the Mayflies (or other members of the *Ephemera*) than a heavy winter overcoat imitates crape in its most flimsy and transparent form. It, however, presumes to be an exact imitation.

*How absurd!*

The late Doctor Harry Gove, a former valued collaborator with me, as readers of

this magazine know, once sent me a set of colored pictures of English *exact imitation* dry flies. He remarked: "These are so dead that they will take on putrefaction before you get them. They are *awful* dead. Put a tack through it and show it to your friends as the most exquisite illustration of still life extant."

In England, too, the attacks delivered against the ever-present and overwhelmingly lauded dry flies have been many and various. Here is an average condemnatory appraisal taken from that well-known weekly the *British Sportsman*:

"Look now at this handsome showcard of these noted tackle people. One hundred and fifty two different patterns of May flies, all things of beauty, excellently tied, all killers, no two alike, yet all ostensibly dressed in imitation of the live insects before us, and which, as a matter of fact they resemble as much as does the Mosque of Omar the Hill of Howth! Were it not as good as drink to talk of accuracy of imitation and delicate shades of differentiating colour under these circumstances? The only case of true imitation, which, indeed, practically amounts to identity known to our art is that shown in the case of those waxen insects seen in our tackle-shop windows, which no one seems to use and certainly no one talks about and which would seem, on their merits, to reduce the whole art of exact imitation to an absurdity."

I will say this for the much boosted and boasted dry fly, used as a wet fly, it has points to its credit that have been lost upon the angling public. Indeed any one who uses the dry fly will do well when the fly sinks to play it that way awhile instead of picking it up and drying it or making the false casts in the air to dry it preparatory to floating it down dry again. He will probably be surprised to have a strike which he did not get floating it on the surface. This, of course will be in the nature of an insult to the purists, but it is a fact nevertheless. I have had more success playing the dry fly as a wet fly than on the surface, even under the best of conditions and in the most select environment. What we do know is that the dry fly has been exaggerated in its importance; it has invested itself in a holy halo. As a matter of fact it does not lead greatly over the wet fly in prominence and that it imitates nature more closely than the wet fly remains to be proved. But the dry fly has a time and a place and we cannot possibly belittle it as a factor of importance in the angling art.

(To be continued.)

## The New Hatchery at Sault Ste. Marie

Agitation for a hatchery at Sault Ste. Marie has borne fruit and as a result a provincial hatchery is to be established there; indeed work on it has already been started. Originally an appropriation of ten thousand dollars was asked but this was increased to twenty-five thousand dollars as an appropriation which assures of course the means of establishing one of the best equipped hatcheries in the Dominion. The site selected is just at the foot of the ship canal, an ideal location as it permits of the use of the finest water in the world, from Lake Superior, free from contamination, and is to be had in unlimited quantities. Also it should not be forgotten that the Ste. Mary's Falls, or rapids, provide an eighteen foot fall which will assure a continuous flow through the ponds without the necessity of pumping, which, as all will know is a great benefit in any hatchery and save much expense. The advisability of locating a hatchery here is of course well known and appreciated. Not only as regards water conditions is it of first importance but there are found here unlimited quantities of parent fish, both game and commercial, and these can be secured for the necessary spawn without going great distances to obtain same which is so often the case with hatcheries not so prominently and well located. Added to this fact is the knowledge that there are five different kinds of trout in the rapids at the present time, including the rainbow trout which were planted here by the Michigan State Fish Hatchery years ago; many of these reach up into prodigious weights, some having been taken totalling sixteen pounds.

The hatchery, including building and permanent and movable fixtures, will cost about \$25,000. The building operations start under the direction of Mr. J. W. Jones of the fish and game department, to-day with some 15 men employed. The building is expected to be ready in the fall.

In the meantime, local anglers will be glad to learn that it is the intention of the Department of Game and Fisheries to bring up to Algoma waters, especially the "rapids" right

near the Sault, a quantity of speckled trout fry from one of the other hatcheries.

Fish hatcheries in the past have proven their worth, and this one in the Sault, which will be the largest and most modern of all operated by the province, is expected to prove no exception. From a commercial point of view, it will make it possible for there to be more extensive fishing operations in the district, and it will materially benefit the district in the way of tourist traffic, for with the knowledge that streams in this district are to be substantially restocked, tourists will visit the country in greater numbers.

The hatchery, the bringing of which to Sault Ste. Marie is very largely due to the efforts of Mr. J. B. Cunningham, M.P.P., will be located on the stretch of ground below the lock between the tail-race of the power canal and the ship canal, where a space of 75 to 100 feet has been reserved by the provincial government. This is felt to be a very well chosen point, as it will be of particular convenience in the operation of the hatchery.

Plans for the hatchery, which are now complete, show that it will be one of the largest operated by the government. The building will have a frontage of 38 feet and a depth of 80 feet, and will be a frame structure, with cement foundation and floors. Painted in three colors, light buff, brown and green, when completed, it is expected to present rather a neat appearance.

Two storeys are provided. The lower portion will be occupied by the machinery and equipment for fish propagation purposes and living quarters for those in charge will be situated upstairs.

When in operation, which it is expected to be next fall, the hatchery will have a capacity of 150,000,000 pickerel, and 50,000,000 whitefish. Speckled trout, salmon trout and rainbow trout, all game fish will also be hatched in great quantities. The whitefish and pickerel fry will be distributed in Lake Superior and other of the great lakes as well as the other varieties of fish. Inland streams and lakes will also be supplied.





# GUNS & AMMUNITION

## Keeping One's Eyes Open

EDWARD T. MARTIN

IT is the little things that make up the world: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand," so a successful shooter becomes such by noticing the little things that are constantly occurring in his every day life.

With myself, naturally of an analytical turn of mind, I began at a very early age; first, by discovering that pebble stones fired from my big-mouthed horse pistol were not as effective as shot, and many other equally interesting experiments.

As I grew older, I always wanted to *know*. If I killed a bird I must trace the course of every shot—note the strength of the powder, and make mental notes of everything connected with the episode.

It did not take long to learn that to obtain uniform results, uniform loads must be used—no shifting from a quick powder to a slow one, or from small shot to large, half a dozen times in a morning.

It was only a week or so ago that a case in point occurred. A well known duck shooter came in one day with an almost empty game bag, steeped in gloom for his wasted time. He left the car just as I was passing, and hailed me:

"I'm entirely disgusted with that powder that is advertised so much; can't think how they got my name."

I had sent it.

"They mailed me a calendar, a handsome affair, with a lot of advertising matter on it, so I felt bound to give their powder a trial, but believe me, I don't like it—I tell you, I don't like it *at all!*"

"I had been using a slow bulk powder, and had some of my old shells along; they got mixed with the others, and half the time,

loading my gun in a hurry, I didn't know which I was using, or if I did, I forgot whether to hold further ahead, or closer on. With the result that I got just *two* measly ducks—*two*,—here they are—count them—when I should have killed the limit!"

"When are you going out again?" I asked.

"Wednesday," he answered, "but never again with *that* powder!"

"Oh, yes, you will," I told him. "I've used it, and *know* that it is good. This time, only take shells loaded with the quick powder—leave your old ones at home."

"Not in a hundred years," he growled. "Being low man once a season is enough for yours truly."

"Listen," I said. "I know what I am talking about, and let me tell you that for your style of shooting, the quick powder is much the better. There is a difference between it and the other of over a foot, at forty yards. This time don't mix your brands. Give it a fair trial by itself, and if it does not do good work, I'll pay the expenses of your trip, in return for a pair of ducks, if it does."

"Fair enough," he conceded, "only I wouldn't stand for your paying my expenses, and the ducks you may have—if I kill them!"

Wednesday after dinner, I called him up, and listened over the telephone to the talk of a very enthusiastic man; the shooting had been almost entirely at green wing teal, a bird that has the pernicious habit of flying down wind on the slightest provocation, but in spite of a very considerable breeze that was blowing at the time, he averaged better than one duck for every two shells used, and had shot the limit, before noon.

I was not surprised, for I had known exactly

where I stood on the powder proposition, for on dull days, many a duck had I picked, noting pattern and penetration, and any powder that would shoot a duck through and through, end for end, was good enough for anybody.

During my investigations, I ran upon a curious thing; I found a blue wing teal, dead, without the sign of a shot mark. It had, to all appearances, choked to death, for a mass of wild rice was packed in its throat. There was no possible doubt but that it was the same duck that I shot at, for although it sailed a few rods before striking the water, I did not lose sight of it from the time the shot was fired, until it was safely in the boat.

Even keeping my eyes open, however, has never helped me solve the mystery of why bullets or very heavy shot, do not kill a bird more quickly. I have repeatedly seen a bird hit with a bullet as large as a forty-four—in one side, out the other, keep flying for many a rod. Once, I shot a passenger pigeon out of a flock passing over me. Now a pigeon is not a large bird, and a forty-four is considerable of a bullet. This was nearly a centre shot, yet the pigeon kept going for nearly a quarter of a mile, finally falling in a little pond, where it was easily recovered.

Again, I saw a blue-grouse that had the whole rear end of its body shot away by a soft nose bullet, and yet it flew almost as far as the eye could reach, before falling. It is possible that the shock of the bullet is so quick and so benumbing, that the bird does not know, for a few seconds, that it has been hit, and a pigeon or a grouse, even a wounded one, can get over a considerable distance in that short time.

An interesting experiment was tried once, of bombarding ducks high in the air, which further illustrated the advantage of keeping one's eyes open. A friend, with heavy shot, and myself with sevens, were hunting in a wild country in the north. A wide, shallow river broadened into a lake, on one side, a marsh on the other. Between them lay a ridge of high land, rising in the middle to quite a high hill, from the top of which ducks flying from lake and river to the marsh, were barely within reach of a good shooting gun.

My shooting partner was a user of heavy shot, and wasted a box or more of shells trying to bring one of the high-flyers to earth, but getting nothing but a single brown feather for his pains. My finer shot brought down an occasional duck, always wing tipped. One that I did *not* get was head shot, and went

staggering and fluttering all over the country, finally falling where a man and two dogs could not find it.

Of course the larger number of pellets in my load of sevens gave me a decided advantage when it came to striking a spot like the tip of a wing, which is why I got birds, and my partner only a feather. It has been my theory for a long time that any shot with force enough to stick in a pine board will at a like distance break the outer joint of a duck's wing. Or perhaps if it strikes the soft spot in the back of the head, or under the wing, will make a clean kill, and this distance with sevens is not far from a hundred yards.

The ducks we were shooting at, mostly mallards, were flying in long strings at from eighty to a hundred and twenty yards above the top of the hill. I held ahead, several feet, of the leader of the bunch. With the eighty yard flocks it would be the second or third duck that would give evidence of having heard or felt the shot, by shrinking and then towering, else falling. Beyond a hundred yards, shot would lose much of its force—it would almost seem to stop in the air, and if any bird felt it, he would be one far back from the front; once it was as much as forty feet.

Noting where the ducks began to climb to cross the hill, I saw a thick clump of marsh grass, with a little pool in front of it. So, leaving my partner to waste his ammunition in the vain attempt to get something more substantial than a brown feather, I went a mile to the pond, set in the middle of it, for decoys, the few dead ducks I had, and began sounding the caller.

Those Canadian ducks didn't know what a caller was—they were curious to find out what so much duck talk was about. One left the first flock that came along, and he found out. Curiosity proved fatal. For the rest, in ones and twos they gave up the idea of crossing the hill, coming to my caller instead, and when at the end of two hours, the flight ceased, I had gathered in a dozen more fine mallards.

When my partner joined me, and as a matter of course took his share of the kill—for no two men should shoot together unless each is willing to go fifty-fifty on the net outcome, be it good or bad—his first remark, was: "Lucky boy! Out of all the hundreds of ponds in this marsh, how did you happen to hit upon the one spot where you could get ducks?"

"No luck about it, old man," I replied. "It was simply keeping my eyes open, and noticing what the ducks were doing."

Then he fell back on the usual alibi, old as gun-powder, itself: "If my shells had only been properly loaded, I'd have shown you something!" But a further comparison showed his loads to have been the same as mine, except as to size of shot, and that he admitted, was his own fault.

Why won't shooters be honest with themselves, and put the blame where it belongs, and own up to an off day, instead of blaming the gun, the powder, the shot, anything, everything but the real cause.

And it follows naturally that the man who has the fewest off days in the end becomes the champion.

In the matter of shot, it was the habit of noticing things that made me one of the earliest advocates, in America, of the use of chilled shot, as well as a believer in sevens. I noticed, very often, that a soft shot would wrap itself around a bone, or flatten on thick feathers, instead of penetrating. In spite of that fact, however, a lot of old fogies in the shooting game, were knockers of both. I was young, and had yet to learn that age does not always bring wisdom. So when they told me, "Chilled shot will ruin your gun; it is so light that shooting across a heavy wind it will drift so that you never can tell where it is going," and a lot of other stuff, I more than half believed what they said, although I knew they were wrong in insisting that sevens were only good for small birds. I had forgotten that "There are none so blind as those who won't see."

Well, I had an important pigeon match coming off, and a domestic pigeon is a tough, hard bird to kill, if in good condition. This made me willing to give chilled shot a trial, but there were none to be had nearer than Montréal, and to get a sack of it from there would cost three or four dollars, including telegrams and express charges. So I decided to use the soft, and thereby lost the match. The score was, as I remember it, twenty-five all, at the end of the original string, tie to be shot off at five birds each. My third bird of the five reeled, staggered, went as far as the boundary line fence, lit, stood there for an instant, then fell backward, dead out of bounds. Investigations showed that a soft shot had struck the wing bone close to the body, and had flattened around it. Several more had gone entirely through the bird without stopping it until it reached the fence, when a broken wing would have brought it down at the crack of the gun, and given me at least another tie. Forthwith I wired for

a sack of chilled shot, and received it in time for the return match, which I won with a straight score. The chilled shot in those days was all imported, which made it so hard to get.

Success always finds abundant imitators, and from that time on chilled shot grew in popularity, and many, many times it has demonstrated to me its superiority to any other kind, on hard boned, thickly-feathered game. I am not sure about wood-cock, snipe, and perhaps quail. Nor has the hard shot injured either of my guns in the slightest, although tons of it have been fired from them. On waterfowl, now, I would just as quickly use black powder, as soft shot.

I have threshed out the most effective size of shot so often that I hesitate to say anything more on the subject, yet it may not be out of place to say that all the old-time gunners, of note, from Captain Bogardus down, agree with me in favor of the smaller sizes. All one has to do is to pick a few birds, killed with, say, twos or fours, the rest with sevens, lay them side by side, make a comparison, and no other argument is necessary. Some guns shoot one size better than another—my guns like sevens. My heavy load of powder gives them as much penetration as a size larger, which is perhaps the reason why I selected them as the best size for general use, and use them on everything, from geese to snowbirds. In the old days, shooting snowbirds from the trap was all the vogue among those who wanted a live target, yet couldn't afford to pay twenty-five cents each, for pigeons. That was before any of us realized what great destroyers of weed seeds, snow buntings were. Of course it was all wrong, but wrong done in ignorance is not as bad as wilful wrong, although the result is just as far-reaching.

Most of the snowbird shooters affected the other extreme in shot, using tens or twelves, but the greater part of this kind of trap shooting was done in cold windy weather, when an on-looker could not fail to notice how the storm wind toyed with the shot. So bad was it, indeed, that half, often won important matches—twenty-five birds out of fifty. Think of that, you men who consider anything less than a nearly perfect score at targets, bad shooting.

One stormy day when all the shooters with this dust shot were doing their worst, I went into a match announcing my intention of using sevens, and was called several kinds of a fool. But when I had scored thirty-four out

of thirty-five, and won everything in sight, the fool became a hero.

Nines might have done as well, but there is no chance for doubt about the sevens. On the other hand, I would hate to say how many geese I once killed straight, with sevens—it would surely be blue-pencilled. I did it by

holding well in front, and if I missed the head, caught the honker in the neck.

But I think self-confidence is everything, and if a shooter, or any one else, doesn't believe he can do a thing, he is pretty apt to fail, until by keeping his eyes open, he sees something that makes him change his mind.

## Homebrew Pistols

WILLIAM S. CROLLY

THE writer designed and constructed his first homebrew pistol in 1904, reckoning himself an originator. Judging from the recent published epidemic along that line he can at best only claim to be a pioneer. The illustration speaks for itself. It shows the well known Savage Junior rifle camouflaged beyond recognition except by the cogniscenti who early cut their eyesight on gun catalogs. I've done a deal of shooting that way myself. It's a great indoor sport when the weather is bad. This pistol was made—. Just a moment, gentlemen.

As a kid I had the boy's usual fondness for applied ballistics. It began with stones and evolved through bows, bean shooters, cross-bows and spring guns, up to the Chicago air rifle. The last was a bear. When new it would shoot through the butt end of a pine shingle or the thickest pair of pants. It lasted several years, but the spring got weak, the piston wore loose and I was getting older. My fond parents refusing me a rifle, what did I do? What did the beer drinkers use to do when local option came to town? Packed something more portable and dangerous. I took to pistols.

I have a holy horror of boring people, but perhaps this will strike a responsible note in the heart of the hopeful reader, since boys are as alike as beans, though the Sullivan law has made it difficult for a boy to be such in my native state. My first pistol cost twenty-five cents second hand. It had a three inch barrel and no breech block. For good reasons it was bored (or moulded) so small in the barrel that it was impossible to load a bullet cartridge into it. I got around this easily by loading a 22 blank and wadding down a BB shot from the muzzle. The result was gratifying. The tiny pellet pierced a half inch pine plank and the air gun went into the discard. Lacking a breech block and having only a weak hammer spring to withstand

the explosion (BB Flobert rifles were also made that way) it frequently became a self ejector like the blowback automatic. This was remedied by twisting a heavy rubber band around the hammer. Crude? Sure: just like the early empirical tivetaped aeroplanes.

This weapon, a marvel of inaccuracy at five yards, was a game getter at short range. It killed a lot of bullfrogs at distances of two feet or less. I stalked them on my belly through the shore grass with the craft of a red Indian. One might easily have grabbed them by the legs, but shooting was more romantic. Something like eloping with your best girl after dad has thoughtfully left a ladder leaning against her window; or drinking bad booze in a temperance town hole-in-the-wall. Life is the bunk, one piece of visionary acting after the other.

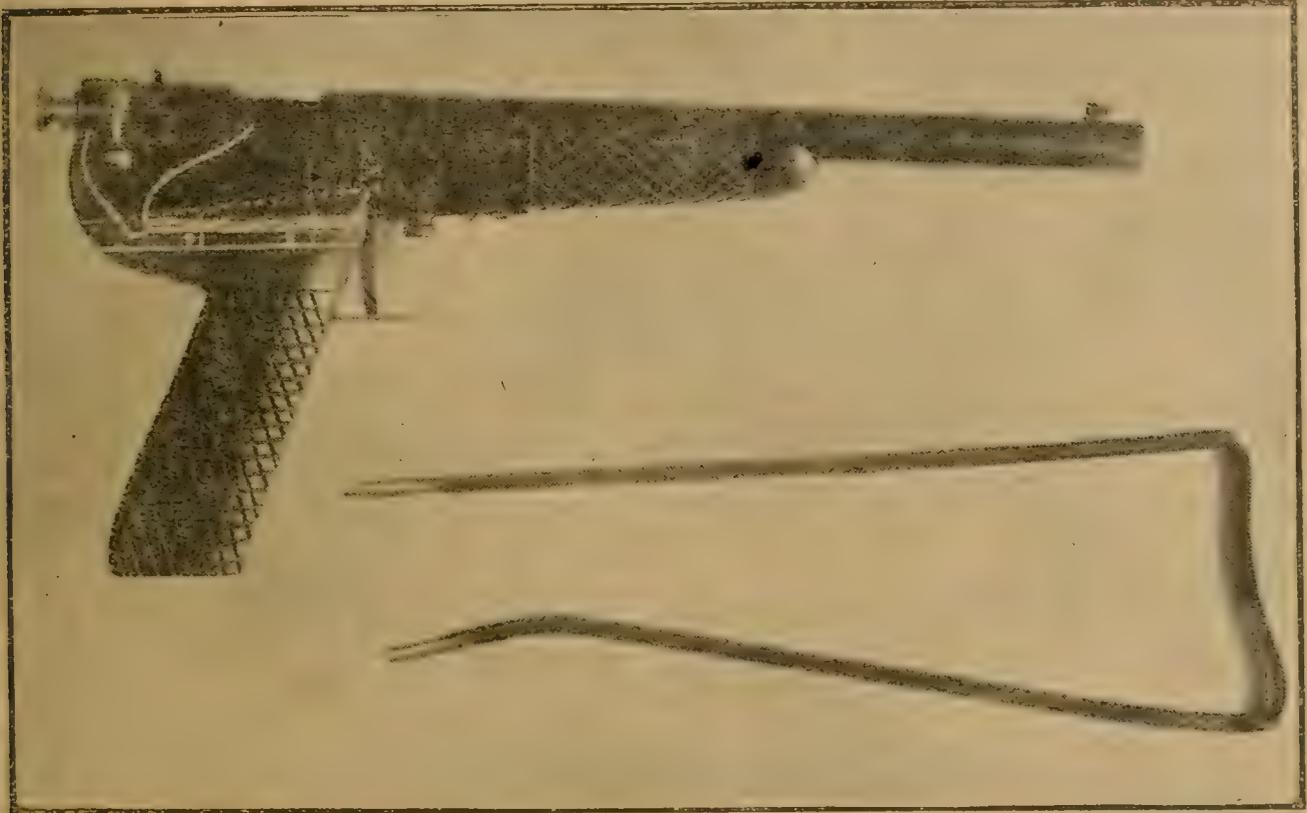
My next lethal toy was a single shot twenty-two similar to the first, but bored for the short cartridge and rifled. The barrel swung open on a lateral hinge. I once saw a shotgun breech that way in the dear dead past; and in 1894 the Stevens Company made a little 22 rifle with the same type of breech. The ejector came separate: a square iron nail to punch out the expanded empty shell. Ruin the rifling? What the h—, Bill, what the h—? Why be so darned particular? Last year I loaned my 1906 Winchester to a friend who wasn't interested in guns, but wanted to shoot rats. He almost-forgo himself and cleaned the bore after using, but remembered just in time that cleaning spoils a gun and that the best protection against rust was a nice rich coating of burnt powder in the barrel!! Despite all my efforts with the brass brush and dope, three small pits developed. It still shot well but was promptly sent to the factory for fitting another barrel. One gets finicky and oldmaidish as the years troop by. It's the law of averages.

With this more powerful pistol I did worse

damage to the frogs and once dropped an English sparrow at three yards. We were both surprised.

My next came out of Will Roselle's attic. I have never seen its like since. It was a single shot, rifled muzzleloading percussion

saw handle, fluted cylinder variety cost a dollar—and money was scarce. One of these thoughtlessly went off in my hand and merely parted Bill's hair, thus preserving a good actor for Broadway. We got so sore at the darned careless pistol that we emotionally



pistol of about fifty calibre. The flat hammer lay on top of the barrel and the freak functioned as a double action only. The hammer, a square piece of metal about two inches long, rose like a trap door on pulling the trigger and fell on the cap with a roar and a kick of unparalleled violence. Usually we held it in both hands, especially when loaded with a marble and about forty grains of black powder dug from some old Civil War minnieball cartridges found in the attic. Sometimes we loaded it with half an ounce of number eight shot to shoot snakes. We never could find the heads, but the tails wriggled till sundown, proving the snake a lowdown critter with more tail than brains. This postmortem wriggling was often discouraged by a second shot through the body or the savage application of a rock poultice.

But we outgrew this cumbersome cannon and there ensued a fine succession of revolvers that were sold, traded, lost or shot to pieces down the trail of time. At first they were all twenty-twos. The succession started with a round handled plain cylinder Defender costing seventy five cents over the counter. The

laid it on the chopping block and beat it into worse junk with an axe. Simple souls! About that time we read Scott's Talisman and learned that King Richard the First impressed Saladin by chopping an inch thick iron mace in two pieces with one swipec of his trusty broadsword. Laying a horseshoe of large size on the block we swung a brand new axe with all the vigor of ninety pounds and reverse results. After contemplating the damage done we decided that steel must have had better cutting qualities in those days, chucked the horseshoe into the bushes and immediately disappeared for the day. The hired man never could successfully explain the condition of that axe.

The best of the twenty-twos was a single action Colt with unguarded trigger. It was a good shooter and thoroughly well made.

Later the cycling craze came to town and we acquired light roadsters of fifty pounds with real two inch pneumatic tires. The need of protection in the wilds of Westchester County, N.Y., called loudly for something heavier than a twenty-two. The romantic mood would not be denied. A Sing Sing

pawnshop sold us kids two .44 calibre British Bulldogs heavy as dumbbells. I think they took the Webley cartridge. One day we passed a man with a big white bull terrier. The dog being a reactionary, promptly chased our new fangled inventions to the evident amusement of his owner. I fired at the brute over the rear wheel and missed, but the powder burned his nose and he turned tail. His master raised a desolating howl of protest, when we dismounted, mad as hornets, and we invited him to come over and get his. We didn't care much what we did in those days; but, then, he should have called off his dog.

My last revolver was the first issue of the Iver Johnson, a full nicked 38 S. & W. cal. breakopen. The price \$2.50. It costs twelve now. Times have changed since mother was a girl. I was so proud of this gun that I carried it in my hip pocket on Sundays while singing in the local Episcopal choir. It didn't bother me a bit, because the cushions were soft and besides we were always either standing or kneeling. Then came rifles and for a while pistols took a back seat.

But in 1902 I bought a Stevens Gould model target pistol with ten inch barrel. It cost twelve dollars which was mystifying, since a month previous I had purchased a fifteen inch, new model Vernier sighted pocket rifle for \$9.63. The pistol in general was merely a new model rifle with heavier butt, cheaper sights, some cheap machine checking and minus a detachable stock. I never could understand the philosophy of prices as applied to the Stevens products in those days.

The best I could do was 81 on the Standard American target at fifty yards. Tried the Remington and Stevens Lord model and found both too heavy. The Lord model is as scarce as the dodo. Saw the last one in a bowery hockshop two years ago. Also tried the Smith and Wesson but did not approve of the grip. Sold the Gould and devoted myself exclusively to rifles.

But in 1904 I found myself again wanting a target pistol and not keen for paying the prices demanded. A new catalog showed a picture of the Savage Junior 22 calibre bolt rifle and I immediately decided it was the thing for conversion into a pistol. This toy cost only four dollars and was remarkably well finished. I sawed off the barrel at ten inches, squared the muzzle with a broad flat file, (some job), countersunk the muzzle with emery paste and brass ball, slotted for the front sight and laid the result on the rest at

thirty five yards. It shot as well as I could hold. The rear sight was a fixed peep with an auxiliary notch on the top, located back of the breech. For this reason the Junior was and still is the only bolt rifle adapted for conversion into a pistol. This sight I filed down to a U-notch. Then I cut off the stock at the grip and fitted a pistol grip with glue and a long screw. The result was a wierd buccaneer-like weapon at least as long as a twelve inch pocket rifle and very muzzle heavy. It handled badly as a pistol, but as a pocket rifle it was the thing. I used it without any stock, holding the butt firmly against my cheek and tumbled small game at fifty yards with monotonous regularity. Later I made a wire stock but soon discarded it as non-essential. The cheek rest was simpler and better.

From another Junior I evolved the pistol shown in the illustration. The original forearm is used. The dotted lines show where the grip is joined and also the depth to which the grip is slotted for the eighth inch rod that connects the new forward trigger with the original combined trigger, sear and ejector, cut off as indicated. This rod bears on the round heads of two small brass nails and is held in bearing by two brass staples. The sear has been filed to a shorter pull. The pull is a short but exceedingly delicate crawl. Nothing could be sweeter. The bolt is intended to cock on the closing movement, a foolish design and in this case a more than dangerous business. I always hold the trigger back when homing the bolt and cock the firing pin with another motion. The handle is fastened with glue and four steel pins driven through the bed of the forearm, two on either side of the slot. The peep sight has been filed down to a U-notch and the front sight point-blanked for thirty-five yards when leveled with wings of the notch. When used with the stock as a pocket rifle the U appears greatly magnified but the same elevation obtains with the same levelling. But in this case the U gives a quasi-peepsight effect and the whole front sight base and part of the barrel become visible. It has practically the accuracy of the peep sight without, however, the latter's diaphragming sharpening effect — the front sight is prone to blur. A combined open and peep sight with Lyman head and pinhead front sight would be an improvement. The stock is cold bent from 9-32 inch iron rod. The ends are filed to a taper and insert in reamed holes in the grip about one and one-fourth inches apart. The checking was done

with a small three-cornered file. The outfit is carried in a big Civil War holster of real leather, bought from Godfrey in 1904 for fifty cents. Those were the happy days.

This pistol is not perfect. It is slightly end heavy. This could be corrected by cutting the barrel off at eight inches by turning the barrel down or by putting the grip farther forward. This would necessitate cutting new threads for the takedown screw.

I have done better work with this pistol than with the Gould, mainly because the grip fits my hand. Grip and balance are everything in a pistol, I think. In 1914, just prior to leaving San Francisco as cinematographer for the California Motion Picture Corporation's expedition to Tiburon island, I was forced to look around for a revolver. I had not packed a short gun for years and the romantic mood that impelled me to hide a pistol under a chorister's cassock had long flown, but knowing the gentle character of

the alleged cannibal Seris Indians, who will kill you for a lead pencil and don't care much about writing, I decided to arm like the rest of the party. In company with "Bud" Duncan, the comedian (my assistant, who was making the trip for a holiday) I went into a sporting goods store on Market Street to outfit. Bud, being incorrigibly an actor, bought a Mauser pistol because it appealed to his imagination. Misguided that way I would have selected the aristocratic S. & W. Special Military. But it didn't fit my hand. Neither did the Colt's Navy, nor half a dozen others. They were all excellent, but no good for the rather slim hand that would have to use them. I wanted a gun that in a nervous situation could be brought into action with less trouble than I had in finding my wedding ring. At last I found it: it was the Colt Police Positive handling the plain old fashioned not-so-much-used-as-formerly 38 Smith & Wesson. It fitted like an increase in salary and I grabbed it. It cost me fourteen dollars.

## A Home-made .22 Pistol

H. W. SMITH

**R**EADING at different times of home-made pistols or rather converted rifles, am taking the liberty of enclosing a photo of one I have made from a Model 1904 Savage, .22 calibre single shot, which adapts itself very well.

As you see, I had to resear the trigger some three inches forward from the original position and did so by welding a piece of boiler plate and cutting down with a hack saw and file to desirable shape. The take down screw is in the same position, but set the rear sight back onto the bolt housing making a greater distance between sights. I cut off the barrel with a hack saw and maintained the length to 10" from chamber which gives a good balance and range. The wood is just a piece of birch cut out to suit my hand, and the butt plate is rubber from an old shot gun; the trigger guard, an old piece of iron hammered out to desired shape and after staining and oil finishing, it makes a very handsome gun.

Have endeavored to sketch the way I fixed the trigger below. Hope this will be of some use to brother gun-crankers and sportsmen desiring a long range and accurate .22 calibre pistol to tote on their rambles.

Have had a very fine duck season this year, as the weather has been simply wonderful and Buffalo Lake, Rush Lake and all the sloughs here had lots of ducks, but now the season is over have to content myself with jack rabbits, which are fairly plentiful and



afford some good sport to a man who is not afraid to walk for a few miles.

Find after a little practice and using long rifle ammunition, that I can make good scores on gophers, crows, etc., and once in a while a rabbit; and, carried in a home made holster, find it a great little side arm on my shotgun ramblings along the Moose Jaw creek. If you find this useful, have another pistol I made out of a Stevens .22 and will get a photo of same and forward.

## Queries and Answers

### The work of the .250-3000

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I use a .250-3000 Savage (have for four seasons) and have always had satisfactory results, but this fall I got some cartridges loaded with steel (or at least what appears to be steel) jackets from a dealer and my chum killed a deer with my gun and when we examined the deer we could not find any marks or blood on it, except a broken front leg, broken below the knee joint.

When he got the deer (which was a good sized doe) home, and cut it up, he found three of those steel jackets in the body along the back-bone, well forward. He thought he was missing it, until the deer fell. When we opened the body we saw from the blood that it was hit some place through the body.

There was no outward sign of a bullet hole. These bullets act like full metal cased ones, except they don't penetrate like the steel bullets. They seem to have no killing power. With the cartridges made by the Savage Arms Corporation this gun sure has done the job always when I have made a hit. What is your opinion about these shells? Do you think the jackets are too hard? The copper jackets act entirely different.

I might say I like the .250-3000 fine. It is a great gun, except in too thick brush; but, if you get a decent shot, it will do the work, and it doesn't matter much how far it is. If you can get a sight and hold her still, the bullet will sure go home; but, of course, a heavier bullet is better in fine brush, although I have killed some deer in a very brushy place with the .250-3000. I have used the same make of shells in other guns, and always found them O.K. Later on, I will give you some of my experiences and some of the work I have seen done with various kinds and calibres of rifles. I am strong for Savage guns, but I don't run down any gun if they are anywhere near the right calibre for the work they are being used for.

Here are a few calibres I think are the best for all around deer or moose hunting, and I wouldn't ask for anything better to hunt any big game we have in Canada. They are as follows:—30-30, .32 Special, .303 Savage, .303 British, .32 Rem., .33 Win., .35 Rem., and .401 and any make suits me as follows:—Winchester, Marlin, Savage, Remington. I prefer Marlins to Winchesters and Savages to Remingtons. But, Remingtons with slide action are good enough. I have had no exper-

ience with the .256 Newton, but think it must be a truly wonderful gun—judging from it's velocity and weight of bullet.

I fully agree with Mr. Sangster, on a lot depending on the man behind the gun, and I claim there are no better balanced guns made than the Savage and there are no guns made on nicer lines than the Savage .250-3000. This one of mine is as true shooting as anything I ever saw, for four yards or four hundred. I only take a good full bead if I shoot at three or four hundred yards, but at short range she takes a very fine sight or she shoots high. If this gun could be made with a 140 or 150 grain bullet, it would be worth it's weight in diamonds. I intend to change for something heavier for next year. However, I won't throw the little Imp's Big Brother in the lake, yet for some time to come.

Yours very truly,

J. Knapp,

Smith Falls.

*Reply*—The cartridges that you mention were very likely jacketed with cupro-nickel jackets, which are stiffer than the copper jackets, but it seems rather unusual that they should not mushroom well on deer.

The great trouble with the .250-3000 bullet is that it mushrooms too soon and too easily. I have no doubt that the cartridges you mention would have done better work on moose. If, however, you find that they keep on working this way, I would recommend that you always use copper jackets for your deer shooting and do not use the others unless you wish to use them on heavier game.

Editor.

### Various Rifles Compared.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Will you kindly answer the following questions for me?

What are the ballistics of the .35 Rem. Auto rifle?

Is the action a reliable one?

Is not the firing pin it's weakest point, as you cannot work the action without cocking the hammer?

Does it do any harm to pull the trigger when the rifle is not loaded?

How does it compare with the .250-3000 and the .303 Savage?

Is the Savage more reliable, (that is) is it less liable to get out of order?

F. Darlington,

Sault Ste. Marie.

*Reply*—I would say that the .35 Remington automatic and the various Savage rifles would be about equally reliable so far as I have definite information. The .35 Remington has an energy of 1260 ft. lbs.; the .250-3000 Savage has an energy of 1375 ft. lbs.; while the .303 Savage has an energy of 1285 ft. lbs. Theoretically, there is very little difference between the three rifles. I think of the three, the .35 Remington cartridge would most likely prove to be the best killer in average close range brush shooting, but it has a rather more disturbing recoil than the others. The .250-3000 would, of course, have a much flatter trajectory than the other two. Which to choose, depends upon which type of cartridge you prefer. I can see no reason why any of the three should not prove reliable for the average work of these three rifles.

Editor.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Could you let me know if using an adapter in a .22 High Power Savage in order to be able to use short cartridges as well as the long rifle for which the adapter is bored, will spoil the shooting of the rifle?

I want a very light rifle with as little recoil as possible to shoot very accurately at 100 to 150 yards. Is there any other make of Savage not a .22 that will do this?

Charles Lancaster of London used to advertise an oval bored rifle. This was bored smooth with no rifling. It would shoot either round or spherical balls or shot. I think he calls it the "Colindian." Do you know anything about it? If so, please let me know.

C. F. Bouthillier.

*Reply*—The .22 Savage H. P. is rifled with a 12 inch twist. The correct twist for the long rifle cartridge is one turn in 16 inches. Therefore, the .22 H. P. Savage will shoot the .22 long rifle cartridge moderately well. The correct twist for the .22 short is one turn in 25 inches although some makers use one turn in 20 inches. From that you can see that the .22 short would not be likely to shoot well in a 12 inch twist when the bullet is fitted up into the rifling before it is fired. When you give it the opportunity to jump through an open space of considerable length before it strikes the rifling you can see how much less likely it would be to shoot accurately.

I do not believe that you would be satisfied with the shooting of the .22 long rifle cartridge in an adapter in the .22 Savage High Power, when used at 100 to 150 yards. You would get much better results by reloading the .22 H. P. cartridges and would get still better

results if you would reload a .250-3000 Savage with the .25-20 calibre metal cased bullets and a small charge of one of the short range powders. This usually runs from 7 to 10 grains, depending upon the powder.

The American and Canadian shooters have been handed a great deal of bunk about the shooting of smooth bored weapons that are supposed to shoot anything from shot to a spherical ball.

I have never used one of these Lancaster combinations and have no intention of choosing one of them because there are so many types of weapons that are very much superior and cost less money. For instance, a three barrelled gun would be very much superior if made with two shotgun and one rifle barrels.

#### A Pitted .22.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I have a .22 single shot bolt action which I got last winter. I used Dominion short smokeless and a few boxes of Dominion short "Lesmok," yet the barrel is all pitted and the rifling seems to be worn out. It is a very good shooting gun and when I practice with .22 shorts, the bullet only drops about 8 inches at 700 feet. Could you tell me the cause of the barrel being so pitted, and if possible, how to fix it. It is a model 1904.

Selwyn Anderson,

Golden, B.C.

*Reply*—Your case is nothing unusual. Smokeless ammunition is almost certain to cause pitting in .22 calibre rim fire cartridges due to the fact that the priming charge must be very strong to ignite the powder properly and unless you used ammonia in cleaning your rifle, you are very likely to have trouble from pitting. Unless you used a good nitro-cleaner you would have the same trouble with the Lesmok cartridges.

Evidently some kind of an error has crept into your conclusions, because no .22 rim fire cartridge will shoot for 700 ft. with a bullet drop of 8 inches. Your rifle will undoubtedly shoot very high at short ranges if it is so sighted that the bullet strikes eight inches below the point of aim at 700 feet.

There is no way of fixing your rifle except by buying a new barrel for it and in the future always be very careful to use a good cleaner or ammonia in cleaning your .22 calibre rifles, because they are the hardest weapons in existence to keep from pitting.

Edi

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Would you kindly let me know if it makes

any difference whether one uses the .32 S. & W. Smokeless lead bullet, or the .32 S. & W. metal cased bullet in the Winchester .30-40 '06 Govt. Rimless supplemental chamber;— if there is any harm done to the barrel of the rifle and how to prevent it?

H. Martin,

Pouce Coupe, B.C.

*Reply*—I would suggest that you use the .32 S. & W. cartridge loaded with metal cased bullets in preference to the same cartridge loaded with lead bullets, in the .30-40. It is almost certain that you will have some trouble from leading when shooting cast bullets through a 10" twist, and so you will get much better results from the cartridges having metal cased bullets. Just how much trouble you will have, depends considerably upon the condition of the bore of your rifle.

Editor

#### A Load For Foxes.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

Please advise the best load for foxes and how far it will kill in a 12 gauge full choke gun?

A. W. Tatham.

*Reply*—One of the best loads to use for fox shooting would be 28 grains of dense smokeless or 3½ drams of bulk smokeless powder and 1¼ ounces of BB shot in a 12 gauge full choke gun. Range 60 to 80 yards.

Editor.

#### A Single Ball Cartridge.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

There is a ball shot cartridge advertised. Is this intended for cylinder or choke gun and what results could one expect?

A Reader

*Reply*—The usual 12 gauge single ball cartridge contains a 16 gauge ball and can be used in either full choke, modified choke or cylinder bore 12 gauge shotguns. The results that you will secure depend considerably upon the way that the ball will fit in the barrel of the gun. Ordinarily you will get about a six inch group at 50 yards with a good shooting gun. If you hit anything with it you are sure to get results as this large round ball tears a splendid hole in big game. It also has remarkably good penetration in meat. I have seen deer shot through both shoulders with round balls and they always went clear through the hide on the far side.

Editor.

#### The .32 Winchester.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I have a .32 Winchester Special, Model

1894. It has a .26" octagon barrel made of nickel steel. The magazine holds nine (9) cartridges. I would like to know the difference between this gun and the .30-30.

Could I shoot the .30-30 cartridge? Is this a good big game gun? What is the point blank range? What is the price of this gun? What is the range of this gun?

Curtis Thaden,

New Rochelle, N.Y.

*Reply*—The .32 Special Winchester is slightly more powerful than the .30-30, but not much more so. However, if you can get the cartridges without any trouble, I would prefer them to the .30-30.

It is as good as any other big game gun of this class. The point blank range for this cartridge would be about 100 yards. Theoretically, no rifle has a point blank range.

The prices of rifles have changed considerably during the last year and the prices that would be correct when this is written, might not be correct when it is printed. Would suggest that you write to several nearby dealers for their latest prices.

The rifle would be accurate at 300 yards and would give fairly good accuracy at longer range. The action is reliable and the cartridge is as accurate as others of this type. This will prove a very satisfactory rifle for big game hunting. Would suggest that you have it fitted with a good pair of peep sights.

Editor.

#### MAKING EXPANDING BULLETS.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

In the December issue of *Rod and Gun*, Walter Barrie of Barrows, Manitoba, gives information about how to make expanding bullets from the full metal cased ones.

Have been making my own expanding bullets for several years, with wonderful success. Their only comparison on game is the .280 Ross. I use a Krag Carbine purchased from the Watervliet Arsenal. Metal cased ammunition costs \$15.00 per M.

The tools necessary to remodel the bullets are a vise, a file, an old fashioned clothes-pin, a 5-32 inch drill and a drill stock.

Pinch the bullet part in the clothes pin and tighten in the vise. Be sure not to get the neck of the shell in the clothes pin. The clothes pin will form a good holder for the bullet. File off the top of the bullet until the lead is exposed. Then start the drill which will centre itself as the core is much softer than the case. Drill about one-third the length of the bullet. Tests have proven that

the bullet can be drilled more than half its length with perfect safety. At first the thought occurred that the terrific pressure would cause the core to leave the case. This is not so. Now press the bullet on a BB shot until the shot protrudes just a little from the hole in the bullet, so as to make a round pointed bullet.

There is very little work to it. Have fixed up a hundred bullets like this in a couple hours. A woodchuck hit with them is scattered along the ground for ten to fifteen feet. A deer will simply drop in his tracks. Hoping this information will be of service to your army of readers, I am,

Ivan L. Hicks,

Troy, N.Y.

#### Cartridges For A Maynard Rifle.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I am asking for some information regarding a Maynard Target Gun made by the Mass. Arms Co., Chicopee Falls, in 1882. I have been unable to find shells that will fit it. There are two barrels, one .45 calibre, the other .38 calibre or a .40 calibre. I have written to Chicopee Falls, but cannot get any answer. If you know what firm took over the Maynard Works I would be pleased to have you put me in touch with them so that I may be able to get ammunition for this gun.

Thos. Letcher,

Red Deer, Alta.

*Reply*—The Maynard rifle has not been manufactured for a great many years. If your rifle is not stamped as to calibre and you cannot find any shells that will fit it the only way to find this out would be to make sulphur casts of the chamber and then send them to some company like the Remington New York City, or Dominion Cartridge Co., Montreal, who could supply cartridges if anybody could.

Editor.

#### A DEER HUNT IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

John Johnson.

My son and I recently went hunting on the Larch Hills in British Columbia. The first time we saw nothing but tracks, but the second time we raised a nice deer and fired one shot at the buck and got it. It had seven points on one horn and six on the other. The horns, head and neck weighed sixty-five pounds and the quarters weighed fifty-five pounds apiece. The brush was very thick and after considerable difficulty we got the quarters out to a fire trail and as it was getting dark we stayed

on the mountain over night. Shortly after dark it began to snow and by morning there was six inches of it on the ground. We had no grub and our horses had nothing to eat for about twenty-five hours.

W. H. Ward of Deep Creek, Indiana, holds the belt for game this year. He shot one deer and the bullet passed through and killed another one farther off in the brush. He was using a Model 1895 Winchester, shooting the .30 Government cartridge loaded with the 220 grain bullet. The bullet struck the first deer through the ribs, destroyed one-half of the heart and then hit the other deer in the fore-leg up close to the shoulder and stopped at the outside skin on the far side. The bullet went through about two feet of deer meat and bone and killed two deer on the way. The bullet had upset to 7-8 of an inch across and was 3-8 of an inch long and the copper jacket was peeled back beyond the base of the bullet. It penetrated about nine inches in wood, while the umbrella pointed bullet went to pieces at six inches.

Possibly some of your readers will be interested in this information.

#### Blueing and Cleaning Barrels.

*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

As a reader of your magazine I am taking the liberty of writing for information. I have a double barreled gun formerly blue steel finish, but the blueing has all worn off. Would you please send me information as to how I might reblue the barrels or lock? I know this information has been published before, but I unfortunately lost my copy containing it. Also is there any way of cleaning barrels that are slightly pitted? Would emery paper injure them?

S. G. Ruddell,

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

*Reply*—Dr. A. A. Merrill of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, wrote a very complete article on blueing processes for this department some-time ago. However, we never recommend shooters to try to reblue arms at home because results are never very satisfactory. We would suggest that you would send your gun back to the factory or to some good gunsmith.

The best way to clean out rust would be with a steel scratch brush and some kind of a rust remover.

Coal oil is also good. Remove all that is possible with a scratch brush. Then finish with rags coated with rust remover. After you have gotten all of it out that can be removed, grease the gun until it is needed.

Editor.

The Effect of a Takedown on Sighting.  
*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

I have enjoyed reading the "Queries and Answers" column very much and it just occurred to me that I would like a few questions answered.

I have a .22 calibre Stevens Marksman rifle, takedown model, 22 inch barrel and I find that the sighting is slightly changed every time I take it apart. As I use it at target matches this is very important and I think it was the cause of my poor scores for my first matches. The scores in order were 50, 50, 85, 86. The sudden jump in score was, I think, caused by a change of the sights when I put the rifle together. Is there any way by which I could remedy this?

What is the extreme range of this rifle using the long rifle solid bullet cartridge? I have been able to hit a board a foot wide by three feet high at about two hundred yards, although I think it was a fluke.

I recently bought a 16 gauge, Harrington and Richardson shotgun. Do you consider this a good gun for a boy of my age, 15 years? It is a single barrel and so far I have found it very satisfactory.

H. M.

*Reply*—Taking apart and re-assembling a takedown rifle nearly always changes the sighting, especially if it is a cheap rifle and has had considerable use. The best plan is to always leave the rifle assembled and clean it, without taking it apart.

The .22 calibre long rifle cartridge has an

extreme range of about two-thirds of a mile. At two hundred yards a good .22 will group most of its shots into an eight inch circle provided you have perfect weather conditions but it is not likely that you will obtain groups of this size with your light rifle.

Your 16 gauge Harrington & Richardson would be a good gun for a boy of your age. When you are able to afford a better rifle I would suggest that you get one of the high grade .22 calibre rifles like the B.S.A. No. 12, Winchester Bolt Action or the Stevens Single Shot No. 414 for your target shooting. You can get real groups with any of these rifles.

Editor.

The .280 Ross and the .256 Newton Compared  
*Editor, Guns & Ammunition Dept.*

What is your opinion of the .280 Ross and the .256 Newton? What is their weight and have they a heavy recoil?

Thos. Wilson,

Toronto, Ontario.

*Reply*—Both the .256 Newton and the .280 Ross have a moderately heavy recoil, especially the Ross. However, it is not sufficient to make them unpleasant to use, provided you are accustomed to shooting a high power rifle.

They weigh in the neighborhood of seven to eight pounds depending upon the weight of the stock, as rifles vary slightly because some of them have heavier or lighter pieces of wood in the stock.

Editor.

## Natural History Photos.

BONNYCASTLE DALE



Pacific Loon, one year  
old.





T. M. VESEY

IT is almost exactly six years ago, to wit, June 1st, 1914, that the writer, in company with three other white men, crossed the Nelson river on the commencement of a journey to Winnipeg which occupied twenty-two days; and which, within the space of perhaps no more than a couple of years from now, will be accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, by rail. Further, it is probable that more people will make the journey within the year that sees the steel reach Hudson's Bay than have hitherto made it throughout all the ages. Our successive means of locomotion between Port Nelson and Winnipeg were (1) a dog sled, (2) a canoe, the progress of which may be further subdivided as follows:—(a) paddling, (b) rowing, (c) sailing, and (d) tracking (3) a small river steamboat, burning wood, (4) a fishing sloop (5) a Lake Winnipeg steamer, and (6) an electric street car, the last from Selkirk into the Manitoban capital. The party started off in cariboo coats, and finished up in its shirt-sleeves.

As far as I am aware, this crossing of the Nelson, from the Port to Beacon Point, was at the time the latest ever made; and for all I know to the contrary, it might stand as record yet. The river was expected to "go out" at any hour. Indeed, on the morning of our start the pencil ice was merely held together by a fortunate frost of the previous night. At that, there was water almost all over it, in some places waist deep. The grounded ice, which lay for a mile or two out at either bank, was just slush, through which we had literally to force a passage. Every

few yards a dog was disappearing from sight, to reappear as his fellows unceremoniously hauled him clear. The sight was much like that of a strong swimmer cutting through breakers. It was heartbreaking toil for those of us who walked and ran, and for the dogs. The remaining three of the white quartette were George Wray, the Hudson Bay Company's factor at York, and magistrate for the district, Finlay Maclellan, chief auditor to the Department of Railways and Canals, and a railroad engineer, whose name also was Maclellan ("Macs" pervade the northland almost as much as they do the Clyde). At this stage of the trip the fur factor had the best of the deal, for he was in the "carry-all"—a home made sled with a seat in the rear of it, and canvas sides, its name doubtless being a corruption of cariole. Here he sat, in state, along with the few things we were taking out with us—which included a violin belonging to me, and which, by the way, got no farther than Fort York, where it probably is yet.

If ever I happen to be in that neighborhood again I shall try to get that fiddle back. Wray's weight could not have been less than a hundred and eighty pounds, so that the five huskies had all their work cut out to draw him, the carry-all, and three men's luggage. One of the Company Indians tarried at the rear end of the sled, to help it along, and to give it a hoist whenever it sank deeply, which it fairly frequently did. There were two other men with us, a half breed named Arthur St. Clair (whom I afterwards met in a Flanders trench, dressed in a kilt) and another old Indian, the official guide—one Beardey.

After a couple of hours of Herculean labor, we managed to reach the "glib" ice covering the deep water channel. It looked dubious enough, for it was covered with pools of water acres in extent, and the sun was beginning to shine brilliantly. The Indian behind the sled wanted to turn back. Even ancient Beardey, the man whose counsel, by all the laws of common-sense, we should have hearkened to, gravely shook his senile head



T. M. Vesey, Port Nelson, 1914.

and averred we had left it a day too late. The dogs sat upon their haunches and howled at sight of the water. St. Clair resolutely declined to say a word that could be counted as an opinion either way. As to the two Macs and myself—well, we had an uncomfortable feeling that we should be laughed at if we returned to Port Nelson. And, speaking for myself, at any rate, I had a most uncomfortable feeling about going on. I was distinctly ill at ease about the business, either way it went. Since then I have frequently been pretty badly scared by one thing and another; but, speaking from present recollection of bygone scares, I can recall no specific episode during which I had the "wind up" to any higher velocity than I did on this occasion.

The Macleennans, I have reason to believe, felt about the same way. So we, too, held aloof from the exchange of opinion. We remained neutral, willing either to go forward or back, as decided by the factor—who was really the man in charge of this part of the trip. I scarcely like to confess it now, even to myself, but it seems to me that I was secretly hoping he would give the "about turn" command. He scanned the green-white expanse of ice and water, examining it minutely clear to the grounded ice of the southern shore. Then he waved a peremptory hand, and said: "Go on." It sounded like: "Let's all get drowned." After all, he was an old hand, and probably understood conditions as well as Beardey did. (I recall, however, that he climbed out of the carry-all and hoofed it with the rest of us, across that deep water channel.) The old Cree just shrugged his shoulders and went ahead of us, a hundred yards or so, tap, tap, tapping at the flooded ice with his stick, in a way that for some reason reminded me irresistibly of Pugh, the horrid blind man of "Treasure Island." On we went. The thing seemed to be developing into a sort of neck or nothing business. At every pool of water the dogs howled disconsolately, balked, tried to skirt it, drew back, turned around, and behaved generally like horses refusing a jump. Sometimes they had to be dragged forward by their harness. A good part of the way they were swimming. Across the channel we ran nearly all the way, for it is easy to run in moccasins. Personally, I think I would have with almost equal facility run in ammunition boots, seeing that I was buoyed up, so to speak, by the mental vision of that icy river travelling seawards at seven miles an hour beneath the inch and a quarter of rotten ice that separated me from it. We did not travel in a straight line, by any means, but followed dead in the tracks of the guide, who tapped an extremely sinuous course. My natural inclination would have been to make one wild dash direct for what looked most like safety; but I discovered in myself intelligence enough to back Beardey's knowledge against my own ignorance, and so did not diverge a yard. Once, when we were well on towards the centre, he hesitated, advanced a few steps in one direction, gazed earnestly ahead, retraced his footsteps and essayed another direction, then turned and looked almost appealingly back at Wray. But that Cromwellian individual merely waved him on, and we continued. When we were about into the

centre of the channel, St. Clair stripped off his coat and dropped it into the carry-all. I looked at him—apprehensively, I imagine. "Not that it's of much use," he remarked drily, "cos if we go through we're done for." Frankly, I began to feel thoroughly annoyed about the whole thing, and wished I was anywhere else than there (except, of course, underneath there). Every one of us gripped a separate piece of rope tied to the back of the sled, so that, in case one went through, the dogs might possibly haul him clear. However, the ice held, and I have always looked kindly on cold weather since then. When we reached the shore ice we had lunch, in order to fortify ourselves for facing the second edition of the Herculean toil through the slush; for we were still several miles from Beacon Point. This part of the journey was merely a repetition of the first. We made the Beacon at last, at six p.m. We had started at eight in the morning. Eleven miles in ten hours.

Several Indians awaited us at the Point. What was far more, they had a hot supper for us within a few minutes. After partaking of this we crossed a narrow strip of land, some fifty or sixty yards in width, climbed into two canoes that were in readiness for us, and were paddled the five miles up the Hayes to York Factory. The Hayes and the Nelson Rivers mingle their waters into the same estuary; yet we were able to step off the ice of the one stream, walk a few rods across the spit, and were on the open water of the other.

It was with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction that we entered the post and were welcomed by the magistrate's wife. She was the fourth white woman we had seen in eleven months. Tired as we were, we played at billiards. Also, we drank Bass' ale. (I wonder whether there is any there now?) We felt that we had once again touched the fringe of civilization, even though we were still upon the lonely shore of Hudson's Bay. I was dog tired when I went to sleep, but still my slumbers were troubled by weird dreams of Stevenson's Pugh tapping his way across the ice. Fort York is still a lonely and somewhat desolate spot, and nightly the wolves howl outside its fences. Yet the day cannot be far distant when the gaunt structures of grain elevators will stab the sky beside Beacon Point and the wireless towers of Nelson.

Brilliant sunshine augured well for the beginning of the long canoe passage to the south. It was the third of June. The day had no deep significance then, for the drums

of war had not yet beaten their call to arms though they were soon to beat. Little did any of us dream, as we slid noiselessly out on to the bosom of the Hayes, waving our farewells to the group upon the wharf at York Factory, that within a brief space of weeks the bugles of Britain would be sounding the "Fall in," their echoes penetrating to the farthest outposts of Empire and warning her sons that the Hun was at the gate. The third of June, 1914: lying back in the canoe, revelling in the bright sun and the ever-changing river scene, how little could I imagine that precisely two years later, and on just such another glorious day, I should be standing with the broken yet unbeaten remnant of a Canadian brigade, on a field three thousand miles away. However, we cannot lift the veil that hides the future; which is perhaps as well, because we might fear to face it.

The party now consisted of nine souls; six Indians and three whites, the fur factor staying at York. Beardy was still with us, as guide. Old as he was, he could play the best paddle of all, and I really believe that every stretch of that long, intricate, winding waterway was photographed upon his brain, for he unerringly chose the best channel, even when the entire river width seemed, to all surface appearance, the same boiling rapid.

For an hour or so, while the tide was running briskly in from the Bay, paddling was easy (especially so, merely to watch other people doing it) and progress rapid. It was not long, however, before the natural force of the stream, overcoming the lessening flow, became too strong for this method, and tracking had to begin. Only one Indian remained in the stern of each craft, while the others, two on each long line, hauled the canoes. And this tracking continued for four whole days—to the first portage, in fact, known as The Rock, one hundred and nine miles from York Factory. It was surely a hard period, for the Indians, the foothold upon the steep banks being at times extremely insecure. Running, sliding, scrambling, sometimes breast high in the stream, at others clinging like flies high up the precipitous banks, they made their precarious way. A circumstance that struck us with unusual force was their extreme, immense cheerfulness under these adverse conditions. Most civilized men, if they fall into the water, off a rock, will swear; and even if they retain sufficient command over the "unruly member" to refrain from this, they will not, as a

rule, regard the mishap as an excellent subject for unrestrained hilarity. Not so these Crees. The more often they fell in, the more of a real good time they seemed to be having. At any laboring work to which he may be put, the Indian of these regions is morose and restless, and he will drop an agricultural implement at any minute to chase a live wild thing. But put him at his own natural employment, for which all his traditions and upbringing have so eminently fitted him—trapping, hunting, snow-shoeing, canoeing, and the like—and he can give lessons in enthusiasm to a fanatic.

By seven o'clock on that first evening,

or animal upon which we happened, they would grieve over the circumstance until the slaughter of some other creature restored their equanimity. And everything they caught they ate. Muskrats, rabbits, blackduck terns, beaver, groundhogs, all went into the pot indiscriminately, at the first stopping place. One evening, I recollect, there arose a fearful tumult among them, and, looking out from our tent, we observed that they were all engaged upon the chase of a frog. However, the batrachian managed to get away, and the Crees returned to their tent disconsolate. So what would have been the amphibian's fate after death, had they



Crossing the Nelson on the ice, June 1st.

when we camped by the side of the stream, we had made twenty-four miles. It had seemed a long day, too—a long, long day of idleness (not referring, of course, to the Indians). But there were many more to follow. We were invariably away by five thirty a.m., after a hasty cup of tea. At about eight a halt would be made for breakfast; then on again until the noon hour. An afternoon snack held us up usually for about forty minutes, and we supped at about seven thirty p.m., wherever we decided to pitch our camp for the night.

The Indians were undeniably great trenchermen. They ate as they worked, like heroes, and it became a never-ending source of amazement to see what they could devour. Scarcely a living thing, from a muskrat to a ground-hog, ever eluded them. Their guns were always ready to their hands, and if, by any ill chance, they failed to kill a wild bird

captured him, must ever remain one of the dark and inscrutable mysteries. Personally, I incline to the belief that they would have demolished him, on precedent. They ate everything else, and I find myself unable to imagine any reason which might have induced them to make an exception in the case of the frog.

For ourselves, we contrived to obtain a fair quantity of game and fish during the journey. Indeed, we disposed of very little more than a half of the provisions with which we had provided ourselves at the start, excepting only the bannock, of which we were obliged to make more on the way.

As the days wore on, and the miles dropped away behind us, the weather became warmer and the vegetation along the river banks grew less stunted, and presented a more varied aspect. At first, nothing but the dark and mournful-looking foliage of the spruce

and the tamarack met our eye; but later the landscape was immensely relieved by the lighter colors of the birch and the alder. Willows also began to make their appearance along the water's edge, interspersed with the pale yellow of wild grasses. The evening of the second day out from York found us fifty-two miles from the Bay.

We might have done considerably better even than the twenty-eight miles, but for the occurrence of a heavy rainstorm that threatened to continue far into the night. However, a cloudless sky and a delightfully fresh forest country greeted our eyes at sun-up next day. This day passed without excitement, being

don't strike this camp within an hour there is something wrong with my figuring."

He went to his knapsack and took out a long envelope, bulky with blue-prints. Finlay and I looked on while he awoke the sleeping sextette and proceeded to harangue it. He knew no Cree, and their ignorance of English was equally extensive.

"Winnipeg!" he shouted and brandished the envelope. "Winnipeg, Winnipeg, Winnipeg! No stop here. North West Mounted Police!"

It is usually good business to traffic on the Indian's reverence for the Police, but it failed signally in this instance. They looked as



A Post in the Northland.

but a repetition of the previous one's tracking manoeuvres. On the Saturday night the Crees hauled our two canoes carefully clear of the water, emptied them of their contents, and turned them bottom uppermost. A hazy suspicion dawned upon me, but I did not give it voice. Next morning confirmed it. We did not awake until nearly six o'clock and there was not a stir in the Indian tent. I strolled across the few yards of ground that separated us, and lifted the fly. There was the little serried row of Crees, slumbering with what might be called exasperating peacefulness. When I returned to our own tent the two Macs were sitting up, watches in hand.

"It's Sunday," I said, "and those pious red men of ours will not move a yard to-day."

The railroader sprang to his feet.

"Watch me," he commanded. "If they

artless as men will look who do not speak your language, but understand perfectly, nevertheless, what you are driving at. They looked about as intelligent as a rail fence does. At length Beardey moved. Rising slowly and with dignity from his blankets he dug out his hymn book; and the rest followed suit. We did not move until Monday.

The Crees certainly endeavored to make up some, at least, of the lost day, for they dragged the tent about our ears at four a.m., and we were on the river again by half past. Before noon there came to our ears the distant reverberation of the first fall, and shortly afterwards we came upon it. There it stretched, clear across the Hayes, a white, seething wall perhaps five feet in height. The long tracking stage was over, and we had reached the first portage—called the Rock.

With the boom of the broad fall in our ears

we halted for the midway meal and indulged in a few minutes' fishing. In these little traversed, practically unfished streams of northern Manitoba there is "no waiting": just like a continuous movie program. Pike and trout bite immediately and ferociously at a bare hook, bait being quite unnecessary. No sooner does the bright barb sink beneath the surface of the clear water than, like a shaft of silver light, some denizen of the river has it in his gills. We contented ourselves with catching sufficient for our immediate needs, and the Indians did the same. They caught far more than we did; but then, they ate far more. The amount of victuals those Crees could devour at a sitting was, as Bret Harte would have had it, "beautiful to see."

Early in the afternoon we made the portage (the first of thirty-nine) it occupying less than half an hour. But now came a period of arduous poling, the river for the next few miles being flecked everywhere with white, boiling foam. Four more portages were made in the course of the next three miles, though it was not always necessary to take everything from the canoes, or to lift them out of the water and carry them. We simply lightened the load by carrying as much as possible in one trip across the rocks, while the Indians forced the canoes up the rapids by means of their spruce poles. It was highly exciting work, and the shouting that accompanied it was terrific. "Asinil Asinil!" would shriek the bowsman, his eyes glued upon the gleaming water before him; and the others would pole frantically—and sometimes drive the canoe with a surge straight on to the submerged stone it was designed to avoid. On these occasions the inarticulate yelling verged upon pandemonium. Since we were trying to push through to civilization with as little delay as possible we sometimes made no attempt at a portage at all, in places where one was really necessary. But whether we gained anything, in the aggregate, by these manoeuvres is doubtful, for at times, even with our united efforts, both muscular and vocal, we failed to ride over the rapid. On several occasions we were beaten back, twirling like lee-to-tums, when apparently on the verge of success. Our strength would abruptly give out, when one more honest thrust would have carried us over the crest into smooth water.

Still, we progressed steadily, even though slowly, towards the south, hoisting sail whenever a fair wind sprang up, which was frequently the case toward evening, and

making, on some days, nearly thirty miles. On the hardest day of all we were compelled to manipulate ten distinct portages; and between them was more poling than paddling, there being scarce a mile of unruffled water in the whole of the stretch. One canoe sprang a leak, too, which was repaired with white lead and tin, but only in a makeshift manner. After that it needed frequent baling, and we were more or less wet during the remainder of the trip. On the fifth night we camped at the seaward end of Swampy Lake, one hundred and forty miles from Hudson's Bay. But from here on bad weather was encountered, to our great discomfort. We traversed the lake under very adverse conditions. It was violently gusty, the wind being against us; and this gave the water an unpleasant chop. Moreover, out in the lake, which is fifteen miles in length by four wide, there was no shelter at all from the elements. It was afternoon before we reached the head, where is situated Whisky Portage—so named because on one disastrous occasion a freight canoe capsized in the rapid, and an entire case of J. Barleycorn was lost in the depths.

Another famous portage which we shortly afterwards made is called the McNab. It is a short one, less than a quarter of a mile long, through a little bush trail. Midway between the two ends there stands a tiny paled enclosure surrounding a headstone which bears the simple inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Robert McNab. Died 17th July, 1867. Aged 15 years." Surely one of the loneliest graves beside which the rare traveller has ever paused to pay the passing tribute of a sigh.

It was at the southern limit of this portage that our Crees had immense and tumultuous sport. Placing themselves in a circle, knee-deep in the waters of a sequestered pool, and armed with their long spruce poles, they proceeded to "spear" a prodigious number of suckers. Their shouting and splashing had a definite object here, for it so confused the terrified fish that they fell an easy prey to the pointed sticks. After this slaughter of the innocents we commenced the crossing of Knee Lake, the longest on the route—forty miles. In shape it might, to an imaginative person, have some faint resemblance to a human knee. It is of no great breadth in any part, being merely a widening of the river as it passes through level country. Towards evening we heard a distant shot, and later caught sight of a canoe. Instantly we were all excitement, and so were the Indians—but

not for the same reason. They had espied a loon, sitting upon the water, and were away in a moment, across the lake, to chase him. In vain did we order and even implore them to go forward, but our prayers and commands alike were futile. Until darkness was falling they paddled frantically after that elusive loon, which kept diving, at the moment of being fired at, and coming to the surface again in the most unexpected places. And in the end they had to give up the hunt, for which I felt very glad. They would not do as we asked them, and came to no profit by their obstinacy. I can still reflect with

claws, which he exhibited with a stoical complacency that was amusing. Silence then fell heavily upon the group, and after this had lasted for what was, I suppose, the time demanded by etiquette, we once more shook hands with preternatural gravity, and withdrew, to pitch our own camp for the night.

By five a.m. we were away again, still traversing the lake. We were hoping to get a good day in, but it seemed we were to be doomed to disappointment, for during the forenoon a fierce headwind sprang up, rendering progress impossible, so we halted. At this halt, I might remark, we indulged in the



The dog team.

inward satisfaction that they did not get that loon

Meanwhile we were on tenterhooks of anticipation to learn who had fired the strange shot, and whose was the strange canoe (which matter, curiously enough, did not seem to exercise our Indians in the least degree). We soon came up with it, and, in the gathering darkness, saw that it was pulled up on to the bank, near to a number of decoy ducks; while behind, on the fringe of the bush, was pitched a tent. A dog barked at our approach, and, upon our hailing, there issued forth from the tent a young Indian wearing the Hudson Bay Company's cap. He was accompanied by his squaw and three small children, these latter eyeing us furtively from the shelter of their mother's skirts. We shook hands solemnly, one with another, down to the tiniest baby. This handshaking business seems to be beloved of the redskin, and he performs it as though it were a religious rite. The young hunter, who came from Oxford House, next showed us some black bear's

only shave of the entire trip. Late in the afternoon the breeze died away! and we once more got started. The weather now, though, grew very changeable; the sky clouded over rapidly, and before long a thunderstorm burst, with heavy rain, once more driving us to seek shelter. This over, the wind turned fair, and we proceeded under sail, between intermediate drenching showers. By nine-thirty next morning we had completed the crossing of Knee Lake. Then came three short portages, to Jackson's Bay and Oxford Lake. Early in the evening we rounded a bend, amid pretty, pastoral-looking country, and there, away on a hill to the southward of us, stood the buildings of Oxford House, one of the Company's trading posts—and the first human habitation (with the exception of the Indian hunter's tent) we had set eyes upon for ten days, and in a distance of three hundred and thirty miles.

Oxford House is not nearly so old as York Factory, and is not marked on Franklin's map at all. It contains only three white

people, and perhaps two hundred Indians and breeds. The settlement is picturesquely situated in slightly rolling country of quite appreciable agricultural value.

Our way now lay through a chain of small lakes, every one of which seems to bear several names indifferently. Franklin himself called them all by one—his own name; but the most generally known appellations, so far as I could gather, are: Windy Lake, Pine Lake, and Lake Max. Next came a fairly long portage into what is still called Franklin Lake, up which we proceeded for some twelve miles. Before noon next day we reached the height of land, after passing Whitewater Fall. From the height, which is the natural watershed, all streams flow southward; so the greater part of our labors had at last finished. The scenery during the next few miles was some of the best seen during the entire trip. It was extremely rocky and wild, and we passed through one frowning gorge, the sides of which must have been well over a hundred feet in height. An eagle's eerie crowned the crest. Rain now set in again heavily. The river, which, south of the height of land, is called Blackwater Creek and the Echiamamis, grew narrower until it was a mere winding ribbon through the rushes, which we could touch on either hand. This stretch seemed to be the most utterly lonesome of the whole journey, for nothing was to be seen save the short stretch of water opening immediately ahead, the glistening, overhanging foliage, and the strip of gray sky above.

At length we came to Robinson's Portage, twelve hundred yards in length, which possesses the unique distinction of having a primitive tramway along it, with wooden rails and a large flat car. We piled both canoes, and the whole of our belongings, onto the car, and made the portage in one trip, which was something in the nature of a feat. Then followed the crossing of Grassy, Hairy, or Molson's Lake (it is called by all three names). We did it in forty minutes' sailing.

Early next day we made the final portage of the journey—Winter Portage. Now we

were really on the home stretch. At about three-thirty in the afternoon one or two isolated, wooden houses were to be seen along the left bank of the river, which is here called by the somewhat curious name of the Sea River, and is, in reality, a part of the Nelson. At length it opened out into Little Playgreen Lake, then into Playgreen Lake; and at five in the evening we caught sight of the red-roofed buildings of Norway House. This was our canoe destination. With a shout we pulled into the landing stage, three hundred and fifty miles from Hudson's Bay. The journey had taken us fourteen days, and it was with some satisfaction that we lay down that night to sleep in our tent on the shore. "Something attempted, something done, had earned the night's repose."

We should have slept in the post itself, but for the fact that it was already full to overflowing. For Norway House is so near to the fringe of civilization that it annually attracts as many trippers as trappers. We had to be up and doing at half past two on the following morning, in order to catch the fishing company's tug-boat, "Victor," which was to convey us down the Jack River (the East Nelson) to Warren's Landing, at the northern extremity of Lake Winnipeg. So we bade farewell to our six good Indians, and awarded them our surplus belongings, such as rubber boots and oilskins. The tugboat pulled out in the gray of the morning, and five hours later (though the distance is but twenty-five miles) we moored at Warren's Landing. Lake Winnipeg lay before us. Here we were compelled to kill time for a day and a half, waiting for the Selkirk steamer to put in an appearance. It arrived at last, but on the opposite side of the narrow strait, and we had to charter a two-masted fishing sloop, nothing smaller being available, to take us across the intervening half mile of water. Thirty-eight hours later we reached Selkirk, and, boarding an electric street car, were in Winnipeg within another hour. Total distance from Port Nelson, six hundred and eighty-one miles. Total time, seventeen days.



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# Reminiscences and Remarks

W. E. DICKSON

**F**OR many years I have bought your up-to-date magazine at the news stands in this city and elsewhere, and have greatly enjoyed reading the letters, from its contributors, regarding fish, game, and guns; but not much from the province of Quebec. These letters brought to mind, the days of long ago, when the lads had lots of fun, hunting and fishing in the woods and streams of this, then new, country, even if there was not much leisure between times. For there were the chores to do, the cows to milk, teams to drive for the plow, hay to rake by hand, and other jobs too numerous to mention in these days of time saving machinery.

Away back in my boyhood days, it was a poor spring, when the lunge or sturgeon did not run from 30 to 50 lbs. in many of the rivers in the then Lower Canada. In spring while the water was high, the fish were hungry for any kind of bait.

The brooks, ponds and lakes had plenty of speckled trout, from the record one caught by 'a Miss Ainslie, down to fingerlings. Those of about one pound being most esteemed.

Then there was no question of in or out of season, but with pole and homemade tackle we went fishing, for the fun of it. Fishing for market was then little followed, in the country parts as high cost of living had not yet been born. Beef was 4c. by the quarter; pork 7c. by the hog; butter 12c. and so on.

Caribou were located in Megantic, Arthabaska and Drummond counties. Moose east and north of that, and the deer from the Vermont line to Pontiac county. Now the caribou are very scarce, the moose gone further east and north, while the deer have been scattered over the ground vacated by the caribou and moose, too largely caused by the breaking up of the winter yards, by pot-hunters or lumber and shanty men, which drove the caribou out of their usual and suitable breeding grounds, as running with dogs has done to the deer.

Wild pigeons had to be chased out of the wheat, peas and buckwheat. When a few thousand did light on a field of grain, they would gorge themselves, and thresh out or break down what was left. By the farmers they were considered as a vermin, or plague. Being too fat for the taste of most people,

those that were shot or even killed with poles or sticks, were left to rot, or taken to the pigeon. The last time I saw a wild pigeon was at East Harrington, Québec, in September 1911. One thing about these pigeons, which I have not seen mentioned by others, was the jiggers, a species of flea, that infested them. This insect would eat holes into them, dig into the flesh of the birds, and as well, the human harvesters of the grain, where the pigeons had been. The jigger is common in Mexico and South America, and is occasionally found on the hardwood ridges up north. QUERY—Did these vermin help, the extinction of the pigeons?

Geese moved in flocks in the '60s, and it was a triumph when a boy got one, as the muzzle loading guns of those days were lacking in power for geese.

Ducks were more plentiful than now, and most every hunter will tell you, how the ducks have been depleted in the past 40 years, by harassing them all the year round in the back townships.

Ducks are also the prey of hawks, crows, many animals, and particularly of the Great Northern Pike.

On an occasion some five years ago on Bevens lake, Argentueil county, I shot a mallard, bringing it down to the water, when one of these pike with jaws like an alligator, swallowed the duck as a mere mouthful. The Great Northern pike grows to be a large fish as fresh water fishes go. Mr. Angus McIntosh, the well known fisherman of Montreal, and I, saw one of these pike that was at least six feet long, and though we were out fishing, we pulled up our lines, as we had not tackle for such as that. My good wife while trolling there, caught one weighing 23½ lbs. which she killed with the assistance of a neighboring farmer, who used a hay-fork on the fish, when it ran into the shallow water.

You had a discussion some time ago, as to whether a pike is a pickerel, a pickerel a dore, and a dore a pike, etc. Now a dore is a pickerel, by the statutes of Quebec, but, it is not a pike, as the dore has one more back fin than either of the others. Pike to me is solely the G. N. Pike. The smaller light colored, or walleyed pike is what is known all over North America as the pickerel which infests the St. Lawrence, and its affluent rivers, and



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the waters in the United States. The real G. N. Pike is as dark in color as the black bass, has black eyes, and is found up north, in the lakes, with the companionship of the gray and speckled brook trout. The G. N. pike is thicker in the back and flesh than the pickerel, the meat being firm, of excellent flavor and equal to anything of fish kind, other than trout.

In some of the lakes where both G. N. and wall-eyed are found, hybrids are caught, that may be dark on one side and light on the other, or have one walleye and one black, or with light and dark patches all over, like a holstein cow. The fins of the G. N. pike are as pink as those of a mullet.

Salmon in the '60s of up to 50 lbs. were common in the Chaudiere Nicolet, St. Francis, Richelieu and other rivers. They were generally taken by spearing or trapped. Salmon Creek near Richmond, Quebec, was noted for its big salmon, but none are to be found now, in these streams. The advent of the big saw mills, towns, sewage, and chemicals from the pulp mills and factories on the banks of the streams, finished the salmon, and not the fishing that was done.

The gray trout is another fine fish to be had in all the large lakes of this region, of good size, up to over 20 lbs. The largest that I had, was 22½ lbs. caught in a lake near the Rouge river. The flesh is a beautiful pink, and is much esteemed.

Sometimes we boys got more than fish when fishing. In '65 I was out spearing with J. Stevens on the St. Francis, with pine knots on an iron jack for a light. On entering the mouth of the brook at Trenholmville, Stevens with the spear at the front of the boat, said "Stop! there is a log here." I replied, "There was no log there, when I brought the boat out." Stevens put the spear down to hold the boat off the supposed log. When he touched that LOG it humped under the punt, and dumped us both into the water, together with the light, spear, paddle, etc. Oh! but it was cold getting home that night in May. A few days after, Mr. Sam Wright caught the fish with hook, and worm for bait. It was a sturgeon and weighed 92 lbs. Some fish!

There is good bass fishing now in many of the lakes in the Laurentians, and the best time is early in June or in October with the fly for those of a couple of pounds, or trolling for the big ones. Bass apparently grow about a pound a year, as is determined by the fact that fry were put in Bark lake in 1911, and the largest caught each year in that district

has shown that growth, and in 1920 the largest caught weighed 6¼ lbs.

Partridges, thanks largely to the restrictions, in the taking and sale, are recovering from the hoggish hunting of the past many years. Also they were badly killed off in this province in January of 1917, by a heavy thaw, followed by a hard frost, by which, the birds under the snow, were smothered or starved, and many of those above were frozen. The weather the last two years has been very favorable and they are multiplying rapidly. As the young partridges are but half grown by the end of September, it would be well if hunting them for that month were prohibited.

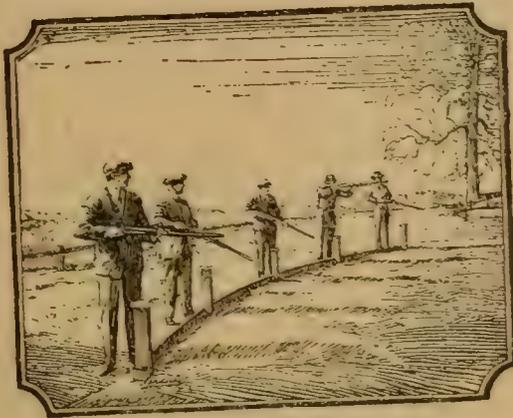
To a man up in years, it is great sport to go into the woods in October, when the cool days come, with your dog for a companion, and roam through the bush getting a partridge once in a while and seeing the things of the great outdoors.

I have a fifteen pound smooth hair fox terrier, that is my favorite, and O.K. for partridge. Being small, the birds are not scared, nor do they fly away far, and sometimes tree right over the dog, which saves much weary walking.

With regard to the open season, I am of opinion, that to offset the powerful weapons of the present day, as well as the destruction of the cover of the forest, by the lumbermen, or for the pulpmills, we should give the game more show, or they will follow the wild pigeon and the dodo.

As the meat of moose, caribou, and deer spoils in a few hours in the hot days of September, that month should be taken out of the open season, as well as for the partridges. Only permit the hunting of big game in October and November. Chasing with dogs should be prohibited. Only males having horns to be killed, or transported by railway, express or boat under penalty. Killing at the camps in the back woods by lumbermen, when yarded, for the meat, should be stopped, and infraction of this, severely punished. The females to be strictly preserved, to restock the bush and rocky uplands they frequent, most of which land is useless for any other purpose. The establishment of a moderate season bag limit would help some too.

I can assure your readers, that from the Soo down to Nova Scotia, there is no section better for the individual sportsman who loves hunting, than northern Quebec and the Laurentians. Let them go up any of the valleys of Riviere du Nord, Rouge



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ings, are to be had, at reasonable rates. The citizens of Montreal seem to be the only people that know its attractions, and it is becoming quite a summer resort, and a place to go for week end trips. The G. G. N. Ry. and C. P. R. trains give good service to reach these localities.

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## Re "Prairie Chicken of Canada West" by Mr. Evans in January's *Rod and Gun*

I should like to draw your attention to a few remarks from my point of view. Being a resident of Manitoba for the past thirty-six years; a life-long lover of our feathered game and taking a very keen interest in everything pertaining to same, in my estimation, what is claimed by so called sport authorities, "Game Guardians," that the chicken, grouse, etc., are on the increase, is quite correct and in order.

I also cover a large amount of territory but not in an auto. Undoubtedly these birds have reasons for keeping out of sight, when autos are in the vicinity. Some individuals violate the law by carrying loaded guns in their car, shooting out of season and on Sunday. There certainly is too much of this going on especially by the owners of these vehicles. Not only do they violate the laws of our province but also the laws of God.

Under the existing conditions one cannot but wonder why they do increase. First, there is this outlaw with his gas waggon, who shoots out of season any old time, Sunday being more favorable for many. He says to himself, "I might as well get them as the crow or wolf." In my opinion, he is in the same class. My friend calls him, "The selfish sportsman." That is classing him very mildly. He is the most fiendish in my estimation and has my deepest sympathy being born that way,—the poor mortal.

Second, nests are robbed by the great enemy, the crow. I know for a fact that these birds destroy not only eggs from the chicken, but all our feathered friends ex-

cepting those capable of protecting themselves.

Third, cold wet weather when the birds are nesting and after the young are hatched and forest fires, wood tick, etc., also play a big part.

Fourth, new land being put into cultivation during nesting season, which of course, cannot be avoided, plays havoc with the wild game.

I do not blame the Indian as I believe him to be a better sportsman of a finer calibre and would not stoop to classify him with the individual with the flivver.

I am firmly convinced that our game birds are on the increase, thanks to the laws. The reports which I have read from different parts of the province go to show that they are very plentiful in many districts. I would suggest that there the season be kept closed, and there is no reason, to my knowledge, to lead anyone to believe there will be an open season for these birds. The law states that it is closed indefinitely, unless the legislature now in session will make an amendment to open the season.

I will take the liberty to make a few suggestions as follows—that the provincial government place a bounty on crows; that various localities form crow clubs; that a law governing the limit of birds and chickens be made more reasonable. Make the penalty for violating this law very severe as the big fellow can pay a fine with impunity.

Hoping this will find space in *Rod and Gun*, I remain,

A friend of feathered game and  
a lover of clean sport.





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 IN COOPERATION WITH THE  
 AMERICAN ASIATIC ASSOCIATION  
 AND  
 ARMA MAGAZINE / November 30, 1920.  
 SPECIAL OBSERVANCE TO  
 ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS, LEADER  
 AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY  
 NEW YORK CITY, U. S. A.

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# SAVAGE

OWNERS AND OPERATORS OF J. STEVENS ARMS COMPANY, CHICOPEE FALLS MASS.

# Will Organize Ontario Game Association

THAT the sportsmen of Ontario are soon to remedy the lack of provincial organization was evidenced at the rousing convention held in Toronto on Wednesday February 16th. For years, the legislature has enacted fish and game legislation without the voice of the sportsman being heard owing to the lack of organization in the province. For a number of years the Essex Wild Life Conservation Association was the only body of any size that made its strength felt in the best interests of conservation in the province. Last year saw the birth of that lusty lunged youngster the Northern Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association which has grown to man size proportions in a short time. In January, the hunters to the immediate north of Toronto felt the need of organization and at the call of G. G. Green of Bradford, held a splendid convention and formed the County of Simcoe Hunters and Game Protective Association. In order to fully present the claims of all the hunters of the province, Mr. J. S. McDowell of Midland, secretary-treasurer of this newly formed association, circularized all of the hunting parties in Ontario, totalling over four hundred, calling for a conference in Toronto on Wednesday, February 23rd.

The splendid response to this appeal to the sportsmen of the province was shown by the delegates from the various clubs that attended the meeting and the large number of letters of regrets that were sent from the various clubs. The morning session, which was held in the King Edward Hotel, was given over to discussion of the various amendments to the game act and suggested changes to be recommended. At noon the delegates waited in a body on the Hon. Harry Mills, Minister of Game and Fisheries. Speakers were appointed to press the recommendations of the conference which are as follows:

## Game Conference.

1. That section 13a of the Ontario Game Laws forbidding the killing of deer in the water be eliminated.
2. That each hunting party be allowed to eat venison while in their camp in addition to the deer they are allowed to take home by license.
3. That some action be taken to protect the game of the province by prohibiting the carrying of firearms in the districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound and all territory north

during the closed season; and that notices to this effect be displayed prominently.

4. That the following animals, bear, fox weasel, skunk, and lynx, be taken from the list of fur bearing animals.

5. That the open season for deer south of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway be from November 1 to 15th inclusive and that the open season in any other part of the province be restricted to fifteen days.

6. That the hunters in convention unanimously request that the section of the act relating to the hunting of deer with hounds be not changed.

7. That sale of all game be prohibited.

The feeling of the convention regarding the necessity for the legislation mentioned was very strong and with the exception of the sixth clause, passed with very little discussion. The bone of contention between the two schools of still hunters and dog hunters had to come to the front and although the still hunters were so much in the minority that only one delegate spoke in favor of the abolition of the hounds in deer hunting in Ontario, still the argument pro and con assumed considerable proportions at times.

The Minister of Game and Fisheries gave an attentive hearing to the deputation and promised consideration of the various requests.

## Game Conference.

In the afternoon the conference met at three o'clock and unanimously decided to form a provincial association for the betterment of conditions for the game, and for the hunter. Various speakers pointed out the need for a permanent organization to present the claims of the sportsmen to the legislature and to safeguard the game generally throughout the province. It was resolved to form an association that would be composed of all the clubs and associations in the province and to allow individual memberships where there was no unit organization. The temporary officers to look after the preliminary development of the association are as follows:— President, Digby Horrell, Midland; 1st vice-president, W. C. Davey, Bradford; 2nd vice-president, Alfred French, Elnvale; sec.-treasurer, J. S. McDowell, Midland; committee:— Dr. Irwin, Lindsay; J. E. A. Fitzgerald, Peterboro; Sam Charlton, Lakefield; Robert McCamus, Keene; Fred. Bales, Oshawa; Aubrey Davis, Newmarket; A. B. Savage, Richmond Hill; Wm. Pears, West Toronto;

# FREE TO MEN

## Manly Vigor—Something New

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

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

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

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

SANDEN, Publisher.

Reader, did you ever stop to consider that it is not looks which make the real man? Nor is it necessarily a large man who wields the most power in his community. However, whether big or small, young or elderly, we invariably find that vigorous, manly manhood stands behind all of the world's greatest achievements and successes. In this respect, I give it as my honest opinion, based upon over 30 years' experience, that no man need lose hope of himself restoring his full manly power, if he but be willing to make a fair, square effort, and will lead a decent, manly life, free from excesses and free from dissipations. My free book gives you all the desired information. According to my belief, lost manly strength is no real organic disease in itself, and, for that reason, should easily respond to any mode of treatment which puts new vital force into the weakened nerves and blood.

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



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

With special attachments, which carry the FORCE to any parts of the body, my VITALIZER is used by women as well as men, for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc., and I have had some most remarkable testimony in respect to its almost miraculous effects in individual cases, where every known treatment had failed.

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

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Remember, I will send you, as stated above, my little book pocket compendium, containing 40 illustrations and 8,000 words of private advice free, sealed, by mail.

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The committee which waited on the Fish and Game committee of the legislature consisted of Dr. N. A. Powell, Aubrey Davis and William Pears.

The above provisional executive will organize the province and call for a general convention to be held within the next few months when the future of the association will be decided. It is hoped that all lovers of true sport resident in Ontario will put forth their best efforts to attend the convention when the permanent association will be formed.

#### Game Conference.

Those in attendance at the Toronto meeting with the clubs they represented were—

Geo. Kidd, Inglewood, Hunt Club.  
 W. F. R. Stubb, Caledon, Hunt Club.  
 R. J. Stodden, Peterboro, Green Island Hunt.  
 Ed. Dutton, Midland, Dutton Hunt.  
 Frank Hill, Toronto, Hillcrest Hunt.  
 Hilton Brumwell, Highland Creek, Ont. R.R.1.  
 R. A. McCowan, Scarboro P.O. Ont.  
 J. C. Moorish, Highland Creek P.O. Highland Hunt.  
 D. Walton, 47 Simpson Ave., Vermont Hunt.  
 Aubrey Davis, Newmarket, Ont., Horse Shoe Hunt.

W. H. Eves, Newmarket Ont., Bradford Hunt Club.

F. G. Martin, 159 Macdonald Ave. Bully-O Hunt.

G. W. Boadway, 190 Sorauren Ave., Parkdale Hunt.

C. B. Graham, 129 Sorauren Ave., Parkdale Hunt.

J. G. Biggart, 64 Dovercourt Rd., High Park Hunt.

Wm. Pratt, Richmond Hill, Rod and Gun.

A. G. Savage, Richmond Hill, Rod and Gun.

G. W. Knowles.

Sam Harris, Essex County Wild Life.

Dr. N. H. Powell, Orillia, Red Tam.

Wesley Proctor, Schomberg.

Hector Hart, Hart Club.

Thos. Ellison, Schomberg.

H. Wallwin, M.D., Barrie, Spion Kop.

J. T. Thomas, M.D., Caledon, Hunt Club.

D. Howell, Midland Hunt.

W. C. Davey, Bradford, Hunt.

Liberty Hunt Club

R. E. Tindall, Bradford Hunt.

A. Heuily, Bradford Hunt.

F. Switser, Barrie Hunt.

W. R. Walters, Toronto Hunt.

V. A. Hart, Barrie Hunt.

A. M. Heron.

D. A. Lochrie, Toronto Hunt.

W. A. Bishop, Secretary Midland.

Geo G. Green, Secretary Bradford.

A. Saint, Secretary Bradford.

A. Nuiley, secretary Bradford.

F. Collings, secretary Bradford.

Barrie Hunt Club.

J. Brandon Secretary, 94 Dawes Rd. Toronto.

Barrie Hunt Club.

W. Pears, Secretary.





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# A Tale of Other Days

A. B. WICKWARE

THE hot august sun was reflected in long shimmering waves of heat from the placid surface of the lake. The air was filled with the droning of flies and bees, the former bent upon destruction and the latter harvesting and husbanding the sweets of nature as they flew from flower to flower. The birds seemed to be holding silent commune except for the occasional hoarse caw of a querulous crow or the raucous cry of a crane winging his way from shore to shore.

The shoreline of marsh grass, interspersed here and there with flags, cat tails and bracken, insinuated itself between the woods above and the shadows below. The trees, silhouetted as by some magical wand in the mirrored depths of the water, assumed weird and grotesque shapes. Truly the proverbial dog-days were at hand and all nature seemed drowsy or asleep.

No! Not all asleep, for within a small sequestered bay, idling about amongst the pond lilies which grew in wild profusion, floated a giant turtle. Each day, it was his wont to lurk just upon or beneath the surface in wait for minnows, frogs or marine insects which chanced to pass that way.

Resting quietly and serenely, he seemed oblivious to all around, until the creaking of an oar or the sound of a human voice awoke in him an alertness little suspected in so sluggish a creature. Then noiselessly, and without apparent effort, he would sink beneath the surface, leaving only a few bubbles to mark the path of his stealthy and silent departure.

For days the minnows had been scarce, having swum away from the usual shallows to the cooler waters of the deep holes. The piping frogs had migrated to the protecting shade of the swales and dewy meadows, and the amphibious turtle had suddenly awakened to find an empty larder and an insatiable appetite which no amount of hunting could appease. He no longer remained idle, basking in the sun or enjoying the shade of the pond lilies, but foraged far and wide in search of food.

This was his first summer in the little bay, his earlier years having been spent in an adjacent creek which widened out until lost in the broad waters of the lake. His home had been beneath the driftwood and sunken logs

which had accumulated throughout the seasons around the piles of an old wooden bridge recently swept away by the spring freshet.

In coming to his present abode, he had unwittingly entered the sanctuary of Anas, the little blue-winged teal, who for three seasons had held undisputed sway with her mate of the small marginal water.

There she had reared her little family in peace and security and with three uneventful seasons as a precedent, had again built her nest on a small willow covered bog, safe from marauding foxes and predaceous rodents.

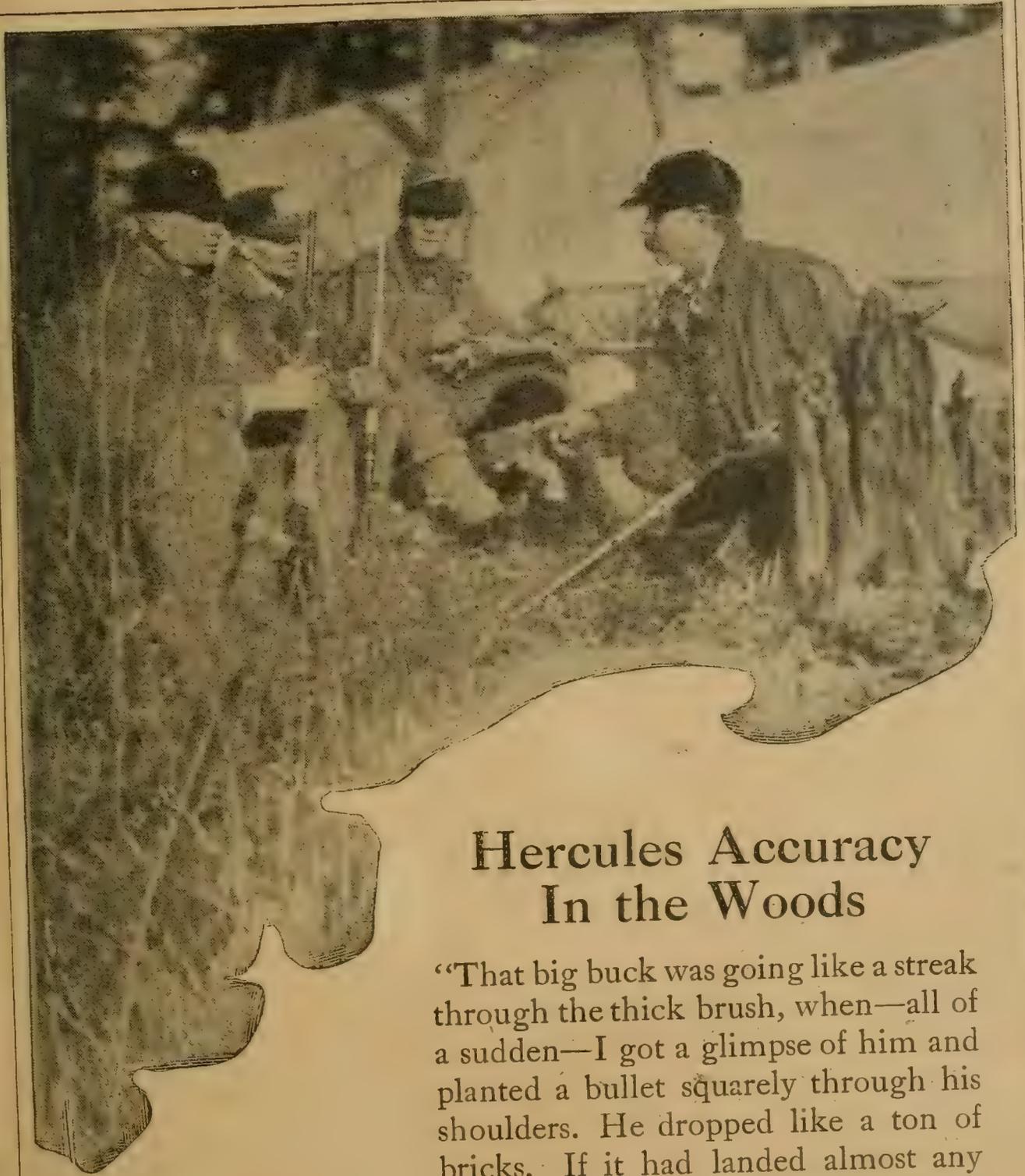
When her eggs, deposited with so much care in a natural nest formed by the willow gads, had chipped and released their precious burdens, her heart had been overflowing with joy and gladness. Together, she and her consort foraged for the daily bread, first one and then the other assuming charge of their downy progeny. When any danger seemed imminent, from hovering hawks, their warning notes would send the little ones scurrying to cover, while their own subtle efforts of feigned injury would divert attention to themselves.

But misfortune had descended with the suddenness of an avalanche, and one by one the little ones had disappeared by some unfathomable and mysterious means. Vainly they had tried to shield them by all the inherited instinct of long generations, and having failed, they left their accustomed haunts to wander at will.

During the weeks that followed, they endeavoured to forget their sorrows in fresh scenes amongst others of their own race. So they played and sported until one day her mate fell prey to the gun of a ruthless market hunter shooting out of season.

Now she was alone, and with that maternal instinct which is inherent in every mother's breast, her thoughts reverted to the scenes of her former quiet and hallowed life. Surely she would find comfort, solace and safety within the confines of the little bay. The memory of her earlier struggles and dangers was like a dream and her poignant grief had been mellowed by time.

Swinging lightly into the air, she took wing one evening for her old feeding ground. Mayhap she thought the memories of other days would sustain and help her to forget her sorrows.



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“That big buck was going like a streak through the thick brush, when—all of a sudden—I got a glimpse of him and planted a bullet squarely through his shoulders. He dropped like a ton of bricks. If it had landed almost any other place, I surely would have lost old ‘Big-Foot’ in the heavy laurel thicket.

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At sunset, she descried the old familiar trees which seemed to beckon her with welcoming hands. In long graceful sweeps she circled the little bay drinking in the dank evening air and feasting her eyes on the landmarks so dear to her. Occasionally the spell made her forget the past, and she uttered soft quacks as if in expectation of an answering call from her mate. But, alas! only the echoes broke the stillness of the air, and at last, tired and weary, in a long graceful slide, with outstretched wings, she settled into the waters of her beloved paradise.

Picking here and there some widgeon grass or wild rice, or diving for some choice aquatic cress, she seemed content and happy as she chortled to herself.

It is a wise ordination that keeps us in ignorance of impending calamities, as otherwise the clouds of despondency might completely engulf us and crush out all our hopes. Reconciled to the events of the past, little Anas seemed perfectly content amid the environments of earlier days. She swam and dived and flapped her wings in the excess of her happiness at being back. Then having fed to repletion, she scrambled up a mud bank to preen her pretty feathers and rest her tired body. But like all wise ducks, she slept fitfully, and ever and anon she raised her tiny head to listen and to see.

Suddenly, from out the golden glow of a radiant west, appeared a little speck of black. Nearer and nearer it approached until the wedge-shaped flying formation presaged a moving flock of ducks on their way to distant feeding grounds. The swish, swish of their wings caught the ear of little Anas and involuntarily her voice was raised in a note of welcome. The response was heralded by a rapid change of flight, and after a few verbal exchanges, the flock, evidently satisfied that here was feed and safety, lightly settled down in the outer waters of the bay and commenced swimming shoreward.

Little Anas, with true woodland hospitality, strengthened by her sense of loneliness, hastened to meet her new found friends and in an

exuberance of gladness, forgot her wariness.

Suddenly, she seemed to stop still and then with a frightened note of anguish and despair, her wings commenced to beat an incessant tattoo upon the water as she struggled to free herself from some unseen foe.

It was the old enemy and desecrator of her happy home, the giant turtle. Rendered savage by the gnawing pangs of hunger, and with days of fasting adding to his bitterness, he had lain in anxious wait for such a chance. Ordinarily, his cowardly nature would have made him shrink from contact with an adult bird, but now he held on grimly and remorselessly.

At the first warning note of danger, the flock had quickly closed together and then with a hurried beating of wings, had taken flight.

Left alone with her foe, the little duck fought valiantly to release herself from the mysterious force which was slowly pulling her beneath the surface. Convulsively she struggled with a desperation borne of despair. At moments the conflict seemed to sway in her favour and then suddenly her advantage would be lost. But according to the inexorable, but frequently unjust law of fate, the unequal struggle could only have one end and slowly but surely the superior weight of the turtle commenced to tell.

Her efforts became more spasmodic; her first loud distressing quacks gave way to a laboured breathing-punctuated by a suppressed moaning and finally as if in answer to a silent prayer, the waters closed over her head, leaving only a little ripple to tell of the tragedy.

A few weeks later, on a warm september morn, the turtle, grown careless by a life of leisure free from molestation, floated as of yore upon the surface of the bay. Noiselessly, around a projecting point, drifted a boat towards the inner shore. Suddenly a sharp crack resounded o'er the water and a lead messenger of death hastened on its way, bringing just retribution to one whose nature knew no mercy and whose life had caused such woe.





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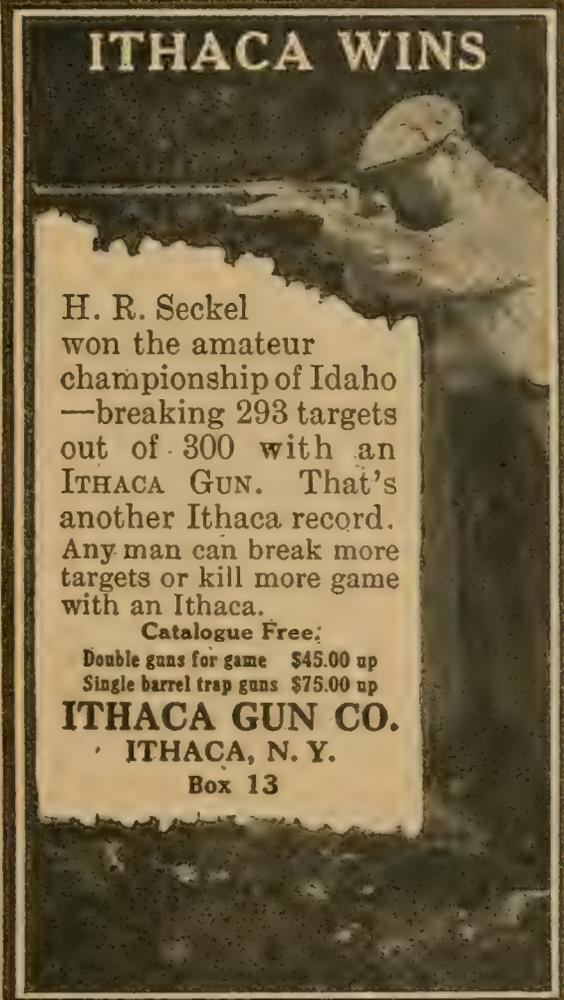
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# A Month With Canadian Water-Fowl

THOMAS HUBERT HUTTON

IT is well known to sportsmen that wild fowl are distributed over the whole world, but I make the claim that no other region is inhabited by more varieties, or greater abundance, than is Canada.

From time immemorial ducks, geese, and swans have been held in high esteem by mankind, and everywhere they have been eagerly pursued for sport or for food.

Passing by the purely esthetic value of the birds as beautiful and welcome denizens of our waters and as lending the charm of life and animation to our otherwise desolate ponds and lakes; passing by, too, their importance to thousands of men as of economic value and importance, their pursuit by hundreds of thousands of tired business men, who derive from it their health and pleasure, is of very great consequence. Their flesh is not only palatable and nutritious, but is so different from that of domestic fowls as to form a most welcome addition to the table both of the rich and the poor.

The flesh of wild fowl constituted an important item in the larder of the aborigines of this country, who, by means of the bow and arrow and by the use of various devices in the shape of nets and traps, succeeded in obtaining them in considerable numbers, especially when young and unable to fly. Of course we modern sportsmen would consider this practice as unbecoming and unlike a true sportsman, but in those distant days of the past it was the mode. The Eskimo and northern Indians, indeed, find it necessary even to this day to use various devices to obtain a living from the abundance of water-fowl that visit their country to breed, and everywhere the aborigines seek their eggs with avidity. Waterfowl as an addition to the larder became almost as essential to the first settlers as they had been to the Indians, and so far as game was concerned, the fowling piece soon became a more

important part of the settler's equipment than the rifle.

Neither the aborigines nor the settlers appreciably reduced the numbers of the hordes of ducks and geese that periodically covered the lakes, ponds, rivers, and marshes of this favored country. It was not until comparatively recent times, indeed, that the tremendous increase of population and the constantly increasing number both of sportsmen and of market gunners, together with the invention of that potent engine of destruction, the breech-loading gun, have had their logical effect in greatly diminishing their numbers and in practically exterminating not a few species. However, Canada, even at that, is more fortunate than her neighbor to the south, where the rate of decrease in the number of wild fowl, and, indeed, in game of all kinds, has been enormous in proportion. Canada remains the favored hunting ground of North America, the retreat of the denizens of forest and stream that have been steadily pushed back by the advancing hordes of civilization. Canada remains the Sportsman's Paradise.

I recollect a most delightful month with the Canadian water-fowl! I had in company with my friend and sportsman, Carl Blake, of Omaha, Nebraska. Carl and I, a few years ago, hid ourselves up into the wilds of British Columbia, there to spend our much-talked-of-vacations. This eventful trip was taken before Canada and the United States got together on a migratory bird law and before the provinces of the Dominion took very effective steps to restrict the shooting of her wild fowl. This excursion into Canada was made in those balmy days when game was plentiful in fact. Large and small game lurked on every hand. All a fellow had to do was to shoot, and no matter whether he aimed or not he was pretty apt to "spot" some creature of prairie, glade, or glen.

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"The House of Plenty"

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A town is no finer than its Hotels, and is often judged by the Hotel Accommodation provided for the travelling public, as also the Restaurant accommodation provided.

One wonders if citizens fully appreciate the debt of civic gratitude they owe to the hotel man and restaurant keepers who are helping to keep the town in the forefront of progress.

Travelling men and tourists are the best press agents any town ever had. They are constantly going from place to place and, since hotels and restaurants are essential to their comfort, they naturally consider hosteleries as an important item in any town's make-up.

"It's a fine town," says the jovial salesman, "best hotel on my route."

Sometimes the hotel does not suit him, and then his opinion of the town is expressed in words that bite like acid.

The man who maintains an up-to-date hotel is not only doing a good stroke of business, but is performing a public service as well.

We realize our duty to the public at THE WALKER HOUSE or THE HOTEL CARLS-RITE in Toronto. The next time you are in this great city we would thank you for your patronage.

We specialize on the AMERICAN PLAN.

EUROPEAN PLAN if desired.

**GEO. WRIGHT and E. M. CARROLL,**  
PROPRIETORS



*Many are the stories regarding the origin of coffee. One tells us that the Angel Gabriel, when Mohammed lay sick, brought him a cup of the delightful beverage and restored him to health and strength.*

**I**F this story may be given credence, the angel performed one service for Mohammed and two for humanity in general.

## SEAL BRAND COFFEE

is a delightful luxury to the exacting palate. Its fragrance is like an invitation to a feast—the delicious beverage raises to the order of a banquet even a commonplace meal.

*Sold sealed in ½, 1 and 2 lb. tins. Whole, ground and fine ground for Tricolator and percolator use.*

**CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal, Que.**

A friend of Carl's had tipped him off that good duck and geese shooting could be had on Vancouver Island, so thither we went. Arriving at Vancouver, we proceeded to purchase supplies and munitions of war, after which we got ready to proceed to the shooting grounds. We thought it wise to hire a guide, so we inquired around and finally secured the services of an old-timer by the name of Borden. He gave us a hunch as to the best location and took us to a suitable camping site on the island and we at once prepared to get down to business.

Well, everything went as is usual on a hunting trip of this kind for a week; Carl, the guide and myself bagging the limit. Yes, there was a limit, even in those days! But one day something happened out of the ordinary, and as I recall it now, it brings to mind visions of the many anxious hours I spent on that occasion. Carl had wandered off alone, without the guide or me, thinking he had become accustomed to the island in the time we had been camping on it and perhaps never giving the idea a thought that anything would happen to him. But all the same something did happen, as you shall see.

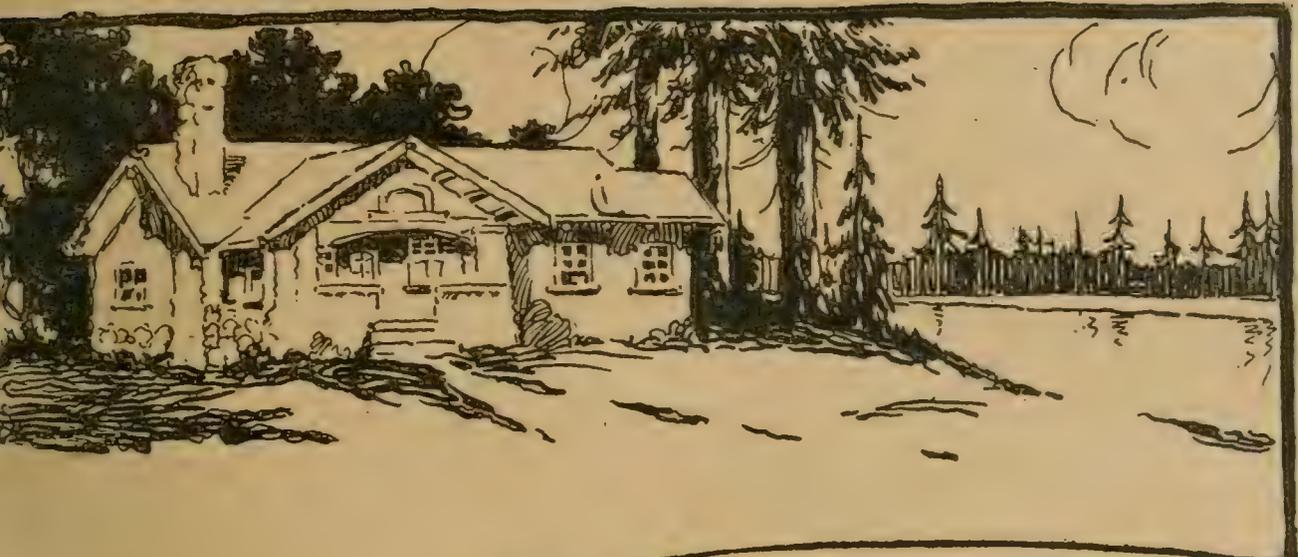
Early one morning Carl had slipped quietly out of our hut, without disturbing my or the guide's slumbers, and went off into the brush in quest of an early morning wild goose, or mayhap a duck.

Along toward daylight I arose and went over to Carl's cot to find it empty. I called to him, but received an answer from Borden instead, who was still abed. Borden got up and we both then looked around for Carl. Presently I saw that his gun was missing from the gun-rack, and I knew then that he had given the guide and me the slip, thinking, I suppose to bring home the bacon and spring a surprise on us at our expense. Not to be outdone, the guide and I decided to get busy ourselves and beat Carl at his own game. So without eating breakfast we made off toward the edge of the island, which was about a mile from camp, where ducks

and geese were sure to be found. Presently, we arrived and began dropping an occasional duck or goose and we were about to return to camp, well satisfied with our early morning foray, when a distant shot was heard, far up the coast of the island. However, we thought nothing of it and so returned to camp with our game, prepared to have the laugh on brother Carl when he should return.

But an hour passed and he did not show up; another sixty minutes passed each minute as we awaited his return seeming like an hour, still he did not show up. I began to get uneasy then, for I knew Carl possessed a good appetite and I knew it was long past breakfast time. The guide moved uneasily on the wooden bench where he sat. I could plainly see that he too, though ordinarily cool and collected was beginning to get anxious. Another hour passed, and the guide and I decided to make a search. So we made off in the direction from which the distant shot had come to our ears, and in an hour had reached that vicinity, as near as we could judge by sound. The guide figured the shot was at the distance of about a mile from where we were at the time we heard it, which would make it two miles from camp, on an airline, but unluckily we had to detour around a very extensive swamp, which delayed our progress, so that it took us just about an hour to reach the place. The guide's estimate was afterward proved to be nearly correct and when we emerged from the brush to the beach we saw a huddled heap lying on the sand which proved to be my poor unfortunate friend Carl. He was lying just beyond a fallen tree trunk, which he had evidently climbed over. His coat was unbuttoned revealing his shirt, and on the shirt near the arm pit on the right side were blood stains, and upon careful examination we saw he had been bleeding profusely, there being evidence of it on the ground in abundance.

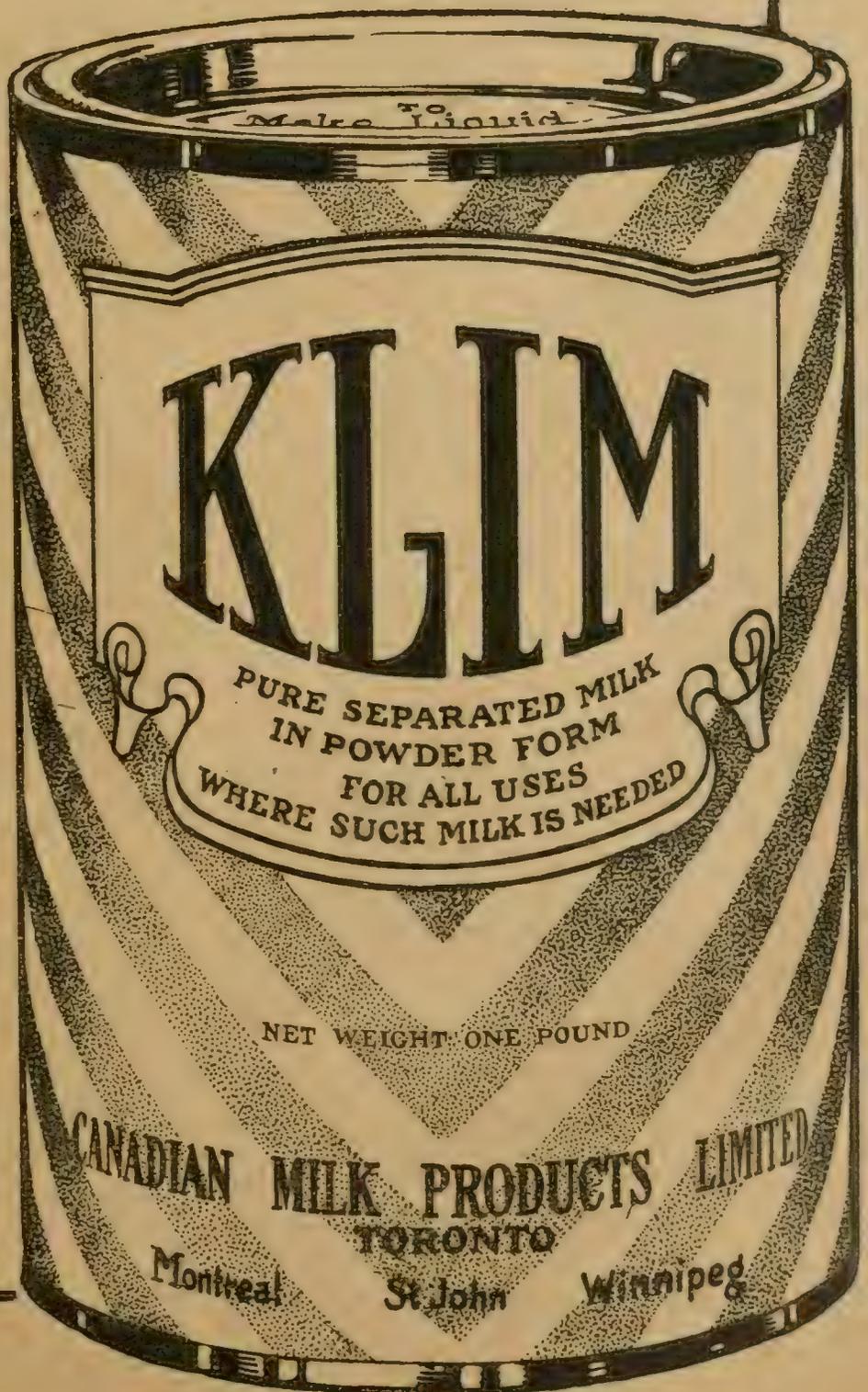
Straightway I went into a panic and became so nervous I had to walk away from the pitiful sight, but the guide promptly stripped Carl to the



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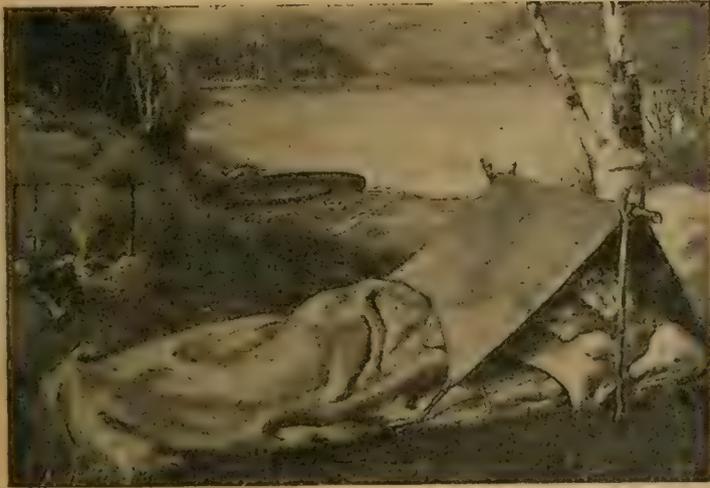
waist, ascertained the exact nature of the wound, then washed it and from his pocket drew a small bottle of oil with which he succeeded in stopping promptly the flow of blood, the loss of which had evidently caused Carl to faint. Soon he had regained consciousness with the aid of a stimulant the guide also carried, and together the guide and I made a litter and at length got Carl back to camp where we dressed his wounds and soon had him resting comfortably and he said he felt all right, only a little weak from loss of blood. I questioned the guide as to what he had used to stop the blood flow and he said it was made from Canada fleabane, the common names of which are horse-weed, colt's tail, scabious, pridedweed, butter weed, fireweed, blood-stanch, cow's tail, and bitter weed, being names applied to it in different localities. I was greatly impressed with the efficiency of this remedy and recommend it to the attention of brother sportsmen in cases of emergency. The scientific term for it is "*Leptilon canadense*" (L) Britton. This weed is common in damp, sandy soils in fields and waste places and along roadsides in many parts of Canada. It is an annual weed belonging to the aster family (*Asteraceae*.) I afterward looked it up and read about it, and on one or two occasions after the hunt on Vancouver Island I had use for it, but that constitutes another story. At any rate I became convinced of its value in emergencies and I took a real liking to it. The stem, which is bristly-hairy, or sometimes smooth, varies greatly in height, according to the soil, being sometimes only three inches high, and in favorable soil often reaching a height of ten feet. The larger plants are branched near the top. The leaves are usually somewhat hairy, those scattered along the stem being rather narrow, with unbroken margins, and the lower ones slightly toothed. From June to November numerous heads of small inconspicuous white flowers are produced, followed by an abundance of seed. The entire herb is medicinal.

I learned, and should be gathered during the flowering period and carefully dried. It has a faint, agreeable odor and a somewhat astringent and bitter taste. The fresh herb on distillation yields a volatile oil which is sold as oil of fleabane. The common name "blood stanch" will indicate to the reader the value of this plant for arresting hemorrhages from various sources and the bleeding of wounds. I learned also that it is useful in diarrhoea and dropsy. I make this somewhat detailed description of this plant thinking possibly some wandering brother sportsman may some day have need for it.

After a few days Carl was all right again, the wound proving to be of a less serious nature than I at first thought and under the artful care of the guide he was soon able to resume his hunting, though some few days elapsed until the wound entirely healed - and the soreness left. I afterward asked him how it happened and he said he was stalking a goose and in the dim light of the early morning was attempting to climb the fallen tree, as I had imagined, gun cocked, preparatory to dropping the goose as soon as it was flushed, when he had tripped and fallen sprawling to the ground. In the fall the gun went off and shot him through the right side, near the arm pit, he having the gun on his right shoulder as he started to climb over the tree trunk. However it was only a flesh wound luckily, very luckily for had the shot struck him squarely in the side it would have been "Good Night!" Within a few days he was quite himself again and as jolly and goose hungry as ever.

Talk about sport! You can certainly have it on Vancouver Island with a good fellow like Carl and a good guide like Borden for company. We lived the simple life there and for myself I would have been perfectly willing to have kept on living it right there. But I had a pesky old job waiting for me back in the States that I couldn't very well get rid of—without starving to death—so when the month was up, we reluctantly bade the lovable old Island a fond farewell and

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trekked it back home, bringing with us many happy memories that we shall never forget. Even Carl, in spite of his mishap, was reluctant to leave the Island, and we made it up then and there to try it again on Vancouver Island sometime in the near future. However, the years have slipped by and I have not been able to join him in the numerous trips he

has made there. But I hear the shooting is still good and I bide the time when I can take another vacation on the Island amid pleasant scenes and in close proximity to an abundance of Canadian wild-water-fowl.

Fellow sportsmen, when you hunt the wild geese and ducks of old Canada you engage in a sport fit for kings.

## Lee Boards for a Sailing Canoe

ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

**I**F one has never used a sail on a canoe he has missed one of the most enjoyable features of that form of water-cruising. Probably many do not make use of this feature, held back by the belief that the canoe under sail and in a brisk wind will capsize, and that is true in many cases if some means

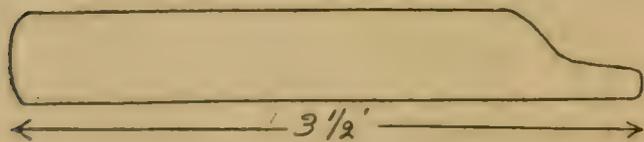


Fig I.

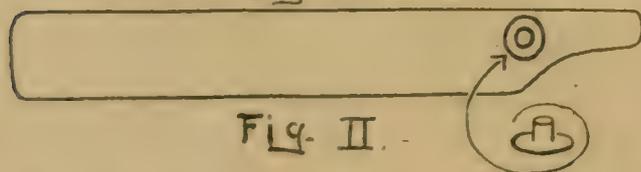


Fig. II.

are not used whereby the canoe can be steadied and made more reliable in holding its own. Just here is where a pair of lee-boards come in fine and the knowledge of how to make them should appeal to every canoe owner. These may be taken apart and put away in the outfit when extended trips are made, for instance into the wilds of Canada. Or they may be used in home waters as one sees fit. They are light and do not take up a great deal of room.

The wood to be used for lee-boards must be able to stand prolonged immersion without cracking and warping. Of materials experimented with, mahogany will be found to be the best to be had. Procure a piece that is seven eighths of an inch thick, nine inches wide and seven feet long. When this board is sawed in two it will give you two pieces, each three and one half feet in length which is the approximate length of each lee-board.

The board is now marked out and cut in the shape shown in Figure 1. In the small end is the handle which is two inches wide and four inches long up to the point where it broadens up into the wide part. The wide part is about eight and one half inches throughout. Mark the piece and cut it out with a key-hole saw. When you have one piece ready then mark out and cut out the second piece.

The piece is permitted to be seven eighths inch thick in the handle end but from that point down to the other end it is tapered, both sides being planed. In the big end it may be one fourth of an inch thick; even thinner than that will not be harmful. A little thicker than a straight taper along the middle will prove more satisfactory than a straight taper. The boards when finished as to planing and sand-papering should be oiled several times and then given a coat of spar varnish of a good grade.

It will now be necessary to obtain two flag-pole sockets, the sockets being one and one

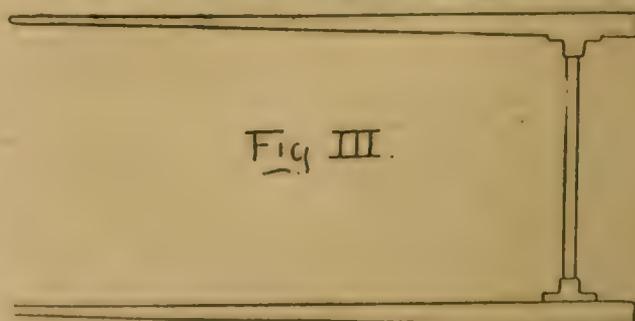


Fig III.

half inches across on the inside. Sockets of this sort coming in a brass material are most desirable. Arrange one on each lee-board as shown in Figure 11, just forward of where the sweep begins. A round oak piece one and one half-inches through is now obtained. Lay

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this across your canoe to measure it, being sure that at least three inches protrudes on either side. Then, as shown in Figure 111, join the lee boards by means of the sockets to the round oak piece adding a screw to hold them firmly in place. Figure 1V shows the next move to make. A piece of squared hardwood (a) one and one half inches fits in from one edge of the canoe to the other to press up against the strips that follow the

boards in position, down when so desired, or, when one desires to lift them up as one nears shore, the mere matter of loosening up on the thumbscrews will permit of the boards being lifted. The wood rod that connects the lee-boards can be made more firm in place by cutting a flat surface to fit the wooden edge of the canoe to prevent turning. The illustration (d) shows what is meant. If the wood rod is perfectly round its tendency to

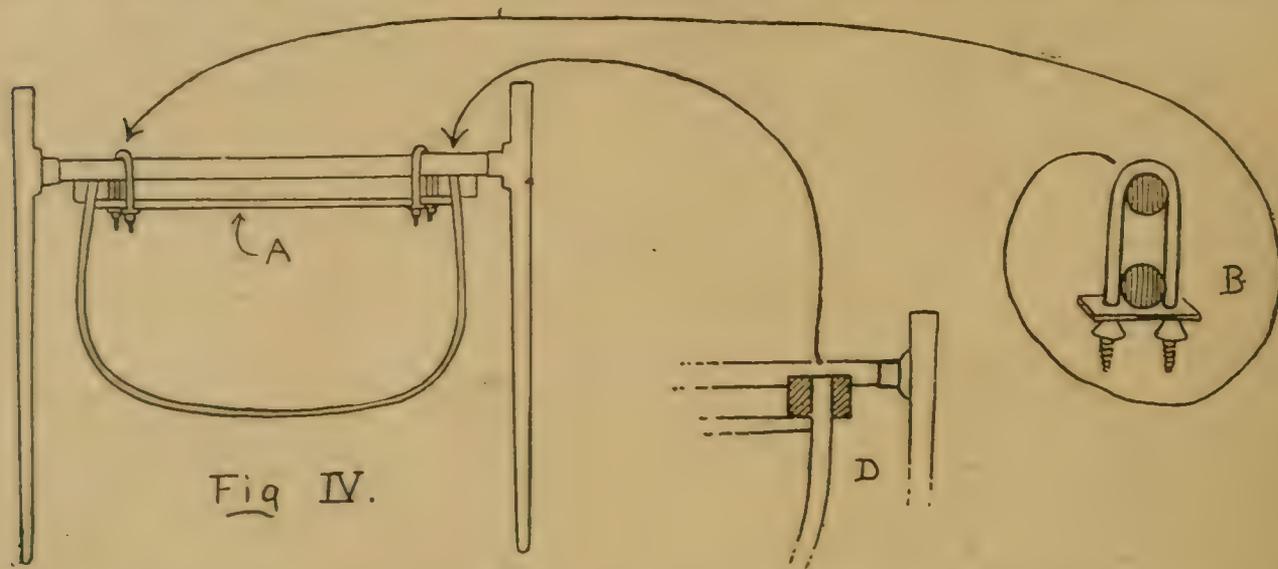


Fig IV.

edge of the canoe. Obtain two pieces of brass rod of the one fourth inch thickness and thread both ends, then bend as shown in the inset (b). A brass plate one eighth of an inch thick by three and one half inches long is now obtained. Holes are drilled in this plate to slip over the rod ends as shown in (b). Suitable thumb-screws are now obtained. They are worked onto the threaded ends and can be tightened up as desired. The pull thus obtained as between the under-piece (a) and the upper lee-board piece keeps the lee-

turn will be greater than if partially flat, at least.

The sail of the canoe is generally placed in the bow of the canoe. The position that the lee-boards assume is one mid-way between the common centre of the canoe and the bow.

If these simple directions are followed one will obtain excellent and satisfactory work, and once one has made use of this steadying contrivance in sailing, he will never be without it. Lee boards take all the danger out of canoe cruising.

## The Gun Permit Law

*Editor, Rod and Gun in Canada.*

Although I am not a subscriber, I am a constant reader of *Rod and Gun*. I hope soon to be a subscriber to this wonderful magazine which tells about the whole of Canada.

I have just read the article telling about the law which has been passed in Canada relative to the carrying and owning of firearms. Although living in the States, it seems to me very foolish to have passed a law like that over the border.

It has been my intention to live in Ontario

but as long as this unreasonable law exists, I will not make an attempt to live in Canada.

A person hunting in one locality, gets a few miles further in the next district and of course, must have another permit. By the time he has finished his hunt, he has spent a good deal of time just for permits.

Now Canadian sportsmen, do not let a law like this exist. This is a time for the sportsmen of the country to band together in an effort to have this law repealed or suspended.

Alex. Muskowski.

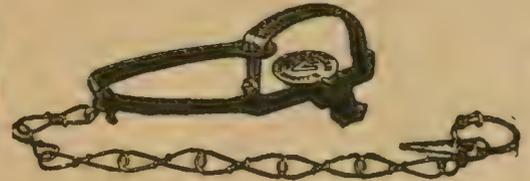
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# Care of Martens

(Published through the courtesy of Commission of Conservation, Ottawa and U.S. Biological Survey).

## TRAITS:

Martens are active, hardy animals which tame readily and make engaging pets. Their fur when prime is thick and soft.

## FOOD:

Wild martens feed largely on rabbits, squirrels, mice, birds, and insects; put in captivity they relish milk, bread, boiled rice, cornmeal and graham mush, table refuse, chicken heads, butchers' scraps, cooked prunes, and other fruits. Large bones with fragments of meat attached are excellent for their teeth. The livers and entrails of small animals designed for martens should be removed, as these organs frequently contain parasites. Fresh water should be supplied daily. Care should be taken to give the animals only as much as will be eaten immediately, for overfeeding is as injurious as underfeeding. Females with young should always be fed twice a day; others may be fed once or twice a day as may be convenient.

## PENS:

Pens are best located where partially shaded by trees, and where the animals can occasionally enjoy a sunbath. Each individual must have a pen and a nest box to itself, though after becoming accustomed to captivity and to their quarters it is usually feasible, except while the young are with their mothers, to allow the occupants of several adjoining pens to run together at times by leaving open the connecting doors. This will permit the keeper to judge the preferences of the animals for one another, and thus aid him in mating them satisfactorily. There is always danger, however, that some one of them will suddenly become savage and kill a comrade. In any case, each animal should be fed in its own pen. Convenience and economy require that pens be built in a series, which may be either single or double. They should each be at least 6 by 8 feet on the floor and 8 feet high. The floor should be made of rock or cement or  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch mesh galvanized sandscreen, covered sand or sandy loam, not clay, to a depth of 3 or 4 inches. The walls and top may be made of 1 inch mesh galvanized wire netting, No. 16 wire or larger. A roof to keep out an excess of snow and rain is sometimes desirable. A section of a tree, with branches, set in each pen will be appreciated by these active creatures.

## NEST BOXES:

Nest boxes should be weather proof and so placed as always to be in the shade. They should consist of two compartments—the entry to the inner, or nest compartment, being through the outer room which is designed to exclude light and draughts of air from the nest. The doorways should be about 5 inches wide and 6 inches high. Nest material will remain in place if the inner entrance is near the top of the partition. Nest boxes should be detachable from the pens, and so constructed as to be opened for cleaning. Bedding should not include anything which can injure fur, such as burs or chaff.

## BREEDING:

One male is sufficient for 4 to 6 females. Mating normally occurs in January or February. Clean and replenish the nest for each female prior to the time the young are expected, and do not open it again until the young are able to come out. During this period no noise or other disturbance in the vicinity of the breeding should be permitted. In selecting breeding stock, consider disposition as well as size and fur.

## DISEASES:

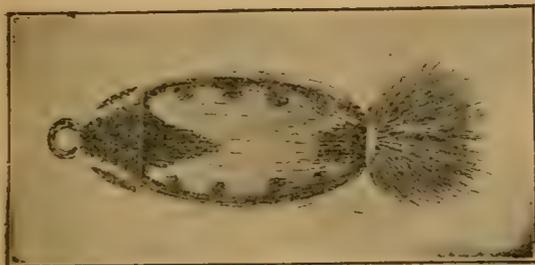
Diseases are easier to avoid than cure. Putrid or otherwise unwholesome food causes indigestion and diarrhoea. The excrement of an animal is an index of its health. It should be firm but not dry. Sick animals should be isolated. Animals suffering from colds or pneumonia should be kept warm in quarters which are dry and well ventilated. Intestinal disorders may usually be corrected by a diet of eggs and fresh beef. Wounds when fresh, should be treated with turpentine. Sores should be washed daily with castile soap in warm water, and treated with hydrogen peroxide. Insect powder dusted into the fur helps to keep down the number of lice and fleas.

## GENERAL:

Be sure to see every animal every day. Examine nests frequently. Keep food and water pans clean. Attend to the animals at the same hour each day. Tame them by remaining in their sight as much as possible, and by inducing them to take food from the hand.

(NOTE:—Dr. Ned Dearborn, of the U.S.

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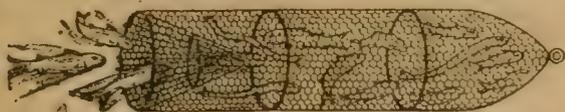
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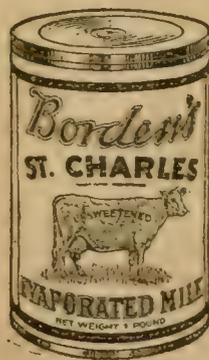


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MONTREAL

Biological Survey, stated at the Wild Life Conference held in Montreal, February, 1920, that it has been found exceedingly difficult

to induce the marten to breed. In captivity apparently the animals will not take sufficient exercise.)

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## Hangin Moose Heads

J. N. J.

That moose head should arrive from the taxidermist about now. Pop will feel all swelled up, as he tells Ma and the kids just how he did it, and shows them the good points of the head. He will want it on the wall at once, and he is liable to break his fool neck, when he shoulders the head, and climbs the rickety old step ladder.

I have a collection of moose and elk heads (too many for a private house) which recalls pleasures of as long ago as 1890, and as recent as the fall of 1920. When I swing up a new head, or rearrange the old ones, I use an equipment which is to be found in almost every home. The readers may be interested.

### Directions.

Set the tang screw or special fastener at the proper height, usually about 30 inches below the ceiling, set an eye screw in the wall near ceiling directly in line with the tang screw. Take a few pulleys off the awnings (you will find them in the attic at this season) and

borrow Ma's clothes line. Now you have the full equipment.

Adjust the tackle and then get Ma or one of the kids to pull the rope, and when the head reaches the proper height, shove it against the tang as intended, and you will find the head is "all set." Remove the tackle, but leave the eye screw. If necessary for greater safety, attach a wire to each horn at the burr, and carry wires through the eye screw, and make fast; tighten the wires by twisting them together, using a large nail for the purpose. The wire will not be noticeable. The moose's muzzle will be nine or ten feet from the floor.

You will now walk across the room, and after looking the job over critically say to friend wife—"I don't altogether like it. It doesn't look natural; that was a very large moose, and in the woods he carried his head some five or six feet higher than that, the ceiling is too low to get the right effect." The job is now completed.

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## Resents the Gun Permit Law

*Editor, Rod And Gun in Canada.*

I wish to write to-day for publication in your magazine, a strong protest against the government's silly law imposed on the Canadian public,—the carrying, as well as possessing of firearms. Of all the laws passed in that have amazed the public, I believe this one is the worst. It is absolute rot, nothing else, and shows what some of our law makers know or care about the masses.

If the government is afraid of outside Bolsheviki, it had better be careful not to make Bolsheviki at home.

Why not issue a badge in each province with a number, and register your applicant? The granting of a license costing a couple of dollars (\$2.00) would be a source of revenue for government and province, 50%-50% basis—and the game warden could easily detect those outside the law. For instance, supposing each applicant had to get a special card (reference as to his character) signed by two people who know him and who have a few

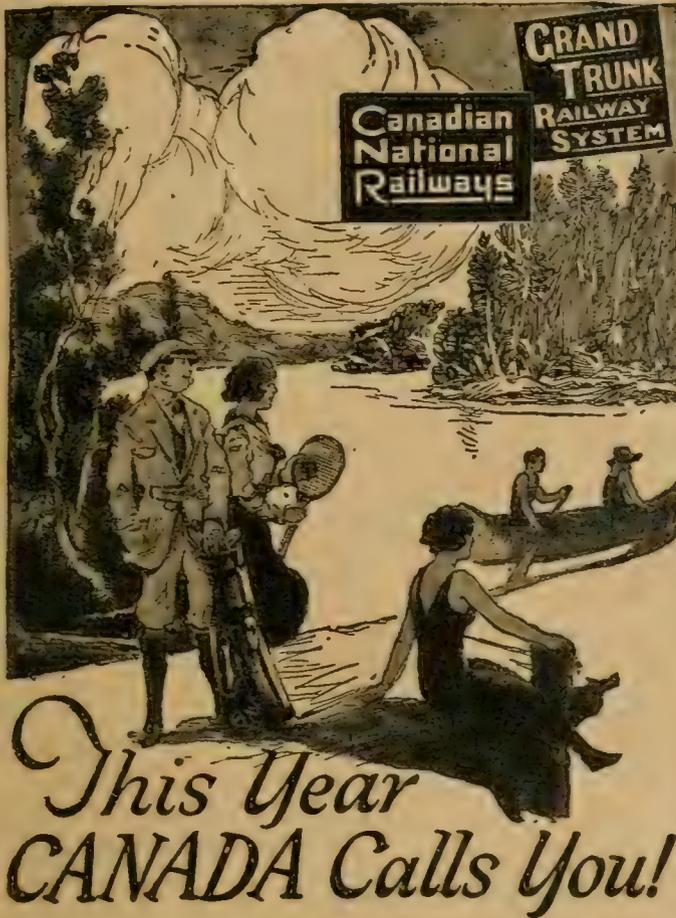
years' good standing in his locality. This would eliminate all others than those eligible from securing a license.

There are a lot of ways of doing business, but only one straight one, the right one. I hope my brother hunters will fall in line with us and help us to secure better treatment with a pound of common sense.

Shawenegan Bay. J. C. Courtney.

## A Novel Dinner

Lou P. Smith, vice-president of the Ithaca Gun Company recently introduced a novelty to his friends in the form of a "fox barbecue." Mr. Smith in addition to being vice-president, of the Ithaca Company is also head of the Board of Commerce of Ithaca, New York and an ardent hunter. On a recent hunt, Mr. Smith and his companion, were successful in bagging two red foxes that totalled in weight about twenty two pounds. The guests were invited to a feed of fox meat and according to all reports thoroughly enjoyed themselves.



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## Cocker Spaniel Crowned the Queen of All Dogdom at the Big New York Dog Show

To the cheers of more than 3,000 enthusiastic persons who surrounded the judging ring at the Westminster Kennel Club's show in Madison Square Garden, Midkiff Seductive, a little black and white female cocker spaniel, was adjudged ruler of all dogdom. She was placed over more than 1,800 dogs which competed for prizes and fame during the three days of the show.

The noted Pekingesee champion, Phantom of Ashcroft, belonging to Elbridge Gerry Snow, was reserve and best of opposite sex.

That both of these dogs went to the top of the ladder to fight it out for stellar honors was a huge surprise to the experts and a majority of the big crowd of spectators. There were hundreds in the crowd, including veteran experts, who were of the opinion that neither of them was as good as any one of half a dozen which had been rejected by the judges. They believed that the bull terrier Champion Haymarket Faultless, from Ottawa, Canada, which won the crown here three years ago; Champion Landsdown Sunflower, the greyhound which has won forty-five ribbons for the best in the show; Blarney Begorra, one of the most typical Irish terriers ever exhibited in this country; the Airedale terrier Champion Doreda Warland Strategy and Winterview Borda Von Der Furstenburg, a shepherd dog, were better than either the winner or the reserve.

Neither Seductive nor Phantom won its honors by the unanimous consent of the judges. There was a disagreement between Charles G. Hopton, the professional expert

of New York, and Norman Swire of Toronto the judges, as to which of these was the better. As a result, Dr. John E. DeMund, the referee was called in to render the final decision. He lingered quite a while in the ring before he made the important award. But after inspecting them minutely for many minutes and putting them through all of their paces, he bestowed the dogdom's crown on Seductive.

When he pointed his finger toward the cocker, denoting her the winner, the old Garden rang out with cheers such as was never before heard at a dog show.

There were fifty-four high class specimens in the coveted special for the best in the show and it was a difficult job to decide which was the best.

Seductive is unquestionably, one of the very best cockers Mr. Payne or any other breeder ever owned. She is a handsome black and white, with a splendid head, nice expression, well set ears, of the proper texture, clean neck, good legs and feet and the merriest moving cocker I have ever seen. When she was put through her paces in the classes of her own breed, and also in the specials, she out-classed all of her opponents.

The judging of the specials for the best in the show was a climax to the most successful exhibition ever held by the famous Westminster Kennel Club. In its forty-five years of existence it never produced anything like this. Although it did not have a record entry, the quality of the dogs was superior to that of other years, the number of exhibitors was larger and the crowd that turned out to pay

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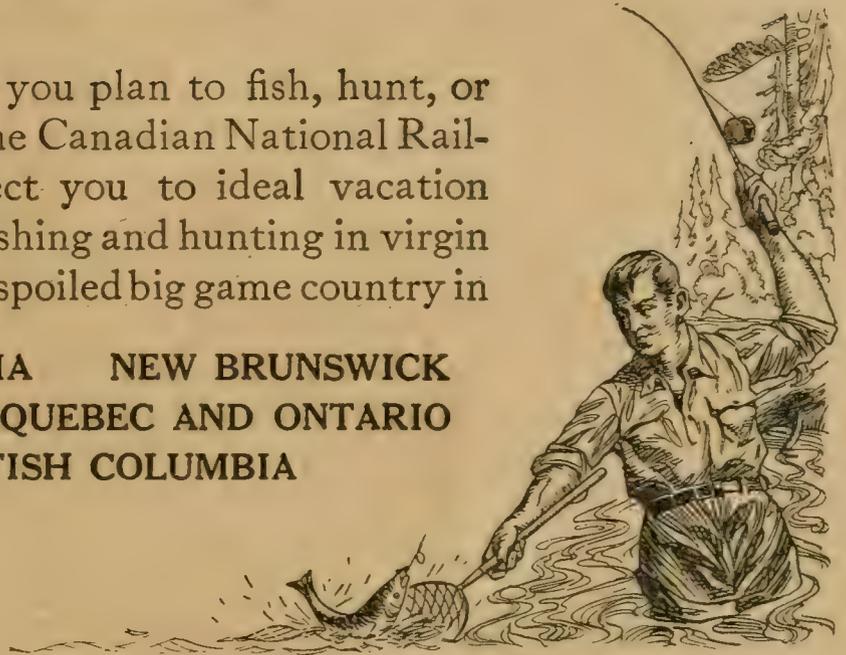
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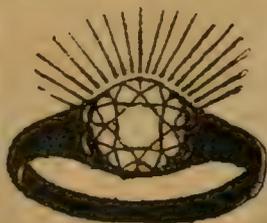
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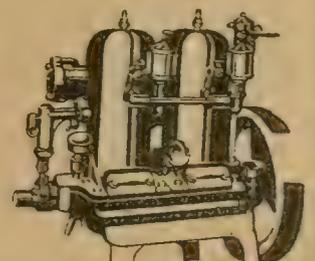


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homage to the dog broke all records. From the time the doors were opened on Thursday morning until the last special was decided Saturday night the big arena was jammed with lovers of the faithful animal.

#### 10,000 Persons in Garden.

While the gathering on Thursday and Friday was extremely large it was small in comparison to that which turned out Saturday. All day long the building was jammed to overflowing. It was estimated that more than 10,000 persons visited the Garden at the three sessions during the day.

The show opened Saturday with the judging of the variety classes. After Seductive had been declared the best American bred, May Morn Weather and her kennel mate, Cloverly Weather, old English sheep dogs, had taken the honors for the best team and Phantom of Ashcroft has beaten ten champions in the open to all classes, the special for the best in the show was called.

#### Fifty-four Dogs in Ring.

As the fifty-four dogs representing forty-seven breeds were being led into the ring there was a wild scramble by the throng to get advantageous positions near the ring. They crowded around the enclosure twenty deep, and hundreds of others scampered to the galleries to get a look at the proceedings.

Mr. Hopton and Mr. Swire lost no time in getting down to business. They ordered the competitors through their paces and after scrutinizing them in action, eliminated almost half of them in a jiffy. The others they brought to the judging platform and began making comparisons of their good points. In this first close up inspection which lasted only a few minutes, another batch were eliminated.

Then the real test began, for only eight of the most fit remained. These were the Irish terrier Blarney Begorra, the old English sheep-dog Cloverly Weather, the bull terrier Haymarket Faultless, the Airedale terrier Warland Strategy, the shepherd dog Winterview Boda von der Fursternburg, the greyhound Landsdown Sunflower and Seductive and Phantom.

The next inspection was longer and more thorough. When Haymarket Faultless was placed on the platform this time, the applause that greeted him was tremendous. He was in splendid condition. His white coat glistened, his small keen eyes sparkled, and his muscles stood out like whipeords under the rays of the powerful electric lights. He was the ideal type of the gladiator he represents. But to the surprise and chagrin of the spectators

the judges saw him otherwise. They examined him from muzzle to tip of tail and then ordered him out of the ring. This surprising decision brought condemnation on the judges and they were hissed and jeered at as loudly and long as the dog had been cheered a few minutes previously.

#### Sunflower Follows Faultless.

Landsdown Sunflower, the queen of all grey hounds, was the next to take the throne for final inspection. She too was applauded as she took her position for examination. But, like Faultless, she was ordered out.

Then came the Irishman Begorra. He, stepped to the platform in a daredevil manner as much as to say, "I'm here, look me over." They did, and the judges quickly ordered him out. But why he was eliminated so soon we cannot understand. He was in tiptop form and looked able to battle for a kingdom. Then Winterview Boda von De Fursternburg, the typical shepherd dog, which had won a grand championship in Germany, and the Airedale terrier Warland Strategy, which had defeated the best lot of Airedales ever gathered together, were given the gate.

With their elimination the interest of the spectators became more tense. Only the Peke and Cocker remained, and neither of them was a favorite. But the thousands liked the cocker the better and after they had seen her go through some lively paces up and down the ring they began to realize that she was a worthy aspirant for the great honor. And they showed their appreciation of her by liberal applause.

Phantom of Ashcroft was put through some more paces, but the throng did not take kindly to him. They seemed to resent that earlier in the day he had been placed over the grandest lot of fox terriers ever got together, and they remained passive and silent.

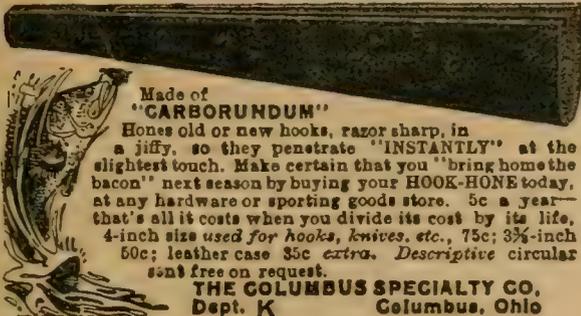
This was unfair to one of the greatest little toy dogs that ever lived, and it was pity that the crowd did not appreciate him.

When the pair were placed on the platform there came the first disagreement between the two judges, Mr. Swire preferred the Cocker, while Mr. Hopton insisted that the Peke was the better. The judges discussed the good and bad points of each several times. But each was obdurate and neither would give in.

Then came the call for Dr. Demund, and a round of applause that fairly shook the building. More cheers greeted the referee as he entered the ring.

He looked the pair of dogs over for a few minutes, and to the surprise of every one

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present consulted the two judges. He asked them why they had formed their opinions, and after hearing them went back to the platform and started the final inspection. To the delight of almost all present he crowned the Cocker queen of all.

It was the first time in the history of the Westminster show that a Cocker spaniel won highest honors.—*The New York Herald*.

Canadians should be pleased that a cocker spaniel was awarded the premier honor at this year's big New York show for as a breed, the cocker received its start to popularity here in Canada. At different times during the past thirty years Canadian cockers have swept all before them at leading American shows, so that much Canadian-cocker blood has found its way into U. S. kennels.

As far back as 1881, George MacDougal of Toronto showed a nice lot of spaniels at the New York show. This entry was of such high class, showing much more character than the U. S. entry that interest in the breed from then on, was aroused with the result that the following year the American spaniel club was formed. This has been one of the strongest canine specialty clubs in America. For some several years back there has been more interest and money spent on the breeding of cocker spaniels than any other breed. In fact so strong did this club become that it grew exclusive and autocratic dictating who the judges should be and in other ways squeezing out many of the best and independent breeders. A few years after the formation of this club, Messrs. Pitcher and Willey of New Hampshire, also George W. Leavitt of Boston, the trotting horse man, imported some of the Obo black strain cockers from England which started the breed right in the U. S. While thus the cockers were getting their start in the States there were in those years, the eighties and early nineties, plenty in Canada that ranked high especially in other than black variety. Some of the prominent Canadians of that time were Chas. M. Nellis, Brantford, James Luckwell, Andrew Laidlaw, George Bell, Toronto and the renowned George Douglas of Woodstock, the greatest breeder of them all. Mr. Nellis had that good dog "Brant," which when coming into the hands of Mr. Douglas was the leading winner of the day and the star of the Obo strain. Mr. Nellis also had Brantford Red Jacket, a winner of the open in the New York show. Mr. Bell had Fascination, another

big Canadian winner that sired for Mr. Laidlaw's Baby Ruth. This bitch with the brilliant career was shown by Mr. Laidlaw in New York, in 1895, and was one of the great galaxy of stars sent down from Canada, including the great Black Duke who came to his own on this occasion with first in the challenge class. Duke was one of Mr. Douglas' winning team and won the cup for best spaniel any breed, and special for best sire of cockers. Other winning Canadian dogs were Red Roland first in other than black or liver; Bell Boy second in open black dogs; Woodland princess, second to Baby Ruth in open bitches black; Rideau Queen third in same class; Red Robin and Derby, first and second in open, red or liver dogs, third going to the Canadian bred but New York owned Cardinal; Fanny and Red Beauty first and second in red or liver bitches; Woodland Bessie second open any other color; Bell Boy Red Robin first and second dog puppies.

At that show 1895, Mr. Payne, owner of the 1921 winner was successful in what he subsequently made his specialty, the parti-colors winning with Tonita. The strong lead held by the Canadians in those days roused the United States breeders, many wealthy fanciers being attracted to the spaniel, buying up the best blood with the result that from then on there was a splitting up of the prizes with the Americans getting a share of the honors. Some years later, about 1916, Mr. Bloodgood, a wealthy and leading United States fancier paid Lance Farewell of Toronto some \$3000.00 for one of his cockers. Mr. Douglas, however, still produced winners. In 1897 he brought out Black Duke's son Premier with which he captured first in the open at New York in 1898. He also won with Ono in the junior class from that dog's sire Omo. Mr. Payne was now showing that beautiful little particolor Blue Bells 11 which set the standard as to what the workings of a black and white particolor should be.

As an instance of what good dogs the late George Douglas had, we will say that his champion Black Duke was much the same cut of a dog as this year's winner Midkiff Seductive. Black Duke had substance with freedom of movement and "liberty," good head, ears well hung, neck of good length, well proportioned, body with good legs and feet. Many of the cockers of those days were too long in body and with short and crooked legs derived I presume from an early crop with the field spaniel. Others again were bred down too

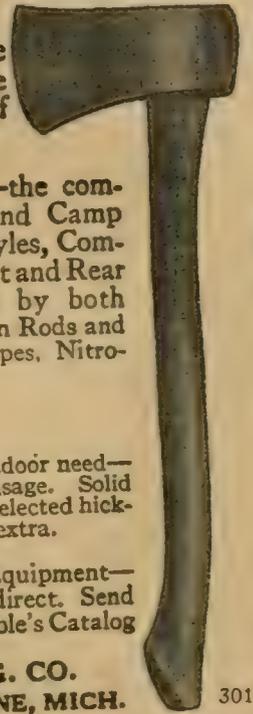


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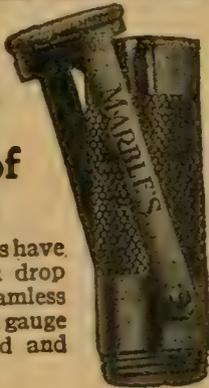


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small, no substance or soundness, being mere house pets. This is even so to-day.

The cocker spaniel is naturally one of our greatest hunting dogs but it is to be regretted that most of the thoroughbred and show specimens of this breed as well as in other hunting breeds, airedales for instance, are never hunted.

We cannot help but see that in the failure to put such dogs in their natural work such breeds will eventually lose that soundness stamina and keenness which is their distinguishing characteristic. Small cockers and long body, bandy legged cockers are not built on lines to fit them for putting up birds in brush and wooded country up hill and down dale. For this reason I have always stood for the dog with good legs. A year or so ago while talking to some Toronto fanciers on the matter of judging, I told them that no matter what bench show awards their dogs had obtained I could not stand for a long bodied or short legged cocker. Another fad in cockers has been the profuse feathering; why a dog who has to work through the sort of country a cocker has, should be encumbered or entangled with a lot of long hair on his legs is beyond my understanding. The cocker makes an all round hunting dog. While pre-eminently a partridge or grouse dog, he will, when put to it, run rabbits or even deer. To-day in the cities when one is going on a partridge hunting trip one of the most necessary and hardest things to obtain is a good dog. What few breeders there are here in Ontario of real working cocker and water spaniels are generally always sold out. They cannot keep up with the demand. All praise then to those who can breed pure blooded dogs that can win both on the bench and in the field. This makes the real dog.

Such a person is Mr. Baldwin of Ottawa, who again took winners this year at New York with his foxhound Hefwin. He is now a champion bench and field trial dog.

In spaniels there is Robert Smith of Port Hope. He sent his springer spaniel Beechgrove Duke to New York this year and won, and Duke would much rather be out holding a partridge or retrieving a wounded duck.

Springers are the sort of spaniels for this country, while perhaps not as "merry" for partridge as the cocker; yet for both partridge and duck they are the dog, they have the power. They are a larger brother to the cocker.

In airedales we must mention, Mr. Bates of Metagama, as one who believes that the thoroughbred should be also a worker and is confining the best of these two requirements up in that country. However, where there is plenty of meat, Mr. Bates, should not allow his dogs to overfeed or he will have difficulty in keeping them down to size. Airedales are spoken of as the "biggest and best" of terriers but when they go over fifty pounds they lose that hardness and snap of the real terrier.

In conclusion, I will again say that by crowning a cocker spaniel Queen of Dogdom for 1921, in America the Canadian cocker breeders may well be pleased and look again to the days 20 and 30 years ago when the Canadian cockers started the fancy.

Three of the old time fanciers who are still going are Joe Hill of Woodstock and Toronto, Lance Farewell of Toronto and Andy Armstrong of Ottawa who has exchanged dogs with Mr. Payne. These three are judges and authorities on spaniels. Other prominent breeders in Canada to-day are Mr. Moore of Vancouver who has won all across Canada as well as in New York. F. J. McGourson is also another prominent breeder of Vancouver. In Ontario we have Mr. Lewis, Mr. Bowerbank, Mr. Falconer and Mrs. Worthy of Toronto; Mr. Living, keeping "Andy" company in Ottawa; Mr. Jackson of Hamilton; and Mr. Crozier and Mrs. Kittermaster up near Orillia; Mrs. Enright of Montreal has been to the fore of late in Canadian shows. May we see more cockers of the type of ch. Black Duke and Midkiff Seductive, not too long and beefy in back and standing on useful legs.

NOTE:—Canadian breeders of real sporting spaniels will find that they can sell all they can raise by advertising in *Rod and Gun* all over Canada and even to the States. I have even had enquiries from Dawson city.

George Goodwin.

## Distemper in Dogs

DR. J. A. ALLEN, Dominion Animal Pathologist

Canine distemper is a communicable disease usually, but not always, confined to young dogs. While it is the consensus of

qualified opinion that the disease is caused by a germ, there is a dispute as to whether the specific germ has been actually discovered.

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We furnish Knock-Down and in various stages of completion

**Launches  
Cruisers  
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Yachts**

**Work - Boats**  
and Hulls for  
Outboard Motors



Have ready for shipment finished hulls from 16 ft. to 28 ft., also some launches complete with engine installed ready to run.



**Robertson Bros.** Foot of Bay St. **Hamilton**

There are several different forms of the disease which means the infection either manifests itself in different organs of the body or that we are dealing with entirely different diseases which have not yet been differentiated. There is more evidence for the former than for the latter contention, as sometimes all the organs are affected simultaneously in distemper.

The secretions coming from the affected animals harbour the specific virus, and these are the usual vehicles of infection. Young dogs coming in contact with these secretions are very apt to develop the disease, since at that time their resistance is low as a result of the physiological functions of growth, teething, etc.

There is some evidence that the high mortality among distempered dogs is due not only to the presence of the specific germ, but also to other germs that are found in the animals mouth in health; that is to say, the causative germ opens the door for the other fellows who do not know the combination. This results in a mixed infection, and the large number of deaths are attributed to the entrance of germs that cannot ordinarily produce disease. Death results, then, in a type of blood poisoning.

As a result of this last observation concerning mixed infection a vaccine has been prepared for dog distemper. Now a vaccine is nothing more or less than a suspension of

the dead germs that are usually found in the diseased animal. When these germs are dead they cannot, of course, multiply in the body, and therefore they cannot produce the disease when injected. But although dead, they can stimulate the body to produce a substance that is capable of neutralizing the action of similar bacteria if at some subsequent time they gain entrance to the body.

Distemper is a disease in which preventive measures give more encouraging results than curative treatment. There is no specific medicinal treatment for distemper. One can only treat the symptoms as they occur, and it takes an experienced professional man to do this. Your correspondent suggests the application of a blister to the throat. This would be rather heroic treatment. Warm blankets applied around the chest with spirits of camphour would be a much more rational practice in cases where the bronchial apparatus is involved. In treating distemper, attention should be directed to keeping up the strength of the animal with stimulants and tempting food.

In controlling distemper, the kennels should be frequently cleansed and disinfected. If a pup is found ill he should be immediately isolated, and vaccination of all pups after weaning should be undertaken. In our experience vaccination is worthless after the animal has become infected. Canine distemper vaccine can be secured through any qualified veterinary surgeon.

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## The New Headquarters for Fishing Tackle

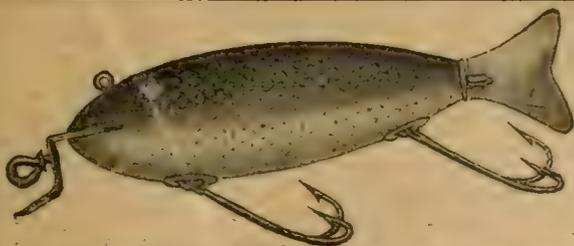
Anglers throughout Canada will be interested to know that Canadian Fishing Tackle Headquarters—Allcock, Laight & Westwood Company Limited, home of the famous "Stag" and "Beaver" brands of tackle—have been moved from the old location at 78 Bay Street, Toronto, to larger and more commodious premises at 70 King Street West. Here new fixtures, show cases and counters have been arranged, and the largest and most complete stock of fishing tackle in Canada is now assembled.

The business of the famous firm is a very old one in Canada and a still older one in England, having been founded at Redditch in the year 1800. A Canadian branch was established in Toronto 60 years ago, the shop and warehouse for the last 40 years being located on Bay Street. Here Mr. Benjamin Westwood became personally acquainted with many of the most enthusiastic anglers in

Canada, as well as hosts of visiting anglers from Great Britain and the United States.

Mr. Westwood has retired from active business of late years, but the old traditions of the firm which led fishermen to rely upon its counsel and advice in buying tackle have been faithfully preserved. Mr. John Mossop and Mr. J. B. Kennedy, who are now in charge, have grown up in the business. They know angling conditions of every district in Canada, and the tackle required for every angling purpose.

Allcock, Laight & Westwood have always aimed to be for anglers "guides, counsellors and friends" as well as the merchants who supplied them with the tackle they needed. Messrs. Mossop and Kennedy are anglers themselves, and know the more famous fishing waters from one end of Canada to the other. They are competent authorities upon whom anglers may rely to recommend the tackle needed in the district where the fishing is to be done.



### New DeLuxe Wag Tail Chub

A Nature Lure which apparently swims with its tail. The last word in the making of artificial baits. Nothing like it on the market.

Looks like a live Minnow, swims like one and is a real fish getter. Scale finish, body 2 3/4 in. long, weight 1/2 oz., Nickel Plated Tail (Patent pending).

Convertible, an excellent surface, near surface or deep bait. Guaranteed satisfactory in every respect or money refunded. Price \$1.10.

**CATCHES MORE FISH**—"Jan. 18, 1921. Please send me two Wag Tail baits, Natural Perch finish. Mr. J. F. Hill caught 8 beautiful large mouth bass last Saturday using this bait. He tried other baits but could not even get a strike. D. W. Breazleah, Natchitoches, La."

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**HUDSON BAY THE BLACK EAGLE**, a grand hunting son of the great international Champion Kootenai Chinook, and out of Canada's undefeated, prize-winning and champion-bred producing dam

Bothwell Peggy.

And

**HUDSON BAY KING NOBBLER**, a full blood hunting son of the world-famed Imported, English International Champion, Abbey King Nobbler, and out of Canada's largest, true, type (bar weight) prize-winning and champion-bred producing dam, Preparedness.

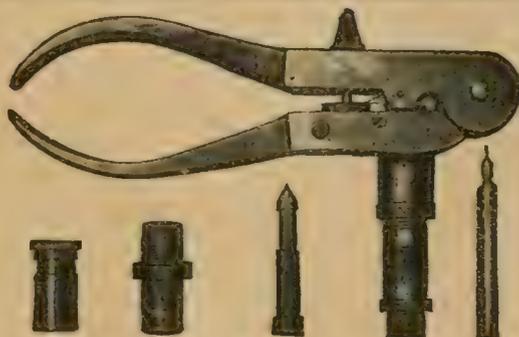
This grand pair of hunting airedales are at stud in Canada.

This is a grand opportunity for owners of good airedale dams to improve their stock. These sires are in a class by themselves. They were hunted all through their pre-natal stage on big and small game. They are young, vigorous and red blooded. Fee \$25.00. Express prepaid to

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A. T. C. C., A. B. A. A.

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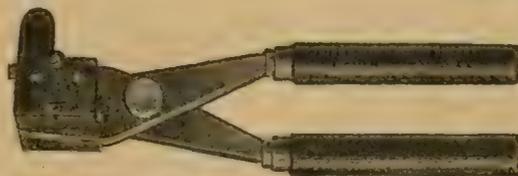


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**THE PARSONS & PARSONS CANADIAN CO.** . . . . **HAMILTON, CANADA**



**Tournament Dates for 1921.**

Hamilton Gun Club—Hamilton—Good Friday.  
 Manor Gun Club—Clarkson—May 24th.  
 Grand International—St. Thomas—June 6, 7, 9.  
 Bob White Gun Club—Niagara Falls—June 18.  
 Canadian Indians—Niagara-on-the-Lake—June 30,  
 July 1, 2.  
 Alberta—Calgary—July 1, 2.  
 Eastern Canada Championships—Montreal—July  
 11, 12, 13.

**THE NEW HANDICAP SYSTEM.**

Handicapping by distance, and the classification of all trap-shooters, will be based this year on a man's ability to break 16-yard targets. In other words, a man handicaps himself—allots to himself the mark he shall stand at in all handicaps. This is all very plainly set forth in the 1921 Registered Trapshooting booklet.

The system will naturally enough be a fruitful topic of discussion where two or more trapshooters get together. It may, and probably will, come in for some severe criticism at first, like any radical change is subjected to before it is thoroughly understood, and its working has shown its benefits.

Space is too valuable to devote much of it to a dissertation upon a matter which is so capably explained in the booklet above mentioned, but a few words to emphasize a point or two seem advisable. In the first place it must be clearly understood that, while the A. T. A. requires clubs to send in complete data on all handicap events shot at Registered Tournaments and at Registered Club Shoots, in fact, on all Registered Targets shot at, the handicap data is for record only and is not considered when distance handicaps are awarded, these being based on 16-yard targets only.

Such being the case, we know very well that a man's first thought will be: "I can break 'em all right at 16 yards, but put me back and I won't stand a show on earth." How does he know that? Probably he is basing his thought on what he has done in the occasional handicap he has taken part in during the past year or two. If he will just think a moment he will remember that he went into those events with practically no preliminary practice. The question as to the amount a man has to lead a quartering target from the back marks had to be solved while in competition, and during that process some valuable targets have got away and a chance of finishing near the top has been also lost.

The new rule will, we believe, cause gun club managements to schedule regular practice events at distance handicap, basing the handicaps allotted according to the A. T. A. ruling. With practice, the old bugaboo of those three, four or more yards back of the 16-yard mark will soon begin to lose its menace.

**ST. HUBERT GUN CLUB.**

Twenty shooters enjoyed another fine program Saturday afternoon, February 19th, at the New Orchard Beach traps. S. E. Sangster had the high gun honors with a card of 46 breaks on the 50 birds. The competition for the club spoon had to be carried over to next Saturday, a breakdown of the trap causing a delay which made it too late to break the tie. S. E. Sangster and T. Baird had totals of 44, with handicaps off for spoons won. Sel. Sangster registered his second win on the E. Bedard Deer-Head trophy, 46 with two birds off.

The event spoons were won with keen competition by Jos. Dionne, No. 2 fell to Tom Baird, Sel. Sangster captured the third, No. 4 was gathered in by Norman Brownlee, while spoon five was taken care of by President Corby after a shoot-off with O. T. Ring.

The team shoot proved another exciting affair, ending in a tie and was decided in a shoot-off by the two team captains in favor of the president's team. Several visitors were present and a few took part in the program, John McRae, of Saskatoon, putting on some

good scores, as did Mr. Easton for the first attempt at the traps.

**Five events at 10 targets:**

S. E. Sangster.....	8	8	10	10	10	46
T. Baird.....	9	9	8	9	10	45
N. Brownlee.....	10	6	9	10	9	44
Jos. Dionne.....	10	8	5	9	10	42
H. I. Barber.....	9	8	8	8	9	42
W. D. Monk.....	9	8	9	9	7	42
W. J. Corby.....	9	8	7	7	10	45
E. L. Fuller.....	7	9	7	8	8	39
S. Easton.....	7	7	7	9	9	39
John McRae.....	7	7	7	9	8	38
F. W. Runge.....	8	6	5	9	8	36
Geo. Easdale.....	7	7	6	7	8	35
W. A. Johnston.....	8	4	7	6	8	33
P. Watters.....	6	5	7	6	9	33
A. B. Wickware.....	7	4	6	8	7	32
H. Merrill.....	7	5	8	7	5	32
O. T. Ring.....	4	5	5	7	10	31
H. Rogers.....	4	6	6	3	6	25
S. Hebert.....	4	2	2	3	2	13
F. Morris (pro).....	9	8	10	.....	.....	27

**Shoot-off for spoon, event No. 5, and team race:**

Corby.....	9	Easdale.....	5
Ring.....	7		

**Team race:**

President's Team	Vice-President's Team
Corby.....	Easdale.....
Brownlee.....	Baird.....
Barber.....	Dionne...
Sangster.....	Johnston.....
Merrill.....	Monk.....
Runge.....	Fuller.....
Watters.....	Easton.....
Wickware.....	Ring.....

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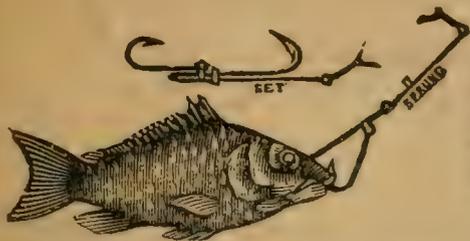
S. E. Sangster won the shoot-off of the tie for the high gun spoon against Tom Baird by a majority of 2 Birds in the first 25 targets shot at.

**ST. HUBERT'S GUN CLUB.**

N. Brownlees carried off the high gun honors and the spoon that goes with it, Saturday afternoon, February 26th, at the New Orchard Beach traps. Norman was shooting in rare form, breaking 48 out of 50 and made a straight run of 45 after missing the first target shot at. With two birds off the second notch on the E. Bedard Deerhead Trophy was added to his list of prizes. The shoot for the spoon in event one was a treat, E. L. Fuller dropped a target in the fourth event giving the prize to the high gunner who made a straight. It was a hard race to lose as "Doc" Fuller was runner-up for the top score with 47 out of 50. However, as a result of his good shooting the spoon was placed to his credit. Fred Runge won the spoon in the third frame after a couple of shoot-offs with H. I. Barber. Several shooters tied with scores of 8 in the fourth round, S. E. Sangster winning out in the shoot-off.

Tom Baird carried off the silverware in the last stanza with a score of eight, while the other shooters who had not won a spoon, were asleep at the switch. Only half of the shooters made scores worth mentioning, the raw wind and dull light evidently affecting the last seven or eight who had hard work to keep out of the cellar position. H. G. Roger may feel proud of his total as it was only his second time facing the traps. The attendance was below the average but a couple who have been absent for some time put on good scores, chief of these being, J. R. Booth, Jr., who put on a good card of 41. Capt. Kinard a guest of the club, tried a few cracks at the targets, making fairly good scores under the handicap of a strange gun. He promised to return in the near future as he is a good shot and enthusiastic over the game.

In an extra event at 25 yellow bands, H. I. Barber showed his superiority over four other crack shots turning in a card of 22. The squad was held up during this event by a flock of ducks passing overhead, flying



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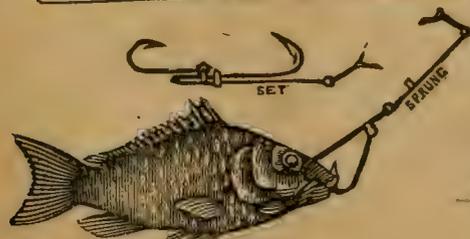
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A marvellous tonic for dogs that are all out of sorts, run down, thin and unthrifty with harsh staring coat, materated eyes and high colored urine. There is nothing to equal them for distemper mange, eczema and debilitating diseases. You will notice the difference after a few doses. At druggists, or by mail, fifty cents.

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**THE GREER MFG. CO. - - 70 Currier St., Atlanta, Ga.**

We will leave it to ROD AND GUN to be the judges and pay the money to the winner May 10th.

north. It has been a trapshooters' winter all along and the opinion was that this was a good sign that fair weather would continue for the rest of the season.

In anticipation of good weather a series of attractions for March has been arranged and will be announced later.

Detail of scores:

Five Events at 10 Birds.

N. Brownlee.....	9	10	10	10	9	48
E. L. Fuller.....	9	10	10	9	9	47
S. E. Sangster.....	8	10	8	8	10	44
F. W. Runge.....	8	8	9	8	8	41
J. R. Booth.....	8	10	8	8	7	41
H. I. Barber.....	8	8	9	8	7	40
J. McRae.....	7	8	8	7	9	39
T. Baird.....	9	8	5	7	8	37
W. D. Monk.....	8	8	7	4	7	34
Geo. Easdale.....	8	8	8	5	4	33
H. Merrill.....	8	6	9	6	3	32
O. T. Ring.....	5	7	7	5	6	30
S. Hebert.....	6	6	5	7	5	29
W. Skillen.....	5	7	6	6	5	29
H. G. Roger.....	4	5	6	4	4	23

Team Race.

Brownlee, capt.....	48	Fuller, capt.....	47
Sangster.....	44	Baird.....	37
Barber.....	40	Runge.....	41
Easdale.....	33	Monk.....	34
Booth.....	41	McRae.....	39
Merrill.....	32	Ring.....	30
Skillen.....	29	Hebert.....	29

Total..... 267 Total..... 257  
Majority, 10 birds.

Extra Event at 25 Yellow Bands.

Barber, 22; Sangster, 21; Baird, 20; Brownlee, 20; McRae, 18.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

The regular shoot of the Hamilton Gun club was run off at the local traps on Saturday afternoon when over 30 members were present. The main interest was taken in the third event of the Klein & Binkley handicap, and while the leader, W. Barnes, still retained his lead, the distance was cut down one bird by M. E. Fletcher. Barnes got 23 for this event giving him a total of 71, while M. E. Fletcher got 24 for a total of 70. M. E. Goodale, H. Kretschman and C. Bailey were tied at the end of the second event, and by putting on the tidy score of 24, all jumped into a tie for third place with 68. J. F. Gray, a B. class shooter, is next in line with 67.

C. Bailey now holds the long run honor by putting on a run of 35 without a miss, this score beating of W. Barnes by 2 birds. C. Bailey seems to be rounding into form now and big things can be looked for from him before the race is over.

M. E. Goodale and M. E. Fletcher tied for high average on the afternoon's shooting with 48 out of 50, and W. Barnes was next with 84 out of 100. J. Hunter also had the good score of 46 out of 50, and E. H. Sturt, 69 out of 75. Kretschman, Goodale, Bailey, Sturt and M. E. Fletcher all tied in A. class for the spoon with 24, but in the shoot off, Sturt won out with another 24. J. F. Gray and W. W. Livingstone also tied in B class with 22, but on the toss, the spoon went to Gray, R. Dodds was the lucky one in C class, winning the spoon with 21. The scores follow:

	Shot	at.	Broke
H. Kretschman.....	100	82	
W. Barnes.....	100	94	
G. Stroud.....	100	83	
H. Lennox.....	100	89	
E. Harris.....	75	45	
A. Parmenter.....	50	48	
D. A. Konkle.....	50	41	
J. Smith.....	50	42	
C. Stout.....	50	40	
M. E. Goodale.....	50	48	
A. Bates.....	50	43	
M. E. Fletcher.....	50	48	
N. Long.....	75	66	
C. Bailey.....	50	41	
H. L. Smith.....	50	36	
H. Fletcher.....	75	62	
J. Griffiths.....	50	39	
C. Smith.....	50	30	
A. Von Gunten.....	100	81	
R. Dodds.....	50	40	
A. Glover.....	50	36	
I. Hunter.....	50	46	
J. Moyer.....	50	30	
J. F. Gray.....	50	42	
N. S. Braden.....	50	40	
C. Lemon.....	50	25	

G. Brown.....	50	38
T. Gardiner.....	50	44
E. Sturt.....	75	69
J. Jones.....	75	56
W. W. Livingstone.....	50	43
Re. Greene.....	50	35
A. Smyth.....	25	17

Trapshooting in a Blizzard.

Jordan Station, Feb. 28.—The regular bi-monthly shoot of the Jordan gun club was held in a howling blizzard on Saturday, and it speaks highly of the enthusiasm, which trapshooters show in the sport when they shoot under such bad weather conditions. Several members of the Garden city gun club, headed by the irrepressible Bill Jones motored out, and after bucking several big snow drifts arrived in time to enjoy the afternoon's "sport." The prizes were won by Mr. McGlashan, H. W. Hunsberry, Mr. Killally and Bill Jones. A beautiful gold pen knife, suitably engraved was donated by Bill Jones to go to the shooter breaking five (5) birds, loading and unloading, after each shot in the quickest time by the watch and was won by H. W. Hunsberry with five straight breaks in 30 seconds.

Those shooting and their scores follow:—

Names	Shot at	Broke
H. W. Hunsberry.....	40	32
J. Troup.....	40	32
M. Honsberger.....	40	31
D. McGlashan.....	40	31
D. Troup.....	40	30
F. Church.....	40	30
A. H. Killally.....	35	26
C. Martin.....	35	25
Don Troup.....	35	23
J. Spence.....	35	21
J. High.....	35	20
W. F. Jones.....	30	20
Albright.....	30	18
P. Wismer.....	25	19

GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

The Garden City gun club, St. Catharines, held their regular shoot at their grounds on Saturday afternoon, with the largest crowd in attendance, this season. A number of the Jordan Gun Club were present and W. H. Hunsberry tied with F. Church of St. Catharines in the 25 bird event. Following is the 25-bird event.

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Hunsberry.....	25	24
F. Church.....	25	24
M. Honsberger.....	25	22
C. Forbes.....	25	22
E. White.....	25	19
W. Jones.....	25	14
A. K. Wismer.....	25	14
P. May.....	25	13
W. Partington.....	25	13
A. McGlashan.....	25	12

In the regular events, 32 shooters did their best to break the wary black birds, and some very good scores were made, their being over 1,600 birds thrown. Following are the scores:

	Shot at	Broke.
W. Jones.....	105	58
M. Honsberger.....	95	77
A. McGlashan.....	95	5
W. H. Hunsberry.....	85	79
F. Church.....	85	69
E. White.....	75	64
A. K. Wismer.....	75	44
A. McGhie.....	60	53
D. Troup.....	60	51
W. Elliott.....	50	43
T. Jencks.....	50	42
J. Spence.....	50	30
R. Partington.....	50	37
H. Clatterbuck.....	50	31
W. Nickerson.....	50	32
A. Welstead.....	50	32
C. Forbes.....	50	33
D. Fraser.....	50	28
W. Reed.....	50	28
A. Notman.....	50	28
A. High.....	50	28
F. Gayder.....	50	28
A. H. Killally.....	30	22
T. Saunders.....	30	18
P. May.....	25	18
W. Partington.....	25	18
P. Clatterbuck.....	20	13
F. Forbes.....	20	12



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## THE RAT SEASON WILL SOON BE HERE AND FUR IS GOING UP

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Light enough to be carried on one's shoulder leaving the other hand free for gun or traps and at the same time having the greatest carrying carrying of any canoe on earth for their weight and size.

**THE LAKEFIELD CANOE AND BOAT CO., LIMITED**

Builders of high class canoes and boats for every known purpose.

LAKEFIELD

ONTARIO

CANADA

W. Sifton.....	20	9
C. Morrison.....	10	6
R. May.....	10	6

J. Dewey.....	40	17
C. Clatterbuck.....	20	15
A. Christopher.....	20	15
A. Armbrust.....	10	6

#### BEAMSVILLE GUN CLUB.

Thursday afternoon, March 3, the newly organized Beamsville Gun Club held their second shoot. The scores were:—

	Shot	at Broke
A. Schnick.....	50	48
D. H. Konkle.....	50	46
W. Hunsberry.....	75	68
T. W. Woodland.....	50	45
G. Tufford.....	25	20
Dick Glover.....	25	19
R. J. Montgomery.....	75	60
Wm. Sinclair.....	15	9
C. H. Prudhomme.....	40	24
D. Lane.....	50	32
E. Culp.....	50	31
S. Hodges.....	20	14
P. Hodges.....	10	7
H. Boughner.....	35	23
Doc Smale.....	25	14
H. Reid.....	25	17
Mrs. Montgomery.....	15	7
H. Tufford.....	35	17
A. House.....	25	11
S. H. Shields.....	25	8
W. D. Culp.....	10	2
E. Sanns.....	25	6

#### GARDEN CITY GUN CLUB.

The Garden City Gun Club held their regular shoot on Saturday afternoon, March 5, with a good attendance of shooters. Considering the weather some very good scores were made. The four special prizes being won by:—First, A. McGhie; second H. W. Hunsberry, third, Will Jones; fourth, M. Honsberger.

Following are the scores:

	Shot	at Broke
H. W. Hunsberry.....	75	66
T. Jenckes.....	70	61
M. Honsberger.....	70	52
A. K. Wismer.....	70	44
J. Partington.....	70	43
Geo. Clatterbuck.....	70	57
J. Troup.....	70	58
T. Forbes.....	70	42
A. McGhie.....	60	53
W. Jones.....	60	43
H. Clatterbuck.....	60	41
H. Killaly.....	60	38
A. McGlashan.....	60	27
D. Troup.....	60	42
E. White.....	60	47
W. Partington.....	50	31
Don Troup.....	50	28
J. Evans.....	50	22
A. Notman.....	50	31

#### ST. HUBERT GUN CLUB.

Joe Dionne was the big gun Saturday afternoon, March 5, at the New Orchard Beach traps. Joe pulled down all the prizes on the class "A" list. The club spoon for the high gun on the 50 targets fell to his gun with a total of 47. N. Brownlee had a handicap of two. A special prize for top score was donated by Frank Bedard and Joe. Dionne and Norman Brownlee fought it out in two extra events, the spoon winner coming out ahead by two birds on the 25. The spoon for the 1st event also was taken care of by the big noise. The only thing he shared was the high gun honors with N. Brownlee, each having 47 out of 50 a good showing in view of somewhat adverse weather conditions, an east wind and a tricky light.

The spoon for the class B shooters was won Horace Merrill. The popular ex-hockey player put a good score of 30 on the 50 birds. Sammy Hebert and H. G. Roger were right behind with scores of 27. A spoon for high gun and special prizes for beginners will be placed on the program each week-end.

Tom Baird made a run of 41 straight, incidentally copping spoon two with 15 in a row. The field captain wasted five birds as sighters in the first event before he got going and then got all the rest on the 50 bird race. A score of 10 straight was good for spoon three in favor of N. Brownlee. S. E. Sangster won spoon four after a shoot-off with Fred Runge, with scores of 13 and 15. Instead of 5 events at 10 targets, the program read two events at ten targets and two at 15 divided as shown in detail of scores following:

	Targets	10	15	10	15	Tl
Jos. Dionne.....	10	14	9	14	—	47
N. Brownlee.....	10	13	10	14	—	47
T. Baird.....	5	15	10	15	—	45
E. L. Fuller.....	10	13	8	12	—	43
J. R. Booth, Jr.....	9	12	9	12	—	42
S. E. Sangster.....	9	12	7	13	—	41
P. Watters.....	8	13	8	12	—	41
H. I. Barber.....	5	13	7	12	—	37
Geo. Easdale.....	8	9	9	10	—	36
W. A. Johnston.....	6	11	7	11	—	35
Frank Bedard.....	6	8	7	12	—	33
H. Merrill.....	5	11	5	9	—	30
F. Runge.....	7	5	5	13	—	30
W. Skillen.....	5	9	7	8	—	29
S. Hebert.....	7	7	5	8	—	27
H. G. Roger.....	7	9	5	6	—	27

Shoot-off for spoon in event No. 4.—Sangster, 15; Runge, 12.  
Shoot-off high gun prize, brace chickens, Frank Bedard donor—1st, Dionne, 12x15; Brownlee, 12x15.  
2nd, Dionne, 10x10; Brownlee, 8x10.  
Extra event at 15 birds—Baird, 13; Barber, 12.

## Hamilton Angling Club

On Thursday, January 13th, about fifteen of Hamilton's prominent anglers held a meeting, the object of which was to form an angling club in that city. The Rev. G. W. Tebbs of Burlington was chairman and gave the opening address, outlining the purpose of the meeting. It was unanimously decided to form a club and the following officers were appointed:

President, B. E. Webster; vice-president, J. R. Dixon; secretary, H. W. Banks; treasurer, F. C. Tebbs. The executive also included the following anglers:—A. Beare, J. Green, A. King, J. G. Sweetlove and J. E. Zimmerman.

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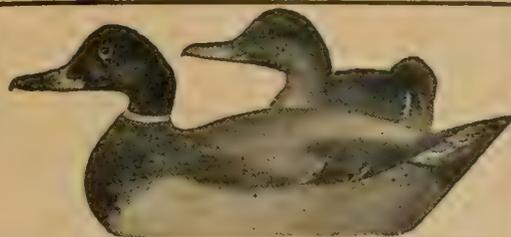
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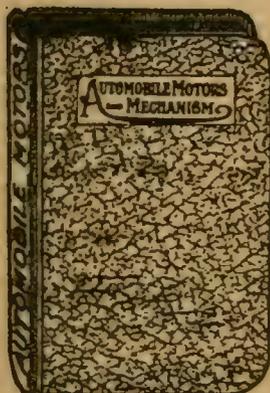
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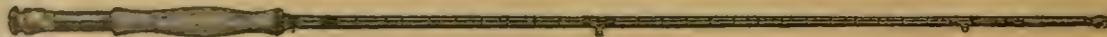
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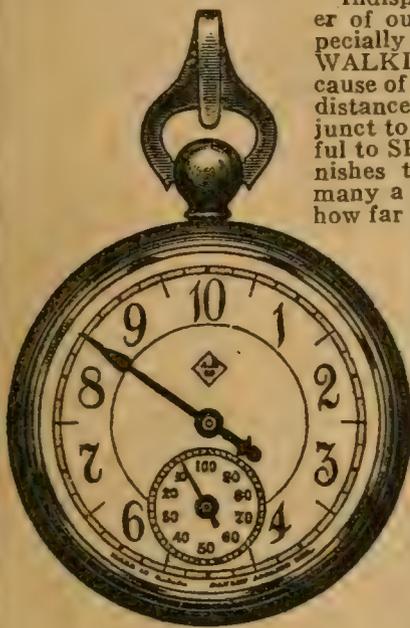
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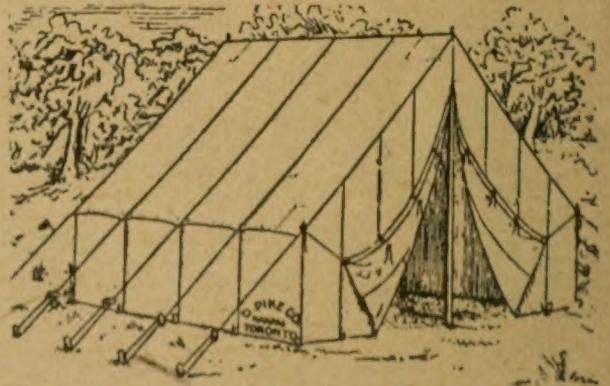
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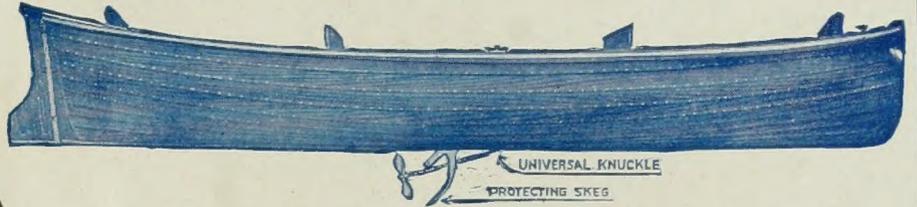
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10. Boat always on even keel.
11. Propeller at all times thoroughly submerged.
12. Engine and device so placed no available room lost.
13. Lever up, boat stands still, automatically throttling engine, making one way clutch.
14. Can be pulled out on beach or dock same as a rowboat.
15. So simple of operation a child can run it.

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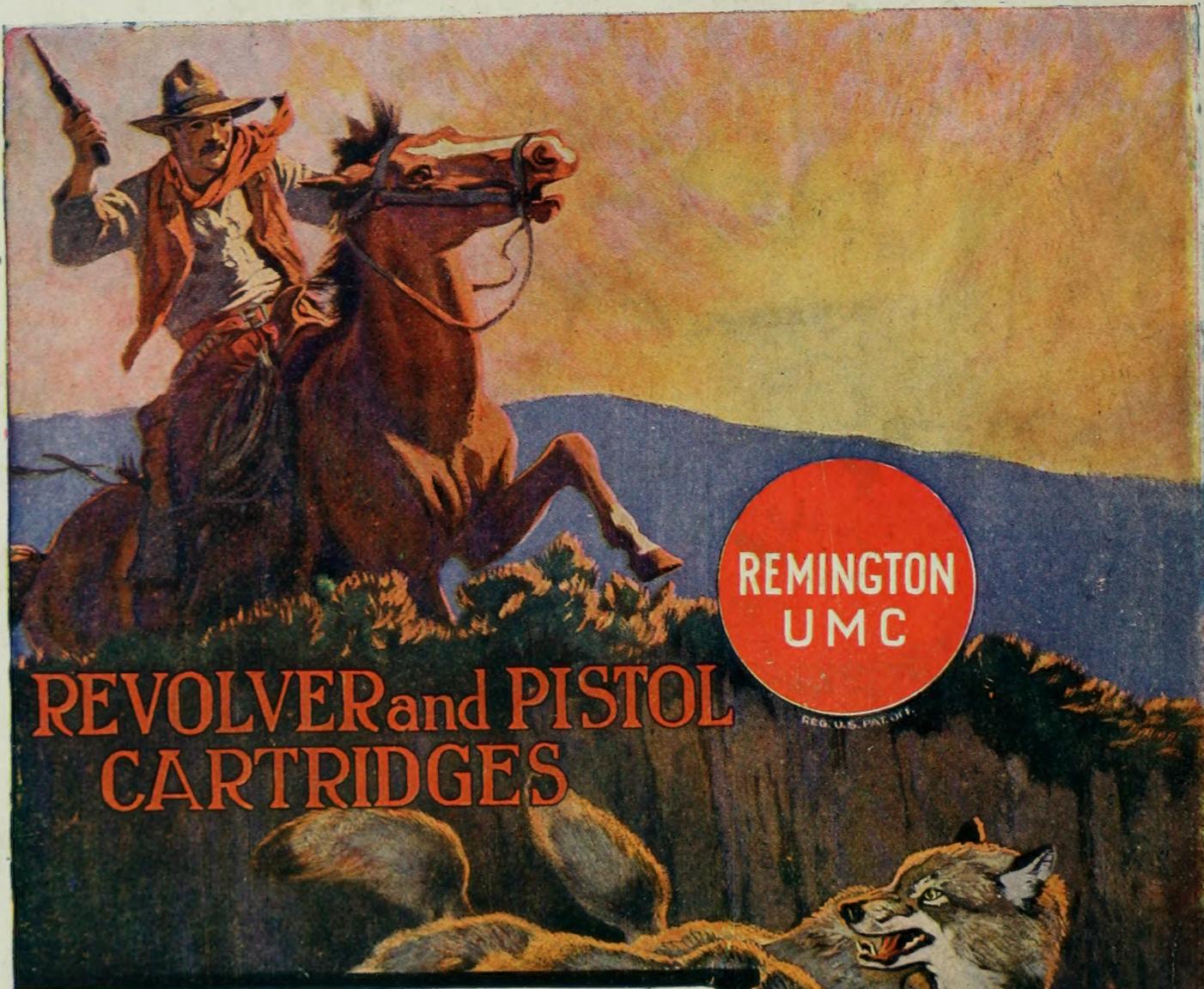
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