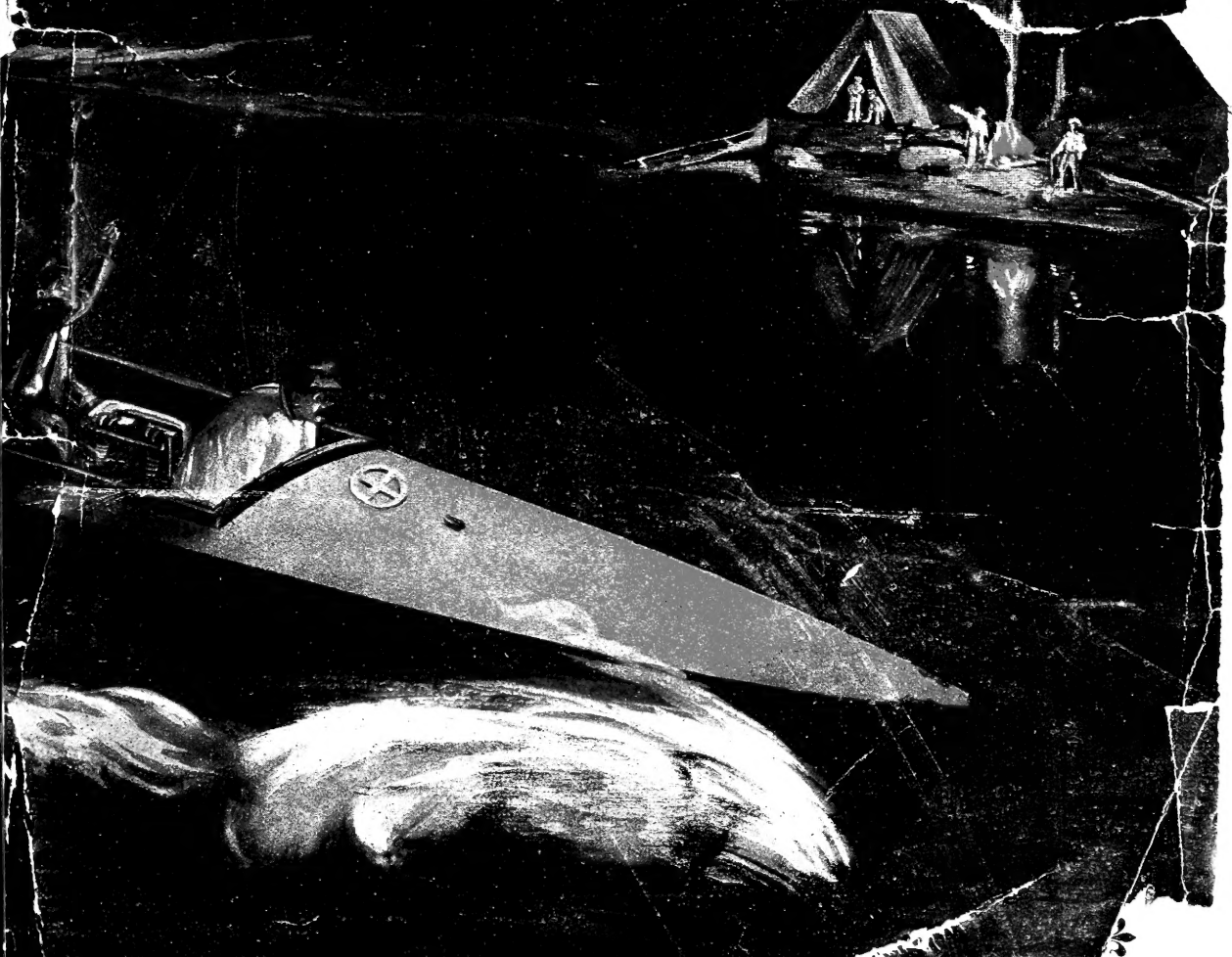


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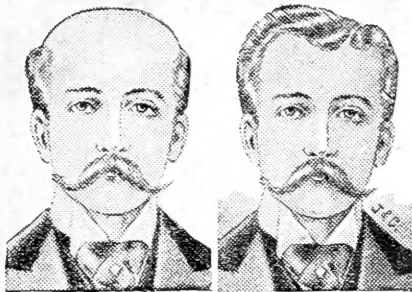
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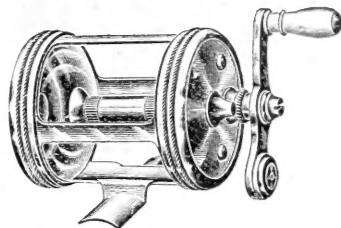
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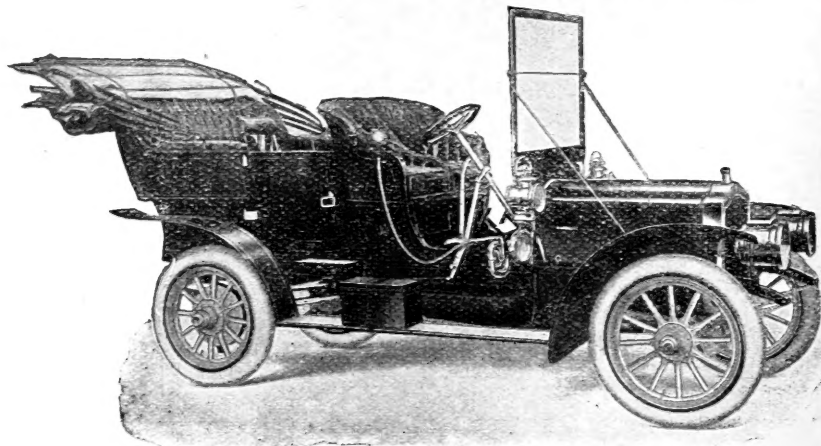
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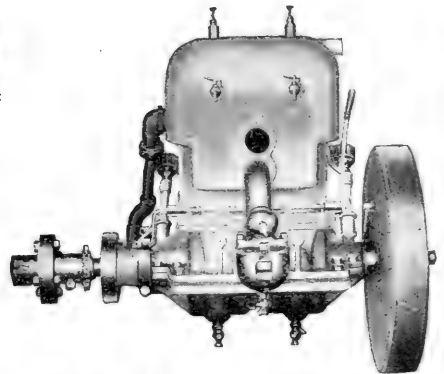
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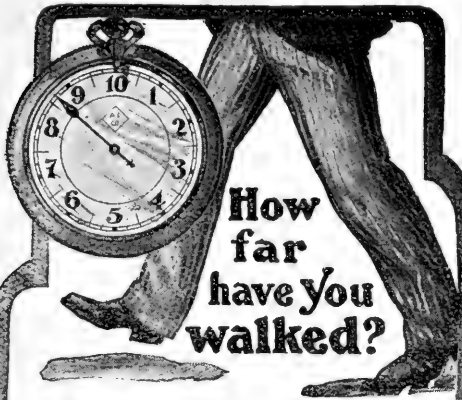
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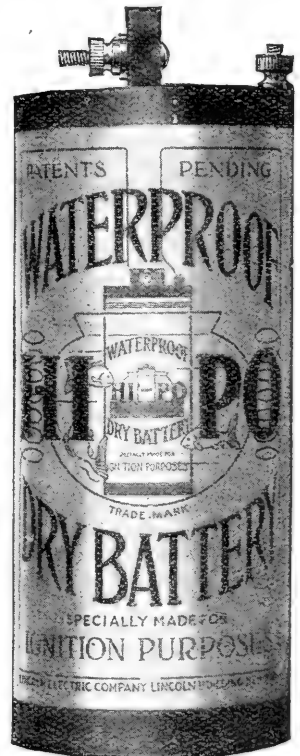
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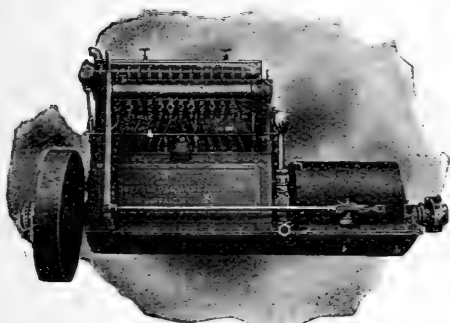
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Marlin

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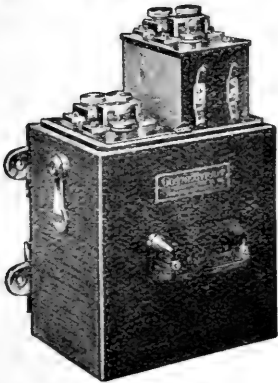


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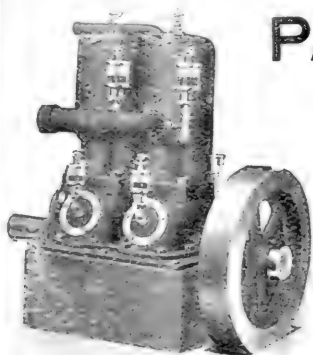
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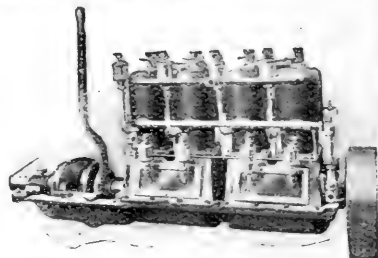
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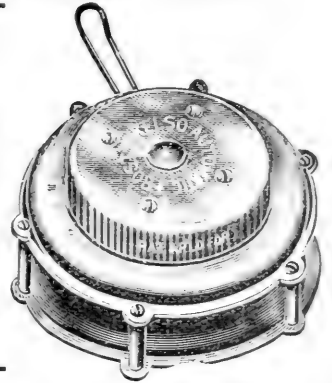
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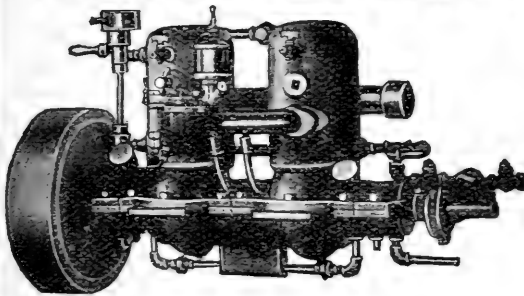
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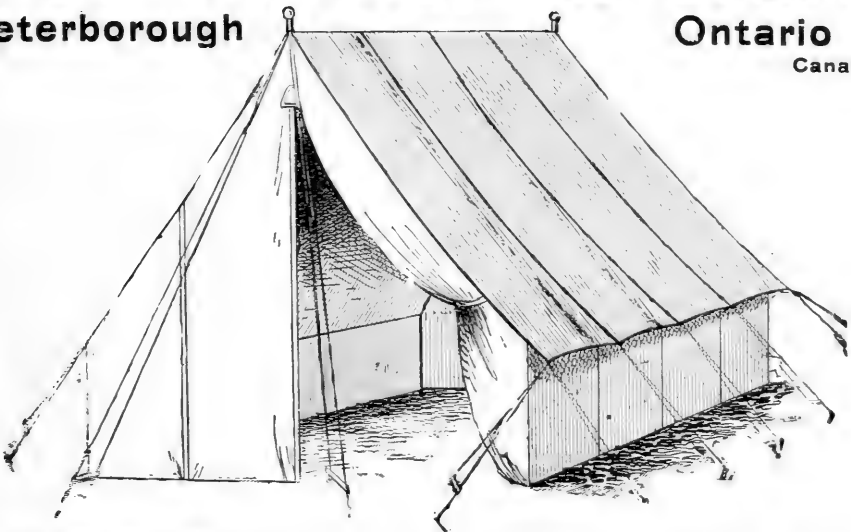
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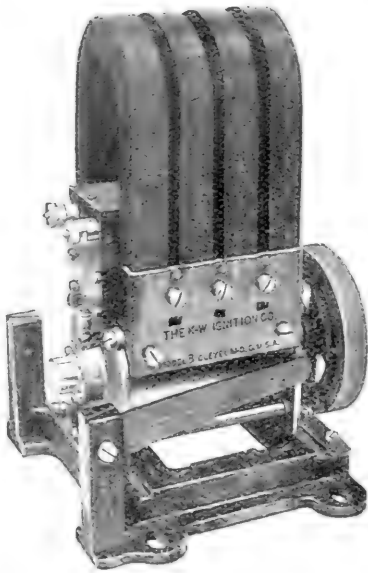


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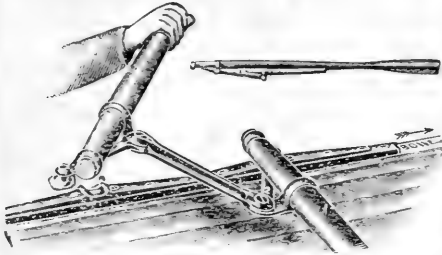
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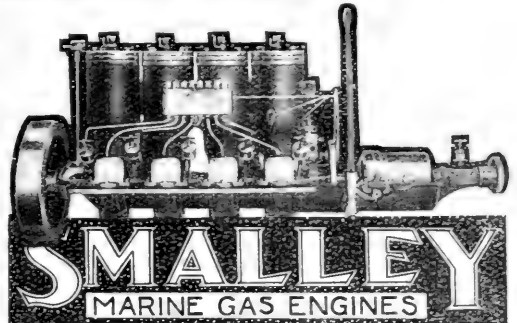
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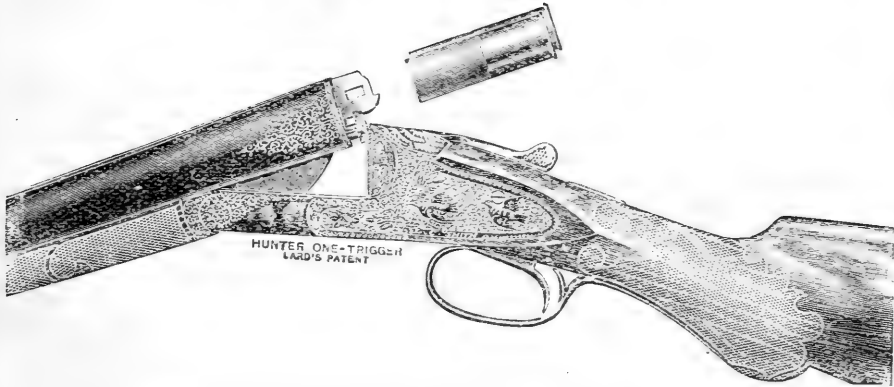
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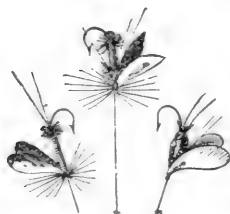
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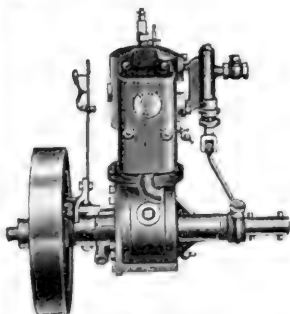
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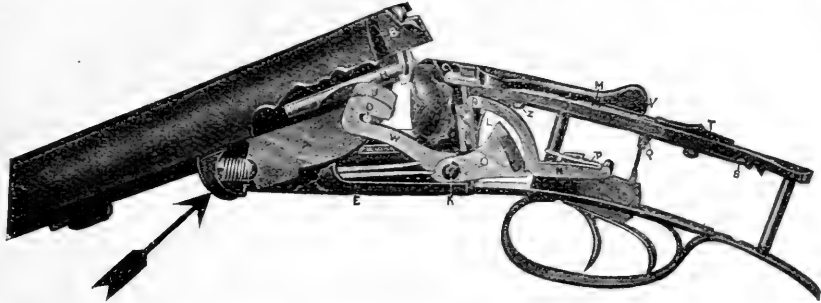
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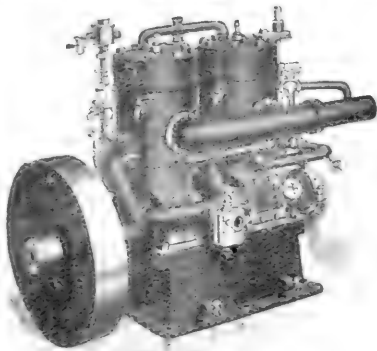
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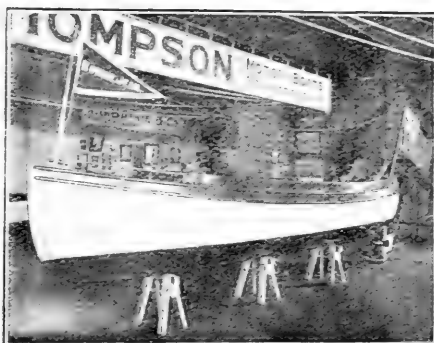
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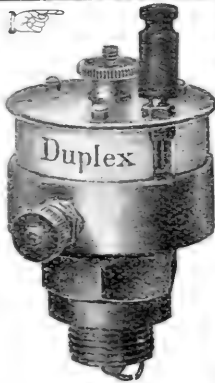
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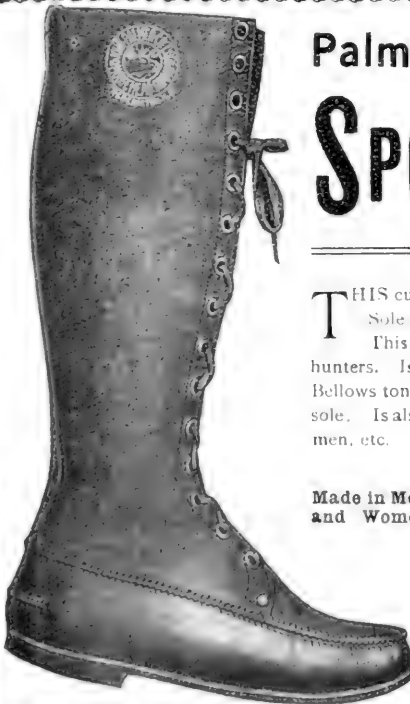
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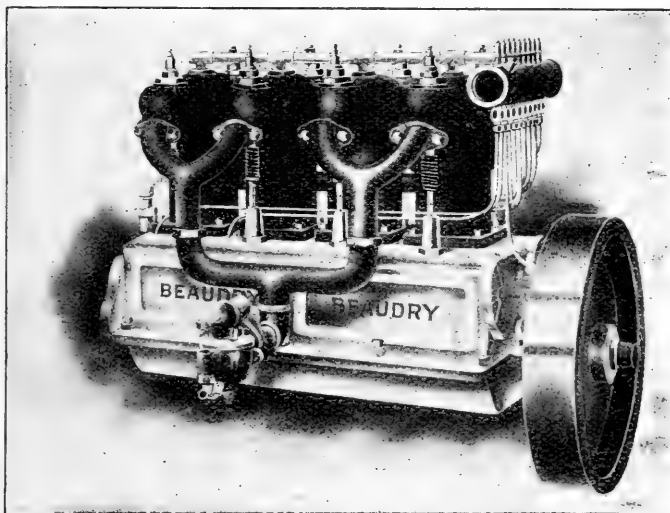
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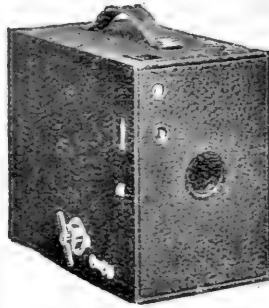
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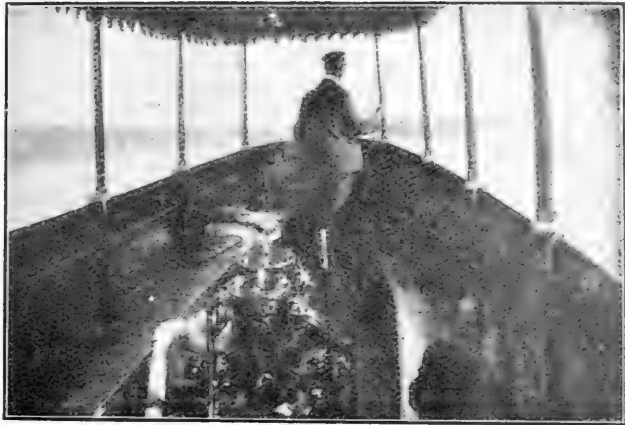
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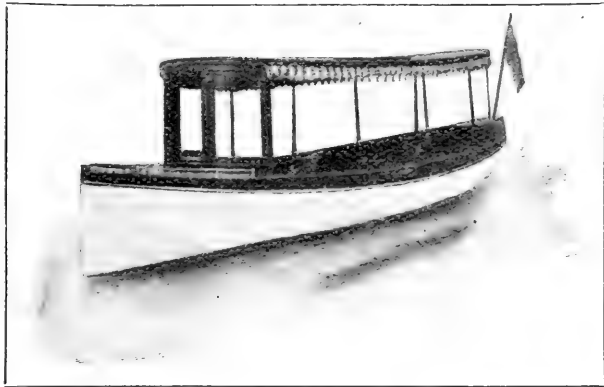
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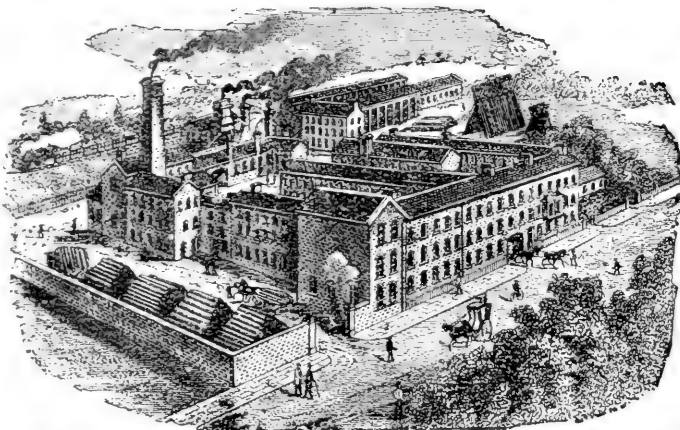
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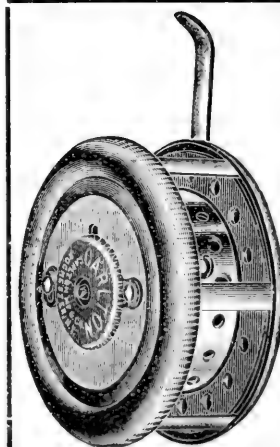
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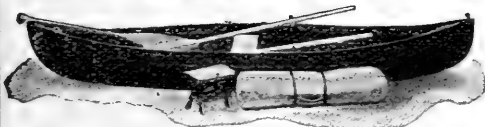
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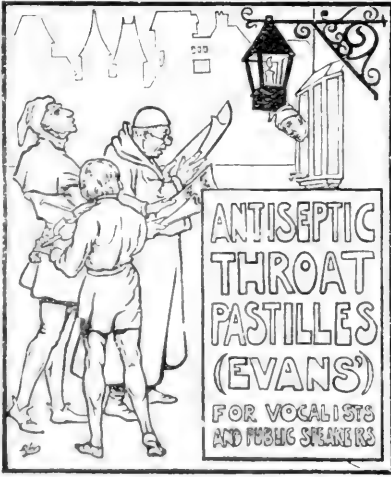
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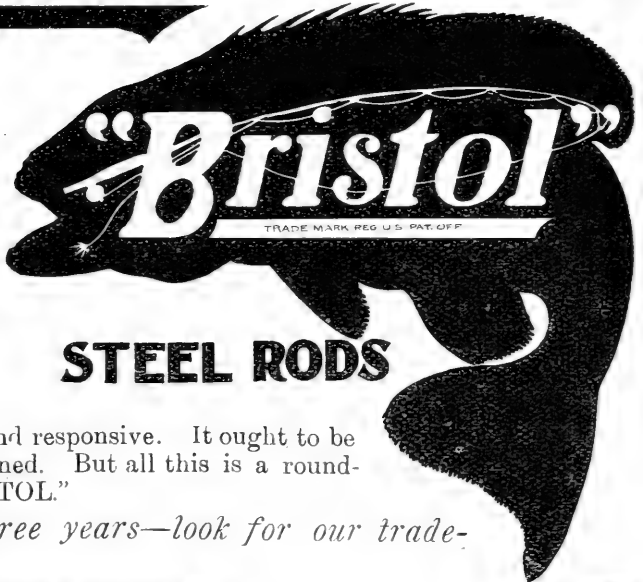
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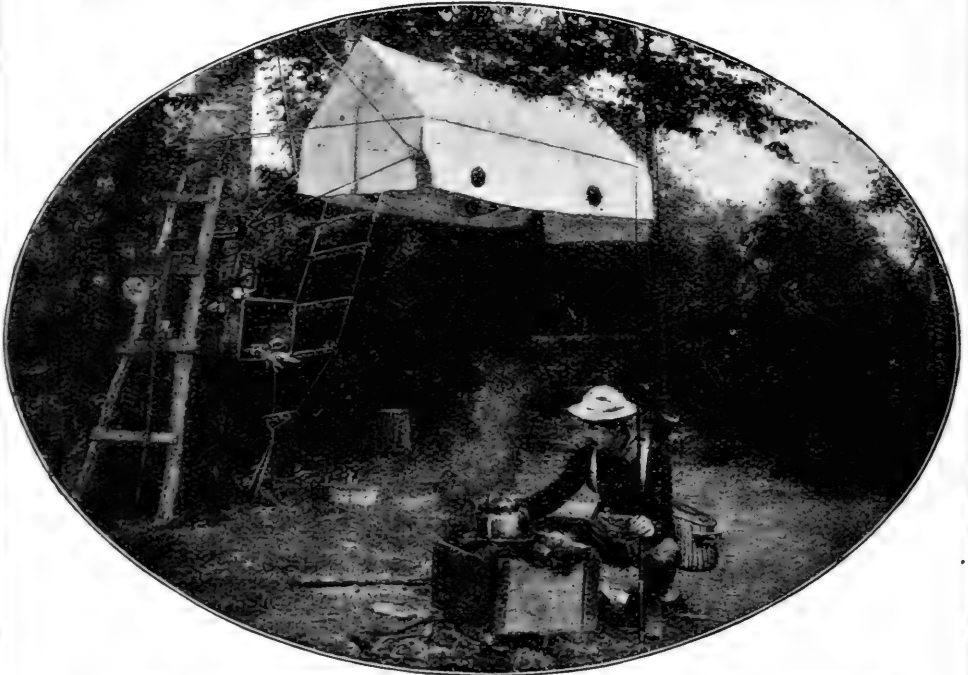
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ROD AND GUN

and Motor Sports in Canada

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Contents for June, 1907.

Rod and Gun's Birthday	3
Canoeing. R. L. Fortt	5
How a Deer Got Caught	10
Our Yachting Cruise in the Georgian Bay: The Log of the "Wego." Tamarac	11
A Day's Fishing in British Columbia. P. E. Bucke	15
A Day's Duck Shooting on the Mirimichi. N. B. W. H. Fitzmaurice	16
Mysteries of the Caribou. Dr. W. L. Munro	18
Fishing on the Kootenay Lake, British Columbia. Fred J. Sammond	20
Shall the Dog be Prohibited in Deer Hunting? Ernest J. McVeigh	22
A Good Word for the Dogs. J. W. Misner	24
Leaves from an Angler's Diary. J. A. Moriarty	28
The Game Laws of New Brunswick	32
Camping Among the Thousand Islands. Arthur Ormandy	33
A Successful Deer Hunt in Muskoka. Amos Green	37
Our Fishing and Hunting Trip in Northern Ontario. Frank Carrel	39
The Ontario New Fish and Game Act	52
Alpine Club of Canada. M. P. Bridgland	56
A Young Canadian in East Africa: Shooting Two Lions in one Night	59
Mr. W. D. Mace	63
What the Ducks Say at Migration Time. Thomas Johnson	63
To Hudson Bay by Canoe. Robert T. Morris	66
Good Fishing and Camping Points. Straw Hat	73
New Brunswick's Sporting Advantages	77
Algonquin National Park. Cy. Warman	78
Mimow Bait. Billy Bates	82
Automobiles and Automobiling	84
Sports Afloat. L. E. Marsh	91
Our Medicine Bag	97
The Trap	112

Issued Monthly. Yearly Subscriptions, \$1.00 in advance. Single Copies, 15c.

Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published, if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publication, however.

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA does not assume any responsibility for, or necessarily endorse, any views expressed by contributors to its columns.

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ONE OF THE FAMOUS NEPIGON RIVER POOLS, ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Courtesy of Wm. McKittrick, Nepigon, Ont.

ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS
IN CANADA

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NO. 1

Rod and Gun's Birthday

BIRTHDAYS mark stages of growth and development, and for that reason, in the case of individuals, are reckoned important dates in one's existence. They are no less important in the history of a Magazine, and when, as in our own case, they show as they come round marked expansion and a wide development, they cannot be allowed to pass over in silence. The year that has gone since we last addressed our readers on this subject has been marked by developments all along the line. The circulation has grown rapidly and continuously and our friends are ever on the increase. Contributions have come from far and near, all concerned with some fine feature of our own homeland, and showing in a wonderful way how both Canadians and visitors are becoming alive to the marvellous inheritances to which we are heirs. With our larger audience, and our wider area from which to draw stories, which maintain at a high level the interest taken in all outdoor life, it has necessarily followed that the users of our advertising pages have been given additional advantages.

We have been told from many quarters

that each month has shown an improvement upon its predecessor, and that while developments have brought their own difficulties we have succeeded almost beyond our hopes in surmounting them. If all that our good friends have told us about the Magazine can be taken without the proverbial grain of salt, it is largely due to them that such things have been made possible. They have by their kindly consideration and help, so encouraged us in our endeavors that we can count successes in the cause of Forest, Fish and Game Protection throughout Canada, and the end is not yet. The good work has still to go on.

The virtues of the outdoor life have yet to be preached to wider audiences and there are greater successes ahead. The more we do, the more we realize the immensity of the work to be done and the place that "Rod and Gun" may yet fill. Canadians cannot realize—small blame to them with their busy lives—the wonderful country they inhabit. It is easy to talk of areas and to quote large figures, but it is far from easy to realize their meanings. The educational work of the Magazine is done in a different

fashion and its success proves the effectiveness of the course chosen.

Exploring papers, containing real adventures, teach in a way no lesson could do. Hunting and fishing experiences create a deep and wide interest in our big game and our fish, and help to form a public opinion, which will in its turn insist upon effective protection, better than all the preaching and all the dry official reports could possibly accomplish. All these papers likewise direct attention to Canada in a way nothing else could do, and perform a service to the country in bringing visitors from all parts of the world, and particularly from the neighboring Republic. These visitors do a good deal more for the country than many people imagine. It is not merely that they spend their money freely upon a passing visit, but they are often led to assist in development work of which we have more than enough to occupy us for many generations.

In the numerous outings during our glorious summer time of which the Magazine gives records, and in autumn trips and winter camps there is no more welcome visitor than "Rod and Gun." From one end of the country to the other all that concerns Out-of-Doors is pictured by word and photograph. In this wide field "Rod and Gun" stands supreme. Its information is all first hand; it gives actual facts, it increases amongst Canadians a knowledge of their own country, and it affords outsiders a splendid means of learning much of the magnificent fields for recreation and sport presented by every Province of the Dominion.

Like the wonderful country which gave it birth the Magazine is growing all the time. The rapidity of this growth has rendered the work so difficult that it has not at any time been all we could wish. Our many friends have been

"To our virtues very kind
And to our faults a little blind."

We take advantage of this occasion to assure our numerous and ever increasing band of readers that they all individually strengthen the position of the Magazine for good. Every subscriber is of material assistance in helping us in the cam-

paign for a healthier, better, higher, life in God's Out-of-Doors and for the maintenance of our glorious forests, of the big game found therein, and of the protection they give to the rivers and consequently to the fish.

Our contributors have helped us wonderfully well and to each of them our thanks are due and hereby tendered. They have enabled us to produce a Magazine each month that in its wonderful variety, freshness, and extent of ground and subjects covered is unequalled in its own field. Outdoor life in all its forms has received treatment from such a variety of competent people as to interest our army of readers and to spread abroad a gospel which cannot fail to prove most beneficial to our whole people.

Those who provide the sinews of war—our advertisers—are not forgotten. We believe that one and all have profited and that largely from the use they have made of the advertising pages of "Rod and Gun." Although with them it is a business proposition—and one of the best at that—our thanks are nevertheless due to them for their enterprise. We are pleased with their successes for it assures the growing strength of the Magazine and its increasing usefulness to the country.

The large growth in circulation, and the increasing size of the Magazine, has necessitated larger facilities for the printing and publishing all of which are being provided. This will enable us to deal with the growth for a time, although if the Magazine continues to go ahead as fast as it has done in the past, further additions will have to be made.

The outlook for the coming year is hopeful, and those responsible for the conduct of the Magazine are so deeply impressed with its past usefulness and its future possibilities that they are determined, so far as is humanly possible, to endeavour to improve upon the past year and to meet readers, contributors, and advertisers next year with the consciousness of having given them better service and having deserved, in some measure, the strong support, the kindly consideration, and the unswerving loyalty, of which, from past experience, they are assured.



OUT FOR A PADDLE.

Canoeing.

BY R. L. FORTT.

TO the heart of the true Canadian, Canoeing is as dear as his apple pie and this is saying a very great deal. The comparison may be a trifle strange and far fetched, but nevertheless it is true and after all that is what counts in comparisons.

There is such a world of pleasure in "paddling your own canoe," in wielding the power which runs your craft yourself. True—the throbbing rush of the motor boat is fascinating but then its noisy kingdom is confined more or less to deep waters—usually far from shore and the "launches" (if such they may be called) know not the glowing pleasures and heart throbs contained in our stout little friend the graceful cedar canoe.

Everyone knows that captivating, itching impulse which seizes one towards the end of March. The river is still closed up—a winding twisting mass of glowing, sparkling ice—but from the many boat houses come the familiar sounds of the Spring cleaning. It is almost pathetically amusing to note these signs of Spring as you stroll along the banks.

In front of almost every shack, on stout wooden horses, on boards, and even on the bare ice, a boat of some kind is to be seen, in nine cases out of ten besmeared in army fashion with the "nice drabs" and "heavy greys" which are so dear to the trappers' hearts. From the darker recesses within, comes the clanking, jangling chorus of many steel traps,

mingled in pleasing confusion, with the sticky odor of tar and paint.

The river may be locked up, the snow a foot deep, but over all the sun is shining with that vigorous springy attention which he always wears on just such a morning. You can't help whistling and with that same tingling impulse you turn sharply towards your own boat-house and fumble for your key.

A week later, and such a change! The stretch of dazzling ice is replenished by forty feet of oozing, muddy water, and nothing is left of winter but a scant strip of edge ice clinging pathetically to either shore. You shove off and push slowly up stream, revelling in every stroke, feeling with tingling satisfaction the pleasing "give" to your ash paddle and wondering just how fast you could go this season if you "let yourself out." We all know that first paddle. You want to dwell on everything, on all the perfect shadows and even the ever-winding wake you leave behind claims your attention.

And then the joy of exploration moving slowly up stream and pushing the nose of your graceful little craft into every hidden bay. The springy side of Canoeing is certainly a bright one!

The picturesque but somewhat clumsy birch Canoes are fast disappearing and their places, generally speaking, is filled by our little cedar crafts. The former certainly had advantages, and the men "who knew" could turn out a very



IN QUIET WATERS.

side and out, using a sharp putty knife to scrape off the crumbling shavings. There's no denying it — this means time and after three or four hours of "bending" your back will complain most earnestly. But stick to it and your canoe

creditable piece of work. To sum up the chief qualities of the birch bark, it was very light and fragile as a rule, rather cumbersome and very unsteady. It takes an expert canoeist to handle a birch boat if any sea is running, while a rapids is out of the question for all but our expert paddlers. Its thin sides and high bows though greatly strengthened by pine pitch etc. were easily pierced and if running in treacherous water you were usually fairly sure of one swim per trip. So taking it all in all our modern little boat far outclasses the birch affair. Even the Indians themselves have come round and now the bark canoe is almost a curiosity.

In long portages, however there is no getting over the fact that the lightest canoe is the canoe and a featherweight birch craft which you can swing to your shoulders and make time with ease is certainly an advantage.

And here I might say a few words about the care of your boat. Never put your canoe in the water each Spring without first giving it a good coating of paint. Above all things don't simply plaster on layer after layer each year without first removing the old paint. It only means a few hours' work and if neglected in a few seasons, your little craft will weigh "tons." Get a good alcohol lamp and burn the old paint very carefully and slowly away in-

will be just about twice as valuable in every way than if left alone.

Never put paint on a wet boat. If the painting is looked after before the first trip each Spring the wood will be in excellent condition to receive it. In "hard-stopping" mix your material yourself and do the work carefully and slowly filling every little crack or a trace of one precisely.

Your paddles should be kept well varnished particularly where the "blade becomes handle" as the action of the hand here speedily erases the varnish. If the blade becomes the least bit split get at it at once with a good pair of tweezers and copper wire and "sew it." In returning from a trip of any sort turn the boat over, being sure to get all the superfluous water shipped by the paddle or otherwise washed out. Then if possible have the canoe upside down on wooden horses.

In long trips of several hundred miles through rocky broken country usually there are many portages; if they are short you are lucky. These same rough portages are the downfall—literally—of many splendid canoes. If you have to make your own way let the man with the pack go ahead—well ahead and take an axe. The other should carry the canoe and more slowly, a false step in such country often puts you "up against it."



A FOUL.

No matter how short a pull overland is ahead of you always "lift your canoe;" if you pick up the bow and drag along sooner or later you are pretty sure to regret it. A bunged up boat two hundred miles from nowhere is a most disgusting proposition and the safest way is to avoid all possibilities of such a fix. If you're on a long portage, fix yourself as comfortably as possible, balance your canoe steadily on your shoulders and take your

time. The paddles should be strapped securely to the thwarts well out of the way and the canoe to make decent progress, should be absolutely empty.

An ordinary cedar or basswood canoe if well put together, handled decently and looked after, in a general way, with ordinary care should be perfectly good in every respect after ten seasons' work.

In our Regattas, at all the Summer resorts (which are by the way, becoming



A SWIM COMING ; IT'S UP TO HIM.

more and more popular every year and deservedly too) our canoes are much in evidence. Little fifteen footers strut around among their larger comrades in all the pride and splendor of full war paint. Great awkward War Canoes manned with twenty paddles move majestically this way and that while the tiny launches pop in and out creating a mild disturbance wherever they go and scattering like chaff the luckless crafts in their path.

The Sailing canoes with their sheets of glaring canvas flit around and across the sparkling waters and all in all a good regatta makes a very pretty scene. In the paddling races it is peculiar to note the many different strokes. The average Canuck swings his paddle with the easy grace of the native. The long, sweeping stroke and lightning return are delightfully typical and for general purposes is away ahead of the short jerky stroke sometimes seen. However the Indians still stick to this abbreviated action and if followed by a very sharp return it is effective in running over small courses.

A sailing canoe if properly rigged out is a very desirable article and really canoe sailing is almost an art. Good pie boards though not a necessity are a great advantage and a three inch wooden keel will help matters a great deal. Eighteen feet is a splendid length. Give your craft lots of beam and build her deep. It is a matter of taste whether you close up your boat Rob Roy fashion or not but if you cover it in you lose a lot of space and for general purposes

good long decks are all that is needed. Above all things don't try to make your boat carry too much sail. Skilfully handled a small sheet will do wonders and if you strike a heavy wind you must have your sail thoroughly under your control or a swim may be the result.

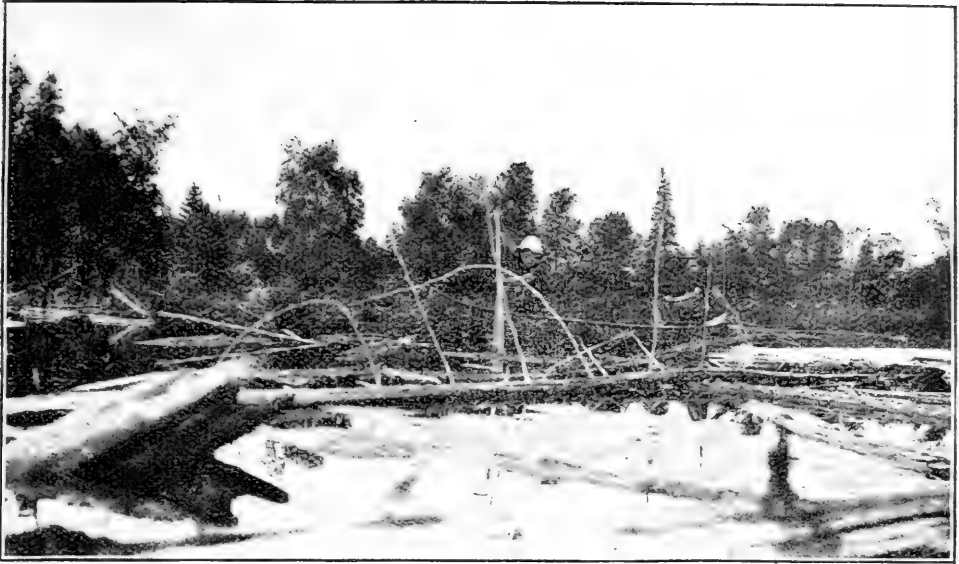
Have everything running smoothly and the reefing cordage always in condition. Never sail without a paddle or so in the boat for if the wind should die down you're "up against it" and a rudder or thwart is a poor thing to make the shore with.



JUST SWINGING ROUND.

For cruising you want a good length serviceable canoe built as light as is wise to stand the bumps and scratches which it is the lot of cruising canoes to put up with. An eighteen foot boat is here away ahead of the smaller crafts and is the one usually used. Two men can make much better time in a larger canoe. In long trips the backing and balancing of the canoe is an art and no matter how light the boat, it soon attains double its weight, or seems to.

I have seen some men who could pack in one boat and have room to spare luggage which novices would have difficulty to get in two. The great secret of all these trips is to "go light" and the more trips the canoeist takes the less he brings with him each year. At the end of every season he finds he can easily do without some little article which perhaps he has lugged with him for half a dozen years without using. Manufacturers are now making everything in the campers line as compact and convenient as possible. Condensed



“UP AGAINST IT.”

milk has long been popular and I see now that the latest thing out is “condensed eggs.”

If you cruise alone you can bring the choosing and packing of your outfit down to a science, and I once heard an old woodsman humorously remark that, at a pinch he could get along with a good knife, a camp pail and an extra shirt. The average camper, however, rarely cuts things quite so close and usually

includes a few luxuries along with the “bare necessities”

A very important item, often carelessly overlooked on long trips is the paddle. It is a strange thing that, though many of our Canoe companies turn out boats practically perfect in every detail, the paddles they usually ship with them are abominably poor and here I might say, that you will never be really satisfied until you turn out your own paddles then



GEE ! IT'S COLD !

build them just according to *your* ideas—the way you think a paddle should be modelled.

You very rarely see two canoeists who agree on this vexed question and it is very seldom indeed that the same style of paddle suits different people. The man with the reach wants "all handle" with a blade to match and yet you could hardly imagine the same instrument in

the hands of a man standing, say, five foot, four.

Again I repeat that until you take off your coat and "get busy" on your own paddle you will never be quite content. The first article you turn out *may* be a curiosity but stick to it, get a good pattern and persevere. Sooner or later you are bound to turn out something which "fits you down to the ground."

How a Deer Got Caught.

A correspondent writes from Parry Harbor, Ont.:—"We had a peculiar experience during the course of our hunting trip last year which may interest many of your readers. At the beginning of the season our party numbered eight all told, and we had such success that six of our friends returned to Uncle Sam's domains on November tenth. The two who were left decided to remain for the balance of the season and have some duck shooting. On the last day of the open season, accompanied by our guide, Jack Millar from the Parry Island Reserve, we went over to Franklin Island which we had before visited and where we had met with tolerable success. We were very desirous of completing our legal limit before breaking up camp and had decided that our best chances of success in that endeavor was to again try our luck on Franklin Island. During the day we saw several deer and tried our hands at long range though in each case the game got safely away. We had almost reached the end of the island when in passing a small lake our dogs began to give tongue. They ran for a short distance and then appeared to come to a stand barking hard all the time. The guide went to see what possible sort of animal our dogs had treed, and in a minute or two we heard him calling to us to go over and see for ourselves. We hurried over the ridge and down the slope on the furtherside to a thicket where the dogs were still barking lustily. We had to make our way into this thicket before we could see what had happened. The sight that then met our gaze caused us considerable astonishment. We found

the guide holding by the ear a fine yearling buck which was suspended by the strips between two tall whitewood trees, his front feet just reaching the ground. About four feet away was a fallen tree. After a full examination of the ground and thorough discussion of the position in the light of our experience and what we saw we came to the following solution of the mystery:—Our dogs coming suddenly upon the deer and causing it a great fright it was bounding off when it found this fallen tree across its path. In leaping over this obstruction the deer alighted fairly between the two smooth trees. Its head and front quarters must have entered the opening at its widest part which measured only ten inches. The hind quarters had caught between the trees and the more the animal struggled to free itself the further down it sank until release was hopeless, it being suspended by its hips. We bled it and afterwards lifted it up and out of the opening at the place where it had entered. Indeed this was the only way we could get the animal loose. Now I have hunted deer for many seasons and got them in some very peculiar places. Never before however did I find one suspended between two trees and still alive. To our great regret the camera had not been taken with us on that day or we might have obtained a picture that would have been well worth preserving. There were three of us who witnessed this incident and it may well be that some of your readers could tell us of instances of deer being "held up" in equally strange fashion. Curious, and even astonishing things do occur in the backwoods."

Our Yachting Cruise in the Georgian Bay.

The Log of the "Wego."

BY TAMARAC.

CREW consisting of Captain George Dunn ; Matt Kennedy, Jr., First Officer ; Al Rutherford, Purser ; Fred Rutherford, Fat Boy ; Ed. Miller, Wheelman ; C. Pearce, Wheelman ; Art Torrie, Skipper of Dinghy ; Ed. Rive, Bob Telford, Jack Ballah, Buff Telford, Able Bodied Seamen ; "Toney" (a spaniel), Supercargo.

July 21st '96. Tuesday--Left Owen Sound at 11.15 p.m. under a combination of Canal horse power and white ash breeze which both failed before 12 p. m. when most of the crew retired to downy beds of anchor, chain, axes, stove pipe and any other malleable material that could be found. (This bed prevents all danger of sleeping in.)

Wednesday, July 22nd — All hands aroused at 5.30 a. m. by the Watch singing an original song entitled "Holy Moses, ain't it cold out here?" The aforesaid song also had the effect of conjuring up a violent thunder storm accompanied by the sweet refreshing rain and followed by a favoring breeze from the S. W.

Reached Cape Croker at 11.30. Here the canvas was stowed and the anchor dropped in order to satisfy the inner man. Resumed our voyage at 12.30. The wind having freshened, canvas had to be reduced and the Dinghy was taken aboard and the course laid for Wingfield Basin. When about four miles off the basin the centre board was broken by a squall from the North West. Thus crippled it was impossible to make the Harbor and it was decided to run before the wind for Lion's Head. The mainsail was taken off and as no one on board could bear to be idle the men off duty improved the shining hour by casting up accounts. The supercargo seemed to have a particularly bad conscience and exhibited a disposition to leave the ship but finally deciding to heave to, he took up his position on the lee quarter and relieved his feelings like a man.

At 5.30 p.m. all hands were busily en-

gaged in making things snug for the night. A shanty uninhabited (at least to the naked eye) was taken and after a supper of nothing but substantial the party stormed, the town with music leaving the Captain and Buff to guard the ship. At 10.30 the musicians returned and made beds in the shanty leaving the guard on board sound asleep.

Thursday 23rd—Weather fine, wind strong, Westerly, Buff up first. All hands in the shanty rudely awakened by the aforesaid animal kicking in the door at 9.30. Matt Kennedy elected cook. Breakfast — porridge, eggs, potatoes, toast and coffee. General orders that belts must be worn till after breakfast.

Unshipped centreboard and found it necessary to replace four planks. The remainder of the day was spent in blacksmith and carpenter shops making repairs and here the first fish was captured, Ballah taking a very fine Pickerel. Repairs to the centre board were completed at 6 p. m. Then supper was disposed of and having received a pressing invitation to make ourselves at home in the parlors of the Royal Hotel we took advantage thereof and had a very pleasant evening, Patsy and Bobby taking their watches at the piano without a whimper.

At eleven o'clock beds were made and arrangements were made with the Captain of the Tug Rover for a tow to Dyer's Bay. All hands slept on board except the Captain and Buff who seemed to think the Dock preferable.

Fri. 24th—Left Lion's Head at 2 p. m. in tow and reached Dyer's Bay at 5 a. m. The Tug Rover carried some of our fairentertainers of the night before and of course some of our crew deserted the yacht during the run from Lion's Head to Dyer's Bay. After carrying the ladies' baggage up town it was decided to climb the Heights and inspect Gillies Lake. This is a pretty little stretch of water about two miles long, and at an elevation of two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the

Georgian Bay, has no apparent inlet yet is in some parts bottomless. The purser having taken some views of the lake and it still being before breakfast we made haste down the rock sometimes walking and sometimes sliding till once more the white wings carry us on our way to Wingfield Basin. This time we are more successful and at 8.30 a. m. we are in that sailor's home all ravenous. After breakfast we join forces with the crew of the Steam Yacht Minneola and being filled with contentment and breakfast the camera fiend is permitted to do his worst without protest. The wind being light and almost dead ahead we concluded to rest. Swimming, fishing, and cards were the pastimes. The wind freshening we held a Council of War and decided to start for Half Moon Island. Cleared the Basin at 3 p. m., Wind Westerly—Close haul reached Half Moon at 6 p. m., dropped anchor and went ashore to explore the island. This is a small crescent shaped island, hence the name Half Moon, inhabited only by gulls. Several youngsters were captured and inspected, then liberated. Nothing else to be seen we set sail for Club Island. After a pleasant run of two hours we reached the harbor passing Lonely Island on the way. The Tug Mizpah with a gang of beach combers were the only occupants of Club Island Harbor and we were much pleased to meet a number of friends among them. While the Cooks prepared supper the remainder of our party took possession of the best Shanty for the night. We had not had a meal for ten hours and were very ready for supper. The skipper permitted the belts to be taken off before the attack and it was found useless to try to put them on again till morning. Our friends from the Mizpah paid us a visit after tea and a musical evening was the result. The curtain fell, the band played Home Sweet Home—then a free fight for blankets and all hands retired at 11.30.

Saturday 25th — Frozen out at 7.30, Breakfast over at nine. Patsey Kennedy borrowed a gun from wheelman Pearce warranted to kill on sight and sallied forth to replenish the larder. Presently a hare presented itself as a sacrifice but the gun was shy and wouldn't go off.

After waiting for a second attempt the hare left in disgust. So did Patsey talking violently to the weapon as he went. The anchor was weighed at 10.45 a. m. and with the wind on the port quarter, we made for Killarney, losing the dinghy twice and finally having to take it aboard the yacht.

The Purser got the idea that his trousers should be white and that they were not, set the crew an example by washing the said garments then spreading them on the cabin roof to dry. It being necessary to replenish the bread locker at Killarney the Purser had to go to town. The skipper of the Dinghy was determined that no dishonesty should be practised in the Purser's absence and very kindly printed the owner's name across the Ducks just where we usually look for a vessel's name and to prevent further complications added the directions Starboard and Port. Letters were sent home from this point and some other places were notified of our whereabouts.

We had no desire to spend Sunday in Killarney so put out for Collins Inlet at 5 p. m. Made the entrance at 5.45 p. m. and were one and all delighted with the scenery which is such that it would be useless to attempt a description of its grandeur. The Inlet is simply a channel between Phillip Edward Island and the mainland with a length of about twenty-five miles and varying in width from fifty yards to half a mile and the visitor passing through is treated to constant change from entrance to outlet. In some places the rocks rise almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height of three hundred feet while in other parts the shore is terraced with that most substantial material the Laurentian formation, but we only waste time in attempting a description. At 7.30 having a strong inclination to meet around the board, a good berth was selected and lines made fast. All hands turned loose after blue berries which were very abundant as was proved by the mottled appearance of the one time white duck trousers.

Some of the party made a trip to the highlands and after a hard climb reached the highest point in the vicinity and were rewarded by a view of the Georgian Bay (proper) on one side and the Killarney

mountains on the other while numerous little spots of silver and gold in the distance indicated the location of the many little inland lakes.

After sundown and supper a bonfire was built and then the inevitable concert. A couple of settlers paid us a visit and loaded us with the usual deer and fish stories. Of course each listened and "with a smile that was childlike and bland" thought to himself "the first liar has no show here."

Prepared for bed at 12 p. m. A misunderstanding arose as to ownership of bedding. This was finally settled, Torrie looking very carefully after the interests of the cabin passengers.

26th—Still at the same berth; up at 8.45 all hands enjoying the holy quiet of the Sabbath Day. The fish crowding us most fearfully a pike at last came aboard and no one had the heart to put him out, and then the snakes became so familiar it was decided to put a stop to such Sunday visiting. A fence was built around the boat to keep them out. Some person or persons here improved the shining hour by carving names on the face of the cliff with our sharp axe. This information was obtained from the axe. And for the first time we discover that we have one or two forcible speakers in our number. Patsy says he pushed Buff's whiskers; Buff says he dragged them, while the whiskers themselves proved an alibi.

Had an elegant swim and thus prepared, thought it the best to proceed down the Inlet and attend Church at the Mills Mission Station. Set forth at 3 p. m. and called at Horton's Dock for milk. While we waited the two wheelmen made themselves agreeable to the fair Miss—.

Reached the Mills at 6.30. Landed to make inquiries about the service and saw the first big game, a captive moose. Such members of the crew as were off duty attended service and on their return brought the minister with them. Had a beautiful supper followed by a Sacred Concert (great applause from over the river.)

Retired at 11.30. Buff and Buster leaving the rest as usual without any blankets.

Monday 27th — Up at 8 a. m.; had

breakfast; cleaned up the ship which required it just as much as Buff's pants and accordingly they too came in for a scrubbing. Got under way at 9.30; after about an hour's run the channel became very shallow and as a last resort the ship tried to knock one of the rocks out of the way. The only result we were hard aground and only succeeded in floating the boat by throwing the portly Buffalo overboard which gave the desired relief. Passed Beaverton at 11.30; heard a thunder storm going on across Philip Edward Island. This we escaped and landed at twelve. Had a duck hunt and dinner here and found blue berries in abundance. After dinner all hands took part in a stone throwing competition which was not decided as all were handicapped by a heavy dinner. The members of the Telford family showed a fondness for the water which was quite unsuspected by the rest of the crew. The doctrine of complete immersion advocated by Patsy took hold of the aforesaid young men with such force that they could not wait to stack their duds in the orthodox fashion but just slipped peacefully and noiselessly into the Sound amid the admiring shouts of the crew. There being no further reason for remaining longer, sail was made for Toad Island, a small wooded Island in the Eastern entrance to Collins Inlet. Here we concluded to spend the night. Ed. Rive improved the shining hour by adding two fine crows to our larder. After supper we were joined by a party of fishermen who gladly accepted some tracts and cigars. Turned in at twelve.

Tuesday, 28th—Up at daybreak. Buff and one of the fishermen made a voyage around the Island in the Dinghy and captured fifteen fine pike and pickerel. Had pancakes for breakfast and after the usual delay got squared away for Byng Inlet. Wind light S. W.; found the channel very rocky, grazing in several places, and at 11.45 were completely shut in by fog. This cleared off after noon. Just before we reached the Bustards it was decided to push on to Byng Inlet and after a splendid sail we dropped anchor inside Potvin Island and made all snug for the night.

A tremendous supper was stowed which

was followed by an exhibition of the manly art between the Buster and the Constable which was brought to an abrupt termination by an upper cut from the Buster which started the claret from the Constable's nasal organ.

The amateurs Arthur Torrie and Ed. Rive next took the platform for a friendly bout dividing the honors very evenly. A chess tournament was the next excitement and then bed at 10.30.

Wednesday, 29th—Breakfast at 8.30 ; set sail at 10.30 ; Wind from S. W. and very light ; passed Byng Inlet—light at 12.00 ; chess tournament continued. At 1.30 sighted the remains of the "Magnetawan" which gave rise to a great deal of speculation on board. Wind freshening and a good prospect for rain which passed around us and Point Aux Baril reached at 6 p. m. ; met the lighthouse supply boat coming out ; called at the fish station and laid in supplies.

Arthur lost his heart completely to red Tam-o-Shanter and a head of golden hair, a coy little twist of the head did the deed and as we pulled out from the station we had to place the gritty Torrie in irons to prevent his plunging over board. Mr. Rutherford's conduct was also somewhat erratic for a married man. Made sail at 7 p. m. and with a light breeze after us made Duke's Point for the night.

After supper the scientific questions of the day were discussed. All hands turned in at 11.00 p.m. The weather threatening to be bad the deck hands were allowed to sleep in the cabin the head cook hugging up to the foremast and getting his hand in for Midland.

Thursday, 30th—No bread on board, had to fall back on the pie (hard tack.) Had a very pleasant run to Parry Sound making the last seven miles in thirty-nine minutes and reaching the dock at 2.25 p.m. All hands but the Skipper and the Bison repaired to the Barber's shop. Laid in a stock of provisions, bread, meat and apples ; the latter being the first of the season were particularly appreciated. Received a kind invitation to spend the evening with the Postmaster but were unable to take advantage thereof. Closed our visit in Port by a hundred

yard foot race, Jack winning in the unprecedented time of eight and one sixteenth seconds by the Town clock. Left at 4.30 and entered the South Channel at 4.45 ; passed the construction work on the Arnprior and P. S. R. R. and let me say that from this point to Wabuno Island the scenery cannot be beaten in this world. The kodak fiend was kept busy till dark. Met the City of Toronto whose Captain (Cameron) very courteously returned our somewhat noisy but good natured salute. Reached Sans Souci at 7.15 and enquired for milk but got none and further more we were not very greatly impressed by the warmth of the reception extended to us at this resort so it was decided not to stay. Passed several American Camps and exchanged compliments with all within earshot and finally pulled into Wabuno Island, so named after the unfortunate vessel whose bones bleach on its shores. Our landing place was directly opposite a very pretty cottage labelled Camp Pennsylvania. The day being far spent we were somewhat hungry and by the feeble light of a lantern preparations were made for a gorge. Patsy acting on some one's advice upset the potatoes into the fire but supper was at length ready and the attack was something fearful to behold. Everything was eaten, the plates licked clean, and then follows the inevitable concert which called forth great applause from our American neighbors some of whom joined us later on. Of these we one and all formed a very good opinion. Beds were made at 1.20 p. m. and as the visitors had informed us that there were a few rattle snakes on the Island John insisted on having the gang plank taken on board.

Friday 31st—Up at 7.30 ; visited Camp Pennsylvania and were shown over the premises. Made our farewells and were under sail at 8.30 with a fair fresh breeze, had an exciting race with a steam launch and as the wind favored us our wings proved the faster and after a clean run we rounded to at the Reformatory Dock, Penetanguishene. Here Buster Jack and Arthur, wishing to renew scenes of younger days decided to visit the Reformatory and accordingly all hands except Buff, who was evidently afraid of recapture, marched up, not with the great-

est assurance it is true. We were met with the usual salutation "Give us a chew!" and the echo resounded through the corridors, "a chew! a chew! Some of the boys bought trinkets from the kids paying for them in trade.

After taking in all the sights around the Reformatory the course was laid for Midland. Patsey putting on his Sunday face was placed under a guard but to no purpose. We lost him immediately on landing and with him all the good clothes on board.

Pearce and Miller as usual distinguished themselves by talking to all the girls in sight and some "out of sight." We passed the time watching a moonlight

excursion going out on the Bay, and later received an invitation to go out with a party on the Odessa which we were compelled to decline on account of our household cares. Had a small concert at home but missed Patsey's first tenor very much; turned in at 12.00.

Saturday, August 1st—Up at 10 a.m., found that Al., Ed. and Buff had taken the early train, the two former to meet lady friends and the latter disgusted to be once again in civilization, had left for home. Had dinner at the Queen's and a picnic on the Bay in spite of the rain. We parted with our fair Midland friends at 7.00 all of us very highly delighted with our visit to Midland.

A Day's Fishing in British Columbia.

BY P. E. BUCKE.

IN the summer of 1905 I was spending some weeks with a friend in Vancouver and found it difficult, in that new and progressive city, to secure a companion for a day's fishing. However at last I was successful in my quest, and in the morning for which the outing was arranged—a perfect day in early August—I was up and out betimes. The house where I was staying was situated not far from Stanley Park, one of the most beautiful and delightful pleasure resorts in the whole world.

The scene as I gazed around was enthralling. To see the sun gild the tops of the mountains some fifteen miles away was a sight not to be soon forgotten. The snow of the preceding winter was still clinging to the clefts of the rocks and as the sun caught the ice it glistened like silver in the newborn light. The thermometer showed sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit.

After gazing long on the beauties of the opening day I went in to breakfast. I was engaged in the double occupation of eating my meal and admiring the wonderful flower blooms that had been freshly bathed in the copious dew still dripping from the roofs when a ring at the bell

apprised me that my friend had arrived.

No time was lost in selecting our traps and getting to the station where we caught the 8.30 a.m. train for Westminster Junction on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The railway runs up Burrard Inlet and we saw a number of starfish on the beach, the tide being out. The Junction Station is reached just before arriving at the bridge which spans the Coquitlam River and a branch line runs from here to New Westminster.

Both above and below the bridge there are some very fine rapids, but we took down the stream and succeeded in capturing some fine specimens of the silver trout with the fly. The Coachman is the one chiefly preferred in these sparkling bright waters.

As all the streams are in flood during the winter months their margins are swept clear by the high water, and when the stream recedes to its more contracted summer channel there is ample room for fly casting. Were it not for this the dense undergrowth along the banks would seriously interfere with anglers.

The Coquitlam is a beautiful stream having rapids and holes of deep water. In some places there are log jams and here the fish find grand hiding places.

Mud is unknown along these streams so that a pair of knee rubber boots is all that is required.

Occasionally a salmon is caught in the deeper rapids with a spoon but on this occasion no capture of this kind fell to our lot. The spoon used is the Tacoma pattern and it is found very effective both for salmon and sea trout. Really it consists of two small spoons of equal size, placed one above the other, giving length and glitter to the bait, and presenting more the appearance of a long minnow than when one spoon only is used.

While going down stream I noticed a small creek running into the river and decided to try and follow it up. About one hundred yards from where a road crossed it I noticed a deep hole. Changing my cast to some small flies, No. 8 hooks, I threw in and shortly had a rise. Without much difficulty I brought the fish to grass and found him a ten oz. Fontinalus.

It seemed to me that I had struck virgin soil—or rather water. For a couple of hours I went up this stream till the brush grew so dense that further progress was arrested. My basket was getting heavy and I returned well satisfied with my discovery and the fish I had caught. Often it was necessary for me to shove the rod through the brush and let the fly float down stream as casting was an impossibility.

No one can do justice to the glorious beauties of a day on a trout stream in

British Columbia. The whole surroundings are entirely different to what is seen and experienced in eastern Canada. The thermometer is usually from sixty-four to sixty-six degrees and seldom over seventy-five. The dense woods, the ripple of the bright water, accompanied by the sigh of the tall firs or cedars, one hundred feet overhead, no mosquitoes, black flies or other "evil beasts" to annoy or worry—and what finer Paradise can be imagined?

The shrub coronaria, known as the syringor, or mock orange, is often found along the streams, and its beautiful white flowers, so intensely fragrant, give a zest to the balmy air. One can either fish or loaf as he prefers, all life being a perfect delight.

I dropped down the creek to the river and after fishing and waiting for some time my friend Wilson put in an appearance.

We pushed through the trees to a wagon road, and reached the station in time for the 7 p. m. train for Vancouver. After forty minutes run we were in town again having spent a day of unalloyed enjoyment.

In the train we compared notes. Wilson had met a man who greatly extolled the fishing in the Pitt River and its tributaries. The Pitt is crossed by the Canadian Pacific Railway two and a half miles further up the line, and we promised ourselves an outing there at no distant date.

A Day's Duck Shooting on the Miramichi, N. B.

BY W. H. FITZMAURICE.

THE season for duck shooting commences in New Brunswick on September first, but owing to a late spring last year the broods were not hatched out until late. Prior to the open season I had a number of walks along the banks of the river, and generally came across a brood accompanied by the old duck. I therefore came to the conclusion that they would not be fit to shoot on the opening day, and decided to defer my shooting trip for a fortnight.

On the evening of the fourteenth of the month I hired the only canoe not already engaged, and although it was extremely narrow and dangerous, I was, under the circumstances, glad to get even such a craft. The boy who was to accompany me as paddler was well able to swim, and therefore in case of an upset the worst that could happen would be a wetting for both of us. These arrangements being completed we made a start at eight o'clock on the morning of the

fifteenth, a day to be remembered by Canadian and American sportsmen as the opening day for moose hunting—the very cream of sport. While so many were about to taste, figuratively speaking, the real turtle of sport, I had to be content with what in comparison may well be described as the mock turtle. As a non-resident I would have had to pay fifty dollars for a shot at a moose, and in consequence I went in for the smaller game.

The morning was keen and frosty, but when the sun got higher in the heavens the day turned out perfection. A paddle of a quarter of a mile up stream brought us in sight of two shelldrakes on the water. As I was in front of the canoe I directed the boy to paddle quietly towards them. While we were still at a fairly long range they rose from the water, and though I fired both barrels at the same bird they flew off apparently untouched. I was just looking on myself as in the same category with the "three barrel man"—that is a sport who gives a bang and an expletive at every bird—when one of the birds dropped dead. Picking it up we proceeded further up the river.

We next came within sight of a flock of thirty ducks on the water. Anticipating good sport we made towards them as quickly and quietly as possible. I was however doomed to disappointment as a man in a boat hove in sight and flushed the lot. Apparently he was a poacher searching the pool for nets or fish. When he saw us he remained motionless until we had passed on.

Next I saw a bird in the air and marked him in a lagoon. Carefully taking the landmarks I walked to the spot, and when he got up knocked him over. I was quite close but owing to the bushes around had to take a snapshot.

After this I stalked a flock of ducks on the water by creeping on all fours under some bushes. I shot one bird on the water, and another when they rose. I saw a third bird coming towards me, and had barely time to put one cartridge in the chamber, and take a snap shot through the branches of a tree. I managed to get the bird, and this proved to be the quickest and best shot of the day.

A substantial luncheon followed,

washed down with two cups of a "brew" of tea, which is the most refreshing of all drinks if properly made. The best way to make tea is to first heat the teapot, then put in the tea, and pour on boiling water. When ready it should be strained into another vessel. The time allowed should never exceed three minutes. By this means you only extract a relative quantity of the tannic acid. Try it and see!

After a short rest, a bask in the sunshine, and a pipe of tobacco I was off again. Shortly afterwards some stalking brought me within long range of a black duck on the water. All I can say of the resulting shot is that I made her leave that place! This phrase reminds me of an incident that occurred during my shooting experiences in Ireland. I was out with a friend shooting birds. When not a great distance from him I heard a shot and called out "Did you get that bird?" Instantly there came back the answer, "No, but I made him leave that place!"

By this time I thought the boy had done enough paddling to have earned a rest. Accordingly we allowed the canoe to glide down stream, just guiding her occasionally and enjoying the scenes around us. During this time I got some long shots at birds on the wing, generally knocking over the bird, and having some exciting chases before making captures. The birds, if only wounded, could dive much faster than we could move, and our only chance was to watch the bubbles in the calm clear water. A number of them got away altogether, although we made strong chases after them.

Shelldrakes are fast flyers and at other than near range I had to fire far ahead. With all the care taken five of them got away wounded. I would prefer not getting a shot at all to leaving a wounded bird after me, but in duck shooting this is sometimes unavoidable. Wild ducks have a thick covering of feathers and take careful shooting.

The results of a most pleasant and enjoyable day's sport were eight shelldrakes and one black duck. I shot with a light double hammerless gun, weighing six and a half pounds.

Mysteries of the Caribou.*

BY DR. W. L. MUNRO.

THERE are no closer students of the habits of wild animals of the woods than Adam Moore and Arthur Pringle, guides, of New Brunswick. They neglect no opportunity of meeting and when they do so spend half a day, perhaps, in comparing notes.

It has been the writer's privilege to hunt with each of them, and the hours about the campfires have been enlivened by many discussions concerning the ways of moose, caribou, deer and bear.

My party hunted annually for years in the Maine forests, making our camps in the neighborhood of Lake Nahmakanta. When we first went there, caribou were fairly numerous and the number shot annually in the State of Maine was not sufficiently great to have any appreciable effect upon their increase. Suddenly they became scarce and then practically disappeared. The last spot where they were found in any number was upon Rainbow Mountain, whose moss-covered ridges furnished them a good feeding ground.

In conversation with Louis Ketchum, who can fairly claim the honor of being the best known Indian guide in Maine,—in fact there is no other, save his half-brother, old Joe Francis, who can dispute the title with him,—he ridiculed the idea that the caribou had been shot off or driven away. He told me that he had seen four previous migrations of the caribou, adding that some of the *old men* at Oldtown (Louis was himself at that time 73 years old, as nearly as I could determine) told him of a fifth just before his time. He said he had been in the woods as a young man several years and never had seen a caribou, when a party of French woodchoppers coming through from Canada, told him that they had crossed the trail of a herd travelling south.

Louis struck the trail and followed it for three days before he came up with the herd and shot one to see what it was like. A year or two later the caribou were, he said, as thick in the woods as

were the deer at the time we were talking. He believed that, in their last migration, they had travelled north in search of better food, crossed the St. Lawrence on the ice and joined the vast herds in Labrador.

The Maine Legislature declared a close time on Caribou after this last migration, thus emphasizing their ignorance of the whole subject.

That the fir moss is their favorite food would seem to be fairly demonstrated, (as Adam Moore has shown in your pages) by the fact that after heavy gales in New Brunswick, the caribou temporarily desert the barrens and take to the woods, where blow-downs are numerous.

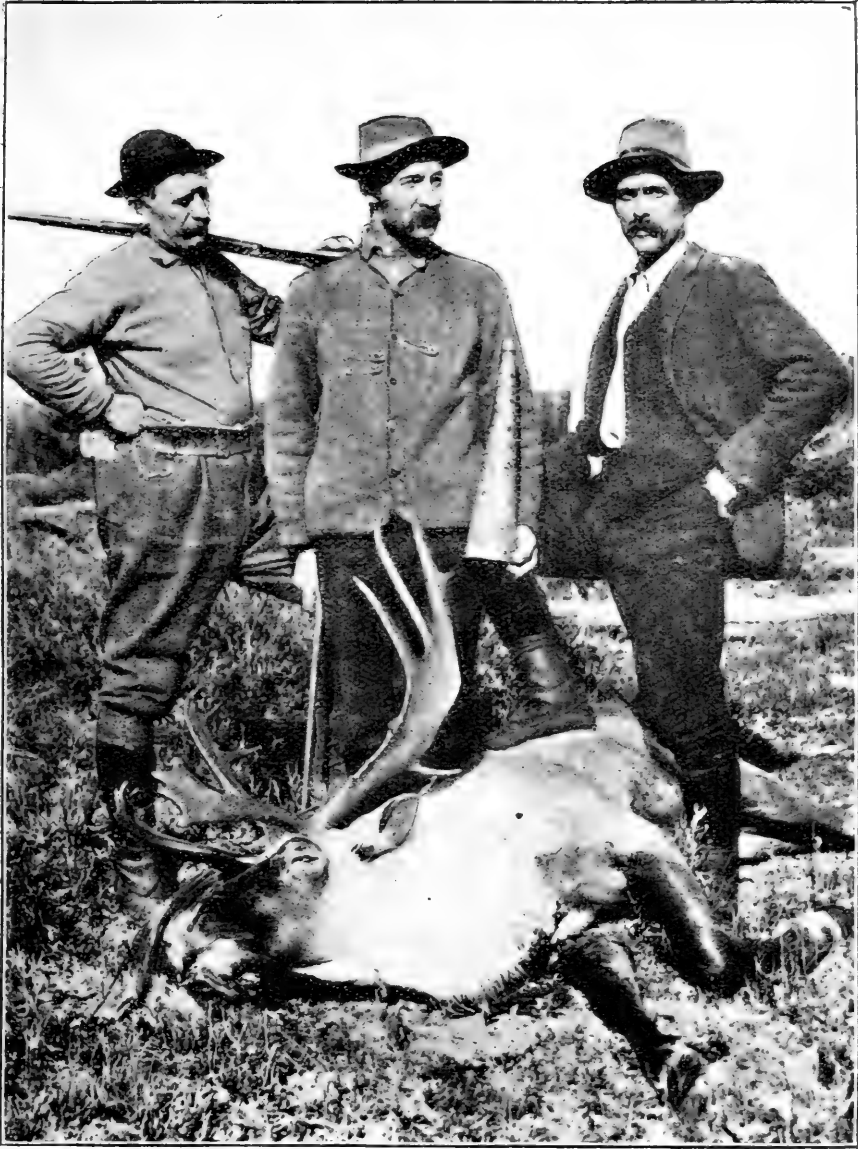
I was much interested by a proceeding of Adam Moore's this last fall. We were in the mountains northwest of Nictau Lake, where the caribou were fairly plentiful, but we had seen only one bull. We had "biled the kettle" when Adam announced his intention of "baiting the trails" which he proceeded to do, by chopping down a number of moss covered firs. Unfortunately we had but one more day in that region and so could not reap the results.

The caribou will often turn aside to a fresh blow-down and spend half a day there, taking their noontime siesta in the neighborhood.

It is fortunate for the sportsman, as well as the caribou, that the number which can be shot has been limited, as their stupidity, when their sense of smell is not in play, makes it an easy matter to shoot down a whole herd in turn, the survivors, after each shot, looking on in apparent bewilderment or indifference.

While hunting with Arthur Pringle on the barrens of the Northwest Miramichi, he would frequently call the caribou up to us and keep them standing about in full sight and hearing until they got our scent, when the whole herd would be off like the wind. On one occasion we were compelled to take off our shoe-packs and crawl down to leeward on our hands and knees. When I shot a fine bull, Arthur

*A sequel to Adam Moore's paper in the March number.



DR. THOMAS J. SMITH, ARTHUR PRINGLE AND JACK JARVIS.

Caribou shot by Dr. W. L. Munro.

cleaned and dressed him while the whole herd stood around within easy shooting distance and watched us. If we had been to windward they would have stampeded at once.

Years ago, when dogging was still in vogue in Maine and no adequate game protection was provided by law, it was

no uncommon thing for reckless and irresponsible "game-hogs" to pot a whole herd, leaving the carcasses to rot where they fell.

Such a stupid animal as the caribou sometimes shows himself certainly needs protection against still more stupid men.

If natural causes alone were operative,

there is reason to believe, with Louis Ketchum, that the caribou would soon return to their old haunts and once more find abundant food. Unfortunately however, man and his works are sorely disturbing factors.

Shortly after the last migration, the great forest fires of six years ago, originating probably from sparks from the locomotives, swept over wide areas, utterly destroying the former feeding grounds.

As everyone knows, it takes many years for the reindeer moss to find a foothold and convert these burnt lands into the favorite haunts of the caribou.

Another serious element in the situation is the new railroad, which, as surveyed, will leave the Bangor and Aroostook at Seboois, and run in a general northerly direction by Nahmakanta, Rainbow, Chesuncook, Chamberlain and a lots of other lakes and streams, thus bisecting what is today the richest big game section in our East.

The building of this road, affording easy access to the now remote wilderness, will mark the speedy passing of the moose and caribou.

It was my good fortune the other day to run across my old friend, Bill Moriarty, or "Bill Moratty," as he is known to the lumbermen and guides.

Bill was fresh from the woods. On the Penobscot where sturdy men are

plentiful, he is known as one of the "ablest" of them all. Strong as an ox and active as a panther, absolutely fearless, a crack shot and the very prince of canoemen, he is in many respects, the ideal backwoodsman. He has traversed the wilderness and threaded the water-ways from one end of Maine to the other.

He tells me that the caribou are returning but slowly and in small numbers; that it must be a long time before many of their former feeding grounds are of any value, and that, before then, the railroad will have settled the question of their return. He believes that the best hunting grounds of the future must be sought in the eastern and northeastern parts of the State.

In view of the absence of any great stretches of their favorite barrens in this region and the comparative scarcity of caribou in Western New Brunswick, it seems doubtful whether they will ever again be numerous in this district.

It has been shown conclusively that the sporting privileges of Maine furnish one of her greatest, if not *the* greatest source of wealth.

This being the case, a far-sighted and wise policy would indicate the creation of a great forest and game preserve, before the moose and the deer shall have followed the caribou and the opportunity be lost forever.

Fishing on the Kootenay Lake, British Columbia.

BY FRED J. SAMMOND.

TIME: Victoria Day, 1906. Place, Kootenay Lake, British Columbia. —Procter Narrow, nineteen miles from Nelson City. A wire from "the boys" at Nelson the day previous told me they were coming to spend the day fishing. I had left the cabin and was on my way to the lake to get the boat in readiness when I saw a tiny white speck on the lake which I knew to be one of the C. P. R. stern wheeler's that ply to and fro on this beautiful lake to the mining

town of Kaslo and Kootenay Landing making connections with trains bound East. Soon the whistle blew a signal for a landing—not for me though. It was evident the boat was making lots of calls, putting off sportsmen at their favorite creeks. I had just finished fixing my tackle when I heard the boat snorting through the Narrow's, and then she gave the signal for a landing. Yes, there was Jock; no mistaking Jock for he had his rod together, and looked anxious to get

to business. Marco, too—I can tell by the breeches and —ah, and little Patty waving and looking as keen as a ferret. Toot, and the boat is off again. A grand day now!

“Well, Fred, and what luck have you been having lately?” “Just a nice ripple! By Jove, that’s the tenth rise I’ve counted (from Marco) and what’s the fly!” Such was the babble! I could not get a word in. “Well, boys, let’s take the boat down to the point near the Narrow’s and fix gear and chew the rag.”

“Well, fellows, we are sure of a fish dinner for I had a grand time last night. I was whipping out from that little point opposite the Big Eddy. Two strangers! Where? In a canoe in the Eddy fishing. Great sport they seemed to have—mostly silver trout, small, and putting half the catch back into the lake! It was just the kind of evening for sport. I had been working hard for nearly fifteen minutes. Rises? Oh, yes, and the fly? Grey Drake. I heard one of the fellows remark, don’t seem to have much luck on the other side and then I hardly know what happened. I slipped. I jerked the rod in the air and loosed the line which must have run out fifteen yards and then I saw his lordship jump clear two feet out of water at the edge of the Eddy. But he was nicely hooked. Say, didn’t he canter round until I got things in shape, and such pretty play lasting over twenty minutes. The strangers did not fish any longer but stood watching all the time. Weight? Yes, Patty, he scaled five pounds, seven ounces. You will see him hanging up in the root house when you go to lunch, and my duds hanging up on the line. Well, boys I ken we had better be working. Now who’s going to stay ashore?”

Whir, whir-r-r-r, Bang! Splash! That settled it! I was in the boat first. Patty pushed her off and jumped in with his tackle. I had left my rod in the boat with flies and leader in the water. Well, Sir, it took the fly, run out all the line and pulled the rod in the lake. I was too late to catch it. Sport! Excitement! Laugh! Many a time I thought

we would upset the boat and get a ducking. The rod sank to the bottom of the lake. What could we do? It was out of sight and the fish just jumping up in the Eddy, then in the stream. It was a case of acting quick for the fellow would soon be played out, then he would have no sign. Patty was working. He broke off his leader. “What do you want now?” “Why a heavy sinker man.” Good gracious Patty why you have picked up one a dozen times. Hurry up! The next thing he wanted was grab hooks or spoon bait, and before he found them we nearly got to fighting. There he jumped again, Patty, in the Eddy! Never you mind where he jumped Fred. Row right across the stream. Steady now, I’ve got hold of something. Good shot. What’s the matter with Patty? Shut up you chump. But say, Patty whose fish is this going to be? True Patty had caught the line with one of the grab hooks and then we worked very carefully until we had hold of the line and then the beauty came right up to the boat like a Squaw fish thoroughly played out. What a dandy—nearly four pounds!

By the time we had our rods and tackle in shape again we had drifted nearly a mile and was opposite the Black Rock and there we fished, and such fishing! First Patty, then we, turn about. Twenty-seven pounds of fine speckled beauties! “Say do you know what the time is Fred?” “Two o’clock.” “I guess we had better get back to the cabin for lunch.” We saw Jock still fishing from the point and Marco lying down on the bank. They were both anxiously waiting a turn in the boat. Jock grabbed the bow of the boat to pull us ashore. “Easy there!” says Patty. “Take out the ballast first!” What a sight to see Jock and Marco’s face’s “By Jove, we have had rotten luck,” says Marco. “Only caught two, but don’t yer know we have just finished a ripping lunch.” We went up to the cabin and cooked lunch and left you a little of the big fish old chap, and little it was, for me and Patty had such appetites!

Shall the Dog be Prohibited in Deer Hunting?

BY ERNEST J. MCVEIGH.

THE article in "Rod and Gun" for March by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch reminds us that we have one more important question to consider in connection with the protection of our deer, and that is, should the use of the dog be made unlawful?

This is not a new question by any means; it has been fought out again and again, and so far the dog hunter has had the best of it, inasmuch as the use of the dog has been allowed up to the present, and his use will still be as stoutly fought for as ever, and fought for by good men, true sportsmen. There is no use in saying, as some people do, that the man who makes use of the hound is no sportsman, for it is not true. And the men who make this statement do not understand that the love of the dog and the pleasure of hearing his tongue is half the hunt to the owner of the hound.

The man who advocates the use of the dog will tell you that without the hound the hunt loses its joy for him; that he does not feel his day has been lost if he only hears the dogs even without getting a shot, and that so long as he has his dogs there will be no wounded deer get away to die and be lost, and there is some truth in all this. But he will go further and say things that are not so true, such as this: That the use of hounds does not drive deer away from their accustomed haunts, and while prohibiting their use may lessen the number of deer brought out, it will not decrease the number killed. His final argument is that the man who goes to the trouble and expense of keeping hounds all the year should not be prevented using them for ten or fifteen days, when every farmer and some men in the small towns, keep dogs that are allowed to hunt and kill the deer all the year round, with nothing being done to stop it. This last is all truth and is hard to get over.

But leaving the question of the farm and village mongrel for the present let us consider what it would mean if the sportsman's hound was not allowed in

the woods. In the first place the number of men who go hunting every year would be greatly reduced, for a large number who now go with a pack of hounds would stay at home, and even if they did go their chances of killing a deer would be very small. Many hundreds of men who kill a deer, or more, each year in the water or on the runway ahead of the dog, would never get a deer still hunting. Then the hound does chase deer away from their regular haunts. No man of experience can deny this honestly. I have proven it too often myself to have any doubts on the subject.

The use of the hound does not enable the hunter to secure the best specimens, as the young and the does run ahead of the dog, while the big bucks jump to one side and hide, or sneak away, but it does help the man to kill something that he would not likely do otherwise. So look at it how you will the desire to continue the use of the dog is a purely selfish one, having no regard to anything but the present pleasure and success of the man or men using him.

I have hunted for many years with dogs, and without, but I am by nature a still hunter, and would be glad to see the deer dog eliminated. But if he is shut out let the mongrel receive attention. I confess I do not understand the people at Toronto who have this matter of game protection in hand, even the fool laws they make they do not enforce. I know sportsmen who have written giving the Department information of the killing of deer by farmers' dogs, and asking that a man be sent to investigate and prosecute, but there is no reply and no man. Of course if you do the work yourself and notify them that they have nothing to do, some man comes on at once, and looks on, going back with a report that is published to show how smart he is, leaving you with a few good hot enemies to look out for in future, and actually in danger of life and property.

I say I do not understand these people

in a great many things they do in their clumsy efforts at game protection, but we can of course understand their attitude in the matter of the dog, both hound and mongrel. There are a good many thousand men who want to hunt with hounds and there are as many more who own mongrels, and these men all have votes, and with them it is a case of "love me, love my dog."

There is an old saying to the effect that "if you find a bull dog in the yard, you will find another in the house." The same thing holds good in the case of the hound and mongrel, but the howls of the owners should not any longer be allowed to deafen our ears and sway our judgments in a plain case of fact, and there never was a time in the history of Ontario when the Government was in a position where they can "hew to the line" as now. They are making changes in the laws again this year, and in future allow one deer to each man; this is all right, but let them now shut out the hound and get after the mongrel, the pot hunter and the Indian, and get after them hard.

In Mr. John Arthur Hope's excellent article in the April number he tells us many good things, and tells them well, better than most people could, but he does not after all tell us much that we did not know, and if you read him carelessly you might be left with the idea that he does not advocate the destruction of the wolf now, and in the future, and I don't think he really means that. But at the same time he is a little too friendly to the animal, and some of his statements in reference to him are not so exact and logical as we have a right to expect from a student possessing his knowledge. His statement of the manner in which nature has held the balance, and his conclusion that she always would if man was eliminated is beyond controversy. But man is here, and I would judge likely to stay, and we have seen that so far as our deer are concerned there is no room for both him and nature's destroyer, or equalizer, the wolf, for combined these exterminate, and the balance is lost.

Now the question is how to restore the balance? And I think the answer is to

go on and carry out what we are, in our poor human way, trying to do: Hold man in check, and reduce the number of the wolf. No one need fear for a moment that he will be exterminated. Oh, no, there will always be enough of him left to eat up the sick and diseased.

Mr. Hope says the wolf eats up clean all that he kills. This is not so. That he sometimes does, goes without saying, but you tell any old bush man that the wolf eats every deer he pulls down and he will laugh at you, for what he has seen he knows. The wolf is a killer, and will often kill for the seeming love of killing; just as his brother the dog will kill a flock of sheep with a cunning that is devilish, so will the wolf kill. Then to talk about killing the sick and the old "with unerring instinct" is letting him off altogether too easy. I have seen a full grown doe break from the woods, and run to the door of the house in which I was born, and would have come in too, had my mother not shut the door, to escape from a pack of three wolves that followed close behind. I have seen the full grown buck rush across the field with tongue hanging out to put a team of horses with a man and plow between him and the wolves that he felt he could no longer keep ahead of. Were these sick? Yes, but sick with a wild, pitiful terror that bred in me a hatred of the wolf from the days, or nights, when I lay in bed as a little chap with the clothes over my head to shut out his horrible noise as he roamed around the sheep pen trying to get at the poor things inside. Oh, yes, deer will run to man to get away from the wolf, for I have known a young one to jump into a sleigh and lay down in the straw beside a man to escape the "keeper of the balance." The fool thing didn't seem to understand natural history and know it was up to it to be eaten by a great cowardly brute that would not alone face its dad except when he had lost his horns and was weak and poor in the winter yard.

We owe Mr. Hope thanks for his most interesting article, but I respectfully submit that he need not champion the cause of the wolf. Man can now keep the balance without his help, and bad as man is,

once we cut out the dog we will do it in a more decent manner. This is not theory as I know whereof I speak. The district in which I was born was at one time a great deer country, and was of course infested with wolves. Nearly thirty years ago the first railway was built through the heart of it and the wolf cleared out totally at that time and has never come back. The land has been gradually cleared up until today there is very little shelter for deer, and yet they are still there, though hunted more or less every year, and I know of no other part of Ontario where there is a finer specimen.

I have just received a letter from a friend in the west who interviewed an old Indian hunter at my request and the old fellow has things to say about the wolf that are new to me. He said in part: "The way to hunt the wolf is to *walk* after him and he will tire and stop in *one hour* and you can then rope him. No dog will hunt a wolf on scent, but will run on sight. Do not *run* the wolf, walk him. There is less danger of being hurt by a wolf than a dog."

Now if the wolf can be walked down in one hour or three times one hour, why cannot they be successfully hunted in winter when we have their tracks to follow? It looks almost too good to me, but I don't know that it can't be done. Who has ever tried it in Ontario? I have yet to meet the man who has, or who has ever heard of it being tried. "There are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy" and why not this? The first man who said he could "walk down" a deer was laughed at, yet it has been done many times. I am still of the opinion that a professional wolf hunter is the thing we want.

A Good Word for the Dogs.

The question of dog hunting versus still hunting is one of the unfailing topics which interest everyone who goes to the backwoods. The Rev. Dr. Murdoch raised this question in its strongest form in our March number. He found an able advocate of his position in Mr. J. A. Hope, whose article appeared in April. Then the dog hunters found their breath

and fell upon the Reverend Doctor, who however was never left without his supporters. The following letter from Mr. J. Misner, of Sault Ste Marie, is interesting for several reasons, and particularly for the reminiscences of a long life spent in the woods. Our readers will join us in the hope that Mr. Misner may yet recover sufficient of his health to again revisit the scenes he loves so well and also that he will give us and them the pleasure of reading still more of his recollections and experiences of the Canadian backwoods. Mr. Misner's letter follows:

"Lest decapitation should begin in your mailing lists soon, I enclose two dollars to keep me in good standing for although I am pretty far gone in years and health with probabilities strongly against my chances of ever sitting by the fireside in a hunter's cabin again, the old instinct for the chase in me, which according to family record must have descended from Esau, is still so strong that I cannot tolerate the thought of quitting company with a welcome old visitor like "Rod and Gun."

Last November was the first deer season I have missed in many years where the excitement of the day's chase is recapitulated in detail over and over again. At that time I was slowly convalescing in a hospital where I had just undergone a critical operation in which I lost a kidney. I knew the hunting season was on and could hear the forests calling me just as strongly as when I was in good health, and I had the October and November numbers of "Rod and Gun" included in my list of welcome visitors.

Nearly two years ago I wrote an article on "Destruction and Preservation of Game," which you had the kindness to publish and I have been pleased to see since so many able writers taking up the same subject. Although we all agree that something must be done if our game is to be preserved many stick in the old rut and keep banging away at the sportsman and his methods of hunting. I notice an article in your March number, entitled, "Our Vanishing Deer," by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch. I confess it is a very able communication on the subject, especially the latter part from the words as they appear in the last column of the

article as published, beginning with the words "a check placed on the indiscriminate slaughter of the deer by Indians and settlers at all seasons of the year." I am in love with every word the remainder of the article contains and I admire the bold, courageous way in which he expresses himself. It is simply a case of brass tacks, and up to the Government to determine how long this indiscriminate slaughter shall continue. As to the subject—the cause of our vanishing deer, I do not agree with him an instant in what he asserts so loudly to be the paramount cause, viz: DOG—DOG.

It is a regrettable thing that the capacity of our type foundries are so limited that they cannot make type large enough to express a single word impressive enough, and the printer has to be put to the inconvenience of using the largest sized type he has in the plant several times over. I am afraid the Reverend gentleman has permitted himself to be influenced with what is commonly known as dog hatred, together with compassion for the poor, panting deer, lacerated and torn by the cruel dogs we hear so much about in stories. In 1866 I took part in my first deer hunt which proved successful and have hunted and killed deer and moose since, both with dogs and without them and have never seen such revolting scenes as we hear and read about.

My father was a hater of dogs; good reasons made him so, but he nursed his wrath so long his hatred became chronic, and for years he would not allow a dog kept about the place. There was nothing a dog could do to gain his approval. We lived on a farm only a half mile from an Indian Reservation, and every Injun kept four or five dogs. They were a miserable half starved set of curs, good for nothing but chasing squirrels and rabbits, worrying and killing deer when the snow was deep enough that they could catch them, and when they could not catch deer they would vary the program by plundering around the settlers' farms killing sheep. The old gentleman, as we latterly called him, became so enraged that he took to shooting every dog he could that came on the place, daylight or dark, and he was very handy at it. I

think he could handle either shotgun or rifle on a dark night the slickest of any man I ever saw. When looking for a victim in the dark he usually walked slowly, slightly stooped forward carrying the breech of the gun about level with the hip, hammer up and finger on the trigger and the instant he located the game the gun would crash; it was purely a shot by calculation. But there generally was immediate business for the spade. If a tombstone was placed over every dog he planted during the forty-five years he lived on that place, the farm would resemble a graveyard too fat to recommend the skill of the local physicians.

Personally I have no desire or inclination to die a martyr in defence of the dog or his mission here on earth. A dog must possess many redeeming features individually to win my approbation. Still I claim that if deer are to be hunted and killed at certain seasons, there is no reason why the dog should not be used in the hunt, and a great many reasons why he should. The word hounding has by custom and use become a word signifying something terrible. Whenever an idea of a cruel, relentless, persecuting nature is desired to be conveyed, hounding is the word generally employed. Yet there is nothing unnecessarily cruel in hunting deer with dogs if done at the proper time of year. A deer is built to run, and in the cold month of November when not hampered by deep snow he is just as handy at running as any dog; if there is any difference it is generally in the deer's favor. It is not always as some people suppose; a nip-his-heels race for life, or a terrible death. I have known many instances when the deer has been shot, disembowelled and made ready for transportation before the dog pursuing him arrived on the scene.

The Rev. Doctor tells us that dogs drive deer out of their retreats where they are safe and immune from the still hunter. True, the forests abound with those places and all game take advantage of them. But I have hunted with parties when we sent one or two men beating through their hiding places and the men on the outside bagged the game just as successfully as if dogs had been used.

The Doctor recites to us the disgraceful and lawless conduct of a Pittsburg Club and other kindred Associations. Those assertions do not conclusively show that the dogs were responsible for those unlawful massacres. It is evidence that our Government has laws on the Statute Books it does not take trouble to enforce. The Rev. Doctor thinks that using the dog in the hunt should be prohibited because other States and Provinces have such laws. The fact that some other States and Provinces have such laws does not necessarily imply that those laws are beneficial to the country, or even righteous. As I raise my eyes while writing this article, I can gaze into the State of Michigan where the law will not allow a dog to chase a deer, neither will it hang a man though he committed a hundred murders. I don't know why they have it so unless it is because the, "I-thought-it-was-a-deer-fool-still-hunter" shoot so many men every year in that State that they can't afford to hang any. In delightful language the Doctor pictures the still hunter going out and dropping a buck unawares in his tracks. While this may be an interesting diversion for some men, many others consider this method very unsportsmanlike; they feel that such a practice places them much on the same level with the Indian who is forced to go out and kill a deer from sheer necessity, or the pot hunter who sneaks up and discharges his gun amongst a bevy of helpless quail huddled together under a log for refuge on a rainy day.

Of course everybody knows their own feelings best. For mine I would rather miss half a dozen deer, high, wide and handsome, when bounding along merrily before a hound, than shoot one lying asleep. I should know what I am talking about for I have done the trick both ways—some years ago I still hunted a buck and shot him—the moment I did so I was filled with regret and vowed I would never do such a thing again. I felt I had not given him a chance. The whole top of his head was torn off with a large Enfield bullet. I had actually stalked him within forty feet and shot him dead as he lay sleeping in comfort. I felt the remorse of a murderer as I dragged him out of the woods, and after

I had him out he did not taste right. The last deer I ever shot was in November, 1905; he was just such a one as I have described—a yearling buck. My boy had just started him with his hound pup a short time before. I was moving towards them on a high hardwood ridge, and the deer came kiteing through at the top of his speed on the top of another parallel ridge. A wide ravine lay between the two ridges. He was two hundred yards away from me if he was an inch, but the bush was very clear and open. I pulled for his shoulder, and he dropped the instant the Savage spoke. I was over to him before the dog or boy arrived and was surprised to find that although both hind legs had been shot off above the hock joints and hanging simply by a few strings he had actually crawled about fifty yards from where he first fell, and I had to finish him with a knife. That deer tasted all right; I gave him a chance. The result of the shot I have just described shows that this dropping a buck in his tracks is only a beautiful dream; sometimes it is done but in the majority of cases it is not done. In many cases he is mortally wounded and breaks away for liberty and goes as long as strength to do so remains. It is just here that the use of the dog in the hunt is a benefit; not only to the hunter but the remainder of the living game. If the dog is used he is surely captured and counts one on the hunter's permit. If the dog is not used the still hunter pursues along as a usual thing, and if he can track the deer at all it generally ends in coming to where the track is lost altogether, the deer abandoned and the hunter proceeds to hunt other deer. When he is ready to start home he has perhaps killed three or four deer; two he takes home on his permit and two more are lying in the woods rotting. This is no fancy picture; it is the experience of every man who ever hunted. Many a time when I was a boy and hunted the wild turkey, I would find the spoiled remains of a bird wounded in some previous hunt which might have been recovered at the time only for my father's strong will prohibiting me keeping a dog.

I have hunted in many localities extending from the Georgian Bay to Lake Superior with varied success and can re-

call many instances of the same kind. In 1903 I hunted up the shores of Lake Superior. I had for a companion a man named Holdworth, a man who has almost devoted his life to the woods, prospecting, hunting, trapping and fire ranging; he is a good hunter and a splendid companion. During the hunt I had four shots at deer; the first three were good fair chances, but I made a mess of all of them—no excuses—I simply missed them just the same as many another man has done. The fourth shot was made during a snow storm and under the most unfavorable conditions. But the flag† fell and I felt sure he was badly wounded. We examined the tracks and found some hair but very little blood. We waited a while and then began to follow the track. We soon came to where he had stood and moved on more rapidly at our approach, although unseen by us. As it was now dark we decided to go home and take the trail in the morning. It continued to snow heavy all night and in the morning we could not see our tracks where we came in the night before and the pursuit had to be abandoned. As the season was closing I came home but Holdworth stayed to do some trapping. A few weeks later he trailed a fox right up to the carcass of the only deer I had shot during the whole season, no great distance from where we were forced to abandon the track. This was one instance of hunting without a dog. In 1904 I hunted with a party using dogs, up the great Mississauga. It was certainly a year off for me; although I was out early and late everyday I did not see a flag during the whole season. Yet we were running deer every day, but none happened to come my way. Our party got its complement, and we did not leave any to rot in the woods. Neither did we exterminate them for some of the same party hunted the same ground over in 1905 and again in 1906 and got their full complement both years.

The year 1905 I had better luck; I got both deer and moose and left no cripples. Last season, 1906, my old friend Holdworth guided a small party from here up

the shores of Lake Superior, and they camped near the shore on Haviland Bay. They had no dogs and the ground was bare, for the snow had not yet fallen. They hunted several days without results; they saw traces of game but could not see the game. Towards the close of the week Holdworth suddenly came on to a large bull moose carrying a magnificent set of horns; he was accompanied by a smaller bull and a cow. Holdworth instantly opened fire with a 30-30 on the largest bull who sprang into the cedar swamp and made off. Holdworth continued to fire as long as he could see a bush move. He examined the track, blood was thick on it, for an hour he found no trouble in following it, but darkness came just as he approached a deep creek. For fear of losing the track he built a fire and sat down beside it to wait for daylight. Just after nightfall he heard a couple of reports from a gun which he answered and to his surprise found he was within half a mile from camp. Next morning the whole party took up the trail. It wound here and there, became mixed up among moose tracks, going in all directions and finally lost altogether. They continued to hunt the balance of the day and quit in disgust. Thoroughly disgusted the party broke camp the next morning and two miles on the way out hired a settler who had a team to drive them to the Soo. They related the story about the moose to the settler and gave him careful instructions as to where the hunt was left off. Next day the settler took an old sleigh dog who had seen some service in his time in leash and found no trouble in finding the place described to him where the hunt had been abandoned. He began the search keeping the dog in leash. In a short time the dog began to act suspiciously, but with a little encouragement located the bull moose stone dead. Just think of it, after baffling the best efforts of skilled hunters, a huge moose weighing over one thousand pounds, more than five hundred pounds of delicious food left to rot in the woods, saved by a D O G."

†The tail of the deer carried erect when in flight. When struck by a shot it drops instantly and remains down. If the deer jumps short and chunky it generally indicates he is shot too low and too far back, and very little blood will be found on his track. He will run some distance, often more than a mile before stopping. He will not lie down at once but will take a position turned partly round near some large tree and stand humped up and watch. If not pursued he will after a time lie down and never rise again, although death may not ensue for thirty-six hours or even longer according to the nature of the shot.

Leaves From an Angler's Diary.

BY J. A. MORIARTY.

Newboro', June 28th, 1906.

My Dear O'Brien,—

Yours of recent date to hand and I beg to advise that the fish in Newboro' Lake have not as yet been educated to appreciate the merits of first class fishing tackle, split bamboo or steel poles, silk lines, flies, etc., etc.

The boys here sit on top of any convenient boathouse and use a crooked pole cut in any bush, a stout piece of wrapping cord, binder twine or small rope for a line. A bent pin for a hook and a piece of red flannel a belated and generally dilapidated grasshopper, frog or minnow for bait. The boys do not seem to be very particular, nor are the fish.

"Lay aside life's seeming heaviness and cultivate a cheerful disposition." Come to Newboro' and enjoy the best holiday of your life.

Yours for first class sport,

George Dolan.

I HERE it was.

Early in the summer of 1906 the heat of the city had as usual become almost intolerable and I commenced to look around for a spot to spend a few holidays.

Thousand Islands, Niagara Falls, Muskoka Lakes, Lake St. John, all in turn presented themselves to my mind but to all I had found some reasonable objection.

Why not the Newboro' Lake? Here was a beauty spot not already spoiled by the commercialism of the majority of summer resorts and fishing grounds. But I had heard of it in various ways. I then wrote to Mr. Dolan, the proprietor of the summer hotel at Newboro' and the above was the reply to my letter asking for information concerning the best manner to capture the wily bass which abound in this beauty spot of the world.

Strange the words did not seem to have the cold ring which they now have as I rewrite them. Nor could I find anything ludicrous in the description

of the youthful followers of Walton, but they seemed to have that almost irresistible call of the wild which makes sensible people long to leave trouble and care and drift back for a few days with Mother Nature.

Two days afterwards I found myself bound for the "Killarney of Ontario." The trip from New York to Morristown thence to Brockville and thence to Newboro' was uneventful except for the wild boyish desire which seemed to fill my being as I from time to time caught a passing glimpse of some distant lake and breathed that June, life-giving ozone which seems to have left the crowded cities.

The traveller, on arriving at the Newboro' Depot cannot fail to mark and admire the natural beauty of the surroundings. To the North West almost from the railroad track extends to a seeming endless distance the primeval forests of pine with here and there a maple, beech or ash relieving the sombre black with their beautiful light green; while the occasional white trunk of a birch or poplar glimmers like a ghost among their dark neighbors.

In the near foreground nestled the quiet little country village of Newboro', while away in the background lies the broad expanse of Newboro' Lake, the highest lake in the chain of lakes between Kingston and Ottawa, dotted with almost innumerable islands which are becoming the homes in the summer months of wealthy Americans.

Here was the scene of my future pleasures—short perhaps—but at any rate free from the care the business worries the noise, bustle and hum of a busy city and I felt inexpressibly happy.

"Now for a beauty!" called the guide as I cast for the vicinity of a stump about seventy-five feet distant. The spoon struck lightly and slowly sank towards the bottom. Suddenly there was a series of quick short pulls and then my line was free. Again came the pull and the line

became taut. Then I realized I had hooked a fighter.

Who can describe the sensations felt by an angler when he becomes aware for the first time that he is in for a struggle with a small-mouth black bass—the king of fighters in our inland lakes? Waves of electricity seem to run from the line to the pole and the fisherman is filled with a voltage that makes an electric battery seem tame. These glorious sensations can be caused by nothing else in the universe. Nothing else will send “the old blood dancing through pulse and heart and vein.” The heart jumps wildly. Health glows in the palest cheek. Every pulse throbs in joyful expectation and the weight of years falls away like a loose garment in a fierce gale, making a man seem a boy again.

To stop the whirl of my reel was but the work of an instant and the line cut the water like a knife running around in many circles while the water made a miniature whirlpool with all the colors of the rainbow.

Away the fish goes for shore, then he turns, and it is with difficulty that I prevent the line becoming slack and thus losing him. Towards the surface he rushed but suddenly changes his course and strikes for bottom. Down goes the line with a snap and the still rod bending almost double touches the water and comes dangerously near breaking. Under the boat goes my beauty evidently with the intention of breaking my line, but the danger passes and the line cuts back again. Now up—now down to the boat and out again for shore. Many a time since in my dreams have I re-lived this thrilling scene.

But the endurance of all things, even a black bass, has an end and at the end of about fifteen minutes I had wound the line up until the fish was close to the boat.

Another short, sharp struggle, the landing net is slipped under and with a flutter the fish lands in the boat.

I sank down with a sigh of relief, tired but happy and scarcely heard my guide as he chuckled, “Not too bad! six pounds and a quarter!” The spring balance clicks. The cover of the fish basket snaps and my first black bass is secured! But I cannot soon forget the pleasant thrills.

“Now for his mate!” said the guide as I cast for another stump but either as I then believed, his mate did not exist or he was not then at home for there was nothin’ doin’!

At the next there was a moment’s pause, a minute’s patient waiting. Then there was a violent pull and there was every indication of another struggle as the line fiercely slashed through the water but probably due to my carelessness the

line caught on a stump and broke, and away went spoon, bait and fish. However I was not disappointed. Your true angler never weeps over that which he never possessed.

A new spoon was quickly attached by my willing guide, all was ready again and our adventures for the day were not yet ended.

Scarcely had the spoon again touched water after a magnificent cast when there was another wild nerve racking-strife. Away went my line again and then down, down, down for bottom. The pole again bent almost double and the end touched the water. Then with a loud snap my pet steel rod broke and away went the line.

“Grab the line, Grab it quick!” shouted my almost excited guide, who by the way, was one of the least excitable personages it has ever been my pleasure to meet. The most startling of happenings never seemed to ruffle him a particle, and



NEWBORO' LAKE ON A CALM DAY.

now evidently believing in the motto "Laugh and grow fat" he was able to put the beam up at over two hundred pounds. On shore he could not get around as easily as the most of men but in a boat he was perfectly at home and understood fishing in every department and his advice was generally wholesome.

Without a thought of the after consequences I grabbed the fast receding line, regretting my folly the next instant as the line burnt through my hand, but I did not let go and soon again felt the pull of the fish, which had not yet managed to get free.

Now slowly inch by inch I pulled the line up hand over hand, my captive fighting every foot of the way, now pulling for the bottom, now to the rear of the boat and again for the front but never seeming to tire and in truth I believed that I had hooked a "lunge" which in some manner had managed to find its way into these lakes.

After a long hard struggle I at last brought the fish alongside of the boat. Then a strange thing happened. In attempting to place the net under the fish the guide touched it lightly on the side with the iron hoop and the startled fish made another strike for freedom. As the boat was resting on its side on account of the weight of the guide as well as my own weight, when this unexpected event occurred I lost my balance and pitched headlong into the water down into the depths among the fishes, down

among the water-lily roots at the bottom. I had hardly time to know what had happened when I found myself grasped by the guide and pulled into the boat.

I must have presented a truly pitiful, yet amusing sight as I stood there in the boat with the water streaming from nose, ears and mouth and running in torrents from my clothing. There was a strange ringing in my ears and I could scarcely see or breathe, and yet when I heard the hearty laugh of my guide as he

rather sarcastically remarked, "Don't dive after 'em again, we may be able to get enough without that,"—the laugh was so contagious, I could not help joining, and truly I felt much better for it.

To go back to the hotel in my present uncomfortable condition was out of the question for more reasons than one and not the least was my aversion to being seen by my fellow anglers and made the subject of ridicule.

After a hasty consultation we rowed to a nearby island. After

spreading my clothes out in the sun on a flat rock for a short time they were soon dried and we were able to resume our fishing feeling little the worse for my mishap.

The rest of the day was free from accident but every minute was replete with stirring incident. Now it was the swift strike, the steady pull and the wild surface splash of the pike, again it was the landing of a "shiner" and then it was the draw of a "Swago" bass or the wild



A FINE CATCH FROM NEWBORO' LAKE

soul-stirring fight with our friend the small mouthed bass.

When we returned to the hotel at night we carried the legal limit of bass and a few large pike which we did not care to throw back into the water. Just a few words about this all too common practise of throwing fish back into the water. Some anglers carefully wet their hands before handling any fish and if a fish is too small to keep they carefully examine the gills and if there are no cuts it is returned to the water little the worse for its adventure. Others take little care and the fish is sometimes thrown into the bottom of the boat where it remains until a large fish is secured, then the fish half dead is thrown into the lake:—Result in a day or two another dead fish floats to shore to join a host of others that have been similarly treated by unthinking fishermen. Thus the pleasant air is tainted with the most disagreeable smell of decaying fish.

Lastly there are guides and anglers who have been guilty of the infamous practise of making a small incision in the body of the fish before throwing it into the water. This causes it to fill with water and sink to the bottom, dying a cruel death.

Numerous complaints are made to officials but convictions are extremely rare as it is difficult to collect evidence unless the perpetrators are caught red handed in the act.

* * *

How pleasant it is to lie here upon the bank on the soft carpet of leaves and moss in the shade of the rich foliage of birch and maple sheltered from the rays of the warm July sun, and smoke or sleep or idly gaze at our guide preparing a fish dinner.

Dinner on some island cooked by a Newboro' guide in a manner which wou'd

put to shame the best of French chefs is a pleasure which the tourist and angler should not fail to enjoy at least once, and once enjoyed his pleasure shall never be forgotten, his only regret being that he did not have the opportunity before.

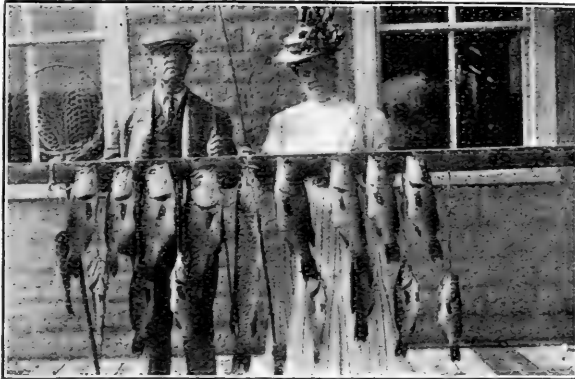
Bread, pepper and salt, butter, tea, some pork, knives, forks, cups, saucers, dishes etc. etc. are cheerfully furnished by the hotel and the guide is capable of doing the rest whether the demand is for boiled, fried or baked fish. Or better still the guide selects a couple of the largest bass, carefully cleans and washes them and then tacks them on to a board and places them before the fire. If your guide watches the fish carefully, does not allow them to become burned or smoked but to become thoroughly cooked, when served with pepper, salt and butter you will have a delicacy which brings back recollections of boyhood days and Mother. Tea is steeped over

the hot coals and dinner is served on the green grass under a friendly tree. At this time the traveller always envies the Indian the years that he enjoyed undisturbed in this earthly paradise.

Lucky the angler who finds a guide able to produce

that master piece of the culinary art—a fish chowder. Were I well versed in the orthography of cooks I might chronicle its principal ingredients and it could be made in hotels and at home but I believe it would lack its chief seasonings—the sound of the water as it washes against the shore; the wild cry of the loon in some distant bay and the roar of the open fire with its sparks encircling above the tree tops, the soft zephyrs as they fan the cheeks of the diners and the smell of the pine fern and birch.

* * *



OUR AFTERNOON'S RECREATION.

Here there was "a picture no artist can paint." A tired angler carries a string of fish to the hotel, proud of his success and his conquests but his ardor is cooled by a friend who remarks, "We caught some fish today that took a bait the size of the best you have!"

Around the hotel are scattered in heaps the strings of the different anglers. Here and there groups stand and talk about

the "dandy" that got away or tell of the landing of the best they caught. The unsuccessful ones tell about throwing away better ones than can be seen any place around.

The majority sit on the veranda and smoke and relieve the day's adventures or swap stories with a talkative neighbor. But we are too tired to linger so we think of bed and bid our friends "adieu !"

The Game Laws of New Brunswick.

THE Legislature of New Brunswick has been amending the Game Laws of the Province and several important changes have been made.

In future every registered guide will be required to submit a return to the Department not later than December 31st showing separately the number of moose, caribou, and deer killed by sportsmen, whom he has guided, and as all non-residents are required to employ native guides, the Government ought thus to be able to arrive at the number of big game killed in the Province each year by outsiders.

The license fee of ten dollars to be charged to non-residents coming to the Province to shoot game birds was incorporated in the new Act.

After a long discussion a clause was carried allowing farmers to kill deer during the open season if they find such deer destroying their crops. It was agreed that all legislation allowing exceptions was dangerous; on the other hand it was stated that the exception would only apply to farmers owning crops and some evidence would be required that damage had actually been done to such crops. It was stated that moose and caribou did not take to farm crops as food but deer jump fences and cause much destruction to farming crops.

A section was added to the bill prohibiting the use of automatic guns and rifles for hunting purposes.

There was much difference of opinion over a proposal fathered by the Government, providing for the issue of a special deer license to non residents on payment

of ten dollars. Strong support had been given to this proposal by the Fredericton Tourist Association and it was to apply only to localities where deer abound, while each license is to be within the discretion of the Surveyor General. Warm support was given to the proposal by several members, it being stated that the raising of the fee from twenty-five dollars to fifty dollars had much injured portions of the Province while this concession would allow them to recover. The non resident fee of fifty dollars would continue to apply to hunting for caribou and moose, and the reduced fee was specially in the interests of York and Charlotte counties, formerly visited by many American tourists but which had suffered considerably through the absence of these visitors since the increase in the license. It was held that as the license fee in Maine is but fifteen dollars, and they have abundance of deer in that State, it would do New Brunswick tourist traffic much good if this concession were made, safe guarded as it will be in its working. In the end the new clause was carried.

By another section of the bill a registered guide was prohibited from accompanying and guiding more than two sportsmen at one time.

It is provided in clause six of the new Act that whenever a non-resident hunter is accompanied by ladies on a hunting trip, and it is made to appear to the satisfaction of the Surveyor General and on a sworn affidavit of the guide accompanying the party, that the ladies did no shooting of game the Surveyor General may return the license fee paid on account of such ladies.

Camping Among the Thousand Islands.

BY ARTHUR ORMANDY.

Never a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror beneath the moon,
Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While just above us, a rocky highland
Towers grim and dusk, with its pine trees crowned.

Never a sound but the waves soft plashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along,—
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds,—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom,
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

Fidelis.

THE Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, as a camping and fishing ground, have suffered rather severely from the strenuous competition of the famous Highlands of Ontario. Although partially forgotten they still exist in full primitive beauty, and continue to afford abundant sport and pleasure to the weary city dweller, whose slender purse will not permit him to undertake a long journey with consequent expense and loss of time. The plebeian tastes of millionaire America is beginning to make itself evident in the shape of gilded summer palaces, well kept lawns, palatial yachts and other civilized luxuries strangely out of harmony with the wild picturesque beauty of the region, with its hundreds and hundreds of islands, some large, some small some great wooded areas many acres in extent, and others mere points of rock jutting out of the water, a constant menace to the unwary navigator, and a source of wonder and delight to the crowds of campers who throng the favored region during the hot summer months. The fishing is excellent. Bass, pike, pickerel and perch are abundant and for those who would fain try their hand upon something more worthy of their skill, the mighty maski-

nonge or "lunge" as they are familiarly called, some of them weighing fifty and sixty pounds, lying low in their weedy haunts, offer unrivalled sport and excitement to such as are lucky enough to make a strike. In the fall ducks are fairly plentiful, although the automatic swivel guns and fast motor launches of the American sportsmen (?) are beginning to have the usual result. As a camping ground and health resort, the Thousand Islands, because of their easy accessibility and great natural beauties, will always rank as one of the finest and most desirable to be found in Old Ontario.

All aboard! The boat gave a lurch as four reckless bodies hurled themselves into their respective places, seized the oars and with long sweeping strokes, sent the sturdy little craft bouncing out into the stream. "Hurrah," we cried, when, upon rounding the last pier, there burst upon our delighted eyes, the glorious panorama of the Thousand Islands dimly visible through the soft morning haze, the smooth mirror-like surface of the water reflecting the soft pink and gold tints of the rising sun, which leaped suddenly over the treetops and bathed the whole valley in a flood of golden sunshine.

The scene was beautiful almost beyond description. Far as the eye could reach, stretched the blue island-dotted waters of the mighty river, until the whole seemed to unite with the heights of the mainland and dissolve in a fairy cloak of pink shimmering mist. We paused in mute wonder and admiration at the beauty of the scene, drinking in the pure cool air in great gulps. A loon laughed wildly away over near the American shore, and its echo, striking against the rocky heights of the Canadian mainland, produced a strange medley of sounds. A wandering flock of plover flew over our heads, their long melancholy whistles sounding weirdly in our inexperienced ears. But suddenly a great fish leaped out of the water and fell with a heavy splash right beside our boat. The spell was effectually broken, we gave a joyful shout and with a mighty tug at the oars, sent our little craft nosing her way through the water, leaving a long line of little eddies whirling giddily away in the rear.

We reached our destination after two hours' pull at the oars, leaped ashore and hustled up the tent without any waste of time, naturally choosing a site in easy touch with the landing place. Then we built a rough-and-ready fireplace, arranging the various articles which formed our camping outfit, and lo, the camp was in full swing, and while we enjoyed our first badly-cooked meal we will take occasion to introduce the participants of this badly planned but delightful escapade.

Taking the party in order of their respective size we will commence on the Owl, so called because of his very round face and large strange eyes; the Woodpecker, who rejoiced in the possession of a very red head of hair; the Printers' Devil, thus honored, because of his influential position on the staff of the daily newspaper of his native burg; and last of all, but not least, the irrepressible Jake, who was the life and soul of the party, and who bore that unpretentious but very suggestive title simply because his fond parents could think of none more suitable to a person of his style of temperament. For equipment we possessed a very leaky house tent, a

supply of yellowback novels, a dubious collection of provisions, and a stocky little rowboat, which was too tough to break and too wide to upset, to which fact we probably owe our safe deliverance from the many dangers into which we were repeatedly venturing, regardless of consequences.

By some unfortunate misunderstanding the Printers' Devil was appointed cook. Whether from respect to his worldly importance or from a knowledge of his proficiency in the mysterious art of mixing printer's ink, is not quite certain, but at any rate the Printers' Devil was unanimously elected to fill this responsible position which he did to the best of his limited ability and to the unbounded sorrow of the whole party. The queer concoctions and unsavory messes which he served up under the disguise of high-sounding titles, would have done justice to a Chinese chop-suey joint, and it is a great marvel that some of the unfortunate partakers thereof did not break down from general derangement of the digestive organs. How was he to know when the coffee was ready for use, or how to crack an egg without distributing the contents over the whole surroundings? Such knowledge only comes after long experiences and, as we have before intimated, the Devil's experience was confined to ink and waste paper, and when not otherwise engaged, to the manufacture of several original brands of "pi," which art he understood to perfection.

The afternoon was spent in reconnoitering and exploring the neighboring islands and in gathering a supply of firewood for the evening camp-fire, the importance of which was fully recognized even by we inexperienced campers. After supper we went for a sail among the islands, returning just as darkness fell. Then after mooring the boat for the night, we kindled the fire, and ceremoniously took our places around the blazing pile, the fire casting a ruddy glare over all jovial faces, and sending long quivering shafts of yellow light out across the water.

"Swap tales!" cried the woodpecker.

"Let her flicker!" we answered in chorus, and immediately he launched into a long yarn in which ghosts and

pretty girls and daring adventures were inextricably mixed.

"Aw, cut it short," cried the Printer's Devil disgustedly. "You've never saw nothin' like that. Give us the real stuff."

The Woodpecker paid no attention to the interruption, but stuck to his story with grim determination, although we could see by the anxious look in his eye, that his stock of imagination was beginning to play out. He arrived at a part of his tale wherein the ghost was supposed to indulge in a long blood-curdling wail, when suddenly there burst upon our startled senses a peculiar screech, half mournful, half appealing and wholly alarming, bringing the Woodpecker's story to an abrupt close, while the four frightened campers gazed into each other's eyes, with expressions of mingled doubt and terror.

"Holy smoke!" ejaculated Jake wildly, "what's that noise?"

"'Tis a foghorn on a rock-bound coast," the Owl suggested solemnly, with many shakes of his round head.

"Wasn't nothin' fellers!" the Woodpecker declared decisively. "That grub's gettin' on yer nerves," with a vicious glance at the unfortunate cook.

The words were scarcely uttered when the sound was repeated, apparently coming from a great clump of bushes some distance in the rear of the tent. It was one of the most doleful, depressing sounds imaginable, and combined with the darkness and the fantastic shadows cast by the flickering camp-fire, bid fair to cause a stampede among the ordinarily obtrusively courageous campers. At length after much uneasy shifting and staring, the situation was saved by Jake crying in a would-be thunderous voice. "I am your leader, follow me!" and seizing a burning brand from the fire, he bolted in the direction of the dread sound, closely followed by the others. Guided by the cry, which was repeated at intervals, we drew cautiously near to the clump of bushes, and then stood waiting, undecided as to which course to pursue.

"Wait fellers!" whispered the Woodpecker cautiously, "mebbe they's a wild-cat. I'll just soak in this boulder and scare 'im out!"

Suited the action to his words, he

hurled a big stone into the underbrush. There was momentary silence, and then a sudden whirring of wings, and a lonely little screech owl fluttered out and disappeared into the darkness. The crest-fallen bunch wended their way back to the camp, extinguished the fire, and tumbled into the blankets in dismal silence.

But such sorrows are soon forgotten. Jake and the Woodpecker arose at three o'clock in the morning and started out in the cold grey mist, in a vain quest for one or more of the forty pound mas-kinonge which frequent these waters. Alas, vain hope! Something went wrong with the steering gear of the vessel, or perhaps the effects of the night's dreams were not yet dispelled, for the youthful fishermen got entangled in the shoals to the south of the island, and after tugging and pulling at the stubborn craft for nearly an hour were compelled to jump into the cold water and float the boat free from the rocks, during which operation they succeeded in demolishing a brand new oar for which we were forced to pay about three times the original value. The pair returned to camp thoroughly drenched and dispirited but soon revived under the cheering influence of strong coffee and a hot fire.

When everybody had recovered in a measure, from the effects of the morning meal, we got our heads together and planned a grand fishing excursion. Dis- mayed by the results of the disastrous expedition of the early morning we determined not to molest the big game but to confine ourselves to the smaller bass and perch which swarmed in the rocky waters near the shore. The bait we used was a very attractive invention of Mother Nature, in the shape of the big gauzy May flies which obligingly clustered upon the leaves of the bushes right at our hand. The presence of this variety of bait undoubtedly delivered us from a very annoying predicament, as with customary lack of foresight, we had neglected to bring artificial flies with us, except for a couple of home made strangely be- feathered fish hooks, at sight of which even the lowly crab might well have held up his claws in righteous horror and disgust. But the May flies proved amply

sufficient for the occasion, and baiting our hooks and casting into the holes between the rocks, we were soon pulling in the fish with machine like precision and regularity. The fish literally cried for the bait, and we administered to their wants pretty liberally too with the result that we soon had quite a number of the finny beauties flopping at our feet.

The Woodpecker wasn't much of a fisherman, but he came along just to watch the sport, and as we hauled in the fish, we entrusted them to his care, with vague instructions to "keep an eye on 'em." He wasn't content with keeping his eye upon them but insisted in keeping his hands upon them too. But when our catch began to multiply in proportion, his hands, though inordinately large, were painfully inadequate to cover all the prizes at once. Nothing daunted, the Woodpecker philosophically produced a string from the cavernous depths of his pockets, and gently inserting it through the gill of each fish, he tied one end of the string to a large stone and let the whole bunch over into the water, thus keeping the fish alive. When we concluded we had enough of that particular sport, we wound up our lines and came to the Woodpecker to demand our bag. He endeavored to pull the wriggling mass from the water, but alas, and alas, the string, frayed by rubbing against the rocks, parted under the strain, and the Woodpecker went sprawling on his back, while the fish suddenly released from the enslaving bonds, swam away into the deep, all tied together like a string of dried apples, to use a homely expression.

We were naturally in a very wrathful state of mind, and vented our indignation by reproaching the unfortunate Woodpecker and hurling at him all the endearing epithets of which we could think. After enduring our insults for some time, the Woodpecker finally saved himself by inquiring in a meek and patient voice, "What would those fish do when they came to the parting of the ways?" The subject certainly offered fertile opportunities for discussion but although we argued the question considerably, we were unable to arrive at any satisfactory solution, except that volunteered by the Printer's Devil, to the effect that the fish

would feel as though they had thin spaces in the "l-box," which technical expression did but tend to increase the general mystification of the party.

The next day we planned an extended cruise up the river in which we were to spend the whole day, drifting back with the current at evening. We prepared a large basket of sandwiches, cold meat, and various odds and ends, and after securely fastening the openings in the tent, we went down to the boat and proceeded to stow the cargo. At that moment, the big R. and O. Steamer Toronto passed the Island, and we immediately tumbled in the boat and pushed out to "take the swells." Taking the swells of a big side-wheeler lake steamer, is under ordinary circumstances, a very exciting and pleasant experience, but with youthful impetuosity, we brought our tiny craft too close to the course of the big leviathan, and when the swells did come we certainly got the scare of our lives. We lay to for a moment till the steamer passed, and then they were upon us with a rush and a roar, great rounded billows, in quick succession, almost as high as your head. At the first onslaught, our stout little craft poked her bow high in the air, and then down she went into the next hollow, till we thought our end had surely come. The next wave came almost too quickly and we received a veritable broadside of water, thoroughly drenching the unlucky Jake, who was perched precariously upon the bow. The waves passed quickly and when we turned to row back to the island the great billows were crashing upon the rocky shore, and high upon the crest of the first wave we espied our forgotten dinner basket. We hastened madly to the rescue, but alas for fond hopes, our basket of sandwiches resembled a package of patent stock food and we were forced to postpone our cruise to the dim and misty future.

The time passed all too quickly and we soon found ourselves nearing the end of our holiday. We were determined to die game however, and to that end invited all the office chums to a grand campfire banquet, with a full course dinner. When the hour arrived, Jake and the Owl were despatched to town

after the guests, while the Woodpecker and the poor Printer's Devil fixed up the surroundings and prepared for the grand finish. The guests came and were delighted and charmed, etc., etc. We took them fishing and swimming and sailing and everything we could think of, until at last we settled down to enjoy the much vaunted full course dinner. Here was where the Printer's Devil met his Waterloo. Everything was hoodooed right from the start. Ham and eggs were first on the list, but the fire was too hot, and set the ham on fire, burning it to a crisp, while the eggs simply ran away when the cook tried to break the shells as his Mother used to do. Then the field mice broke into our provision box and put the contents decidedly hors-de-combat. The coffee wouldn't sink, and in a wild endeavor to force the buoyant grains down with a stick, the fluid was filled

with bark and sawdust, which with the addition of a bottle of sour milk, completed the manufacture of a mixture, the first taste of which put the whole camp in a general uproar. The cook, after vainly endeavoring to explain the cause of such an unprecedented series of disasters, was forced to seek safety in ignominious flight, remaining in the seclusion of the tall timbers till our thoroughly disgusted guests were all well advanced on their way home.

The next morning we pulled stakes, and after bidding farewell to the scenes of our happy camp, returned to the city and the long day's work, refreshed and invigorated by a week's outing in the warm sunshine and pure healthful air, and cherishing a thousand happy memories of the delights of camping among the Thousand Islands of the great St. Lawrence.

A Successful Deer Hunt In Muskoka.

BY AMOS GREEN.

HAVING made all arrangements for my annual deer hunt, I left Woodstock, Ont., on the last day of October by the Grand Trunk for Burk's Falls. On arriving at that pleasant centre I had to go thirty five miles down the Magnetawan River to an old hunting chum of mine, by the name of G. H. Ross.

It was the afternoon of the second day before I reached his place, and it was a fine evening we spent together, amply making up for any trouble in getting out to him. We had a long talk over old times and past experiences and the reader may be sure that deer hunting was not forgotten. Two years had elapsed since we had seen each other and so you will understand that we both had plenty to tell and equally as much to hear.

Despite late hours we were out early next morning and with rifles on shoulders sought the woods for the deer. Just here I want to say that in my opinion this is the best, and indeed the only right way to go hunting: I was always opposed

to hunting deer with dogs, and my long experience has confirmed my early convictions. We all know that it is instinct which teaches the deer to go to the lakes and take to the water to get away from the dogs. To have men stationed on the lakes in boats in order to shoot the deer in the water is, in my opinion, little better than murder. I am strong in my belief that hunters should go to the woods with their rifles, and if they cannot outgeneral the deer then they should allow them to go with their lives. I may be told that some sections are so thick with underbrush it is impossible to still hunt them. In such cases let a few men work together. By driving them out of the thickets and watching the runways they will soon get all the deer the law allows them. I am strongly of opinion, and confirmed in that opinion by long experience, that the sooner the Government stops the hunting of deer with dogs the better it will be for all concerned — and I shall hold to this opinion

whatever may be said to the contrary. It is an opinion founded on my own experiences in the woods.

However to return to my story. We had only penetrated the bush one half mile when I said to my chum "You stop here and give me fifteen minutes to get to Birch Tree runway. Then you come through the thicket and try and drive something my way." There were many runways we knew and in order to distinguish between them we had given them different names. In this way we had Birch Tree runway, Pine Log runway, Sliver Cat Hill runway, Dead Horse runway, Beaver Meadow runway, and so on. On that particular morning it was Birch Tree runway that I selected and the result confirmed my judgment.

The period of waiting on the runway was very short before my chum drove three deer my way. As soon as I saw them I made out a buck, a doe, and a fawn. They were coming pretty fast but I stopped the doe with my first shot. The others stood still, and with my next shot I hit the buck so hard that he only ran a few rods and fell. There stood the fawn, about as pretty an animal as can be found in all nature, with its ears going backwards and forwards in an effort to locate the source of danger. For a short time I looked at it admiringly and then showed myself when it vanished in a flash.

My chum came up while I was engaged in performing the necessary operations and asked what I was doing? "Deer hunting" I replied, and he remarked that it did look something like it. His next question was "What became of the little fellow?" I replied that I could have killed him very easily had I so wished, but I did not journey to Muskoka for the purpose of killing fawns. With the further remark "Good, on your head; I wish there were more like you"; he set to and assisted in cleaning the deer.

To give my comrade his chance we visited Pine Log runway but without result. Our next endeavor was made at Sliver Cat Hill runway and here my comrade

coming over the hill scared up two deer in a thicket. He shot the buck and I stopped the doe, as soon as she came near enough, down the runway. We speedily performed the needful operations and taking the buck started for home. On the way I said "I suppose we'll have to stop hunting now as we have got our number." He asked "What about my boy?" and I replied "We'll, have to try and see if we cannot get him one tomorrow."

Accordingly we three were on the trail bright and early next morning going in a different direction from the one we took on the previous day. This time it was Dead Horse runway we selected, and placing the boy in a good position I played dog going through the thickets and swamp in an effort to stir up the deer. Going up a hill beside the swamp very carefully, I saw, when I reached the top, two deer on the opposite side. When I set eyes on them they had already discovered me and were off. However I secured a snap shot which broke the doe's back. The buck made for the runway, where he met his fate at the hands of my chum.

After dressing both we carried the doe to a creek, and went home to dine. In the afternoon we took a boat up the creek and by its means got both deer out, hanging them up in the barn.

Next day we harnessed a team to a jumper and by going over some of the roughest roads I ever saw a team put over we reached Sliver Cat Hill and got the deer we had shot there. Before we got back the whole day had been taken up and the next one being Sunday we took a rest that we felt had been fully earned.

As there was no more hunting and I like to be of use I turned in on Monday and the next two days and helped with the turnips. On Thursday morning I put my deer on board the Weemona for Burk's Falls where I took the mid-night train for Woodstock. This is the story of one of the sweetest and most successful little deer hunts I have ever had — and I have had a good many.

Our Fishing and Hunting Trip in Northern Ontario.

BY FRANK CARREL.

PART III.

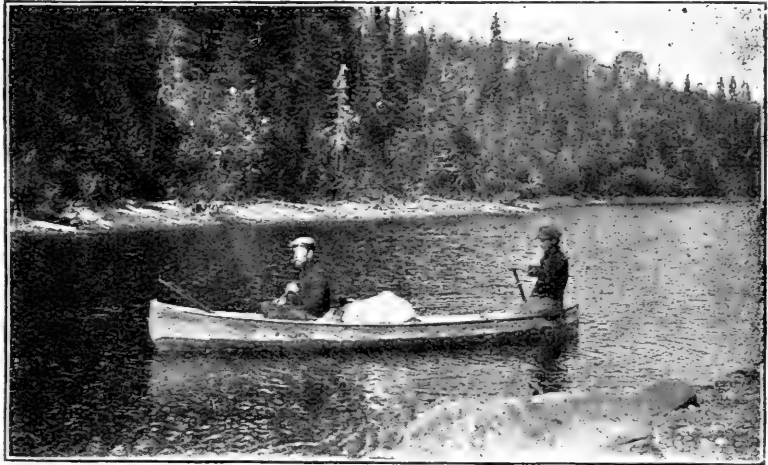
ALTHOUGH this very convenient water highway, between two large lakes is christened the Lonely River, we met quite a number of sportsmen on it. We first passed a solitary American with a little dog, and his guide, in a bark canoe, with whom we exchanged a few words of greeting as we passed by, our five canoes gliding along almost abreast of one another, and taking up almost all the space between the two river banks.

The Colonel here called a halt, to demonstrate the essential qualities of the greatest invention any of us had ever heard of, as a serviceable and useful general article, which he had brought over among a number of things, from his native country. It was a hot and cold water bottle not weighing more than a quarter of a pound, in which you could place either iced cold

or boiling hot liquid, and in either case the contents would keep for twenty-four hours, in the same temperature as when it was put in the bottle. We had some misgivings about this claim for the new invention and this was the day of proof. The bottle was filled with hot tea at 6 a. m. and now it was past 5 p. m., almost twelve hours of a test, and when the Colonel handed me a cup of the tea, it was so hot I could not drink it, or even hold the cup in my hand, and quickly passed it on to the Professor, who, likewise gave it up, and so we publicly proclaimed our full

and hearty endorsement of the Colonel's wonderful bottle, which he said, is now supplied to the whole German army, and with which they expect to win the next war. Between the glass bottle, and the second covering, is a compartment in which is placed a chemical solution, which has the effects of keeping the contents of the bottle in the same condition, cold or warm, as when put in, notwithstanding the kind of atmosphere to which it may be exposed.

A few minutes afterwards we met a large sized canoe under sail, with a lady



DAVID AND I ON THE TRAIL.

and gentleman comfortably sitting in the middle, and two guides, one at either end, silently going down stream, with a huge pair of moose antlers exposed to view. They were a magnificent trophy of the game land we were passing through, but the occupants of the canoe had not won the prize fairly—which fact could be discerned by our guides, who maintained they must have been taken from a moose in summer, probably by some Indians who are allowed to kill for food, in and out of season, and the present possessors had evidently made a

good purchase somewhere. We congratulated them, and exchanged kodak snapshots as we went by. Afterwards we met the remainder of this party, another couple and two guides, in a canoe with two more pairs of antlers, of more recent date, but not so good looking as the former pair.

As we all gazed upon the outgoing huntsmen and women, the Colonel could not resist remarking aloud, "that there must be nothing left for us," which was overheard by the passing strangers, who stimulated us by responding that "the country was full of them."

This was somewhat encouraging, but not so to the very sceptical belief of the Colonel, who, by this time, had arrived at the conclusion that a man had every opportunity to lie on the subject of sport and it kept us busy exhilarating his spirits with a few exciting moose and caribou yarns that evening. We occasionally perceived that the Colonel indulged in a private conversation with his guide, Pishabo, on the question of our probable success, and the number and quality of moose which we would bring down, but Pishabo was always discreet, and an equal for the Colonel in every respect, and never would he commit himself, so cunning was the instincts of the race from which he sprang.

About 5:30 o'clock we pitched our tents on a low land, about half way up Lonely River, and with our large party, this came easy, and it was not many minutes before we got a whiff of the appetizing bacon sizzling in the frying pan over the log fire. It was the same old menu, but ravenous appetites wanted nothing better, although we could boast of having quite a few delicacies stowed away in our supply chest and bags.

The Colonel had been fumbling around his dress suit case, which he had brought along with him, and gave us all a sudden surprise by producing a razor strap and a small looking glass which he hung on a tree, and in a few minutes was engaged in shaving himself, offering as an apology for his conduct, the statement that he never felt clean while unshaved. This was a horrible insult to our feelings for the professor and myself had sworn

off shaving until we returned to a barber shop again, but we said nothing, and let the Colonel have his own way, our only regret being, that we did not have sufficient light to photograph him at his work.

The water of the Lonely River was muddier than any we had yet seen and Pishabo said it would be worse further North, and particularly in Lake Abitibi, but we have discovered that, while it is brackish in appearance and full of sediment, it is quite harmless and has no bad results, so we all drank as much of it as we wanted without any misgivings.

Whether it was the sight of the antlers in the afternoon, or the glorious moonlight night which inspired the Colonel, we never knew, but he had no sooner handed in his tin plate, knife, fork and cup, than he picked up his gun, and with Pishabo, who had made a bark horn, somewhat shaped after a cornicopus which he tested several times by the riverside, left us to hunt moose by the light of the moon. I followed with faithful David shortly afterwards, going in an opposite direction. We stole quietly down the Lonely River, the full enjoyment of which can never be properly described. It was a night when not a leaf, twig or bough stirred in the heavily wooded forest on our right, and left. Some trees stood straight; others slanted in every direction; some were pulled from their roots by windstorms, others suffered from deformity in growth, but all living in that awful silence of the dark deep interior. The little river shone up in thousands of shadows cast upon it from the openings between the trees, which lit up its silvery waters, over which one could see in the long dim distance, the winding course which it followed, or look up at the starlit sky, which made a finishing touch to the sublimely thrilling sensation which such a night was capable of inspiring within the hunter, who loves nature as dearly as he loves sport. It was a question with me whether the charm of such a trip was not in realizing just such an experience—combined with sleeping under canvas on the soft balsam boughs, and all the other enjoyments of living the simple life, with God's noble creatures of the silent places

—in preference to the real object of our trip—to kill.

With me it was the former, and all the moose in the country would not have made up for that one night; it was so gloriously refreshing in every respect. There was a tiny little gurgling of the water as our light craft glided down the stream, but not a murmur came from the dripping of the paddle which foretold that David was an expert in the art and that was not surprising when it is known that he was a member of one of the oldest hunting families in the Temiskaming regions.

While sitting in the bow of the canoe comfortable and happy, I fell into a half conscious slumber from which I was suddenly startled with exclamations from David, in which I could distinctly hear the word "moose," and that was sufficient for almost anyone, let alone a man on the lookout for one, but on taking a quick survey around me and seeing nothing nor hearing a sound I was beginning to wonder the cause of David's interruption when I got a whiff of the polluted air, which at once intimated that there was a rotten carcass of a moose lying somewhere about which the foxes were no doubt having a busy time devouring.

This incident made the turning point in our little night excursion and as we turned back David made another remark, presumably repeating what he had previously said, which I had only half heard, which fact he must have noticed from my action, so he repeated it again. It was "moose! bad! stink!" Well, I guess it did, and very badly at that.

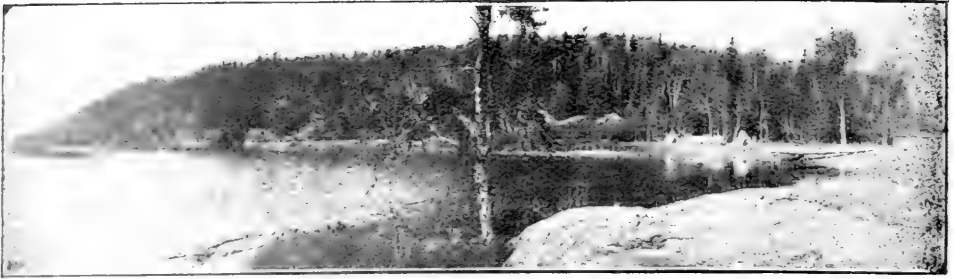
Our paddle home was another pleasant experience, passing the solitary sportsman, dog and guide, sitting in front of their campfire, almost as quiet as the atmosphere of the surrounding trees which were sheltering them and as we passed along gently I offered a subdued salutation, a pleasant night's rest, and good luck on the morrow, which brought forth an equivalent series of good wishes for myself, and then the same entrancing scene for another few miles, only broken with the sudden flop, flop of the muskrat, as he disappeared from the surface, brought an evening never to be forgotten—to an end.

We arrived at the camp about ten o'clock and found the Colonel standing near the fire, complaining of having been "very cold." He was solicitous of my condition, but when I told him I only felt "a little chilly," he thought that queer, and then muttered: "Oh, well, I see how it is, I went up the river, which is further North, and you went down, which is further south, and that is why we did not both find it cold." But I knew the reason was in the fact that I was more warmly dressed than he was, but he did not appear to believe this. We were both very sleepy, the bracing night air and the long paddle having been too much for us, and after partaking of a little of the contents of a savoring hot stew of partridge and duck, which Joe, the cook, was preparing for our morning's repast, we sought our couches among the balsam and cedar branches, and wrapped up in our blankets, entered upon an enjoyable and well earned sleep.

It was considerable of a hardship to get up at 5:45 o'clock next morning, and the Colonel and myself were awakened with a stiffness in our shoulder blades, and other points around our anatomy, but the professor never deigned to say how he felt, so we came to the conclusion that he had stood the test better than we had, although he looked the most played out man the night before, that is, the Colonel and I thought so, but he claimed that his canoe partner was not up to the mark, owing to his recent illness, which accounted for his canoe always being the last to reach camp.

There had been a heavy frost during the night and in addition to the ground being covered, our moustaches were quite white and heavy looking, as well. Our breakfast that morning was a delicious treat, of Northern Ontario duck and partridge stewed with onions and other condiments, savoring after a "Delmonico Extra Special Entree." We prefaced it with rolled oats and cream, the latter being made to perfection by diluting a quantity of the condensed cream with water. We also finished up with stewed prunes.

Everyone's appetite had by this time increased twofold, excepting that of the Colonel, over which we were beginning



BAY AT UPPER END OF OPASATIKA LAKE, WITH REVILLON FRERE'S STORE, AND WHERE WE CAMPED.

to worry, although he claimed that he had eaten so much at the first meal in camp, that he was frightened of bringing on a second fit of indigestion. His first experience in camp life before we started had resulted in a fearful spell of indigestion which made him cautious as to over eating, but the little he did eat was remarkable. None of us were surprised to hear of his illness, when we learned that the Professor was experimenting on the company with some fancy chafing dish recipes, such as Lobster a la Newburg, etc.

At seven o'clock David and I made the first start, heading up the Lonely River, which continued for a mile or two further, taking some photographs on the way, to show the fine birch foliage which bordered both sides of the little river. It was a beautiful morning and as still and peaceful as the night before, and when we left the river and entered what appeared to be a great big lake in itself, it only turned out to be the lower bay of the Opasatika, or Long Lake but it was entirely shut off from the main portion of the lake, and although a bay it seemed to be more like a separate body of water. The scenery on it

was very grand, and well repaid us for our early start for we realized it could never look the same later on in the day. Away at the far end some miles away, was the solitary sportsman we had passed on the Lonely River the night previous. He had evidently proceeded on his way much earlier than we had, and in consequence had quite a lead on us but we caught up and passed him before noon, he having to go ashore to repair his canoe which had sprung a leak.

Leaving this round bay we turned at right angles, and entered a narrow channel with rocky slopes, the first appearance of a rocky or mountainous land we had seen. The water was very deep and the land on either side was quite precipitous, but the former was as sluggish and muddy looking as all preceding waters we had come through, and the foliage along the banks was not so thick or good as that in the district further south.



LUNCHING ON THE SHORES OF LONG LAKE. THE COLONEL STUDYING OUR MAP.

It consisted mainly of poplar, white birch and balsam. The leaves of the former were in a more advanced state of coloring than those we had passed, which I found strange as the end of September in Quebec, is generally known to be the most favorable time of

the year for viewing this grand spectacle of the forest, but here it is evident the season is somewhat later. The channel we passed through was seven miles long, and then we entered into a wide expanse of the lake, and here the wind favored us to such an extent that the Professor mounted his sail and took our two canoes in tow. The four men in the other two canoes not to be outdone by our leisurely way of getting along, went ashore and cut down some small balsam trees, standing them up in the bows of their canoes, and followed us with their novel and original means of sailing. It was extraordinary how well we went along for about seven miles, when the wind suddenly became squally, and after experiencing a narrow escape from swamping, we had to give up the lazy sport and take to paddling once more.

Half way up the lake, which is about twenty-five miles in length and in some places five to six miles broad, we stopped for lunch, on a point commanding a beautiful view for many miles up and down the lake. Here we enjoyed another excellent meal of much the same menu with the addition

of canned peaches for dessert. Needless to say, we were all ravenously hungry, and while I was in the habit of helping myself out of the frying pan to the lean slices of bacon, I now began to look for the fat pieces, and also went so far as to put my weak digestive organs to the great test of assimilating chunks of bread soaked in the greasy fat which came from the bacon, as it was fried. Such a thing never entered my mind on any other trip, and what was more satisfactory than anything else, was the easy way in which these frugal, but wholesome outdoor meals agreed with us. Even the Col-

onel was compelled to acknowledge that he was beginning to feel quite hungry and did wonderfully well taking a double helping of everything and a big bowl of tea, which we all did at every meal, when we did not take two or three, one of which would be about equal to three ordinary home cups.

On the narrows of this lake we stopped at a solitary log cabin in which dwelt William Polson, a famous Indian guide of this district, who formerly resided at North Temagami, but is now settled here if such a term can be applied to his little home and a few feet of clearing around it. Polson is a splendid looking fellow, standing over six feet, and displaying a magnificent form of physical development. Some years ago he made quite a name for himself by carrying a pack of seven hundred pounds over a small portage

which won him the reputation of being the strongest Indian in the whole of the Algonquin Tribe. An ordinary pack for the Indian in this district is from 150 to 200 pounds, although it is more often the former than the latter. To the uninitiated, forty or fifty pounds would be a very

cumbersome and heavy load to bear over the uneven paths known as portages, although in this country they are void of the steep mountainous climbs, which have to be overcome in the district between Quebec and Lake St. John.

Polson's wife, a cripple, and seven children were living with him, and we took several snap shots of the family, including the baby in the Indian cradle, which consists of a board with a bag mounted upon it, into which baby is safely secured, and the whole is hung in a very convenient place anywhere around the wall.



BILL POLSON IN FRONT OF HIS HOME. THIS INDIAN GUIDE CARRIED SEVEN HUNDRED POUNDS ON A PORTAGE AND BECAME FAMOUS OVER THE FEAT.

We were fortunate enough to get a dozen fresh eggs from Polson, whose live stock consisted of a few hens and about a half dozen dogs, after which we took our departure, promising to call in on our way home. During our visit we had asked Pishabo to have a quiet heart to heart talk with Bill and endeavor to relieve him of some information as to where there were some good moose hunting grounds, but the result of the interview was not successful, notwithstanding, Pishabo used all kinds of diplomacy and tact, but he was up against one of his own kin, and this kind of information is considered "confidential and sealed" among the Indians. However, while Polson would not give any secrets away, he was good enough to refer us to the agent of Revillon Frere's post, further north, who, he said, knew of some good hunting sections.

About three in the afternoon we crossed the wildest part of Long Lake coming into view of several large and very well shaped mountains one of which looked like a sugar loaf, and the other an elephant's back and head. These mountains, not more than seven or eight hundred feet high, tower over the others to such an extent that they are very conspicuous, and make welcome objects to the newly arriving voyagers paddling up this very large stretch of inland water. Even my guide David, who had said nothing all the while we were together that day, went into ecstasies over the sight and exclaimed in his gruff Indian fashion, "Look! big! mountain!"

At the upper end of this lake we passed into a very narrow bay, filled with miniature conical shaped islands, looking like

the pinnacles of mountains entombed in the lake, and exposing their crests above water; and at the extremæ end of this inlet we landed. Here we found a log cabin, one end of which was converted into a store with a rough counter and crude shelves, and the other was used as a residence for the storekeeper. This was a post of Revillon Frere's of France, who have recently come to Canada, and are opening up an extensive trade in the paths of the Hudson Bay Company.

We found the post in charge of John MacDonald, who was born at Moose Factory, and served twenty-two years in the Hudson Bay Company, at that point. He was extremely obliging and rendered us every assistance required. The store and its few shelves of supplies in this lonely spot so far north, was quite interesting. Prominently displayed on the walls as you entered was a sign printed

in large black letters, stating, "No credit"—which was certainly familiar to many of us and gave no end of amusement as the Colonel had been appointed treasurer at the start of our expedition, and when we suggested his bringing along some small



REVILLON FRERE'S POST ON THE NORTH END OF LONG LAKE AT THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

change, he was puzzled to know how we could spend real money in the woods. We priced many of the goods which are sold to the Indians, prospectors and sportsmen, and found them very reasonable, as may be judged by the following list: Butter, 35 cents; tub butter 25 cents; pork, 25 cents; bacon and ham, 35 cents; flour, 8 cents; cigarettes, (Sweet Caporal) 15 cents a package or two for 25 cents; and most of the leading patent medicines sold about the same price as they do in the cities. It was surprising to see the cigarettes, and even cigars, in such

quantities as we did, but the agent said the Indians were great smokers of both, when they had the money to buy them, and always went in for the best in stock, which was the same thing with tobacco, in fact, they bought the best of everything when they had the money in their pockets.

Revillon Frere's have adopted a cash system in their trading with the Indians, which in this part is taking very well and much better than in some more distant, or Northern districts. They buy and sell for cash leaving the Indian to purchase his supplies for the winter or summer where he pleases; and with this system, they are changing the customs of the Hudson Bay Company, who were in the habit of giving credit where it was wanted among the honest Indians, and it may be said that most of them are that way, excepting perhaps those who have had much to do

with the white man, which is certainly not at all creditable to that race, but is nevertheless the truth, and has to be told.

The above prices of store supplies are those which prevailed at Temagami, over one hundred miles south some twenty-five years ago, which goes to show how the trend of civilization is rapidly growing Northwards, in the Province of Ontario as well as the west. Today goods are sold in the Temagami district, at almost the same prices as they are sold in larger cities of Canada.

At this point on Long Lake we brought everything ashore and commenced a quarter of a mile portage to a small lake at the upper end of which we came across another small lone log cabin, the retreat of Tonena, the chief of the Temagami Tribe of Algonquin. The owner was absent from home, probably away on his hunting grounds, as at the time of our visit the Indians on the various reservations were making preparations for their

winter hunt, and those who were not engaged in guiding or other occupations to detain them, had already left for the woods to set their traps. Carved over the doorway of one of the small out-buildings, were the letters, "K. K. K." signifying that some of the members of the Keewaydin Kanoë Klub, who roam these parts, had been there.

This point is beyond the Height of Land between North Bay and Hudson Bay, and on it we dis-

covered a spring of clear cold water, the first of its kind we had found on the whole trip, and the only spring water to be had between Temagami and Lake Abitibi. We quite naturally refreshed ourselves with copious cups and proceeded on another portage of three quarters of a mile upon which Jack French, one of our men, killed a porcupine with his revolver, which drew forth a strenuous reprimand from the Professor who regretted our Government did not have a similar law to that existing in the State of Michigan which forbids the killing of



THE PROFESSOR ON A MINERAL HUNT.

this innocent little animal because it is the only life of the forest, which can be killed without the aid of firearms owing to his slothful manner of getting along the ground or out of danger's way, which affords anyone so unfortunate as to lose themselves in the woods, an opportunity of obtaining some meat food to subsist on.

Running parallel with our trail, was a wide, log road over which, what is known as an alligator boat is capable of hauling itself. This is a steamboat shaped like a scow, which can be used on land or water. When on the ground it is attached to several big trees by a chain cable, and then draws itself along the ground by the aid of a windlass, while in the water it propels two side paddle wheels. We came across several on our trip, all of which could have come along the same journey that we were making under steam pressure. They are occasionally used by the Hudson Bay Company and the large lumber firms to bring in supplies in the fall of the year and tow timber in the springtime.

It was growing late when we reached the end of this last portage, so we decided to camp alongside of another small lake two miles long and filled with islands. Our camping site was on an elevation overlooking a swamp, and then beyond that a little lake and the mountains in the rear, and as the sun went down we enjoyed a grand spectacle of sky coloring. Strange to say we were bothered with mosquitoes, to us an unusual circumstance for the time of the year, but our learned Professor told us that in such a place, even at Christmas, if it happened to be warm enough, these pests would put in an appearance though they disappeared on this occasion, as soon as the sun sank from view.

The scenery all around us was an improvement on what we had already seen, and the Professor informed us that we were now in the Paradise part of the whole route to Hudson Bay. The trail we were following is the same which has been used by Indian and white man for the past two hundred years, or since the first discoverer found this great water highway from the St. Lawrence to Hudson Bay. From what we had seen, it

certainly is a well devised course of nature, made to suit the progress and purposes of civilization in almost as direct a line as human skill could artificially build it today. The small rivers connecting the big lakes are more like canals of the present age, and lead from one body of water to another without any difficulty or obstructions, outside of a few small portages.

This was to be our separating point, for the prospecting party under Professor Campbell, with whom we had joined forces so far, were leaving on the morrow for Abitibi and Amikitak lakes, on the search for minerals for the Colonel's German Company while we had decided that, owing to the loss of two days on our way up, we would have to dispense with our projected trip to Lake Abitibi, if we were to have any time to get a moose or bear, as we were due in Haileybury on the fourth of October, so this was to be our last night in camp together.

Tents up and fire blazing briskly, with frying pans and tin pots steaming overhead, told us that supper was in course of preparation. It was the same old bill of fare and not a murmur issued from the boarders. The bacon was as much relished with the dry bread, and tea to wash it down, as they had been on any other previous occasion, and that was every meal we had partaken of so far, while the only addition to the menu that evening was stewed prunes, the Professor thinking this a fitting occasion for a little "something extra" as he called it, but we thought if he was as generous as he appeared to be, he might supply another kind of "special" a little later in the evening which, after considerable pressure, many hints and a great deal of gallant diplomacy, was finally subdued, and brought forth the much abused flask of "twenty-eight-year-old."

Around this lake were hundreds of dead tamarac trees which our authority on all matters of mineralogy, geology, botany and everything else, the Professor said were killed throughout this northern country by an insect accidentally brought out from Norway.

Our first visitors as we struck camp that night were a couple of scavenger



THE PROFESSOR WRITING UP HIS DIARY.

birds, known under many names such as "Whisky Jack," "Meat Butcher," "Blood Bird," etc. He was very welcome, and the first we had seen on the whole journey, although they are very common to the social life of the winged element around camps in the Province of Quebec. They were doubly welcome here for the reason that birds were very scarce in the whole forest we had passed through, and the Colonel was constantly dinning into our ears, what a difference there was between the awful silence in our forests and the bird melody of those of his own dear country, where the singing of many pretty members of the feathered tribe make music in the trees all the day.

Supper over, the Colonel got very busy again, hustling around for his rifle, and at the same moment ordering Pishabo to get his bark horn ready for another night's hunt.

The prospecting party was sitting around a huge log fire as we ventured out into the silent darkness of the lake, heading for the grassy moose patches

and inlets. The Colonel and Pishabo took one side, and David and I the other so that we should not shoot each other by mistake, and furthermore that we would each have our own hunting territory like the Indians of old, and even the present day.

We circumnavigated bay after bay, loudly calling to Mr. Bull Moose to please come out on the lake and be shot at, but received no responses. After spending an hour or two in visiting these inlets, where we thought there would be moose hiding somewhere in the deepness of the foliated shores, I said to David, "I guess there is no moose around here!" to which he doggedly replied, "don't know! can't tell!" which remark was most assuredly appropriate enough. Nevertheless, it had the effect of making him put on a spurt, as we entered a narrow stream which wound in and out, just as the Lonely River had coursed through a marsh of over an eighth of a mile wide, although the stream was not more than ten feet in width. Then we ran into a large lake full of islands, just as the moon

came out and made everything look beautiful. We paddled around and patiently called the moose for another hour, after which we would listen attentively to hear every movement in the woods and in this respect, I was not slow in noticing that David's hearing was excellent. He detected the least noise or rustle, and invariably announced to me in a whisper, what animal it was that oftentimes broke the tranquility of the night, sometimes with the most awful wail, disgracefully disturbing the peacefulness of the locality on that serene night. We paddled and waited among the bays and inlets of this lake for over an hour, when I espied a dark threatening looking cloud rising in the wake of the moon, which I surmised would soon overshadow it. Thinking that it would hide it entirely from view,

and not knowing the wonderful power of my guide in being able to find his way home, through the winding river and the intricate channels among the many islands which seemed to make a maze of every lake, I gave orders to return to camp. We lost no time in

our homeward journey, reaching there about ten o'clock just as the light of the moon became totally obscured by the very cloud I had such doubts about and which caused the sky to have an ominous appearance for the morrow.

That night we sat around a large camp fire, and the thoughts of it being our last gathering together, made the occasion a jolly though sentimental one, and camp-fire stories pleasantly filled in an hour of great social entertainment for all hands. The Colonel, of course, was the object of all our jests, and as the subject discussed was principally on buck fever, it was not surprising if his blood ran cold for a while. Even Pishabo told a harrowing tale of the effects of this disease,

which had come to his notice in his many years of guiding. The hero of his story was afflicted with such a nausea, about the time a moose appeared on the scene, that he dropped his gun and rolled over on the ground, and the guide had to do the shooting, and this is the way some hunters get their big game.

But in the midst of such an outing we were surprised to find the Colonel's mind was sometimes racked with business, and as we turned in for the night, he said to the Professor: "Try and think out the division of supplies for tomorrow, for my mind is full of a business proposition, which came to me tonight while I was on the lake and I can think of nothing else; and so the Professor was called upon to do the thinking on the subject of eatables as a pastime to lure him to sleep.

As we peeped over our blankets and looked through the opening of our tent next morning, the appearance of the weather was anything but favorable and we were beginning to realize that our stay in this camp would be prolonged, but after breakfast the threat-



THE FIVE CANOES LINED UP IN FRONT OF BILL POLSON'S HOUSE.

ening clouds moved away and about ten o'clock we broke camp, and our little flotilla of canoes continued on their northward course. We passed through Snake River where the Colonel beckoned us to stay in the rear while he endeavored to shoot an owl, and then entered Island Lake, one of the prettiest of all the Northern lakes and well entitled to the name. The scenery was ideal and the coloring of the foliage on the shores of the lake which was in a more advanced state than any we had seen in any other part of our trip, lent an additional beauty to the panorama of landscape, magnified here and there by the stunted, or dwarfed maples, and a formidable array of fern plants which bor-

dered the slopes. The latter supplied a varied tinted bed for the taller and more majestic groupings of poplars, white birch and balsam which towered up to the sky resplendent with golden, red, russet, yellow and green garbs, and casting their reflections upon the blue water, causing us to go into ecstasies over the sight. There is a something idealistic in the sensation of gliding along these silent waters in the midst of such a scene, beyond the reach of the turmoil of civilization, or the whistle of the iron horse. It was a country for rest, recreation, repose and communion with nature, and even the Indian who is accustomed to it, seems to crave it more after he has tasted of the white man's ways and customs of living, and it is no wonder, for it is the "simple life" pure and unadulterated.

We saw a large flock of ducks, the first we had seen since leaving Quinze Lake and about noon we parted with the Professor and his party, and with our two canoes, the Colonel and Pishabo in one, and David and I in the other, we solemnly wended our way towards the east, into a very long arm of Island Lake, while the others continued on due north.

All the rivers were now flowing northward in the direction of Hudson Bay, as we had passed over the Height of Land, and strange to say in just the opposite direction to those we had passed through the day before, although by their stagnant looking currents it would be difficult to judge which way they really were going.

The Colonel took one side of the lake, and we took the other and it was not long after we left him that we heard a rifle shot and wondered what the Colonel was shooting at, but something went wrong with his new shotgun, and he missed a young fox running on the shore.

The Colonel added sardines and stewed prunes to our noonday meal, and his appetite as well as my own, had increased to an alarming degree, and he thought to cater to them in a more generous diet, although to tell the truth, nothing actually tasted so good as the old reliables—bacon, bread and tea, which seemed to

grow upon our daily needs with every meal.

The two Indians worked well together; much better than we had noticed before and in the preparation of lunch, jabbered away in their foreign tongue, in a manner we thought must have been a lively criticism of the respective members of the party we had just parted from; if we could judge from the occasional laughter and good humor of the two. They seemed to be happy in the thought of being left alone with full control of a little camp of their own and their feelings were naturally shared by the Colonel whose ideas of discipline were likely to be much better carried out than heretofore.

We both helped to get the lunch ready and then took our seats upon a rock, or fallen tree, and the guides waited on us, bringing us our tin plate, forks and knives to match with bowl and spoon for our tea, whereas, with the larger party we had to join in the good natured rush for everything we wanted, and it was a case of "first come, first served," or every man for himself, which was not exactly to the liking or bringing up of the Colonel in Germany, where everything is done "just so," and where the caste of man and servant is more distinctly drawn than it is in Canada or America.

After lunch we paddled to the end of the bay, about four miles long, passed through a small river like the Snake, and entered another beautiful lake about five miles long, and as many wide, studded with many islands, where we decided to look around for a good camping spot to remain for two days if the sport promised good. We disturbed several flocks of geese but the Colonel decided it was better not to fire at them for fear of disturbing the bigger game which we had come so far to capture. Supper of bacon, bread and tea, followed the erection of our tents, the building of a fire, and the cutting of balsam boughs for our beds. We could do the whole thing in less than an hour, taking about the same time to eat and wash the dishes. In leaving the camp at night or at any other time, Pishabo was very careful to see that the fire was extinguished with

pails of water, as he had known several cases of parties returning after an absence to find everything consumed in smoke, by a stray spark falling upon the silk tents. This fact, more than the danger of setting the woods on fire, seemed to prompt him to this act of caution, I am sorry to say, so the innovation of the silk tent has been a blessing in disguise to the lumbermen.

The sunset was glorious, and the wind from the North cold, but the situation of the camp was ideal, and the night's hunt augured well. As the sun sank behind the hills, the two canoes were shoved off from shore with their respective occupants, bound in different directions. The Indians, not forgetting our tour of inspection of the lake in the forenoon, had mentally mapped out the weedy bays where we were likely to meet the moose. David and I were not very talkative, for the one very good reason, that we could not understand one another, so that our company was a silent one, but none the less agreeable, for on such night excursions quietude was necessary for the sake of the object of the mission, and the surroundings seemed to fit in very well with such a silence. David paddled, and I sat quietly in the bow with my loaded rifle crossed over my knees ready for any emergency, as we headed towards the east, with the glowing sunset in our rear. It was a perfect night overhead, with a sky as clear and bright looking as one could desire, and the rays of the rising moon struggling to sniff out the glow of the setting sun. It is strange that on this lake, sitting in the bottom

of a frail canoe, slowly and quietly gliding along as we were, you get the feeling that you are on the top of the earth and that all the houses in civilization are away down below the low even range of hills which appear around the border of the lake like a wall holding the water in a great big basin, and this feeling grows upon you until you actually think that you have only to pick up a stone and throw it over one of the sides of the lake, and that it will roll away down into some city or town many thousands of miles below. The sensation was fascinating and quite sufficient to make one forget the moose in the wood, or any other game for that matter, but for the fact



REVILLON FRERE'S STORE AT LAKE ABITIBI NEAR WHERE THE PROFESSOR AND HIS PARTY SPENT A MONTH.

that we presently entered a bay, and under the shadow of the foliage surrounding it, and a high rocky bluff, came to a standstill. All the while we had been moving along David's paddling did not make a perceptible sound, but the motion of the moving craft over the water, was sufficient to keep one's attention occupied. Now that

we were almost stationary, the awful stillness of the recesses of the dark interior of the forest impressed itself upon me more than ever, and yet, it was all so thrilling and gently exhilarating. The air, the trees, and the water were so motionless that it was not to be wondered at, that we waited patiently for several hours for any evidence of the presence of the monarchs of the unknown depths of far beyond who appeared to be in the same comatose state. Every now and again David broke the silence of the air with his calls imitating the hoarse gruff guttural grunts of the moose, made more

natural like coming out of his bark horn and he seemed to do it to perfection, although I am told the moose will almost answer any human voice on the water, at certain periods of the year, but it would be folly to believe that alongside of a well trained call as that which David heralded to the nearby shore.

We changed places frequently and had almost covered the greater part of half the lake, when we took a long wait in an apparently choice bay, at the mouth of a little inlet, where David said "Moose! good! here!" which I understood to be a good place for the king animal of the wilds and was agreeable to continue the patient wait. Here we were lucky enough to get a response to our calls, and then began a tedious and exciting

main there very long, so decided to return to camp, steering close to the inlet where we had first heard the moose.

We had hardly reached the spot than I was startled by David excitedly whispering, "quick! moose! there!" and peering ahead into the inky darkness of the shore about three hundred feet away, I could distinctly see the outlines of an enormous moose with huge antlers, evidently staring in amazement at our presence on the lake. I raised my rifle in a hurry and fired without much aim, but the distance being short I considered the chances were very much in my favor. After the first shot the moose was seen to spring in the air and then slowly recede into the dense woods. I followed the first shot with three more, and waited

for several minutes, listening to the slow retreat of the monster animal. This was all that we could do that night, so made for camp, to tell the good news, as we were quite sure that we had brought down our big prize with the first fatal shot.

We were over four miles from camp, with a veiled moon to



INDIANS CARRYING A HUDSON BAY WAR CANOE.

half hour, keenly listening to every little rustle or crackling of the branches among the trees or underbrush which followed, the approaching moose slowly but surely making his way towards us. The wind, however, unfortunately arose just about that time, and blew in shore, and David moved away saying: "Moose! smell man!" which meant that the moose, so near, would get a scent of us, which was likely to make him suspicious of danger, so we took a turn round a point, thinking to find another bay where we would get to the windward of him, but the lake had become so rough and the trees were making such a noise from the swaying of their branches, that we could not re-

light our way and again I had another experience of David's most extraordinary power to discern the course among the many islands, direct to where our tents were pitched, which to me seemed an amazing feat as there were no landmarks of any kind which could be seen, and we were returning in a different course to that which we had come. Every point I thought we were camping on, was a disappointment, and thinking that David had lost the way I questioned him on the subject, but he replied: "No lost; Pishabo there," pointing in a direction which afterwards proved that he was fully aware of our whereabouts and the exact location of our camp, which we were head-

ing for all the while.

When we finally arrived at the camp we found the Colonel and Pishabo sitting in front of the fire, anxiously awaiting our return for news, which of course we were delighted to supply. We related our adventure, and the Colonel was in consequence full of congratulations over our great success. Then we indulged in a hearty supper of bacon, bread and chocolate, retiring shortly afterwards.

The Colonel intimated that he would make an early morning hunt, and went to sleep with the request to be called at four a. m. His intentions were very good and I wished him all manner of luck as I bid him good night, and tucked myself in my blanket to sleep under the influence of the swishing lullaby produced by the swaying trees outside our tent. The Colonel awoke at two, and three, but failed to respond to the general rule of argument in cases of this kind; and he was as "mad as a hatter," when he looked at his watch and discovered it to be 5:15 a. m., and notwithstanding the weather was unfavorable for hunting, being cold and blowing hard from the North, he stopped at nothing, so enraged was he at oversleeping himself. He left in his canoe with Pishabo, as if his mission was prussingly imperative, or with the knowledge that a moose was impatiently waiting for him. He had awakened me but I deemed it good policy to be silent about that time and just think of my big moose which we had

(To be continued.)

decided to search for during the middle of the day.

About seven o'clock I was again disturbed by the return of the Colonel, about as disgusted a sportsman as our party ever could boast of. I courteously although meekly, enquired if he had seen anything, to which he replied, "No, not a — thing, and I have spent the most miserable two hours of my life, with my hands freezing and my teeth chattering with cold," and then he took off his coat and top boots, and crawled into his rabbit skin bag, grumbling about everything in general, but he was not going to be done out of his usual fifteen minutes' dose, though on this occasion he retired again more particularly to get warm. The Colonel was a great believer in a "fifteen minutes" additional snooze after the first awaking in the morning. He was the first to call out the guides, and get everybody up after which he would roll over for his much coveted semi-sleep, which little indulgence he never overstepped by taking advantage of any more than the regular time he was so accustomed to.

One morning I quietly got up and left the tent, instructing the guides to make as little noise as possible, in order to see if we could make the Colonel do more than his fifteen minutes, but the plot failed, as he walked out of the tent at exactly the allotted time, as though he had been aroused by an alarm clock, or a battery of guns. Such was the example of force of habit.

The Ontario New Fish and Game Act.

THE Bill revising the Ontario Game Laws, to which so much attention has been given in our pages, has become an Act, and it is now possible to compare the present law with the formerly existing one and see what changes have been made.

In clause one the title is altered from the "Ontario Game Protection Act" to the "Ontario Game and Fisheries Act." Clause two is altogether recast and now provides that "this act and all regulations made thereunder shall apply to all game,

hunting, shooting, fish, fisheries, fishing and all rights and matters relating thereto in respect of which the Legislature of Ontario has authority to legislate, but shall not authorize or be deemed to authorize any interference with the navigation of any navigable waters."

Clause three is made the explanatory clause and contains no less than eleven subsections. By the inclusion of fish and fishing matters within the four corners of the Act several increases have been made absolutely necessary.

By clause four the Lieutenant Governor in Council is authorized to make regulations for taking over and keeping all archives, etc. relating to the game and fisheries of the Province, providing for the making of records and returns by fish companies and fish dealers and the further wide one of all "other provisions as may be necessary or desirable for the administration and enforcement of this Act, and of any regulations made thereunder as hereinafter more particularly authorized. All regulations are to be read as part of the Act and to come in force immediately upon publication in the Gazette.

Clause five places the administration of the Act under the control and direction of the Minister of Public Works and makes it a branch of the Department to be known as the Game and Fisheries Branch. Sub section three also abolishes the Game Commissioners.

The sixth clause provides that an exclusive right to fish in navigable waters can only be had by express grant and the following clause enacts that fees, fines, etc. be paid to the Provincial Treasurer.

Indian treaty rights are reserved in full force in clause eight.

Part II of the Act is commenced by clause nine which in ten subsections gives the Lieutenant Governor, (or in other words the Government), extensive discretionary powers. These include the varying of the close season in certain outlying districts, forbidding the possession of guns in certain areas, the licensing of guides, requiring the employment of licensed guides by non resident hunters etc. The tenth clause provides that non residents shall not hunt without the authority of a license.

Instead of "close seasons" as under the old act it is now "open season," and instead of being in clause four it is clause eleven that specifies these important particulars. After all that has taken place on the subject the open season for deer remains unaltered. The open season for big game remains the first fifteen days of November south of the Main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and one

month north of that line commencing on October 16th. The ten sub sections of section one and the two other sections are practically taken from the old act with scarcely any alteration.

Clause twelve and thirteen are similar to clauses five and six in the old act.

Clause fourteen with four sub sections deals with the killing of deer and provides that no licensed hunter shall kill more than two deer, one bull moose, or one bull reindeer or caribou, except that two or more persons hunting together and holding separate licenses may kill an aggregate of not more than two deer for each member of the party. Hounds are not to be allowed to run deer during the close season.

Water fowl are dealt with in clause fifteen and the following addition as sub section three is made in the new Act :— No blinds or decoys for use in hunting duck or other water fowl shall be placed at a greater distance than *two* hundred yards from the shore or a natural rush bed thick enough to conceal a boat." This is a most important sub section for duck shooters, and though some would have liked it to have gone further, most of them will be pleased restrictions have gone so far.

Clause sixteen prohibits the use of poisons and regulates traps and contrivances while clause seventeen prohibits shooting at night. Both these clauses are taken entire from the old act.

Shooting for hire is forbidden by clause eighteen, the possession of the eggs of game birds is likewise forbidden in clause nineteen, and masks and disguises are also prohibited by clause twenty. These clauses are likewise taken from the old act.

A new feature is contained in clause twenty-one by which the use of the automatic gun is forbidden in the Province "in the killing of game." There was strong objection on the part of several members to this course of action and the words quoted were put in as a kind of saving clause

The protection of the Rondeau Park is cared for by clause twenty-three and

regulations are made for private preserves for stocking purposes in clause twenty-four.

Clause twenty-five deals with the Ontario law of trespass and enables an owner to protect his land from being over run.

Part three is entirely confined to fish, and clause twenty-six, with its five sub sections, gives the Lieutenant Governor power to forbid fishing without the authority of a license, for preventing the destruction of fish, regulating the number, size and weight of fish allowed to be taken, regulating the propagation and taking of frogs, and providing for licenses for non resident fishermen.

The taking of sturgeon in any manner whatever, except under the authority of a license, is forbidden by clause twenty-seven and the taking of fish or spawn for artificial breeding or scientific purposes is also forbidden except under license by clause twenty-eight.

Special provision is made in clause twenty-nine for the river and lake Nepigon and, their tributaries, no fishing whatever being allowed therein either by residents, non residents, Indians, guides or any person whatever except those who hold licenses for such fishing.

By clause thirty the Superintendent is authorized to set apart or lease any waters for the natural or artificial propagation of fish and provisions are made for the protection of such waters.

Nets are in future to be marked with the names of the owner or owners in such a manner as to be visible without taking up the nets and any net not so marked will be liable to confiscation. This is provided for in clause thirty-one and the following one arranges for the liability to penalties. No lease can be sub-let, transferred, or assigned without the written consent of the Superintendent according to clause thirty-two.

From here down to clause thirty-eight there are provisions for lessees not being entitled to compensation for errors, right of passage, adjustments of disputes, rights of lessees, liabilities of trespassers, rights of holders of timber licenses, as to navigation and the prohibition of fishing within the limits of preserves.

Part four deals with possession, sale

and transportation and contains several new provisions. The Lieutenant Governor in Council is authorized to prohibit or regulate the traffic in snipe, quail, woodcock, partridge, speckled trout, bass and maskinonge; to authorize the importation and sale in the Province of game and fish lawfully killed elsewhere, and to prohibit the possession, purchase, sale or transportation of any series of fish in the close season. Game lawfully killed in the open season may be kept till the first day of the following year, and skins of deer, caribou, and fur bearing animals may be had in possession during close season under the authority of a license issued not later than ten days after the close of the season. Provisions are made for hotels and restaurants and it is to be an additional offence if the forbidden game or fish is served up in any other name. Inspection is to be facilitated by lessees and licensees.

No transportation will be allowed without shipping coupons or in close season with the exception of game lawfully killed in other Provinces. No salmon trout, lake trout, or whitefish weighing less than two pounds undressed must be transported. The particulars are to be marked on parcels of fish or game, and non resident hunters are to be allowed to take their game, legally killed, home when accompanied by shipping coupons.

Licenses take up the whole of Part five and authority is given to the Lieutenant Governor in Council to make regulations governing the issue of licenses, increasing the fee of non resident hunters to fifty dollars, granting a special free license for guests of residents, and reducing the non resident license fee to the inhabitants of the other Provinces to the same rate as the people of Ontario are allowed to hunt in the respective Provinces. The conditions of the licenses are dealt with in clause forty-seven and provides that no license is to be issued to a convicted person, there must be no transfers, while licenses are subject to cancellation, are in fact cancelled by a conviction under the Act, and their issue is to be discretionary. By clause forty-eight the license fee is to remain at twenty-five dollars "until otherwise provided by regulation increasing the fee to not more than fifty

dollars." The resident license for deer remains at two dollars and for moose, reindeer, or caribou, at five dollars. Licenses must be produced on demand and within a fortnight of the close of the open season a return must be made to the Superintendent giving particulars as to the use of such license. Failure to make such a return will be an offence, and these offences will increase with each succeeding month while failure is not made good. The coupon arrangements are the same. Licenses for cold storage and for game dealers in open season as well as for hotels, restaurants, and clubs are provided for. The fishing licenses for Nepigon River and Lake and adjacent waters are carefully guarded. The non resident angling license of two dollars for an individual and five dollars for a family, to be valid only for the calendar year in which the same is issued, is now made a provision of the Act and no longer rests upon an administrative order. Provision is made for the issue of licenses to guides and the fee is fixed at two dollars or under.

Administration, which is after all the most important part of the Act, inasmuch as the effectiveness of the whole depends upon administration, is dealt with in Part six. Under the Minister the administration is given to an official to be known as the Superintendent of Game and Fisheries. Inspectors, not exceeding three in number, are to be appointed for the purpose of examining all applications for the office of Game and Fishery Overseer, and seeing that such officials properly and efficiently discharge their duties after appointment. Under them are to be appointed Wardens of Game and Fisheries, not exceeding seven in number, who are to have charge of and be responsible for the enforcement of the Act in the districts for which they shall respectively be appointed. All these officials will, by virtue of their appointments, become Justices of the Peace for the purposes of the Act and all regulations thereunder. Overseers are to be paid by salary or by special remuneration for work performed, and will not be entitled to receive directly any fines imposed for offences under the Act. Provision is made for the right of search

and punishment provided for abuse of power.

Part seven deals with procedure, evidence, and penalties. All prosecutions are to be brought before Justices of the Peace, the information must be laid within six months after the commission of the offence, and every violation in respect of each game bird, animal or fish is to constitute a separate offence. The onus of proof of innocence is to be placed upon any person found in possession of any game or fish in the close season. Possession is to be taken as prima facie evidence of guilt. A defendant is to be a competent and compellable witness. The penalties for offences against the large animals are fines not exceeding one hundred dollars or less than twenty dollars together with the costs, and lesser offences a fine not exceeding fifty dollars and not less than five dollars together with the costs, or imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months. A second offence within two years renders the person liable to not less than double the minimum penalty and a third conviction at any time to the maximum penalty. Disguised and in possession of fire arms when committing the offence will render the person liable to imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months without the option of a fine. All fines in which officials are prosecutors go to the Provincial treasury, and in the case of private prosecutors one half goes to such prosecutor. All game or fish illegally taken will be confiscated upon seizure and any article of whatsoever kind included will be likewise forfeited. Even in cases where convictions are not actually recorded the confiscation holds good if any offence has in fact been committed.

The changes made, as will be seen from this fairly full analysis given, are not so great as were foreshadowed. The greatest by far is the combination of the two departments, and that is a step towards the time when forest, fish and game shall be elevated to the dignity of a Department all to itself in charge of a Cabinet Minister with no other duties to discharge than those of conserving and preserving some of the finest assets with which a country was ever blessed.

Alpine Club of Canada.

Paradise Valley.

BY M. P. BRIDGLAND.

IN 1894 Messrs Wilcox and Allen with two companions spent a considerable portion of the summer exploring the mountains, then almost unknown, in the vicinity of Lake Louise. Leaving the lake one morning, they followed the Lefroy glacier to its head and started to ascend what is now known as the Mitre pass. The weather had become cold and stormy and they encountered considerable difficulty, but they steadily worked their way to the summit. Just before reaching the pass, the clouds began to break and from the summit they gazed down into a valley of open meadows and winding streams illuminated by rays of sunlight through rifts in the breaking clouds. Impressed by the sudden transition from rock, ice and storm, they immediately named it "Paradise valley."

Paradise valley lies a short distance to the east of Lake Louise. It is an ideal spot for the mountaineer, lying as it does at the base of some of the highest peaks near the railway. Mt. Temple on the east, rises to the height of eleven thousand six hundred and twenty-six feet above sea level, Hungabee and Lefroy at the head of the valley are both over eleven thousand while several other

peaks, easily accessible reach an elevation of over ten thousand.

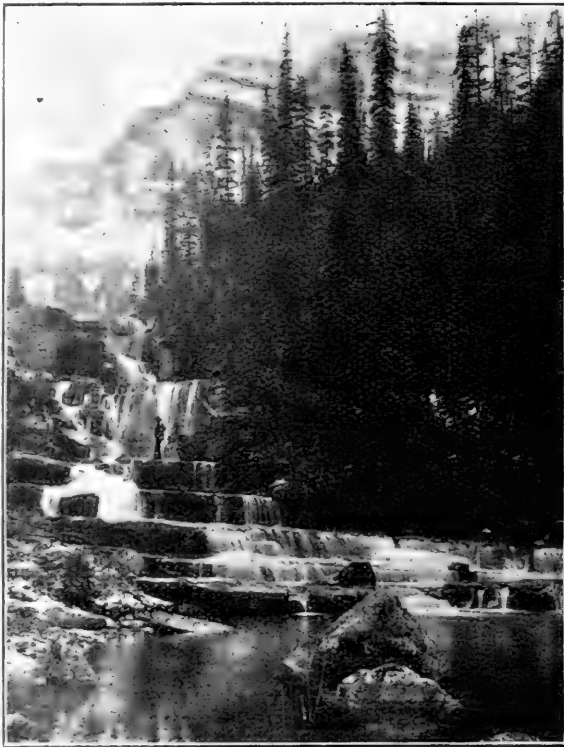
At the extreme head of the valley, fed by avalanches from the precipitous sides of Hungabee and Lefroy, lies the Horse-shoe Glacier. A little further down, are beautiful open meadows dotted with groves of larch and spruce through which many small streams flow from the glacier and snow-slopes above. One of these streams is worthy of especial notice. It flows through the meadows for nearly a quarter of a mile over an almost level floor of quartzite, and then entering a grove of spruce, plunges over a series of ledges which very much resemble a huge stairway.

A little further down the valley is heavily timbered but a good trail leads either direct from Lake Louise or up the valley from the wagon road to Moraine lake, so that the traveller of the present day can see the

same beauties as the pioneer explorers, without enduring their hardships.

Second Annual Camp.

Arrangements for the Second Annual Camp, which is to be held in the Rocky Mountains of the Province of Alberta, are now so far advanced



THE GIANT'S STAIRS, PARADISE VALLEY.

that the circular giving these arrangements in detail has been issued, and members are busy making their personal engagements fit in with freedom for the first fortnight in July. This year instead of starting on a Monday the Camp will open on Thursday, July 4th, giving visitors from a distance an opportunity of travelling to the scene during the week, and will close on the following Thursday, enabling many to reach their homes, or different points at which they may have engagements, the same week. The programme is a full one and includes daily trips to many places of interest, a two days' round trip, official climbs etc.

A meeting was held at Banff at the end of April to consider the organization of the camp to be held in Paradise Valley near the charming Lake Louise.

Paradise valley is one of the most attractive spots of the Rocky Mountains of Alberta. The peaks are higher, more rugged and more worthy of achievement than in the Yoho valley. A copy of the camp circular will be found below.

The mountain outfitters, who so loyally and generously contributed their own and the services of their men and horses to the first annual camp in the Yoho valley, were invited to attend the meeting at Banff. Arrangements were made with them to furnish transport for the second annual camp. Their names are as follows:—R. E. Campbell of Laggan and Field; Otto Bros., of Field, Leancoil and Golden; E. C. Barnes of Banff, and S. H. Baker of Glacier. These men are trustworthy, reliable and competent. Parties arranging trips in the mountains cannot do better than secure their services.

Sixty-five mountain ponies will be in daily use at the camp.

Visitors to the camp who are interested in the flowers of the region should have with them Mrs. J. W. Henshaw's book, "The Mountain Wild Flowers of Canada." The simplicity of the text enables those whose scientific knowledge is limited to easily identify the numerous species. The book is arranged according to a scheme of colors and, on this account, the identification of flowers by outdoor collectors is much simplified. It is well indexed under both scientific and everyday English names. The Publisher is William Briggs, of Toronto, and the price is \$2.00.

Professor Herschel C. Parker, of Columbia University, has become the first Life Member of the Club.



PINNACLE MOUNTAIN, OVERLOOKING SENTINEL PASS, PARADISE VALLEY.

There are over twenty applications waiting to go out for ballot, among them a name for honorary membership, that of Colonel A. Laussedat, Member of the Institute of France; Member of the Geographical Society of Paris; Directeur Du Conservatoire Nationale Des

Arts et Metiers; and father of modern topographical photography.

Mr. Wheeler has the matter of the Club's annual journal well in hand. It will be a substantial magazine sumptuously illustrated. Sir Sandford Fleming has contributed an article giving reminiscences of mountain experiences, Mr. Wm. Whyte has sent greetings, and Ralph Connor a humorous sketch of the ascent of Cascade Mountains in pre-climbing days. Professors Parker and Fay of the

American Alpine Club, the Rev. S. H. Gray, of Dundas, the Rev. Dr. Herdman and other climbers have contributed racy and informing accounts of mountaineering among the Virgin Peaks. The President has written on the Canadian Rocky Mountain system as a field for mountaineers: and the Secretary (Mrs. E. Parker) has dealt with the relation of the Club to Canada. In addition to these, there are articles by other members who have spent many summers in the Canadian Alps. The members are entitled to one number, gratis. Two thousand copies will be issued and put upon the market.

Members who desire to attend the Paradise valley camp are requested to give notice as soon as possible, as accommodation will only be provided for those sending such notice before the 20th of June. Those who do not send notification must not feel dissatisfied if, when they arrive at the camp, they find that no accommodation has been made for them.

The Librarian is looking happy over the latest addition to the library, being all the volumes of *Appalachia* issued since the Appalachian Club began climbing north of the 49th parallel. This is a most valuable gift. Next?

The following is the full text of the Camp circular containing an outline of all the announcements made so far:—

The Camp will be situated in Paradise valley, near the beautiful Lake Louise, at an altitude of six thousand three hundred feet above the sea. It will open on Thursday, July 4th and close on Thursday, July 11th.

A start will be made from Laggan Station on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Members attending may go direct to the camp, or if they have preparations to make, may start from Lake Louise Chalet, three miles from the Station and five from the Camp. Those who find it possible, are advised to gather at the Chalet on the evening of July 3rd, but the trains throughout the week will be met.

The number of persons who can attend is limited to two hundred. You are, therefore, requested to notify the President, at the earliest possible date. Applications to attend will be accepted in the order received, due allowance being made for distance.

CHARGES

Active and Associate members will be charged at the rate of two dollars (\$2.00) per day while at the Camp. This does not include hotel expenses. The charge at Lake Louise Chalet, to members, will be at the rate of three dollars (\$3.00) per day during the week.

All Graduating members who qualify for active membership will be charged at the above rate.

All Graduating members who fail to qualify, and all persons, other than members, except as hereinafter specified, will be charged at the rate of three dollars (\$3.00) per day. Otherwise, except in the case of certified representatives of Scientific Societies and of the Press, it is necessary to become a member of the Club to attend the Camp.

All nominations to membership must be proposed by three Active members and be in the hands of the Secretary of the Club not later than the 25th June.

Certified representatives of Scientific Societies and of the Press will be placed on the same footing as Active members with regard to the privileges of the Camp.

Members to be eligible for the privileges of the Camp must be in good standing; that is, have paid their dues for the current year.

TRANSPORT

Arrangements have been made with the outfitters to hire fifty ponies for the week of the Camp. The above charges include transports of camp baggage, and as far as possible, of visitors to and from the Camp, and to and from the various points of interest, for which excursions will be arranged daily.

Those using busses to drive to the Chalet, or to the nearest driving point to the Camp, will be charged with the usual tariff rate.

No person attending may bring more than forty pounds of baggage. If in

excess of that amount, transport will be refused until the weight has been reduced to the limit. Camp baggage should be as light as possible and should consist of two pairs of blankets weighing about fifteen pounds, a small feather pillow, a change of clothes and boots, toilet articles, etc. No trunks or boxes can be handled.

COSTUME

Those intending to climb require heavily soled boots, well set with nails. Knickerbockers, puttees, sweater and knockabout hat furnish a serviceable costume.

No lady who wears skirts or bloomers will be allowed to take a place upon a climbing rope, as they are a distinct source of danger to the party. Knickerbockers with puttees or gaiters and sweater will be found serviceable and safe.

Each member who intends to climb should bring a pair of colored glasses. Colored mica glasses are suggested. They can be bought from any druggist.

Please state on what date you will arrive at Laggon and for how many days you will remain in camp.

Those who can only remain between Sundays are privileged to come to the Camp on the 2nd July, but the official

opening will not be until the 4th July.

Prior to the opening date, all members will be supplied with membership cards, and on registering at the Camp, with badges. Those unable to produce their cards and badges when required will not be afforded transportation during the week.

It is expected that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will give the same rates as last year, viz : — a return trip for a single fare from all points on their lines in Canada. Notifications will be sent later.

The choice of two mountains will be offered for the official graduating climb, viz :—Mt. Temple eleven thousand six hundred and twenty six feet and Mt. Aberdeen ten thousand three hundred and forty feet above sea level.

Two Swiss guides, loaned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Hotel Department, will be in attendance.

All Graduating members elected prior to the Camp of 1906, who have not qualified for Active membership at the end of 1907, will then cease to be members of the Club.

Arthur O. Wheeler, President.
Box 167, Calgary, Alberta.

Mrs H. J. Parker, Secretary.
160 Furby Street,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A Young Canadian in East Africa.

Shooting Two Lions in One Night.

ALTHOUGH, as a rule the stories and articles in this Magazine are devoted to Canada, and experience has shown the field is wide enough to require all our energies, it is yet pleasant to be able to relax our rule in favor of a young Canadian who, as a hunter, has won distinction in another quarter of the globe.

Lieut. Frank N. Gibbs, F. R. G. S., extracts from whose diary we are allowed to give below, lived in Port Arthur, Ont., and joined the last Canadian contingent sent for service in South Africa as a Lieutenant. At the close of the war he preferred to remain in the country, and being by profession a mining engineer he

found ample scope for his services. He was entrusted by the Portuguese Government with the laying of the pipes from the mountains seventy-five miles away, to supply the city of Lorenzo Marques with water—a task in which he was eminently successful and which led to further tasks being entrusted to him. Mr. Gibbs has had some fine hunting experiences, and has bagged more big game than most men. Doubt is expressed if any Canadian before Mr. Gibbs has enjoyed the thrills accompanying the shooting of two lions in one night. German East Africa is now said to be one of the few countries where visiting sportsmen can be reasonably sure of finding big

game. The following are the extracts from Lieut. Gibbs' diary:

In Camp, on the Summit of the Man Mountains,

Feb. 8th, 1907.

Am returning from my trip towards the German East African Border and expect to be in Naivasha in two days' time. Today makes the twenty-fourth day since leaving Naivasha and I have been very lucky indeed shooting everything. I came here for Neuman's Hartibeest, Wilderbeest, Topi, Eland, Giraffe, Hyena, Wild Dog, Leopard and Lions. I have had fine sport and some very exciting times so will have many a yarn to spin to you when we meet again. There are only four other species of big game in this country now that I have not shot and I am going to have a try for three of these yet. These are elephant, kudoo, oryx and buffalo. Elephant I shall have to give up an idea of this time as it is the wrong season of the year for this country and I do not want to go into Uganda for them as it is in the bad fever districts where they are found.

The camp I am now writing from is about 12,000 feet elevation on the summit of the Nan Escarpment and it is quite cold, ice at night, think of it, and almost on the Equator too!

think one of the happiest days of my life was the day following the night when I bagged my first lions. I suppose there are not twenty-five per cent of the sportsmen who come here and spend five or six months who go away with a lion. This is how it happened: On the 29th I shot a cow giraffe by mistake. It is difficult to tell the difference between the cow and the bull at a distance and as my Shikari said one of five was the largest and a bull I promptly shot it at a distance of three hundred yards. It is against the law to kill a female and you are only allowed to kill one bull giraffe for which you have to pay a special license of five pounds which I had taken out. An infringement of this law is liable to a fine of some 800 rupees so as there was only the Shikari and myself present at the time we left the giraffe and came away. The next morning being again out for giraffe, my Shikari, whom I sent on ahead with the pony to scout for lions at

some kills I had left out for them (it being about 5:30 a. m.) came back and reported that he had come across a giraffe which had been killed by lions and partially eaten. (This was for the special benefit of the camp followers who were with me). The fact that lions had visited the carcass and eaten a portion of the giraffe was however quite true enough as I plainly saw on visiting it, so I decided to sit up that night and had a clump of bushes arranged within about ten feet of the carcass. That night two lions came within forty to fifty yards and roared but they evidently suspected danger and did not pay a visit to the giraffe so nothing came of the first night's vigil. I decided, however, to sit up the next night also. What happened I will just copy from my diary which I wrote up the next day:

Jan. 31st, Thursday, 16th Day out from Naivasha.

About 6 a. m. I took Jamar, my second Somali gun-bearer and a few men and started out down the valley after giraffe again. I saw no signs of giraffe until I had crossed over into the next Valley, where I sighted three, two old ones and a young one about three quarters grown. They were feeding on some trees at the edge of an open plain about half a mile away. I was obliged to wait patiently about half an hour until the giraffe had passed into the bush and down a declivity and then started out after them. I succeeded in getting within four hundred yards when I was confronted with an open space of one hundred and fifty yards on which I came under the full view of the giraffe, which I could see feeding. I succeeded however in safely negotiating this by a painful serpent like crawl on my belly, thereby reaching the cover of some thin bushes, from which latter point of vantage I successfully stalked them to within a hundred yards, when a careful examination with the glasses led to the disclosure that they were all females, very much to my disappointment. I had been walking about five hours, so decided to stop and have a bite to eat and a drink and then returned to camp, reaching it about 6:30 p. m. After some dinner I then, with Oswan, my head Shikari, took up my

position beside the kill. I was very tired after nearly twelve hours' walking during the day and was soon fast asleep, leaving Oswan to keep watch. Evidently he followed suit later on, for about one a. m. I was suddenly awakened by the most fearful crunching noise and the tearing of partially dried flesh, followed by a peculiar noise. I shall never forget the sensation as the lion mouthed and masticated the great chunk it had ripped off. My heart commenced thumping like a steam hammer for there was no mistaking the sound. No other animal could rip, tear and crush flesh with such power.

There succeeded to this first noise of flesh eating, quietness, a patter of padded feet, which told me that the lion or whatever it was had cleared and my hopes dropped to zero. Slowly, however, and with great caution I emerged from my blankets and got into position so that I could see out of the small peep hole in the bushes for that purpose, a sort of small port hole, and taking my double barrelled 450 Cordite rifle across my knees awaited further developments. There was a moon, but it was obscured somewhat by clouds which made sight very difficult.

A few minutes passed, and then two lions were suddenly heard at the carcass; one at each end of it. A crunch, a tear, and then both of them scampered off again to return once more after a short interval. This time they were apparently satisfied that there was no danger, for they commenced ripping and tearing away at a great rate. By straining my eyes I could just dimly make out a moving form as it worked away at its midnight meal. As I continued to strain my eyes the form became clearer and I could see the lion take a bite and while chewing it turn its head and stare right into my face, not ten feet away. It evidently imagined it could see something but was not certain. The next problem was to get the rifle into position and an attempt or a guess at the sighting, without the least bit of noise, for that meant good-bye to the lions forever, if the slightest sound was made. Inch by inch between bites, I advanced the muzzle of the rifle, the lion each time turning its head and looking at me, until finally the

rifle was in position to fire. The next few minutes were ones of great tension as I strained my eyes to their utmost to try and see the sights and get them lined on a point which I thought would be the center of its shoulder but it was no use and I had simply to guess my best. The result I must leave to Allah and yet I felt that the dream of my existence depended upon the line that rifle was pointing in, as I pulled the trigger and let loose, a 450 soft nosed messenger of death. Then a report like a clap of thunder boomed out on the stillness of the night, to be immediately followed by an almost equally loud roar from the throats of two lions simultaneously and I could see dimly two objects leap past my vision and then black despair settled down on me at the thoughts of having missed the only chance I might possibly ever have of bagging a lion. My feelings of disappointment at that moment were indescribable. I remained thus in the same position as when I had fired, with barrel of the rifle still half way through the "port-hole" and the butt at my shoulder, just how long I could not say (as I seemed to be in a sort of stupor of misery) when I was suddenly electrified to life again by a roar which seemed to come from the bush a short distance in front and to one side of me; this noise was followed just afterwards by a curious mixture of roars, growls and groans indescribable in their sound but in which appeared to be mixed a mass of pent up feelings of anger, surprise and anguish. Oswan touched me on the shoulder and whispered in my ear in a tone of subdued excitement, "He dies! He dies! He is dead!"

I thought so too, but my experience of lions being for the most part limited to zoos and circuses, I could only hope that it was true. Nevertheless not being able to see or verify the fact I was tormented by doubts and fears which only the advent of daylight could solve and thus I must wait with what patience I could muster for the occasion. At one minute I was absolutely certain that I had hit fatally but the next minute when I considered all the conditions, not seeing the rifle sights, a very hazy object to fire at and the general excitement of the mo-

ment, I realized how easy it would be to miss.

I lay down in my blankets again and tried to sleep but couldn't; I was so anxious to see the daylight, when we might go out to search for the wounded lion, if wounded it was.

I lay thus for probably half an hour when a slight noise attracted my attention, followed a few minutes later by the now familiar sound of the rending of flesh; then there was a scurrying of feet which told me another lion had come and taken a mouthful of the giraffe. After a bit a soft foot fall and the breaking of a twig informed me that Mr. Leo was returning for another helping and in a moment or two he was ripping away at the same point where I had fired at the first lion. Three different times he ran away and returned by which time, being satisfied, he settled down to a good feed. The clouds had cleared somewhat by this time and as I looked out I could distinctly see his form and the outline of his foreleg. As before I very cautiously got the rifle into position and again did I strain my eyes for all they were worth. This time I thought I could just faintly see the foresight and then I found the line of the backsight, then I got a line on his forearm and slowly following this upward, pulled, as I thought the center of his shoulder was reached. The boom of the rifle was answered by a mighty roar of rage as I saw an object leap six feet into the air and tumble down behind the body of the giraffe on the opposite side of us. A succession of deep roars followed during which I quickly reloaded and prepared for a possible spring from the lion at us in case he was not too badly wounded to do so. However in a few minutes the roars subsided to moans and then all was quietness again. I now know for certain that I had killed a lion and with a delicious feeling of having at last accomplished a long cherished wish, I again rolled myself up in my blankets and left Oswan to keep watch until daylight. In five minutes I was sound asleep. I was awakened by Oswan at dawn and we pulled the branches away from one side of our hiding place and cautiously emerged with rifles at full cock. Going a little to one side I could

see the tail and hind quarters of the second lion sticking out behind the body of the giraffe. I at once started to walk up to it when the Somali caught me by the shoulder and pulled me back saying he thought it was not dead. He then threw a stick at it but no movement did the lion make; a second stick receiving a similar reception. He then cautiously advanced and gave its tail a pull. This proverbial twist not eliciting even a roar we concluded that it must indeed be dead and going up close I beheld an extremely handsome lioness with a coat in the very prime of condition. I also noticed that she was big with young and later on when we opened her up we found five little pups fully matured and now I have their skins as well.

Now, as to the first lion I had fired at. About twenty feet away from the giraffe I spotted blood from spoor which we followed cautiously, not knowing from which bit of brush we might expect a spring. However after following the blood fifty yards the Somali's eagle eyes spotted the lion stretched out stone dead fifty yards further ahead. A lioness also with a likewise perfect skin shot clean through the center of the body about twelve inches behind the shoulder blade. The second lion was shot through the heart, the bullet also going right through the body.

The first lion had a hole through her that you could pass a walking stick through and yet she had gone exactly one hundred yards from the point where she was shot; far enough to charge and kill a man. It illustrates the wonderful vitality of these brutes. In nine cases out of ten it is always the lioness which charges and the male follows.

I think that day was the happiest I have ever spent. I felt so good that I wouldn't go out after the giraffe as arranged, wouldn't go out at all except to go and shoot a couple of Brant's gazelle on a plain a few hundred yards away, for the pot.

When the men or boys, as we call them out here, came to visit the camp in the morning and saw the two lions they simply went mad and then collected and executed a war dance about the dead lions.

Mr. W. D. Mace.

EVERY sportsman is interested in horses and many of them are fortunate enough to possess one or more of their own. A lover of horses is generally a good fellow and the gentleman whose portrait we give, is one of the best. He is an Ontario man who has gone out West and helped to build up that portion of our wonderful country. Mr. Mace has always been deeply interested in good horses and has owned many of them. His love of, and interest in horses has caused him to be widely known to horse men throughout the Dominion. He has recently been elected to the office of Vice-president of the Winnipeg Amateur Driving Club, being himself one of the best Whips in Canada, and has been un-



animously selected by the members to represent the Club as an Associate Director on the Horse Committee of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association. The Winnipeg Exhibition is the greatest Show in the West partaking of a national character, and the show of horses is something to be remembered by those who have been present when the Exhibition is held. It is therefore a great honor to be elected to such a position and is the best evidence that could be given of the position Mr. Mace holds in the estimation of his fellow members of the Winnipeg Amateur Driving Club. They are a unit in the opinion that he is the very best man for the position to which they have elected him.

What the Ducks Say at Migration Time.

BY THOMAS JOHNSON.

MANY sportsmen are conversant with duck language. They know the "alarm," the "cooing" and the different calls to attract ducks, but few shooters remain at the different marshes until the day the whole duck family migrates to the south. That waterfowl are endowed to a wonderful degree with that hidden and mysterious knowledge, generally termed instinct, is beyond question. I had an experience of this, as it was my pleasure to be in the marshes of Lake Manitoba last October, the day previous to the fall migration, and never did I see this instinct so clearly demon-

strated. For days previous the birds were scattered in odd numbers over the numerous bays and creeks, but on this particular afternoon I noted that flock after flock were flying in one direction, and there was absolutely no shooting in the haunts that the birds had frequented all fall. I concluded that something was doing, and so paddled over to a big bay where I found thousands of the different species congregated. This bay at other portions of the season often contained numerous duck, but they were always as quiet as the proverbial mouse. Now everything was different. Talk about

the chatter of magpies, it was silence itself compared with the babel of duck conversation now being indulged in!

How interesting it would be if we could comprehend duck language, but it requires after all no great stretch of imagination to conjure up what they were chattering about.

"What part of the South are you going to Mr. Pintail?" the canvas back would no doubt ask.

"New Orleans," he would reply and add, "If I can evade the market shooters until after the Mardi Gras, I will then come back to Manitoba, after that quaint ceremonial."

"And your destination, old 'slate-back?'—ducks of course use slang. "Chesapeake Bay, the Delmonico of the canvas back. You probably know that wild celery, which I love, is more plentiful and delicious there than any other place, and the open water, to one endowed with my diving proclivities, makes it a veritable duck paradise; that is, if I have only brains enough not to sacrifice my life for my stomach, though that is often done by an epicurean member of the human family, by a too generous indulgence of the good things to be had at his feeding grounds in New York of the same name."

"Where are your winter quarters, Blue Wing?" said a specimen of the Teal family, with the green side feathers.

"Oh, any old place until the creeks I love are thawed out again. I once thought them much safer than the open bays, but I am kept on the alert all the time to avoid the hungry hunters that make a special effort to shoot me, as they evidently prefer my white meat and plump body to your razor boned breast and brown flesh."

"Go farther north and feed like me," said a fish eating specimen. "When those gluttonous murderers who serve you in their shooting lodges, without carving, would then have no desire for your fish tainted flavor."

"You don't know it all," retorted the "Grebe." "If a lady's bow, or the trimming of her hat, could be made out of your breast plumage, as is done with mine, you would soon find that fine feathers run more risk than palate tickling flavors."

"Pardon me," said the canvas back.

"I am the swiftest flying bird of the whole duck tribe, and have the plainest plumage, yet I command a bigger price in the New York markets than any one of you. My commercial value makes me the desideratum of the duck shooter and notwithstanding my alertness and swiftness, I have to use all the powers with which I have been endowed to evade human ingenuity."

"Say," said the Red-head to the Mallard, "are some of your specie changing their color? Look over there, and you will see your counterpart, except the plumage."

"That's the Black-duck, which is indigenous to Ontario. The bays of Lake Erie and Lake St. Clair were their fall feeding grounds, but the Government stocked the lakes with carp, and this ravenous fish ate up all the wild rice roots, so that the source of the food supply of the black mallard is destroyed, and they are now migrating to Manitoba."

"Don't you think we ought to give them a hint to 'stay in their own backyard?' You know that the Manitoba Government, for no apparent reason, have made an outlet of Lake Manitoba at Fairford, which has lowered the lake about two feet. The consequence is that, unless a hurricane comes from the north and blows the water through the gap leading into Clandeboye Bay, thousands of acres of our feeding grounds will dry up—in fact have already done so—and we don't want these Ontario vagrants feeding in our grounds."

"You red-headed thief," retorted the pintail. "You are the last of the duck family that should talk so selfishly. We all know that you are too lazy to dive for your own food. You watch the canvas-back like a terrier at a rat hole, and before his head is out of the water you grab from his bill the celery he has dived for."

"Clandeboye, as you know, is the only bay tributary to Lake Manitoba where wild celery is plentiful, and this delicious duck food is as seductive to our long-headed friend as a meal at the Royal Alexandra is to an epicurean, but your thieving propensities have driven the Canvas-back to "Oak," "Shoal," and "Whitewater Lakes."

"Nonsense, I'll tell you the cause.

The human duck shooting family is made up of several species, viz: Royalty, Aristocracy, Democracy and a variety whose component parts are French, Scotch and Indian called the Metis. Democracy is a combination of the middle classes, and is usually "agin the Government" and the most extreme of them delight in damning royalty. Yet, if he get in its vicinity, he will rubberneck like a spoonbill at a bunch of decoys, and, if he can only get a nod of recognition from Royalty, he will herald it from the housetops. Yet he knows he is like the broken down musician who tries to earn a livelihood round the English theatres and who claimed that during the operatic season he associated with Aristocracy. The one great difference is—they are inside, he is out. But wherever Aristocracy goes Democracy will flock, and in consequence of the notoriety given to Lake Manitoba by Royalty shooting there, Democracy now invades these shooting marshes in hundreds, and that's the reason nearly every specie is giving this Lake a wide berth."

"Yes, that may be right, but I cannot imagine why every class is so anxious to kill us."

"That's casily explained. Royalty shoots ducks to get a rest from the Conventionality entailed by the position; Aristocracy, because it's the correct thing—don't you know—; Democracy, because he likes the sport and it gives him a rest from the worries of a commercial life. Bet the lucky Metis—at least a few of them—kill more duck than the balance of the duck shooting fraternity, and get a salary for doing so. Some call them lucky. It's not luck, it's because they know how. Yet even lucky Bateese was envied by his compatriots, for does not Doctor Drummond say:

"I start about de sunrise and I put out
my decoy
An' I see Bateese, he sneak along de
shore.
An' befor' its comin' breakfas' he's holler
on he's boy
For carry home two dozen duck or more.
An' I'm freezin' on de blin'—me from
four o'clock to nine,
An' every duck he's passin' up so high.
Dere's bluebill an' butter-ball an red-

head, de fines' kin',
An' I might as well go shootin' on de
sky.

But all de bird, an' fish too, is give up
feelin' scare,
An' de rabbit, he can stay at home in
bed,
For he fish and shoot no longer, Ole
Jean Bateese Belair,
Cos he's dead!"

"Peace to his ashes!" said the Wid-
geon, "and we may never see his like
again." But if ever I am shot, I want a
Bateese to shoot me. Save me from the
novice who shoots at the atmosphere but
occasionally, by accident, some of us fly
in the shot circle, but only to be wounded
and die a lingering death in the reeds!
I want to say right here that, unless the
Government puts a limit on the number
any one shooter can kill in a season, we
shall all be down and out, because Ameri-
canshooters who have no respect for mor-
al, civil or humane laws when it pertains
to duck shooting, are doing their level best
to exterminate us. They shoot at us
seven days a week, when going south,
and when coming back from the South.
And when sportsmanship is dead in Man-
itoba, and the pet expression of the al-
leged sport—it would be a reflection on
the man to call him sportsman—is, "how
many did you get?" there can be but one
result, which is inevitable.

And so the chatter kept up the whole
afternoon, probably winding up with
good wishes for a safe return the follow-
ing spring. They then indulged in a
good imitation of a bevy of girls when
seeing a friend off by train, concluding
with all the pleasantries and formalities
of duck society, which, if it could be
translated, would almost approach hu-
man intelligence.

About five o'clock, with a clear atmos-
phere, the weather balmy and Foster
predicting a fine, open fall, the ducks
began to rise in large flocks. They would
make three or four circles, rising higher
every time, and would then sail away
southward for their winter homes. The
following morning the wind came from
the north, and by noon the bays were
covered with a film of ice, and weather
prophet predictors demonstrated that
they did not know as much as ducks.

To Hudson Bay by Canoe.

BY ROBERT T. MORRIS.

PERHAPS we have found the home of the very biggest brook trout on the continent, and we may have added the "Nebogatis" to the fly-fisherman's list.

Last spring, at about the time when chrysalids turn over in their cocoons and fishermen do likewise, one of my employees asked about summer plans. When I told him we were going to Hudson Bay he wanted to know if that was up above Peekskill. I answered "yes," but was unable to give much more information, because my companion, Charles Wake, and I had been trying for three months to find out something about the country. Most of the information that we collected proved later to have been wrong or misleading. The reason for this was because few white men have gone over the region that we traversed excepting fugitives, prospectors and the Hudson's Bay Company people. The latter do not care to give much information that is encouraging to visitors, and their position in the matter can be defended.

Rival traders who enter the country are often irresponsible men who take unfair advantage of the Indians, and visiting sportsmen sometimes give the Indians such wages and tips that all of the rest of the Indians become enthusiastic over the thought of having the wigwam chock full of unearned increment, and they lose interest in plain white folks who do not carry cash enough to sink them in case they get overboard.

The Canadian Camp Club, which proposes to have a stamping ground between Lake Huron and Hudson Bay, will be ully in accord with the Hudson's Bay

Company, which for more than 250 years has managed the Indian, understandingly and kindly and to his very best advantage.

We had considerable difficulty in getting guides as none of the local Indians cared to take the trip at the time of their annual bear hunt, and there seems to be a disinclination for Indians of one locality to trespass upon the territory of others. In this primitive region each family has its own hunting and fishing ground, and certain lakes and streams

are handed down from father to son without written agreement, but in that sort of mutual agreement which is as binding as other unwritten laws.

We finally secured from North Bay, on Lake Huron, three Indians, who were unfamiliar with our proposed route, and of whom we knew little excepting that two of them had been given bad reputations by men who had employed them previously. Our starting point was from Winnebago Siding, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad, at the height of land where a

stream known as the Wakami River was supposed to belong to the Hudson Bay watershed, and to the Moose River system.

On June 30—Friday—we started down the unknown river with unknown Indians, for the objective points of Moose River and the Bay. Let me say right here that the Indians all proved to be as good ones as we have ever employed, and that "badness" among men of various colors often depends upon "who pushed first." It does require patience to manage Indians, and one must be uncritical, considerate and at times human;



FRAGRANT ARBOR VITAE OVERHANGING THE BANKS.

but anyone who has managed children without having to drink will find little difficulty in having a royal time in the woods with the sons of the forest. It is said that old maids are the only ones who know how children should be brought up, and if anyone goes into the woods with preconceived notions about what Indians should do he will do better to return to some hotel and devote the vacation to writing letters upon the negro question.

We made only about eighteen miles on the first day's run, as the stream was low, with many long stretches of rocky rapids, and Wake and I tried to act like squirrels among the tops of fallen trees while the men guided the canoes over a noisy stream bed. There were some plunging falls, and a few miles of still water, with tracks of many animals along the banks. During the day we passed six moose and one red deer standing lazily among the rushes and lily pads, and some of the moose



OJIBWAY TOKENS—CARIBOU SHOULDER BLADES.

allowed the canoes to pass within a few yards of them, although the wind was down stream, and we were not taking any pains to go quietly. Four of the moose were bulls, and two of them were very large ones. All of the first day's run was through country that had been burned over many times, excepting for the oases of trees in swampy ground. If the black locust will thrive so far north fire lines could be made with hedges of locust sown not far from the railroad. The fallen leaves of leguminous trees and plants seem to absorb so much moisture that they are effective in forming barriers against creeping fires, and if the lines were not far apart they would check

headway of fires that otherwise fill the heavens with sparks for miles ahead. We made the following notes during the first day:

Waters moderately tannated, probably with tannates of both iron and maganese. Surface temperature 64 degrees Fahrenheit, noon. Stream bottom of sand and rocks, with banks of mud. Land rolling to hilly, consisting of sandy

gravel with a good layer of humus. Rocks of gray and reddish Laurentian granites, with outcropping of eruptive Huronian at one point. There were a few drift boulders, and in all probability a wide terminal moraine would be found a few miles to the southward of our starting point, but there was no one who could give information about it.

Trees—Jack pine (*P. Banksiana*) predominating. Aspen poplar and balm of Gilead abundant. Much black spruce, but little white spruce or balsam fir. Tamarack in the marshes. The tam-

aracks were dying all the way to Hudson Bay probably from the attacks of the tamarack sawfly, and the natural enemies of the sawfly cannot now arrive in time to save any of this forest. Arber vitae grew along the stream banks, and added its fragrance to that of the balm of Gileads. We saw some paper birch and rowan, but these trees were not at their best here, or at any other point along the course of our trip.

Shrubs consisted chiefly of baked hazel, red willow, red dogwood and white bush maple. Occasionally we passed a group of striped maples, and here and there a thorn bush (*Cratogeomys*) was seen.

Animals or their characteristic signs

observed: Moose, white-tailed red deer, varying hare, woodchuck (*A. monax*), red squirrel, gray wolf, black bear. Porcupines were notably absent, and we were informed later that few porcupines and no wolverines are to be found in this whole basin. Musquash holes were in evidence, and we found plenty of otter sign.

Birds observed during the day were bald eagle, spruce partridge, yellow hammer, three toed woodpecker, Canada jay, rusty grackle, kingfisher, robin, hermit thrush, water wagtail, red crossbill, olive-sided flycatcher, night hawk, song sparrow, white throated sparrow, winter wren, bank swallow and probably the rough winged swallow.

Fish were not observed, but we did not stop to do much looking, and the fish may have acted in the same way. Crustaceans were represented by crawfish, which were extremely abundant, and one could get a mess for dinner in a few minutes by turning over loose stones near the bank. Molluscs casually observed were fresh water mussels (*Unio*) and a rather abundant snail (*Physa*).

Batrachians were not as frequently seen on the first day as they were later in the summer, but we noted the common toad and a frog which I took to be *Rana septentrionalis*. This was the only species of frog seen during the whole trip excepting one brilliantly colored leopard frog at Flying Post.

Butterflies were fairly abundant in the open burned woods, where it was rather difficult to capture specimens for identification, but the following genera were ob-

served: *Argynnis*, *Limnitis*, *Papilio*, *Pieris*, *Colias*, *Lycoena* and *Melitoea*. We saw no other kinds of butterflies on the whole trip excepting an *Oeneis* or *Satyrus* near a spring on Lake Matagaming. We were unable to capture a specimen, although in the attempt Wake and I scrambled over windfalls and through the mud in a manner unbecoming to great bear hunters and dignified salmon fishermen, and it was difficult to explain to the Indians just what we were trying to do. We take off our hats to the nim-

ble wood butterfly, or at least we did do so. Ephemeras of many species were in greatest abundance, and I do not remember to have seen this fish food in more profuse supply anywhere.

On July 1, the second day of the trip, after a long glide through still water and past burned forest, we suddenly emerged upon a lake of entrancing beauty, surrounded by primeval green forest. Bold headlands of granite were softly gray and white with caribou moss. There were little rocky islets, pretty sand beaches, reedy



A JACKFISH.

bays and all of the features that poets like to find about the ideal lake. I named the lake in honor of my companion, and we soon found a perfect camping spot on an elevated plateau rising a few yards above a small sand beach, among fragrant arbor vitae trees, with great towering spruces and cherry barked red pines for a background. It was a hot day, and we found right at hand a trickling spring in the sphagnum moss, with a temperature of 42 degrees Fahrenheit.

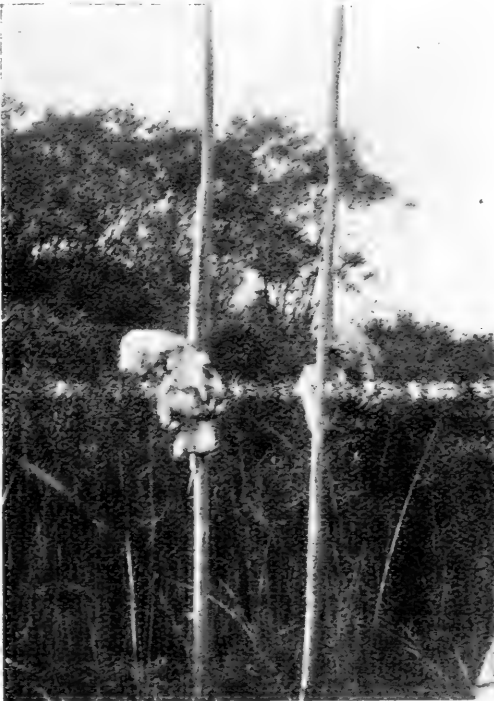
We spent two days on Lake Wake and explored an adjoining lake and the forest.

The two trees which we added to the list of the first day's trip were red pine and black ash. The lake was shallow, and the greatest depth that we found with the sounding line was eighteen feet. Fish were plentiful, and we soon had the fry pan sending out a fine rich odor to compete with the spice of the conifers and the aroma of birch wood burning. While the fish were turning brown and juicy we picked a mess of green blueberries and stewed them with sugar for a delicious dessert, to the delight of our Indians, who, like most of the Indians that I have known, were unfamiliar with the nice things to be picked up by the way. The fish that we captured were jackfish (*E. lucius*), yellow perch and suckers (*C. catostomus*). Great numbers of whitefish came to the surface at evening, but we did not happen to catch any of them on the fly or with our collecting nets. We captured them later on in the trip, and found that the species was *Coregonus labradoricus*.

On July 3 we broke camp reluctantly and passing the outlet of the first two lakes, slid down stream on a morning that was so quiet that the stillness was almost oppressive. It was Sunday morning most of the time in the woods anyway, but on this morning not a breath of air ruffled the mirror surface of the water with the tiniest cat's paw. Pointed firs made reflections in the water that seemed more real than the trees upon the bank. Wag-tails were singing their clear notes of supreme joy at being alive right then and there. The spiritual ecstasy of the voice of the hermit thrush was mellowed in

the forest depths. Red crossbills sang their songs of jolly good fellowship, as the bands of merry fellows journeyed together along their roads in the spruce tops away up high. The voice of the red crossbill has the timbre of the canary with the blitheness of the bobolink, and I will defy a man with music in his soul to think of business or to commit any other sort of crime while the crossbill is singing to him. Singing to him it is, and so directly and personally that one could not if he would escape the inspiration of the sweet, sweet carol. Ever

and anon came the call and response in hearty camaraderie of the white-throated sparrows. First one would begin a bar of the "Lohengrin Wedding March" (for it was their mating season), and then another would answer almost a full octave lower. That was a morning ever to be remembered, and we were only just at the beginning of a series of about seventy miles of lakes and river that had never been described, and that are not upon any map. Some of the lakes were narrow and some were broad. The longest one—some fifteen miles in length



OJIBWAY TOKENS—BEAR SKULLS.

—was really no lake at all, for one could touch the bright yellow sand at any point with the paddle, and the robust but graceful bulrushes bent over the middle of the lake as well as in the bays. It is a lake for children to practice in with canoes, for if they are wrecked half a mile from land they will simply have to rub their eyes, get the points of the compass and walk ashore. We named it Lake No Lake. All of the lakes of the series were shallow, and the greatest depth that we

found was twenty-eight feet in one that we named Lake Curtis.

On the fourth day we added the white pine to our list of trees. Families of ravens were about, and their hoarse croaks were in keeping with the desolate burned areas that we passed from time to time. We noted the fox sparrow and warbling vireo. Black duck, whistlers and red breasted mergansers scuttled ahead of the canoes with their broods of downy little youngsters, the mothers in great alarm and the fathers apparently less concerned, but I imagine that down in the depths of their natures they carried a respectable degree of solicitude. The little ones were in no danger, for we would as soon have shot a baby in the cradle. Herring gulls circled about overhead, and the querulous calls of the loon were weirdly appropriate to the scenery. In quiet places we found a big clumsy snail (*Cardium*) and another species of fresh water mussel (*Anodonta*). In the stiller

stretches of the stream the sandy bottom was so covered with a small mollusc (*Sphoerium*) that it seemed in places to occupy quite as much space as the sand itself, and moose tracks in the bottom were filled with handfuls of the tiny shells that had been carried in by the current. It was evident that we were in the hunting grounds of the Ojibways, for here and there we passed their tokens of *Agoujining monsuashek* or literally "things hung up." The Ojibways hang the perforated shoulder blades of deer, caribou and moose upon branches of trees, and they erect the skulls of bears and various antlers upon poles. The skull of a bear is always perforated with a hatchet before being hung up, in order to let

out the bad spirit. My idea was that the bullet let it out pretty thoroughly, but the Indians want to make sure.

Every now and then we came to an Indian grave, and noted what we had observed elsewhere, that an Indian grave is situated at a point from which one can obtain the most beautiful view of the surrounding country. Some years ago I had noticed that whenever we went to examine a grave, we were always stopping to admire the scenery from that point, but it did not occur to me until later that there was something more than

coincidence in the fact. There is apparently a demonstration of nice sentiment in the selection of sites, and there are many touching evidences of tender regard for the memory of lost ones. The fencing about a grave is laboriously carved in wood in the most artistic way of which the Indians are capable, and bits of finery are placed round about. In Manitoba I remember two graves, probably of mother and child, side by



STURGEON.

side. The coffins were elevated upon stakes, and from the little coffin, steps had been made, so that the spirit of the baby could descend without tumbling. The playthings of the little one were placed where they would be within easy reach. Near the grave of an adult snowshoes are usually hung upon a tree, and it suggests the belief that the Indians believe that their future land is one that will not be without snow.

On July 5 we entered an area of much higher hills, and the geology changed. We were now in the clay belt, and soon came to diabase rocks with fine cliffs of trap rock rising high above a large lake that we later learned was Lake Matagaming, more than twenty miles in

length, and figured on the Government maps. The dominant tree had now become the white pine, and stately and sombre pines arose to a height of 120 feet, according to our pole triangulation estimate. Fire had run through much of the white pine, but on the cliffs it had been spared. To the grandeur of the white pines was added the cheery glow of the warm colored trunks of the straight

red pines, as though the forest had been touched by the brush of a Gifford. The river takes a running leap over a precipice into Lake Matagaming, making a grand plunge with clouds of spray, rain bows and whirling, seething foam covered currents and eddies below the fall. There was a clean, cold spring at the foot of the portage near the fall, and we found it just the right spot for luncheon. In a few minutes we discovered that we had come to the habitat of another fish, the pike perch (*Stizostedion*), and Wake caught half

a dozen of them before the Indians had the campfire well under way. They were so fat and delicious that after we had eaten a whole one apiece Wake went out to the tail of an eddy and captured enough to make sure of our dinner later. That was an unnecessary precaution, however, for we found the lake full of fish of many kinds.

Late in the afternoon we entered a narrow channel, which appeared to be the outlet of the lake, but after paddling ten miles through another and more beautiful lake we stopped to camp on a pretty dry knoll above a sand beach, and sent two of the Indians ahead to find out

whether we were going up stream or down stream. They returned at night and reported that the lake was about eight miles longer yet, and that we were out of our course. It may seem strange that two explorers and three Indians could not tell for the life of them whether they were going up stream or down stream, for a whole afternoon, but this lake received only a few small streams

which emptied through the outlet into Lake Matagaming with such a gentle current that the high wind blowing when we entered the channel had pointed the water weeds all backward and deceived us about the direction of the flow. The lake was such a charming one that I claimed it for myself, with the approval of Wake, and named some of the beautiful islands after friends at home.

We camped for six days on this lake, for reasons to be stated presently. The greatest depth that we found was 134 feet, with a

bottom temperature of 62 degrees Fahrenheit and a surface temperature of 71 degrees Fahrenheit at 11 a. m. The bottom in deep water consisted of silt, but we did not have a glass for determining its exact character, or the presence or absence of diatoms. On the banks of the lake, ridges covered with pines and spruces arose to a height of about 300 feet, and the flat faces of cliffs overhanging the water were marked with Ojibway symbols and characters in reddish paint. Many rocky islands and peninsulas and bays with sunny sand beaches made the lake a most attractive one. Fish were so abundant in the lake



STOPPING FOR LUNCHEON.

that it was like digging potatoes to go out and get all that we wanted. The principal species were pike perch, jackfish, whitefish, laketrout, (*S. namaycush*), and ling. Fresh water smelts were found in the stomachs of many of the fish that we caught, and they splintered out of the water in glinting slivers at sundown.

The pike perch rose readily to almost any fly, and I caught some of them on a light rod, but they are not heroes when hooked, and we picked up most of them with the troll, as we were always in the hurry that possesses men who have nothing to do especially. The lake trout were a bit disappointing, as they seemed to lack delicacy of flavor, and they do not grow to a large size. The largest one that we caught weighed twelve pounds, and the local Indians told us that they seldom saw much larger ones. I felt quite put out about the lake trout, as I have made something of a study of ways for catching the sockdolagers among them, and had promised Wake to show him methods of cooking them that would make him stop and spend the rest of his days right on the spot where they could be caught.

The ling in this lake were, on the other hand, the best fresh water codfish that I have eaten, and we enjoyed them very much. They spent the day in deep water, but at evening rose to the surface, and would then take the fly. We took large ember mullets in the collecting nets, but they were insipid, and we made only one meal of these pincushions. Broods of young ruffed grouse were found in the poplar woods, and one was likely to see a red deer or a moose at any time when rounding a point quietly. We found caribou tracks in the sand, but caribou spend the summer days in the marshes, and we did not happen to see a single one during the whole trip, although they are common enough everywhere in the region. The great horned owls hooted at us at night, loons were always calling to us, and a colony of herring gulls apparently had nests or young on some of the bushy islands in thickets of sweet gale, where we could not penetrate easily.

From some local Indians we learned

that we were not far from the Hudson's Bay Company's post of Flying Post, and congratulated ourselves on having made the connection on time, by a route that was unfamiliar to our Indians, and that had not been described to us as leading to Lake Matagaming anyway. During the previous winter we had sent word in to the Post, and had received word that we could have an Indian to go through with us to Hudson Bay, to find portages and give warning about dangerous waters.

After making things snug in camp we ran down to Flying Post and made the acquaintance of the big jolly and genial factor, Mr. McLeod. He told us that we were expected but that the Indian who was to go with us had gone off somewhere, and left word that he would be around in a few days. This was interesting to men who were fresh from a region of half-minute connections, and who had no time to spare, but we knew the ways of Indians, and there was nothing to do but to go back and wait in camp. It was a great pleasure to see Mr. McLeod's neat garden. Gardens are my weak point, and when in New York my greatest joy is in running out to the farm at Stamford. Farming is a little more expensive than yachting—I have tried both—but it is more fun. It is also more exciting than big game hunting in the chase after scale and blight, borers and aphides, and the hundred and one things that come up from seeds that you did not buy. Here deep in the wilderness, in the midst of big game, was a thrifty garden full of vegetables growing almost without attention, and demonstrating the law of compensation once more. Big game; no bugs. Bugs; no big game.

We went back to camp to wait for our Indian, and at the end of six days he returned to the Post, but decided that he would not go on the trip. That is another Indian trait. They are superstitious; and if an Indian steps on two toadstools at once, or gets some other definite sign that he must not go on a certain journey, nothing can persuade him. After much parley we managed to get an old Indian, Nat, to go with us. Nat proved to be a jewel, and we got to

be very fond of him before the end of the trip.

During our long wait on my lake we had explored the country round about, and discovered among other things a narrow little lake, not more than half a mile long that was very peculiar. The bottom was of soft, white clay, and whenever the wind made currents in the water, it evidently stirred up the bottom so that the clay settled all over the water plants and left them oddly white. The settling clay also took all coloring matter down as a precipitate, and left the water as clear as I have seen it in chalk streams in England, so that one could hardly realize that his canoe was floating upon anything more than a basin full of north wind. It seemed as though one ought to be able to see every fish in the lake, but we saw none until they were caught. The lake was alive with fish, and of such remarkable fatness as I have never before seen in any waters in nearly half a hundred years of fishing experience. The whitefish, pike perch, and yellow perch particularly were so squat and pudgy with fat that they could not wiggle their tails respectably. The jackfish as elsewhere adapted their coloration to the environment, and in this lake were of translucent light steel blue in ground coloring. We did not have time to determine the character of food that had the effect of producing abnormally fat fish, but Mr. McLeod knows about the lake, and if anyone with more time at his disposal can discover the secret, it will be worth recording. Mr. McLeod told me that he had taken whitefish of twelve pounds weight in the little lake, and that is almost an unheard of weight for the Labrador whitefish. The largest one that we caught weighed six pounds, and was so plump that it looked like a white Pekin pig ready for the county fair.

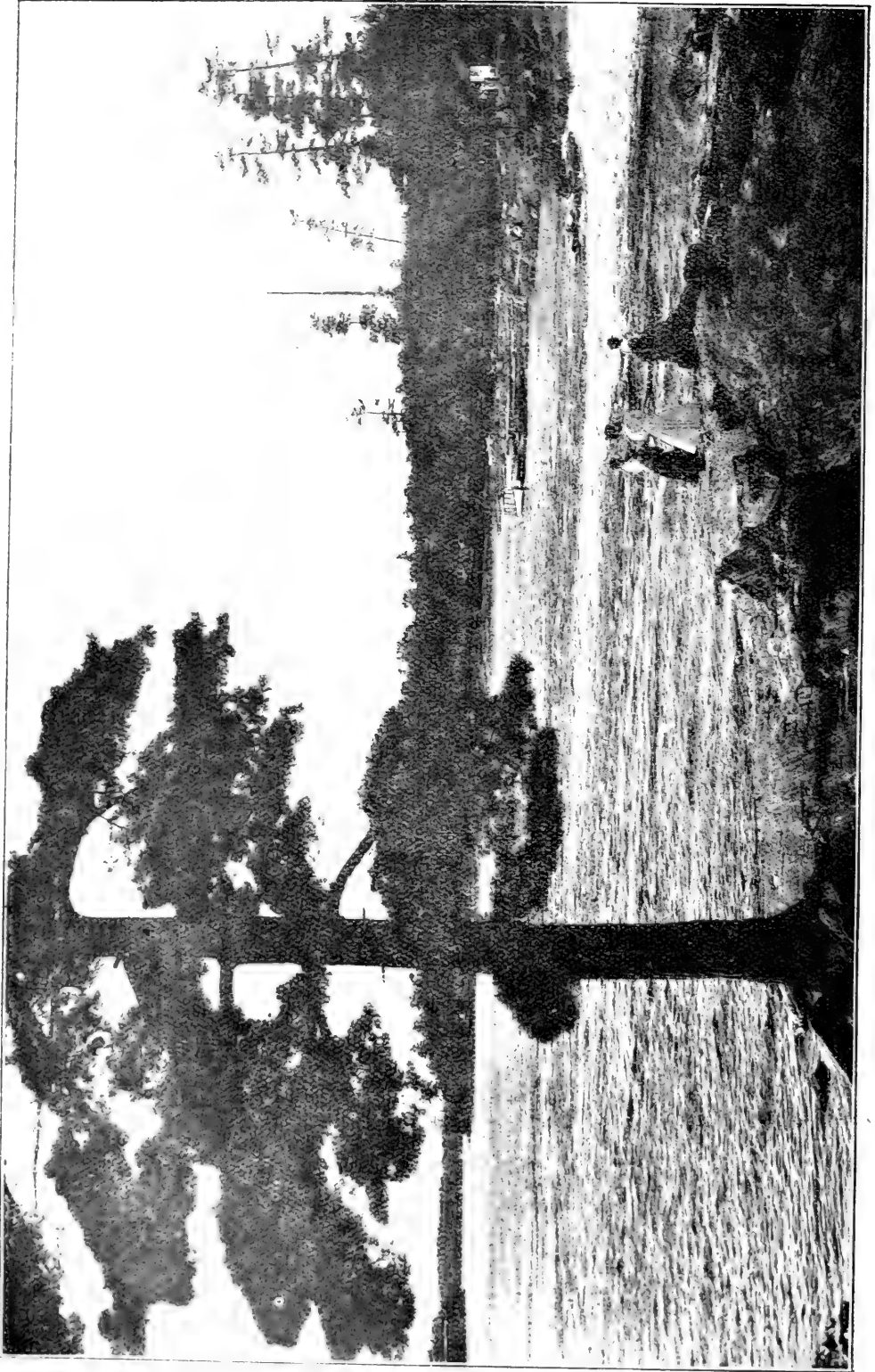
With Nat and Frank in the baggage canoe, and Aleck and Sol at the stern in the other canoes, we left Flying Post on the beautiful summer morning of July 12, and started down the Kokateesh (Ground Hog) River. It was a day of running rapids, gliding through still waters, and portaging along a few short trails. We camped at 4 o'clock near the foot of a

roaring fall that Nat said marked the upper limit of the range of the sturgeon. Our reason for camping so early was because we wanted to catch sturgeon as soon as possible, and because of the wild beauty of the spot. The Indians needed no persuasion to stop and camp at any and all times. We named the place Flat Cedar Falls, because of the peculiar development of the trunk of an arbor vitae that stood out of a cleft in the rocks like a broad, flat board, near the water.

Flat Cedar Falls is about twenty miles below Flying Post, and from that point all of the way to Hudson Bay and back again, sturgeon made our *pièce de résistance* at almost every meal. We never tired of them. Such delicious sturgeon we had never before eaten, although in the intervals between meals Wake argued that the sterlets that we get in Russia on the Volga were the crowning point of all known food. When at dinner under the spruces a pot of boiled sturgeon was set before us, with musquash and young goslings, mushrooms and strawberries for side dishes, nothing was ever said about sterlets. It was the small lake sturgeon that we caught. (*A. rubicundas*) and we got none above sixteen pounds in weight, averaging about like the jackfish. The sturgeon ran into our collecting nets at night, and they took bait on set lines. One even took a small trolling spoon on the salmon rod one day at noon, and made a long and praiseworthy fight. Sometimes we found beaver mice in their stomachs, and I argued from that that the sturgeon would probably take a large fly, as the beaver mice are always swimming about on the surface in reedy places. We ate sturgeon boiled, broiled, fried, roasted and "picked up." The food upon which any one sturgeon was feeding seemed to make a difference in the flavor, for he is a specialist when feeding, and we usually found one sort of food exclusively or predominating at any one place along our course. Sturgeon that were feeding upon crawfish were the best; next came those that choose the little clams (*Sphoerium*) while the least desirable were feeding upon the larger snails (*Cardium*, *Lymnoea* and *Planorbis*).

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)



BALA FALLS, MUSKOKA LAKE, ONT. ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Good Fishing and Camping Points.

BY STRAW HAT.

SOME of the fishing along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway this year, and particularly the trout fishing north of Montreal is better than usual. The Sportsman's Show at Montreal brought to the fore a number of guides who knew of virgin waters but who had kept the knowledge to themselves. This accounts for it.

From Haileybury, Ont., (near Cobalt) and on the way there from Temiskaming Station, one can reach good fishing waters for trout and bass at many points.

In the northern country the prospecting between Temagami and Sudbury, Sudbury and Port Arthur and Sudbury and the Soo, has made known a great number of fishing lakes, and also opened trails to them.

The opening up of the back country north of Kaladar around Bon Echo Inn has made known to the world some fishing lakes that had been lost sight of. Bon Echo Inn is a very comfortable place at \$2 a day and upwards. It is really very nice for ladies of the most fastidious tastes. The elevation and the lovely scenic surroundings complete the charm about Bon Echo.

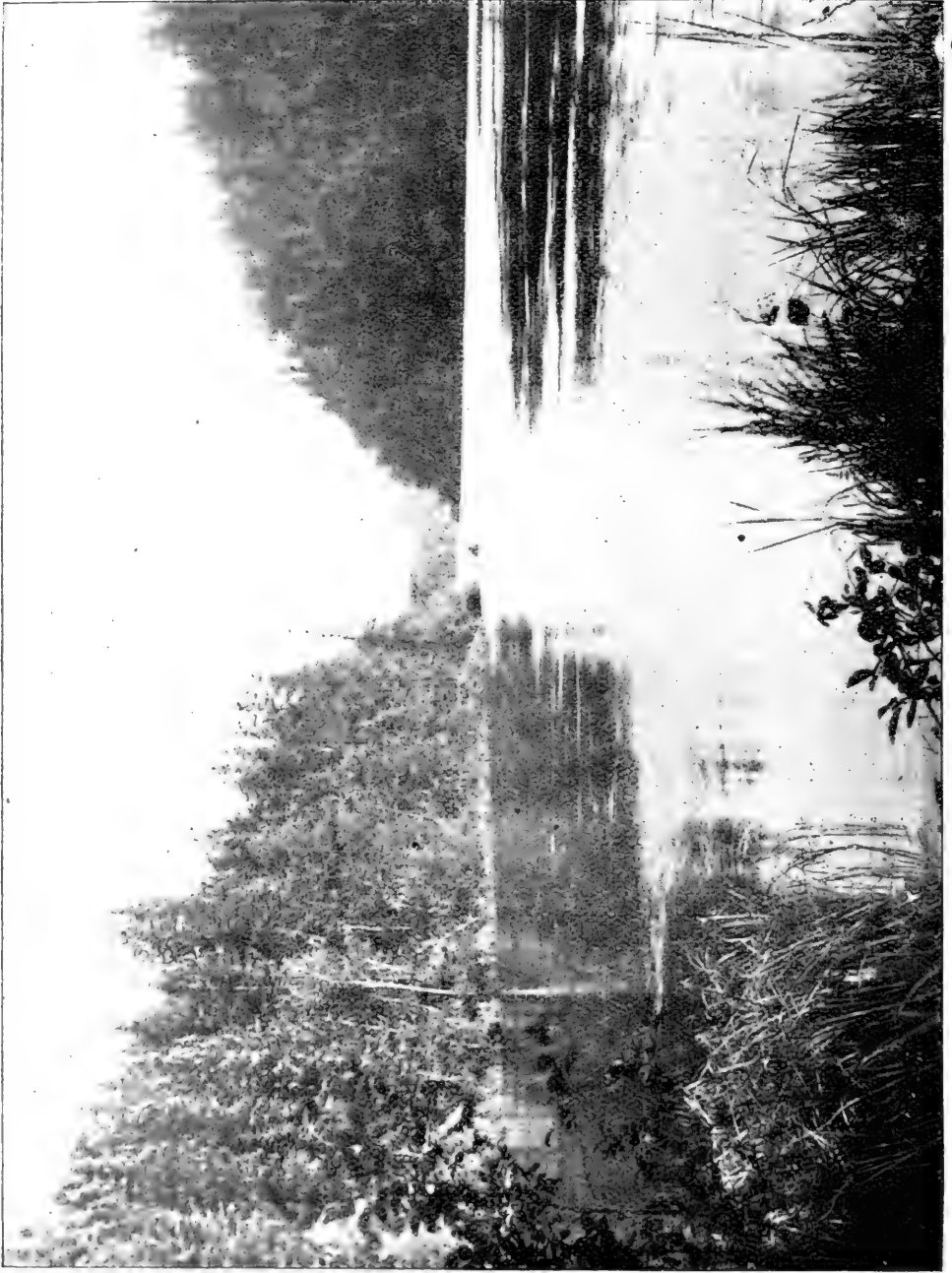
In the French River country a number of trout lakes and streams have been discovered. Everyone knew that the bass, maskinonge and dore fishing on the French River was unequalled; but everybody did not go there because one cannot go direct to the fishing by train, fortunately for the fishing. Those who did reach the French River were so well satisfied with the bass and other fishing that they did not look for the trout. Some people, however, who went last year for a long vacation portaged over and climbed up to lakes and streams on higher levels where they found very excellent brook trout fishing. This enables one to realize how little of Canada has been explored. Wherever there is a canoeable river to be found the country within half a mile of that river is known, because it is the route of the fur trader and the only route for the tourist. But between these streams are lakes innumerable, and smaller streams by which

the lakes enter into these larger through-canoe-route rivers. We are only now beginning to explore these much larger territories than those that have already been explored. There are no maps of these new sections—at least none in the Province of Quebec. A little mapping has been done in the Province of Ontario.

The new and quick service to Bala and the Muskoka Lakes by the Canadian Pacific Railway will give fishermen a good deal more time to fish—time enough perhaps to find the smaller lakes that have not been so much fished as the larger lakes. Several hours will be saved each way.

A number of people this year are building cottages among the Six Thousand Islands about Little Current, Manitoulin Island, and north thereof, in McGregor Bay and Fraser Bay. This section will soon have a fine service of rail to Byng Inlet and thence by Express Steamers to Killarney, Little Current and Desbarats. This will make this great archipeligo, with its three hundred miles by fifteen or more of countless islands amid inexhaustible fishing waters, almost as easy of access as Muskoka used to be a very short time since. There are inland lakes here also that have never been fished. That great Georgian Bay country is delightful for summering. There are no mosquitoes or flies to speak of at any time, and in July, August and September, there is in the greater number of these islands, absolute freedom from these pests. The possession of a launch makes the islands more convenient than on the main land, because no neighbor or cattle can stray on to your land and you can travel from your island to the other islands, the steamboat dock etc., much quicker than you could walk the same distance across the mainland. There is also bass at the mouth of the river in Lake Huron.

A friend of mine who is very reliable, even in his fish stories, told me that he had splendid fishing on the main Mississauga River at the foot of Slate Falls. This is a part that is generally passed



A GOOD TROUT BEND IN THE NEPIGON - ON THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

rather quickly in the canoe on the way to the Canadian Camp Club House or down to the mouth of the River where it enters Lake Huron.

Another unexplored section of country is that directly north of Desbarats. There is a good canoe route for about twenty miles north. Beyond that we know that the Echo, the Garden and the Goulais Rivers flow east and west; we also know that there is trout in the upper waters of these three rivers, but what there is in the thirty miles of country that would be traversed in reaching the Goulais, and which lies between the three rivers, nobody knows—and yet one could take an automobile pretty close to the starting point. There is a comfortable camp hotel there.

The Nepigon River will have a great many visitors this year. The following facts might be of interest regarding the fishing on the Nepigon, the *ne plus ultra* of all trout fishing.

Ladies can accompany their husbands on a trip up the Nepigon with every comfort and ease possible on a camping trip. Large numbers of ladies make the trip annually and thoroughly enjoy it.

Three hours' paddle up the River from Nepigon Station, reached by the Canadian Pacific Railway, lands you at Camp Alexander and Cameron's Falls and Pool, where grand fishing is to be had. There is some fair fishing to be had in the Nepigon River right at the Station, but not nearly so good and certain as further up the stream. The best fishing is to be had from Camp Alexander (12 miles up the stream) to the headwaters of the River, viz: Virgin Falls at Lake Nepigon. In addition to this there is magnificent fishing to be had in Lake Nepigon, as well as in the various streams flowing into it, many of which contain brook trout. There is now a steamer on Lake Nepigon which makes it possible to take a trip around the lake with comfort.

Two gentlemen, or one gentleman and a lady can go in one canoe with their camp outfit, provisions and guides for a two weeks' trip the cost of which might be estimated as follows:

1 head guide.....	\$2 50 per day
1 other "	2 00 " "
1 canoe.....	50 " "

2 tents. Blankets and all necessary camp outfit, including camp cots, tables, etc.. 1 50 " "

\$6 50

Added to this will be the cost of provisions, which can be purchased at Nepigon at reasonable prices.

The guides do the cooking, etc., in fact they do all the work on the trip except the fishing, leaving the tourists nothing to do but fish and otherwise enjoy themselves, which they can do to the fullest extent. The guides are all Indians and half-breeds, who depend on the work for their living. It is best to have the merchant outfitting the party to engage the guides. This is the customary way, and the merchant supplies canoes, camp outfit, etc. There are several outfitting establishments at Nepigon among which are Wm. McKirdy, Revillon Bros. and the Hudson's Bay Co. These furnish guides, canoes, tent, camping outfits and provisions, which will cost anywhere from \$5.50 to \$7.00 per man. This is a little less than elsewhere because the journey is not so long and less stuff has to be carried.

The fishing and shooting in the Nepigon district is being well protected, and good sport is to be had in season. It is absolutely necessary, however, in order to avoid disappointment and delay, particularly during the months of July and August, when the season is in full blast, to arrange for guides beforehand. As an illustration of this we reprint the following from an article in the "Sportsman," by General McNulta:

"On Friday I found I could go, and sent the following telegram:

"Wife and I arrive on Wednesday—have guides, outfit, supplies ready for a three weeks' trip up the river."

"To this telegram came the following reply: "Guides, outfit and supplies ready on your arrival."

"On our arrival the guides met us at Nepigon Station; the canoes, tents, outfit and supplies were ready, and within an hour we were on Lake Helen, paddling up stream."

It is advisable, however, to give longer notice to ensure a good selection of guides.

The usual way of "doing" the Nepigon is in parties of two or four. Each canoe (eighteen feet long) is manned by two Indians, and accommodates two gentlemen and supplies for a ten days' trip.

Two canoes, 50c per day.....	\$10 00
One head guide, \$2 50 per day....	25 00
Three other guides \$3 00 per day..	60 00
Rent of tent and fly for gentlemen 50c.....	5 00
Rent of one tent for guides, 25c per day	2 50
Rent of camp outfit (axes, pack- straps, cooking utensils)	7 50

Making a total of \$110 00

Added to this will be the cost of supplies, and this will entirely depend on the varied tastes of the party—the supplies for Indians are flour, pork, tea and sugar. As the Nepigon is particularly a fly-fishing stream, parties wishing to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent take one canoe for each, and also a cook, who can be procured at \$2.50 per day; this of course doubles the expense, but to those who can afford it is by far the best way. The cost per day for each varies from \$5 50 to \$7 00, as to the mode adopted. One word as to the guides. These men are Indians and half-breeds who have followed this business for a living for years, and are thoroughly acquainted with all the intricacies of the river, both as to the dangerous parts, and to where the best fishing is to be had. They are intelligent and desirous of giving every comfort to their employers, doing all the packing over portages, putting up tents, making comfortable beds, and doing the cooking—in fact are ever on the alert for your comfort. Much of course depends on the head guide, who is chosen on account of his experience and capabilities.

A favorite canoe trip for the coming two years, when it will have become old

and new waters will have been looked for, is that up from Dinorwic to Lac Seul and down the Albany to the Ogoki and Nepigon Rivers to Nepigon Station (all in Ontario West). The water is good, the scenery matchless and the fishing abundant.

I sent some friends—very wealthy and very blase friends—fishing near Banff, Revelstoke and Golden, B. C. I did not know very much about the fishing waters except in Devil's Lake and the Columbia River, where I had not found it good years ago; nevertheless the guides to whom I turned them over obtained excellent trout fishing for them. In their hunting trips these guides had marked the good little fishing lakes and all of them knew where good trout fishing was to be found. The Chief Game Warden of British Columbia, Mr. Williams, has scores of streams and lakes up his sleeve where the best of game fish can be had in abundance.

What is being done about killing the carp that is coming north into our Great Lakes? We are killing pike in great numbers, but in this case the pike is our great friend and ally. He dotes upon carp and suckers, and destroys a great many. I have waged war upon the pike myself for years, but where the country is in possession of the two, pike and carp, kill the carp and let the pike live to help you do it. All good honest fishermen should insist upon being served fish balls made of carp caught in the early spring. I have eaten them, as well as fish pies of the same fish, and paid good round prices for them in first class hotels and found them very, very good. The early caught carp, if opened and slightly salted with a good quality of fine salt is good eating all through the summer. Too much salt to burn the fish must not be put on however. If the salting is carefully done the result is a great success.

A recent visitor to Edmonton was a young Englishman named Pope who spent the winter in the far north and engaged in trapping as a profitable form of recreation. He reported an extremely severe winter in the north and stated

that the moose range near the settlements in large numbers. He succeeded in obtaining a considerable pile of furs, including cross fox, red fox, lynx, and marten and brought them down to Edmonton directly from Peace River, Crossing, five hundred miles north.

New Brunswick's Sporting Advantages

NO Province throughout the Dominion offers greater advantages to sportsmen and holiday seekers than New Brunswick. It is rich in woods and waters, in beautiful towns and still more beautiful country, in charming rivers, in streams and lakes, in splendid game areas, and in delightful fishing grounds. For salmon and trout it offers the best fly fishing in the world, and later on in the year it gives the grandest shooting for moose, deer caribou, and bear. The famous St. John River would alone attract thousands of tourists and it is only one amongst the very numerous attractions offered by the Province to those who spend their vacations within its boundaries. Our illustration gives a view of one of the stretches of this noble river whose many beauties have to be seen to be appreciated at anything like their true value. The sportsmen of the Eastern States know much of New Brunswick and its many advantages and delights, while Canadians are likewise finding out for themselves, that, while their own Provinces are all good, New Brunswick possesses attractions all its own, and that for sportsman tourist, or holiday seekers the Province is unexcelled.

BRIDGE POINT, ST. JOHN'S RIVER.



looms large on the view of every hunter, and in this particular New Brunswick can hold out many attractions, the Province being the home of moose, deer, caribou, and bear. Its duck shooting is known to an even wider circle while its fishing has drawn devotees of the gentle art from all parts the world. The delights of salmon fishing in New Brunswick waters have been often written about but never adequately described because no description can equal the reality.

Algonquin National Park.

BY CY WARMAN.

WITH all her poverty of people, Canada has managed to take good care of her fish and game. For half a hundred years, the liveliest of her young men moved over the border—thousands of them before they were old enough to vote—but those who remained seem to have realized, long ago, that this Dominion has a valuable asset in her wilderness.

In each and every field of industry, Canada has made great strides within the past decade, and as her vacant prairies fill up, they call for the railway builder, for the mill, the factory and the foundry, and in the wake of the investor comes now the tourist, the traveler, the pleasure-seeker.

As an evidence of the growing interest in this little known north country, we need but glance at the reports of the transportation companies who carry the bulk of this business.

Without attempting to set down the actual figures, it is stated that ten years ago the Grand Trunk Railway System carried some six or seven thousand tourists into the Highlands of Ontario, and that last year no less than thirty thousand went north from Toronto and west from Montreal. If the summer of 1907 shall be a warm one, the cities to the South will send half a hundred thousand pleasure hunters into this lost fastness, where they can cool their hands in the waters

of countless limpid lakes, loiter and fish and fool around, fanned by the forest wine, spiced with balsam that is a balm and a cure for half the ills that afflicts the people of this high-tuned age.

And these thousands are only the trail-blazers, the fore runners of hundreds of thousands who will hear and heed the call of this same wilderness, long before this Century, which Sir Wilfred Laurier

has called "Canada's Century," blows back into the dead Past.

Until now it has been a simple and easy matter to guard the Silent Places, but with the rush of immigrants to this "Lost West," and more recently to Cobalt, that truly great silver camp that has been unearthed in Northern Ontario, there will be work for the Forest Rangers.

These fire-guards who dwell in the wild, are as necessary for the preservation of the timber as the Royal Northwest Mounted Police are to the trackless West, for the preservation of peace and order in



SPECKLED TROUT FISHING, WHISKEY FALLS, ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

that one time "Great Lone Land."

For purely selfish motives, let us say, the Traffic Department of the Grand Trunk Railway had made a specialty of spying out new and remote summering places for the prosperous, and nearby resorts for the less fortunate.

Inspired and encouraged by the enterprising railway, hotel men have built comfortable and sometimes costly hotels

throughout the Highlands in which to house, comfortably, the ever swelling throng.

A few years ago this pioneer Canadian railway acquired the Canada Atlantic, a short line running almost west from Montreal to Lake Huron via Ottawa, and passing right through Algonquin National Park. This line is now known as the Ottawa Division, and is to be rebuilt, and put in first class condition, as it will not only handle the tourist travel from Montreal and Ottawa, but along this line millions of bushels of wheat

The late Charles A. Dana used to argue that to know, and love and live with Shakespeare was to shut out of one's life and mind all that was bad, and so it is with the wilderness. The vast grandeur of it all gives a man a correct measure of his own insignificant self; while to live here is to get next to nature.

When here I walk the Woodland green,
I come so close to God
His answering signals may be seen
In each wild rose's nod.

There is, to my mind, in all the World



CAMP ON SMOKE LAKE, ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

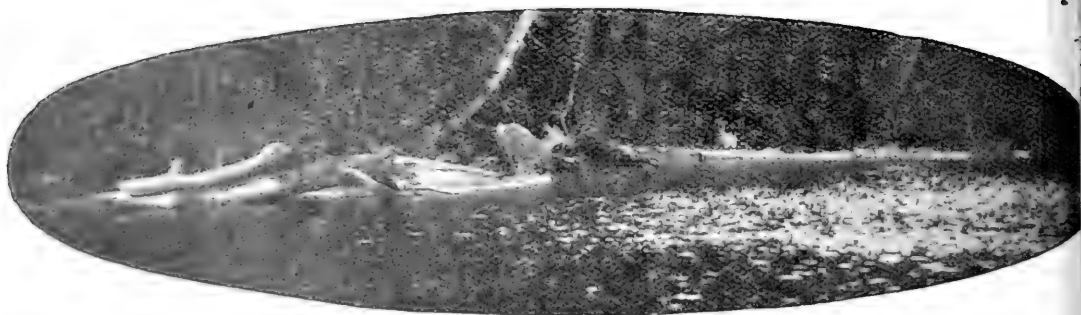
will find its way to tide water at Montreal.

Algonquin National Park, lying in the heights of the celebrated "Highlands of Ontario" holds nearly 2,000,000 acres of forest, lake, river and wild.

The railway line lies 1,631 feet above the sea, but the rocky heights reach up to an altitude of two thousand feet. The atmosphere is pure and balmy, but always cool and refreshing. A week here will cure hay fever, while one glance at God's World in the rough is sufficient to ward off a Brain Storm.

nothing so fair and bright and beautiful as the World itself.

And do you know, O gentle, but sometimes conceited reader, that the original dwellers of this wilderness were absolutely honest? Do you know that before we came with our lofty airs, self-satisfied and flying the flag that ought to make us fit "the blood-stained banner of Prince Amonual" as I used to hear it from an exhorting uncle of mine, these people knew no guile. Do you know that to this day despite our presence here, if we go far enough into the fastness, we come



ON GREAT OPEONGO LAKE, ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

surely to a place where men do not hide from men, but cache only against the four legged animals?

Well, that is so.

And having said this little preachment, let us go back to Algonquin Park with its thousands of square miles of wooded wild and see what the white man is doing.

Under a loosely drawn contract, he has come into possession of a Timber Limit, — though there is little or no limit to his appetite for timber — and he, his heir, successors and assignees, are laying vast acres of this forest waste and converting

many acres of it into a wilderness of stumps.

In the beginning, his instructions were to limit his time and the size of the timber which he might take but lately, as lumber increased in value he has been moving everything at an annual rental of three dollars per square mile.

Recently the Provincial Fish and Game Commission together with a number of M. P. P's. including Hon. Mr. Reaume and Hon. Mr. Hanna, visited the Park and saw for the first time what was being done.

Of course, they were surprised, amazed,



SNOWSHOE RAPIDS, ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK.

indignant, and they pledged themselves then and there to use all their persuasive powers to induce the Government to do something to stop this despoilation of what should, and what may yet be, one of the grandest game preserves in all America.

To be sure only a small percentage of the total acreage has been cleared, but unless the lumber lords are stopped, as they probably will be, the whole Park will be denuded in less than fifty years.

What makes Algonquin so important and the preservation of her trees so vitally important, is the fact that no less than six great water courses rise in this region, within the limits of the Park.

The canoeist may travel an entire summer here and never double his course. There are hundreds of miles of lake linked one to the other by narrow and sometimes swift but always clear, cool streams.

At present, there is only "The White City," a town of tents, at Algonquin Station, but the Railway Company intends if they can secure permission, to put up a splendid hotel here which will make a sojourn in this delightful spot a real treat. The Park is literally full of animal life, as its streams are full of fish.

Hundreds of deer and many moose may be seen on a single voyage into the wild, as they come down to the lakes and streams to feed in the lily ponds. We saw here, in mid-winter, the busy beaver, browsing on the banks of the open streams, near the edge of the lake.

The waters of the lakes are deep and translucent, filled with the gamiest of the game species of fish — black bass, three and four-pounders and salmon trout tipping the scales at ten and twelve pounds are plentiful in the waters south of the railway line, while north of the railway bass are not found. The rivulets and streams are alive with the gamiest of speckled trout, the cool waters giving them fighting tendencies which delight the heart of the most ardent angler. Salmon trout are found in the waters north of the railway in the lakes; and excellent fishing is assured in any of these waters. During the months of May and June the trout fishing is at its best, though the flies bother a bit in June and the first half of July. It may be safely stated, all things considered, that May, August, September and October are the best months for fishing, and that Algonquin Park is the best place.

Held captive by a pack of timber wolves, with the temperature forty degrees below zero, John Hill, better known as "Johnny-Come-Lately," a recent arrival from Rathwell, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, battled the elements near Davidson, Saskatchewan, an entire night recently in the Canadian wilds, according to information received, through trappers returning home from the Northland. Hill started with two homesteaders to get a load of wood, and it was decided while the last two procured fuel, Hill should go on to Davidson for the the mail. Following a deep snowfall walking was heavy, and the man was overtaken by nightfall in the midst of a blinding snowstorm and lost his way. After walking about a great deal, Hill found himself growing weak. His ears, fingers and part of his face were frozen. He decided to seek shelter in a ravine, build a fire and try

to hold out till morning. While sitting in front of the fire, Hill felt he was being approached by something from the rear. Turning around, he caught sight of the blazing eyes of a number of wolves. Thoroughly frightened, he began shouting and throwing burning brands at the beasts. The wolves growling and snarling, retreated a few paces. Hill, with his back to the fire, sat through the long hours of that dreadful night, awful for its cold and storm, which grew in intensity. With the approach of morning the storm subsided and Hill saw a score of wolves on their haunches watching his actions, nor would they move except when he threw pieces of burning wood at them. He was a prisoner until daylight, when the wolves slunk off. Hill reached the nearest ranch, when his clothing had to be cut off as it was frozen to his body. The toes of his left foot were amputated.

Minnow Bait.

BY BILLY BATES.

BAIT supply is a question that always comes close to the heart of every fisherman; and when he is once on the ground with rod and line the problem attains proportions of the first magnitude.

Since rod and line fishing became a royal sport, we find fishermen puzzling over this very question:—one favoring



A. J. ALGATE.

the juicy worm, while another favors the frog or the grub. That all these are useful as bait is indisputable; but when compared with the live minnow, each has its limitations. To obviate the necessity for hunting bait, and carting it about, some enterprising disciple of Sir Isaac produced imitations of the natural baits and today we have an assortment of artificial baits, which is most comprehensive. The manufacturers' art has been so developed that we can purchase excellent imitations of worm, fly, frog or fish wherewith to beguile the wily denizens of the deep. Yet to become acquainted with these artificial baits—to know their advantages at the proper season and right spot—is not the accomplishment of a day. It takes

time and experience to learn when, where and how to use them; and as most of us have a limited vacation, we prefer a bait which will be useful at all times and in all places.

That one bait is the minnow. In any water it may invariably be relied on. It is as natural for the big fish to take a minnow as it is for the fishermen to seek those pools and streams where the game fish are usually found. It must be admitted, however, that more or less difficulty is always experienced in procuring this bait, despite the fact that the supply in our countless lakes, bays and rivers is practically inexhaustible, and many fishermen, rather than take the trouble of going after the minnow, prefer the worm or some other substitute.

To escape such trouble all that is needed is an effective device for minnow catching; and although many attempts have been made in this direction, their success has been doubtful. Most of us have had experience with the glass jar, and the wire trap, only to find them lacking at the critical moment, while their cumbersome size or complicated construction has always limited their utility.

Mr. A. J. Algate, a fisherman who hails from Toronto, has been busy for some time in an effort to solve the difficulty, and a little flat tin box, measuring less than two inches thick, carries the result of his labors. Mr. Algate has perfected a new minnow-trap, which is without an equal for compactness and utility.

The trap is made of a transparent celluloid—thus affording the necessary transparency and service-ability.

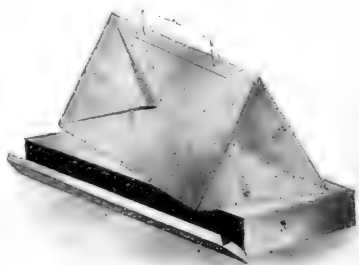


Fig. 1—TRAP SET

It is most simple in its construction, and requires but the fraction of a minute to unpack and set. When not in use it folds up and can be carried in the metal case.

It will be seen from Fig. 1 in the accompanying illustrations that the device is triangular. Three small independent pieces set on springs at either end form the funnels, and as the lower section works free from the others, it is merely necessary to compress same to recover the entire catch at one operation. Then too, the triangular formation enables its quick recovery from the water.

Its compactness, as shown in Fig. 2, will appeal very strongly to every fisherman—as every extra square inch and every additional ounce means much on the last half mile of a heart-breaking portage. The trap when folded in case actually measures $16\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ and weighs twenty-eight ounces.

There is no question but that Mr.

Algate has produced an article of superior merit—something which will meet the popular approval of the fishing fraternity.

It is unique in its simplicity and compactness, and being

made of celluloid, will undoubtedly stand all kinds of rough usage.

See page 118 of this issue for further particulars regarding this trap.

The use of the minnow is an interesting subject. We shall be glad to have the views of our readers as to the best and most effective method of using minnow-bait.



Fig. 2—TRAP COLLAPSED.

Mr. William Harris, P. M. writes from Day Mills, Ont :—I noticed in one of your recent numbers a complaint from Mr. L. O. Armstrong as to the fishing of the Indians in Lake Wacquekobering (Basswood Lake) in Day Township. I was the first settler on the shores of this lake twenty-seven years ago. The Indians have never taken large quantities of fish from this lake though of late years the old Chief and his son have made yearly visits of a few days' duration. Two settlers were hauled up before the writer and fined two years ago. There were two kinds of salmon trout in the lake, whitefish, speckled trout, and any amount of bass. Every summer fishing is much enjoyed by the American visitors and others. About twelve years ago the writer put eight thousand salmon trout and two thousand whitefish in this lake. They were about one inch long when put in and have thriven well. The lake is one of the most beautiful in Algoma, the water being as clear as crystal and the scenery around very fine. At Day Mills a large stream leaves the lake and pro-

vides water power enough to drive ten mills, forming one of the best water powers in Ontario. The "Harris Company" has a very good saw mill here, while the Canadian Camp Club, consisting almost entirely of Americans, have built a large Club House on the wrong side of the Lake. Several gentlemen have built summer cabins on the south side of the Lake. Every year recently we have had visitors from the eastern, southern and western States. There is first class hunting in the neighborhood for both deer and moose. Your readers may be interested in a "bear story." Some fifteen years ago the writer and his family were out on the lake in a sailboat. Just before sundown we were coming down the Lake and ran against three black bears. They were crossing the Lake by swimming and had about reached the middle. We had an enjoyable and exciting chase for two hours, and with a small pole as weapon succeeded in killing all three and hauling them into the boat. There is no danger of typhoid here, both air and water being perfectly pure."

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

The Montreal Show.

The echoes of the great Dominion Show in Montreal have not yet died away. The enthusiasts who were present are just beginning to realize something of the importance of the industry created by this new development in locomotion. We say "new" because by comparison, the word may yet be rightly used though in its remarkable strides it would appear that automobile manufacturing has already reached something like maturity. There were many little points which a descriptive survey omitted and amongst them were a notice of some of the numerous accessories for which Messrs John Millen & Son, Limited, Montreal, act as Canadian distributors. The Gies Gear Co. sent a No. 1 Gear mounted to a motor, and the demonstration showing to perfection the simplicity and ease of operation of the Gies Reverse Gear, resulted in a number of orders. The Dayton Electrical Company had on show their famous demonstrating exhibit displaying the harmonious result of a complete Apple Ignition outfit. In this the Apple Dynamo is used as a battery charger, and by means of an improved automatic switch and cut out gives at all times the consumption in amperes of each coil and condition of the battery and dynamo. Considerable attention was given to the P and R Armoured and popular Accumulators. These storage batteries are having big sales in England. Both the celluloid and ebonite type of case are used and the choice of style is left to the trade. It is a much debated question which is preferred and may ultimately be settled by further inventions. Both the Leavitt Siren Horn and the Gray-Hawley Auto Chime which give full, clear and harmonious tones under very light pressure were used to create some diversion in the Show. The Mot-

singer Auto Sparker was shown, and caused many inquiries to be made about this effective device. A fine Show was made of Shelby Steel Tubing. The exhibit railings were made up of Shelby 2" square and a very elaborate sign was also supported by a fancy framework made up of the same material, which showed in a measure some of the possible uses for Shelby Seamless Tubing. Messrs Millen & Son stated that in addition to the very complete stock they have at their branch warehouse in Toronto they are now carrying a stock of their principal lines with their Vancouver agents, Messrs A. G. Urquhart & Co. and western orders will be given attention from that point.

Good Roads and the Farmer.

Just as soon as the farmers decide that we shall have good roads the battle for good roads will have been won. Despite the country prejudice against automobiles, it is the automobile that is going to convert the farmer. This is a bold statement and only one who is an enthusiastic believer in automobiles could feel confidence sufficient to make it. In the future—and not a remote future either—we are to see "a one or two seated buggy with a powerful and reliable single cylinder motor power, the vehicle to have high wheels with solid rubber tires or simply a rubber tired buggy of heavy strong build, the vehicle to be speeded up to about eighteen miles per hour, the top or bed to be made in two styles, one platform to carry vegetables, etc., another bed for top body only, the engine fly wheel to be arranged that a bolt can be attached to run various machines, such as corn shellers, feed mills etc." Stranger things have happened in the world's history than that relief from the drudgery of his farm should come to the

farmer through the means of the very machine he despised. This appears at present to be not only possible but probable. If the farmer could be relieved from much of the drudgery which makes his life so largely a burden, then the cry of "Back to the Land" would gain a new force, and the problem of the congestion of our big cities might receive a solution which was all unexpected. Indeed there is no end to the dreams of social revolution which the automobile may yet achieve. Clearly it is not merely a wonderful machine in all its parts, but is likely to be the means of working wonders. Nothing more marvellous would have been achieved if the results foreshadowed are brought about. No one who has seen what the auto has done for the city can doubt its usefulness in the country. There is a fine field open here for inventors and to the successful one there should also be a fine profit. Both in Canada and the States the agricultural population form the pivot around which all movements for improving the roads must turn. Without the active co-operation of the farmer nothing can be done and in his own interest the farmer should give that cooperation. If he becomes an automobile user he will give such co-operation at once and without question. Experience with an auto will speedily teach him the value of good roads, and the economy of expenditure upon them.

Superseding the Horse in Paris.

France is the home of the automobile and no one need be astonished to learn of the effective, though silent, revolution the auto is effecting in the capital of that country. In the centre of the city the horse drawn cabs have given place to the finer, cleaner, and more efficient auto cabs. The horse drawn busses are likewise giving way to the new form of locomotion and by the time the old company's lease expires, which is in 1910, it is anticipated that the revolution will be complete. The postal, military and municipal services are following suit, and the change is particularly noticeable in the case of the military authorities, usually so conservative and averse to change.

In all these cases tests have proved so satisfactory that no one dreams of going back to the old order of things. The doubter of the future of the auto has only to look to France to have his doubts set at rest.

The Auto in New Brunswick.

The introduction of the auto into New Brunswick is said to have been brought about by a runabout costing eight hundred dollars in 1903. In 1905 there were eighteen autos in the Province and in the following year that number doubled. Now between seventy and one hundred cars are to be found in New Brunswick, seventy-five per cent being American, and amongst the remainder are several French cars. Light and strong machines are in demand and it is also essential that they be good hill climbers as the roads of New Brunswick "are up and down with seldom a long stretch of level."

Autos for Commercial Travellers.

There certainly appears to be no end to the uses of the auto. In the old country they are being pressed into use for commercial travellers and the advantages they have developed are such that their extensive use in this way is simply a question of a short time. In England the good roads and the close proximity of the various towns gives great advantages and by the use of the auto it is possible to cover a considerable area in a single day. Much time is saved by the new method and better business results have followed. Travellers are no longer in perpetual fear of missing their train. They are able to give more time to their interviews, to conduct these interviews in a calmer frame of mind, and while saving time do much more business because they cover the country places on their journeys between the towns in addition to more thoroughly working the towns. The auto is thus doing for commerce what it has already done for men of leisure and what it is believed it will do later on for the great army of workers.

Motive Power.

The advocates of denatured alcohol ap-

pear to have been too optimistic in their pictures of what changes this power was going to effect when in permanent use. Gasolene has had fine results so far and alcohol is not going to displace it at once. At the same time those who point out the difficulties in the way of denatured alcohol are doing good service, whether intended or not. It is always best to have a full realization of the difficulties in front of one in order to be able to properly and effectively deal with them. The drawbacks to the general use of denatured alcohol are not insuperable and the advantages from its use are so great that they will lead to the elimination of several of these drawbacks. There can be no doubt at all in the matter that our next advance lies in this direction. If it is found possible to accomplish by means of denatured alcohol only one half of the anticipations of enthusiasts this old world is going to be an improved place in which to live, and many luxuries possible only to the few are going to be brought within reach of the many.

The Working Man's Auto.

The pessimist may doubt but for all that it is coming. The high priced cars have increased in price and the cost of materials and labor have alike gone up. Despite these facts increased demands have drawn the attention of manufacturers to a field that is practically inexhaustible and already the five hundred dollar auto is being discussed as a practical proposition. A strong reliable auto, whose up keep would be kept within reasonable bounds, would open the delights of this form of locomotion to a very large class, and pave the way for reductions which may in the future be such as to render the possession of an auto a possibility to every working man. If this does come about it will afford a means of spreading the population over larger areas, and though garage accommodation may provide some awkward problems they are not such as would do more than delay the new order of things.

Long Distance Endurance Races.

A good deal of discussion has taken

place across the border as to the conditions upon which cars should be entered in long distance endurance races. In a proposed race on Long Island cylinder displacement has been made a basis of classification. Mr. E. R. Thomas, the well known manufacturer of Buffalo, made a strong protest against this and urges weight as the only limitation. In his opinion there should be no restriction in motors, clutches, transmissions, bearings or any other one feature except chassis weight, approximating the weight of standard touring cars, the reason being that anything of the kind would tend to promote light, unsafe, racing freaks. "The factors of safety, size and reliability are too important to be omitted, and a car must be judged as a whole and not by any one feature. I believe there should be no limit in great races except weight, so as to permit each engineer to obtain his objects—race perfection and car reliability in any way he sees fit."

Autoists Alive in Winnipeg.

The automobilists of Winnipeg have now in their club a strength of about one hundred members but an active canvass is taking place and it is the plan to have every car owner in the city enrolled in the ranks of the Winnipeg Automobile Club to assist in securing fair legislation and to protect the public at every turn. The number of motor cars in the city is well on towards the three hundred mark and they are being sold in large numbers every week. The finest car in the city was purchased recently by R. J. Mackenzie of Mackenzie & Mann, at a cost of \$10,000. The car is a Packard thirty and is equipped with every accessory known to the motor trade. Another similar car was purchased by another Winnipegger and will ornament the streets of the city this summer. The club have decided that the racing this summer will include a reliability tour of three days taking a number of towns and cities within one hundred miles of Winnipeg. The points will be made on the time, and the number of breakdowns and the general durability of the cars. One of the provisions of the race is that the driver must not ex-

ceed the speed limit of the municipality in which he is running. At the annual meeting of the club a number of new schemes and plans for the season were discussed and the following officers elected: patron, Lieut-governor, Sir Daniel McMillan; honorary president, J. C. G. Armytage; president, Judge Phippin; first vice-president, R. McLeod; second vice-president, F. T. Belcher; secretary, W. C. Power; executive committee, Dr. D. W. MacDonald, A. A. Andrews, W. R. Bawlf, J. A. Banfield, F. Newman, W. P. Wright and D. Boyce Sprague.

A Wonderful Auto Improvement.

A most desirable metal for automobile manufacturers has at length been found. A form of steel was required which would double the elastic limit and yet maintain the tensile strength of the metal. This was necessary in order to have steel which would resist fatigue to almost its ultimate breaking point and then finally yield under the severest shock or stress without fracturing. Only one element that would accomplish this end was known to metallurgy. That was Vanadium, a mineral so rare that up to recently its interest to steel specialists had been only academic. Recently a large deposit had been opened up in South America and Vanadium steel can now be made at about the same cost as the best grades of nickel steel, to which latter it is incomparably superior in the properties above indicated. The first cost to the manufacturers is increased, but this is more than offset by the greater uniformity and certainty in service of the new metal which call for less replacement of parts and a greater net profit.

Preparing for the Vanderbilt Race.

If careful preparation and testing can secure results the Americans are going to make a good showing in the Vanderbilt races this year. The three Thomas cars have been remodelled, and the best of which expert workmen are capable has been expended upon them. Particular attention has been given to the motors. For two weeks they were kept on brake test and another two weeks were occupied in fitting the pistons, so that it may be

judged each motor will give its maximum of horsepower when placed in service. Then finally turned over to their drivers they will have four months of testing ahead of them before being sent to the elimination trial which according to present plans, will be held in the latter part of September.

Some Interesting Figures.

The record non-stop of the Thomas car has caused an enthusiastic motorist to do some figuring, and the results are such as to interest all motorists. As a rule figures are dry and uninteresting but there are occasions when they interest most of us and the following can be read by every autoist with appreciation not merely of the trouble taken, but also with some dim idea of the meanings the figures convey:—

“The actual non-stop run of the car was for twenty-one days, three hours and twenty-nine minutes, which would make the time in minutes 30,449. I saw the car during the New York automobile show and was present when it continued the run by starting overland to Chicago and estimate that it ran at the average rate of eight hundred revolutions per minute during the entire time, which would give it a record of 24,359,200 revolutions. I took enough interest in the matter to confirm this estimate of the average number of revolutions per minute by enquiring of employees at the garage of Harry S. Houpt, where supplies were taken on board, and of others who were familiar with the circumstances of the run. The stroke of the motor was five and a half inches which would make the total distance travelled by each connecting rod eleven inches for each revolution, or a total of 267,951,200 inches, which reduced, is 22,329,266.6 feet or 4,229.03 miles. This gives the total distance up and down travelled by the four connecting rods the stupendous mileage of over 16,916.12, considerably more than half way around the world and that without a mechanical adjustment of any kind. I have these figures down pat and maybe you think I won't quote them to my friends this summer” this enthusiastic owner concludes.

Little Things

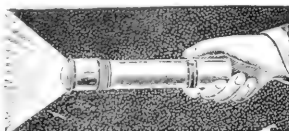
often causes the greatest annoyance. What a troublesome thing in a boat is a tin pail or an iron bucket, always in the way, but often a most necessary article. We can supply the necessity without the annoyances in our

Duplex Foldable Pail

All made of canvas, water proofed with wire handles rust proofed



It folds up and can be laid away like a pocket handkerchief. Here it is folded.



Another little thing but extremely convenient on many occasions is the

Rayflex Flash Light

Aluminum case. Can be locked open or shut.

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JOHN MILLEN & SON, Limited

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132 BAY ST., TORONTO

Motor Cabs and Town Cars.

Although, as appears in our pages, great advances have been made in Europe in motor cabs and town cars practically nothing has been done upon these lines in America. There have been a few ordinary autos to be engaged upon hire in several Canadian cities, and that is the sum and substance of all that has been done in the direction of public auto vehicles. The reason given for this backwardness in auto development in both the States and Canada is that hitherto no American manufacturer has applied himself to the production of the particular kinds of motors required. This deficiency is to be met by the E. R. Thomas Company of Buffalo. For more than a year they have had Mr. Gustave Chedin, head of the foreign engineering department of the Company, in Paris studying the conditions and problems at the headquarters of the industry. In the meantime the Company has been steadily preparing to carry out his plans and recommendations. Quite early in the

investigation it was made clear that it would not only be necessary to order but also to design special machinery for the manufacture of these cars. This has virtually meant the instalment of a new factory, prepared especially for the class of work necessary to put on the new cars. As a result it has been found possible to manufacture a car that shows a marked improvement, both in simplicity and refinement on the commonly accepted standards for such vehicles, and which embodies the principles of lightness and strength to a degree that has not hitherto been approached. The new car will be a four cylinder one with a seating capacity of six people and will weigh but slightly in excess of 1,500 pounds. Both design and good materials are responsible for this success. It is believed, as a result of experiments that the cost of operating these motor cabs and town cars, surprising as it may seem, will be no more than that of a single horse and carriage. This opens up a new field of possible purchasers and means extensions

in the use of autos which will do much to revolutionize our present method of travel. Now that the principal handicap to progress in this direction has been removed it is but natural to expect a vast extension of the use of the auto and in the course of a few years motor cabs will be more common in our streets than the horse drawn vehicles are at present. Their simplicity of operation will undoubtedly prove a great inducement to many men familiar with cab work to enter heartily into the spirit of the new engine. The motor will not weigh, approximately, more than half what the present day motors of about the same horse power do.

The Romance of Discovery.

Seldom indeed has the romance of discovery been better illustrated than in the story which is told about the new Vanadium steel. On the day of the great Vanderbilt race, Mr. Henry Ford, of Detroit, and his party were standing on the course when a passing French

car stopped near them. A valve stem, seven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, had become bent and the united exertions of three men with a wrench could not move it. Mr. Ford got disgusted. He thought he could do the trick easily, and he offered his help. Four of them tugged at the little rod of steel, and Mr. Ford in the course of his exertions awoke to the fact that there must be something more in alloy steels than he knew about. On his return home the whole of the technical force of the factory were set on the work of analysis, experiments and tests of steels. Parts of foreign cars were purchased. Heat treatment was studied. By accident they discovered an element for which they were not looking—Vanadium. It was found that Vanadium was worth many times the price of pure gold. Yet it was used in automobiles. One quarter of one per cent does the business, but the world's output of two hundred ounces per month would not go far and the price was prohibitive. Just at the time it was found that a mine of vandiferous ore had been discovered in South America and by its use Vanadium steel could be made at the same price as nickel steel to which it is incomparably superior. From now on it will be used in American cars, which can then claim quality unsurpassed by any and equalled by few cars made abroad. The cue to it all was given by the little incident of the valve in the racing car.

Every Motor Boat Owner is Interested in

Spark Plugs

We have made arrangements with the R. E. Hardy Co., New York, to supply us with a quantity of their famous Sta-Rite Spark Plugs, which we are going to GIVE AWAY TO MOTOR BOAT OWNERS.

FOR TWO SUBSCRIPTIONS WE WILL SEND ONE OF THESE PLUGS

Only a limited number to be distributed.

PLUGS SELL FOR \$1.25 EACH

Big New Auto Factory Nearing Completion in Indiana.

On returning from the Maxwell-Briscoe factory now rapidly approaching completion at Newcastle, Indiana, Vice-president J.D. Maxwell said that finished automobiles would be turned out from this fourth factory operated by the Maxwell-Briscoe Motor Company by the time snow flies. Considering the size of the plant and the immense amount of equipment necessary, together with the fact that ground was hardly more than broken on March 1, this is remarkable progress. It seems, however, to be a case of necessity mothering invention, as the concern is reported to be greatly behind orders. This Newcastle plant will give employment to a couple of

A PALMER

Marine Engine

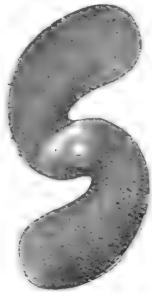
Including Bronze Shaft, Propeller, (reversing) Stuffing Box, full electrical equipment.

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The Palmer Engine is known from Nova Scotia to South Africa. Hundreds in use in Canada giving eminent satisfaction. For full particulars of engine send to Palmer Bros., Cos Cob, Connecticut, for catalog, mentioning this magazine.

Specify For That Boat
 —THE—
Stickler Weedless Wheel



Insist on this wheel being furnished because it is absolutely weedless, and can never clog. This wheel is built on a scientific basis, and is guaranteed to be Weedless without loss of speed. Order your wheel to-day, or send for pamphlet.

STICKLER WEEDLESS WHEEL CO.
 P. O. BOX 150, PORTAGE, WIS.

ed, while the steel work on the main building was finished, though 1,400 tons of steel will be required for frame work on the entire plant" said Mr. Maxwell. "In order to begin building our 1908 cars there, it will be necessary to lay the floor and fully equip the plant before the roof is on. Yes, every ounce and inch of material that goes into an automobile, excepting the tire, and spokes, will be finished, out of the new material, on the premises. We will even make our hubs." Speaking of the middle West as a location for a factory of this size, Mr. Maxwell explained that Newcastle is practically the centre of population in the United States and, tapped by four transportation lines, is only an hour from Indianapolis, two from Cincinnati, four from Louisville and five from Chicago. The completion of the plant will not only stimulate motoring in the immense surrounding territory but will, no doubt, afford its young men a first class opportunity in a mechanical and business way.

An Auto for Every Five Hundred Inhabitants.

Automobiles will soon be supplanting sledges and dogs in the far North, judging by a news item from Alberta, stating that nine motor cars, with more ordered, are now surprising the natives in that Canadian town. According to a Medicine Hat Journal, eight Maxwells are in commission in that town of 4000 population, or one to every five hundred inhabitants.

"STANDARD" DOG WASH

KILLS FLEAS
 DESTROY'S ALL SKIN DISEASES



Don't shoot the dog! Standard Dog Wash will cure him.



Quart Size 1 Gallon \$1.00

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NAVAL ARCHITECT

591 St. Catharine St., west, Montreal.

(Formerly on the Design Staff of Messrs. Denny, Dumbarton.)

Designer of Canadian yachts "Martell", "Dorval", "Runaway", "Zingara", "Calleroo", etc.

thousand operatives and will have an annual capacity of 5,000 cars averaging \$2,000 each. Probably the same can be said of no other factory in America. "I found the walls about one third complet-

Mr. L. A. Harris, who for five years had charge of the Elephant Battery and Chemical Company, of London, England, and for the past year acted as their American representative at New York has severed his connection with that concern and engaged as salesman with the R. E. Hardy Company whose well known "Sta-Rite" plugs have met with so much favor and are in increasing demand.



SPORTS AFLOAT!

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

Edited by

LOU. E.
MARSH

The Canoeing Problem.

To be or not to be—in affiliation with the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union—that is the question, which is agitating the Canadian Canoe Association.

The matter came to a head at the C. C. A. meeting in Ottawa a couple of weeks ago and while there was a snappy argument over the matter the question is still in abeyance.

That new would-be governing body for Canadian Amateur Athletics, the phantom Federation, the creature of a few Montreal sportsmen who desire to mix "pros" and amateurs in team games, made a strong bid for the support of the paddlers but the C. A. A. U. men rallied strongly and so completely swayed the meeting that the Federation never had a chance.

But the C. C. A. did not join the C. A. A. U. and will not either unless the C. A. A. U. will accept their amateur definition which has been tentatively amended by the Executive Committee in order that some paddlers who played hockey against men who had played against professionals might be allowed to paddle. These men were looked upon suspiciously by the C. A. A. U. and their club mates were afraid that they would be handed a knockout if the C. C. A. joined the C. A. A. U. and so while they favored affiliation they wanted this question settled and the status of these men established.

The meeting amended the C. C. A. Amateur rule—one of the strictest on the continent—to meet the condition and authorized the Committee to present it to the C. A. A. U. for judgment. If they accept it the C. C. A. will likely join on the same terms as the Ontario Hockey Association and the Canadian Associa-

tion of Amateur Oarsmen—that is they run their own affairs as long they do not countenance any crooked amateurism and the C. A. A. U. will back up their judgments, if necessary, and they will recognize C. A. A. U. suspensions and expulsions.

As a matter of fact if the C. C. A. had come to an open rupture with the C. A. A. U. the Western Ontario Clubs including the four Toronto Clubs would have resigned. They are too closely identified with the C. A. A. U. and have too many all round sportsmen in their ranks to remain with any Association in opposition.

Montreal got the C. C. A. meet in August. Ottawa wanted it for the Summer Carnival, and Toronto had been promised it but the real fight was between Ottawa and Montreal, and Montreal won. The meet will be held at Dominion Park, the big summer amusement park of Montreal.

A Greater Henley.

That this year's Canadian Henley will be the greatest ever held is admitted on all sides already. Rowing and canoeing are both booming as they never boomed before all over the country and the Mecca of the rowing men at least will be the August meet. True the Canoeing section may miss a couple of good eastern club entries but just the same there will be a larger number of contestants in every event from the singles to the war canoe. There is trouble brewing in the rowing department but it should be short lived. The Ottawa Rowing Club is the cause of the trouble. They propose to enter a four composed of Pulford, Phillips, Hamson and Haycock, only one change from last year's champions, Ham-

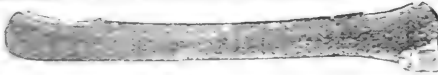
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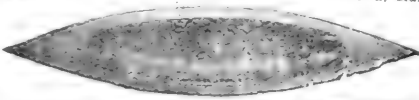
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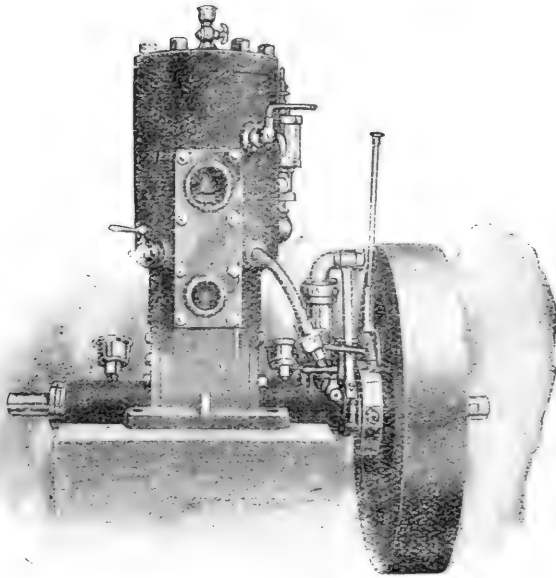
son replacing Poapst. Now Pulford is black listed by the C. A. A. U. with which the Canadian Association Amateur Oarsmen is affiliated and the Ottawa Club know that the C. A. A. U. have decided not to accept entries of "pro" hockey players. Yet they go ahead with this one and propose entering it. Maybe it is a bluff to see what is doing, but at the same time the Ottawa should drop the redoubtable Harvey Pulford and have done with it. He is "out" and the club should yield gracefully or quit the C. A. A. O. Pulford will not only be prohibited from pulling but he must resign from the captaincy—so one C. A. A. O. man told me—before an Ottawa entry will be accepted.

Ottawa has a junior eight going under the tutelage of Coach Stevenson which will be seen at St. Kitts but they will have to go some to clean up the junior crew the Argonauts of Toronto have under weigh. The Don Rowing Club of Toronto too have a junior eight coached by Nat Scholes that will take a bit of beating though the Argos seem to have it on them alright. The Torontos have abandoned the eights and are going after the fours and singles. Young Green and the Argonauts will again represent the club in the singles and young Ward, a new comer, and Crawford will be with the Dons in the singles. The Torontos will also have three or four. In the doubles the Dons look strong with Jacobs and Bowler but until Lou Scholes announces his partner it is hard to say how things will go in the doubles this summer.

The Dominion Day Regatta at Toronto will do much to clear up the horizon. Hamilton is coming to the front and with Walter Obernesser rowing for them in the lightweight singles should be heard from though the game is just undergoing a revival on Burlington Bay. Up at Kenora and Winnipeg the game is booming and both will have racing contingents down again at St. Kitts.

In the senior eights don't overlook the Argonauts. Though they are experiencing some difficulty in selecting a stroke to replace the veteran Joe Wright, who declares that he has retired for good, the eight will be a powerful one and should

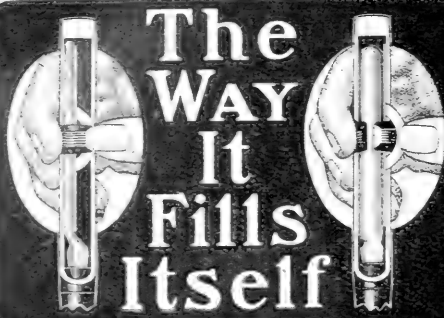
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Delay With Cup Boats.

Despite the fact that the great American Wizard, Nat Herreshoff, has designed and built Seneca, a Canada Cup defender, the Royal Canadians of Toronto, the challengers, refused to worry until it became known that owing to the congestion of west bound freight that the English built challengers Adele, owned by Cawthra Mulock, and designed by Arthur Payne, and Alleen 11 owned by W. G. Gooderham and designed by Alfred Mylne could not arrive here before mid June.

That bothered the R. C. Y. C. men not a little for it meant that the racing skippers and crews would not have time enough to get acquainted with their boats or to tune them up properly before the Cup trials in July. A month's work is not enough when the crews cannot be upon the boats except for a short time each evening and upon Saturday and Sunday. The Crusader, the Fife boat built at Oakville, should be launched before this magazine is in the readers' hands. Even she will be a couple of weeks late in getting ready for serious preparatory work.

Another Race Postponed.

The Watertown Yacht Club has consented to a postponement from July 20th to August 3rd of the race for the new 18-foot international cup with the Kingston Yacht Club's new 18-footer. The construction of the Kingston boat is away behind time and she could not be ready for the July date.

A Montreal Criticism of the A.A.F. of Canada.

A correspondent writes from Montreal: "Allow me to offer my sincere congratulations on the stand your Magazine is taking with regard to amateur sports. At present the onlooker gets the impression that the two bodies seeking to control sport in Canada are doing their best to cut one another's throats. Both should, it seems to me, recognize the fact that there are two widely different opinions prevailing in Canada at present,

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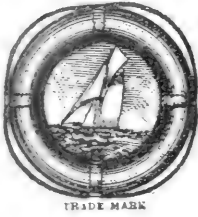
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and they should, as a consequence, seek to reconcile and not to antagonize. It looks as if the best way at present would be to allow each branch of sport to govern its own special field and only have a central governing body for track and field athletics. Personally I do not believe that this experiment of playing amateur and professionals with and against each other is going to be a permanent success. The motives of the two are so different that the best that can be said is that it seems to solve some problems. The purely amateur player is in every respect a better man than the semi-professional and I trust you will long seek to encourage those who play for something more tangible. "In a further communication he says:—"One thing in connection with the new Amateur Athletic Federation of Canada (so called) has impressed me very unfavorably towards them. They claimed that this organization was necessary in order to make athletics more honest as under the old condition of things there was a good deal of hidden professionalism. I would be glad to know the names of ten men in Canada who believe

that the Ottawa Hockey team, the Wanderers Hockey team, and other teams in the E. C. L. U. who made such pretty notorial declarations were really honest in these said declarations. Of course we all know that the men who said they did not receive money for their services meant it. What about the other things they received—things that could be turned into money whenever needed? The rules and bylaws of the A. A. F. of C. were made to allow young fellows who wanted to play senior games as amateurs in company with professionals, but there is nothing solid or lasting in them. The amateurs and professionals must be separated in such games as lacrosse, football, and hockey. Because professionals and amateurs can play together on the same terms in golf and cricket, that is no argument for their mixing in games of an entirely different character. Matters are no more above board in this section of the country than they were before. I say all this in spite of the fact that myself and many others interested in clean sport were quite willing to help and support the A. A. F. of C. when it first organized."

OUR MEDICINE BAG

The Rev. Dr. Murdoch writes:

"Dear Editor: Your kind letter reached me on a trip East; also copy of "Rod and Gun" for May. I am pleased to make the acquaintance of Mr. E. R. La Fleche, Mr. A. Calbeck, the contributor who writes under the name of "One of the Many Who Loves Nature," and also Mr. Charles Annis. I hope with your permission to refer to some statements in Mr. La Fleche's article in the July number of the Magazine. Let us hope that this discussion may be carried on in a friendly spirit. It is a sure sign that a lawyer has no case when he begins to abuse the opposing attorney.

I wish now to take time only to refer to one statement made by Mr. Annis on page 1058. Mr. Annis makes this unfriendly reference to myself: "The Reverend gentleman ate part of the deer himself without charge. He was treated as I would wish to be treated, and this is the thanks the Buckskins get for using him as a gentleman. The Buckskins paid their licenses, had their hunt and sponged on nobody, nor made misstatements about them." Prof. Huxley once set an examination paper to some medical students. One question was: "What is a Lobster?" One student answered: "A Lobster is a red fish which swims backward." Huxley said that was all right except for three things: "A lobster is not a fish; its color is not red, and it does not swim backward."

Mr. Annis has deliberately written and published an *absolute falsehood*, let us hope unintentionally. *I never had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Annis. I never had the honor of seeing any member of the Buckskin Club. I never ate a morsel of their venison; nor was I entertained by them.* Why Mr. Annis should make up this yarn I do not know.

I am pleased to know that no fawns were shot by the members of this Club in 1892 or before that date. I was informed by a man who was familiar with the ground, and with the operations of the Club, that what I stated was correct.

I have no doubt that had I been fortunate enough to have called on the members of the Club I would have found them pleasant and genial acquaintances. But the facts are as I state.

I thank the friend who on page 1135 calls my attention to my misuse of "Gun Club." It is as he says. I had reference only to Hunting Clubs, where a large number of men scatter through the woods and are placed by skilful guides to guard every avenue of escape for the hunted deer."

Two important Orders in Council were published in recent numbers of the Ontario Gazette. They are of great interest to all sportsmen and one of them in particular to our visitors from across the border. To take the last first the Order raises the non-resident hunting fee for big game from \$25 to \$50. In another part of this issue, in our analysis of the new Game and Fishery Act, we point out that the power was reserved to the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council to increase the fee to non-residents for hunting big game to \$50. The same Order provides that the non-resident fee for shooting ducks and all other small game be \$25. As it was clearly the intention to raise the fee and the Act did not specifically do so, it is well this Order is published early that no one may be taken unawares and that full notice may be given to our visitors at a time when they are making their plans for next season. The first Order provides that residents of the Province are prohibited from fishing in any Provincial waters except by hook and line, without having first obtained a lease or license granting them permission to do so. The non-resident fishing fee is placed at \$2 per rod, \$5 for a family, and \$5 for fishing from boats or yachts, the said permits to be good for a period of three months.

By the passing of the new Fish and Game Act of the Ontario Government, Mr. Edwin Tinsley, the Chief Game Warden for Ontario, was left in a pecu-

liar position. His office was abolished under the Act and a new one—that of Superintendent of Game and Fisheries—created. The amalgamation of the Fisheries and Game branches of the Public Works Department was one of the greatest improvements made by the new Act, and the united interests needed a man of experience and knowledge to guide them under the new conditions. Mr. Tinsley has given many years of active service to the Province as Chief Game Warden, and since Mr. Bastedo left the Fisheries' Department he has had the oversight of both branches. The Hon. Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, who is in charge of the fish and game interests of the Province, has very rightly considered the value of Mr. Tinsley's services to the Province and made him the first Superintendent of Game and Fisheries for Ontario. The many sportsmen who have met Mr. Tinsley and know something of the work he has done, will congratulate both him and the Province on this new appointment and believe that the cause of fish and game protection throughout Ontario will gain materially as a result.

Mr. J. P. Turner writes from Winnipeg: "In the May number of your valuable Magazine, I notice a few remarks by a sportsman of Deloraine regarding the barnacle goose and its appearance in Manitoba, and fear that he has fallen into an error over the wavy or snow goose. In a number of year's goose shooting in Manitoba, I have never come across the barnacle goose, nor have I seen one in the possession of any other hunter, though it is not unlikely that they occur at very rare intervals during the spring or autumn migrations. To my knowledge we have three varieties of the wavy, though of one of these I have seen but a single example in six years. This was a mature Ross' Snow goose and was taken on the Red River early in October 1902. This bird is no larger than a mallard drake and the specimen may be seen at any time in Winnipeg. The other two varieties are the Snow Goose (*Chen hyperborea nivalis*) and the Blue Goose (*Chen caerulescens*). The former is by far the most plentiful goose occurring in Manitoba, but is always accompanied by

the latter in considerable numbers, especially in the spring. Hudson's Bay men say that upon reaching the coast of the Bay, the snow geese or wavies proceed northward up the west coast while the blue geese cross to the east side, and that they return the same way in the autumn. Further Mr. Macfarlane states that he never saw the blue goose among the large flocks of wavies which annually visit Liverpool Bay on the Arctic coast, which would carry out the former contention and prove that these birds are not the young of the wavy. Among the grey geese, we have the Canada goose and the Hutchins goose, both being marked similarly, but the latter being much inferior in size; and I have a specimen which answers the description of the Cackling goose—a small variety found on the Pacific slope. Besides these the White-fronted Goose or Speckle-belly, as it is called among the gunners, is a common visitor in spring and fall."

Mr. J. W. Misner, writing from Sault Ste Marie, Ont., says: "I notice in one article appearing in "Rod and Gun" an invitation for information concerning the Wolf. As I write this my feet are resting on the skin of a large she wolf killed by my old friend Holdworth, who by the way was a Woodstock boy. The wolf was killed on April 13th, and indications show that she would have given birth to four pups about the first of June. Personally I have had very little experience in wolf hunting though I am in full possession of the methods employed by many famous wolf hunters who successfully shot, trapped and located the dens and destroyed the pups of wolves in Norfolk County, Ontario, over seventy years ago. Much of this is legendary being handed down to me by my father, and therefore I do not care to use it as authoritative. The time to hunt pups is from the middle of May to the middle of June. The wolf prefers a hollow log in a dense part of the woods for a den, but will make a den in caves of rocks. The hunter will find out how closely he is approaching a den by feeling the moss on old rotten logs. By touch he will feel the impression of the wolfs feet in the rotten wood under



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the moss. For some reason or other a wolf will walk on all the logs it can when approaching the den. I could relate many interesting stories as told to me in which my father, grandfather and great grandfather, (who, like myself, were all all born in that old county) took part."

(We are sure all our readers agree with us in hoping that Mr. Misner will allow us to read some of those interesting wolf stories. Ed.)

A correspondent from Finmark, Ont., says: "It is no uncommon thing for bears and wolves to come right up to the camps along the Grand Trunk Pacific at nights foraging for refuse. I am told that in the spring of '06 twenty-two bears were killed within a radius of five or six miles from Finmark. The snow was so deep when I left that district two or three weeks ago (about the middle of April) that I could not personally verify the truth of the story though I have no reason to doubt it. In this connection I

might say that these animals are good scavengers, particularly the bears, and as the latter are harmless it is hardly sportsmanlike to kill them. Though the season was unfavorable to the hunter on account of the deep snow I saw lynx, fisher, foxes and mink brought in by trappers."

The Solid Comfort Fishing Club, of Mercer, Pa., the members of which organization have been spending their vacations in Ontario since 1880 have now purchased Island No. 50 in the French River. Up to last year they visited at Beaumaris on Lake Muskoka but sold their property at that place, and broke new ground by last year camping on the French River, three or four miles above the first falls. They liked their new location so well that they purchased the island as stated above, which contains an area of twenty-five acres. They are arranging to put up buildings and expect to make this place their permanent future

location. They will reach their new headquarters by steamer from North Bay. In May, 1906, a committee of the members went to the French River on an exploring expedition and at that time there were but two cottages on the river. There are at least nine cottages now and no doubt there will soon be as many more. The member of the Club who sends us these particulars adds: "The region is a most delightful one and the fishing is first class. Black bass are abundant, and so are pickerel, maskinonge and pike. Last year we had difficulties in distinguishing between maskinonge and pike and had many arguments over the matter. No one seemed to know of any infallible test. It seems that these two species of fish resemble each other very closely on the French River. The rule we finally went by was that if the fish jumped out of the water when hooked he was a maskinonge, otherwise he was considered a pike."

A newspaper despatch states that the Canadian Government have purchased the Pablo herd of buffalo on the Flat Head reservation in Montana. The herd numbers between four and five hundred buffaloes and is said to be the largest herd in the world. The price is stated to be \$150,000 and arrangements are completed for taking the herd north.

One of the last letters written by the late Dr. Drummond from Cobalt was to his friend Judge Foster, of Knowlton, Que., and contained the following verse:

From far off wild Temagami,
Land of the silver gnome,
My warmest feelings go to thee,
Among the hills of Brome.

If amid the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom then the open season for deer in Ontario ought to be fixed just right. A resident of Hastings County advocates Nov. 15th to 30th, as the ideal dates, giving as his reason that there is usually snow on the ground at that time and with snow on the ground wounded deer can be traced and not left to the

wolves, while under such circumstances the number destroyed is just two per gun and no more. He is a believer in the fee of \$2 for residents and \$50 for non-residents.

The work of preparation for the International Tournament of Bait and Fly Casting given under the auspices of The National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs by the Racine Fly Casting Club, of Racine, Wis., is proceeding apace, and the rules which govern this important meeting to be held on August 15, 16, 17 next have just been issued. They provide that at all such meetings three amateur fly and three amateur bait events shall be selected from among the events listed, and the trophy in each of these events shall be known as the "Amateur Championship Trophy." The committee of the National Association tried their hands at the definition of a "professional" and the definition is worth quoting in full as of interest to all classes of sportsmen:

"A professional is defined as follows:

One who is or has been a teacher of casting for pay; one who is or has been a market fisherman; one who is or has been a paid guide; one who for pay casts or has cast with any rod, reel, line or device in the interests of the maker or seller thereof; one who does or has done exhibition casting for pay, either directly or indirectly; one who for pay conducts or has conducted any exhibition of casting; one who is or has been engaged in the manufacture or sale of fishing tackle.

(This definition does not include the amateur rod builder or fly tier, or the amateur maker of some angling device for his own use.) The other rules apply strictly to the conduct of the Tournament and provide, as far as human ingenuity seems capable of doing so, for the efficient and impartial conduct of the various events. The last rule is a pretty wide one, and much will depend upon the discretion of the Committee having its enforcement. "Anyone found guilty of selling a trophy or of any other conduct unbecoming a gentleman and sportsman, shall not be permitted to participate in any tournament."

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The progress of the Canadian West is well illustrated by the stir caused recently by the appearance in one of the main thoroughfares of Edmonton of an Indian with his dog train of furs. Only a short time ago such a sight was only too common to attract even passing notice. Events have moved so rapidly, however, and the frontier of civilization has so advanced, that the sight is now a rare one in Edmonton and moved the whole city. It was learnt that the four burly huskies which composed the train, had made a journey of three hundred miles from Pelican Rapids on the Athabasca, the time being five days. Ordinarily the trappers of the far north leave their dogs at Athabasca Landing but this particular Indian, whose name was Alexander Dezzarlais, preferred on this occasion to follow the old custom and created no small stir by so doing. The load of furs included the skins of seven coyotes, six cross fox, eighteen red fox, two otter, seventeen lynx, ten mink, seven marten, three weasel, one large black bear

and five moose. Roughly speaking the value of the load was placed at five hundred dollars, the greater part of which amount was expended on supplies, having secured which the owner and his dogs again set their faces towards the silent North. The animals showed signs of fatigue on arrival at Edmonton, but the stay in the city set them up again and they faced the return journey cheerfully and with renewed vigor.

The propagation of game birds is being taken up in earnest in Stevens County, Washington. A portion of the game fund is to be expended upon the purchase of eggs of English and silver pheasants. These will be distributed among the farmers and ranchers and when the chicks are matured they will be set free in the forests. This method of starting game is believed to be more economical than buying grown birds. The attempt should be watched with interest in Canada where the latter course has been followed in several instances.

One correspondent makes a strong protest against the clause in the new Act prohibiting the use of the automatic gun. The words of the Act are that such a gun shall not be used "in the killing of game." It may be asked what is the use of such a gun without being able to use it for the very purpose for which it was purchased? The correspondent states that any high pressure long range gun is more destructive than the automatic, which is a short range gun. The hunters and trappers prefer the automatic because being short and light they can, in going through the bush, handle them much easier than a long range gun. He asserts that hunters and trappers are the hardest hit by this prohibition and believes it is because they are working men so little was said in defence of the gun. As a matter of fact however, a good deal was said in defence of the gun and it was only after a long discussion and a narrow division that the clause was carried.

Mr. James Avery writes from Dorset, Ont.: "I am a guide who is deeply interested in the protection of our fish and game. While I appreciate the efforts of the members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association and applaud the work they are doing, I cannot help thinking that they have started at the wrong place. In my opinion it would be much better if the members would seek rather to enforce the law as it stands than use their powers and influence to have new ones enacted. The law as it stands may not be just the one to suit people in every portion of the Province, but if it were enforced it would afford better protection to fish and game than all the amendments which can be made. It is not the sportsman who decreases the fish and the game, but the man who lives in the wilds, existing like the Indians on fish and game all the year round. What is needed is a warden for each township to look after these men. Unless this is done the time is near when fish and deer will live only in the memories of those who have fished and hunted in past days. One important point was overlooked when the law was last amended. The otter is still protected

although it lives on fish and is a constant fisher at all seasons of the year. Loons are likewise protected, although the loons are daily taking more fish than are the people. What we require is assistance to enforce the law and we request the members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association to put forth their efforts in this direction. I regret that they have proposed the increase of the non-resident hunting fee to \$50. This will have a tendency to keep the non-resident out and leave the moose and deer to the white and black Indians."

An interesting deer story comes from the State of Washington. A rancher named William Warin, living near Brinnon, was on his way to the Post Office recently when a deer came out of the dense timber and started for him. The man turned upon the animal and drove it into a nearby lake. With a companion he followed it in a boat, and after chasing it for an hour captured it and towed it to a wharf from which it shortly afterwards disappeared. The butcher in the settlement says that his trade dropped off for several days—that's all.

There is certainly no end to Mr. Marble's efforts and ingenuity in the interests of sportsmen. One of the latest—it will not do to say the latest for Mr. Marble is always at work—is Marble's Simplex rear sight which is made for the 22 caliber rifles only. The sight is held quite firmly in the proper position for shooting by an inside spring and can be easily folded down. A large and small aperture disc is furnished with each sight. The stem can be set very quickly in any position by raising the lock to a horizontal position and moving the stem up or down with the fingers. The lock holds the stem rigid at any elevation and the stem cannot drop out even when the lock is open, but it can be removed when desired. The lug on the base of the upright prevents the sight from being folded back far enough to interfere with the hammer on the rifle. The price is only \$1.50 and this new rear sight will be ready for the market in August next.



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† We have specially made barrels, with double thick Nitro breech which stands a bursting pressure of about 40,000 lbs. to the sq. in., insuring absolute safety to the shooter.

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It is an interesting matter to all Canadians to learn something of the troubles in fish, game and bird protection of our neighbors across the border. A little pamphlet, just issued by the Biological Survey, of the Department of Agriculture, is indeed of more than passing interest inasmuch as dealing with Florida we learn something of the conditions under which the ducks bred in Canada pass the winter season in that southern State. It seems that although Florida was organized as a Territory in 1822 and has been passing game laws since 1827, the present condition of things still leaves much to be desired. While its legislation for the protection of non game birds is said to be second to no State in the Union that for game birds is not comprehensive enough to meet present needs. Doves, woodcock, snipe, plover, sandpipers, rail, or shore birds have no protection either in the form of close seasons, bag limits or restrictions on sale or export. There is no prohibition of the export of ducks or other water fowl. What enforcement of the laws takes place is by means of county war-

dens and less than half the counties have such wardens. There are three bird reserves, now maintained by the Federal Government within the borders of the State. A Game Commission for the State is strongly urged and it is pointed out that thirty-five States and three Territories maintain such Commissions which can be made self supporting while maintaining fish, game, and bird life at its highest and best throughout the State.

Every bird lover must welcome the appearance of one of the latest of the valuable series of leaflets issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture entitled, "Value of Swallows as Insect Destroyers." A fine tribute is paid to the swallows by the statement that "their beauty, their graceful flight, and their sociability ensure them a welcome everywhere and endear them to every lover of nature. Their aesthetic value, however, great as it is, is not so important as their economic worth, so

constant and effective is the warfare they wage against the insect hosts, which but for them and other avian benefactors would render successful agriculture impossible." For the farmer and orchardist no more useful birds than the swallows exist. "Specially adapted for flight and unexcelled in aerial evolutions they have few rivals in the art of capturing insects in mid-air. They eat nothing of value to man except a few predaceous wasps and bugs, and in return for their services in destroying vast numbers of noxious insects ask only for harborage and protection. The importance of the birds to the States is that the swallows destroy the boll weevil which threatens the cotton crop, and the various species of swallows—the tree swallow, the barn swallow, the bank swallow, the cliff swallow, and the purple martin—are described and the best methods of protecting and extending their numbers described and advocated. The people of the north are urged to help in this work and assist the southerners in keeping down their insect pests. The swallows are good alike for the people of the north and the south and this is a case in which hearty co-operation may take place with much good will on both sides of the line.

The following characteristic letter from a fisherman has been received from Ladoga, Ind., by Messrs. A. F. Meisselbach & Bro. of Newark, N. J., the manufacturers of the Take-a-part reel: "Am sending you under separate cover one (1) Take-a-part reel to have overhauled. The click as you will see, is cut out. It was my own fault not yours. Also the small washer on crank handle was lost. Put reel in good shape and return as soon as possible, as I could not go fishing without it. Also send bill when reel is returned. This is the third season I have used this reel and I like it better every time I take it out, and have no trouble convincing every fisherman that I come in contact with, that it is the best all round reel for the money on the market. It has them all beaten a mile. Very respectfully yours, E. W. Foster." This is just the kind of testimonial that is of value—that of a practical man who

has had personal experience of the article about which he writes.

An interesting evidence of the desire to escape from the city for a time and enjoy life in the haunts of Nature is afforded by the popularity attending camping expeditions from Montreal. There are now four well organized camps held out in the backwoods for boys and young men from that city. The oldest is the Junior Y. M. C. A. which started out in July sixteen years ago and has in the interval gathered much experience which enables the organization to be successfully maintained. The Senior Y. M. C. A. followed a month later, and they have likewise held most successful camps. Last year the M. A. A. Instructor in Gymnastics (Mr. Long) took a party of boys to McNab's Island, Nova Scotia. The experiment was so successful that it is intended to repeat it this year. Camp Agaming (on the beach) opens again this year on June 22nd and closes on August 28th. About thirty-five boys will be taken out for the nine weeks. The location of this Camp is on the shores of Lac Archambault, nine miles by two, in the Laurentian Mountains. There are many other large lakes with good waterways between them in the near neighborhood. A beach of hard white sand five hundred yards long, afford ideal bathing. North of the camp, after the first two miles, there is nothing but untrodden wilderness right to James' Bay. The boys learn how to set up tents properly, make shelters, wash, cook, cut trails, follow old trails, right upset canoes, empty canoes, sail yachts and boats, canvas a canoe, light a fire with sticks, use the compass and a hundred and one things that develop resourcefulness and character. This Camp is organized by Mr. C. B. Powter, of the High School, Westmount, Montreal.

Canadian fishermen and bait casters when across in the States, and particularly in the neighborhood of South Bend, Ind., are invited to call in at the South Bend Casting Club where they are promised a royal welcome. The South Bend Club

had a charter membership of fifty-three, to which sixty-eight new ones have been added, with a prospective increase to one hundred and fifty. The "fishing boys" of South Bend are described as "an energetic lot of young fellows, none over one hundred years old and the oldest the most enthusiastic." The Club has a fine headquarters at Spring Brook Park, which is reached by street car, and a visit to which is alone worth the trouble to which anyone may be put in finding his way there. In addition to the ordinary welcome the members promise to listen to the fish stories of all visitors and if the teller gets tangled up at all to allow him to go back and make any necessary additions he pleases. Surely hospitality could no further go, and every fisherman who can make it convenient should test this fine offer which must make the South Benders equal to their claim of being "jolly good fellows."

Two outlets to the sea have been secured by the Canadian Northern owing to their control of the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway—one at Quebec, where the Company have splendid terminal facilities, and the other at Chicoutimi which in the future will be linked with the west and is apparently destined to become a port of great importance. The Quebec and Lake St. John, with its branch to Chicoutimi and that to LaTuque on the Saguenay River, serves a territory of some 15,000 square miles in extent, and all this is said to be good for settlement. The La Tuque branch will, it is anticipated, be completed and opened this summer and ultimately it will connect with the transcontinental. There are rumors that an extension to Hudson Bay will follow some day, and certainly this great inland sea, which has remained so long untapped from the land side, will stand many railway extensions to its shores. This development will mean much to the fine Province of Quebec in whose future every Canadian must feel interested.

Pioneers in any field deserve the reward of their courage and enterprise and when they reap such rewards no one need

feel envious. The J. Stevens Arms and Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have recently adopted the very handy and convenient method of attaching a tag to all their firearms. These tags contain clearly printed detailed information referring to the arms to which they are attached points of merit, etc. Messrs. Stevens are the first in the firearm manufacturing field to adopt this up-to-date plan of acquainting both the trade and the customer with the exact use of the many models comprised in their varied and extensive lines of manufactures. On each tag is also to be found valuable pointers regarding the care of the individual firearm to which it is attached, what to do and what not to do to insure best results. The more those handling the goods know about them, the better for customers desiring information, and for the manufacturers themselves. The Stevens tags are certain to be appreciated by all who make use of them. They may be aptly termed "Stevens Ready Reference Tags" as they emphasize just what the firearm to which they are attached is capable of doing and its exact uses.

Although the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway is a Provincial line the whole of Canada is interested in several ways in the future of this railway. It is an experiment in Government ownership and owing to the manner in which wonderful discoveries followed the laying of the rails it has proved an assured success. It was the original intention to run the line through from North Bay to James Bay, "some day," when convenience might suggest. Then came the Grand Trunk Pacific and the aim was to form a connection with the new transcontinental. The railway is in good running order from North Bay to New Liskeard, 114 miles. The surveys have been made and contracts let from New Liskeard to a junction with the Grand Trunk Pacific, this extension being put at another 140 miles. From this junction point to James' Bay there still remains 220 miles. Preliminary surveys have been made and a terminus at Moose Factory is favored. Up to the close of last year the expenditure upon the railway

had amounted to practically \$10,000,000 and it is calculated that a similar amount would complete the line right up to the proposed terminus. Here there would be an opening to the sea, and it is believed, even if no more mineral discoveries occurred, that an enormous traffic might be developed to and from Hudson Bay. At the present time there are several schemes, more or less in the air by means of which Quebec and Manitoba mean to reach the great inland sea, and it is clear if Ontario wishes to maintain the lead she has held so far the work will have to go on without ceasing. The Commission to which the Ontario Government have very wisely handed over the construction and working of the line, have doubtless considered this matter though in the light of recent events they may be disposed to make stronger recommendations to the Government concerning the work. The Ontario Government, in the interests of the whole Province, should see that the line is carried through for it is likely to greatly assist Canadian development in the full sense of that expression.

The Dominion officials are making arrangements to clear all squatters from the Dominion forest reserves in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and the railway belt of British Columbia. Altogether there are twenty-one of these reserves, covering an area of 3,300 square miles. As long as these people are living amongst the timber it is felt there can be no security against fire. All parties who have no titles will have to leave and go to lands which are open for settlement. A permanent staff of rangers is to be appointed on all the reserves for the purpose of preventing fires and timber poaching. A survey of the timber is being carried out and as soon as it is completed a plan will be devised by which the annual growth may be taken off and marketed. The first thing is to get rid of the squatters, of which there are several hundreds on the various reserves.

Those amongst our readers who have followed with interest the discussion in our pages are the destruction of deer by

wolves will be likewise interested in knowing something of the experiences of our neighbors south of the border. In a small pamphlet issued by the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, Mr. Vernon Bailey, the Assistant in charge of Geographic Distribution, visited the upper peninsula of Michigan, Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. He found that the deer, if unmolested, would have wintered in good condition, but while the snow was soft they were entirely at the mercy of the wolves. The latter were numerous, and dead deer were found in almost every "yard" visited, some partly eaten and others only torn and mangled. Large bucks, as well as does and fawns, had been killed, many more than could be eaten at the time. Only those killed since the previous heavy fall of snow were visible, but in past years hundreds of deer carcasses were reported in the yards after the melting of the snow. When the snow becomes heavily crusted in spring the deer leave the yards and scatter over the country and are not easily caught. The wolves then return to the old carcasses which probably furnish much of their food during the breeding season. Up to the middle of April the wolves were not occupying their breeding dens. The indications were that the pups in the dens should be looked for during May and the early part of June. Many parts of the country are rough and rocky with cut banks, steep slopes, and low cliffs which furnish ideal breeding places for wolves. Washed out cavities in the sides of gulches, small caves in the sandstone cliffs bordering many of the streams, valleys and cavities among boulders and broken rocks on the south slopes of high rocky ridges are common. The wolves were paying frequent visits to these places even in the early part of April as was shown by fresh tracks in many of the caves and it seemed safe to assume, from the well known breeding habits of wolves in other sections of the country, that later on these cavities were occupied as breeding dens. Every den should be located and the pups destroyed. By concerted effort on the part of residents and those interested in the protection of game the increase of wolves

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might thus be effectually checked. Once located the dens should be visited every year in the breeding season as wolves use the same den for successive years. Wolves do not breed until they are two years old. By the use of scents those not breeding can usually be trapped during spring and summer, though the best time for trapping is in fall and early winter.

The ninth year of the Hiawatha Indian Play will begin in July at Wayagamug, Petoskey, Mich. This place has become a centre for water sports, also for everything that goes towards making a sportsman—it is a sportsman's school—camping with camp cooking as a specialty, canoeing, swimming, shooting and general woodcraft lore are taught. A North American wild animal farm has been started where it is hoped that every species now in danger of destruction may be preserved. A good beginning has been made. Dr. French, naturalist, of Wash-

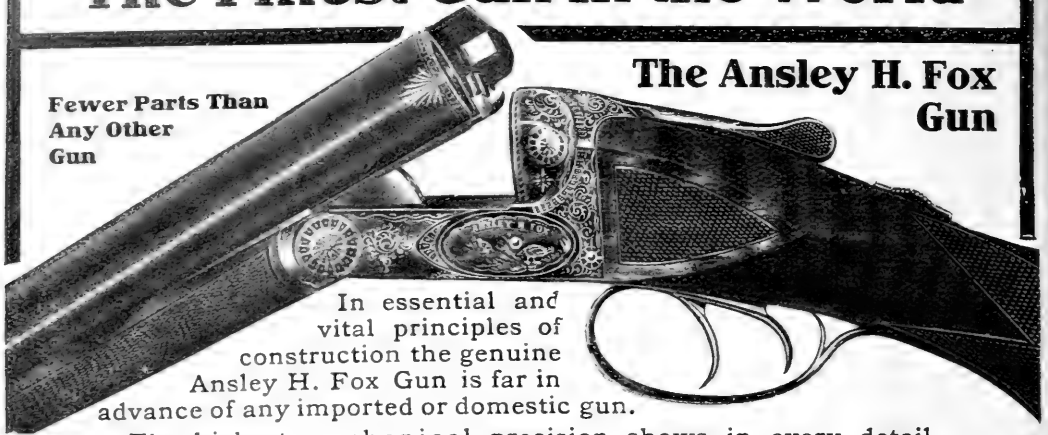
ington, D. C., and Capt. Craine, of Alaska, are the leading spirits. The Advisory Board contains the names of some of the leading sportsmen and naturalists of America.

A couple of questions which are troubling more than one State of the Union are likely sooner or later to cause some searching of hearts in Canada. "Is there such a thing as 'domestic venison'?" Of course there may be such a thing but the query means will the law recognize it as such? Further can game animals protected under the laws be taken into captivity for the purpose of breeding, so that their progeny may be placed upon the market and sold as food in the same manner as the meat of domestic animals? At present the answers to these questions, so far as Canada is concerned, is decidedly in the negative. Here we have so much room that we can allow wild animals to be reared in a state of Nature.

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The demand for venison in the future may easily increase so as to lead to efforts being put forth to supply the same, which, if allowed, will cause a serious loophole in our protection laws. It will be interesting to notice how these two queries are answered in the States, and upon the lessons of their experiences may well be based our future actions.

The Lindsay Branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association recently sent a deputation to the Minister of Public Works asking that the taking of frogs from the waters of Victoria County be prohibited during the spawning season, and covering the months of May, June and July. It was stated that owing to the ease by which frogs could be captured at night time by means of jack lights such immense quantities of frogs' legs had been shipped to the States during the past few years that the numbers of frogs had decreased to a point

harmful to many interests. The frog hunters themselves were alive to the danger of the industry being ruined and the members stated that a great injury was being done by reducing the food supply for black bass, maskinonge, wild ducks and certain valuable fur bearing animals, such as mink, skunk, otter, etc. which depended on young frogs as a portion of their food. One delegate who, had dealt in the export of frogs' legs, stated that a few years ago a band of three men had sold to him in three months a sufficient quantity of frogs to fetch \$5,000 in the New York market but at present it was utterly impossible to obtain such quantities. The Minister, (the Hon. Dr. Reaume) promised careful consideration of the representations that had been made to him.

Reports received from Grand Forks, B. C., are that the settlers in the Christina lake district are greatly agitated because of the scarcity of their favorite fish, called the Kokanee. The latest advices from

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the lake are to the effect that these fish have suddenly vanished from the waters of the lake. Two reasons are advanced for the nonappearance of the fish this winter, the first being that the wholesale fishing that has been carried on for many years in these waters has completely exhausted that particular kind of fish. The other reason given is that the kokanee, being a deep water fish, spawned at a great depth and this winter does not come sufficiently near the surface to allow being caught. At present, however, the black bass and the ling fish are quite plentiful in the lake, but these fish do not sell as readily as the kokanee. It is reported that the Dominion Government will provide a fresh supply of black bass for the lake for breeding purposes. Black bass deposited in the lake five years ago did remarkably well.

The Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, built and owned by the Ontario Government, is steadily progressing northward. It is expected that the section of the line from Englehart to Boston, a distance of twenty miles, will be opened for traffic in August next. By October first the indications are that another thirty miles, opening the line for traffic to McDougall's Chute, one hundred and ninety miles north of North Bay, will be in operation. This will leave from sixty to sixty-five miles for completion to the junction with the new Transcontinental. A large amount of supplies for the Grand Trunk Pacific construction parties will be carried in over

the Government road this year in addition to the natural increase of traffic which is certain as the result of the settlement, lumbering, and mining consequent upon the opening up of a new section of the road.

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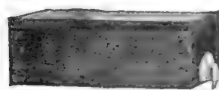
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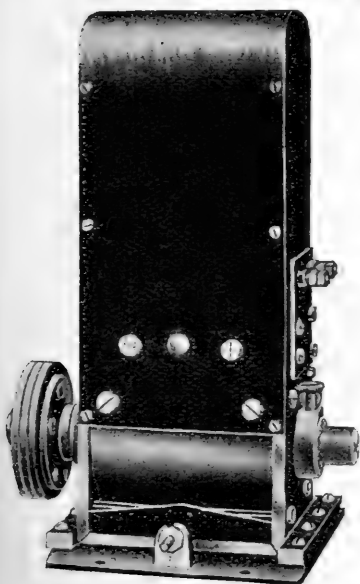
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THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap," Kingsville, Ont.

Tournament Dates

Annual Tournament Sherbrooke Gun Club July 1st, Dominion Day. C. H. Foss, Secretary
August 7, 8, 9—Toronto, Ontario, Seventh Annual Tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association under auspices of Stanley Gun Club, Thomas A. Duff, Secretary-Treasurer, 3 Maynard Ave. Toronto, Ontario.

Stray Pellets.

The Grand American Handicap target tournament at Chicago, June 18 to 21 inclusive, will be the big event in the world of trap shooters this month. The first day's programme will be five 20-target events, \$2.00 entrance and \$25 added for each event. On June 19th will be the Preliminary Handicap at 100 targets, \$7 entrance, and the State Team event. On June 20th will be the Grand American Handicap at one hundred targets, \$10 entrance, 16 to 23 yards. On June 21st will be held the Amateur Championship at 200 targets, \$20.00 entrance, 18 yards rise, high guns, not class shooting. The professional championship at 200 targets will be held, the last day.

Empire and Dupont powder divided the honors at Ridgetown. Dupont won three and Empire two of the high average prizes.

"Injun" Conover, with his Smith one-trigger gun and Dupont powder, did good work at Blenheim, breaking 106 out of 120. His clever work attracted much attention from the large crowd of shot gun enthusiasts.

Thos. Brodie, with 22 out of 25, was high man in the initial shoot of Fort Garry Gun Club.

Lloyd Bracken, a lad of 16, broke 33 out of the first 35 targets he ever shot at, on Kingsville club grounds recently. He used Imperial shells and a Fox gun and naturally thinks they are the best combination possible. Such a score for a youth of his age at his first attempt is certainly remarkable.

At the annual meeting of the Boissevain, Man., gun club, held in April, the following officers were appointed: Patrons, James Johnson, M.P., J. W. Knittel and Thos. Brodie; honorary president, J. J. Millidge; president, A. Fletcher; captain, J. A. Munro; secretary-treasurer, Thomas Scott; managing committee, C. C. Aitken, L. Thompson, C. E. Hutchinson, H. S. Price and J. A. Munro. The membership fee was placed at \$1.

The annual meeting of the Brandon (Man.) Gun club was held April 22nd with a good attendance. Dr. S. W. McInnis occupying the chair. The treasurer's report showed the club to be in good shape financially, with a balance on the right side of \$142. It was decided to hold shoots Tuesday and Friday of each week. The following officers were elected: President, Dr. S. W. McInnis; vice president, R. R.

Doling; secretary, M. Varcoe; captain, T. N. Williamson; executive, R. Lane, Wm. Bishop, J. Schwartz, W. Smith, C. Drummond, J. Waddell, B. Sutherland, J. Hall, W. G. Hopper.

At the annual meeting of the Crystal City (Man.) Gun Club the following officers were elected for the coming season: President, James McNamee; vice president, Charles Masters; second vice-president, Murray Edkins; field captain, J. F. Greenway; secretary-treasurer, Chas Walker; executive committee, N. E. Nunn, G. R. Taylor and O. D. Garbutt.

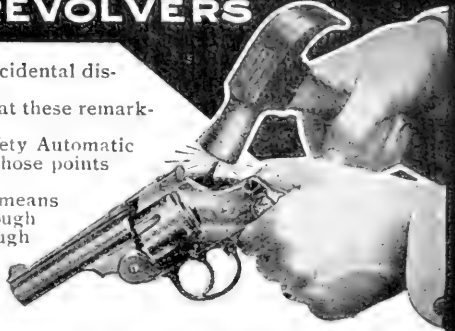
S. S. Smith, who won the trapshooting championship of Souris last year with the remarkably high average of 94 is entitled to shoot for the cabinet of silver during the Winnipeg exhibition. Mr. Smith had the highest average in western Canada. The Winnipeg champion had 86, while J. Saunders of Killarney, champion of western Canada, had 82. Mr. Smith is addicted to the use of the Parker gun.

The Ingersoll Gun Club held a spoon shoot on April 25th afternoon, which was won by F. W. Staples after an exciting race with A. B. Walker and W. J. Kirbyson. These three shooters tied with a score of 22 out of 25 birds. In the shoot-off Staples made a straight score, while Kirbyson broke seven and Walker nine. There were ten contestants and the scores were: W. W. Staples 22, W. J. Kirbyson 22, A. B. Walker 22, W. Cole 17, J. Staples 21, H. W. Knight 15, W. A. Edgar 12, H. W. Partlo 8, R. B. Harris 20, Gho. Nichols 14.

The Herald reporter of the Hamilton Gun Club in announcing a club shoot breaks into humour as follows: "For the benefit of the uninitiated, it might be explained that targets, or clay pigeons, are saucer shaped discs made of a composition of coal tar and clay, which is very brittle and easily broken. When the targets are thrown from the trap their flight may be to the right or to the left, or straight away, and the aim of the shooter is to 'knock the tar out of it' as it flies. He does not want to let the target right straight away and be left. He does not mind the clay that is only dust, and if the target is only dusted it is missed. He does not miss the dust, but he misses the target then he looks critically at his gun, examines the exploded shell, and blames everybody and everything but himself for missing. It is surprising to see how expert some get to be at hitting the targets. It does not require much expertness to be able to miss them. These are some of the peculiarities of target shooting, and if it does not describe the sport clearly, join the gun club, and you will get some experience and lots of fun."

The Southern Handicap Tournament at Richmond, Va., was largely attended and an unqualified success, over 100 shooters taking part. The preliminary handicap at 100 targets was won by R. G. Stokley of Wilmington, N. C.,

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have been sold, and we have never learned of a single accidental discharge—our claims have made good.

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with a score of 92 after shooting off a tie with Woolfolk Henderson of Lexington, Ky. Three men tied on 91. They were D. A. Upton, of Cleveland, O., H. E. Buckwalter, Philadelphia, Pa., and T. S. Baskerville of Clifton Forge, Va. In the Preliminary as well as Southern Handicap manufacturers' representatives were not allowed to compete for prizes. The Southern Handicap was tied for by two Philadelphians, G. S. McCarty and H. E. Buckwalter, with 92 each, out of 100, and was won by McCarty, after a very exciting shoot off. Crosby's 92 from 20 yards was a feature of this event. In the entire shoot out of 360 targets shot at Crosby was high professional with 339 and Lester German second with 335. D. A. Upton of Cleveland was high amateur with 333, and E. Hickey, Pittsburg, amateur with 329.

Gun clubs or individuals who desire to affiliate with the Dominion Trap Shooters' Association and so become entitled to take part in the big tournament at Toronto in August are reminded that they must do so on or before June 15th, otherwise they will have to pay double fees. The fee for membership on or before June 15th is \$5.00 for clubs and \$1.00 for individual shooters and after June 15th, \$10.00 and \$2.00 respectively. Send fee to Thomas A. Duff, Esq., 3 Maynard Ave., Toronto, the secretary.

Ridgetown Tournament.

Ridgetown, that hive of good trap shooters, held its annual tournament, May 9th and 10th. The gun club had offered a very attractive programme, but the attendance was not as large as the boys had a right to expect and many places that are largely patronized by the Ridgetown shooters every year failed to show up with any representatives on the firing line.

Fifty dollars in five prizes of \$10 each were given for high average for the two days. The winners were: Harry Scane 351, F. Galbraith 330, D. Hartleib 324, W. A. Smith 321, and George Laing 319. C. Scane won the 5 pounds of powder offered for low average.

The shooting for some reason was particularly hard, as is shown by the low per centage with which the averages were won. Harry Scane's 91 per cent. the first day was, under the circumstances, very good.

The trade representatives present were F. H. Conover, Dupont Powder Co., F. L. Halford, Dominion Cartridge Co., and John E. Cobb, Union Metallic Cartridge Co. "Injun" Conover did remarkable work at the traps with his Smith single trigger.

Charlie Eastlake, was the painstaking cashier, and did his important part of the work thoroughly and well.

The scores were as follows:—

FIRST DAY

	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Ttl	
F. H. Conover	19	18	17	18	19	17	18	15	18	177
Geo. McCall	17	17	14	16	19	17	12	19	16	166
F. Galbraith	17	19	10	17	19	18	19	18	17	173
Koehler	12	15	17	13	16	16	18	16	16	156
J. Scane	13	16	16	18	16	18	14	15	17	160
G. Laing	10	18	17	15	19	14	18	13	18	154
C. Scane	17	17	14	14	16	14	16	10	17	152
H. Scane	18	18	20	19	17	20	17	18	18	182
Mahler	11	10	13	14	13	11	15	15	17	131
W. A. Smith	13	19	19	14	15	16	17	15	17	162
Stotts	10	17	11	10	13	17	17	15	15	142
Hartleib	15	17	17	14	17	20	13	17	17	163
McMackon	16	16	16	17	15	15	10	15	19	151
Thorold	19	10	13	15	12	16				
McNeil	11	16	15	14	14	13				
Kirbs	10	15	16	10	13					
Frank	11	14	19	12	11					

Kirbyson	17	16	14	15				
Dolson	13	17	16	18	16	17	12	
Nichol	14	12	14	14	13	11		
Gill	15	16	10	14	12	13		
Hall	15	17	18	16	13	18	15	
Taylor	11	16	12	16	15	15	15	12
Catton	15	5	12					

SECOND DAY.

	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	Ttl
F. H. Conover	18	17	19	17	16	19	13	19	178
W. A. Smith	14	16	15	17	14	14	17	14	152
Geo. Laing	19	15	15	17	17	18	11	13	146
E. Koehler	13	14	15	17	19	14	13	14	147
H. Scane	17	18	13	15	18	16	13	15	165
F. Galbraith	14	14	18	17	15	12	17	19	153
H. Scane	17	18	13	16	18	17	16	18	163
D. Hartleib	17	15	15	14	16	17	14	18	153
D. McMackon	15	17	15	17	15	17	14	13	156
Jas. Scane	13	16	16	14	15	10	10	15	137
R. Luck	15	18	15	18	16	15	14	16	
E. Mahler	14	12	9						
Kirbyson	14	15	16	15	14				
Frank	15	12	16						
Handy	11	8	12	10	13	12	16	12	
Lowe	12	13	12	15					
Wigle	9	15	14						
Kimberley	7	10	10	11					
Frank Galbraith	17	13	14						
Mac Samson	13	16	18	16	17				
Dolton	9								
Pickering	13	12	13	14	10				
Wm. O'Brien	10	13	10	8					

STRAY SHOTS

\$6.89
Billy Bounce rolled in on the second day, wiped everybody's eye with that new Smith single trigger (a beauty) and then rolled out again.

Two Parkers', a Smith, a Fox and a Winchester repeater were the guns used by the winners.

Bill Wigle, the game warden, was trying out a new Smith single trigger. Billy and Dave Hawk, like the lion and the lamb, were lying down together.

Jocular John was also lying down together in his usual cheerful way. He and Billy Bounce tied for high average, in the club house, for the best discontinued story.

Little Sure Short was out at 5 a.m. breaking a thoroughbred colt. It was comparatively easy after that to break targets.

Injun finds "shootin' blue bill on de mash" great practice for targets.

The festivities wound up in a snow storm, which may account for the heavy frost in some of the scores.

The Ridgetown boys are the best patrons of the game in Canada and their annual shoot should have been better patronized by some who were conspicuous by their absence.

Blenheim Gun Club Tournament.

A very successful blue rock tournament was held by the Blenheim Gun Club on their grounds at that town on May 3rd. The attendance was exceptionally large, the day fine and the rocks thrown to the satisfaction of every one.

Tom Taylor, a local crack, carried off the honors by winning the Dupont watch fob given for high average with the remarkably good score of 112 out of 120 or .934 per cent. George McCall, St. Thomas, won second average with 106. F. H. Conover, of the DuPont Co., was the only trade representative, and did good work at the score, breaking 106 out of 120.

Owing to the unusually large number of contestants, the programme of 175 targets could not be finished, being called off at the end of the 7th event:—

Events	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	S.A.	B.
Targets	15	20	15	20	15	20	15		
W. E. Hall	14	15	13	16	12	17	12	120	93

P. McColl	11	13	12	20	14	19	12	120	106
Geo. Laing	13	11	13	15	14	17	12	120	95
Fred Galbraith	10	18	12	20	14	15	13	120	102
H. Scane	12	20	11	17	12	20	12	120	104
F. H. Conover	15	19	18	17	13	16	13	120	106
E. Koehler	13	16	10	17	12	18	10	120	96
E. Mahler	11	15	13	13	16	8	120	89	
J. McLaren	11	15	13	19	14	18	10	120	100
G. Bowden	14	16	11	17	14	17	11	120	100
Marshall Burk	8	5	7					50	20
C. Lowe	6	16	14	14	11	16	11	120	83
Paulucci	12	12	9	16	12	14	8	120	83
A. Tillman	14	14	12	17	12			85	69
T. Taylor	13	19	13	20	13	19	14	120	112
J. Stevenson	12	12	11	17	14	15	10	120	91
J. Wetherald	11	18	13	15	14	17	13	120	101
Sim Burk	6	17	13	12				70	48
Telford	8	12	9					50	29
Sam Burk	10	16	8	13	11	12	12	120	82
C. Scane	14	17	14	16	12	18	12	120	103
M. Samson	11	15	11	15	14	17	14	120	97
W. J. O'Brien	12	15	13	13	8	11		105	75

	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	S.A.	B.
W. Nichol	6	15	13	12	11			85	57
F. Pilon	15	15	14	14	14	17	11	120	106
F. Dolson	13	17	12	11	10			85	67
F. Stott	2	15	12	12	12			85	53
W. A. Smith	14	16	10	20	13			85	73
A. C. McKay	9	4	15					50	23
P. O. Slater	9	10	7	13	12	11	11	120	73
Theo Pickering	11	15	11	17	10	16	11	120	91
R. Hartford	8	7	10	17				65	42
W. Wigle	13	10	15					50	38
J. F. Miles	8	11	15	10	16			85	60
S. Lineham	8	10	11					50	29
T. E. Little	7	8	3	12	7			85	37
Col. Wilson	6	15						35	21
J. D'Clute	12	19						35	31
W. H. Hartford	12	19	17	12	70			60	60
A. Cox	9	13	6	12	14			85	54
N. L. McLeod	7							15	7
W. Makey	11	16						35	27
A. B. Vester	5							15	5
L. Handy	12	9	9	12	11	100	53		
A. E. Wood	9	9	12	11	70	41			
H. Burk	13	7	10	11	70	41			
A. Gill	10							15	10
C. Lynch	9							15	9

Toronto Traps

Thirteen members of the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo were the guests of the Stanley Gun Club of Toronto, Saturday afternoon, April 13, in a team shoot between the two clubs, fifty birds per man, in which the Stanleys were victorious by two birds. Mr. J. Talcott of Buffalo and Mr. Jennings of Stanleys made high scores with 44. The following are the individual scores:

Buffalo—J. Talcott 44; C. Sidway 43, W. F. Hoppen 43, Dr. Wootton; C. Berkhard, J. E. Wilson 40; B. J. Covert 39. A. L. Heinhold 38, R. H. Sidway, R. H. Reed 37; E. Cox 35, E. Renicke 32, J. E. McLeod 31. Total 499.
McDuff 42, McGill 31, Marsh 41, Vivian 39, Dunk 39. Stanleys—Jennings 44, Ely, W. Wakefield 43; 39. P. Wakefield 38, Fritz 36, Parry 34, Dey 32, Massingham 29. Total 501.

The Hamilton Gun Club shot a return match with the Balmly Beach Gun Club Saturday afternoon, April 13, on the grounds of the latter club. The first match, which was shot in Hamilton, went to the Hamilton shooters. Following are the scores:—

Hamilton—Ripley 23, Dr. Wilson, C. Thompson 22; J. Upton, Crooks 21; Dean, W.P. Thompson 20; Cline, Bates 18. Total 203.
Balmly Beach—Ross 25, Casci, Draper, Seager, J. G. Shaw 22; Boothe, Davis, J. Wilson 21; Lyonde 20, J. A. Shaw 19. Total 215.

The Toronto Junction Gun Club held the regular spoon shoot, April 17th. The high wind made good scores impossible, Mr. Geo. W. McGill being high man with 19 out of 25. The summer series commenced April 24th, and the prizes given by the club and friends are the most

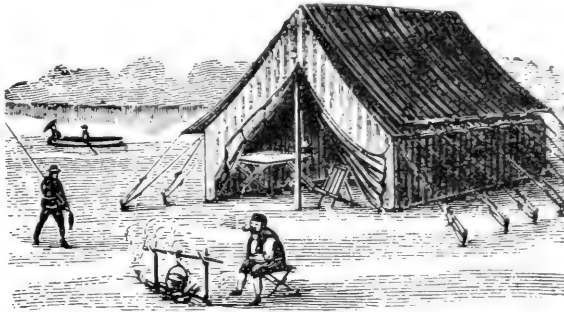
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valuable ever offered for competition. Following are the scores of the spoon event:—

Spoon event—25 birds—McGill 19, Mason 15, Vivian 14, Fleming 13, P. Wakefield 13, Roberts 11, Smith 9, Sheppard 5, Elliott 2.

The regular spoon shoot of the Stanley club was held Saturday afternoon, May 11th, twenty-five birds per man. Mr. Dunk, class A., Mr. Kemp class B., Mr. Richardson, Class C., were the winners. The club will hold a series of six shoots, commencing June 1, and every second Saturday afterward, at 50 birds per man each shoot, bird and distance handicap, for a number of valuable prizes. The following are the scores for Saturday's shoot:—

Class A.—McGill 20, P. Wakefield 21, Jennings 21, Hulme 22, Dunk 22, Thompson 19, Mason 19, Fritz 19, Marsh 18, Brown 18.

Class B.—Douglas 16, Dr. Cook 16, Kemp 18.

Class C.—Richardson 13, Albert 12.

On Saturday afternoon, May 11th, the Riverdale Gun Club held its usual weekly practice. In the spoon event Mr. G. Logan carried off the honors, after shooting off a tie with Messrs. Walton and Bredannez. All of the members present also shot in their second series for the Logan Cup.

Cup Event—G. Logan 24, J. E. Jennings 23, F. Bredannez 23, T. Logan 20, J. Logan 20, C. Davidson 19, C. Walton 17, D. Walton 18, E. Hiron 16, W. Steel 15, H. Hiron 9, R. Carter 5, D. Logan 2.

Spoon event—G. Logan 21, F. Bredannez 21, T. Logan 20, J. Logan 20, C. Davidson 20, C. Walton 16, D. Walton 21, E. Hiron 19, D. Logan 3.

Hamilton Happenings.

There was a good attendance at the regular shoot of the gun club on Saturday afternoon,

May 4th. A feature of the afternoon's sports was the phenomenal shooting of Captain E. V. Spencer, who has been official referee of the club for the past fifteen years. The captain, after many years of retirement from active service as a target shot, found that he had by no means lost any of his old time form, and if his Saturday's showing is any criterion he can still make the best of them "sit-up-and-take-notice." Following were Saturday's scores:

Targets	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	Total
Beattie	10	9	22	24								65
Bowron	7	7	14									38
W. P. Thompson	8	8	17	20								53
Hawkins	10	9	19	23								61
Ripley	9	10	21	21								61
Dean	7	7	20	20								54
Crooks	8	6	23									37
Rich	5	6	19									30
Dr. Wilson	7	5	23	24								59
Capt. Spencer	6	7										13
Fischer	6	7										13
Ben It	9	6	17									32
Curno	5	9	15									29
Barnard	6	7	15									28
Alder	6	5										11
Halford	9	14	19									42
Hunter	8	7	13									28

A few of the regulars attended the shoot of the Hamilton gun club on Saturday afternoon May 13th. The shooting was over Bowron's unknown angle trap. F. L. Halford, representative of the Dominion Cartridge company, was a guest of the club. The scores:—

Targets	10	15	20	25
George Beattie	10	13	23	23
W. P. Thomson	9	12	19	23
Hawkins	9	10	18	23
Ripley	5	9	18	18
Ben It	9	14	16	17
Dr. Wilson	10	14	17	17
Hunter	7	14	20	20

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Wark	7	13	22
Dean	7	14	18
Bowron	7	10	22
Halford	9	14	20

The following are some of the weekly scores in the Trophy Event of Springwood (London, Ont.) gun club.

25 birds. Those marked with * 50 birds:—
May 8—*Gurd 19, *R. K. Walker 27, Parker 17, Brock 14, Glover 22, Graydon 17.
May 11—Greener 17, Day 20, Avey 15, Simcox 14, Blackburn 17, Clinger 8.
May 18—Greener 16, Day 20, *Dock 37, Avey 14, Glover 23, Simcox 17.

Northwest Traps.

The Fort Garry Gun Club of Winnipeg had a very successful shoot May 15th, about twenty members turning out. Mr. Simpson carried off the principal honors of the evening by winning the Cutting Cup with the very creditable score of 46 out of a possible 50. The team shoot was won by Mr. Bourgouin's (vice-president) team, with a score of 130, against Mr. Beliveau's (president) score of 124.

The principal scores in the two fifteen bird events were as follows:

Event No. 1.—C. Buchanan 12, F. G. Simpson 13, E. E. Cowdrick 11, Tom Brodie 12, R. J. McKay, 11, P. Johnston 12, F. G. Belcher 10, F. Yates 13, J. McL. Holiday 10, Mr. Harrington 11, W. C. Eade 11.

Event No. 3.—F. G. Simpson 14, Tom Brodie 12, Mr. Chapman 10, R. J. McKay 11, Paul Johnston 13, F. G. Belcher 10, Fred Yates 12, W. G. Alexander 13, H. Beliveau 10.

During the contest it was announced that the Dupont Powder Co. had donated to the trap shots a handsome silver watch fob to be given as a souvenir to the winner of the Dupont Cup on May 24th. This cup is emblematical of the individual championship of the city of Winnipeg, and was presented by the Dupont Powder Co. to the trap shots of Winnipeg in 1896.

The annual meeting of the Portage la Prairie gun club was held May 15th. The secretary's report showed the club to be in a healthy financial condition. Officers were elected for the ensuing year, and arrangements made for a vigorous season's sport.

The Gladstone Gun Club, Man.

The Gladstone Gun Club is now in its fourth year and has a membership of thirty, twenty of whom are A. Class shooters. The abundance of game in the vicinity tends to make Gladstone one of the most popular towns among the shooters of Manitoba, and incidentally makes the gun club one of the most flourishing organizations in the West. Their annual tournament last year was a great success in every way and for this season they promise visiting shooters the most pleasant holiday of the year. They have installed a new Legget trap and have their grounds in the best of shape and everything has been done for the convenience of the trap shooters and spectators. The tournament this year will be held in August. Full particulars will be given later. The officers of the club:—

- Patron—Dr. J. W. Armstrong, M. P. P.
- President—Wm. Murdock.
- 1st Vice.—W. H. Sauair.
- 2nd Vice.—J. J. Leaman.
- Captain—A. Singleton.
- Secretary-Treasurer—Dr. B. S. Bailey.
- Executive—Messrs. R. Kemp, J. White, G. Fairbairn.


Sportsmen are always interested in anything new in guns and few of them will fail to note with interest an addition to the Marlin line of rifles. The Marlin No. 20 is a .22 caliber take down repeater, operated on the trombone principle. It is made of the best material, is quick and easy in operation, and altogether a

superior arm for small game and gallery work. Like all the Marlin repeaters the new one has a solid top frame, side ejector, and closed in breach. The solid top doesn't catch rain or snow and keeps a wall of metal between the shooter's head and the cartridge, preventing powder and gases from being blown back into the face. The side ejector throws the shells away and not into the sportsman's eyes or face; the shooter doesn't get into the habit of closing his eyes at each discharge, and as the ejected shell never crosses the line of sight the marksman doesn't lose his bead on the game or target and can make a repeat shot instantly. Evidently the new Marlin will well sustain the name and reputation of the firm for good guns.

Accuracy and rapidity are the double qualifications required from the riflemen of the present and will make still greater demands upon the rifleman of the future. The advent of automatic guns emphasizes the necessity for both requirements, and shooting with such guns form splendid training for both eye and hand. At shooting tournaments rapid fire matches are now general and evoke some fine performances. At the recent Sportsmen's Show at Pittsburg, the Illinois Rifle Club held a tournament when the rapid fire match was won by R. R. Bennett of Pittsburg with a score of 417; J. E. Dimling being second with 415, and D. W. Baker third with 412. All three used Winchester rifles and cartridges. In the difficult bull's-eye match H. M. Thomas of New Haven, Conn., took first place with the almost perfect target of 64 degrees. In the Continuous Match, Mr. Thomas, who used Winchester rifles and cartridges tied with two others for first place. Considerable sensation is being caused by Miss Topperwain's shooting. This lady who always uses Winchester guns and shells, recently made the fine scores of 243 out of 250, shooting 113 straight, and 185 out of 200.

A fine showing was made at the triennial shooting festival of the National Schuetzen Bund of the United States held at Charleston, S.C., on May 6th to 14th by the Stevens Rifles when 18 out of the 22 leading prizes were won by the shooters using these rifles. This international tournament is of great importance and expert marksmen from all sections competed for the various prizes. Such records speak for themselves and are the best testimonials that could possibly be given of the efficiency of Stevens rifles.

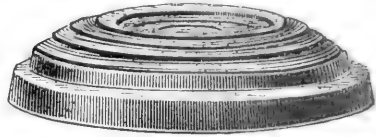
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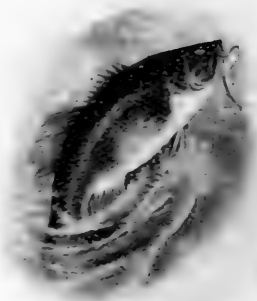
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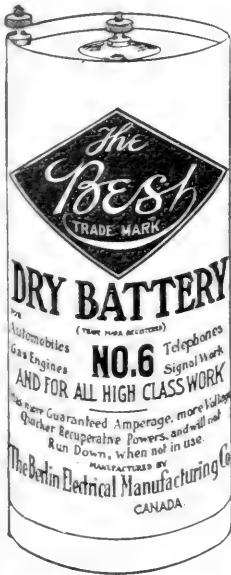


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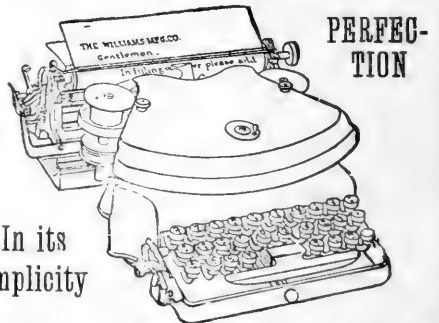
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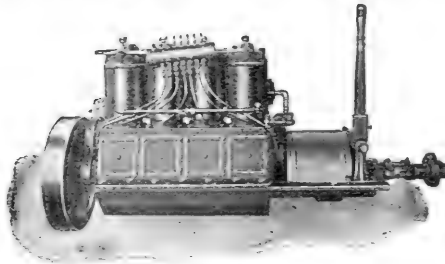
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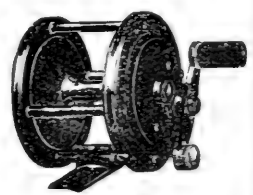
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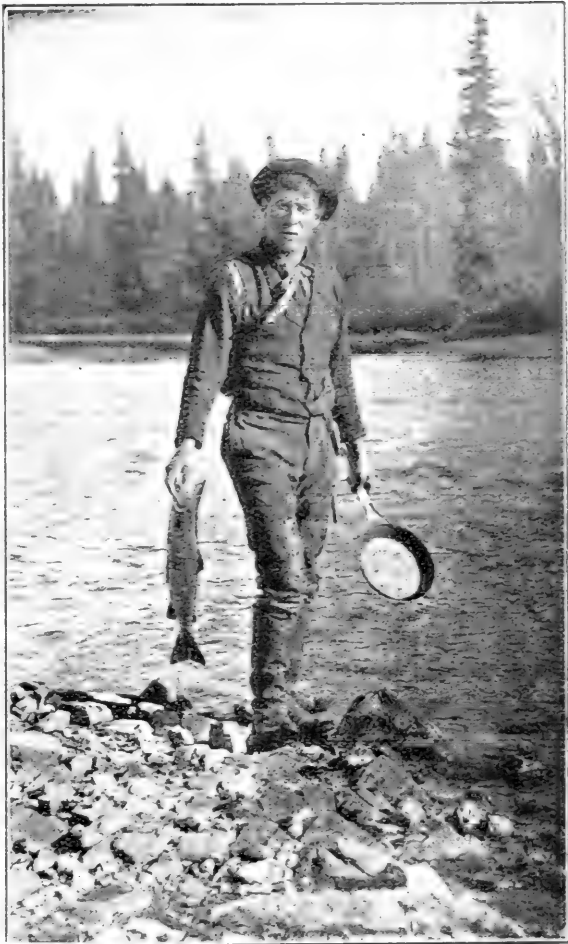
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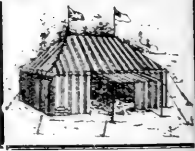
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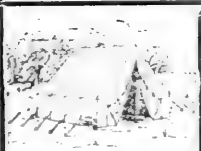
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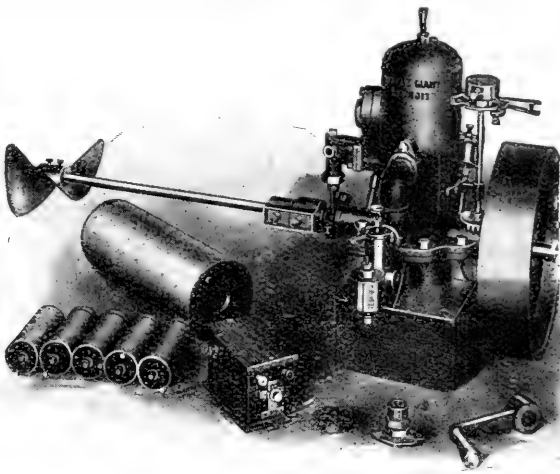
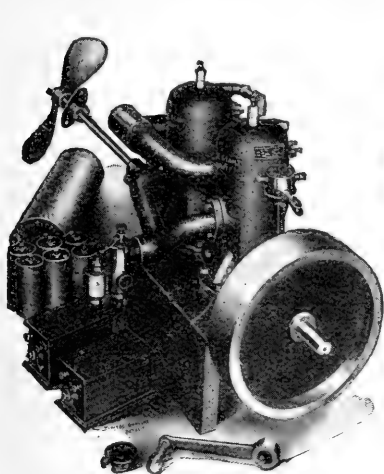
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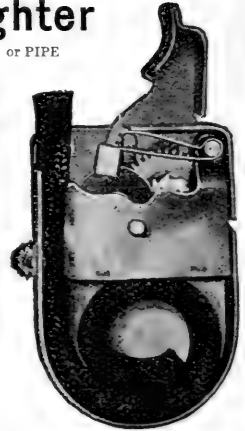
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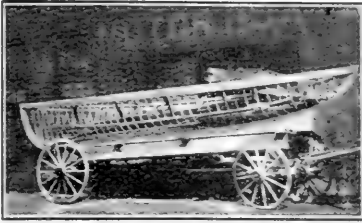
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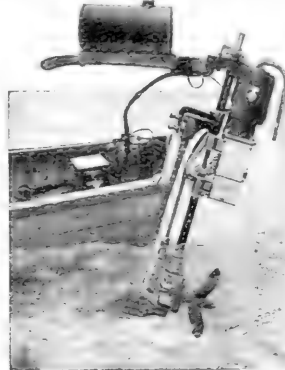
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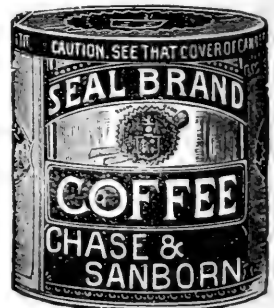
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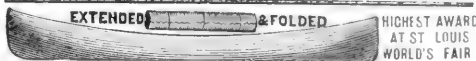
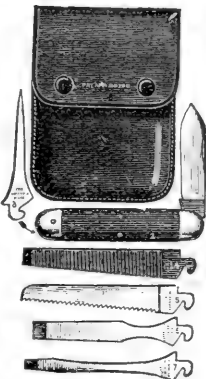
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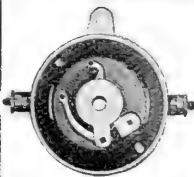


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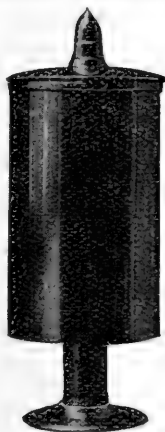
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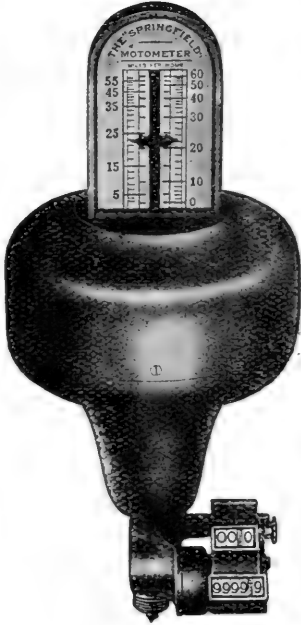
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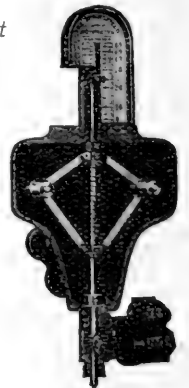
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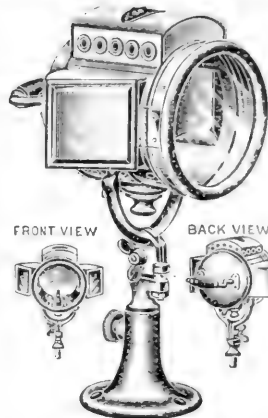
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Combining Port
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For Smaller Class Boats, motor or otherwise, are great beauties.

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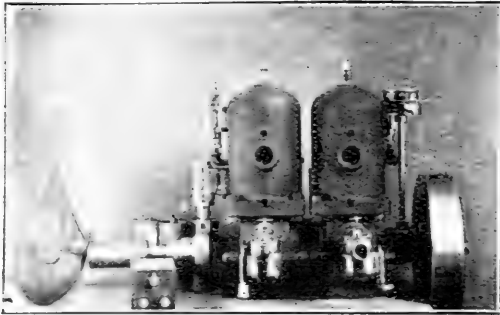
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Engines that give speed.

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Engines in which best possible *workmanship* and *material* is found.

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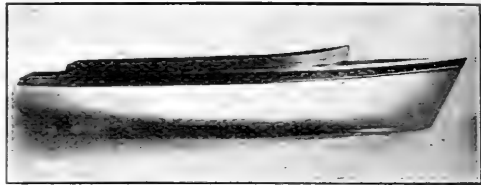
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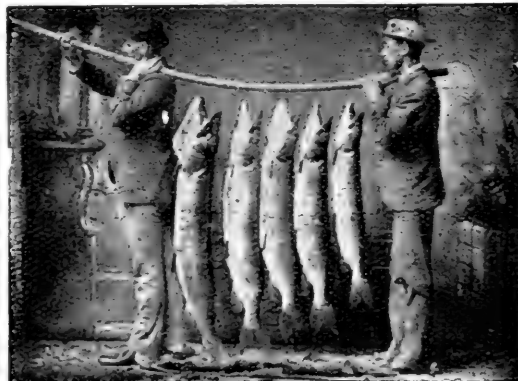
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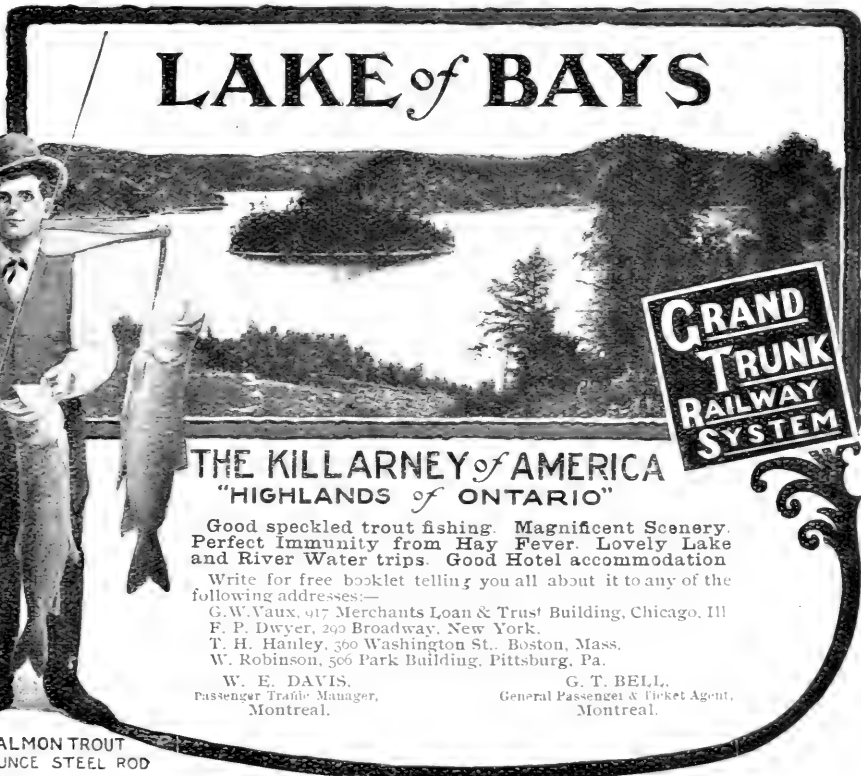
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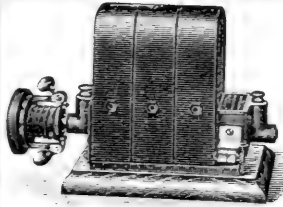
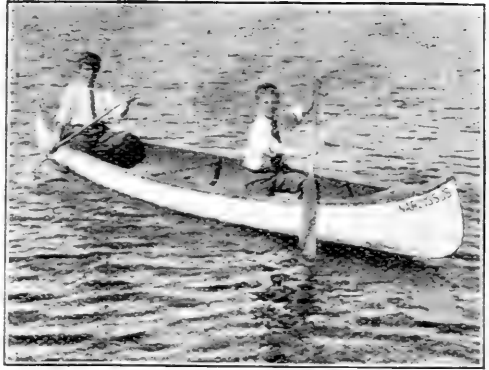
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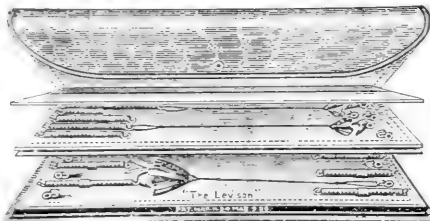
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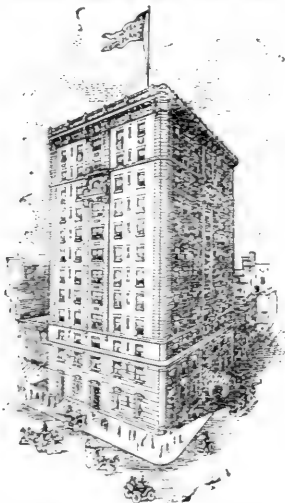
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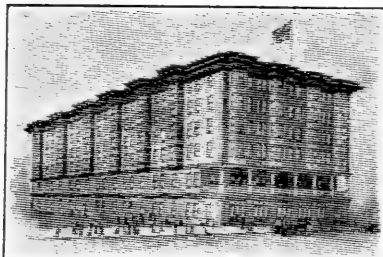
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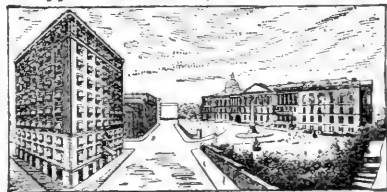
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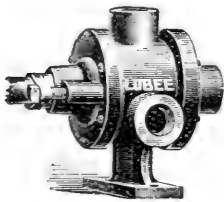
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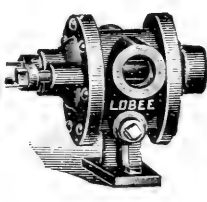
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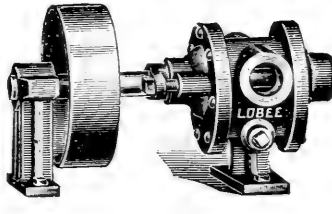
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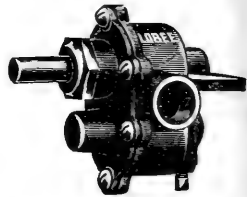
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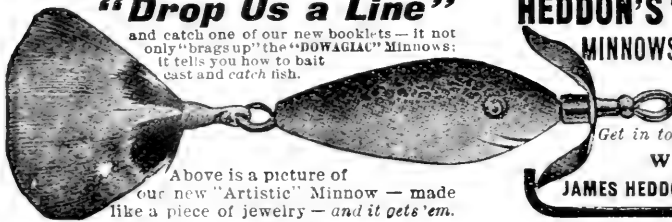
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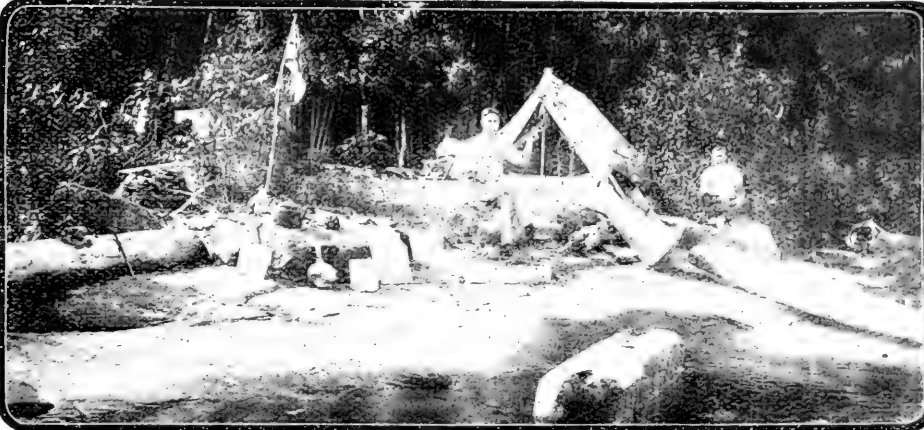
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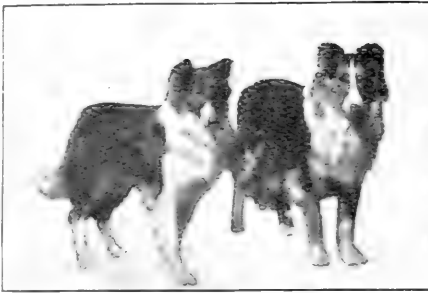
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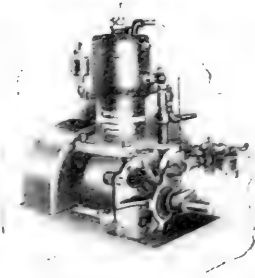
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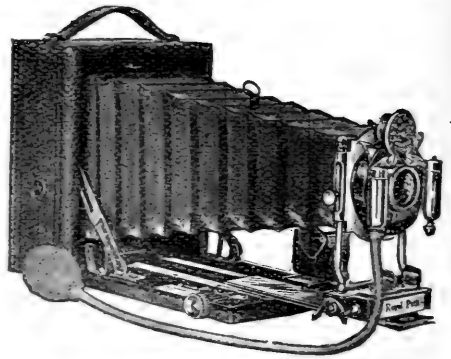
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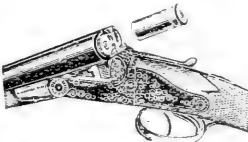
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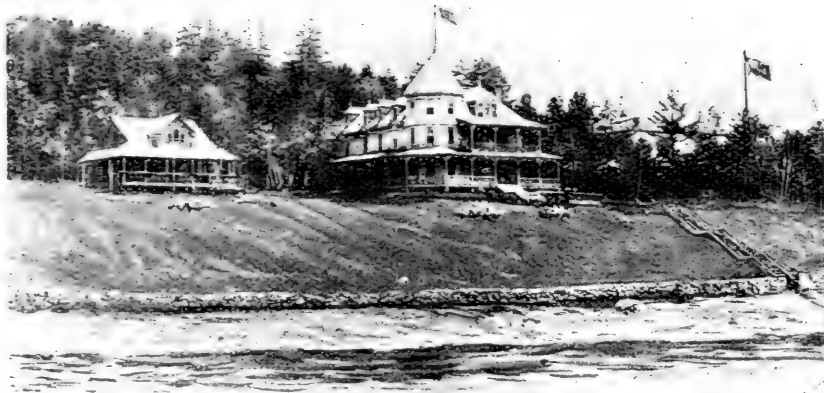
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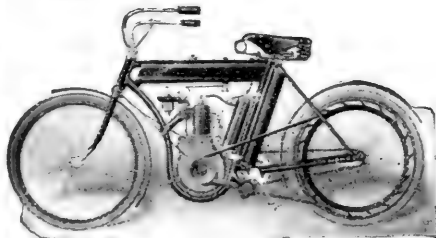
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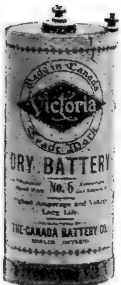
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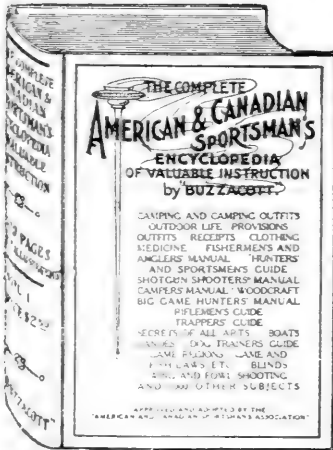
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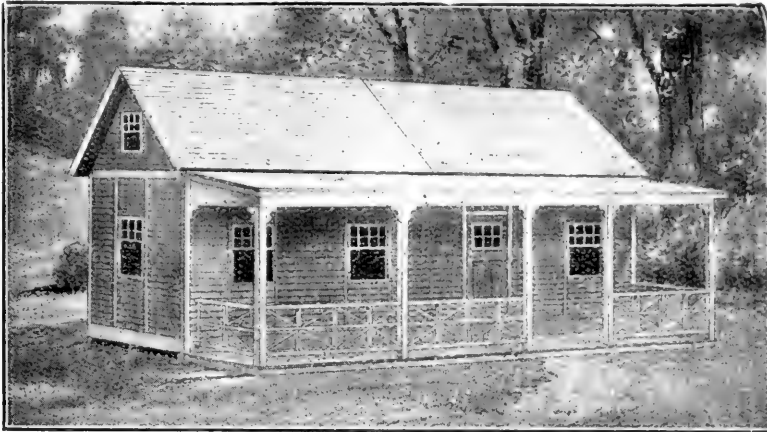
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Leave Toronto	9.20 a. m.	2.00 p. m.
Leave Niagara-on-the-Lake	10.50 a. m.	3.30 p. m.
Arrive Lewiston	11.20 a. m.	4.00 p. m.

RETURNING

Leave Lewiston	11.40 a. m.	5.30 p. m.
Leave Niagara-on-the-Lake	12.10 p. m.	6.00 p. m.
Arrive Toronto	1.40 p. m.	7.30 p. m.
Arrive Hamilton		9.50 p. m.

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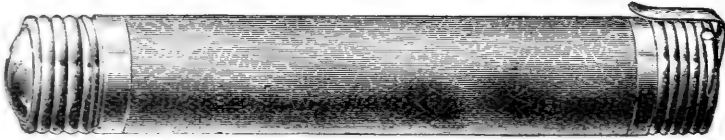


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The policy of ROD AND GUN in the past has been to accept advertisements from reliable and responsible firms only, which policy will be continued in the future.

Automobiles	Page
Russell—Canada Cycle & Motor Co.....	vi
Automobile Accessories	
Complete range of Accessories—Rajah Plugs, Breech Block Plugs, Kingston Carburetors, Mufflers and Coils, Apple Ignition Apparatus, P & R Accumulators and Coils. Gray-Hawley Auto-chime, Flashlights, Foldable Pails, etc.—John Millen & Sons, Ltd.....	88
Duplex Plugs and Switches—Duplex Ignition Co Inc.....	xxiv
Henricks Magneto — Henricks-Novely Co....	xlvi
K-W Magneto—K. W. Ignition Co.....	xviii
"Rajah" Spark Plugs—Rajah-Auto Supply Co..	xlii
Manhattan Electrical Supply Co.....	xxxvi
New York Sporting Goods Co.....	xi
Springfield Motometer—R. H. Smith Mfg. Co.	xlv
Sta Rite and Porcelain Mica Spark Plugs, Batteries, Spark Coils, Electrical Supplies—John Forman.....	xv
Syntic Motor Accessories—Nicholls Bros. Ltd,	111
Sta-Rite Plugs—R. E. Hardy Co.....	v
Timers and Distributors—C. L. Altemus & Co.	xliii
Ammunition	
Du Pont Powder—E. I. du Pont De Nemours Powder Co.....	x
Pike, The D. Co. Ltd.....	xxxviii
Rice, Lewis & Son.....	xlv
Sovereign Shells—Dominion Cartridge Co.....	99
Shot—Montreal Rolling Mills Co.....	116
Snap-Shot and Carbon Powder—Hamilton Powder Co.....	lxi
Batteries	
"Best" Dry Batteries—Berlin Electrical Mfg. Co.....	xxv
Hi-Po Waterproof Dry Batteries.....	xi
Red Seal Dry Batteries—Manhattan Electrical Supply Co.....	xxxvi
Dry Red Cross Batteries—Carbons, Limited.....	xxix
Vulcan Sparking Systems—Croftan Storage Battery Co.....	xxx
Victoria Dry Batteries—Canada Battery Co.....	lxi
Boats and Launches	
Adams Launch & Engine Mfg Co.....	xxvii
Acme Folding Boat Co.....	xliii
Buxton, Geo. H. & Son.....	xlvi
Capital Boat Works.....	iv
Hamilton Motor Works.....	93
Life Saving Canvas Boat Co.....	xxix
McKeough & Trotter.....	xxvii
Merchants Tent & Awning Co.....	xiii
Niagara Motor Boat Co.....	xli
Nicholls Boats—Nicholls Bros. Ltd.....	110
Pike, The D. Co Ltd.....	xxxviii
Robertson Eros.....	95
Sonne, 327 St. James St. Montreal.....	xliii
Sherman Cooper Co. Ltd.....	xlvi
Thompson, N. R.....	xxvii
Turner and Sons J.J.....	xvii

Books for Sportsmen	Page
Amateur Trainer.....	lxx
Complete Sportsmen's Guide.....	lxiv
Modern Sporting Gunnery.....	lx
Practical Dog Education.....	lxviii
Boots For Sportsmen	
Palmer's Moose Head Brand—Jno. Palmer Co.....	xxiv
"Sovereign"—Laird & Watson Shoe Co.....	xl
"Witch-Elk"—Witchell-Sheill Co.....	xxxiv
Crow Decoys	
Perdew, Chas. H., Sr.....	xlviii
Cameras and Kodaks	
Baby 'Al-Vista"—Multiscope & Film Co.....	xl
Korona Cameras—Gundlach Manhattan Optical Co.....	lviii
Lee & Sargent.....	xxvi
New Brownie Kodak No 2A—Canadian Kodak Co.....	xxvi
"Wellington" The—Ward & Co.....	xxxii
Camp Supplies	
Abercrombie & Fitch.....	v
Ales and Porters—John Labatt.....	116
Bethesda Mineral Water.....	viii
Clark's Lunch Tongue—Wm. Clark.....	107
Club Cocktails—G. F. Heublein & Bro.....	ix
Chiclet Chewing Gum — Frank H. Fleer & Co. Inc.....	xxviii
Drewry's Refined Ale—E. L. Drewry.....	117
Evans' Antiseptic Throat Pastilles—Evans' & Sons, Ltd.....	xxx
Fearman's English Breakfast Bacon—W. F. Fearman.....	xli
Jenner's Fly Pizen—E. Jenner.....	xlix
New York Sporting Goods Co.....	xi
Michie & Co., Ltd.....	lxxiv
Mennen's Toilet Powder—Gerhard Mennen Co.	v
Shredded Wheat Biscuits and Triscuits—Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd.....	xii
Murad Turkish Cigarettes—American Tobacco Co.....	i
Seal Brand Coffee—Chase & Sanborn.....	xlii
Tobler Chocolate—McClure & Langley, Ltd.....	xlx
Van Horne Cigars, Harris Harkness & Co.....	iv
Canoes	
Auto and Carleton Canoes—Carleton Canoe Co.	92
Capital Boat Works.....	iv
"Chestnut"—R. Chestnut & Sons.....	xiv
Dean Canoes—Walter Dean.....	xvi
Lakefield—Lakefield Building & Mfg. Co.....	xlvi
New York Sporting Goods Co.....	xi
Old Town—Old Town Canoe Co.....	ix
Pike, The D. Co., Ltd.....	xxxviii
"P-nobscot"—Carleton Canoe Co.....	xlvi
"Peterborough"—Peterborough Canoe Co., Ltd.....	1
Rice Lewis & Son, Ltd.....	x'v
Turner & Sons, I. J.....	xvii
Sonne's, 327 St James St, Montreal.....	xliii
William English Canoe Co.....	xxviii
Warren Sporting Goods Co.....	115

Camp Furniture

"Ever Camp Out" Bed—Green Bay Cot Co. xxx
 Hammocks, etc.—J. J. Turner & Sons xvii
 Michie & Co. lxxiv
 Sonne, 327 St. James St., Montreal. xliii
 Warren Sporting Goods Co. 115
 Willow Chair—W. Younger. xxxiii
 Jaeger's Pure Wool Bedding, Blankets and
 Sleeping Rugs—Dr. Jaeger Co. Ltd. 101

Clothing.

Bleuvelt Knitting Co. inside back cover
 Hunting Jackets, Automobile Jackets, Sports-
 men's Jackets of every description inside
 back cover
 Jaeger's Pure Wool Underwear, Shooting Jack-
 ets, Cardigans, Gloves, Socks, etc.—Dr.
 Jaeger Co., Ltd. 101
 Pike—The D. Co., Ltd. XXXviii
 Sweater Coats—Knit-to-Fit Mfg. Co. li

CIGARS and CIGARETTES

Van Horne Cigars—Harris Harkness & Co. iv
 Murad Turkish Cigarettes—American Tobacco
 Co. i

Cutlery

Marble Safety Axes, Knives, Match Boxes,
 Sights, Compasses, Rifle Rods, Rifle
 Cleaners, etc.—Marble Safety Axe Co. vii
 Napanoch Pocket Knife Tool Kit—U. J. Ulery
 Co. xliii
 New York Sporting Goods Co. xi

Dogs

Chamber's "Cartiques" for Dogs—Evans & Sons,
 Ltd. XXX
 Practical Dog Education xviii
 Glover's Dog Remedies—H. Clay Glover xliii
 King Edward Collie Kennels, N. Gordon lviii
 "Standard" Dog Wash—The West Chemical
 Co. 90

Fishing Tackle

Fishing Tackle—Abercrombie & Fitch Co. v
 Algate's Collapsible Minnow Trap, A. J. Algate
 Bristol Steel Fishing Rods, Horton Mfg. Co. xxxi
 Costen T. & Co. xvii
 Carlton Automatic Reel, Carlton Mfg. Co. XXXviii
 "Featherlight," Reel—A. F. Meisselbach & Bro. XXXi
 Clark & Horrocks. 117
 Fishing Tackle of every description—Leonard
 Rods—Wm. Mills Co. L
 "Hedden's Dowagac Minnows," Jas. Hedden
 & Son lvi
 Hartung Bros. & Co. XXiii
 Hardy's Rods, Reels & Tackle—Hardy Bros. lix
 Kelso Automatic Reels, Lines, Rods, Hooks,
 etc., H. J. Frost & Co. xvii
 Rice Lewis & Son. xlv
 Rods, Flies, and Lines—H. H. Kiffe & Co. xx
 New York Sporting Goods Co. xi
 Pike—The D. Co., Ltd. XXXviii
 Stag Brand—The Alcock Laight & Westwood
 Co., Ltd. XXXviii
 "Takapart" Reel—A. F. Meisselbach & Bros. iii
 Terry Co., Geo. H. XXXv
 Warren Sporting Goods Co. 115

Fishing Territory

Algonquin National Park—Grand Trunk Ry.
 System lvi
 Lake of Bays—Grand Trunk Ry. System xlvi
 Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, French and Mis-
 sissaga Rivers—C. P. R. lii and liii
 Muskoka, Canadian Northern Ontario lvi
 New Brunswick—New Brunswick Tourist Ass'n xxxvii
 Nepigon—Wm. McKirdy. xlviii
 Nepigon—Revillon Bros., Ltd. xli
 Saguenay, New Route to—(Quebec & Lake St.
 John Ry. lxi
 Temagami—O'Connor Steamboat and Hotel Co. xlix

Guides

Murray & Foran xlix
 McKirdy Wm xlvi
 Revillon Bros., Ltd. xli

Guns and Rifles

Fox Gun Co.,—A. H. 108
 Hunter Arms Co., The xix
 Ithaca Guns—Ithaca Gun Co. 103
 King Air Rifle—Markham Air Rifle Co. xxxiii
 Lancaster, Chas. lix
 Lefever Guns—Lefever Arms Co. xxi
 Lyman Gun Sights—Lyman Gun Sight Cor. xix
 Marlin Rifles—Marlin Firearms Co. xv
 New York Sporting Goods Co. xi
 Parker Guns—Parker Bros. iii
 Pike D. Co., Ltd. xxxviii
 Ross Rifles—Ross Rifle Co. ii
 Rice, Lewis & Son xlv
 Stevens' Rifles, Pistols, Shotguns, Rifle Tele-
 scopes, Guns, etc. Outside back cover
 Terry Co., Geo. H. xxxv
 Warren Sporting Goods Co. 115
 Winchester—Winchester Repeating Arms Co. Inside front cover

Hotels

Albany, The, New York, Robert P. Murray. lv
 Bellevue—Temiskaming Lake lx
 Commonwealth, Boston, Storer F. Crafts. lv
 Cumberland, New York, R. J. Bingham. liv
 Kenmore, The, New Albany, N. Y., J. A. Oaks liv
 Lennox Hotel, Buffalo, Geo. Duchscherer. xxix
 Princess, New, Atlantic City, Crowell & Collier liv
 Schenley Hotel, Pittsburgh, Jas. Riley liv
 Turks Head Inn, C. B. Martin, Prop., Rockport,
 Mass. XXXviii
 Thousand Island House, Alexandria, N. Y.
 O. G. Staples lv
 Touraine Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., C. Owen, Prop. lv

Hunting Territory

Muskoka—Canadian Northern Ontario. lvij
 Murray & Foran xlix
 Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, French and Mis-
 sissaga Rivers—C. P. R. lii and liii
 Nepigon, Wm. McKirdy lvi
 Nepigon—Revillon Bros., Ltd. xli
 New Brunswick—New Brunswick Tourist Assoc-
 iation xxxvii
 Summer Trips—Canadian Pacific Railway lii—liii

Jewelry

Bailey, Jas. D. 92
 Diamonds—Loftus Bros & Co. 109

Live Game

Live Game, Wild Animals, Pheasants, etc., etc.
 Wenz & Mackenzen xxix

Marine Motors

Adams Launch & Engine Mfg. Co. xxvii
 Baudry The. — Baudry Gasolene Engine Co. xxv
 Buffalo—Buffalo Gasoline Motor Co. xiii
 Caille Perfection Motor Co. xx
 Fairbanks—Morse — The Canadian Fairbanks
 Co. Inside back cover
 "Honest Injun"—Miller Reversible Gasoline
 Engine Co. lvii
 Hildreth Mfg. Co. xxii
 Hamilton Motor Works 93
 "Little Giant"—United Mfg. Co. xxxix
 Lackawanna Motors—Lackawanna Mfg. Co. ix
 Premier Motors—H. Biddell xlv
 Palmer Motors—Palmer Bros. xvi
 Smalley—Smalley Motor Co. xix
 Terry Co., G. H. xxxv
 "Victor" R. S. Hill. xvii
 Waterman—Waterman Marine Motor Co. xli

Mineral Waters

Bethesda, Waukesha, Wis. viii

Miscellaneous

American Pedometers—American Pedometer Co. xi
 Conklin Fountain Pens—Conklin Pen Co. 94
 Key Tags—C. E. Locke Mfg. Co. lix
 Lyman Gun Sights—Lyman Gun Sight Co. xix
 Majestic Metal Polish—Majestic Polishes, Ltd. lxi
 Mennen's Toilet Powder—Gerhard Mennen. v
 Matchless Cigar Lighter—Matchless Cigar Lighter Mfg. Co. xl
 Toupees and Wigs—Jules & Charles. iii

Motor Boats

Adams Launch & Engine Mfg. Co. xxvii
 Buxton, Geo. H. & Son. xlvii
 Hamilton Motor Works. 93
 McKeough & Trotter, Ltd. xxii
 Merchants Tent & Awning Co. xiii
 Nicholls Motor Boats—Nicholls Brothers, Ltd. 110
 Niagara Motor Boat Co. xli
 Robertson Bros. 95
 Thompson, N. R. xxxiii
 Terry Co—Geo H. xxxv
 Waterman Marine Motor Co. xli

Motor Cycles

Armac Motor Co. lx
 Page

Motor Boat Accessories

Complete Range of Accessories—Rajah Plug, Breech Blocks Plug, Kingston Carburetors, Mufflers and Coils, Apple Ignition Apparatus, P. & R. Accumulators and Coils, Gray-Hawley Auto-Chime, Flashlights, Foldable Pails, etc., etc.—John Millen & Son Ltd. 88
 Duplex Plugs and Switches—Duplex Ignition Co. xxiv
 Henricks Magneto—Henricks Novelty Co. xlviii
 Hi Po Waterproof Dry Batteries—Lincoln Electric Co. xi
 Ignition, Supplies, Search Lights, etc., etc.—Jno. Forman. xxxiv
 K-W Magneto—The K-W Ignition Co. xxvii
 Launch Fittings—John Leckie Ltd. 96
 Lobee Circulating and Bilge Pumps—Lobee Pump & Machinery Co. lvi
 Manhattan Electrical Supply Co. xxxvi
 "Rajah" Spark Plugs and Hoods—Rajah Auto Supply Co. xlii
 Sherman, Cooper Co., Ltd. xlv
 Springfield Motometer—R. H. Smith Mfg. Co. xlv
 Stickler Weedless Wheels—Stickler Weedless Wheel Co. 90
 "Syntic" Motor Accessories—Nicholls Bros. Ltd. iii
 Sta-Rite Plugs—R. E. Hardy Co. v
 Sta-Rite Mica and Porcelain Spark Plugs, Batteries Spark Coils, Electrical Supplies—Jno. Forman. xv
 Search Lights—20th Century Mfg. Co. xlv
 Terry, the Geo. H. Co. xxxv
 Timers and Distributors—C. L. Altemus. xliii
 Whistles—O'Brien Electrophone Co. xliii

Motor Insurance

Automobile and Motor Boat Insurance—Geo. McMurrich & Sons. xlvii
 Federal Lloyd's Policies—E. S. Kelly. xxxiii

Naval Architect

Robertson, Alfred J. C. 90

Oils, Varnishes, etc.

Cole, G. W. Co. xxvii
 Collan Oil for Boots, Gun, Cases, etc. v
 Falcon English Varnishes—Wilkinson, Heywood & Clarke, Ltd. xxi
 Marble's Nitro-Solvent Oil—Marble's Safety Axe Co. vii
 Paton's Varnish, Paints, Stains, etc. 92
 Sanderson, Percy & Co., Ltd. xxvi

Office Equipment

Conklin Fountain Pens—Conklin Pen Co. 94
 Empire Typewriters—Williams Mfg. Co. xxxiv

Outfitters

Abercrombie & Fitch. v
 Pike, The D. Co., Ltd. xxxviii
 Murray & Foran. xlix
 McKirdy, Wm. xlviii
 Michie & Co. lxxiv
 New York Sporting Goods Co. xi
 Rice Lewis & Son, Ltd. xlv
 Revillon Bros. Ltd. xli
 Temagami—O'Connor Steamboat and Hotel Co., Ltd. xlix
 Warren Sporting Goods Co. 115

Pipes

H. B. B. Special—Heyes Bros., Ltd. Inside front cover

Portable House

National Construction Co. lxx

Premium Department

Pages. lxxvi—lxxvii—lxxviii—lxxix—lxxx

Revolvers

H. & R. Revolvers—Harrington & Richardson Arms Co. vii
 Iver Johnson Safety Automatic—Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works. 113
 Pike, The D. Co., Ltd. xxxviii

Sporting Pictures

Ithaca Gun Co. 103
 J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. Outside back cover

Summer Trips

Algonquin National Park—Grand Trunk Ry. System. lvi
 Bellevue—Tenniskaming Lake. lx
 Buffalo & Detroit Steamboat Co. lix
 Hiawatha—Captain Craine. li
 Lake of Bays—Grand Trunk Ry. System. xlvii
 Muskoka—Canadian Northern Ontario. lvii
 Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, French and Mississauga Rivers C. P. Ry. Co. xl—xli
 New Brunswick—New Brunswick Tourist Association. xxxvii
 Nepigon, Wm. McKirdy. xlviii
 Nepigon—Revillon Bros., Ltd. xli
 Saguenay, New Route to—Quebec & Lake St. John Railway. lxi
 Summer Trips—Canadian Pacific Railway. lii—liii
 Richelieu & Ontario Railway Co. xvi
 Turks Head Inn—C. B. Martin, Prop., Rockport, Mass. xxxviii
 Temagami—O'Connor Steamboat and Hotel Co., Ltd. xlix
 Turbina Trip—Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Lewiston, Toronto, Hamilton—Turbine Steamship Co., Ltd. lxx

Trap-Shooter's Supplies

Black Birds—Canadian Trap & Target Co. 117
 Shogren, E. B. 117

Taxidermists

Canadian School of Taxidermy. lv
 N. W. School of Taxidermy. 109
 Rowley College of Taxidermy and Modeling. xxvii—xliii

Tents

Michie & Co., Ltd. lxxiv
 Merchant's Tent & Awning Co. xlii
 Pike D. Co., Ltd. xxxvii
 Suspended Tents—Suspended Tent Co. xxxii
 Sonne, 327 St. James St., Montreal. xliii
 Turner, J. J. & Sons. xvii
 Warren Sporting Goods Co. 115

Trophies

Bailey, Jas D. 92

Want Advertisements

Pages. lxxii—lxxiii



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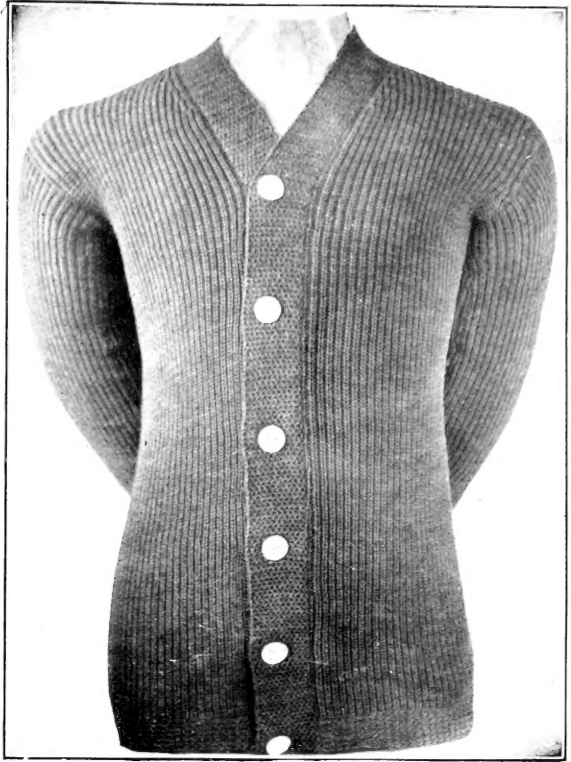
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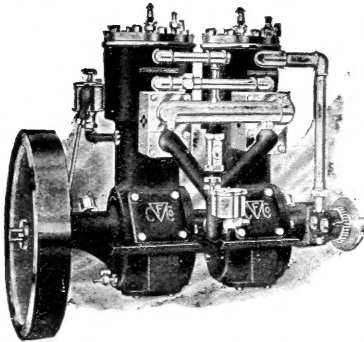
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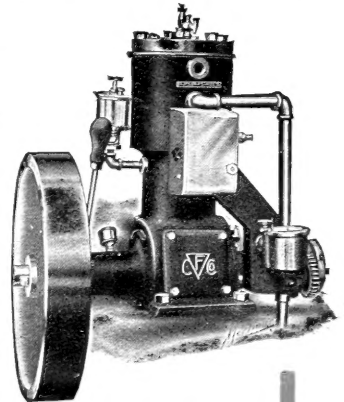
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