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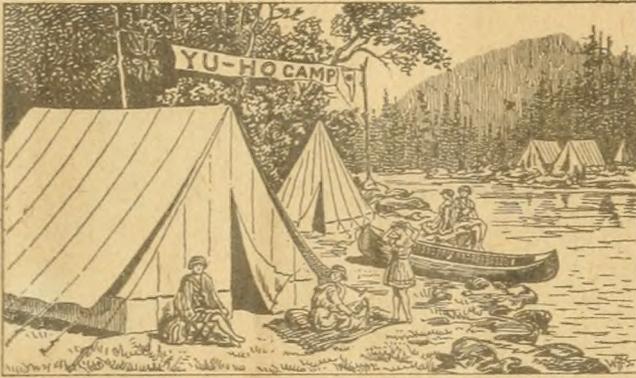
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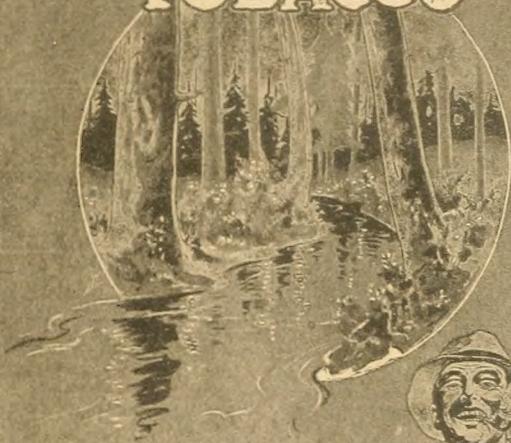
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Rod and Gun in Canada

Woodstock, Ontario, July, 1920

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Mount Stephen With Martha

(My Graduation Climb)

JOHN HARKER



At the outset of this narrative it is essential that I should make open confession of two thoughts which burden my mind.

I had always been persuaded that "Mountain Climbers"

were a mystical class bordering on the weird—almost uncanny—type of human beings. This thought was, of course, mainly responsible for the other that there wasn't an atom of the "Conqueror" spirit left in my "make up" when according to instructions I boarded the train for Field, B.C. All the "will to climb" seemed to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

When the train entered the "Gap" about dusk and the "Three Sisters" loomed up grim and foreboding, I seemed to see only the "Three Witches" on the Heath and some thought about "vaulting ambition" haunted my unsophisticated mind.

The only ray of light left was the possibility that Martha might tear herself away from "Lovely Louise," as she called the place beyond Banff, and see me started right.

The fervour of my resolve when we left the Alpine Club Camp together had been too "impromptu" and I was conscious of the lamentable fact that I had not got "Martha" solemnly committed to stay with me through the ordeal.

There was a suggestion that she would be there if nothing more alluring turned up. We had fixed the day and the train I was to ride on. She had even gone so far as to say she would make the arrangements about the guide anyway whether she appeared with him or not.

I remembered saying something at this junction about "No Proxy now"—which I thought rather bright at the time. Furthermore I recollected her terse reply "sure thing" before it was drowned in a flood of rhapsodical hilarity.

It was a "nice point"—as I have heard it said by way of conclusion to a legal discussion—whether on the evidence before the Court there was a contract at all for this venture. It appeared to me to be all one sided. I was satisfied the issue was properly directed to the term "sure thing." Was it to be Martha or the Proxy? She couldn't have meant the Proxy or she wouldn't be the "sure thing." It was gloriously uncertain and the consideration of the "point" proved so diverting that I found myself quite entertained and hopeful of a solution by the time the conductor called "All aboard" at Banff Station.

I dozed off without coming to any conclusion, however, pondering over the uncertainties in life generally with a slight apprehension about the scaling of that mountain peak ahead. My awakening was sudden and settling, for who should be very busy arranging

her dunnage on the opposite chair but the one and only "Martha" in person and apparently under escort.

Martha's cheery "Oh, where you are?" made the thought of that climb seem about as small as the chunk of ice found at your kitchen door about 9 a.m. any midsummer day in our town.

I made a stab at an appropriate reply and delivered an impromptu effort:—

The contour of your form I see
Each line of perfect symmetry
Oh, how the thought delighteth me.

When as in tweeds fair Martha goes
With each vibration sweetly flows
The thought a climber, only knows.

A hat of tweed with pheasant feather
And Alpine boots of brownish leather
My "lady" dressed for any weather.

But whether black or brown they be
Of this I know for certainty
Real art is all simplicity.

"With profuse apologies to 'Herrick' and his 'Julia' I suppose," retorted Martha. "However you are forgiven."

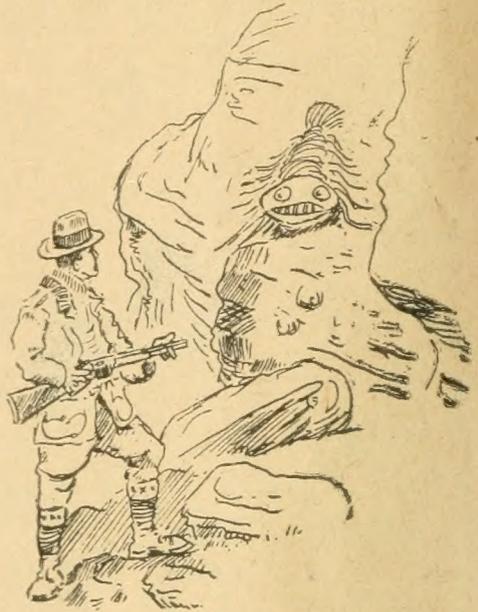
"What time do we start in the morning, Rudolfe?" said Martha, addressing the escort in the adjoining seat. "We should get away about four o'clock" was the soothing reply. "I understood you wish to return on the evening train."

"As I told you before," said Martha, "it is not a difficult climb, but we should make an early start to be sure of the train in the evening."

"Good Heavens" I exclaimed, "I thought you meant four o'clock in the afternoon. Will we be climbing all that time?" "Well of course if we climb up, we have got to get down," replied Martha (with more spasms of hilarity) "Don't worry. We will spend some time with the trilobites and Rudolfe will have a lunch for us."

As I had never heard of "trilobites" before, I found myself interested in the prospect. Would the encounter be weirdly exciting or pleasantly romantic? Rudolfe seemed to "catch on" to my perplexity and added a little more to the situation by stating

that there were plenty up there—only about half way up—and he would pack a hammer along. I suggested perhaps I should have



brought a gun and was completely mystified by the giggles that followed.

About this time Martha informed me we were at the base of Mount Stephen and would soon be at Field. I looked out of the window at the mass of rock which appeared to reach to the very stars and found myself again struggling with the problem as to whether "Mountaineers" were still of the majority afflicted with only temporary periods of aberration or having scaled such heights were considered so harmless that they might be left "at large."

* * * * *

I have read somewhere that "Any young man of latent intellectual and moral force, who comes to close grips with the waiting, challenging mountains and puts one summit after another beneath the soles of his feet, has gained immensely in the Spartan virtues."

So Martha informed me in her deliberate, dignified and deny-it-not manner as we sat down to a substantial plate of mush in the kitchen of the "Stephen House" at precisely 4 a.m. the following morning.

"Spartan is quite correct," I meekly replied, "but I am not looking for challenges this morning," I managed however to glare at Rudolfe, whose persistent hammering at my bedroom door, half an hour before, alone accounted for my appearance.

Rudolfe only smiled and kept on with his job of filling a capacious rucksack with great chunks of bread and cheese and two or three oranges.

With some effort I overcame the "mush" and feeling "bucked up"—there being no prospect of warfare inside—I strolled out towards the back of the house" with the young David feeling thoroughly aroused.

Yes! there was my Goliath—huge, grim and foreboding as it loomed up in the darkness before the dawn. It

is to enjoy the grandeur and beauty unfolded along the way."

At this juncture appeared my *bête noir*—one Rudolfe—the arch villain and conspirator of this plot—who with ice-axe, rope, rucksack, and other insignia of his high office, took up an easy posture in the van.

Martha, stepping out like a young thoroughbred, took up her place in the centre and was commissioned Captain of the "triumvirate" while your probationer with his hands up and courage down after the manner of the "Kamerad" in abject resignation, fell into the rear and awaited orders.

Martha explained the plan of attack illustrating the route to be taken by lines drawn on Mother earth with the alpenstock about as follows:—



looked a long-long-way to Tipperary top. "Some" climb, I conjectured, before I could stand on the summit. "Festina lente" appeared to me as most appropriate—no other alternative in fact.

"I assume there will be no sprinting on this jaunt" I said to Martha—off-hand like—as she appeared all gotten up for the job—*autre temps—autre vêtements*. "I am depending on you," I concluded quite resignedly.

"If not now you soon will be" was the cheerful rejoinder. "Remember that the chief object of any excursion

We were to follow the regular pack pony trail along the crest of the wooded ridge to the fossil bed, a matter of two hours—then spend some time hunting "trilobites," after a light refreshment. We would then tackle the real climb—negotiating the wall and dodging the "aiguilles" then passing along the arête finally arrive in about three hours more at the summit, where I would be received by the shades of kindred spirits with due ceremony and in ancient form. "Are you ready?" enquired Martha. "All set" I replied as boldly as I

could under the circumstances, and we were off.

It sounded quite simple to the uninitiated and as we stepped out in the darkness I felt quite buoyed up—full of determination, “pep” and all that sort of thing, while Martha expatiated on the principles of the game.

We had crossed the mountain stream—a few hundred yards or so—and were well under way before the darkness gave place to the light of dawn. It was then I first realized that

“To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.”

Martha was not slow to discern my breathing difficulty and merely remarked “Don’t forget what I told you ‘*festina lente*’ is the *first* rule of the game. It’s a sure sign that the pace is too rapid if you can’t talk without difficulty.” “All right Cap,” I replied with some effort but still cheerful, “and what is the *second*?”

“The weather” was the prompt response “and we have just got to talk about it. For instance did you notice that we had a red sunset last evening and as far as I can judge we shall have a fine day aloft. The sky is white and clear. You remember the French proverb runs:

“Le rouge soir et blanc matin
font rejour le pelerin.”

“I catch the red evening and the white morning and I *am* a pilgrim, so what you say must be all right,” I meekly replied.

“Now, about walking ‘uphill’” continued Martha, “just watch me a moment, particularly at the steep inclines.”

I confessed at once that most of the time I had been doing so and was quite relieved to feel at liberty to continue this alluring diversion without which I had no hope of being able to stay with the game.

“Before everything preserve the rhythm of the footfall.”

“Who said so?” I queried, “Whimper or Wheeler?” “Neither, silly, it was Outram” was the rejoinder.

Plus doucement on monte
Plus vite on arrive au sommet

About this time I appear to have stubbed my toe—tripped and found

myself saluting mother earth muttering some French of my own, however Martha vouches for the correctness of the above.

“The will—the muscles and the intellect” quoted Martha, “these are the essential attributes of a successful mountaineer.”

The first carried me safely to the fossil bed without difficulty and the muscles were holding out fine, thanks to Martha’s rhythmical pace. It was too early in the day to decide how much of the latter quality I possessed.

My attention was diverted to Rudolfe who had forged ahead and was digging with his ice-axe in the broken shale, examining and discarding his findings. When we reached him he appeared to have a number of fossils displayed on a rock—curious sort of beasts they must have been when alive. They had the appearance of a glorified “wood louse.”

I received something of a jolt when Martha exclaimed “Here are your trilobites of the Cambrian age. Better take some as Souvenirs. Wolcott tells you all about them in the Alpine Club Journal.”

We rested and took some lunch while Martha enlarged upon the points of interest. There was a valley below—a long way below, and two bands of steel barely discernible with the help of binoculars. Mt. Dennis on our left (I had heard the name before somewhere and wondered if it had any association with Dennis’ Scouts of N.W. Rebellion fame.)

Looking up at the mass of rock I suddenly felt chilly about the nether extremities, and a little more so when Rudolfe proceeded to unravel a rope he had packed along.

Apparently my place as the “unknown quantity” was still to be at the end of the “string” and so we were off again—not straight up but round the corner. Apparently you never approach by the front door, always go round to the side entrance. In fact we appeared to be always going up “round corners.”

It was weird in the extreme—the corners we took and the rocks we scaled. In fact I very soon found the

job so interesting I lost all sense of the consequence of failing to hold on with my eyebrows and finger tips. The pace was slow and there was no conversation.

Martha was superb—never missed a step—she seemed to be as much at home on the rocks as a mountain goat.

It was then I realized apropos of mountaineering, something of the force of a statement I had read somewhere that "few sports, perhaps few pursuits, afford keener or more lasting enjoyment, or contribute more to the acquisition of self-reliance, patience, and self-restraint."

There was a steep gully on our right—as we rounded one corner—filled with snow and ice. Martha called this a "couloir." Rudolfe "butted in" about this stage by announcing we would probably have to negotiate this "couloir" on the way down. When I looked at the rock almost perpendicular on the other side I sought relief in the thought of the impossible.

A curious feature of climbing occurred to me during this part of the proceedings, viz. that when you look up you think it is only a short spasm before you actually stand on the summit. This thought spurs you on only to find another and possibly a dozen such stages in the climb have to be overcome. I agreed with Martha. Mountaineering is a grand thing to bring out the combative spirit and while viewing the distant scene to concentrate on one stage at a time.

We had been underway just about three hours since leaving the fossil bed when Rudolfe turned on the other side of a fissure in the rock over which we must pass and smilingly announced only a few more steps.

It was no trouble to Martha to get across, I developed however a certain lightheadedness and lack of volition at the prospect. Between them they got me over safely. It seems now (as un fait d'accompli) like teaching the young "kid" to jump and then the ceremony. Rudolfe stepped to one side, likewise Martha, and I was bidden to step up onto the summit between them.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men

Looked at each other with a wild surmise—

Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

"Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling" said Martha slightly enthusiastic.

"Isn't it" I replied, full of the fact that at last after all these years of probation I should be enrolled as a full-fledged member of the Alpine Club of Canada.

"Cortez has nothing on me" I announced, "nor does it matter in the slightest that others have been here and built their cairns long before you and I met."

"The Alps have been styled the playground of Europe," added Martha "but I love our Canadian Rockies in all their primitive grandeur."

I pulled out the old briar and proceeded to make my peace with Rudolfe who had lighted up and appeared rather bored with the whole business.

"What's the matter with you, Rudolfe" I cheerily ejaculated, "you don't look as though this was a day of real sport"

"What did you select this mountain for? I could have taken you on a good climb near Lake Louise—one of the Victoria peaks would have been interesting—this is too easy," he replied "I am what you call 'fed up' with this rock and I shall have to take you down another way or you'll think its a play for the children."

"Wait till we get him to the Mt. Assinaboine Camp" said Martha. "that's the place and we are going to have our reunion camp after the war there. Will you come?" she asked.

"Sure thing", I replied, delighted with the boomerang effect of this answer. "But I need an ice axe—must have one—don't feel properly equipped with this broom handle I'm carrying."

After about 15 minutes among the

clouds we began the descent—your newly fledged graduate leading.

Everything went tolerably well until we reached the rock overlooking the "couloir" before referred to. This was the "piece de resistance" according to Rudolfe (I have some sort of idea he staged this on purpose, the villain!)

He announced we must get down this rock about 40 feet of perpendicular onto the snow in the gully, which must be crossed. As Martha was there it was no use starting a row, especially as Rudolfe was above me.

I was told to hang on by my toes and finger tips, and test each hold before I placed my weight on it and so "over the top" I went.

It took me about 20 minutes to get down and if it had not been for Martha

or Rudolfe (I like to think it was perchance Martha) on the line, I should have landed on the snow and tobogganed down the gully in much less time, for about half way down the rock face I missed my hold somehow and for a minute or so the term "dependant" received its full significance.

However, "all's well that ends well," we crossed the snow by means of steps cut with Rudolfe's ice axe and in due course reached the shale and fossil bed.

It was then I realized Martha's instructions about falling stones, and the fact that it is harder for the novice to get down than to climb up.

"It requires a good deal of practice to get down rapidly and safely" said Martha "try sideways down the shale and be sure of your foothold."

When we reached the fossil bed our rope was coiled and the descent made in extended order without difficulty.

I was conscious of the muscular exertion lately expended by the time we reached the crest of the wooded ridge and the pony trail.

Martha once more took the lead and showed me the "how" of the descent and it was not long before I had acquired the true form "by an effort of relaxation rather than of exertion" as Martha put it.

We arrived at the Hotel about half past six and after a bath and fresh clothing sat down to a good dinner.

I felt very much relieved when I found Martha had not taken my suggestion about packing the gun for those "trilobites" seriously. In fact she had happily treated the suggestion as quite a joke for me.

Consequently when the subject of our conversation turned onto the next Alpine Club Camp at Mt. Assiniboine, over a cigarette and coffee and Martha looking her best in a becoming gown with the bloom of health in her damask cheeks, rose from the table and demurely enquired whether I would be there! I could only answer "Sure thing" What else could I say?



"I missed my hold somehow and for a minute or so the term 'dependant' received its full significance."



At the Mercy of the Flames

EARL DALTON TIPPING



SHORTY took the official envelope handed him by the Postmistress and breaking the seal quickly scanned the contents, which ran as follows: "Your application for

for Forest Fire Ranger in District Number 8. has been accepted, with duties to commence on the 24th inst. You will make your headquarters with Ranger Brown; who has Dist. No. 9 situated west of yours. When ranging the unsettled portion of either district, think it advisable for you to travel together. Your instructions and supplies are being mailed under separate cover.—Yr's etc.,—Chief Fire Ranger."

Receiving the rest of his mail, including the package of supplies, he started for home.

On reaching his cabin, he at once busied himself preparing supper. Shorty being a bachelor in every sense of the word, was not afraid of his own cooking; though most of his friends hesitated to accept of his hospitality, when remembering their last encounter with his sourdough. Supper over Shorty opened his parcel of supplies, consisting of a canvas water pail, badge of Office and a map of his district, showing all timber berths with their numbers, the laws pertaining to Forest Fires, and the authority given all rangers in dealing with such matters; also special forms to be filled out when reporting fires of a serious nature, were enclosed with a stock of warning notices to be posted along trails and at camping places, and finally diary books to be filled in and sent to the Chief Ranger monthly.

He had planned, to start next morning for headquarters, a distance of forty miles, allowing two days for the trip; so commenced putting necessary articles in his pack-sack. This job completed, he sought his feathers and was soon in the land of dreams.

At the break of dawn, Shorty

jumped to his feet: "An hour saved in the morning beats an hour's travel after dark!" he said to himself as he quickly dressed. Half an hour later, he was adjusting the shoulder straps of his pack, preparatory to his twenty mile hike of the first day.

The day was hot, and with each mile of his journey, that old pack-sack grew heavier; so it was with a sigh of relief that he chose his noon camp, on the bank of a small creek. Shorty had lived long enough in the timber country to take no chance with camp fires; so he built a small fire, and with his canvas bucket full of water, kept the ground wet all around it; then before leaving he poured water on the charred coals. The country was mostly heavy timber with an occasional break and clearing, where some hardy pioneer possessing more tenacity than his fellows, was endeavoring to make a home. For all that were within hailing distance, Shorty had some words of friendly greeting; though a stranger to most of them, they were in his district, and he realized it was his duty to his employers, to win the friendship and co-operation of these settlers in carrying out his duties, besides being of a cheery disposition, he couldn't help but make friends. As he plodded along he heard a rumbling of thunder in the south-west, and he then noticed heavy clouds banking up. "Unless I get under cover pretty soon, Shorty's going to get a wet hidel!" he said to himself. Big drops of rain were falling before he reached the next clearing. He saw a small cabin not much bigger than the log piles that surrounded it, lying some yards from the trail; so he quickly made a bee line for it.

On reaching the door, which was made of poles with a small light of glass set in for a window, he knocked; and heard a stirring inside, then saw two eyes looking out at him from the peephole window, the door then

opened and a rasping voice asked his business.

Shorty said, "Why I thought you might be able to put me up for the night, I would sure like to get in out of the rain!" "Well, I guess you can come in, but I tell you straight my friend, when I built this cabin I wasn't figurin' on housin' every stray "jigger" that happened along!" Shorty assured him he did not want to impose, and that as soon as the storm passed over, he would proceed on his journey. On finding that this objectionable, self-invited guest, would soon be on his way again, Old Hermit, (as Shorty had mentally christened him) grew quite affable, and as Shorty departed, told him to call in any time he was passing through.

On reaching the next cabin, he was more fortunate; the occupants, two old trappers, known throughout the settlement as George and Dick, understood hospitality to the last letter, and in Shorty's own words, "Used me like a Prince!" They told him that Fred Brown, (his ranger partner)

had gone up to headquarters the day before, and had told them he was expecting a new ranger in.

After spending a most enjoyable evening, listening to thrilling tales and adventures, Shorty was given a comfortable spring bed, which was considered a luxury by the average pioneer. Next morning he was wakened by the sizzling of ham and eggs. It was Dick's turn to cook, and Shorty never would tell just how many eggs he ate that morning. Before leaving he wanted to settle up for his night's stopping, and very nearly received the contents of the tea pot, for so grossly misunderstanding their hospitality: but on second consideration they thrust a noon lunch in his pack-sack instead.

About four-thirty he reached his head quarters cabin, built on the bank of Pine River, and there made the acquaintance of Fred Brown, his partner. Fred was a broad shouldered six-footer, possessing the prowess of an Indian in the woods, also being one of the oldest rangers in the service. Fred gave Shorty a hearty hand-shake and helped him off with his pack.

They planned to make a patrol next morning of the district west, it being totally unsettled. Fred had waited till Shorty's arrival before undertaking it. The following morning on finishing breakfast, they commenced getting together a five day's grub stake, depositing same in their pack-sacks, a pair of blankets each, and a small tarpaulin, to use as a shelter in case of rain. Then with their canvas buckets containing a supply of notices, and a hand axe each, they left the cabin, crossed the Pine River at a shallow rapid, taking the pack-trail west.

After Shorty had watched Fred reduce several notices that had been maliciously torn down he said, "Who the dickens has been through here? If I caught the fellow that had nothing better to do than mutilate these notices, I would surely put him over the road!" Fred laughed, "I'm afraid you would have a time taking him alive, this chap makes a trip through here about once a week, and by his track he is a brown nose of consider-



able size." Shorty exclaimed, "What! a bear?"

Fred nodded, "They keep me busy through this timber, I have to replace a notice or two every trip I make."

On reaching a small creek where the pack-trail crossed, they noticed the fresh tracks of an old bear and two cubs. Shorty gripped his hand axe more firmly, wishing inwardly he had brought his rifle. Noticing Fred's 38 cal' Colt swinging at his hip; found himself wondering, just what execution it would do at close quarters, and sincerely hoped Fred knew how to use it. Suddenly their trail emerged from the timber, and before them lay the valley of the Saskatchewan River.

From where they stood they could follow the course of the river for miles. On the opposite side, the country was one solid block of timber; pointing across, Fred said, "That is my district, and some country too, about thirty miles square! I have a small boat cached in that point of timber running down on this side; we'll give it a coat of pitch this afternoon and make across in the morning."

Ten minutes' walk brought them to the point indicated on the bank of the Saskatchewan. Under a nearby spruce a brush shelter had been built, walking over to it they threw down their packs. While Fred built a fire in front of the shelter, Shorty grabbed the tea pail and went to the river for water, singing, "Any old place I can hang my hat is home, sweet home to me!"

After having their lunch they went down to where Fred cached the boat; before reaching it they crossed an old cut line running through the end of the timber. Shorty stopped, "Say! I thought this country was unsurveyed." Fred turning said, "Oh! That is a timber berth line, this block is 1031, you'll see it marked on your map, you'll have to refer to it when you make out your diary tonight." Presently Fred stopped at a pile of brush, from one end protruded the bow of a boat turned bottom up. After removing the brush they built a small fire to melt the pot o.

pitch which Fred had concealed under the boat. This task completed and fire extinguished, they returned to camp. After supper Fred and Shorty lay beside the campfire filling in their diaries for the day, as follows:— date, weather conditions, direction of wind, (if any) route travelled, number of miles, small fires located, (large fires requiring special report), and finally remarks on country travelled through, quality of timber, and any suggestions. Presently Shorty let out a yell, "Where's my pipe? I can't stand this any longer!" Fred looked up questioningly.

"It's these blamed mosquitoes, they're eating me alive!"

Fred laughed, "It sure is a fright, how they get after some people more than others. We'll smudge the little suckers out" he said, as he threw a handful of wet leaves on the coals. Next morning while the sun was still quite low they again packed up, drenched their fire with several pails of water; then carrying their boat down to the river, were soon on the other side; after concealing it in the brush, they shouldered their packs and vanished into the heavy timber.



PART II.

Forty miles up the Saskatchewan stands the village of Amisk. Two of its prominent citizens had planned a two hundred mile boat trip down the Saskatchewan. The appointed day of departure had arrived, with a final "So long fellows!" to some chums on the shore, they shot out into the stream.

While Sportsman No. 1 seated in the bow of the boat, camera in hand, was actively engaged taking snapshots of the scenic grandeur as they floated with the current, Sportsman No. 2 leisurely kept the boat straight. They landed for their noon lunch on a small island covered with scrub willow and goose grass. Suddenly Sportsman No. 1 spied an old goose that had been feeding about fifty yards down the shore. Without a moment's hesitation he grabbed his rifle, took aim and fired. Sportsman No. 2 cried, "Good shot, you got him!"

On running up to secure his prize, he nearly stepped on a little yellow gosling that had concealed itself in the long grass, then he noticed others scurrying in every direction. He picked up the old goose, remarking to himself. "It's a darned shame but they're not protected anyway."

Throughout the afternoon they ran some rather bad rapids, but were able by skilled paddling to skirt the shore, avoiding the worst places.

About the time they figured on stopping for the night they saw a big notice, nailed to a spruce tree on the shore, and being curious to see what it was, they landed. Sportsman No. 1 walked over to it and read Warning to campers. Be careful with fires, etc., and at the bottom was signed Fred Brown Ranger.

On returning to his chum he said, "It's just one of those Fire Ranger signs! I wouldn't mind landing a soft job like that myself, with nothing to do but scatter those things through the country, where few people ever see them."

As soon as their tent was pitched, they got supper, and then spent the rest of the evening at target practice, using the fire notice as a target; when

too dark for this amusement they returned to their camp, talked for a while and then rolled in.

The next morning they continued their journey, and after travelling several miles Sportsman No. 1 said, "Say! I wonder if that camp fire of ours is out? I was going to put some water on it but I forgot." Sportsman No. 2 replied "Oh well, if she does start up I guess the fire won't reach us." So they continued their journey.

* * * * *

Quoting an old saying, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," can be strongly applied to the above conditions, for had these would-be Sportsmen taken the simple precaution of throwing water on their fire before departure, they would have avoided the heavy penalty which followed. Had they thought of their fire, it is doubtful if they would have taken the trouble to carry water to it, as to all appearances it had burnt out; but the dry peaty substance beneath the green moss was very much alive, and the night of the day of their departure, saw a vast change in this fine strip of timber.—

It was the evening of the second day before Shorty and Fred emerged from the timber on the other side of the river and saw the black smoke rolling up.

Fred let out an exclamation. "Suffering Cats! Shorty, that can't be from our fire, I'll swear it was dead out!" They quickly launched their boat, and on reaching the other side, were soon put at ease; there being no wind, the fire had not yet reached their shelter camp, a low wet draw preventing it from running in that direction, but in the other direction it had covered several acres, but was checked by a creek.

On passing the fire notice he had put up a few days before, Fred noticed the bullet holes, then he spied a fresh blaze on a green poplar that the fire had burnt all around. Walking over to it he laughed, "The fools!" and taking out his note book he copied—C. J. and R. J. Amisk. Then leaving their packs on the gravel by the water's edge, they worked frantically for three hours, trying to

prevent the fire from jumping the creek. To make matters worse a strong wind had sprung up, making the work doubly dangerous owing to falling trees.

Finally Fred called to Shorty and they both ran for the river, nearly blinded with smoke. "It's no use Shorty, we have got to get help; I think I'll hit for the settlement; there sure is no time to loose!" But Shorty protested, "Great Scot, Fred!" You can't travel all night after the hard day we have just had; personally I'm near all in, but Fred replied "Old Man, that timber berth is at stake, and it's timber like that we are paid to guard. You stay and in the morning do what you can to check it from crossing that creek. You can look for me about noon; I'll just take a chunk of this bannock and eat it as I travel. And remember, keep a sharp lookout for falling trees;" with this final remark Fred struck off.

Shorty sat for a few minutes pondering the situation, he realized that Fred had chosen the only course. Although he was aching in every bone from the strenuous trip and the climax of fire fighting, he could not keep still, so decided to walk down the shore a short distance to ascertain how far the fire had travelled in that direction. To the west was the last trace of the setting sun, but the eastern sky was illuminated by the blazing inferno. It was Shorty's first experience with a forest fire and the horror of it made him shudder. At intervals there would be a loud crash of some giant spruce or pine whose roots had burnt through, causing it to fall into the burning undergrowth.

Shorty had walked some distance beyond the fire and was on the point of turning back, when he heard a crackling in the timber to his right. He stood in the shelter of a driftwood jam, wondering what new danger was about to confront him, when presently out trotted an old cow moose with two young calves following closely behind; they passed within fifty yards of him, making for the river, he watched them enter the swift water, the little fellows close to the

old one, keeping on the lower side so that the main force of the current did not strike them. Shorty watched them land on the opposite shore and disappear in the forest to seek safer quarters. He then strolled back to the boat, where he spread out his blankets, intending to secure a little sleep as he knew the morrow would be a long and strenuous one. With the first grey streaks of dawn, Shorty rolled out, prepared a hurried breakfast; then with his axe and bucket, he struck out for the green timber along the creek which Fred told him to guard. On reaching the creek he glanced at his watch, it was 4.20. He could not look for Fred for at least eight hours.

If it remained calm he would have some chance of checking the flames, but in all probability the wind would spring up soon after sun-rise. So he worked hard chopping up smouldering logs, then drenching them with water. The fire was burning slowly in the green moss to a depth of nearly a foot. In several places the fire had started up across the creek, and it was here that Shorty devoted all his energy.

He had been working for over an hour, when the first gust of wind sprang up; this soon caused the smouldering logs to burst into flames. Suddenly he heard a dull roar, then a snapping and crashing of trees falling. He had over three hundred yards to go before getting out of the timber. He dropped his pail and axe, and raced madly for the opening, where he had come in.

He had not gone one hundred yards when the hurricane was upon him. The smoke and dust was blinding; a giant spruce came crashing down across his path not twenty feet in front of him; trees were falling in every direction.

He scrawled through the branches of the big spruce, only going a short distance when something struck him and down he went. When he opened his eyes he was lying on his back, and on moving was seized with a violent pain in his side. He glanced around to see what had hit him, within hands reach lay a big poplar

with huge branches, one of these had evidently struck him.

He again tried to rise but the piercing pain in his side caused him to fall back with a groan.

With his left hand he felt his right side. "I guess I've got two or three ribs broken." Then the horror of his situation dawned upon him.

"Good Heavens! Will I have to lie here and be burnt alive?" The very thought of it caused beads of perspiration to trickle down his face. He gritted his teeth and with a superhuman effort gained a sitting position.

He heard a crackling roar to one side and glanced feebly around, to see angry tongues of flame racing up a large spruce, leaving the tree a black skeleton form.

The wind that again died down, leaving the air a dull murky calm. The sun shone red through the dense columns of smoke rolling skyward. The fire was about one hundred and fifty yards from where he lay. "I wonder how long it will take to reach me," he thought as he gazed around in despair.

He remembered that in the opposite direction about the same distance, he had crossed a low moist draw that morning; if he could only reach that, he might hold out till Fred's arrival. He started to crawl but with every movement the pain was excruciating; presently everything went black and he remembered no more.

Away back on the trail, still some miles from the fire came Fred and his gang of eight hardy woodsmen,

swinging along at that steady untiring gait, so common among men of the forest. The wind had again sprung up, but from a different quarter, which would help them greatly in checking the fire. On reaching the River, Fred proceeded at once to the boat in search of Shorty, but not finding him there, he entered the timber, calling occasionally, as he travelled along. He was surprised to see the distance the fire had travelled in his absence.

After calling several times and receiving no reply, a sickening fear seized him. At that moment the rest of the gang came up, as they too, on hearing Fred's calls with no response, realized something was wrong.

They spread out and travelled parallel with the fire. Presently they came upon his prostrate form, not thirty feet from the blazing mass. On running up they were relieved to hear him make some incoherent remark.

As they carried him out to safety, one of the boys turned to Fred and said. "The wind changing, was the only thing that saved him from being burnt to death. What do you think happened to him?" Fred shook his head. "He was either struck by a tree or overcome by the heat, we can't do much till he comes round." On reaching the boat they laid Shorty on his blankets, then proceeded with every means available to revive him.

Presently he feebly asked where he was and what had happened? Then by degrees it came back to him, and he related to Fred his horrible experience.

The next morning two of the men volunteered to take Shorty down the Saskatchewan by boat to Edmonton; that being the easiest and quickest way to reach medical help.

After their departure Fred and the other six worked for hours, carrying water and shovelling moist earth on the burning logs. Early in the afternoon they noticed heavy clouds banking up in the west, and before night a drizzling rain commenced to fall.



That evening they built a shelter with some of their blankets, and though far from comfortable in their huddled quarters, congratulated themselves on getting rain at such an opportune time.

Two days later saw the last remnants of the fire extinguished. Fred let the men return to their homes, and then spent a day cruising the burnt area, to ascertain the extent of damage done; taking note of the size and quality of the timber destroyed, as it would be necessary for him to send a full report, accompanied by a map of the burnt territory to his chief. On completing this work he returned to his headquarters, and was surprised to find a new man there; who had been sent out temporarily, or until Shorty was strong enough to continue his duties.

He told of Shorty's safe arrival in Edmonton, and that the Doctor reported two ribs broken, but it would not be very long before he would be as fit as ever. He also had a letter for Fred, from the chief, telling him to start for Edmonton at once.

On hearing of Shorty's accident and arrival in Edmonton, the Chief motored to the hospital, and while there learned from Shorty how the fire originated; but he waited for Fred's report before taking any action.

Considering the damage and loss caused by their carelessness the sportsmen from Amisk received more leniency than was due them, but as the Chief said, "They owned up to it like men, and promised to be more careful in the future."

Nothing Doing

T. H. LITSTER

I camped on a far north river,
Where the sun was piping hot.
But I did not mind the scorching
It was such a lovely spot.

A Kingfisher was a-fishing,
And I had a hook and line,
While that master caught a whopper,
I just simply wasted time.

Well it may have been the ozone,
Or I was sick with the heat,
For I soon was sweetly dreaming,
And my dream was hard to beat.

I dreamed of a lovely garden
Where miskitters had no show,
Where skunks oozed atta-of-roses,
And the bull-frogs warbled low.

All the fire-flies wore dark lanterns,
Here the June-bugs looked like stars,
The butterflies all leaked butter,
And the moon made love to Mars.

The cows in this ancient garden
Gave lovely certified milk,
Hens laid an egg every minute,
And the pigs grew hair like silk.

Coal was delivered for nothing,
Sugar was had for a song,
High cost of living had vanished,
Butter was cheaper—though strong.

Movies were free in the evening,
Churches were open all day,
Street car conductors were civil,
No one had taxes to pay.

* * * *

Moral.

Don't fish in the glaring sunlight,
It's not a wise thing to do,
Fish, when asleep on the bottom,
Sure make a sucker of you.



Yellow Jacket

H. C. HADDON



WITH the changing of the moon the frosts that had held the spring growth in bondage gave place to nights that whispered with the caressing Chinook. Early morning found the herbage wet with heavy dews, where a week ago each spray or twig or leaf was silver white with frost. And by day, gaining new strength with every hour, the sun rode across the sky as befits the conqueror who has banished the domination of winter. No pale watery orb now, with its weak colourless rays, but a living ball of fire that shed its pleasant warmth over thicket and glade, calling the world back to life with all the eager impetuosity of a lover.

With the warmth of the sunshine the signal for which they had been waiting, the woods were suddenly full of living things. Spiders spun their first webs with their eyes still heavy with their long winter's sleep. Mosquitos, large and harmless, sunned themselves or hovered and danced lazily beneath some spreading tree. Chipmunks dug themselves out and scampered and played and chattered, all the world their oyster, and all the long days of summer theirs for the enjoyment. The robins returned from wintering in the south, and scolded and chattered at the damage done to their last year's nests by the snows of winter.

From under the protection of a slab of cedar half curled back from the parent tree, a big queen wasp came out as the spring warmth penetrated to her winter's quarters. At first, heavy with sleep, and with blood and brain and body still dormant from her hibernation she did little more than creep out far enough to drowse in the sunlight. Here, away from the shadows, the sunshine found her, with its magic working warmth, and under its life giving influence the queen wasp shook off

the stupor of her drowsiness, crawling round gratefully as she felt her dormant powers returning to her.

Then, with the characteristic clearness of all insects, she worked her whole body over, running legs and antennae through her mandibles until they were spotlessly clean, and burnishing up the plates of her body until they shone.

So, fresh and clean at the threshold of the new season, the queen wasp was seized with a sudden impatience. Her nuptials had taken place in the golden haze of the autumn and her body was vibrant now with the potential life that awaited its chance to come into existence. Because the world had been made and some thousands of centuries rolled by just for this very purpose, the queen wasp was now chiefly concerned with finding a spot suitable for the founding of her kingdom.

At first, heavy and uncertain, she buzzed round clumsily, and a whistling chickadee that made a rush at her nearly closed her career. But the first hour or two brought strength and speed, and the next few days the queen wasp spent in locating a suitable site for her nest. Under a pile of rocks torn up by the roots of a falling tree she eventually found the very spot for which she had been searching. A squirrel or chipmunk had dug in to hide a cheekful of pine seeds, and this and the natural cavity of the rocks gave her all the room she required.

Followed now days of feverish work, many and many a journey out with particles of dirt that distressed her, and then, once the interior was to her liking, the ceaseless carrying in of the material for the nest. An old cedar, broken off and weather beaten, and now in the desired state of decay furnished her with all the building material she required. This, with her powerful jaws, she tore off and masticated, mixing it with the copious saliva of her mouth until she had worked it up into a pulp.

Then, with this little pellet, this tiny infinitesimal link in the chain, she flew off to her chosen site, returning after a minute or so for another and another and another all through the long hours of the day.

A long yellow root of Oregon grape, twisting and groping its way among the rocks furnished her with a safe foundation. Here, pellet after pellet she brought her paper pulp, moulding it and welding it into every crack and crevice till finally she completed the stalk from which the nest would eventually hang.

Not all at once was it accomplished, for as yet she had no workers to labour for her; nor were the days and nights free from danger. Several times she was chased by birds, for being very much bigger than the ordinary wasp she offered a tempting black and yellow banded body to hungry eyes always on the lookout for such a satisfying meal.

Once, swerving under a big broad-leaved thimbleberry to escape just such a danger she ran full tilt into a big spider's web, and only tore herself free in time, for the spider made a rush at her as she fell through into safety. The sticky strands of the web clung to her, requiring minutes of her precious time before she had cleaned herself again. And over all, from day to day, the feverish rush, the urgent need of haste to get her nest started and the cells built and filled with their eggs before her powers of paper making should fail her.

At the end of a week the nest gradually began to take shape. Not the rounded finished structure of later summer, but inverted, saucer-like, with shallow cells, each now with the precious egg glued firmly in one corner.

With so much accomplished came no relaxation of her efforts. The cells, that had first been mere shallow ridges, were built up till they were large enough to hold the full grown grubs, and, as soon as they were completed fresh ones were begun, and the outer wall of the nest continued as the need arose.

In addition to this the earlier laid

eggs had already hatched out, and the grubs had to be fed constantly, and this duty also fell to the queen.

Three weeks from the laying of the first eggs, and the first newly emerged wasps began to appear. Weak and pale and shaky at first, they rested a day or two before leaving the nest and assuming the duties of citizenship. Now, with the population of her kingdom increasing daily the queen wasp rested from her labours.

Well it was so, for as far as paper making was concerned her powers were exhausted. The new arrivals, the sexless imperfectly developed workers, devoted all their time and powers to the enlargement of the nest. Cell after cell, layer after layer, each day found it increasing, and, as each cell was completed the queen mother glued in one corner her oval shaped egg, one to each cell.

So day after day slipped by, forming themselves into the weeks that marked the passing of spring and the advent of summer, with its months of plenty. July found a very different nest from the one the queen had laboured so hard over in the early days of its existence. The first layer of cells was by now cut out and removed, and the resulting space was used as a shelter by the wasps during the night or in wet weather. Also the whole nest had been greatly added to and contained five full combs and a smaller sixth one at the bottom.

In these cells were wasps in every stage of their development. As each cell became vacant it was cleaned out, and here the queen deposited another egg. In a few days it hatched out into a ravenous voracious grub, and was fed by one of the many workers—though always the older ones.

The younger wasps always devote their full energies to paper making, to the increasing and repairing of the nest. For one peculiarity of the nest is that it is never finished. It is always growing, day after day, always preserving its round shape by a larger outer layer being added to it. As this outer layer is added the smaller inner one, its period of usefulness over, is removed

and carried out, to be discarded, for the wasps rarely ever remake their old paper pulp. By the end of the season the stalk from which the nest hangs is probably the only original part remaining of the queen's first labours, all the rest having been rebuilt from two to ten times.

For this reason the nest is always in process of construction, the inner layers of the walls being cut away and replaced with combs and cells as the demands for space increase.

With this ever present construction work large numbers of the wasps are employed solely in paper making, but their powers are limited, and three weeks usually finds them fit only for the menial work of the nest, the feeding and caring for the grubs and the cleaning of the cells, their place in the paper making and building being taken by the ever increasing younger generation.

Then, too, with the growth in size of the nest, came the necessity of also enlarging the surroundings. Grain by grain, a task of huge magnitude, the loose earth was carried out and deposited at some distance from the nest. The larger stones or pieces of fibre of course could not be moved, but a tremendous amount of loose soil was carried out, day after day, week after week.

Stand here behind a stump, where the wasps will not see you. The tall fronds of the bracken are motionless, for there is no breeze to stir them. The broad thimbleberry leaves droop, wilting in the fierce heat. The birds are silent, till the long shadows of the twilight and the cool of the evening bring relief. All Nature seems sleeping, resting.

In the city of the wasps, even in the fierce noon day hours, all is bustle and activity. Dropping down out of a clear sky, a wasp alights at the mouth of the nest and crawls in and disappears, followed by another and another, each one laden with its burden.

Of all the rows of cells probably half contain grubs of various sizes, and these are fed, all through the day, on grubs and flies and the softer parts of insects. A horse fly alights

on your hand and you brush it off. Almost before it has reached the ground a wasp that was crawling among some dead sticks finds it and seizes it. A single bite with those terrible jaws and the fly is dead. Another couple of bites, and the two wings are severed. Taking a firm hold the wasp rises heavily with its burden, swings round to get its bearings and then drops at the mouth of the nest and disappears inside.

Each wasp grub is fed in its cell for from ten to fourteen days. At the end of that time it spins a silken web over the mouth of the cell, and here in the darkness occurs the wonderful metamorphosis from helpless white grub to full grown wasp with wings and sting. And almost as soon as the cell is empty it is cleaned out again and the queen deposits another egg there.

The cycle seems bewildering, endless. None of the wasps born now can breed, for they are only sexless workers, and must die with the first cold weather of the fall. From egg to full grown wasp occupies around twenty one days under favourable circumstances, and this all through the weeks of the summer, June, July, August, all springing from the one queen mother.

Occurs, of course, a constant wastage all the time. As they get older the wasps forsake their domestic duties and seek chiefly to gratify their own appetites. Watch them around the ripe fruit, or notice them cluster over a dead fish washed up on the lake shore, tearing out great chunks and bolting them ravenously: or see them, as you can sometimes, lying stupified with the nectar of flowers that have proved too alluring.

A sudden thunder shower kills great numbers. Caught away from the nest, as they attempt to return the great rain drops hit them, crumpling them up in their flight before they can reach shelter. And darting bird or rustling field mouse each take their toll from the legions of the kingdom.

With the passing of the peak of the summer a series of larger cells were built, and here the queen laid the

eggs for which the nest had originally been founded. No imperfectly formed workers, now, but the blue-blooded princes and princesses that would carry on the future of the species.

As the smaller wasps hatched out their cells were not refilled, and, as far as loyal subjects were concerned the kingdom had reached the limit of its population. All its energies were now directed to the rearing and feeding of the royal babies that began to appear, princesses that next spring would become the queen mothers of their future colonies, if the rigors of the winter passed them by unharmed, and the drones, the prince consorts with their few short workless days and their brief hour of love.

For unlike the bees, the appearance of the new queens among the wasps is not the signal for a swarming, an exodus to pastures new. All the hurry and bustle of the spring is to get the nest started and a kingdom under way, that there may be subjects, workers and helpers, builders and nurses for the real reason for the nest's existence, the rearing of the royal brood.

So, as the weeks sped by these young queens began to appear, larger than the workers and larger than the drones that were maturing at the same time, and with whom they mated. As for the drones, they lived only a few short weeks and then, their mission in life fulfilled they died off.

With the gradual displacing of summer by autumn, the relentless fingers of decay started to undermine the foundations of the kingdom. The nights grew colder, and the mornings, dew soaked and silent, brought a torpor that lasted until the sun revived them. A wet spell lasting a week spelt the doom of the kingdom. With no food stored up inside their paper walls starvation began to take its toll. Imprisoned by the bad weather, sluggish and weakened from the cold, the wasps huddled together for warmth, or died off daily in their tens and hundreds.

No concern now for the grubs still growing in their cells. Princess and commoner alike, they were rudely pulled from their cells and dragged outside, with no escape from their inexorable destiny. The queen mother was already dead. Those of the princesses that had matured and mated, disappeared to find some crevice where the winds (dread winds that hint of snow already on the summits) could not find them nor the cold reach them.

With the clearing of the rain came sunny weather again, the magic of Indian summer that seems to deny the possibility of Winter or of Death—only a sleep and the world is green again—so—for Youth is Eternal.

The returning warmth brought back activity to the wasp's nest, and the senseless, aimless turmoil of a country without a ruler. Many had died off with the cold, others were numb and sleepy, others, the youngest and strongest, still retained much of their former energy.

Nosing round, always hungry since his mother had forsaken him, the black bear cub was attracted by the dull buzzing under the upturned stump. Somewhere back in the dim recesses of his mind lurked the memory of a wild bee's nest that his mother had dug out, and the wonder and the sweetness of the honey. A few desultory scratches uncovered the nest, but to his eager nose came no honey-scent. Instead, enraged and alarmed, the wasps swarmed all over him, stinging and jabbing viciously. Those that got among his thick fur did not bother him, but a few found his tender nose and eyes, and the cub, not quite understanding, decided that he had no further interest in the nest. That night when he made his toilet he found some of the wasps, buzzing stupidly, still enmeshed in his fur.

The next morning when we found the nest the cold of the night had completed the process of extermination. My Beautiful Companion was impatient at the delay, and pouting in her own adorable way she said: "I want to go fishing."

"This beats fishing" I told her, "Look at the wonderful symmetry of the cells, all built by mere silly insects. Think of the work and hopes—" And at this my Beautiful

Companion threw up her hands in mock surrender and said "Kamerad. Spare me. Silly insects is right, Kamerad." So of course we went fishing.

Was Isaac Right?

ROBERT E. HEWES



It was old Isaac Walton of venerable memory who termed fishing "the gentle art of angling" and though be it far from us to dispute Isaac's word, it is interesting mayhap, instructive—even as the pleasant pastime of chasing mind circles in the pursuit of the elusive fourth dimension—to study and speculate upon the facts in the case, and delve into the deeper and more subtle reasons for Isaac's affirmation. An art, we are told by that other time-tried authority, Noah Webster, is—in his own reputed words—"Skill, dexterity, or the power of performing certain actions." Taking both gentlemen at their word we can not refrain, in a frivolous moment, to follow the peculiar American tendency to think for ourselves, having never had a Kaiser to think for us. And in the course of our thoughts let us digress upon the case of one of Isaac's devotees from the time of the inception of the germ until the time of the full development of the—but, we almost said what we thought.

The first symptoms, strange as it may seem, are evident in the mid-winter months, when the streams where the finny tribe lurk are frozen and bleak. They are recognized in the mild and apparently harmless pastime of turning the pages of a fishing tackle catalogue, which the wily manufacturers have timed to arrive at the period when an evening by the fireside with the soft and almost imperceptible influence of a pipe, lends added potency to the inoculation. This stage usually

lasts for several weeks, and results in a marked ability to recite the contents of the catalogue from heart to friends, and an inclination to discuss the relative merits and demerits of Kirby and Carlise hooks. The initial inoculation is followed by trips to the attic and several evenings of rummaging over knotted lines, and dull hooks, and rusty reels. The next stage is less extensive but more deadly, it indicates that the case is hopeless. It is the filling out of the order blank that the manufacturers have designingly placed in the back of the catalogue where it persistently and insidiously confronts the helpless devotee at the moment when his mind is filled with pictures of shiny red floats and glistening hooks and—but at this stage the manufacturers' responsibility ceases, his part has been played.

In the next stage the scene changes from a domestic to a business one. We find our—shall we say patient or victim?—in his office. He stops dictating in the midst of a letter and stares off into space. Wonderful visions open before him, an invisible irresistible something tugs at him, his blood stirs uneasily and impatiently, he sees, ah, he actually feels the lake breezes: And the stenographer smiles and wonders if anyone will ever think of her that way. Then the telephone jangles, the rustle of green leaves turns to the whir of the electric fan, our devotee pulls himself together with a start realizing that the stenographer is hesitating over the word fish, when the letter concerns bonds—and he sends the girl back to her typewriter with a

feeling that after all he is not so romantic, *fish!*

From this time on the symptoms become acute and a fully developed case rapidly results from the—but, we didn't say it, did we?

The crisis occurs about mid-summer, and it causes the breaking of business, domestic and all other relations, and results in a hitherto perfectly immaculate business man being found lolling on the bank of a stream dressed in faded old overalls, a ragged straw hat, a swimming shirt; drowsing half in the shade while a broiling sun toasts bare feet to a ripe red, with a neck rendered uneven by welts from innumerable mosquito bites, while a pole lays nearby attached to which is a slack, unoccupied line to which is attached

a float that drifts unresponsively in the lazy current. The crisis is usually passed in about two weeks, a little sooner or later, according to the case being a mild or strong one. It's antidote is usually to be found in certain shiny, flipping fishes. Little fellows who become discouraged at the task ascribed them and almost shrivel up and become lost in the lard of a frying pan, but which grow marvellously, unbelievably, back in the city. For there we will again find our devotee, the crisis passed, cured, not permanently—such is unknown—but for a period of months, of the, yes, having presented our case and apologized for presuming to doubt anything anybody said, we will say what we think and ask: Is fishing an art, or is it an affection?

To An Old Canoe

H. LOUIS RAYBOLD



On, ever onward, through blue slipping,
Bow on the beckoning trail,
Sped by the noiseless paddle, dipping, dipping,
Onward, past hill and vale;
Straight to the sky line, if the course be clear,
Or 'round each changing point, as it draws near;
This was your rightful life, your heritage inborn,
Avoyaging to go—
Ah, many a star we've watched grow pale and many a morn
In radiant colors glow!

Frail though your frame, you stood me staunch and true,
Tried in the lashing storm;
Breasting the waves, you rode the whirlwind through,
Straining your slender form;
And oft, in moonlit path that pierced the sea,
You drank the witchery of night with me!
Far from the city's clamor, far from restless dreams
And hurried people's strife,
You gently took me to cool woods and singing streams,
The sweeter ways of life.

Yet must I leave you, by gray age o'er taken,
Bow in the pinetree's shade,
Spent with long years of service, travel shaken,
Broken your paddle blade:
And if some spring you feel the old time thrill,
Which subtly lures the spirit to its will,
And, on the season's flood embarked, you heed the call,
Once more adrift to go—
Fear not the rapids white—beyond each waterfall
Lie quiet pools below.

The Silver King

HARRY M. MOORE

Concluded

VIII.



THE next morning the least unexpected thing happened. Slim appeared on the scene.

"You did wrong in fighting us," he stated, right off the reel—"You should

have submitted to the will of our king who is of the Great Spirit. After a time, maybe, you would be let go—"

"Perhaps we were foolish," I assented—"But it is the nature of my people not to submit to anything if we can get out of it. What about these thongs?" I demanded—"Am I to be tied up like this until my limbs rot off with disuse?"

"That's what brought me here," he explained—"The Silver King has sent me to give you your liberty if you will promise not to try to escape. I'm your friend—but I am also his friend, because he is my king, because of Neebaw. What do you say? Our men are out and they have your rifles. You are unarmed—and we are more than you."

The thongs were cutting my wrists; my legs were cramped and stiff.

"I promise you, Slim, on one condition—that I shall not try to leave here until after I have met your king face to face and—"

Slim shrugged his shoulders indifferently. He couldn't have understood what I meant.

"Just as you please. For the present you will stay here and you must not, by order of the king, be with your friend under a very severe penalty which I cannot tell you. In a few days, you will be taken to the mines where the work will be made easy for you—"

I thought of the old fossil-faced tribune who was in charge there and I smiled with derision. I knew there would be nothing easy for a white man in that place. And I was not mistaken in the least as I afterwards found out.

A couple of days later while I was changing my clothes for a suit of fur a native brought me, I heard some one singing outside at the top of his voice.

"A-hunting we will go—"

"A-hunting we will go—o-o;"

I went to my window. Down past my hut came the hunting party with Slim at its head. And everybody was laughing at the boisterous Delray.

"Hello, Hunter, old top," he shouted as he was going by, and his words recalled me back to the station at North Bay one July day that seemed to have been so long ago—"Wonder you wouldn't come over and see a fellow once in awhile. Getting mighty

stuck up since you got the first degree. You'll be getting dispensation next, I suppose. Now be overly careful in the mines, old man, and don't ever try to get away with any of His Nibs' silver—plate, or I'm afraid he will beat you up in the court over yonder—”

They whirled him away and he continued to sing as loud as he could.

This incident was as good as a tonic to me, and I thanked the world for giving me such a pal. I wondered what promise he had given Slim before the latter liberated him. It was quite evident that we were never to be together again unless we were fortunate in securing our freedom, or had broken prison.

Another two days passed and then I was commanded to appear at the mines. It was early morning and about a week after sentence had been imposed on us. It was the first of October now and already the leaves were changing colour. There was a chilliness in the air, but as yet no frost.

The first tribune was my guide and as we trudged along he never spoke a word. I knew I could have broken his back and hid his body under a brush heap, but I had promised Slim that I would not try to escape, and Delray and I were not going to make any attempt to get away unless we went together.

There are no doubt many strange mines and peculiar ways of mining but I have never seen them. I'm not a miner, anyway. The mines of the Silver Nation must be the most peculiar of their kind. The idea, behind them, is in a class by itself. Not for profit were they worked, but because they gave employment to "men who were going down towards the sunset." Of course it was only co-operative policy of the Silver King which made such a thing possible.

Into a quarry in the hills and over to a hole frost which the charcoal smoke was pouring, we proceeded. Presently we went into this hole and mixed with a number of old men who, in the eerie darkness, looked like phantoms.

The rock was broken off the walls of this cave with heavy pointed timbers—timbers which took three men to lift. Others heaped charcoal into a hollow in the ground which was lined and covered with stones, and the ore was placed on top.

The immense heat caused the silver to run like lead into moulds—moulds made out of some substance that looked like baked clay. The hollows in these receptacles were brick-shaped and it was from them the bricks had been made for the narrow walk in the king's court.

In another place natives worked with huge blow pipes, into which air was pumped by bellows made out of moose hide and wood. These bellows—for there were more than one—sent a steady stream of fire into a vein in the side of the cave—a vein that could not be reached by the crude tools with which these natives worked.

They labored very slowly and they seldom spoke. Not a word of English passed their lips, and the majority were very old. The English language for the young; verily, you can't teach old dogs tricks.

They paid little or no attention to me, as directed by the tribune I turned in to help on the pry.

Along about noon we stopped work and ate, then after a short interval began again.

No one was ever injured—no one quarrelled. We were a happy family but for the tribune. He it was who put the heaviest of this heavy labour on me and I'll never forgive him for it.

Towards night candles were lighted. But still we toiled. At quitting time we had made but ten bricks and these were stored away with about a hundred others in a small hole off the place where we worked.

The only thing I never found out and that was where the natives' ornaments were made. I fancy that the king was the artisan and that this work was done at his palace.

I ate supper in my hut and it must have been after seven.

As mining went on in the winter just as it did in the summer, that

was the daily routine for month after month. There was little change in their demeanor to me; except that they seemed to have a wholesome respect for my hands. Perhaps some of the scars on their faces were of my doing that memorable day in the king's court.

If hadn't seen Delray for a long time, but I heard his voice often. Slim carried messages between us and in this way we kept up our acquaintance. I remember one night in mid-winter Delray sent Slim over for his bottle of medicine which had remained untouched in his pack. I was sorry afterwards that I sent it to him, for some time later, I heard a commotion and upon opening my door, I saw a crowd around the hut of the third tribune. In the centre was Delray, drunk or only pretending, and he was declaring at the top of his voice that he could "lick the whole outfit." It was all several of them could do to store him away, and Slim, who came in later, declared that in his humble opinion "the white man's medicine" was no good.

During these winter months I saw The Silver King but three times—when he visited the mines—and never at any one of these times did he appear to notice me at all. The second tribune always accompanied him on these visits and he seemed to carry a chip on his shoulder for me. Had I the chance I would have been at that worthy's throat but—

One day in every seven we rested. On that occasion I slept or sat by the window and watched the natives drawing wood with their deer which were hitched to peculiar-shaped sleighs—not unlike the "jumpers" of the settlers of the backwoods.

Spring came without any untoward happening, and the first warm rays of the sun brought back the birds and the desire for freedom. I envied my feathered friends as they chirped in the trees around the mines, and the more I envied them, the more anxious I was to get away.

According to hints that Slim let fall, Delray was also "champing

at the bit." Our rifles, though, were in the hands of the hunting party, and the small quantity of ammunition in our belts must have long since been exhausted.

In my eye, though, there was the vision of a modern rifle which hung from a reindeer's antlers back of the throne of the Silver King. I knew that the cartridge belt must not be very far away, and there was a possibility of it containing a few shells—even after twelve years. With that vision in my eye, I worked day in and day out thinking of a plan to escape.

Oh, if I could but see Delray for a minute—one minute would have done!

1A

The season had advanced until everything was at its best. Delray was working with the natives in the fields among the corn. They had a respect for him that was akin to worship, yet all the while he was amusing them, he was, like myself, planning towards a meeting—a meeting to unfold a way to foil our captors.

Now, I was laboring under two desires. A desire to be free and a crazy desire to meet the king and with bodies stripped to the waist to punish him for the wrongs he had done us. There was more to this crazy desire of mine—I wanted to try to pound some sense into his head that he was no other than Norman Lambert, who had a sister in Montreal, and a million dollars of an accumulation in a big manufacturing industry.

But if I escaped, I wouldn't meet the king. That rifle hanging up there on those horns once again came into my thoughts. Supposing when I was stealing it—or rather, "we" were stealing it, for Delray must be with me, or I wouldn't move a step—that the Silver King appeared on the scene.—The more I thought about it, the more that vision enamored me. It suited me to a T. Already I could picture Delray with set face guarding the door.

But what about the second tribune who always guarded his Majesty?

My air castles vanished—I was stumped. It could never be done unless—unless something should happen that would take the tribune elsewhere. But how could I, a prisoner, make such a contingency possible? The human mind is capable of anything, but it remains for fate to clear the way where even courage fears to tread.

It was little Neebaw, the king's daughter, who running away one evening, came to my hut for refuge from those who searched for her, that told me that the second tribune had gone out to meet Black Bear, an Indian chief, to trade silver with him for powder and shot. She said that this was done every summer and the meeting always took place miles and miles away. The tribune always walked on these occasions so that no one could trail him in and he would be gone several days.

I blessed that little child and sent her away. I was afraid her father might find out that she had been to my hut and had been telling me something that she shouldn't have told.

For a while I sat and studied the thing and then I evolved a plan of proceedings that I felt sure was well worth trying.

Slim always called just before midnight. When he came in that night I was pretending to be dreadfully sick, and that I was going to die.

"Slim, my friend," I mumbled—"Give me your hand—you have been the truest of friends to me. I'm sick—sick—sick." I groaned and rolled on my bunk. "I'm going to die, Slim, and it is a dying man's request I would ask you—will you bring Delray here, that I may press his hand before I pass out!"

The third tribune stood and watched me. There was a cloud on his face. There was a battle going on behind his brows.

"It is against the king's orders," he said, finally.

"But he can't know—he doesn't know—that I am dying," I wailed.

"It is hard—hard—hard," he returned.

Then his face softened and a light came into his eyes. In the meantime I was trying all the ways of dying that I had ever heard tell of. Come to think of it, now, it is a wonder my exertions didn't kill me—but then you must remember I was desperate.

"Hunter," he said, taking my hand, and pressing his fingers to his lips for silence—"Delray shall come, but no one must know. After, I shall send the man with the medicines that you may live—"

"God bless you" I spluttered—"You are worthy of such a beautiful girl as Neebaw, and if I have anything—(groan) to say about it, providing I get over this (another groan), you shall marry her and I shall attend the wedding—"

He dropped to his knees, kissed my hands and confided me into the keeping of the Great Spirit, and then he went away. I could feel it in my bones that the sun of freedom was peeking over the future's horizon for us.

Delray staggered in a little while later. Slim had gone for the medicine man. Under the paint on Delray's face his skin was white as paper. Even his whiskers looked grey.

"Good God, Hunter, if I'd only known this. Don't die, for heaven's sake, don't go, and leave me here alone—"

"Shut your blasted mouth," I commanded him—"And listen: Do you know anything of our rifles?"

He shook his head. He was himself again.

"God, what a scare you gave me—" he was puffing.

"Never mind that—we've got only a minute or two together. The second tribune has gone away—Neebaw told me—the king is alone—his rifle hangs back of the throne—his cartridges can't be very far away—meet me at two o'clock at the mines—"

"Capital!" he ejaculated—"But what if there isn't any cartridges?"

"Then we die like men—"

Steps sounded outside and I resumed my theatricals.

In came the herb doctor. Slim was at his heels.

Delray held my hands and he squeezed them lovingly.

"Don't die, Hunter, damn your old hide," he wiped imaginary tears out of his eyes—tears that he couldn't have found with a microscope.

Slim had a hard time tearing him away, then I drank a potion that tasted of winter-green and rain-water, closed my eyes and lay still. My doctor sat down on my bunk and I knew without looking that he was a trifle puzzled over my condition. After a while he, too, took his departure and I got up and prepared for a final leave-taking.

X.

It is hard to tell the time when you haven't got a watch. We had left our time-pieces at the camp down at the forks. I had to guess when it was two. When I thought they were all asleep, I slipped out and slunk through the darkness towards the mines. The night was pitch dark and the sky was star-bedecked.

That was a night of surprises and we ran into some things that we had never calculated beforehand.

Delray was waiting at the mines for me and he said his getaway had been very simple, but there was no telling what a minute or two might bring forth. Slim was snoring audibly when Delray left him. As a precautionary measure he had hidden the tribune's old musket.

We picked our steps from the mines towards the king's palace. We were stumbling and pitching along when all at once the dark outlines of a native appeared in our path.

Without a moment's hesitation we were on to him, and when we left him lying on a brush heap he was quite unconscious to what had befallen him.

We expected from this experience to meet more of their guards, but in that we were happily disappointed. Their picquets were few and far between, and I have a notion they were asleep on their job this time.

Making a long detour we approached the palace from the north side. A candle burned inside and a shaft

of light streamed through the open window into the night.

The low, ominous growl of a dog and our hearts stopped beating. We had forgotten all about these brutes that were tied up here and there throughout the village. It was Delray who settled that chap. Picking up a stone he boldly went in the direction from which the sound had come, and when he returned he was breathing heavily, but I knew there was one animal of the Silver Nation that would never bark again.

Without further obstruction we went along the walls of the palace and dodged inside. Then we closed the door and all the windows without making any noise whatever, and Delray was told off in a whisper to defend that front entrance with his life.

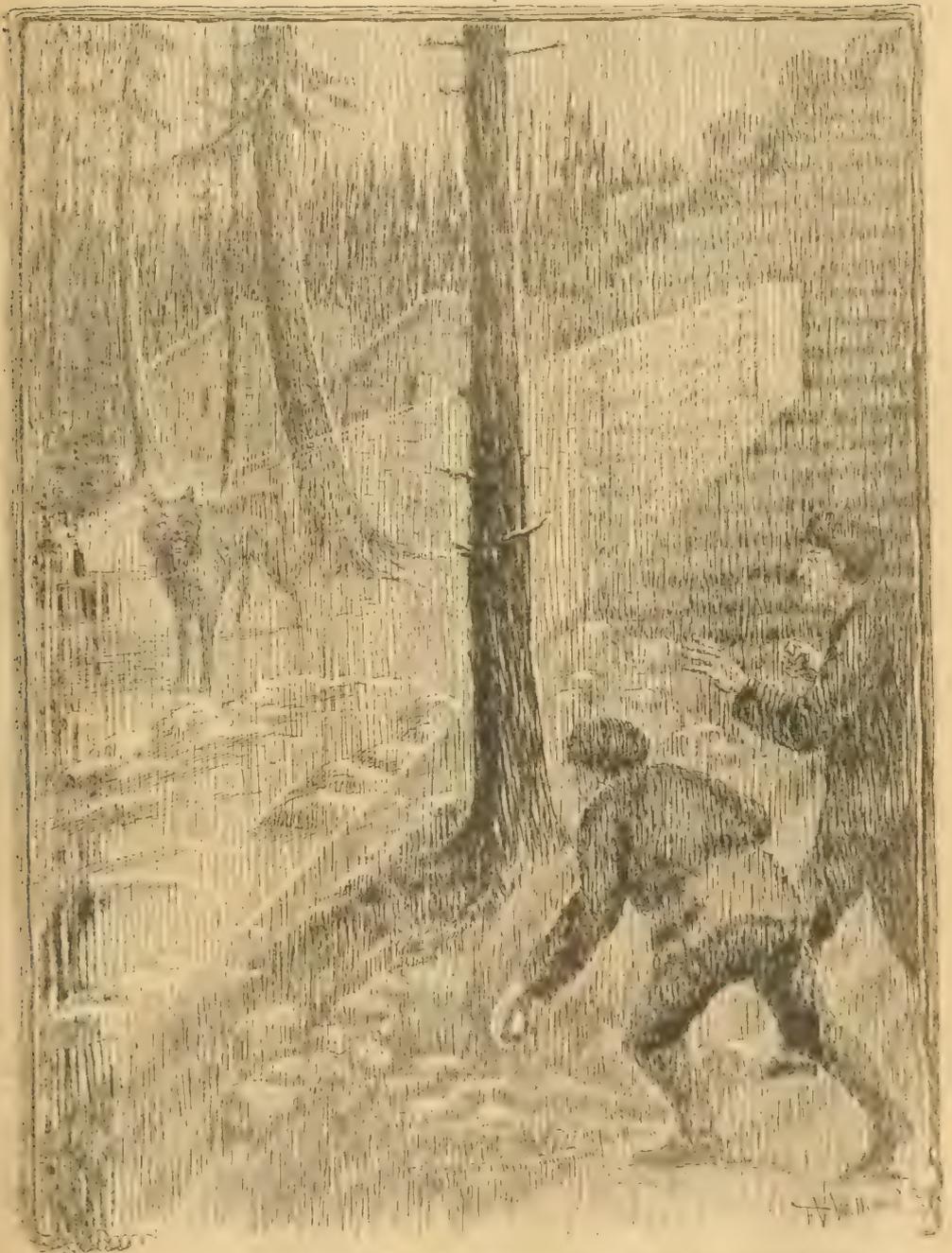
The stage all set, I went over to the throne and just as I did I heard loud, excited voices beyond the rear wall—the voices of two men.

But I had no time to listen to them. Every minute counted. I climbed up on the willow chair and just as I put all my weight on it, it broke down and throwing me outwards, I upset the throne of the Silver Nation. With a loud rattle those pieces of burnished silver went down the stone steps and before the echo had died away, in rushed the Silver King and—Slim. The third tribune had come to tell him of our escape.

Without a word, His Majesty stripped right before me. While he was in the act, I was able to see the bewilderment of Slim. He was absolutely powerless with surprise. Evidently he least of all expected to see us here. He exchanged glances with Delray and he did the same with me. I don't know what he did, for presently I had something to take up all my attention.

I pulled off the furs to my waist and the king and I faced each other—big men, muscular, bearded, painted and—white.

There was a do or die expression on his face: there was a desire to pound him to pulp in my heart by putting his hideous brand on me he had mortined me: by denying



"A candle inside and a shaft of light streamed through the open window."

that he was Norman Lambert, he had enraged me: I now knew I had him where there was a chance of getting even.

He was a very active man. I knocked him down and he bounded up just like a rubber ball. We clinched, he threw me, I rolled on top, and let him up.

He hit hard. He struck me in the breast and I saw a million stars. I punched him fair and square between the eyes and he was up and at me again with the blood streaming down his face and two large puffs on his cheeks.

After a while our breath came hard and fast and we were slowing up. Then for the first time I realized that I was under a handicap. I had shattered a bone in my good old right hand.

But what of Slim? I took a chance and in the hurried glance I got of him he was lying prone on the ground. Delray had his back against the door and there was an expression of the greatest satisfaction on his face.

I can't just exactly tell how I did it. Possibly my foot had some connection with what followed. At any rate I broke the king's guard and I aimed with my left for the side of his head. He went down like a log and landed with great force up against his fallen throne. Senseless there he lay while the blood poured from a long gaping wound just above his left ear. I stooped and examined this cut which was along an old scar—a scar he received when he was injured in the swamp back of Black Lake those many years before.

The king's breathing was labored but strong. His body rose and fell convulsively. There is no doubt he was badly hurt.

Delray put a heavy timber—where he got it, I don't know—up against the door and he came over.

"God, Hunter" in a low tone—"You've killed him—"

"Killed hell," I puffed—"You couldn't kill him with a club. How did it look to you?"

"Great, you old freak," he ex-

claimed in admiration—"It was fifty-fifty up to the time this happened. I've paid two dollars to see worse and they were supposed to be professionals."

We put the king's coat on him and I placed him on the skins upon which the tribunes knelt that day when we were sentenced. We weren't the men to go and leave him in this condition much as we imagined he had ill-used us.

"What happened Slim?" I enquired, suddenly,

Delray chuckled.

"Sailed right into me—took a knock-out drop. Sorry I had to do it, but 'self-preservation is the first law of nature'. Maybe I'd better fetch him over and lay him down beside his father-in-law-that-is-to-be. They ought to look well together."

We placed them side by side and we sat down to watch. We were satisfied that no sound had escaped outside.

XI.

Much depended on the Silver King's awakening. Would he acknowledge he was Norman Lambert or would he want to fight some more? If he had not received enough of the latter, I was still prepared to satisfy him, but to tell the truth my right hand was by this time swollen as big as a ham.

The lone candle flickered towards the end and we knew it would soon go out. As a precaution I had Delray light two others.

Presently from outside came the barking of dogs and then we heard someone stumbling around the palace. The picquet had revived and was coming to report to the king. Delray slung himself against the door just as we heard several shrill whistles. Next minute the village was alive. They came to the palace and they tried to get in. Failing in that, they tried to ram the door.

I ran over to help Delray keep them out and for a time we thought we would succeed, but the timbers gave and with blood-curdling yells they poured in through the aperture they had made.

They forced us back to where we

had left the king and Slim and all the time we fought desperately. We struck and kicked them but still they came on for more. It was going bad with us. There was murder in their eyes. I was fighting under a big handicap. We were about done for but we fiendishly kept at them. Nothing but a miracle could save us. We began to lose hope. They acted as though we had killed their king and their tribune and already we saw the thongs with which they would strangle us. We laughed like fools and spit the blood out of our mouths. We were gradually being brought to the yielding point.

Then a strange thing happened. It was a miraculous thing. They stopped, backed up and fell on their faces. We turned around to see what had made them act like this when they were so close to victory and there we beheld the Silver King and Slim swaying weakly on their feet. The clamour had brought them back to consciousness.

Expecting to hear the fateful words that would give us a quick passage into eternity, Delray and I stood shoulder to shoulder. We were trembling with fear—our plans had been thwarted and we had placed our necks in a pretty noose. One word from the king of these people and it would seal our doom. The Silver King spoke—not the thundering tone of the king, but rather the expression of a man who didn't know what he was saying.

"Go", he turned to Slim—"You go away, too. I wish to be alone with these men."

Delray nudged me to convey his satisfaction at the turn of events and after they had all gone away we stood face to face with the king of the Silver Nation.

There was a look of complete stupefaction in his eyes, and they rolled in his head. He struck at imaginary things and he muttered unintelligibly.

"Great God!" he was saying, the veins swelling his forehead—"Great God." Why am I here?" He began to walk around in a circle with

his eyes fixed to the ground. He picked up the top of his fallen throne, examined it curiously for a minute, then with a blank look on his face and an oath he threw it away.

Gradually his steps brought him nearer and nearer to us. When within a foot of me, he raised his face and stared me in the eyes. Stared...? His grey eyes pierced me through and through. His tongue articulated something that his lips refused to reveal and then he clapped his hands on my shoulders and he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Hunter! You old fool! What are you doing here? I'd know your old hide in a tan-yard. Why the paint and the whiskers?" his hands ran over his own face and then he stared at Delray.

"George—George"—he was thinking hard—"George Delray! God! What's the matter with me? Why am I here—" he looked at his furs and added—"in these? What place is this? Who are these people that I saw here? Why did they go away when I told them to?" His eyes roamed to where his throne had been sitting—"Am I a chief or is it a king? Great God, men, don't stand there and look like that—tell me, men, for heaven's sake, tell me—why I, Norman Lambert, am in this place in this condition?"

This was the surprising awakening of the Silver King. Without a word we led him over to the stone steps and sat him down. Then we essayed to reveal the past thirteen years to him. We omitted nothing. We told him how he must have injured his head in the swamp back of Black Lake and how this injury must have affected his mind, that he had wandered into this place, while we had been looking for him elsewhere without any hope whatever of ever finding him alive.

Delray told of having reported his loss to his sister in Montreal and the decision arrived at by them if Hunter couldn't find Norman there was no use making further search, how he had been told by a surveyor who had come out of the far north of a strange animal

that had appeared on top of a mountain near the forks of two rivers, had secured Hunter to accompany him to run it to earth, came to the forks by canoe, saw this hybrid of the mountain, hunted it, and were ambushed by the hunting party of the Silver Nation.

Then I took up the story and told him all that Slim had informed me in regard to his government and more particularly his wives and children; that we had recognized him as Norman Lambert and he had denied it, that he had not treated us like white men, and we desired revenge, freedom and how we proceeded to get it.

The sun was up and the natives were going about. We opened the windows and we saw them standing in groups and evidently talking about what had happened during the night.

"We'll all go back to Montreal together," Norman Lambert was saying—"Poor Sis!"—the tears ran down his cheeks—"Thirteen years—"

"What about your families?" I asked—"What about your three wives and your children?"

"My families? My wives and children?" he asked, stupidly—"Tell me, Hunter—I don't understand—"

I had to tell him all over again about his household.

"These natives believe you a god," I ventured—"If they ever find out that you are common, ordinary clay like the rest of us, they'll kill you."

Before he spoke again, he was silent for a long time.

"In the eyes of the law, Hunter," he said, thoughtfully—"I have done no wrong, because anything that I did was done when laboring under peculiar mental difficulties. These people are nothing to me—these paint marks are proofs of mental deficiency." He sprang to his feet—

"What shall I do—what shall I do?" he wailed.

"You have your choice," I returned—"You can either shake the furs and the paint and go back with us, or you can stay here with your wives and your children. These people," I explained—"Can never know you are other than a god unless

you wish to tell them yourself. They love you—they obey you in every way—you are a king of about one hundred natives and you wear a silver crown upon your head. Your sister in the city believes you dead—a million dollars stands to your credit or to the credit of your heirs, and if I understand you, your sister is the only living relative—you have spent thirteen years of your life here—it remains for you to say whether you will continue to direct these people along civilized lines—"

He grasped my hand and he bowed his head. A terrible battle was raging within him—a battle between "go" and "stay"

"Hunter, you were always my idea of a man, and I know you wouldn't want me to do anything that I would be ashamed of. If I remain here I know I will always wish I were back to the city; but if I go back there, conscience—" what else he would have said I don't know, for at that moment the door leading from his household opened and Neebaw, fresh as the morning, danced in, noticed us, stopped, then with her finger in her mouth, she bashfully approached her father and placing her arms about his neck kissed him on the cheek.

"Oh, daddy, you've been hurt—the blood is in your hair—"

Completely stupefied by the actions of this little child, his eyes appealed to me.

"Yes," I admitted, reading his thoughts—"This is little Neebaw—your daughter—and the promised wife of Slim—"

"Slim?" he repeated—"Who is Slim? Oh, I forgot—" he broke in hastily—"He is the third tribune and your friend. He shall have her, but he must wait."

He held his daughter at arms length, studied her for a long, long time, then he drew her to him, and with a sob he buried his face in her flaxen ringlets.

"Flesh of my flesh—blood of my blood—" his body shook with emotion—"I can't go, Hunter—I mustn't go, Delray—" he got up, and paced

the ground—"No, no, a thousand times no. These people are my people, they shall have even more reason to love their king. But they shall not have on their faces the marks of a fool. They must live by themselves as they have always done—" he stopped. Neebaw had been tugging at his hand to gain his attention—"What is it child?"

"Mummer wants you."

With the ghost of a smile on his face, he picked her up and carried her towards the door that led to his household. Then he turned and looked back.

"There shall be a meeting here after dinner at which everybody will be present. I want you to come—at least, don't go away, nor try to go away until you are publicly pardoned."

XII.

With Delray gyrating and singing at the top of his voice, we went over to my hut. The natives made way for us and shrugged their shoulders as we passed. We were "cocks of the walk" in the capital of the Silver Nation. No one attempted to molest us, and Slim was conspicuous by his absence.

We went in and sat down and I bandaged my hand which was numb with pain. After a while we decided we had better look up our friend, the third tribune. Accordingly we sauntered over to his place of abode and there we found him lying on his bunk. His jaw was swollen abnormally and one eye was in mourning.

"Good piece of goods," Delray asserted, bending over the prostrate form—"A native with a white man's heart—"

Slim stirred, opened his eyes and a smile came on his face.

"I have good news for you, Slim old boy," I ventured—"The Silver King has promised me that you shall have Neebaw—but you will have to wait a little while until she grows up."

For answer he got up and kissed my hand, just like a dog might. To my notion Slim was a very appreciative sort of young man.

We ate our dinner together and

while doing so the messengers were going forth calling the people to the king's court. And by two o'clock they were all present. For the first time women and children were permitted to enter the sacred building.

In the absence of the second tribune, who had not as yet returned, another middle-aged man took his place, and the three knelt before the reconstructed throne of the Silver King. All marks of a struggle had been removed from the court—except the tell-tale evidences of a struggle as was depicted by the discolorations on the faces of those who had been a party to it.

Without any preliminaries, the king arose and said they were gathered together for a great purpose; in fact, there were several important matters for their attention.

First of all he desired to pardon "the white faced strangers" and give them their freedom. There was a murmur of approval from the natives.

"These men shall be handed back their rifles, their belts and their knives. They shall be allowed, without harm or hindrance, to proceed from here to the place from which they came. For their freedom they have promised to show me a greater vein of silver than has ever as yet been found here. They have promised not to tell the outside world where we live, lest the white man come among us and sap your vitality with his intemperance, idolatry and idle ways of living. You shall, then, give them their rifles, belts and knives; you shall, then, permit them to depart in peace; you shall, then—a chosen party of you—accompany your king and 'the white faced strangers' to the mountain that never tells."

They nodded their heads and murmured "Yea—yea—" several times.

"You shall wash and these marks shall be no longer required upon your faces. You shall keep clean and you shall all work towards the betterment of the Silver Nation. You may go now—to-morrow at this time these men will be taken from here—" he lowered his voice and

called the tribunes to him—"Select a party to accompany us—"

The next afternoon we set out on foot—the Silver King, Delray and I—and we were accompanied by fifteen of their best young men under the leadership of Slim. We directed them to the muskeg where my rifle bullet had disclosed the ground's hidden wealth, and the king got down on his knees and examined the vein.

"Remarkable," he pronounced it, as he followed it into the hill and sometime later saw it like a wedge in the precipice at his feet—"Too bad things can't be as we might wish for there is silver here worth hundreds and hundreds of thousands—"

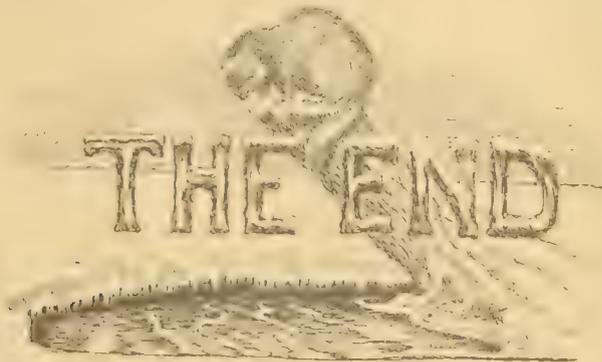
Those were the last words he uttered that connected him in any way with us or with the past. His lips were sealed, for wasn't he a product of The Great Spirit?

We left there and came to the tableland on the top of the mountain that never tells. At the woods that skirted the plateau on the north he gave orders to his guard, and Delray and I having shaken Slim's hand and wished him the best of luck, walked towards a spot where the path came up out of the ravine—the Silver King between us and his arms around our shoulders.

He never spoke but his body heaved with sighs.

Having reached the mouth of the path; we shook hands with him, and he said feebly—"Good-bye—God bless you."

An hour afterwards in the valley below we cast out eyes to the top of that great height and we saw him wave a hand to us. Then with his fingers pressed to his lips, he turned away.



Keeping Worms in Good Condition at the Camp

(NIMROD)

We gather the tawn worms after dark using an electric lamp. First get a fifty-six pound butter box and bore a few small holes in the bottom for drainage and cover with mosquito wire. Then go to the florists and get some dry moss that is used in making up wreaths, soak it in water and press it with the hand until fairly dry. Fill the box with it and as soon as the worms are gathered, dump into the moss and put a few pounds of ice on top, keep in a cool cellar and when shipping, cover with burlap.

Upon arrival at the camp get a box twice the size if possible and gather some more moss which has always more or less earth attached to it. Put the box in a cool place and each morning put eight or ten pounds of ice on it. See that the box has drainage to let the water out. The worms keep firm and fresh.

Ice is the secret of the success and when I tell you that we went to Muskoka on the 10th day of June last year and had good solid worms when we left on the 20th day of August, it looks as though the trouble was worth while.



With Eyes That See Not

F. V. WILLIAMS

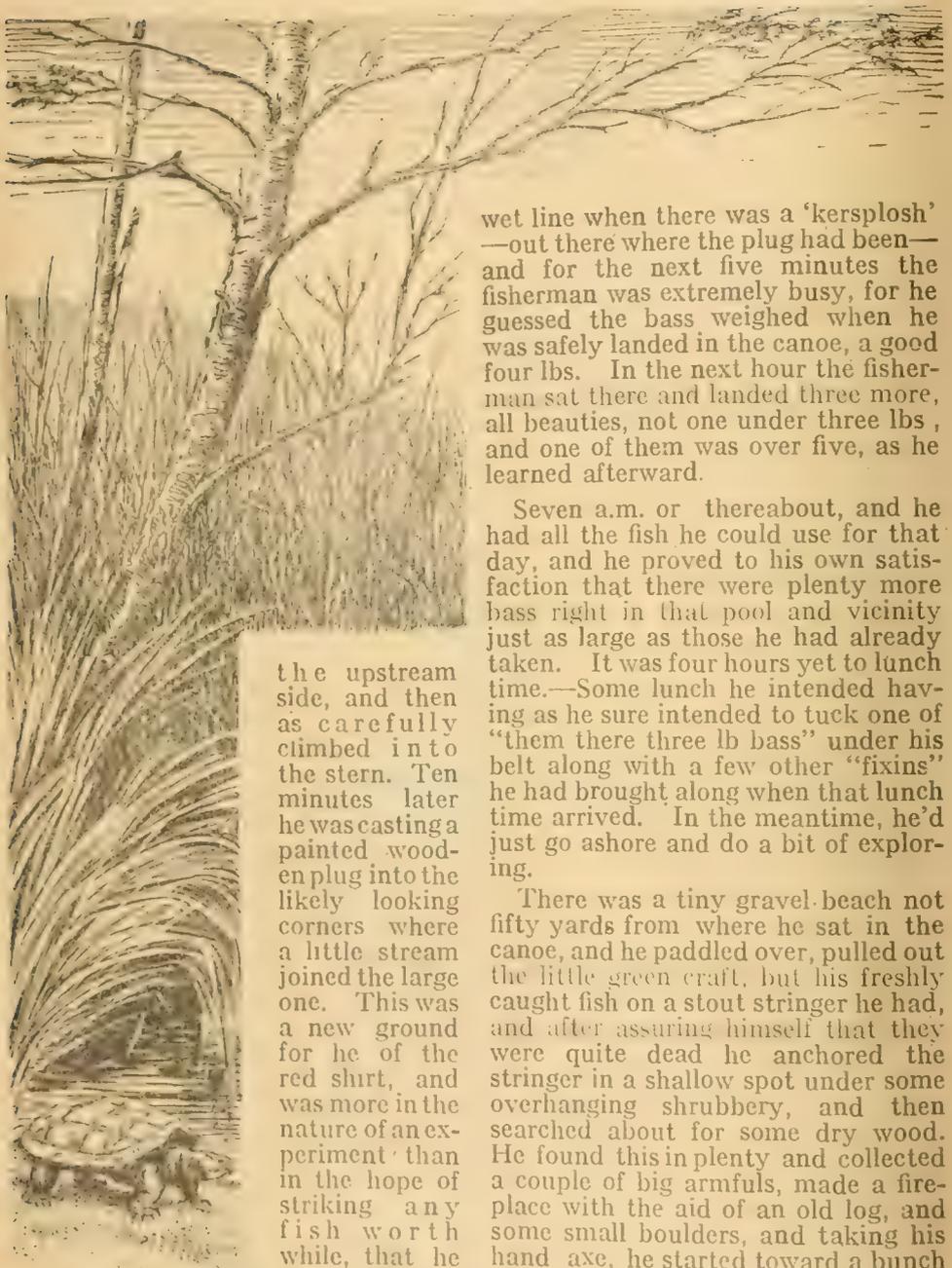


THE man in the red shirt and khaki trousers sitting well back in the dark green canvas covered canoe added a bit of motion to the scenery as he paddled quietly upstream against the slow current. A picture good to look at, this fellow and his canoe; forward, he had his luggage consisting of a light tent a good pair of heavy double blankets, an assortment of grub and cooking utensils and fishing rod. The weight of the whole outfit did not weigh more than fifty or sixty pounds and the canoeist had added two ten pound boulders to trim the canoe properly so that it would answer every touch of the paddle he was wielding in the stern of his little craft.

Eight miles from where he had left the tourist camp this morning there was a neat little one man shack, and this he thought would be his next stopping place, and here it was, not much after 6 a.m. and he had already covered three miles of the distance. The July sun that later in the day would be a blazing nuisance was now merely turning the sky a glorious yellow. It might have been a sunset sky; he had

seen effect just like that at sundown, when the sky and water reflecting the sun has a beautiful golden color, but this time it happened to be early, yes indeed, quite early, and the reason for this early canoe trip? —fish—yessir, just good husky bass that this gentleman—yes that is quite right, all gentlemen do not wear starched collars —knew held forth at the junction of two streams. Well he was almost there, then he glanced ahead and saw for the first time a drift log that had lodged against some small boulders and barred his progress completely as far as paddling was concerned. It was the work of minutes, however to reach the log and finding it had grounded so securely at the two ends that it was perfectly solid. He got carefully out onto the slippery stick. It had the appearance of being dry, but the night's dew had moistened the bark enough so that it sure required careful work not to go sprawling into the stream. Not that it was deep enough to hurt, for the water was only about four and a half or five feet deep here underneath the place where he stood, but at this hour in the morning these northern streams are cool, to say the least.

He slowly pulled the canoe over to



the upstream side, and then as carefully climbed into the stern. Ten minutes later he was casting a painted wooden plug into the likely looking corners where a little stream joined the large one. This was a new ground for he of the red shirt, and was more in the nature of an experiment than in the hope of striking any fish worth while, that he started the red

and white bait zigzagging through the clear cool pool at the mouth of the miniature river. Once the painted bait went out and came back, again it did the same thing, a third time it struck the water lightly right over near a big white topped boulder, the reel had taken on about six feet of the

wet line when there was a 'kersplash'—out there where the plug had been—and for the next five minutes the fisherman was extremely busy, for he guessed the bass weighed when he was safely landed in the canoe, a good four lbs. In the next hour the fisherman sat there and landed three more, all beauties, not one under three lbs, and one of them was over five, as he learned afterward.

Seven a.m. or thereabout, and he had all the fish he could use for that day, and he proved to his own satisfaction that there were plenty more bass right in that pool and vicinity just as large as those he had already taken. It was four hours yet to lunch time.—Some lunch he intended having as he sure intended to tuck one of "them there three lb bass" under his belt along with a few other "fixins" he had brought along when that lunch time arrived. In the meantime, he'd just go ashore and do a bit of exploring.

There was a tiny gravel beach not fifty yards from where he sat in the canoe, and he paddled over, pulled out the little green craft, but his freshly caught fish on a stout stringer he had, and after assuring himself that they were quite dead he anchored the stringer in a shallow spot under some overhanging shrubbery, and then searched about for some dry wood. He found this in plenty and collected a couple of big armfuls, made a fireplace with the aid of an old log, and some small boulders, and taking his hand axe, he started toward a bunch of small evergreen. Now to reach that evergreen bush, you had to pass from the gravelled beach over a strip of perhaps twenty feet wide of sand, and as the fisherman reached this sand his glance rested on several sharply defined spots where the dry surface had been broken and the wet sand underneath showed through.

"Deer tracks! well I'll be hornswo-gged" he exclaimed, and then he fell to examining those tracks. They were so fresh that the upturned sand was still moist to the touch, and the man looked about him as if the deer might be standing looking at him. Following the tracks back toward the stream he found where that deer had stood and evidently watched him as he came upstream. In all probability, the deer was watching him when he was pulling the canoe over the log. The tracks, their position, and the manner in which the deer had evidently walked away, gave that impression to the man and he determined to follow and see if he could get a look at it.

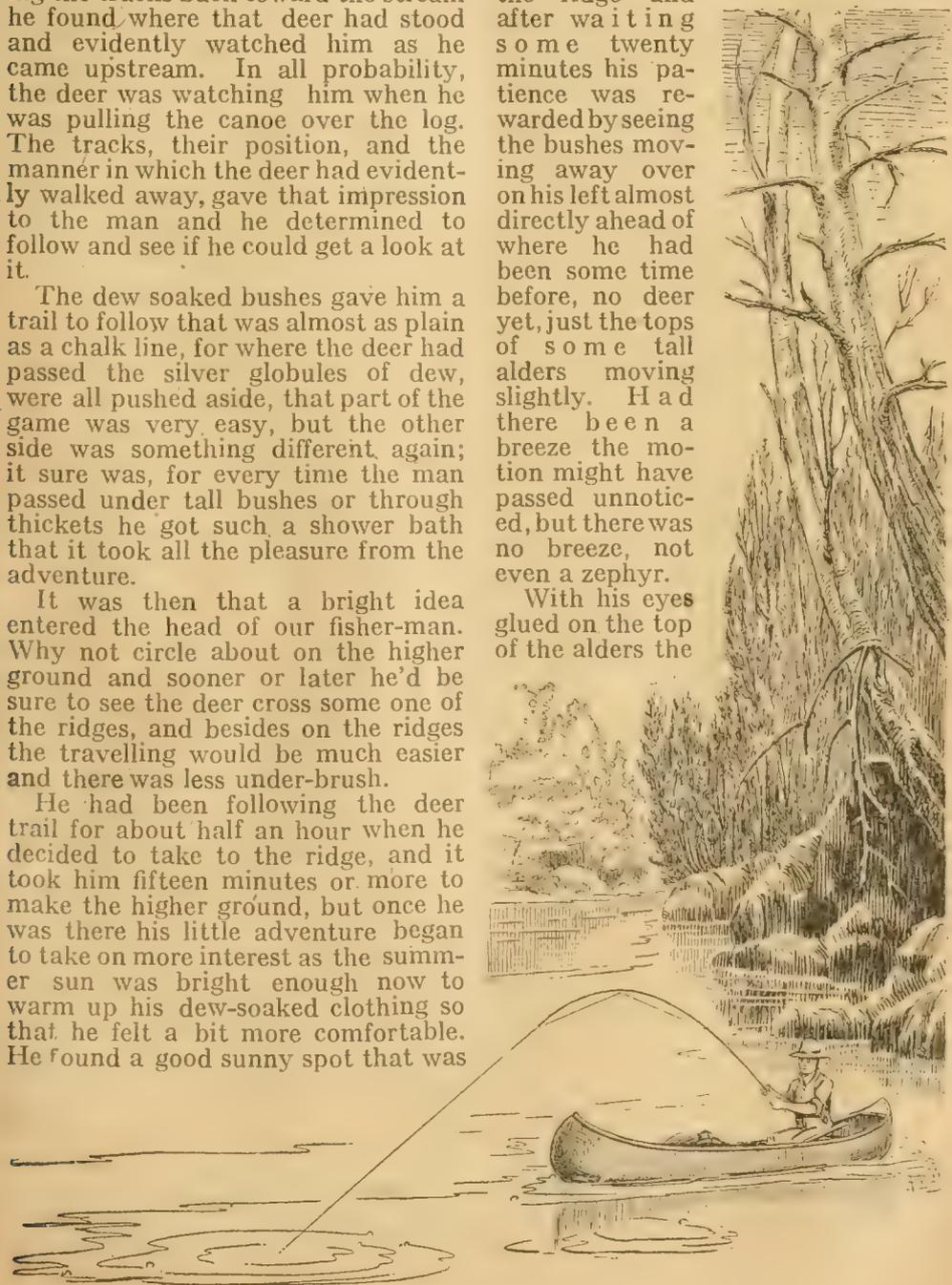
The dew soaked bushes gave him a trail to follow that was almost as plain as a chalk line, for where the deer had passed the silver globules of dew, were all pushed aside, that part of the game was very easy, but the other side was something different again; it sure was, for every time the man passed under tall bushes or through thickets he got such a shower bath that it took all the pleasure from the adventure.

It was then that a bright idea entered the head of our fisher-man. Why not circle about on the higher ground and sooner or later he'd be sure to see the deer cross some one of the ridges, and besides on the ridges the travelling would be much easier and there was less under-brush.

He had been following the deer trail for about half an hour when he decided to take to the ridge, and it took him fifteen minutes or more to make the higher ground, but once he was there his little adventure began to take on more interest as the summer sun was bright enough now to warm up his dew-soaked clothing so that he felt a bit more comfortable. He found a good sunny spot that was

not too conspicuous, and at the same time where he could get a good view of the little valley he had just left. He felt sure by the freshness of the trail he had been following and the direction it was taking that the deer could not have crossed the ridge and after waiting some twenty minutes his patience was rewarded by seeing the bushes moving away over on his left almost directly ahead of where he had been some time before, no deer yet, just the tops of some tall alders moving slightly. Had there been a breeze the motion might have passed unnoticed, but there was no breeze, not even a zephyr.

With his eyes glued on the top of the alders the



man crouched there at the foot of the big tree. The hot July sun had practically dried out his soaked garments and he had actually begun to feel uncomfortable from the heat before those alders moved again, the alders in fact did not move, not a flicker to a leaf was there on the upper branches, but a dainty, red-coated deer stepped out from down below those tall alders as if she were walking on air and came directly toward the hidden man in the red shirt. He had guessed well, the little animal evidently had a habit of crossing the ridge at about this place. Fifty yards away the deer stopped abruptly and looked up the ridge and the man turning his head ever so little saw a big buck also in his summer coat standing looking toward the doe. He did not approach close however, but the watcher turned off at right angles and disappeared and a few seconds later the doe stepped slowly forward into a dense thicket of some ten yards square. The man rapidly changed his position, to get a view of the opposite side of this bush. He saw the doe and a fawn come out of the far side of the thicket and pass down the long aisles of the forest and out of sight. And the man satisfied that he had seen enough for one morning retraced his steps with the thought of a good cup of coffee, condensed milk, bread and butter and fried Bass.

Arrived at the little beach the man built his fire, put on his water for tea and went down to where the reeds and shrubbery overhung the water to get his bass. He lifted the rocks off the end of the stringer and pulled out—the head of one bass, and the head and half of the body of another.

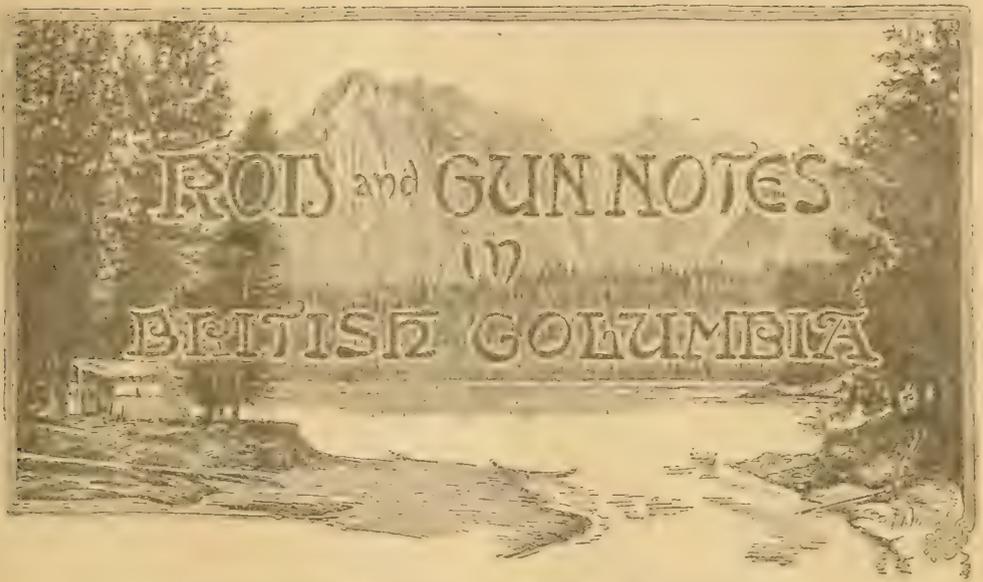
Right here is no place to put in print the language that drifted about the landscape for the next few minutes, suffice it to say that the remainder of his fine catch had disappeared. The water boiling over that he had

put on for tea called his attention from where he was hunting for tracks of the thief that had stolen his fish. Back to the camp fire, he went and having arranged that little affair he returned once more to his hunt for signs the thief might have left, but not a track or sign of any kind could he find, and at last in disgust he gave up the task and shoving off in his canoe he tried for another half hour for a bass; one strike only he got, and this was a little fellow of about one pound weight, the bass had stopped feeding that was very evident, and the hungry fisherman returned to the little beach and ate his lunch of one small fish and fixins.

All the hot July afternoon he loafed about until four p.m., when it began to get a little cooler. The canoe was again launched and at the first cast there was a swirl in the shadowy water and the sport was on again. It was as good as the early morning fishing, and after hooking and landing a couple of nice ones the canoe was headed off up stream again and the little beach was left to its original solitude. A tiny warbler started his evening song in the bush near the stream where his mate sat on her nest; a squirrel ran lightly out over the sand to investigate the cold remains of the camp-fire that the fisherman had drowned before he left, and down at the edge of the water near a bunch of reeds, a curious looking (stone) suddenly came to life and waddled clumsily out onto the beach; an awkward, hard-shelled, hooked-nosed, moss-backed old snapper turtle,—the thief that stole the bass.

Verily, with "eyes that see not." Aye, the fisher of the morning had passed within three feet of that "stone" with the moss covered back, had looked straight at it at one time, and never as much as suspected the thief's presence.





Big Game Hunting in British Columbia

A. BRYAN WILLIAMS

CHAPTER III.

AT last we have crossed the valley and climbed the mountain on the other side. It has been a hard bit of work as not only have we had to go higher than we were before but it has been a much steeper climb. However we are up at last and we can now have a good rest and take a good view of the country here. Opposite our camp the mountain is very similar to the plateau we have just left. In front of us it is quite different, it is composed of enormous slopes of loose rock, almost perpendicular hillsides which are cut up by grassy ridges and gulches reaching far down into the timber below, and here and there precipices going sheer down for a thousand feet or more. In places there are quite large snow banks some of which project for five or six feet over the edge of the precipices.

This is the goat country and the goats are at home, I can see some already. Look along the top of that precipice to your right, there is a steep rough hogback dividing it from another chasm, half way down the hogback you will see six or seven white spots, you can even see them with the naked eye, they are goats, four standing up and three lying down. Now look over to that steep hillside still farther to your right, about a third of the way down and pretty near the centre are another bunch, I can count twelve and there are likely some

more out of sight. It would be comparatively easy to get within fifty yards of any of them, but they are all "nannies," "kids" and a few young "billies". You can tell that by looking at them through your glasses, the little kids are quite easy to distinguish, and anyway at this time of year you will not find the big "billies" with many others. You may occasionally find a big band of large old rams together but "billies" seldom have more than one or two companions.

Now you have had a rest we will take a walk along this high ridge away off to the left towards the ewe range, there is another succession of precipices and steep ridges over near there which we cannot see from here. We shall be keeping so high up there is little danger of anything getting our wind.

Notice how quietly we are going on this rocky surface and how easy it is to walk, that is because of our rubbers, with nailed boots on we should be making no end of a clatter and not walk half as easily.

Stop! I see something I want to look at through my glasses. Look down below you away out on to the ewe range, about half a mile away on the side of a grey sloping hill you can see some white spots, one of them is moving. You cannot get them? Wait until I give you the right direction; there, straight along my stick. You can see the hill I mean, it has a little peak on the right hand side?

Put your glasses on it and look about the middle. Still you cannot see anything. Well there are four sheep there, I think they are three ewes and a lamb, they are all the so-called "saddle-backs," the white spots that attracted my attention were their rumps. We can get a lot closer to them by keeping down the side of this ridge for a few hundred yards and then following down that draw which leads almost in their direction. It will not take us much out of our way and you might as well take a peep at them so that you will know in future what "ewes" look like. Before we start take another good look at the country, note all the hills, hollows and gulches, pick out certain points to make for, bunches of rock to hide behind and spy from, in fact get as good a map of the country in front of you in your mind as you possibly can, so that you will always know just where you are, and where the sheep should be. This is the first thing you have to learn to do to become proficient in the art of stalking.

We are now about three hundred feet down the draw and about as far as this variable wind will allow us to go with safety. If we climb up that crack in the rocks to our left we should be able to get a view of the sheep, we shall still be quite away off them but nevertheless do not raise your head higher than is necessary.—

They are still there, about a quarter of a mile away, and look, below them, in that grassy hollow, is another band, seventeen I count, ewes, lambs and young rams, one of which is quite a size with a fair pair of horns, but not worth shooting. You cannot see them? Of course you cannot, you are looking at the wrong hill; look more to your left. You have them now? As plain as can be, you can see them easily with the naked eye. Simple is it not? You cannot understand why you did not see them before. What about protective colouring, how perfectly those grey backs match with the general colour of their background, there are also some white rocks scattered about here and there to match their white rumps and shoulders? Yes, but what about these white goats on the brown hillside? That rather upsets the theory does it not? Now look here if we are going to discuss this subject we shall be here all day, take another look at those sheep, there are one or two things I want to call your attention to.

The sheep on the hillside are all about the same colour, but notice carefully those below. Look at that ewe right in the middle of the lot,

observe how white she is: then a short distance from her there is one much darker than all the others, her neck is quite grey and even her face has a tinge of grey also. Do you see that other dark ewe some twenty yards off, the one we have just been looking at? There is a lamb near her which is most probably hers and yet it is very white compared with what we take to be its mother. No, I cannot be sure it is her lamb, but I have seen several similar cases before of great variation in colour between ewes and lambs when I could be sure of their parentage.

See, they are beginning to get uneasy, several of them are gazing steadily this way. I expect a breath of wind has given them a faint touch of our scent, or they may have noticed our heads moving. Let us get away and leave them in peace, it is getting on in the afternoon and we want to find an old "billy" if we can.

Again we are on top of the ridge so we will walk a bit farther along. Here is another very similar piece of country to that where we first saw the goats. Now you know what to look for, try to find some yourself. No, I cannot see anything I am certain of, but let your eye follow along the ridge we are on for about a third of a mile until you come to where it makes a sharp turn to the right. Just round the bend there is a steep "butte" rising up for about a hundred feet and on the far side of it a big snow bank reaching away out over the precipice. You have got it? Well do you see those two yellowish patches in the snow? They are goats' beds, and I believe there is a goat in the far one of the two but it is too far off for me to be sure. We will go closer and on the way I will tell you how I know it is a goat bed and why it is discoloured.

In the hottest part of a warm day, goats like to lie in the snow because it is the coolest place they can get, and they dig down because it is harder for an enemy to see them. When they are not too hot they lie on the bluffs where they are in absolute safety. When they are feeding they wander along the hillside and grassy slopes and now and again they will stop at some place where there is loose rock and some soil and they will paw out beds and lie down. If you watch them then you will see that they seldom lie still for long but frequently get up and do more pawing, sometimes raising quite a cloud of dust, so that with the dust that settles on their coats and that they pick up when lying down, they often become quite discoloured: then when they

dig beds in the snow the dust they have collected discolours it too.

On the coast ranges you will find more of these snow beds than you will here. On some of the mountains, about eighty miles up the Skeena River, where I once spent a lot of time watching goats and studying their habits, I have found these snow beds by the dozen, some discoloured, some not, but nearly all dug so deep that the goat was quite hidden when lying down.—

We had better be careful what we do now as here is the "butte" I pointed out to you and the snow bank is just on the other side of it. We will climb about half way up, to the right where those big boulders are, and we should then be within easy shot if there is a goat there.

Go down on your hands and knees now and be careful not to dislodge any of those big rocks. Now let me peep over. Yes, I can see the first bed but there is nothing in it; I cannot see the other as the snow slopes off too much. I must get a bit higher. No, I cannot see the second bed yet but I can see a big goat lying down on the face of the bluff, he is not sixty yards from us and about as easy a shot as you could wish for; it is no use shooting him, he would fall at least 500 ft. and be smashed to pulp. Peep over a bit to your right, you need not raise up, and you will see him. What an awful place to take a siesta, I am not surprised that you wonder how he got there and how he will get back again. Never mind him now, you will be sure to see many more of climbing precipices and going up apparently impossible places, yes and the kids following their mothers without the slightest hesitation over places that it would make you shudder to think of attempting. Now wriggle back and we will try round the other side as I do not want to disturb the goat on the bluffs if I can help it.

Now get down flat on your face and drag yourself along, we must be more careful this side as there is very little cover. I can see the first bed again, but not the second, we must go still higher. Now I can see it and there is a goat in it. I cannot tell yet what he is like. Drag yourself a little more my way, now raise your head a few inches. Can you see the two yellowish patches? You can, but you do not see a goat. Put your glasses on the farthest of the two and you will see two black lines close together. You have got them? They are goat's horns and from

what I can make of them the owner should be a big old "billy".

No, we are not going to move from here as you can get an easy shot lying just where you are. It is barely fifty yards so you must remember to take a very fine sight or shoot low. Have you got a cartridge in the breech of your rifle? You have, then get yourself into a comfortable position and be ready to shoot. I am going to give a loud whistle and he will stand up in full view, then if he is as big as I think he is you can shoot. There is no need for you to hurry your shot, take a careful aim right on the shoulder, you can take all the time you want, he will not even move out of the bed but stand like a statue with his head turned this way. What if he stands up with his rump towards us? If he does you must wait until he turns but he will not. I can tell by the way his horns angle that he will be broadside on. Are you ready? Yes, then I will whistle,

There he is, a big "billy," shoot. You have got him, as dead as mutton. Now run over to the other side and see if we have scared the other goat, as if so you may see some marvelous climbing. He is still in the same place but standing up. He knows he is perfectly safe from any danger his instinct tells him of, but he has no knowledge of firearms. We will leave him and go and look at your kill.

You have got a first rate goat! His horns are a shade over ten inches long and six inches round the base. That is a good length for a "billy" but poor for a "nanny". You see a "nanny's" horns are longer in proportion than a "billy's" but not so thick round the base. You can easily tell the sex of a goat by the horns when you are close enough.

We must hurry up and do our butchering as it is getting on in the afternoon and I want to get back to camp early to look after the horses and have everything in shape for tomorrow. Just watch how I take off the head so that you will know how to do it properly. First of all I make a long cut round well back on the shoulders down as far back on the breast as I can. Then a cut from between the shoulders up the neck to between the horns, now over with him and I will complete the cut round the shoulders. The skin has now to be loosened at the point on the shoulder where the two cuts join, a few snicks with the knife does it. Watch how I hold the loose flap in my left hand and ram my fist in between the skin and the flesh so as to make the skin peel off. It comes easily does it not? That is because I was careful to start it right.

Now the other side. Close to the neck the skin is tight and will not peel, I must use my knife again and skin it well up to the ears. I will now cut through the gullet and flesh at the same end back of the neck and then the head has to be dislocated. It is a little easy to do if you know how, but there is a bit of a knack in it. Observe how I hold the nostrils in my left hand and the end of the horn in my right and then give a sharp twist. You heard it clack? Yes it is dislocated. Now two complete turns of the whole head, a snick of the knife and the head is off.

Yes, as I said before it is very easy when you know how, the whole operation has only taken a few minutes. A moose or a caribou will take quite a bit longer as more knife work is necessary in the skinning but the neck

is just as easy to dislocate as you get such tremendous leverage with the big horns.

Now stick the head in that sack while I rip off the skin and get some of the meat. It is hardly worth while bothering with the hide as the winter coat has only just started to grow, it will be another month before they are worth saving. Good meat is often very good eating, that is if you are careful not to let any hair or blood get on the fish. Still you can never be quite certain how an old "bully" will taste so I am not going to take a big load. There all we have to do now is roll the carcass over the edge of the bluff, if we leave it here nothing but ravens and eagles will find it, but away down below, there is a good chance of its furnishing a savoury meal for a grizzly bear. Over it goes! Now back to camp.

(To be Continued.)

Some Experiences

WILLIAM BECK

ANY man who lives in British Columbia, if he is a fisherman, no doubt holds the idea that if he were to put a line in any piece of water in this Province bigger than a duck pond, he would get all the fish he wanted. That may have been so in the distant past, but it is a long way from the truth to-day, and although we have without a doubt the best fishing of any country in the world, you have to know where to find it.

A remembrance of this fact may save a newcomer some disappointment, and he might do worse than take some of our advertising pamphlets with a grain of salt, also beware the highly humorous native sons of Vancouver who speak glowingly of such places as Hatzic Slough, the Serpentine, or Suicide Creek. He will be much better advised to look at the map, and if the place he is told to try is within forty miles of Vancouver, he may safely reckon that he will be able to carry his catch home.

I went through it all myself, and I am not quite sure yet if the various recommendations I got to go and fish such and such a place were given seriously or with one cheek slightly bulging. The same rivers still run along the same river beds, and the advice to go fishing, let us say, Seymour Creek for Steelheads, is still given with every appearance of enthusiasm.

It was in 1915, just five years ago this month of May, that I first made my way across the

Inlet to try Seymour Creek, buoyed up with the expectation of getting all kinds of Steelheads. My advisers, I remember, were artists in this particular line, so I knew to an inch in which part of certain pools a strike was certain, and under which ledges the extra big ones had their lairs.

Behold me therefore striding up the pipe line road at seven o'clock one Saturday night loaded down with blanket, food, and fishing paraphernalia intending to spend the night in the canyon, and wondering how my companions and myself were going to carry out so many fish, weighing on an average about ten pounds each.

I'll say this for Seymour Creek—it is strong on scenery. The canyon is beautiful, particularly at sunset on a fine Spring night, and as we made camp on the rocks at the bottom canyon pool, we were full of that bliss which ignorance sometimes brings.

It was easy to imagine that no human foot had ever trod these rocks before, and that in the dark depths of the pool, big fish, innocent of artificial lures, were there aplenty. A state of mind which only goes to prove how well those miscreants had done their work.

We had the billy going merrily over a good fire, and it was when I was wandering among the rocks picking up more wood, that I saw the marks of "Man Friday's" feet—in this case some shrimp heads, perhaps a hundred.

I went further afield and found more—very many more. These were heads only and I had no conception that so many shrimps could possibly be imported into Vancouver. On the rocks at the side of that pool there must have been, at a modest estimate, four hundred pounds of shrimp heads.

The shrimp is a good bait for Steelheads, and the first disappointment at finding this was not comparatively virgin water. (which I had been given to understand) was followed by the thought that there must be a large number of fish to justify such prodigious use of bait.

We were not to have the pool to ourselves either, as at 8.30 three more fishermen came down the bank and joined us, and two more were climbing down the opposite bank. We had a pipe and a talk with the new arrivals, one of whom in particular, should not have been a fisherman at all. He was moderate in his views, and obviously strove to be scrupulously accurate even in his fish stories.

I had fitted my rod up ready to try for a fish just before dark, but he killed my hopes. Any stories I had previously heard regarding this river had been exaggerated. It was true, he stated, that a Steelhead had been caught a week before, but it was miles higher up, and all he hoped for was the chance at a passing fish, because if a fish came up the river it had to pass through the canyon, and you never knew your luck.

He told me that in the very pool where we were, a Steelhead had been hooked the year before, and in 1911 no less than two fish had been caught in it, so there was no getting away from the fact that it was a pretty good Steelhead river.

"Had I seen the afternoon edition of the Province" he asked. I had not. There was a paragraph there stating that a Steelhead had been seen by a Siwash to rise in the salt water at the mouth of the creek, and as that fish would probably enter the river during the day, we were exceptionally fortunate in having chosen that particular day for our fishing. Great, wasn't it?

By this time two more parties were building fires on the rocks below us, and another group were digging themselves in on the other side. The opposite side was precipitous, and I was not surprised to see one of the men tying himself to a tree stump. It seemed to me a wise precaution. I was informed that he had evidently won the toss, as the place he occupied tied to the tree, was the best cast in the pool. He would have to spend the night

in that position, but it was considered worth it.

I spread my blanket on the smoothest bit of rock I could find, and when I turned in there were seven parties on our side of the pool, and the fitful gleams of many fires told of a goodly company there too. The pool was however fully forty yards long, and ten across, and my companions considered that if no more came, things would not be too bad. Sundry crashings on the steep bank told us that reinforcements were still coming, and I laid down to sleep listening to the mingled noises of human voices and the river, while echoes of "The Soldiers' Chorus" were wafted to us from the gully below.

I slept badly. A single blanket on a rock is not conducive to sound sleep, and when I awoke about one o'clock I found quite a stirring scene. There was hardly standing room on our side of the river, while the lights on the opposite side would have done justice to a good sized city. It was that confounded Siwash, I suppose. The definite statement—that a Steelhead was making for the river had brought out nearly all the fishermen in Vancouver.

I considered it useless to stay, so my companion and I made our way up the steep bank to the road. Here at the shack we found a big fire going with nearly a score of fishermen round it, smoking, eating, and playing cards. They had tried to get in at the various pools, on the way down the river, but as there was no room they were putting in the night as best they could. As for us, we took the road home very much disappointed with our first trip to this river.

Although I believe the Steelhead fishing in Seymour Creek is as good as ever it was, somehow I have never had any inclination to try it again. But I can understand now why there is such an enormous sale for shrimps, and why the sporting goods merchants of Vancouver grow rich and haughty.

So much for Seymour Creek. Then there is the Stave river. I tried that too, without getting much in the way of fish, but the river being some forty miles from Vancouver is not so densely crowded. Still, I have seen lonelier places. The early bird and the worm is a religion with Vancouver fishermen, and when we got into our boat to pull up river, it lacked two hours of sunrise. When daylight broke over the flats we intended to fish, it had all the appearance of Henley Regatta.

This was in the Spring, and the Fall was not much better. No matter how early we

rose, we would find someone in the pools before us, and we often met Benny Cripps coming back home half an hour after daybreak with an occasional Cohoc, his day's fishing over. He said it was no use going to bed. First crack at a pool as soon as day broke, was your only chance, after that how could you expect your bait to be the one chosen among so many?

I did not try the Serpentine, which was very strongly recommended to me. I suppose I had learned to be cautious, so I tackled a friend who was, I knew, reasonably truthful. He told me he had tried it a short time previously, and that the noise of the baits striking the water was like the pattering of leaves in an Autumn gale.

I remember one Sunday morning walking along the bank of the Thames at Richmond. There was a stone embankment and for fully a mile and a half the fishermen were seated side by side. Nearly every man had a stone jar of beer, gallon size, and although they all fished steadily I did not see a fish caught. Nor did they expect to catch anything so far as I could discover. It was merely their custom to go fishing on Sundays, and that I think, explains why so many go out from Vancouver. For numbers of fisherman to each yard, I think the Thames at Richmond has nothing on some of our rivers in B. C. and the absence of beer jars enables our men to stand closer together.

The exodus of fishermen from Vancouver on Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning is extraordinary. Apart from those who walk to nearby places and others who go off in gas boats, the C. P. R. takes roughly I should say, about three thousand, and the B. C. Electric about twice that number, those by the latter route going to fish those great rivers, the Serpentine, the Mickomekl, and the Salmon River, while those on the C. P. R. drop off at nearly every station as far as Hope.

There has been practically no restocking of the rivers round Vancouver so it comes down to this, that on these week end trips we don't seriously consider the idea of catching fish. We have an enjoyable time in the open with good company, and if someone in the crowd does catch a fish, he is some fisherman.

Take the Coquahalla for instance. A good river sometimes, and in certain months no good at all. The first time I fished—it is a journey of 180 miles return—I got a trout 1½ lbs., had only two hours' sleep on the Saturday night, and paid \$10.00 for all that.

You think we were crazy, I suppose. Then listen to the account of our next trip there. We got to bed about two o'clock (and anyone who knows Hope knows that we were lucky to go to bed at all) and were up about an hour after. Breakfast made by ourselves in the hotel kitchen, where Byrne brewed the tea with Gregory Powder, and we set off for Natural Bridge pool, the river being so low that no other place was considered worth while.

A four mile walk with waders on, on a hot July morning, so that by the time we reached the place we were all in. Two hundred feet of precipice where a mountain goat would feel dizzy leads you down to the gorge. Here you slide down a rock and if you are lucky, you bring up on a narrow platform, two feet square. If you are unlucky, you would be spewed up by the river at the mouth of the canyon a mile below.

We received this morning a good illustration of an Irishman's love of a joke. That platform two feet square was the only place for a cast after our four mile journey and the Irishman knew it. The two Englishmen didn't, and in addition to that the Irishman was the best slider, and he won. Thank the Lord, however, he didn't get a strike, but he remained quite cheerful all day, the score being heavily in his favor.

That completed our days fishing, and you can understand that it is with considerable hesitation I give those intimate accounts of actual happenings, because there is always the fear, and every fisherman knows it, that if many of our trips were told in detail, our families and our friends would question our sanity, and with reason.

I have had some wonderful fishing in this country, and I am not now so readily led astray by rumour, but on looking back over my various experiences, I think there is perhaps as much pleasure in remembering some of those utterly blank days, as in remembering the very best. So much so, that only a few weeks ago, when a very good friend asked me to join a party to fish Hatzic Slough, I readily agreed.

There is some hope for better things. The Vancouver Angling and Game Association has had its suggestions favorably received by the Game Commissioners, and in the course of the next few years sufficient restocking may have been done to bring our local rivers back to their former excellence. But in the meantime, make your inquiries carefully before you set out.

Big Bar Lake

"SKOOKUM CHUCK"

MORE FISH THAN THERE ARE PEOPLE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

THERE are more fish in Big Bar Lake in the Lillooet district of British Columbia, than there are people in the city of London to judge by the manner in which they jump in search of insects, and by the way they bite at the bait of the fisherman. They are a strong, healthy, well nourished fish because they will jump three feet from the surface and will actually fly several feet before plunging back into the water. They never stop jumping and you can see the splashes any time you may look out across the surface of the water.

Geographically.

Big Bar lake is 58 miles north west of Ashcroft as the wagon road takes you, although it would be much less as the crow flies. It can be made by auto in about four hours, but the last 25 miles must be gone over somewhat carefully to avoid damage to your car from an occasional dip, root or rock. With the exception of those obstacles the road is in splendid condition, and is perfectly safe to drive on. The lake itself is about three miles long by about one mile wide at the widest part. In a great many places it goes out as a shallow beach floored with a cream sediment almost half way across. It seems to be situated at the edge of a great plateau which extends eastward and northward for many miles. This is known as the "Timber Plateau." The lake is 3,630 feet above sea level. To the south of it is a long range of the most picturesque mountains, known as the "Marble Mountains" the highest peak of which is Mount Bowman, 7,500 feet above sea level.

As A Fishing Resort.

At Big Bar lake the sun sets directly in front of you in the most glorious of sunsets if the sky conditions are right. It rises in the east very early in the morning out across the plateau, just as it would on a prairie country, and at this season of the year, licks up in a few minutes the heavy coating of dew that has dampened the grass, and your blankets and your clothing, and your camping outfit during the night; and the soft light fog that has gathered on the surface of the lake is dispersed in a short time as the air becomes warmer. The contrast between the day and the night in the Big Bar lake country is very marked. Although the mosquitoes are very

numerous and persistent during the warmth of the day and evening it becomes so cold at night that they cease to be an annoyance.

There are two varieties of fish in Big Bar lake. There is the light colored silver, lake trout, and the dark skinned creek trout. The lake trout are more numerous or else they are more easily seduced because they predominate in the day's catch. In size they vary from about eight to fifteen inches, and they will weigh from about one half to two pounds.

Any one can fish in Big Bar lake. It is simply a matter of knowing how, and having the proper equipment. Some one tells you how it is done and you do it, and you catch dozens of them. It takes an Isaac Walton to catch fish where there are none, or, at least, where there are very few, and those few are very shy and well educated, because such men are well supplied with a virtue, principally made up of patience, which is the essential to success. At Big Bar lake the "Isaac Waltons" would be very disappointed men, because their stores of scientific knowledge, principally made up of patience would be of no use to them. The secret lies in having a very long rod, and a very long line, and in casting the line out just as far as you can from a boat as you glide along silently over the shallow, about twelve feet or so from where the floor of the lake breaks away and the water becomes deep. The line between the shallow and deep water is well defined in Big Bar lake in most places. The reason for fishing in this way is plain; it is essential that the fish do not see the boat nor hear the splash of the oars. The further out you can throw your line the more you will catch, and the larger they will be. You cannot catch from the shore at Big Bar lake, although a "Compleat Angler" might, but his scientific knowledge would require to be great.

Very often you will catch two fish at one throw of the line, and then the sport is great from a sportsman's point of view. It is common to go out in the afternoon and bring in about fifty.

This lake is still in the primitive stage. With the advent of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway its modernization may be hasty, because as its fame spreads, it will be more and more invaded by sportsmen and fishermen. This will apply to all the fish-infested lakes in the interior reached by that railway. Some

method to assist in conversing the fish supply of such lakes could be adopted and yet not interfere with the legitimate sport of the fisherman.

As Seen From a Naturalistic and Poetic Point of View.

The Big Bar country is no longer isolated—the automobile has brought it within a few hours reach of civilization. Formerly the lake was almost a day's journey from Clinton, and it was not frequented to any great extent. It was too far away for the holiday seeker, or the picnic party. Now it can be reached in the early morning, the whole day can be spent on its shores or on the surface of its water, and a return can be made in the evening. In this way large extents of the interior of British Columbia is being brought from the wild into the more modern condition of things. It is the reclamation of the ancient into the modern in a few days as it were.

The Road and Surroundings.

The road leading to Big Bar lake branches off from the Cariboo road about four miles north of Clinton, and leads through a level, and sometimes undulating country, thickly wooded with timber, principally of the Jack pine variety. Almost the entire country for miles around is covered with this growth, and in this it would be a simple matter to get lost were you to wander carelessly away from the road in any direction. Among all this wild and primeval condition there are a few domesticated spots. There is a saw mill, and there are two farms.

As you travel along this road a long range of mountains, known as the Marble Mountains on the map, comes in view. Their picturesque beauty can only be realized by a person who has actually seen them. Perhaps about thirty miles of this range can be seen, their serrated peaks some timbered to their summits, others bald and rocky, standing like silent sentinels, coming out of the unknown past and jutting out into the unknown future. There they stand today as they have stood for centuries watching the movements and noting the history of the ages as they pass, and guarding in silence the secrets of the things they have gathered.

The Big Bar lake country is over-flowing

with poetry. When you go in for the first time it will be more pronounced, because, "Familiarity Breeds Contempt." It effervesces at every turn of the road. You can see it in the silent, sentimental mountains, in the rippling waters of the lake, in the half grown-in swamps, in the narrow, winding road creeping through the timbers, in the flight of the cranes, in the yelp of the coyote, in the hoot of the owl and in the call of the loon. Here are conditions that have existed thousands of years without change, that will probably continue for thousands of years to come without change.

Absence of Song Birds.

Among all this poetic grandeur there is something wanting—there is something wanting that approaches the tragic—something that seems an irreparable loss to the world. It is the want of song birds. In all that vast woodland country, where you would expect to find the air all about you ringing with their songs, there is not one bird's voice lifted up to greet you. At night you retire in silent environs; you may expect to awake in the morning and hear the woods ringing with the voices of song birds, but when you awake it is to the same absolute silence. You are in a voiceless wood; but, during the night you have heard the yelp of the coyote and the hoot of the owl. You can hear an occasional chirp from a chickadee, and there are a few little, silent gray birds hopping among the low branches that dare not sing lest they betray their whereabouts. If ever there were song birds in this region they are extinct years and years ago, because the hawk and the owl, and the buzzard, and the coyote reign supreme. In this respect British Columbia is still in the wild, primeval condition. If the hawk, and the owl, and the buzzard, and the coyote could have reached them, the fish in the lake would have been extinct also.

How much longer must British Columbia tolerate this vermin that make the woods voiceless and the country cheerless? In the Big Bar country the air is filled with offensive insects, such as horse flies, deer flies, mosquitoes and gnats. This can be attributed to the hawk, the owl and the buzzard, because they are the destroyers of insectivorous birds, and they are allowed to devastate the country with impunity.



Trolling for Grilse in the Saanich Arm, Vancouver Island

NORMA DUMBLETON

JACK and I were in love. Now my dear, patient reader, even if you are a confirmed bachelor or a long established old maid, do not hold up your hands in abject horror and demand of no one in particular and everyone in general; "What are the sporting magazines coming to? Can we read nothing at all now-a-days without coming into contact with the follies of the young? But have no fear Jack and I are not so very young for I am twenty-one and Jack is even older than that. Jack is a man's man and I—well—I never do anything foolish! yet, will I start the next paragraph with a reiteration of my former statement:—

Jack and I were in love. Not with one another, I trust you may comprehend. No, far be it from my intentions to wish for the publication of anything so personal as that. Rather would I give you to understand that our regard for one another was of a strictly unsentimental variety—but—we *were* in love for all that.

Yes we were both in love with the sweet, young, early spring, with the six o'clock dawn and the seven-thirty sunrise, the budding trees, the waking plants and all the birds, animals and fishes on and around our Island Home. Who could fail to accede to the urgent wooing of all these fascinating things? Who, unless he were a mortal with water instead of red blood in his veins, could fail to fall in love with spring, after the long, cold, sullen winter, with its wind, snow, rain and hail, it's short, dull days and long dark nights?

We had just got over the Spanish Influenza, and Jack had been granted a week's holiday by his boss, who, I am sure, must be an awfully good sport, though I've never met him. A fishing trip, we thought, would be the best thing in the world to restore our health and strength and we invited my younger sister, who is a cracker-jack with the oars, to row the boat for us.

We left home at about nine a.m., one fine sunny day, with loads of grub and two cameras. (These latter were for the purpose of photographing the fish, should they prove to be too many or too large to pack into the car and take home with us.)

Arriving at Bruntwood, where we were going to fish, Jack went to the top at the side of the Bruntwood Hotel, to fill our bottles with water. It was while thus engaged that he shouted out the rather terrifying words to me, "I've brought along a club to murder them

with if they make any resistance!" Of course, he was alluding to the fish, but a poor old lady, who had poked her head through the doorway out of curiosity, hastily withdrew and slammed the door. Doubtless, she thought that these three, toughly attired young rough-necks, intended to massacre all the inmates of the hotel.

We went down to the boathouse and hired a boat and were in a very short time, dancing over the blue waters, with the smell of the sea in our noses and voices of crows and sea-gulls in our ears. Oh, yes, that trip was a grand success alright—but for one thing—we never caught one single fish though we were out all day.

The next day Jack went into town and told the chap who sells him fishing tackle, etc., all about our unsuccessful trip. The owner of the store was not only sympathetic but gave some very good advice concerning the best method of catching grilse in the early spring.

"D'you know why we didn't catch any grilse when we were out yesterday? Jack asked when he came home.

"Sure, there were none in the sea." I answered with a clumsy attempt to be witty.

"Wrong the first time!" said Jack "Stewart spoon's no good for grilse, this time of year—Cowichan spinner's *the* thing. Also we should go fishing *early* in the morning, say from seven until ten a.m. Fish don't take much after ten."

"H'm." I said dubiously. Few girls appreciate getting up at five a.m., and I knew it would mean just that if we wanted to be at Bruntwood and out on the Saanich Arm by seven o'clock. However, my spirit was willing, and it, with Jack's aid, persuaded the flesh to take a sensible view of the matter, with the result that a trip was planned for the following day. At twenty minutes to five in the morning, I rolled out of bed and turned the silencer on the alarm clock before it could go off. It was not long before I had made a fire and brewed a pot of fragrant coffee, then, after making some good, substantial toast, I went and woke Jack. He didn't seem so enthusiastic about early rising as he had been during our discussion of it the night before, but he got up, like a good, submissive angel, and was soon ready to partake of the victuals I had prepared.

I shall not tell you what it was that Jack put into our coffee to warm us and make us

feel good. Remember, this is a prohibition town and I don't want the doctor, who gave the prescription, to get into trouble. All I shall say is that the effect was not disappointing and we started off, full of high good spirits.

Oh, I shall never forget that morning, gliding serenely along the road to Burntwood—sometimes bumping too—in the old Overland car. There was a touch of frost in the air, just enough to have an exhilarating effect upon us and every now and then a strong smell of pine was wafted to us from the forest which borders the road on either side, then we would turn to each other with shining eyes and exclaim "Isn't it grand out here so early in the morning!"

Arriving at Burntwood, there was no one around the Hotel yet, so, we decided to help ourselves to a boat.

"I don't like the smell around here." I remarked as we went down to the boat-house.

"It's bad pilchards that you smell," said Jack, "see those white things lying along that strip of beach? Those are bad pilchards."

"Are they?" I said, "what makes them die?"

"Oh, a fellow told me yesterday," Jack replied, "that they come into the Bay here to spawn and then die afterwards."

"Poor little brutes!" I said compassionately.

"Why?" Jack asked.

"To die even before they can see what their offspring look like," I said.

"Oh, I don't know that they're missing much. All pilchards look exactly alike, anyway," said Jack.

We selected a boat and launched it, after which I took the oars and Jack sat in the stern preparing the lines. Beside the big, bamboo salmon-rod, we had one of those things (I do not know its technical name) to wind a side line 'round when you don't use a rod—a sort of inferior fishing-reel.

As soon as Jack had the lines overboard we changed places. (Jack always lets me fish because I'm not much good with the oars.)

When we had trolled for fifteen minutes without a strike, I became impatient and thought I'd start an argument to kill time.

"I knew it would be no use." I said with an exaggerated yawn.

"What's no use?" Jack asked.

"Fishing in the sea in a row-boat" I replied sulkily. "The only way to catch fish in the sea is in a motor-launch.

"Oh, you're full of prunes!" said Jack irrespectfully. "Why should one have better luck in a launch!

"Because one's pace should not vary," I replied, "when you're rowing, one minute you go fast, the next you slacken up, then, with a sudden spurt of energy, you skim over the water, until, quite exhausted, you nearly stop altogether. See what I mean?"

"Oh, bunkum!" Jack snorted. "Those spoons at the end of our lines, are supposed to look like wounded fish, plunging about in desperate agony. Then what could look more natural than a little variation in speed? Believe me, a row-boat's alright."

"Then how is it we never catch anything?" I demanded irritably, "last time we caught nothing, this time—" But I got no further with the sentence, for, at that precise moment, my rod, which I had languidly rested against my knee, gave an animated spring and nearly jumped over board.

"Watch your rod!" yelled Jack, and I seized the bit of bamboo with both hands.

"Hoorah! Hoorah!" I shouted ecstatically as I reeled in the line while the fish played all manner of pranks with it.

"Shouldn't wonder if he's a big fellow—he's fighting pretty hard, isn't he?" said Jack.

"Oh no," I said with a laugh. "Just a wee sprat coming along as meek as a sardine."

When I got the fish up to the side of the boat, Jack was ready with the landing net and the next moment a fine young grilse was showering little silver scales over our feet and dancing about in the bottom of the boat as wildly as ever a Scotchman danced the Highland fling.

"Fine! Dandy!" said Jack contentedly, swatting the poor beast over the head with each exclamation. Then, having taken the hook out of his jaw, he chucked him under the seat.

"Out with your line again, Bill!" Jack commanded, wiping the scales off his hands onto his yellow trousers. (He always calls me 'Bill' when he is specially pleased with me.)

"What sort of spoon is on the hand-line?" I asked when both lines were out again.

"The little Abalone Spinner that I bought last year," he replied.

"Wonder if it's any good." I said.

"I caught all my grilse with it last year." He told me.

"Another strike!" I exclaimed after a moment's silence, but as nothing further happened, I concluded that a miss was as good as a mile. Just then the hand-line began to carry on in a most frivolous manner. Jack seized it and began to pull it in hand over hand, while I started to reel in too, as I did

not want my spoon to sink and get tangled in the weeds at the bottom of the sea.

Jack was tickled to death to see his beloved Abalone Spinner hook a grilse. He grabbed the landing-net and coaxed the fish upward; we could see him plainly now, fighting madly for his freedom. Then my attention was attracted to my own line, at which I had suddenly felt a feeble resistance, and casting my glance upon it, great was my astonishment to behold a large grilse, placidly allowing himself to be towed along as I reeled in.

"Jack!" I cried, "I've got a fish too."

"Have you?—Oh, darn—mine's off!" Exclaimed Jack in dismay. He jerked his precious Abalone spoon into the boat, minus the hook and a portion of itself, which that wicked fish had made off with! Jack then turned his attention to my fish and scooped it up in the net.

"I wonder why he didn't fight at all." I said, as I watched the club descend upon the poor victim's head.

"That's why," said Jack, holding the fish out for my inspection, and then I saw that the unfortunate thing was hooked right through the eye.

It was with a saddened countenance that Jack chose another spoon and put it on the line which had held his beloved Abalone. (I nearly composed a poem about it on the spot but mercifully refrained as Jack dislikes my poetry.)

We caught two more grilse and then decided to land and eat the grub which we had brought along.

Jack chose a very gloomy little ship of beach for our landing place; it was cold, damp, and generally uncomfortable and the still, white form of a dead sea-gull lying near at hand, caused me to give an involuntary shiver.

"What's the matter?" asked my pal grinning broadly.

"I was thinking," I said mournfully, "that this is a horrid place to die in."

"Well we're not going to die here, so cheer up," he said.

"It's that poor gull I'm thinking of" I told him.

"Oh" said Jack. "Don't worry over him—he's beyond his troubles now."

Then we seated ourselves upon an icy cold rock and made our meal of sardine sandwiches (very dry) and oranges. Under ordinary circumstances, I would have turned up my nose at the sandwiches, especially when encompassed by the smell of decaying pilchards and in the presence of a dead sea-gull, but

there is nothing like the sea to give one an appetite, so we both ate heartily.

"Jack" I said, as we slipped back into the boat, "why did you choose this horrid place to have our grub in, when there are all kinds of lovely, sunshiny spots around the sea-shore?"

"I thought we might linger too long over our food if I chose a pleasant, warm place, hence my choice," was his reply.

"I had a hunch that there was a method somewhere in your madness." I said, letting the line out as I spoke. Having set Jack's hand-line in its place, I took the bamboo rod and, pressing down the brake with which my reel is equipped, watched the line passing freely through the little steel rings on the rod and disappearing in the sea.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Nearly ten." said Jack, pulling down his sleeve after consulting his wrist watch.

"We haven't much more time. Fishing's no good after ten o'clock, you said." I remarked.

"Yes, but we'll go on fishing as long as the grilse are taking: I have a hunch—" But Jack never told me what his hunch was, for before he could say another word my rod began to wave, sway, jump and dance with an energy surprising to behold.

I must have let out more line than usual this time, for the fish leapt into the air at such a distance from the boat that I could not even make a rough guess at his size. Then a frightful thing happened: while I was watching for the fish to jump again, I was reeling all the time without looking at the reel, and now glancing at it for the first time, I noticed to my dismay that the line was twisted under the brake and round the handle of the reel in a most bewildering mess of knots and tangles.

"Oh, Jack!" I cried out, almost weeping with vexation, "look what I've done—I'll lose him sure now."

I'm not going to write down what Jack said, because I don't know who is going to read this, besides it was most insulting—I blush even now when I think of it.

I shall never be able to make out how I got those knots loose so quickly. It was a frightful job, what with the fish jumping, struggling, dashing hither and thither, pulling hard, swimming straight for the boat and trying all the monkey-tricks he knew and what with Jack abusing me and calling me all kinds of names. (I never knew before that there were so many different varieties of fool in the world as Jack mentioned then in connection with me) My poor brain became almost as muddled as

the fishing line, but I worked with desperate energy and at last the line was clear.

Then I reeled in Mr. Fish, who came quite submissively. Doubtless he was tired out after all his exertions and manoeuvres and found it quite pleasant to be towed along by the jaw.

"Oh, it's a big one—perhaps it's a young spring salmon," said Jack as the bamboo rod bent more than usual, and his surmise proved correct.

Half a minute later, Mr. Salmon lay still in the boat, foully murdered with a slimy, blood-stained club.

"Our first salmon this year," said Jack with pride.

"Yes." I answered with humble brevity. I was still thinking of the awful mess I had made of the line.

"Cheer up, Bill, we want one more to make up the half dozen. Cast thy spoon upon the water and it will return to you with many pounds of fish!" said Jack laughingly.

I let out the two lines and soon my light-heartedness returned when I caught another fair-sized grilse. After that we caught nothing more but we were quite contented. Indeed, I do not think old Sol ever rose over the Malahat to look at a happier pair than Jack and his sidekicker, Bill.

And that concludes the story. Oh, no, one thing more, when we arrived home we weighed our six fish, one at a time. The spring salmon weighed two and a half pounds, and the largest grilse two and a quarter pounds. Then Jack and I strung them together on a stout piece of cord and my sister took a snap-shot of us, holding up our treasure for all the world to see.

Still Hunting Not Popular

Editor, Rod and Gun In Canada!

With your permission I trust you will reprint this in your next issue if possible.

Being a constant reader of the *Rod and Gun* magazine and also a true sportsman, I recently noticed in March issue of the *Rod and Gun*, where the Essex Game Preservation Association has brought about several changes in regard to wild life in the woods, namely to prohibit deer hunting with hounds. Now the gentlemen who moved and seconded this motion are about to make ill feeling toward the deer hunters. Now there are a great many deer hunting parties in Ontario, and I belong to one in our town, who to the best of our ability try to preserve game.

I have hunted deer for a number of years with dogs as well as a great many other hunters have and I can safely say without fear of contradiction that there are more deer in Northern Ontario in sections (where they used to be scarce) than there has been for many years previous. On windy days during the hunting season we would still hunt deer for the simple reason we could not hear the dogs running and anyone who has had to poke around through the bush or wait around on a runway without hearing the dogs knows what a disagreeable hunt they have had.

Perhaps the present Government will be

pleased to hear of such a law enacted, in that, it will lessen the killing of sheep because the hunters will have no further use of a hound and will finally do away with him; but let me say right here that ninety-five per cent. of sheep killed in any vicinity are killed by half-starved collie dogs, and not by hounds.

Another item I wish to call your attention to is this:—In the early fall say, September, Indians on reservations go to certain hunting grounds and kill deer out of season and again during the open season go back again to the same place and kill more. Now is this fair?

There are twenty-five to thirty per cent. more shooting accidents happen when hunters go into the woods still hunting, than hunting with dogs and it is much harder to shoot a running deer than it is to get one standing. More men have been known to have been lost by the so-called method of still hunting, some perhaps never found.

(I am I strongly urge to the present Government and to the Essex Association to not prohibit the use of dogs in the deer hunting season. The hunters of Ontario will have to get busy if they intend hunting next fall with their hounds.

Respectfully yours,

M. B. Hollister.

Penetang, Mar. 22, 1920.



GUNS & AMMUNITION

Duck Shooting Experiences

EDWARD T. MARTIN

I REMEMBER that many years ago when I was a young and not very handsome child, my old nurse used to keep shooting at me, "Pretty is as pretty does." Maybe, but if she spoke the truth, I never reached a sufficient stage of beauty to win even a booby prize in a baby show.

Since having reached years of discretion I have amended the nurse's saying to, "Crazy is as crazy does," applied in particular to the general run of shooters—yes, myself included—who will stop at nothing to get game: will take all kinds of chances, run all sorts of risks for the sake of adding more to an already near limit bag.

Yet nothing seems to hurt a shooter of this stripe. Undressing and breaking ice to reach a dead duck is pie for one of them: diving in icy water during a snow storm, after a sunken oarlock, an enjoyable occasion: going backward out of a boat from the recoil when both barrels are discharged at the same time, and shooting the rest of the day encased in an armor of ice, something to be laughed at. Going out very early in the morning in order to secure a good blind, then lying down in the wet bottom of the boat and sleeping while waiting for daylight, with rain or snow pelting one in the face, is an episode not at all out of the usual run of things: while refusing to move on when ordered to do so by a gang of market shooters who have no rights to the place themselves, and are only jealous of your superior skill, is an unavoidable incident, for one must always expect the bad with the good.

All these and others like them are things that every true shooter will do, and they are what put him in the crazy class, and, really, it looks as if a man cannot be a successful

getter of game unless he is in that class—perhaps, however, not so much now as in the good old days when there was abundance of game and much larger limits were permitted than now.

The real cream of this crazy business is sneak-boat shooting on open water where there is no shelter anywhere in case of a sudden blow, and with the wind having a clear sweep, and the boat not built for rough weather, it is sink or swim for the gunner with the odds all against the success of the swimming part. Neither is it enjoyable shooting, nor sportsmanlike, whatever may be said about it as a means of getting game.

It is not so very long ago that I met two men, workmen in the mines near Anyox, British Columbia, who attempted the introduction of sneak-boat shooting into that part of Canada, and, as I had a like experience in another place, I am inclined to believe the story they told to be true.

They were both enthusiastic sportsmen, but one knew how and the other had to learn. The one who knew—Crawford by name—claimed that the sport as it existed near Anyox was too slow: did not have enough variety and large bags of water-fowl were impossible: so he proposed to Daly, the other, "Let's build a sneak-boat and show the rest of the guys how to get ducks."

Daly's ideas of sneak-boats and sneak-boat shooting were very hazy, but he agreed readily.

Nobody around Anyox or Alice Arm, on which Anyox is situated, knew if that kind of shooting was permitted by the Canadian game laws, but Daly said, "We'll chance it. Way up here in the wilderness, no one pays

much attention to the game laws, anyhow": in which statement, I am sorry to say, there was more truth than fiction.

So, by the next boat an order was sent to Vancouver for the necessary lumber—cedar. "Because," Crawford said, "when we are doing a thing, we might as well do it right as to make a botch of it."

Of course it was possible to kill a few ducks without going to so much trouble and expense, but Daly agreed with his shooting partner when the latter said, "Shucks! There is not as much sport in the gunning we are getting now as there is in goat shooting, which is no sport at all, but only an excuse for mountain climbing with a little exercise thrown in, and there is enough exercise in our daily work without having to go outside for it."

If Crawford was an expert hunter, so Daly was a good carpenter, and it did not take him long to build the boat after his running mate had drawn the plans.

Rival gunners watched the proceedings with much curiosity. Their verdict was, "Won't do—water is too rough. 'Twill swamp and drown them, sure." Then, as the boat approached completion, they began to bet.

"They won't ever kill six ducks out of it," was one proposition. "Will dump them both overboard," was the other and the two sneak-boat builders "put up" largely on the first, as long as they had a dollar, or could borrow on the security of future pay checks.

The idea was for one to lie down in the stern and propel the boat by means of a bent oar worked over his shoulder and through a round hole just above the waterline: while the other, head resting on a wooden "headstall" between his companion's knees, and feet under the bow decking, was depended on to do the shooting, with his pump-gun, the sculler coming at the finish and taking the leavings.

The outside of the boat was painted with soft mud from the tip of her sharp bow to the end of her square stern and, a short distance away, looked like an old derelict of a log drifting at the mercy of wind and tide.

The other gunners, as the boat took shape, named it, "Crawford's Coffin," and that became the accepted name for it, even with its builders.

After the boat was finished it was only necessary to wait for a favorable day to give it a try-out, and that soon came with the water as smooth as glass and almost no wind; nor were glasses necessary to see that there

were plenty of ducks on the Arm, either sunning themselves or diving for food.

More than thirty men followed the two gunners, helping with the boat and carrying guns and ammunition to a mud point from where the start was to be made.

Daly was very awkward in the boat. He didn't know what to do with his feet or his arms and, whichever way he turned, he managed to get a nail or a knot in the middle of his back, and his headrest was anything but a rest. Then, how to rise quickly and shoot seemed worse than a Chinese puzzle.

"Don't have to sit up," Crawford told him. "Shoot lying down. Catch the recoil in the palm of your left hand. That's the proper way to shoot from a sneak-boat."

Crawford, with his glasses, was soon able to locate a flock of "cans" and bluebills only half a mile away, and, as he headed in their direction, told Daly, "Quiet, now: I'll nudge you when we are close enough."

To the watchers on the point it seemed as if the boat was stationary, but it moved slowly in the direction of the ducks.

The lap of the water on the boat and its gentle rocking together with the warmth of the sun made Daly very sleepy, and soon he was dead to the world.

As for the ducks, never since they came out of the shell had they seen anything resembling that old log drifting their way, or heard such a funny noise as came from it occasionally when the hidden man gave vent to a mild sort of snore. Their curiosity was aroused. They raised their heads, the better to see, and swam toward it. But Daly spoiled the shot. His nose itched. He scratched it, then, forgetting for the moment where he was, took a good stretch and yawned aloud.

The ducks saw some sort of motion that they didn't like, turned and swam away.

All deep water ducks are good swimmers and this bunch was no exception to the general rule. They left the "coffin" behind as if it were anchored and what Crawford said to Daly was not pleasant to hear.

However, on one side there was a bunch of teal, young birds, ignorant of the ways of man. These made no effort to swim fast—only turned out of the way, then, when at a safe distance, were content to tuck their heads under their wings and sleep.

Here was a chance to break Daly in. The boat was headed for the bunch and, when within thirty yards, Crawford kicked his partner as a signal to shoot.

Daly had gone to sleep again and, dreaming

that a mule kicked him—or something of the kind—sat straight up, at the same time pulling the trigger of his pump, but he neglected to catch the recoil in his left hand. Far from it. He caught it in the pit of his stomach and no dead duck doubled up quicker than he.

Crawford, the always ready, raked the flock and killed six, after which he turned his attention to Daly who, lying on his back, was vigorously rubbing the spot where the butt of the gun had hit, and moaning with every rub.

When he saw that Daly was more scared than hurt, Crawford paddled over and picked up the dead ducks, then asked of Daly, "Want to quit and go in?" The man moaned once more, gave his stomach another rub, applied a gill of whiskey on the inside—so it would soak through—then inquired.

"How—how many of those ducks did I kill?"

Crawford replied, "Not a blamed one—but I killed six."

Daly answered, "Then I'll keep on until I get six myself, which will win all those bets for us."

"Good boy," Crawford laughed. "Nothing like being a dead game sport!"

Daly answered, "I'd have been a dead sport with the game left off, if my gun had happened to be a double-barrel, instead of a pump, and I had caught that kick in the stomach from two loads instead of from one."

All this time Crawford had been looking for more ducks with his glasses, and was rewarded at last by seeing several bunches working in with the tide.

He told Daly, "Lie down, and this time remember to catch the recoil where you should."

"All right, thank you," Daly remarked. He shoved a cartridge into the shell chamber of his gun, lay on his back, and was ready for business.

The "coffin" made but little headway. Really, none was necessary, for the ducks were coming very fast and, showing no fear of the old log, were soon within easy range. This time Daly did better and the net result was seven ducks killed and four crippled.

Little attention was paid anything but the ducks. The dead had been gathered and one of the cripples shot over, when Daly, looking up, saw the sky was full of flying clouds and wind streaks, while an angry bank of clouds was rolling in from the sound.

He called to Crawford, "See! A white squall! We must row for our lives."

Crawford answered, "Squall or no squall, I'm going to pick up that dead duck," and he did as the wind struck them.

He shoved a large sponge into the scull hole, brought the boat head to the wind, then told Daly, "We've got to drift, stern first. We'll fill, sure, if we try to do any other thing. I'll hold her steady with the scull oar: you build a dam across the forward decking."

"A dam? What out of?" asked Daly.

"Yes! A dam," Crawford replied. "Take those mineral water bottles, lay them V shape across the decking. Wrap those sacks I've been lying on around them. Scrape what mud you can from the bows and sides, plaster it over the sacks and pat it down solid: then you will have a dam eight or ten inches high which will turn most of the water that otherwise would come aboard, forward."

Daly worked rapidly and was astonished at the amount of water the dam kept out. With it completed, he moved farther aft, rigged a seat, took a pair of light oars that are always kept handy in a well-managed sneak-boat, and held her steady while Crawford, dumping the contents of the lunch basket overboard, bailed with it for dear life and held the water even, not much more coming in than he could throw out.

Between the wind and the waves, it was a wild ride. Both men were soon wet through. Still, the idea of danger never entered their heads. They were of the "crazy" kind, and only bent on saving those dead ducks, and with a desire to continue the hunt and kill more.

Halfway to shore the size of the waves increased and the water gained fast on Crawford.

"Got to do something," Daly said. "Tell you what—I'll swim. That will take a hundred and sixty pounds weight out of the boat, and you should be able to reach shore with the ducks."

Not a thought of self, you observe—all, of the ducks.

Crawford told him, "Don't be foolish, or if you've got to be, hold fast to the painter, so as to keep yourself afloat."

Daly removed coat and vest, kicked off his rubber boots and made ready for the plunge. Seeing that he was determined, Crawford advised, "We can lighten the boat fifty pounds or so by throwing overboard the guns, ammunition and ducks. Let's do it."

"Shut up!" Daly replied. "Haven't I told you, if this boat gets to shore those ducks will be in it, and *that goes*."

There was no more objection on the part of

Crawford and, picking his time, over the side Daly went, only to find that the water was not more than breast high, and with his boatmate rowing while he himself pushed, it was easy to keep afloat and guide the boat to land.

A crowd had gathered on the shore to lend a hand in the landing. Two carried a coil of rope, a sort of life line; others were hauling a small skiff set on wheels, which the waves made short work of, rolling it over and over and dashing it in pieces.

The wind went down nearly as suddenly as it had risen; then shifted to off shore. The water became more calm and Daly suggested to Crawford, "Let's go back and get those other cripples."

Crawford tried to locate the wounded birds, but his glasses were wet and useless. For

once, he had a little sense and, shaking his head, made answer, "Wait awhile. I want to clean my gun before the locks and action get rusty."

The waiting crowd helped pull the "coffin" above high water mark, and paid all losing bets like the good sports they were. Even if Crawford and Daly took the money it, would not have influenced the two men to make the trip again, but they went out several times while the season lasted, "for the sport of the thing," and returned with plenty of ducks and without mishap.

They were obliged to respond to the call. It was in the blood and would not be denied, for what is bred in the bone is bound to show in the flesh and, once possessed of the shooting craze, it is there while life lasts. So who can blame them for the chances they took?

The Charm of the .22

WILLIS O. C. ELLIS

WITHOUT doubt the twenty-two calibre arm is the most popular gun in the world, and deservedly so. The big game rifle is used only a few days, or at most a few weeks, in the year. The shotgun, too, barring of course the professional trap shooter, has long vacations, and, with the majority of users, spends most of its time in the case or gun cabinet.

Not so with the twenty-two. North, south, east, west, at the seashore, on the plains, in the woods—wherever hunters and outdoorsmen are wont to roam—there it will be found.

The twenty-two knows no vacation: no closed season. The big game hunter relies upon it to keep the larder supplied with choice tid-bits: it shoots small game and the catch of the trapper: it puts the quietus to the cripples of the duck hunter: it heightens the pleasure of the angler and the canoeist: affords, in the gallery, pleasure to thousands of city dwellers: and adds spice and variety to the life of rural folks.

These statements may seem rather broad: but they are, nevertheless, true. Perhaps no better proof of the extreme popularity of this little arm, is needed than simply calling the readers' attention to the fact that the leading gun makers have brought out the twenty-two in all desirable types and styles, viz.,—single shot pistols, revolvers, automatic

pistols, single shot rifles, pump action repeaters, lever action repeaters, and recoil-operated automatics.

This being the case, it is only natural that those not thoroughly familiar with firearms ask themselves the very important question: "What type of twenty-two shall I buy? Pistol, revolver, single shot rifle, automatic, or hand-operated repeater?" The answer, while to some extent a matter of personal opinion, depends very largely upon the conditions under which the arm is used. And, bearing this in mind, the following is offered as a possible help to those who are somewhat at sea regarding the style of twenty-two best adapted to their needs.

To the summer camper and vacationist is accorded the greatest latitude of choice, although for this class the twenty-two has some structural limits. The arm should be light and compact, and may be pistol, revolver, pocket rifle or full-grown gun. In case of the latter, it should be a take-down for convenience in carrying.

For handiness the revolver, single shot or automatic pistol, carried well holstered on the belt, are in a class by themselves. Always at your side, they soon win a place in your affections that is hard to divorce.

Let the revolver have a six-inch barrel—nothing shorter,—blued finish, and adapted to the .22 long-rifle cartridge. With such

you may also use the popular little .22 short, with no injurious results *provided* the chambers in the cylinder are very frequently and thoroughly cleaned. If this is neglected, the chambers will become rusted, pitted and rough, just in front of the short shell, making extraction of the long-rifle shell very difficult. This applies equally well to any twenty-two in which shorts, long-rifles, or longs, are used.

Do not get a cheap revolver. They are often dangerous and their accuracy is seldom satisfactory. One of high-grade construction throughout should be chosen, and if you are at all familiar with outdoor literature, you will know which makes are recognized as the best.

In point of power and accuracy, the .22-calibre revolver is slightly inferior to the pistol, owing to the small space between the cylinder and barrel, and, further, because the bullet has to travel some little distance before it reaches the rifling. For best results, a bullet should fit snugly into the rifling when loaded into the arm. But this should deter no one from selecting the cylinder gun, for at that it will shoot far better than the average person can hold, even with practice. Their several shots at the shooter's command, is a redeeming feature.

The outer's revolver should have adjustable sights, front and rear. For target shooting only, a black bead is best; but for general "snapping" an ivory or gold bead is preferable. The rear sight may be one of several different forms, the one with the U-shaped notch being very good. What has here been said of revolver sights, applies also to single shot and automatic pistols.

In the matter of single shot pistols the six-inch barrel will be found most convenient, but the eight and ten-inch lengths will give somewhat better accuracy and penetration. With a ten-inch barrelled arm, using the .22 long-rifle, equipped with peep sights and detachable skeleton stock, one has a gun capable of most astonishing results — for its size, to say the least. The .22 automatic pistol, using the .22 long rifle cartridge, by reason of its rapid fire, is a splendid arm for the outer.

The pistol or revolver should *never* be carried in the pocket, as some foolishly do, but in a good leather holster. Of these, the flap holster affords the greatest protection, as it excludes the rain and dirt. If chamois lined, so much the better.

Owing to its short barrel and the consequent

ease with which a pistol or revolver may be accidentally pointed toward the user or a companion, these arms should always be handled very carefully, especially by the inexperienced, and kept strictly away from children—a rule which should be observed with any gun.

When it comes to the full grown arm, it is safe to say that nearly every one prefers the repeater to the single shot, and it is here recommended. It should be of standard make, and may be either hand-operated or automatic in operation. If the user is a big game hunter, it is well to choose a gun with the same kind of action as the big game arm. That is, if the big game rifle is an automatic, get an automatic; if it operates with a finger-lever, get a lever action repeater; and so on. It will be found a positive advantage to follow this suggestion, and will enable one to do better work with the big gun when the hunting season arrives.

In the hand-operated repeater, it is well to select one using both the short and long-rifle cartridges, for while the latter is the more powerful and accurate, there are times when one would like to use shorts as they are quite a bit cheaper and make less noise. Cartridges loaded with Semi-smokeless or Lcsmok powder and greased bullets, are best for general use and are wonderfully accurate and clean to use. Smokeless ammunition is more injurious to the bore, although it may be safely used when proper attention is paid to cleaning.

If an automatic is used taking special smokeless ammunition, be sure to get the right cartridges. There are two of these arms on the market, and although the ammunition used by these two guns is very similar, it is not interchangeable. Therefore, be sure to get the correct "feed" and — plenty of it.

When that important item, expense, must be considered — and it certainly does with the most of us — the cheaper, light weight single shot rifle may be selected with the assurance that it, too, will provide a world of amusement and be more economical with ammunition than repeaters. The single shot also has the advantage that, as a rule, they may be cleaned from the breech without taking apart — a commendable feature in any arm.

When desiring to disturb the quiet of the camp as little as possible, the silencer may be employed to advantage and in addition to greatly reducing the report, improves the

balance of the arm. This auxiliary attachment gives best results with smokeless ammunition.

It is here recommended that the rifle be equipped with a tang peep sight. The front sight should be a gold or ivory bead so it will show up well. If much target shooting is done — and there usually is in the summer camp — a combination front sight having an ivory bead and shaded black pin-head, is excellent.

To facilitate instructive target shooting, don't forget to include a bunch of targets. These are procurable from sporting goods stores, gun clubs, and the large gun and ammunition makers.

For the trapper, it is important that the firearm be light, short and compact. For this reason the pistol is a favorite arm for this class of outdoorsmen, the single shot with ten-inch barrel being much used, and is often fired by resting across the left forearm to steady it. But, with single shot arms, the fingers get very cold when reloading in cold weather — the time trapping is best — and the speed of fire necessarily slow. Obviously, the revolver and automatic pistol are not open to these objections and, therefore, have much to recommend them. Also, the little "under and over" gun, lower barrel .44, and upper barrel .22-calibre, is well adapted to trappers' requirements.

For the hunter of small game — squirrels, rabbits, etc. — any of the several repeaters, either hand-operated or automatic, will give satisfactory results.

For target shooting exclusively, a heavy single shot arm, weighing eight or nine pounds, should be chosen. It should be fitted with peep sights, as mentioned in the preceding. While such an arm would be too heavy for general hunting, it will afford rare sport for

squirrel shooting and drills one splendidly in deliberate aim. However, owing to the rather high cost of these heavy target arms, the light weight single shot may be chosen for a "starter," and with careful practice and lots of shooting, it is really surprising the degree of proficiency one can acquire.

One can not be too careful in caring for the twenty-two. Always clean and oil as soon as possible after using and *never* allow it to stand overnight, dirty. This is especially true of automatics using special smokeless ammunition, also of any others using smokeless cartridges. The acid residue of smokeless powder, unless neutralized (killed) very soon with a good nitro solvent, will attack and greatly injure the bore.

A compact cleaning outfit — a pull-through with brass wire brush, slotted wiper, pocket oiler with nitro solvent oil, and some clean white rags — should be carried in the pocket in a small canvas case. A jointed brass cleaning rod is a splendid thing to use in camp.

Don't be afraid to occasionally brush out the barrel with the brass wire cleaner. It will remove burnt powder, lead, and rust in the early stages, and will in no way injure the bore.

When possible, clean the barrel from the breech, first with rags soaked in oil or nitro solvent (always use nitro solvent with smokeless ammunition), then with dry rags (preferably white), until they come through stainless. Leave a coating of oil or solvent in the bore before setting away for the night; then, to be on the safe side, go over the arm the next day, wipe out the barrel and apply fresh oil or solvent. This should keep the arm bright and free from rust for some time. However, when setting the gun away for several months, it is best to coat it heavily, inside and out, with a good gun grease.

The Perfect Rifle

W. C. MOTLEY

IN writing an article on this subject, I am well aware of the fact that I am treading on dangerous ground. Almost every man will rise up on his hind legs and start something if one so much as suggests that his rifle is too light for use on deer and black bear, deer in particular. It is a fact, however, that many rifles used for this game are not powerful enough to make clean kills and in

these days when sportsmen prefer to kill their game at, or near, the place where it stands, the question of just which of the many rifles on the market to select to do this is a much debated question.

Generally speaking, game is becoming scarcer every year and is doing it at an alarming rate. A few years ago, the hunter could go out any time during the season and get his

deer the first day whereas now he must travel for miles over the roughest country and even then, is lucky to get a shot. Should he be using a rifle of insufficient power to stop the game where hit, he may follow its trail a long distance and lose it in the end. This means that a good deal of hard work has gone for nothing and what is worse, the deer will probably die eventually from its wounds — a matter no sportsman likes to contemplate.

The purchase of a suitable rifle for use on deer and black bear is consequently a matter of perplexity to the man who has not studied the matter, but who wishes to have the one gun which will be satisfactory. Some of the rifles advertised are either so high in price or so difficult to get ammunition for that they are out of the question for these reasons alone. Having these points in mind, the following article is offered with the assurance that the rifles named will make good, and that they represent real value as reliable weapons for killing the game mentioned. It is not claimed that the list is complete, no mention being made of the various bolt action and automatic rifles for the reason already given — that of high cost. Others, again, have been omitted due to their heavy recoil, trouble from nickel or copper fouling in the barrel or for various other objectionable features.

Probably the most famous and widely used rifles in use today are those manufactured by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Go where you will, into the mining camps, the lumber camps, the fur regions or among the Indians, you will find these rifles. "Buffalo Bill" used them on the prairies. Peary took them to the North Pole and Roosevelt used them in Africa on the biggest of big game. Failure to function properly, shoot accurately or stand the roughest handling is practically unknown with these arms. They do not freeze up in cold weather. Neither do they jam if dirt gets into the action and the intending purchaser will do well to keep these points in mind when he goes to select his rifle.

The most popular of this make are the .30-30 and .32 Special in the Model '94, the .303 British and the .30 Army in the Model '95, and the .33 Calibre in the Model '86. In addition to those mentioned in the Model '95 there is the .30 Govt. '03 and '06 Calibre, but as this is a far more powerful gun than is necessary or desirable for our game we need not consider it further. Each of these rifles uses the modern high velocity smokeless powder ammunition and for the purpose of com-

parison the following figures will be of interest.

The .30-30 uses a 170 grain soft point bullet which leaves the muzzle with a velocity of 2003.4 feet per second and an energy of 1515.5 foot pounds. The velocity at 100 yards is 1753 feet per second and the energy is 1160.2 foot pounds. Fifteen feet from the muzzle, this bullet will penetrate eleven $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine boards and, in doing so, will "mushroom" or flatten out to about three times its former thickness.

The .32 Special also uses a 170 grain bullet, has a muzzle velocity of 2104.4 feet per second and a muzzle energy of 1672 foot pounds. The velocity at 100 yards is 1972.7 feet per second and the energy 1213.5 foot pounds. This bullet will penetrate twelve $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine boards.

Comparing the figures given, it will be seen that the .32 Special is the harder hitting gun of the two and is preferable for that reason. The velocity being higher, the trajectory, or distance the bullet rises above the line of sight, will be flatter, which tends toward more successful work on rapidly moving game. Reference to the accompanying table of trajectories will give the figures for various distances and also the approximate accurate range of the rifles described in this article.

The sporting cartridges we are considering for use in the Model '95 rifle are the 215 grain .303 British and the 220 and 180 grain .30 Army bullets. In performance the .303 British and the 220 grain .30 Army are very similar although it will be noticed that the latter holds up better at 100 yards and is preferable on that account. The 180 grain for the .30 Army is a much faster bullet than either of the others and consequently is the best for general use as it is quite heavy enough and the trajectory is flatter.

The .303 British 215 grain bullet has a muzzle velocity of 1999.1 feet per second, with a muzzle energy of 1908.3 foot pounds. The velocity at 100 yards is 1775.5 feet per second with an energy of 1505.7 foot pounds. The penetration of the soft nose bullet is thirteen $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine boards.

The .30 Army 220 grain bullet has a muzzle velocity of 1993.5 per second with a muzzle energy of 1941.8 foot pounds. The velocity at 100 yards is 1798.4 feet per second with an energy of 1580.3 foot pounds. The penetration of the soft nose bullet is thirteen $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine boards.

The .30 Army 180 grain bullet has a muzzle velocity of 2345.5 feet per second with a muzzle energy of 2199.3 foot pounds. The

velocity at 100 yards is 2167.4 feet per second with an energy of 1878 foot pounds. I do not have the figures for penetration.

From what has been said regarding the loads for the Model '95 rifles, it will be seen that the .30 Army is the most adaptable to our needs. We can use two soft nose cartridges in this calibre where only one is available for the .303 British. If the purchaser desires, he can obtain each of these in the full patch, but as these are not in general use on game, they are not frequently stocked by dealers. Speaking generally, both the .303 British and the .30 Army will give satisfaction and as the mechanism of the rifles is very strong and beautifully smooth in action, the purchaser of either will have a weapon of which he may be justly proud.

The Model '86 rifle has been said to be the strongest in construction of any of the Winchesters. It is sometimes called the moose gun, due to the fact of its having been brought out principally for use on that game. It possesses great stopping power and is very popular in the .33 Calibre, the figures for which follow. The .33 Calibre, 200 grain soft point bullet has a muzzle velocity of 2050.3 feet per second with a muzzle energy of 1867.3 foot pounds. The velocity at 100 yards is 1761.7 feet per second with an energy of 1378.7 foot pounds. The penetration of this bullet is thirteen $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine boards.

It might be inferred from what has been written so far that the Winchester rifles are the only reliable arms but such is by no means the case. Those manufactured by the Savage Arms Corporation and the Remington Arms U.M.C. Company, have made notable records in the game-fields. The Savage Company furnishes one of the most gracefully modelled rifles obtainable in this country and the action and general performance of the gun leave nothing to be desired. The two old stand-bys of this make are the .30-30 and the .303 Savage the figures for the former being similar to those for the .30-30 Winchester. The .303 Savage, however, must not be confused with the .303 British as it is an entirely different cartridge as will be seen by the figures which follow.

The .303 Savage 195 grain bullet has a muzzle velocity of 1952 feet per second, with a muzzle energy of 1658 foot pounds. The penetration of the soft nose bullet is eleven $\frac{3}{8}$ inch pine boards. A 182 grain bullet is obtainable in full patch, also the Savage miniature 100 grain bullet. This latter is

accurate to 100 yards only and as neither are sporting bullets, they need not be considered further.

The .250-3000 Savage is a recent product and has come in for a great deal of discussion due to the fact that while the muzzle velocity is 3000 feet per second, the bullet weighs only 87 grains. Generally speaking, the high velocity would suggest great penetration, but this is not necessarily a test of killing power. It is a problem; as yet unsolved to the satisfaction of the many, just how this rifle would compare with one of equal muzzle energy and using a heavier bullet on game at long range. Charles Cottar, of Savage literature fame, has used it on big game in Africa, but it must be remembered that Mr. Cottar is a noted guide and big game hunter and the probabilities are that he could do more execution with any rifle than the average shooter could with a machine gun.

Those who hunt the Alaska brown bear seem to favor such rifles as the .30 Govt. '06 or the .30 Army Winchesters. However, for such game as deer at ordinary range or for very rapidly moving game such as coyotes, which are there one instant and gone the next, there can be no doubt that the .250-3000 is the thing. It would be interesting to know if the .250-3000 would throw a charging animal on his haunches as the .303 Savage has done in the past and will continue to do in the future. The .303 Savage with pistol grip and a barrel length of 22 or 24 inches compares favorably in appearance with the .250-3000 and there is no doubt about its killing power.

Considering the Remington, we have a choice of four calibres, viz. The .25, .30, .32 and .35. The .25 is rather light for our game and as the .30 and .32 correspond to the .30-30 and .32 Special Winchesters, they need not be considered further. The .35 calibre is strictly a big game rifle and is perhaps, the most popular of the four. It handles a 200 grain soft point and 170 grain full patch bullet. The muzzle velocity of the former is 2020 feet per second with a muzzle energy of 1811 foot pounds, and the penetration is thirteen $\frac{7}{8}$ inch pine boards.

In the data on the various soft nose cartridges given so far, no figures for trajectory have been given. The Winchester tables give figures for ranges of 100, 200 and 300 yards only and the Remington tables give them for 200, 300, 400 and 500 yards only. Both are given here, it being understood that those in the Winchester columns are that company's figures for cartridges of their

own manufacture and those in the Remington columns are the Remington Company's figures for cartridges of their manufacture. No figures for the .250-3000 Savage are at hand.

front sight and a Lyman receiver back sight, also a Model '95 Carbine of .30 Army Calibre which will be similarly equipped before Fall. Out of five rifles owned at different times, these have proven to be the best for my use in this

TABLE
Mid Range Trajectories at Various Distances.

Cartridge	Bullet Weight Grains	Winchester			Remington				Range for Accuracy
		100 Yds.	200 Yds.	300 Yds.	200 Yds.	300 Yds.	400 Yds.	500 Yds.	
.30-30 Winchester.....	170	1.23	5.69	14.76			31.56	57.12	500- 700
.32 Win. Special.....	170	1.15	5.62	14.62			31.41	59.18	500- 700
.33 Winchester.....	200	1.20	5.64	14.95			31.25	58.11	500- 700
.30 Army	220	1.22	5.42	13.47			28.08	49.98	800-1000
.30 Army	180	0.85	3.69	9.05			17.20	29.68	800-1000
.303 British	215	1.23	5.52	14.08			29.61	51.53	800-1000
.30 Remington.....	170				5.74	15.21	31.56	57.12	500- 700
.32 Remington.....	170				5.31	14.82	31.41	59.18	500- 700
.35 Remington.....	200				5.93	16.17	32.61	62.20	500- 700
.303 Savage.....	195				5.98	15.60	32.00	58.18	500- 700

Speaking generally it is poor practice to take a rifle of less power than the .30-30 Winchester into the woods for deer. For use on bear, an animal having enormous vitality and capable under certain conditions of giving the hunter an interesting time of it, a more powerful rifle than the .30-30 would be advisable. It has been frequently stated that the black bear never charges. As a matter of fact it seldom does, but the writer knows of several occasions when they have attacked the hunter after being wounded, one in particular where the remains of a prospector were found in the mountains with his clothes torn to ribbons. His rifle was near by and the only other evidence of the bear was its tracks. While, this might be considered as an isolated case, it is better to have a heavier rifle with power enough to knock the animal down, thus giving the user time to get a new cartridge into the chamber should the emergency call for it.

Summing the whole thing up, it resolves itself into a matter of which calibres are most satisfactory and those briefly described are in general use among men in the West who live at a distance from civilized centres. For those who prefer short guns, the Model '94 and Model '95 Calibres will prove satisfactory, particularly if there is much climbing to do as is the case in these British Columbia mountains. Equipped with satisfactory sights and a sling strap, they will give as good service as the longer barreled rifles. In my own gun rack there is a .32 Special Winchester Carbine, fitted with a Sheard good bead

locality.

There seems to be a tendency toward discarding the tubular magazine for several reasons. With a box magazine the muzzle weight of the rifle is always practically the same irrespective of whether the magazine is full or empty. Other reasons are that it is a simple matter to ascertain the number of cartridges in the gun, which is difficult with the tubular magazine and also such things as dented bullets are eliminated as the cartridge ends do not come in contact with each other. The box magazine has, of course, the disadvantage that it is sometimes in the way when the rifle is being carried, but its advantages appear to far outweigh its disadvantages.

Any article on rifles would hardly be complete without a few remarks on sights. This subject is one on which a great deal might be said, but we will just mention two of those in general use which have made good on game rifles.

Sights are divided broadly into two classes. The "open" of which the well known "buck-horn" is the most popular, and "closed" sights, of which the receiver and tang peep are examples. The magazine advertisements will give a better idea of what these are like than can be conveyed in a few words. Both types are used in connection with a bead front sight and it is altogether a matter of which suits the user's eyes best which determines their preference.

In using the buck horn most people attempt to focus the eye on three points at once, viz., the back sight, the bead and the game and as

a consequence, the back sight blurs. Those who use a rifle frequently soon overcome this difficulty and can do very accurate shooting with this combination.

In the peep sight the blurring effect is present also but advantage is taken of the fact that a bright spot appears in the exact centre. The bead is lined up in this and once the user becomes familiar with their use, he usually finds that he can do better work with peep sights than he can with open sights. It is true that there seems to be a very large amount of space around the bead when viewed through the peep and many look on them with suspicion for this reason. The explanation lies in the fact that the peep sight is much closer to the eye than is usual with the buck horn, which naturally makes the aperture appear larger than it really is. Actually, there is very little difference in the openings of either sight, the difference between the two being that with the peep sight the user sees his error in aim very much magnified which he does not do with the buck horn, due to its being farther from the eye.

In addition, there is a much greater distance between sights when the peep is used than is the case with open sights, when used on a carbine which normally has a twenty or twenty-two inch barrel. They give the shooter a greater degree of accuracy in placing his shots than he would have in using a twenty six inch barrel equipped with the open sight. With the modern smokeless cartridges, the extra length of barrel is not of very great advantage at distances at which game is usually shot. As an example of this, the .30 Govt. Model Winchester with its twenty-four inch barrel and the U.S. Army Spring-

field with a barrel of similar length might be noted. Both rifles are famous for their accuracy at long range, although the .30 Govt. barrel is but two inches longer than that of the carbine of the same calibre.

All this, however, is beside the point if the user, after a thorough trial, finds the peep sight unsuitable. Ease in sighting and accuracy in aim are essential in the successful use of a sporting arm and consequently it would be ridiculous to say that any one type of sight is the best for everybody. If the sportsman is to have the best rifle for his particular use the sights play a very important part in determining whether he has it or not.

And now—what is the “best rifle?” Frankly, “there ain’t no such animal.” If the Model ’94 Winchester is the most satisfactory in appearance. The .32 Special is the more powerful calibre. If a heavier calibre is desired in a rifle of similar appearance, the Model ’86 in .33 Calibre is the thing. If, however, a pump action or an automatic in the Remington Calibres seems preferable, the .32 and the .35 are beautiful guns and the only ones of similar power to be had in the pump action. With the Savages, its a toss-up between the .303 Savage and the .250-3000—both will deliver the goods. If, however, you want a rifle with enormous killing power at long range, any one of the Model ’95 Winchester is your gun and you can depend on it always. Whatever your preference in calibre may be, let it be powerful enough to KILL game—not wound it. It’s power, design and sights that make the rifle. Once you are satisfied on all three points, you will have what is, in your case, “The Perfect Rifle.”

Queries and Answers

How To Make a Rabbit Skin Blanket.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I saw in a recent issue of *Rod and Gun In Canada* that someone inquired how he could tan rabbit skins, to enable him to make a rabbit skin blanket. I take pleasure in giving you the following particulars of the method that is used by the Indians of the North Shore.

One hundred skins are required to make a blanket equal in size to a four point Hudson Bay blanket. This blanket, of course, weighs about five pounds against the 12 to 14 lbs. of the Hudson Bay blanket.

After skinning the rabbit or hare the skin is left with the fur inside and is allowed to

dry by hanging it up outside. If it is dried in the heat of the camp-fire it becomes burned and breaks. This of course, applies to other furs as well. Rabbit and other skins should never be exposed to the heat of a fire or sun.

The skins are moistened and then set up on the rounded head of a stake that is covered with some soft substance to allow the skin to rotate. A sharp knife is then used to cut the skin into strips about one inch wide. The skinning operation is begun at the hind part and the operator works around the skin until the neck is reached when this is cut off and the head is thrown away. This operation makes a strip of skin about eight feet long

from each hide. While the skin is still fresh and moist it is twirled around rope fashion, and then laid aside. To twist it easily, one end is secured, and a small rounded stick with a split in one end to hold the strip, is applied at the other extremity and then twirled around between the hands, or between the hand and thigh.

The knitting is done on the fingers in the same way as a net is made and when it is completed one can just push the fingers through the meshes. In common with many other things a hare skin blanket has its good and bad points. Its advantages are—its warmth, lightness and cheapness, and the fact that it can be made in the woods. Its disadvantages are—the readiness with which it tears and the fact that it cannot be washed or cleaned. It is usually thrown away after the hunting is over and another made the next season.

For many years I was closely associated with the late Capt. Selous, during my time in Africa, and he always used a .400 bore express rifle, and I can tell you the shock from that size is not any too great for stopping such dangerous animals as the lion, rhino, hippo, buffalo and elephant. For your information a .400 bore has a muzzle velocity of 2200 ft. sec. and an energy of 4320 ft. lb; the weight of the bullet is 400 gr.

H. A. Paterson.

Reply—Thank you very much for your very clear description of "How to make a Rabbit Skin blanket." We will be looking forward to receiving an article from you describing your experiences with Capt. Selous in Africa.

Editor.

A Lee-Enfield — Used In The Boer War.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

In answer to query by Harry Maddison, Montreal, in April issue regarding the Lee Enfield Rifle, Boer War Model, would inform you that this rifle is .303 Calibre taking ordinary .303 British Army Issue Cartridge and Sporting Cartridges. They can be purchased almost anywhere if .303 British are specified.

I have used one of these same rifles with some of the wood removed and made into a sporting Model and they are all that could be desired as a sporting rifle.

W. J. Rollins.

St. Andrews, N.B.

.32 Smith & Wesson Revolver.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I am a reader of *Rod and Gun In Canada*.

Could you tell me where I could get a hammer for a .32 Smith & Wesson revolver, as I would like to get one.

A. W. Estey,

Zeland, N.B.

Reply—You could obtain a hammer for a .32 Smith & Wesson revolver from Smith & Wesson, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A., who are the manufacturers of your revolver. Give them the name, Model and, if possible, the number of your revolver when you send for it so that they may be enabled to send you one that will fit.

Be sure that this is a genuine Smith & Wesson revolver as there are thousands of revolvers that use the Smith & Wesson cartridges and which are not Smith & Wesson revolvers. The name of the maker should be stamped on the top of the barrel or the rib on the barrel of your revolver.

Editor.

Information About Hunting in Algoma, And The .303 British Cartridge.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I notice in your columns various letters asking about trapping conditions in Algoma. I would not advise any amateur to try it. The high price of furs this year, has flooded the woods with trappers and unless you go far back from the railways your returns would be very small.

I wrote the D. Pike Co., Toronto for some .303 British shells with spitzer bullets and they, through error I suppose, sent me what appears to be a Dominion Army shell, Mark VII, with the nickel cut back and made into a soft nose. The bullet is shorter than the U.M.C. shells and is loaded with cordite.

I would like you to answer a few questions about these shells:—

Is cordite injurious to a rifle barrel?

What are the Ballistics of the .303 British shell?

Will the shells I secured have a different velocity?

How can I secure a higher velocity in a .303 British cartridge?

Do you know of any Company who will furnish these cartridges?

R. J. Haslett.

Reply—In reply to your letter of March 12th, we will be glad to print an account of a hunting trip in the district that you mention. I would suggest that you give an account of some past big game hunting trip and write it in such a manner as to give information to our big game hunters.

The .303 British cartridge is loaded by the Dominion Cartridge Co., with a 215 gr. soft point bullet. They also load a .303 with a 202 gr. pointed bullet for match shooting, and another .303 that they call the Mark VII that is loaded with the 180 gr. bullet. Various American manufacturers make the 215 grain bullet and the 174 grain spitzer.

Cordite will show greater erosion or wearing of the barrel than nitrocellulose powder will show with the same number of shots. However, it is superior in some other ways. The ballistics of the .303 British cartridge are about the same as the 30-10 excepting when the spitzer bullet is used the shell is not equal to the 30-10. You could obtain the greatest range by loading your own cartridges with a progressive burning powder like Hercules No. 300. This can be obtained in bulk through the D. Pike Co.; Lion Sporting Goods or Oliver Spanner Toronto; 41.8 grains of this powder with the 174 gr. spitzer bullet will give you 2150 ft. sec. velocity. The chances are that the cartridges you have will give the standard velocity. The higher velocities that are now being obtained, are only obtainable with progressive burning nitrocellulose powder. Possibly The Dominion Cartridge Co., can furnish you with .303 British cartridges loaded with progressive burning powder. I would suggest that you write to them.

Editor.

The 45-70 Winchester.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

What about the 45-70 Winchester, Model 1886? What is the muzzle velocity and approximate range? Is it adapted to big game hunting in Canada?

Is the action of this gun positive or will it stick in an emergency?

What is the calibre of the Mauser Model 1893 rifle? Was this a magazine or single shot rifle?

I am a reader of your magazine and enjoy it very much. Am planning to take up ranching in Alberta and want to get a gun for use there.

Harry L. Hart.

Reply—The 45-70 Winchester is one of the most reliable for hunting big game, that has ever been manufactured. The Model 1886 Winchester is the best action they ever put out and the 45-70 cartridge is very satisfactory at short range. This would be a splendid big game rifle for hunting in Canada, provided you do not need to do long range shooting. For this purpose a .30-1906,

.35 or .405 Model 1895 Winchester would be preferable. If you were to do moose hunting in heavy timber the 45-70 will get results. The Model 1893 Mauser, I am not very familiar with, but judge it is something like the Model 1888 which is a five shot bolt action repeater. Mauser rifles have been made in many calibres, the most common of which is 8 M.M.; 7 M.M., 8 M.M., and 9 M.M. are the most common calibres. 8 M.M., is about .32 calibre.

Muzzle velocity of the 45-70 is 1317 ft. sec. Muzzle velocity of the 45-70 W.H.V. using a 300 gr. bullet, is 1882 ft. sec.

Editor.

A Rifle For Northern Ontario.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Would you kindly advise me as to the best part of Northern Ontario for trapping? I would also like to know the best rifle to take along.

A. A. McEachren,

Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Reply—It is quite hard to say what is the best rifle for use in Northern Ontario because there are so many different opinions on this subject. I would prefer a rifle shooting the more powerful cartridges like the .30-1906, the .303 British, the 8 M.M., the .405 Model 1895 Winchester or similar cartridges. Many hunters would be perfectly satisfied with the 30-30, the .32 Special, the .35 Rimless or 303 Savage types.

Either the Stevens, Remington, Savage or Martin or Winchester rifles are satisfactory.

Editor.

Cartridges For .280 Ross.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Can you tell me where I can get some cartridges for my .280 Ross—loaded with 160 gr. or 180 gr. expanding bullet?

I expect to go after grizzly this spring and from considerable experience of the 145 gr. copper tube bullet on heavy game, would like to get a heavier bullet which holds together better than the 145 gr. bullet, insuring enough penetration with expansion.

Which should be the better bullet—the 160 gr. or 180 gr.?

What should the powder charge be with these heavy bullets?

Gerald R. Baker.

Reply—You can obtain cartridges loaded with the 150 gr. bullets from Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. The Remington Arms U.M.C., make a .280 Ross cartridge with a 143 gr. bullet. The

Dominion Cartridge Co. and the U.S. Cartridge Co. also manufacture cartridges for the .280 Ross. Manufacturers do not state the powder charge with which they load their rifle cartridges. Either the DuPont Co. or Hercules Powder Co., will suggest the proper charges to use, of their different powders, in the .280 Ross.

Editor.

Do you think the sights are any good for mountain hunting? If not, will you please tell me the sights to put on, and how to put them on.

How to regulate these sights after putting them on.

Is .303 British shells the right shells for this gun?

Would you advise me to reload my shells.



World's Record Virginia Deer Head

The .303 Ross.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

A friend lent me a few copies of your paper to read, and I guess you have another life subscriber, as I have always hunted and trapped. I am going to B.C. to live next fall and think your paper is just what I need.

I came into possession of a Ross Sporting rifle some time ago, Model 1910. It has sights that come on the rifle from the factory. I wish to ask you a few questions regarding this gun.

if so please tell me where to get the tools and how to proceed in loading. I know nothing about reloading.

A. L. Hall,

Erskine, Alberta, Can.

Reply—The Model 1910-303 Ross uses the .303 British cartridge.

Would suggest that you have your rifle equipped with a Lyman sight.

You can use either factory loaded or hand loaded cartridges.

It is hard to get re-loading tools from the

Ideal Co. at the present time, but in the near future you can obtain them from The Bond Mfg. Co., Wilmington, Dela., U.S.A. You will need a complete re-loading tool and a set of powder scales, which you can buy from The Fairbanks Company.

The .303 Ross makes a satisfactory big game rifle, and I have no doubt you will be very well satisfied with it.

Editor.

The World's Record Deer Head.

The editor of this department recently received a photograph of a very fine deer head that was killed by Mr. Bob Molecey of Winnipeg. As this was a very fine one I compared it with what I thought was a record head to see just how near he had come to getting a record head. Dr. H. W. Beck of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, sent me a photograph of what he believed was the record head. The photograph is produced on page 183 for the information of our readers. It was killed in Michigan 44 years ago.

This head has 44 points, the spread is 29 inches and the length of antlers is 30 inches.

Do any of our readers know of a better one?

Editor.

.30 Rimless Remington—.250-3000 Savage.

Editor, *Guns and Ammunition Dept.*

Would you tell me which you consider the best rifle for deer and other game, of the two named—the 30 rimless Remington or the .250-3000 Savage. I have a 30 Remington, and find that it shoots good and accurate, but I think I like a lever action better. Any remarks on either rifle will be greatly appreciated. I have a 12 gauge shot gun which will shoot a 3" shell, which I think would be loaded with a heavier load than the ordinary shell. Could you tell me who makes those shells in Canada, as I cannot get any here.

W. R. Laws,

Kelowna, B.C.

Reply—There is very little difference between the .30 Rimless Remington and the .250-3000 Savage. They both have their good and bad points, and both are splendid deer rifles; both are light and easy to carry and both cartridges are of moderate power. The .250-3000 has a flatter trajectory, while the 30 Remington shoots a heavier bullet which is more likely to hold together. It is practically a matter of personal preference.

You can obtain 3" 12 gauge shells from The Winchester Repeating Arms Co., or Remington Arms Co., U.M.C. It is not necessary

to load them with a heavier than standard load as you can fill up the difference in their length by adding an extra $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{3}{32}$ " wad. These longer shells will usually make very even patterns.

Editor.

Obtaining a 4 Gauge Shot-gun.

Editor, *Guns and Ammunition Dept.*

I would like to get information concerning a shotgun, Calibre No. 4. Where can I purchase this gun and cartridges for it? This gun is used on a canoe or boat to shoot wild geese and wild ducks, on lakes or rivers.

J. W. L.

Quebec.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry, I am not able to tell you where to obtain a 4 gauge shot-gun, for use on a canoe or boat to kill wild geese and ducks. I am very glad to say that the time has passed, when decent, self-respecting sportsmen will use a 4 gauge gun and I believe that if you will inquire around among your local friends, you will find that if you try to use a 4 gauge gun—you will find yourself very unpopular. I would suggest that you would purchase a good 12 gauge gun and confine your shooting to the methods employed by sportsmen.

Editor.

The Baker Batavia.

Editor, *Guns and Ammunition Dept.*

Can you please give me the following information regarding shotguns.

Is the Baker Gun Company still in business, if so where? Are they an American concern? Are their products of a good grade?

Some days ago I bought a second hand Baker shotgun, 12 gauge, in perfect condition. Barrel is stamped "Homotensile Steel." Left is choke bored. Below the maker's name is stamped "Batavia Special." The gun shoots dandy, but I would like to know something of its pedigree if it has such a thing.

E. H. Cornaz,

Glenora Park, Brockville, Ont.

Reply—The Baker guns are made by the Baker Gun and Forging Company of Batavia, N.Y., U.S.A. They make high grade guns and also a line of reasonably priced weapons.

The gun that you have, originally sold for about \$25.00, but of course the price is considerably higher since the War. They are a very well made gun for this price.

The Batavia Leader was their cheapest grade of double hammerless and was cheaper

than any of the guns that were regularly known as "Baker guns."

Editor.

Weapons For a Trap Line.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I wish to know your opinion on automatic pistols for a side arm for hunting purposes on the trap line. Which would be your choice of the three:—Colt, Savage or Smith & Wesson .32-.35-.380 or .38 calibres. I think the .45 too powerful for small game in the trap. Do you think the .35 Smith & Wesson is a good reliable pistol? Would it kill a coyote or bob cat at close quarters? I wish to know your opinion about an all around rifle for deer, coyote, wolf, moose and bear shooting. Do you think the Winchester box magazine Model 1895—30-1906 would make a good hunting cartridge and rifle? Which of the .22 calibre rifles would you select, the Winchester or Remington?

I. A. Skottam,

Munson, Alberta, Canada.

Reply—In reply to your inquiry I would not select any of the automatic pistols that you mention for use on the trap line, unless it would be the .38 Colt. My preference would be for a weapon like the .22 calibre Colt Automatic pistol, and if you find this is not heavy enough for the trapped game you have to kill, would suggest the .38 Colt Special revolver, or the .38 Colt automatic pistol, or the .38 Smith & Wesson Special revolver. The small automatic pistols are too hard to shoot with accurately to be of much use for killing trapped game or small game of any description.

The .30-1906 Winchester would make you a splendid rifle for the purpose you mention. There is very little difference in desirability between the .22 long rifle model 1890 Winchester, and the .22 long rifle calibre model 12-C Remington. Both are thoroughly reliable. The Winchester is a hammer gun and the Remington is hammerless.

I feel sure that you will be perfectly satisfied with either of these rifles. I would suggest that you would use cartridges loaded with hollow pointed bullets, as they are much more effective in shooting small game.

Editor.

The .303 Ross.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

I have a Model 1905—.303 British Ross rifle. It is quite old and not very tight; not as tight as a new gun would be. What I

want to know is—have you any record of one of these rifles ever blowing the bolt out or going to pieces with ordinary use? Is the gun reliable in hunting big game in the coldest weather? I have heard that they often blow the bolt out and would like to know if you had any such experience.

Walter W. Herrick,

Springfield, Vt.

Reply—I am not sure that I ever heard of a case where the .303 Ross blew open, but I have heard of at least two cases where this happened with a .280 Ross. In one case the victim lost his right eye, and in the other the shooter was knocked off his horse, and his face was rather badly used up. Unless your rifle shows a tendency to become dangerous, I would keep on using it. I would be very careful to see that the action is closed every time before attempting to fire.

Editor.

Reloading Shells.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition, Dept.

On page 549 of the October, 1919 edition is a communication regarding reloaded shells that have been shot in Model 1895, 30-1906 Winchester rifles catching in the chamber. Will you kindly let me know if this always happens or does it happen only occasionally, and also if the same trouble occurs in the Model 94—.32 Special Winchester.

I wish to buy a Winchester carbine. Either of the above models, will suit me, but I prefer the .30-1906 cartridge in the Model 1895 Winchester, as I wish to reload some of the shells, for small game, (for that matter the rifle will be used most always on small game.) Will you kindly inform me regarding the above?

A. N. Robine,

Montreal, Canada.

Reply—When you fire full loads in the .30-1906 calibre Model 1895 Winchester the cartridge sometimes stretches a little and when it is reloaded you have difficulty in inserting it in the rifle. This will not happen with reduced loads, and so I would recommend that you would obtain about one hundred new empty shells, load them with reduced loads and then keep on reloading them until they give out. In this way you can avoid the trouble from sticking shells. I am very sure you will not have any trouble of this kind with the .32 Special Winchester, as this cartridge does not produce such high breech pressures as the .30-1906. If you will use cartridges loaded with progressive burning pow-

der in the .30-1906 you will have very much less trouble from expanded shells than would be the case with those loads that give pressures from 48,000 to 55,000 lbs.

Of the two rifles I would prefer the .30-1906, for all round use. For a rifle that is to be used mostly for small game I think that you will find the 25-35 would be a good choice. This calibre is very accurate, easy to re-load and is sufficiently powerful for ordinary use.
Editor.

Wild Rice and Wild Celery.

Editor, Guns and Ammunition Dept.

Will you kindly tell me where I can get full information about setting out wild rice and celery for ducks? Where can I get the seed? Would a large narrow bed in a lake, under from about two to five or six feet of water be a good place to put the rice? Where can I get a catalog of rifles shooting the 7.65 M.M. Belgian Mauser cartridge? I have a Remington U.M.C. catalog which gives the ballistics of this cartridge. The Remington catalog says this cartridge is adapted to Belgian and Argentine models of Mauser rifles; also, Remington and Remington-Lee military and sporting arms. Which of these rifles is the best for accuracy, light-

ness and quick handling? How much would such a rifle cost? Is this an easy cartridge to reload?

I ?

Colborne, Ontario.

Reply—Clyde B. Terrell, Oshkosh, Wis., is probably the largest dealer in America in wild rice and other foods suitable for wild ducks. I would suggest that you write to him and ask his advice on this subject and give him as full particulars as possible about the quantity you intend to plant, and he will quote you the best prices. The 7.65 M.M. Belgian Mauser cartridge is about the same as the .303 British cartridge. The only rifles that I have ever seen that are chambered for this cartridge are long barrelled ungainly military weapons. The Remington-Lee rifles are no longer made and cannot be purchased on the open market. I do not know where you could purchase one of these rifles unless it would be from Francis Bannerman, Broadway, New York City. I would suggest that you buy a modern weapon, chambered for the .303 British cartridge and you will have a good weapon for which you can obtain ammunition without any trouble.

Editor.

Grand Opera in June

PHYLLIS MOORE

Come waken! O waken! Ope wide the door!

You've slept in silence long;—

The choristers in June prepare

Their symphony of song.

The yellow warbler first, bows low:

"Sassa-sass-sassafras!"

She lifts her head in thrilling notes.

Proud prima donna lass!

The swallows gossip, chorus-like,

They chirp, and flit, and dart;

Their robes of flashing blue and white

Enrich the stage in art.

And in the distance, now and then,

A clarion voice will call:

"Come, for the feast is spread!"

This song enchaptures all.

An opera is not complete

Sans villain, black with sin,

So cawing crow swoops threateningly,—

A raucous minor din.

And just off stage, back 'mid the wings

We hear in glory float:

"S-w-e-e-t Canada, Canada, Canada,—"

Dear patriot of note.

Each little bird an artist is;

The mists dance all in gray;

The wind doth sway his rhythmic wand;

The waves orchestral play.

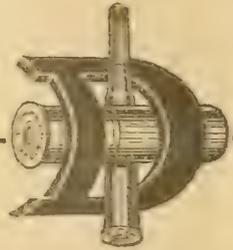
The daisy, clover, buttercup,

Clap joyous hands in glee.

With apple-tree and pine and dune,—

A shimmering ecstasy!

(June 1919 Crescent Beach, N. S.)



Another Win for Dominion Ammunition

—this time the Grand International Handicap, at St. Thomas, won over forty contestants by Fred H. Meadows, of Staffordville, Ont. Mr. Meadows' win was made with a score of

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Every trap event proves the dependability and accuracy of Dominion Shot Shells and the fact that winners are using them proves the wisdom of their selection.

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The Permanent Camp and Its Equipment

RODNEY BLAKE

IN the first place the means of transportation must be considered in a camping trip.

Camping in the wilderness region and camping within easy reach of the civilized world is as we all know much different.

To the man who owns a motorboat, getting from place to place is a matter of great convenience. He can easily pack up and move away when he gets tired of the scenery or when the fishing gets poor. Where the conveyance of things is an easy matter more things can be brought along than in a wagon, though one should be careful not to overstock. One should always be thorough, yet simple. Thoughtfulness counts for a great deal in the selection of the camping outfit. For a couple a twelve by fourteen foot tent is plenty big enough. It is all well and good to take the "go light" single man's point of view, but the larger tent problem is rarely considered. In this chapter I am going to speak about the man who wishes to take his wife along, also his child, if he is so fortunate. Now in consideration of the weight to go into the tent (as a matter of ounces), there is the eight, ten and twelve ounce material to logically choose from. It all depends on the make and quality of the tent. In a first rate material a certain ounce is good. In another, a poor make, it is practically of no worth. One tent I know of wouldn't go twelve ounces (the army regulation weight, a square yard) and good ten ounce will weigh more to the square yard) I do not believe, however, in a too lightly woven tent for winter use. Heavy woven tents are good for winter weather, but for summer I prefer a light weight material. One thing that I have always wanted is a heavier canvas fly to go with a twelve ounce tent, for the tent should be protected and the heavier fly will do this with satisfaction. I will tell you how a tent can be protected. In the ordinary tent the fly is placed directly on the ridge of the tent, and, on the canvas. The fly and the tent ridge always get wet and this point is always damp. A good remedy for this is to run a second ridge pole about six inches above the real tent ridge pole and fasten your fly on this.

This is of great benefit to the tent's occupants as well as the tent itself. The tent is safeguarded from rot, wear and tear and the bringing of the fly still higher will throw off the

sun's penetrating rays, thus making it far cooler in the tent.

Ordinarily in roping out the tent one would do well to place four stakes, a distance of three feet from the tent corner on each end, and on these fasten a pole, one on each side, on which to tighten the guy ropes. This will raise the tent above the ground and will assure you of its long "healthy" life. The small ropes at the bottom edges of the tent can easily be fastened to suit one's taste. On rainy days the guy ropes should be loosened as the canvas will shrink. If not loosened the tent will tear at the rings. Little things such as this should be closely looked after as they mean a great deal in the long run.

Most of the camps outside of civilization don't get along without a board floor, but one should at least have a floor canvas. This should be fastened securely to the bottom edges of the tent after all stumps, rocks and like obstructions have been removed. A very good job can be done by taking a little care with your work. Most campers dig ditches along the sides and back of the tent to catch the flowing or dripping rainwater. This is one of the first things you should look out for as it will save your floor, keeping it drier.

One should always remember to locate the camp in more or less high ground to prevent the water coming in. A camp should never be placed in a low spot among bushes and trees. Locate near or in an open space and you will find it better all around. Never place a camp near large trees, this is for protection against lightning.

The good points in a takedown cot is that it can be folded up during the day, and set up again at night, which takes little or no time. Ordinarily two cots are sufficient for a couple. The cots that are supposed to accommodate two persons are not recommended as they do not comfortably hold two. This is the joke of it. It is a fine way to invite misery. Therefore I suggest one each. As far as lying on the ground is concerned I certainly do not regard it as worthy of consideration in a permanent camp. This may be all right for a hardened woodsman, but I am not considering this end of the game in this article.

In speaking of the tent I would like to call your attention here to the extension fly that can be sewed onto the tent fly to make a sort



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On June 1st go to the store of a Daylo dealer. See the picture in the window. Study it—let it tell you a story. Secure a Contest Blank from the dealer, write your answer and send it in. If your answer is the best you get the \$3000.00. Nothing could be simpler.

Start on the first day of the contest. Send in as many answers as you wish. Go after that \$3000.00 hard.

List of Prizes

Complete Contest Rules are Printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo Dealers for Them.

1 First Prize	\$3000.00
1 Second Prize	1000.00
3 Prizes—\$500.00 each	1500.00
4 Prizes—\$250.00 each	1000.00
5 Prizes—\$200.00 each	1000.00
10 Prizes—\$100.00 each	1000.00
10 Prizes—\$ 50.00 each	500.00
20 Prizes—\$ 25.00 each	500.00
50 Prizes—\$ 10.00 each	500.00
Total	\$10,000.00

Contest Conditions

Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each. Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmark will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.



of porch in front of the tent. This has many good points to its credit. Mosquito netting can be sewn on to the sides and front thus making a comfortable place to sleep in on warm nights and as a place to eat. If means of transportation are convenient and one can include a stove this can be used in this shelter with great success. It will then be of great service to cook under in rainy weather. In adding this canvas to the tent fly simply extend the top tent ridge pole out far enough for the extension fly, and all will be shipshape.

I wish here to speak of those tents made with light material and treated with a water-proofing preparation which makes them so that their occupants are kept dry. These tents are very good. One great satisfaction is that they are much lighter than the canvas tents, therefore they are quickly movable. Some of these tents are made of balloon silk which is very commonly used in some of the well known tents. These tents naturally cost more than ordinary wall tents.

Your method of transportation and your purse must decide just what you are going to use as means of cooking. If you are going to cook in the good old-fashioned way, I suggest that a triangular folding grate be included in your outfit. One of these, procured for two dollars, will hold the frying pan, coffee pot, and the kettle. Many times have I been thankful to the triangular grate. No matter what kind of a grate you use get one with iron legs that can be inserted over the fire as it gives the best results.

Now about cooking and baking. You have open to your purchase either a Dutch oven, or a reflector baker. Both of these are now well known and appreciated. But for my part I suggest the aluminum baker.

Speaking of utensils I certainly would have white enamel-ware. They are light, unbreakable and easily washed. For a couple, two or three cups, forks, knives, plates and so forth would be a good idea. A kettle and a frying pan are both necessary things. For my part I would have both a small light pan and a large light pan. But remember that there is no need of taking a great many things that are handy yet inconvenient. Select the most needed of these and forget the rest.

Cooking over the fire directly minus the oven or baker, seems to me a rather blundering method, when the cost of these is not by any means great. The ordinary camper drives in a crotched stick on each side of the fire, lays another stick across these and on this hangs his boiling apparatus. Coals are

scratched to the side on which the frying is done over. If the baker or oven is not used, I suggest that a sort of a fireplace be built of rocks having two sides and a back, the front being left open. A piece of galvanized iron is placed on the top of this and the fire is built inside. Success often follows, but the grate spoken of answers the purpose. But if this is not made right it will be a smoky affair.

The above takes into consideration the most necessary things for your outfit. Remember I am looking at it from the viewpoint of a shortened expense. If not I could name you any number of costly things that would make the camp more comfortable. But that is not my object. I am considering those of moderate means. Many are rather shy in making a camping trip because they think that it is bothersome, inconvenient and costly. This is not the case. A great deal of money can be saved by camping out.

The food question is indeed interesting to the camper and is worthy of careful attention. Your selection of these things depends on how far you are located from civilization and what your means of bringing your provisions into camp are. In camping it is generally the rule to live off the natural resources of the land so far as possible, and the fish question is very bright in this respect. If one can reach the reach of a farm, milk, butter and eggs can be procured, potatoes and other fresh vegetables may also be purchased. But if further away from civilization the problem is not hard to get around.* Right here it should be stated that many needless things should not be brought along.

I am going to set down here some of the things that will provide a man and woman with food for two weeks. A couple should arrange their camping trip together.

Oatmeal.....	3 pounds
Flour.....	1 pound
Baking Powder..	1/2 pound
Coffee or Tea	1/2 pound
Sugar.....	1 pound
Lard.....	1/2 pound
Rice.....	1/2 pound
Corn Meal.....	1/2 pound
Beans.....	1/2 pounds
Salt Pork.....	1/2 pounds
Bacon.....	1/2 pound
Butter.....	1/2 pounds
Salt.....	1/2 pound, sack.
Pepper.....	1/2 pound.

Contained in the above list are some of the most needed articles. Now in the question of milk the canned condensed milk is excellent.

For
Maskinonge and Bass
the Ontario Resorts

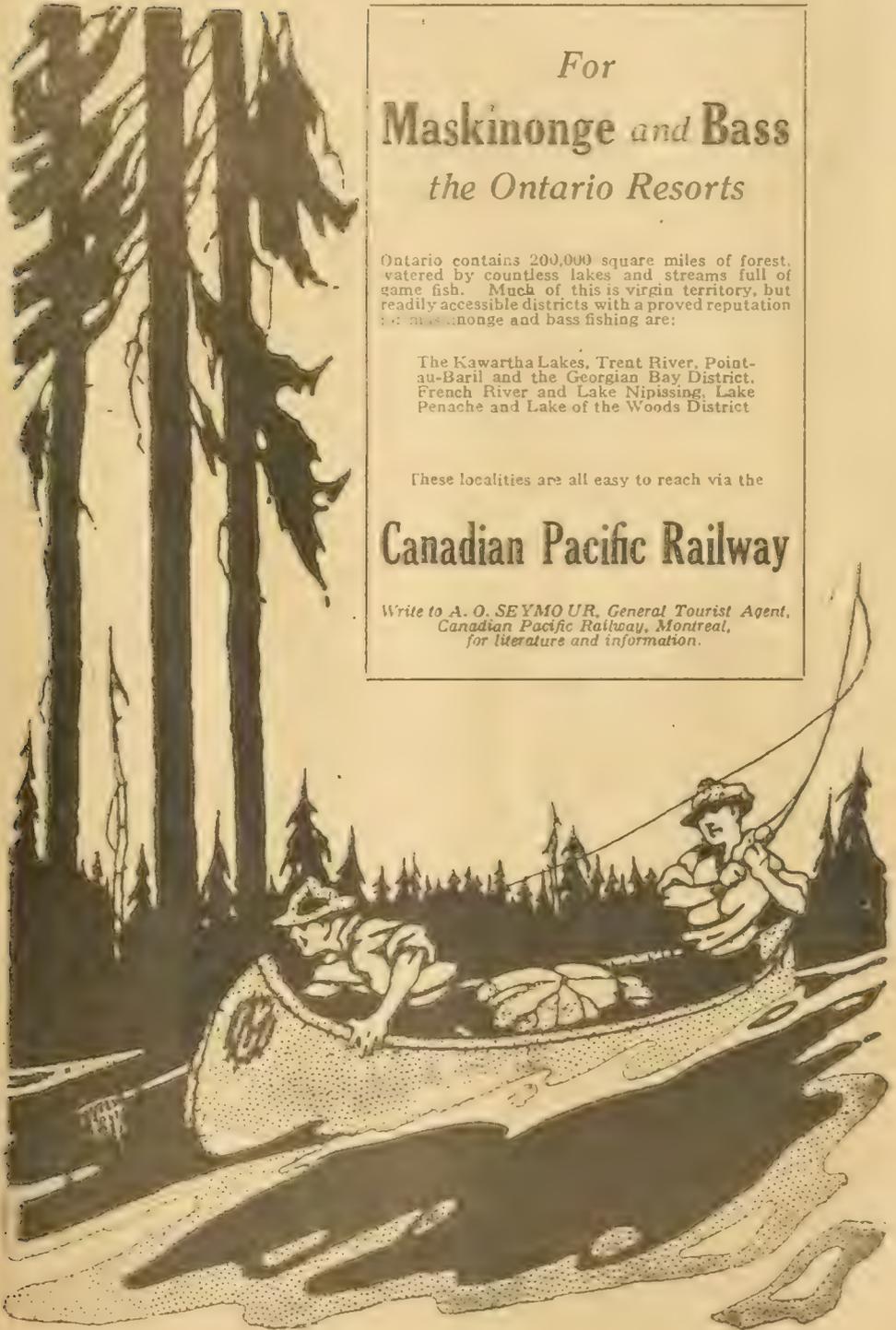
Ontario contains 200,000 square miles of forest, watered by countless lakes and streams full of game fish. Much of this is virgin territory, but readily accessible districts with a proved reputation for maskinonge and bass fishing are:

The Kawartha Lakes, Trent River, Point-au-Baril and the Georgian Bay District, French River and Lake Nipissing, Lake Penache and Lake of the Woods District

These localities are all easy to reach via the

Canadian Pacific Railway

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



otherwise powdered milk can be had. All of the compressed and powdered foods are of great benefit and convenience to the person who goes on light trips.

The so-called food bags are fine to have along, especially if your trip takes you far from civilization.

Necessary and absolutely useful things around the camp should not be forgotten.

There are times when in camp one stands in dismay when it dawns upon one that a most needful article has been forgotten. Such things are the camp axe and the useful camp lantern. These things are absolutely necessary. And the wee small things such as string, wires, small ropes, and nails of various sizes. These are sometimes worth their weight in gold. There are one thousand and one uses for nails in camp. Previously in this article

I did not mention anything about camp chairs and tables. They may be procured for a reasonable price. A table is really a most necessary need. It is very miserable to sit on the ground so the camp chairs come in handy. Rustic chairs and tables may be easily made, thus doing away with the ready made tables and chairs.

Last but not least let me remark that the trip should be carefully planned and all the desired and needed articles should be listed on paper and checked carefully. In this way you will know that your outfit is complete without guessing at it.

Editor's Note—With the present article "The Permanent Camp And Its Equipment," Rodney Blake, the nephew of our angling editor, Robert Page Lincoln, is added to our list of contributors.

A Story of Pat and Trixe

AMY E. CAMPBELL

Pat was a bit of a beaver baby whose home was in our wonderful Algonquin Park. In



Pat and his Benefactor

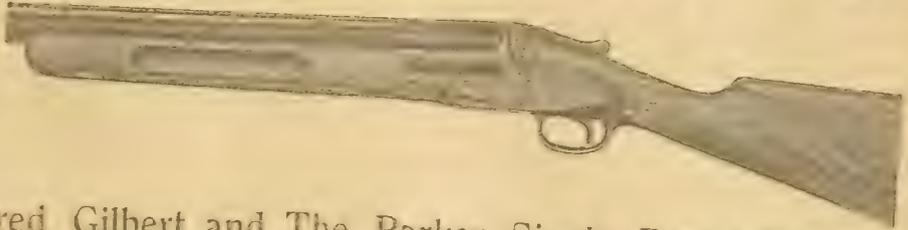
some way he got hurt and as he was unable to

follow the rest of the family, was deserted. He wasn't to die just then however, and his plight was discovered by some of the young lads from the Bordentown Military Camp on Lake of Two Rivers, when they were out for a paddle.

The boys rescued Pat and took him to Superintendent Bartlett at headquarters. He was a sick, forlorn little chap and his life seemed to hang by the merest thread. Professor Morris and Mrs. Morris of Peterborough were at the Park Headquarters, and Mrs. Morris immediately adopted him and tried to bring him up with milk. For some days all went well and he became so attached to the kind lady who had befriended him that he would cry for her when she was out of sight. But in spite of her care Pat took ill again and she brought him to headquarters where he died.

The tiny body was placed in a box and left in a nearby shed to be buried, and now comes an interesting part of a rather sad story. The Superintendent of The Park has an Airedale of exceptional intelligence. Trixe came along and after looking at the baby beaver for a while took it carefully in her mouth and carried it away up into the marsh and buried it beside the water. As she covered a distance of at least an eighth of a mile it is entirely certain that Trixe knew the baby beaver, little Pat, should be buried near his natural home.

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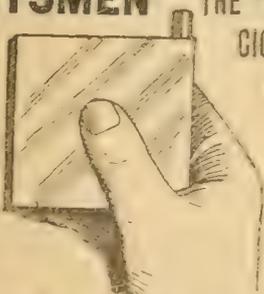


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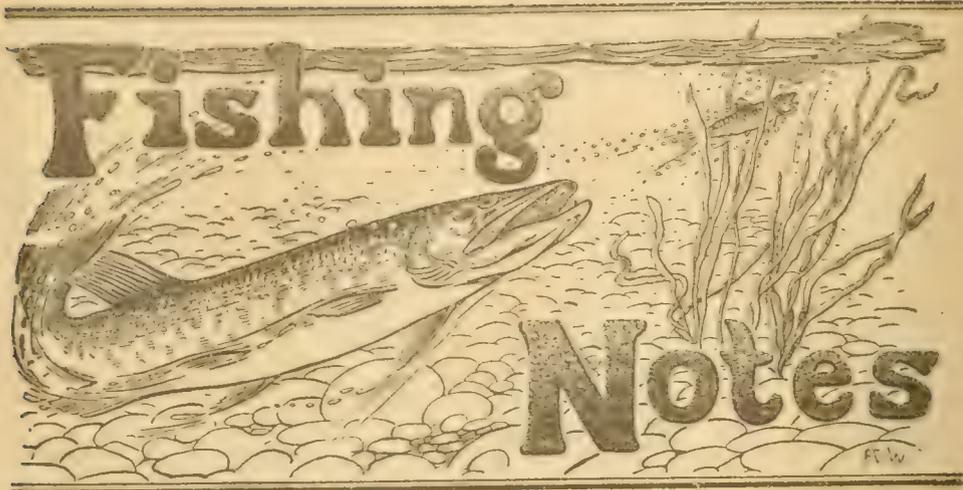
Fishermen and Campers

Quick Relief

From the many minor accidents and bruises you receive on your vacation is afforded by

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Put a Bottle In Your Outfit



Past and Present

"WAYFARER"

HHEY, boys! the silvers is bitin'!" called a small boy to a group of comrades, as he skilfully whipped a trout from the crystal waters of the Kootenay on to the city wharf at Nelson.

This information was greeted by a shout from the upper street, and soon a bevy of small boys, with fishing-rods over their shoulders, were racing excitedly down the hill towards the landing. In the twinkling of an eye several lines were dropped into the water, some with baited hooks, others with flies, according to the owner's fancy.

As Wayfarer watched those youthful followers of Isaac Walton landing their gamey trophies, he thought that here indeed was the small boy's paradise, or the older boy's, for that matter. The broad waters of the lake, reflecting the golden rays of the setting sun in the varied hues of the rainbow gave promise of unlimited boating, bathing, and fishing. The timber-garbed mountains, broken here and there by granite cliffs, invited the tourist, mountaineer, prospector and hunter to climb their serried heights and partake of their treasures.

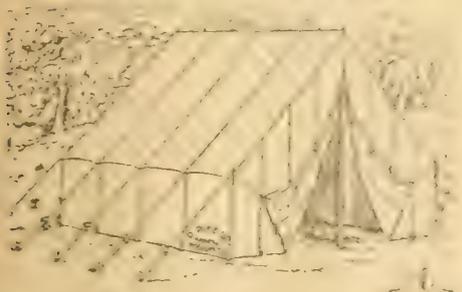
And the city parks, but plunk! a large sucker lands at Wayfarer's feet, and brings him back to the presence of the young fishermen. The unfortunate sucker is removed from the hook, dispatched, and scornfully tossed away. A number of fair-sized chub meet the same fate; while a few nice graylings are considered worthy of notice, but of course

they are not in the same class with the "silvers."

And why should the youthful epicure be satisfied with inferior fish, when he knows of so many places, within easy reach, where "silvers" and their relatives the "speckled" and "rainbow" beauties may be caught? A five-mile ride on the C.P.R. will put him within touch of promising pools in the river, and if he cares to go farther afield he can spend one day, or a number of days, at the C.P.R. resort, Creel Lodge, near the famous fishing-pool. Here he can spend hours in one of the large, flat-bottomed boats, circling round and round in the pool whipping the crystal waters and playing the gamey trout. If he is looking for larger trophies, a week-end spent in the vicinity of Proctor, or any of the many camping-grounds along the lake, will usually give some real sport with the salmon.

On the way back to his hotel the Wayfarer's thoughts travelled back some twenty-five or thirty years, to a certain part of old Ontario where the small boy trudged seven miles to enjoy a day's sport. His fishing apparatus had been all carefully prepared the previous evening, in anticipation of an early morning start. No steel rods, leaders, patent hooks, or flies for him; just the longest, straightest, most slender sapling to be found in a nearby swamp. This pole, carefully seasoned and equipped with cotton line, a bit of lead for a sinker, a cork for a bobber, and a very crude hook, was a highly-prized possession. A can of earth-worms was the only bait used, or

WALL TENTS



10 x 12 x 3ft. wall. 8 oz. Duck
\$32.50 each.

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Bags, \$1.50 each

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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EUROPEAN PLAN if desired.

GEO. WRIGHT and E. M. CARROLL,
PROPRIETORS

perhaps a few grass-hoppers, if grasshoppers chanced to be in season.

After an early breakfast the happy young fishers set forth, rods over shoulders, bait-cans in hand and last, but not least, one of mother's excellent lunches in an ample pail. A small matter of seven miles' trudge failed to dampen the ardor of the boys, and the first glimpse of the stream served to quicken their pace considerably. The journey ended by a hurried scramble over a moss-covered, bramble-choked "snake" fence, a dash across a small pasture, and a rush down a gravelly bank. There the sportsmen prostrated themselves and drank deeply from the crystal stream. Lunch pails were quickly hidden, fishing-lines unwound from the ends of the rods, and soon the corks were floating on the water's surface.

Presently the cork on Willie's line bobbed under the water. With a quick jerk he throws a large minnow high on the bank. In quick succession George had landed a rock-bass, and Charlie a fine chub, a wonderful fish fully eight inches in length. This latter received unbounded admiration from all, and inspired to greater efforts.

Thus the happy boys followed the stream from pool to pool, resting on mossy banks beneath spreading elms, standing on rocks in mid-stream, jumping across tiny tributaries, or dangling their lines from a wind-fall which drooped over the water.

Suddenly a dinner-bell clanged from the nearest farm-house. Simultaneously three small boys became very hungry, but—where were the lunch-pails? Back at Watson's bridge fully a mile and a half away!

However, goaded by hunger's pangs the fishermen sped swiftly along over numerous obstructions, and in an incredibly short time mother's lunch disappeared before the vigorous onslaughts of three small boys. When the last crumb had been devoured the lunch-pails were filled with water and the morning's catch slipped from the slender twigs on which they were strung into the water. Then the boys usually fished for two or three hours more before starting for home.

Needless to say, the homeward journey was much slower than the morning's, and it was a tired trio of boys who filed through the home gate and up the lane to the farm-house, just in time for mother to cook some of the fish for supper. But the ravenous appetites of the fishermen demanded attention, consequently several slices of bread and butter were consumed before the evening meal was ready.

When father and the men folk came in from the day's work, those boys of the old days derived as much pleasure (nay, perhaps more) in displaying their catch of minnows, shiners, rock-bass, chub, or perhaps a cat-fish, or sucker, as does the small boy of B. C. when exhibiting his catch of "silvers" and "rainbows"

How to Catch Black Bass

R. A. PARKINSON

Are you one of those fishing enthusiasts who are very much interested in the sport yet come home after a day's fishing with a few shiners to feed the cat? If so just follow these suggestions given by one who was just like you once, but has finally learned how to hook the big fellows. I will deal only with black bass in this article because it is the commonest of the gamey fish.

First of all you must have a good outfit for angling. A strong fishing rod of split bamboo or Bristol steel with reel attached is best. A strong braided silk line is an absolute necessity. It should be at least fifty feet in length. It is hard to get a good line for less than fifty cents. If you can afford it pay a dollar and be sure the line is not stiff nor brittle but rather tough and flexible. As a leader use a

piece of strong gut about one foot in length to attach where the hook is fastened. This will be a guard to prevent the fish from biting off the hook, when caught, and so getting free. The cruelty of such negligence is more to be considered than the disappointment of losing the fish. If badly wounded the fish suffers untold misery until it dies. The hook should not be large, but of a medium size, and remember, a dull hook is useless. Have a supply of a fresh juicy earth worm to complete the equipment. Have a good handful of loose soil for the worms to crawl amongst.

When you arrive at the creek or river you will need a pair of hip boots, made of rubber or canvas for wading. If you have no canoe, wade or paddle out till you can cast your line into



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the centre of the hole. Bass generally prefer a large pool of not less than four feet in depth. If there is just enough breeze to make a ripple on the water it will help to hide you from the fish. If there is no ripple keep yourself hidden as much as possible, for bass are very timid. Also cast your line straight across stream or downstream so that it will float away from you. Do not cast it violently nor with a loud splash, but very gently, else it will frighten the fish away. Do not talk loudly, but lowly and keep very quiet and still. Do not use a sinker, the bait is sinker enough. Use lots of bait. If they do not bite worms then use leeches and if they will not bite leeches, try small frogs. If you use live frogs, hook them on the tough part of the lip. This will cause the frog less pain and it will remain alive longer than if hooked elsewhere. The fish bite frogs best in September. Cast the frog very gently and allow it to swim across the water. If you use artificial flies, worms or leeches, keep drawing the line toward you gently after casting. Always keep one hand on the line, in front of the reel. When you get a good bite, pull your line tight with your hand to see if the fish is caught. If it is a bass, it will let you know right away. Open your reel and let it run keeping the line tight all the time. Let the fish run a considerable distance, then wind up your reel and keep your rod even with the line as near as possible, so that it will not bend and break. When your fish is drawn in near the shore walk back with your pole drawing the fish with you. If it puts up a fight, grasp it firmly behind the gills and strike its head to stun it, with a stick

or stone. Then you can easily extract the hook.

Always keep your hook well supplied with fresh bait. You cannot snare a black bass. A black bass is not black, but dark green in colour, of graceful shape, more slender than a rock bass. Its fins and spines are very sharp and prickly. Its nose is wide horizontally and comes to a point. It generally swims very fast and does not lie around dozing in the bottom of a stream like a mullet or sucker. It bites viciously and immediately runs off with the line. You must not try to land it too quickly, but rather tire the fish and then pull it in. If securely hooked you will land them almost every time if you follow these directions.

If there is an east wind blowing, there is no use going fishing. The fish bite best in dry weather and are very eager just before a rain is threatening.

Choose deep holes for bass fishing and if you have no canoe or waders, hide on the bank, casting your line quietly from ambush, throwing it out into mid-stream.

Bass generally bite best early in the morning, again at noon and in the evening. I find that evening is the best time as a rule. If all other bait fails, resort to small minnows, catching them with a minnow hook in a shallow pool. Have a can of fresh water to keep them in.

About the largest bass caught, in much frequented streams, measure seventeen inches and will weigh as high as four pounds. This is all you need know to be successful.

What Happens to the Rabbits?

Editor, Rod and Gun In Canada

After reading the interesting letter from Mr. E. J. McVeigh, in the March issue of the *Rod and Gun*, re "What Happens to The Rabbits."

I would like to express my opinion upon the subject, but it is only an opinion as I have no facts upon which to write, I am sorry to say. Now Readers does it seem reasonable that rabbits die off every seven years and leave no trace where there have been practically thousands only a short time before? It certainly doesn't to me. I firmly believe they migrate and do not die off as is generally supposed. In 1911 there were great numbers of rabbits in this district and the next year there was not one to be found, nor has there been until this winter and now they are plentiful

once more. I have snared several to see if they were in a healthy condition and have found all to be so.

I still believe they migrate when they have eaten up all that is to their liking in one locality, move on to another and so keep on until they complete a circle.

Perhaps some of the readers may be able to offer some ideas. I should be very interested to hear someone else's opinion, as I would like very much to know what others think of what might well be called, "The Rabbits' Phenomenal Disappearance Every Seven Years." I wonder if Mr. Bonnycastle Dale could enlighten us upon the subject?

Yours very truly,

Lloydminster, Sask.



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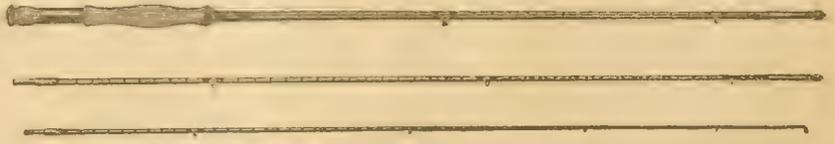
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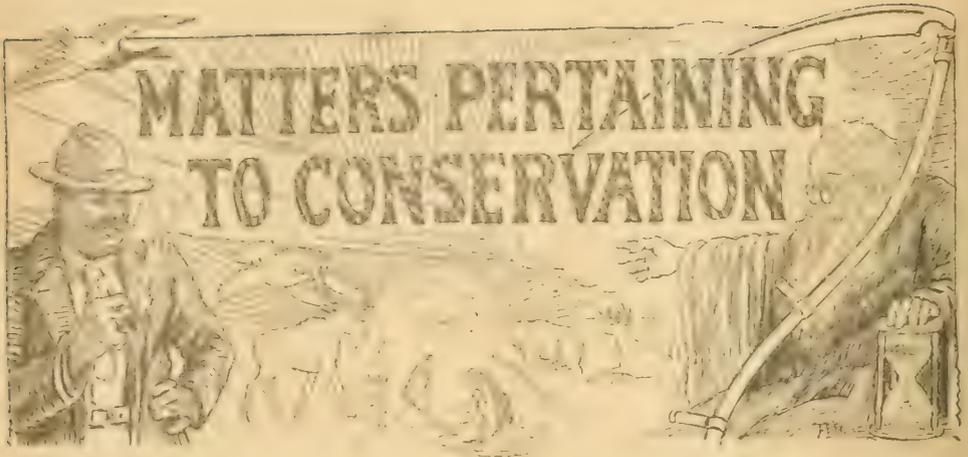
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Thou Shalt Not Sell Game

*Address delivered before Wild Life Conference held in Montreal,
February 19th and 20th*

F. BRADSHAW

Chief Game Guardian of Saskatchewan

SO much has been said and written in recent years regarding the sale of game that it almost seems an imposition to re-introduce the subject at a Convention of this kind, where all assembled are more or less familiar with the disastrous consequences that will overtake any province or nation that continues to permit the commercialization of its game resources. Nevertheless, the subject is of the perennial kind, and must be kept in the foreground continuously, if we are to fortify ourselves against the insular minority of citizens who for various selfish reasons still clamour for the unrestricted killing and selling of game.

I think it may be safely stated, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is no species of game bird or big game animal extant to-day that can successfully withstand pursuit beyond the limits of legitimate sport. We also know that changing conditions work increasingly to the disadvantage of the game. Improved firearms and ammunition; the automobile; the destruction of cover preparatory of agricultural development; increased population, and other destructive agencies make it absolutely necessary that the curtain of protection be drawn closer and closer in order to conserve sufficient breeding stock to maintain the supply from season to season.

If the assertion that there is no more game

than will provide sport in moderation is correct, what right has any person to delegate unto himself the authority to set up business as a game butcher, even though the law of the province in which he might operate sanction it! None whatever! and we cannot be too emphatic in our denunciation of such practices nor too active in exposing to decent citizens the fallacy of permitting such nefarious trade. "The law may allow that which honour prohibits, but prohibits nothing which honour allows"

It is appalling, the destruction that can be wrought by a single individual whose goal is the slaughter of game for financial gain.

Some ten or twelve years ago, a family of my acquaintance homesteaded on the south shore of Lake Johnson, Saskatchewan, which lake at that time was a sportsman's paradise, and is still considered to be a choice hunting ground for water-fowl. There were four adult males in the family, all excellent shots, and as soon as the hunting season opened they started their deadly fusilade, and from daylight until dark for six days a week they hunted so long as a goose remained to be shot. They kept one man steadily on the road hauling the game to the city of Moose Jaw, forty miles distant. Among other things, they admitted earning enough money in two years to purchase and



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pay for one of the first automobiles used in that section of the country.

A halfbreed north of the same city is credited with having killed 6,000 ducks for the market in one season. The city butchers used to furnish him with guns and ammunition and he was under agreement with them to supply all the ducks he bagged at a fixed price. One meat market proprietor states that he had a contract with this halfbreed to supply 1,500 ducks per week. Then it became necessary to have a license and there was a bag limit fixed, it was the custom of this half-breed to take out licences for all the members of his numerous family and their relations, and so



F. Bradshaw, Chief Game Guardian of Saskatchewan

the slaughter went merrily on until the game laws prohibited the sale of game completely.

Ten years ago, there was always camped, during the fall, in the vicinity of Moose Jaw, a band of Sioux Indians, perhaps a hundred or so, and as regularly as the hunting season came around every man and boy who could shoulder a musket went out after ducks and geese, hunting entirely for the market.

They displayed no sense of sportsmanship, hunting with them was a business. They were out to get all they could as cheaply as they could. Although many of them were good

shooters, and had well-kept guns, about eight or ten men in a band would start from a slough on which a flock of ducks was seen, and then shoot at the ducks while resting on the water. These Indians would return to town with a wagon box full of ducks which they peddled from house to house and then off again to the hills for a fresh supply.

In those days it was a common thing for an expert shot to return with more than one hundred birds on the first day of the open season, and I have known of parties of two or three men to take pride in announcing, through the medium of the local press, that they had bagged over five hundred birds during a three or four days' shoot.

If you will pardon a slight digression at this point, I would mention another type of gunner whose sole ambition seems to be a desire to beat his own best record bag, or that of some other person, irrespective of the methods employed. In my estimation the market hunter is a prince compared with this blood-thirsty scoundrel, who, as a rule, is too indolent to retrieve his ill gotten spoils, but leaves them to rot and waste. We are all familiar with this type of runner, he is not peculiar to Saskatchewan or any other province, he is a universal menace and that is why I take the liberty of referring to him here. I have in mind two such barbarians who, last fall, set out to establish a new record, and we are informed that they killed considerably more than one hundred birds, including non-game species such as, gulls and terns, during the morning and evening flights.

But to return to our subject, these illustrations are merely typical of numerous instances that have come under our own observations. No doubt they could be supplemented more forcibly by reference to the history of other provinces or states. For example, W. P. Mershon, of Saginaw, Michigan, one of America's foremost sportsmen and game conservationists, when corresponding with me regarding this subject some time ago, related a case of three Michigan market hunters who used to sell about 5,000 ruffed grouse annually.

What became of those monuments of wanton slaughter? In Saskatchewan the game was usually sold to restaurants and hotels, the prevailing price in those days being less than fifty cents per bird. Unless there had been this outlet for the surplus birds they never would have been killed in large numbers.



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Fortunately, the market for game was somewhat limited in Saskatchewan, there being no large centres of population at that time, and the majority of citizens did their own hunting. But when we turn to New York City we are told on the authority of one dealer that he, himself, sold as many as 1,000,000 birds annually when the sale of game was permitted in that metropolis.

When we consider that these things were going on throughout the length and breadth of this vast country, one can more readily agree with Mr. Henry Oldys when he states that, "Free marketing of wild game leads speedily to extermination."

This subject has created a great deal of attention during the past decade and a marked improvement in the attitude of sportsmen regarding it is evidenced on every side. It is no longer a matter of pride to exhibit a photograph to one's friends showing a big killing of game. Such pictures are repulsive to the sportsman of to-day, for to him they reflect a thoughtless or selfish tendency on the part of the exhibitor that must be curbed by persuasion or by force, if we are to retain our wild life heritage intact.

The Province of Saskatchewan, so to speak, has scarcely yet divested herself of her frontier customs. You of the eastern provinces still speak of the "Wild and Woolly West." If there is any province in the Dominion that could be excused for selling game it surely would be the Province of Saskatchewan. Its expansive prairies and forest lands, sparsely settled, and, for the most part, remote from means of transportation: its abundant supply of wild life, and the pioneer spirit still prevalent among its citizens would seem to entitle it to this privilege, but to the credit of our law-makers be it said, Saskatchewan has always shown a marked opposition to the commercialization of game, and privileges of this kind have been curtailed from time to time until now it is unlawful to sell game at any time.

In 1913, the game branch of the Province of Saskatchewan submitted a questionnaire to a number of prominent sportsmen regarding the matter under discussion. To the question—"Are you in favour of prohibiting the sale of game entirely?" One hundred and thirty-five replies were received, of which number one hundred and sixteen were in the affirmative and nineteen in the negative. Such a large majority clearly depicted the trend of public opinion in Saskatchewan before the war, and I venture to say that, owing to the alarming scarcity of prairie chickens and other species

of the grouse family during the intervening years, the small minority that opposed this question at that time have since seen the light and would now be ready to join hands with the majority if called upon to express their opinion again.

Wild game is no longer a necessary article of food except, perhaps, in the sparsely settled districts of the remote north, and even there the bag limits of most provinces are so liberal that they provide ample opportunity for settlers to secure a generous supply of meat during the lawful season for home consumption. For, example, under existing game laws it is possible for a Saskatchewan sportsman to secure more than one thousand pounds of meat each season. This estimate, of course, is considerably above the average amount obtained, and presupposes that the sportsman hunts both big game and game birds. In many cases where there are two or more grown up boys in a family, capable of using a rifle, the estimate would be altogether too conservative.

According to returns received to date, I estimate that 2,500 big game animals were killed in Saskatchewan last fall, more than one-half of which number were bull moose, the remainder comprising caribou and deer. At an average weight of 400 pounds per animal we have, from this source alone, a total of 1,000,000 pounds of meat. We have no means of securing statistics regarding game birds, but I have no hesitation in stating that the total weight of waterfowl secured by hunters last fall would equal, if not exceed, that of big game. In these days of high cost of living 2,000,000 pounds of choice edible food is no mean contribution to the food supply.

Some of the more thoughtful of our sportsmen are now questioning the advisability of killing so many animals annually, but it needs no discerning intellect to calculate the destruction that would be wrought if, in addition to these lawful takings, the market hunter and game butcher were allowed to ply their vicious trade. If left to their own devices for a short time they would speedily make such enormous demands on our game supply that it would be next to impossible to retrieve the loss. For history has proven that once a species of wild life is reduced to such numbers as to make it necessary for that species to struggle for its existence, such species of animal or bird is doomed to disappear, for though man may eventually refrain from hunting it, its natural enemies will prevent it re-establishing itself again to its former status.

During the great war, the peoples of all

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nations were compelled to adopt measures, which, in peaceful times, would be considered revolutionary, and governments were looking more and more to the utilization of the natural resources of their respective countries to tide them over until such times as the markets of the world resume normal conditions. The food problem was one of the most vital questions any government had to grapple with, and we were urged on every hand to produce to the limit in order to feed the armies fighting the allied cause.

This condition created a nation wide demand in certain quarters for the relaxation of the game laws to meet, it was said, the diminishing supplies of domestic meats. In many cases these demands emanated from well meaning persons whose motives were unquestionably patriotic and in the interest of securing a cheap food supply for those who could not afford to pay the prevailing high prices for domestic meats. In one instance, the members of the Board of Trade of one of the principal cities of Saskatchewan expressed themselves "that wild ducks might very well be exposed for sale owing to the abundant supply and the existing food shortage." It was only necessary to fold back the curtain and lay the facts of the case before such persons to demonstrate to them the danger that would ensue by permitting the sale of game, and they were satisfied.

But there was another element that seized this opportunity for pressing their selfish aims. This element comprised the market hunter and certain hotel keepers who strongly set forth their claims for suspending the game laws as a war measure for the purpose of furnishing additional food supplies. Every province and state had to combat these attempts to weaken our protective laws and eventually the problem assumed national proportions. It is gratifying to know that all attempts of this kind were frustrated by the food commissions that were finally called upon to express an opinion upon this question. They very wisely concluded that to grant or recommend any such concessions would bring about the utter collapse of the game protective system, and ultimately lead to disastrous consequences. It was clearly shown upon investigation that no food emergency had arisen that would justify letting down the barriers of protection. As a matter of fact I am of the opinion that had these requests been granted the aggregate results from a food conservation standpoint would have been very small indeed. The only persons who would have really benefited by such a privilege would have been the crack

have taken every advantage of the opportunity to slaughter game wholesale. It is this element that all respectable sportsman have been trying to overcome for many years and it would have been a bitter pill for real sportsmen to have swallowed had these iniquitous demands been granted.

In opposing these covetous proposals of the market hunter, Theodore Roosevelt's last message to American sportsmen is characteristic of his unselfish love for wild creatures and the great outdoors. From his room at the Roosevelt Hospital he wrote;

"To the Profiteering proposal of the Pseudo-Patriots, the Patriots for revenue only, that protection of wild life in war time be relaxed the united hosts of conservation reply;

"Thou Shall Not Pass"

"I speak for the side of every farmer, of every sportsman, of every sportsman and of all who love nature and who wish to see our natural resources preserved for the perpetual use of our people and not destroyed for all time to gratify the greed of the moment."

According to information at my disposal I find there are still a number of provinces that sanction the sale of game under varying conditions. Manitoba and Saskatchewan prohibit the sale of game completely, so does British Columbia with the exception of moose and caribou, which may be sold in the northern parts of the Province. It would appear that all game lawfully taken in the provinces of Alberta, Ontario and Quebec may be sold under license, and in Nova Scotia rabbits and black ducks may be sold during the open season and moose meat between October 4th and November 1st.

It is not for me to criticise the game department of any province for I know only too well that existing legislation is not always a true reflex of the ideals and aspirations of the persons charged with the administration of the game laws. Sometimes it is a very difficult matter to secure the enactment of desirable legislation that conflicts with time honoured customs, but I find in my own experience that the large majority of legislators are open to conviction and when it can be shown to them that public sentiment strongly disapproves of the sale of game very little trouble will be experienced in securing legislation to stop it.

In view of the foregoing remarks, briefly stated, and in the light of our own experiences, I feel we cannot be too tenacious, or too vigorous in our handling of this question. Only by prohibiting the sale of game can we



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expect to save it from extermination by persons who are bereft of all sense of fairness, or thought for the other fellow, and whose selfish actions endanger the very existence of a natural heritage, which, as good citizens, it should be our duty to hand down from generation to generation in as good, nay in a better, condition than we found it.

Wild life transforms the rigid sternness of our forests and fields into a beautiful arena containing countless thousands of animate objects that furnish the pleasant thrill-producing surprises enjoyed by sportsmen and nature lover alike. We cannot estimate the value of these things in dollars and cents. Imagine, if you can, the desolation and barrenness of a country without birds and mammals. To live in such a place would almost be unbearable and what attraction would the great outdoors have for us? Yet there are men who would callously denude this wonderland of its last vestige of beauty and charm for a mess of

potage. The market hunter and the game hog belong to this class. Is it not time we woke up to our sense of responsibility as stewards of our wild life resources, and handled such vandals without gloves? I think it is, and that we should not rest contented until the legislature of every province of this fair Dominion provides laws with teeth in them and ample means for their enforcement. These conditions provided, together with the concerted action on the part of real sportsmen will strike terror into the heart of any person who still seeks to profit by the slaughter and sale of game.

We found it necessary to stop the feather traffic in order to save the song and non-game birds, and we must stop the meat traffic if we are to save the game birds and the big game animals. Let the slogan of this conference and of all good sportsmen from the Atlantic to the Pacific be; "Thou shalt not sell game."

The Value of Ontario Wild Life

JACK MINER

(A paper read by Mr. Miner at an Executive Committee Meeting of the Essex County Wild Life Conservation Association, at the Miner Farm, April 16th, 1920)

Mr. President and Gentlemen—

Now that Ontario has in power and influence a Farmer Government made up, we believe, of the best rural material our Province is capable of producing, the question that is keeping our memories polished is, "Will things be any better?" Personally, I am overly anxious that those appointed to office and entrusted with the sacred management of Ontario wild life will first consider the value of wild life to the people of Ontario.

I have camped out in Canada for thirty-four falls in succession, remaining in the wilderness places from three to nine weeks each trip, and have hunted at nearly every dropping-off hamlet between Lake Temiscaming and Fort William. Here we have fully a quarter of a million square miles of the most substantial red deer country in America, lying practically idle because of the devilish timber wolves that devour the deer before they acquire an adequate start. Why do I say this is the best deer country in America? Because this same little game animal in the Southern States seldom weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Here in Southern

Ontario it was a large one that weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. But in Northern Ontario I have often shot red deer that weighed two hundred and forty pounds and as high as two hundred and fifty-three pounds. Better still I never observed a deer in Northern Ontario that was not in the pink of condition. Therefore I know from experience that this vast area of country is ideal for red deer. Time and again have I known a family of red deer to start up near the railway track between Chapleau and Fort William and, possibly, there would be six or eight together previously to discovery by the wolves. After that this band of deer would not survive two nights. And these conditions have been going on for the past twenty-five years and to-day the purchasing value of the bounty paid on one of these red deer exterminators is not half what it was ten years ago. Kill off the wolves and within ten years our present scattered remnant of red deer will increase into millions. Only then will all of us realize and appreciate that our wild mutton is well worth conserving. Please try and remember that our deer are only one of the



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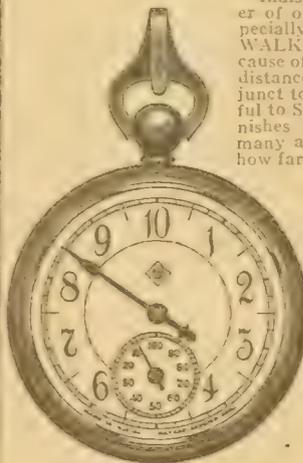
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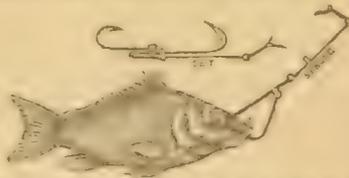
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THE BEST FISH HOOK ON EARTH for sea, lake and river fishing. No line or bait, nor can line come with it, your largest fish. No breaking nose or tearing out. No one can afford to lose a fish at one's expense. It is simple and strong, being a Lever, the harder a fish pulls the stronger it will hold him. It is really adjustable in all directions by pulling the little thumb on the rod. You can make it fit any line for fishing through the ice. Use our Hook the same as you would any common bait hook, and you will find that you will lose very few fish; it is impossible for a fish to cut the line with our Hook.

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many wild life assets of Ontario that has received little or no attention, and to say the least the present system is an absolute failure. Therefore, we are perfectly safe in launching on a new policy.

At the present moment there are at least two hundred and fifty beautiful white swans and thousands of wild geese and ducks resting within three miles of where we now are sitting: all contented and resting under the sand-bar along the north shore of Lake Erie, where twenty years ago it was hardly safe for a sandpiper to alight. On the Kingsville Game Reservation, Bob-White, the farmers' most loyal and beneficial friend, can be heard plainly in increased numbers. Better education and public sentiment brought about by the Essex County Wild Life Conservation Association has made this wonderful change possible.

Every county in Ontario, the sportsmen's paradise, should organize an interested and enthusiastic Wild Life Conservation Association to co-operate with the governments. Then and then only can we hope to hold a representative annual convention near the centre of the Province, probably in Sudbury, or better still, Toronto, where the convention could be attended by all of our representatives to the Legislature. This undoubtedly would draw out and bring together the trappers, guides and sportsmen (the men who know from experience) and put us in touch with one another. We could hold round table or camp-fire talks and square heart to heart conversation which, I believe, would bear fruit. We could consider the possibility of introducing among wolves a contagious disease.

Also the advisability of introducing black foxes through the establishment in Ontario of black fox ranches for the purpose of restocking Northern Ontario with something worth while. If it pays to restock our lakes with fish-eating fish, surely it would pay to restock our forests with foxes worth five hundred dollars each that do not consume as food more partridges than a ten dollar red

one will. One of the finest black fox pelts I ever saw came from Northern Ontario.

We game protectors should demand that the Department of Game and Fisheries publish in the press and sportsmen's magazines of the Province an annual report or statement of receipts and expenditures so that each interested citizen in Ontario would know what has become of their license money. Every cent paid in for hunting licenses should go to protect and propagate our wild life. If the Province is without funds to increase the bounty on the timber wolf we sportsmen, trappers and guides want to know it.

Our game officials are not to blame. As a rule they are not men from the woods and wilderness places. It is up to the nature lovers to assume greater responsibility and take a greater part and interest in their sport and the natural resources of their commonwealth. As soon as our men in official life can clearly see that good sensible wild life protection pays one hundred percent. annual dividend and still leaves in the covers an increased supply of meat and capital, and that Ontario has wild lands ample to produce hundreds of pounds of wild meat for every man, woman and child in the Province, I am sure the government will appoint game keepers, by right and not by favor; and every game keeper will be compelled to produce an accounting for each day's proceedings. In the summer months this same game keeper could visit our schools and give half hour talks on wild life protection to the rising generation. This would assist to eliminate the present system of trying to make an eagle out of a quail.

It would also permit me to add that the whole matter hinges on better education. All must co-operate in behalf of the creation of a Provincial-wide sentiment in the interests of wild life and their haunts; hence the origin of more wild life protection associations over the land, gathered together at a central point in annual convention with our representatives to the Legislature present.

Field Notes of a Game Warden

A. P. CUMMINS

Some years ago you published in *Rod and Gun in Canada* an article describing a small Game Reserve in British Columbia situated at Sardis in the Fraser Valley. The writer had charge of this Game Sanctuary rearing pheasants and wild duck in the Spring and Summer. Pheasants sent from here stocked

the Okanagan, Penticton, Creston, and many other districts in B.C. The Reserve consisted of 360 acres, a running creek through the centre and some thirty acres of bush and timber. Grain distributed at feeding places during the shooting season and winter held a good stock of birds and when spring came



American Olympic Rifle Team Will Shoot Hercules Powder

At the Official Ammunition Test held at Sea Girt, N.J., May 18th and 19th for the purpose of selecting ammunition for the use of the American Rifle Team at the Olympic Games, Hercules powder made a clean sweep and was chosen for the use of each member of the Team.

The ammunition selected gave a mean radius, or average distance of each shot from the point of impact, of 3.41 inches for 30 consecutive 10-shot groups fired from machine rest at 200 yards. Every target made by the winning lot was better than the average made in any similar test in recent years.

When the American Rifle Team easily won out over the teams of all the Allied Nations at the Inter-Allied Games last year, they all shot Hercules Powder. This year our boys will shoot the same reliable brand.

These wonderful records speak for themselves. They show the remarkable success that we have attained in perfecting the manufacture of smokeless powder.

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they scattered in all directions in search of nesting grounds and thus provided sport for the following shooting season.

Systematic trapping of game destroyers was kept up during the winter and for eight years an average of one hundred cats a year were caught in box traps and shot. During all this time no complaints were made by neighbours showing that these cats were homeless outlaws. While going my rounds one day my old dog started a cat from a hollow tree; she was shot and kittens in the next killed, a trap set in the entrance accounted for six tom cats that winter. Where the game is thick there the vermin comes and each winter a fresh lot of cats, coons, weasels, crows and hawks had to be trapped or shot. Wounded game birds, teal and mallard with broken wings found their way to the creek and in a matter of three weeks were flying again. Gosshawks would dash around the bends of the creek, a bunch of teal would rise just too late, the weakened bird of the lot realises his time has come, leaves the rest with a pitiful flutter and the Gosshawk gets a meal. No shot pleases me more than to get this killer with a charge of NO. 6.

After eight years on this Reserve and nearly thirty in Game work here, and in England, I have been moved to Vancouver Island. There are quantities of quail here and my instructions were to trap a number for shipping to the Mainland to be turned out there and this brings me to cats again. There is a barn on the place infested with cats, two cats asleep in the straw and the remains of several quail; one box trap accounted for seventeen cats in three weeks, two tunnel traps around the barn got forty-two cats in the same time. Spring came and with it the work of rearing a large number of pheasants in a new country where no vermin had been trapped. The young birds were put out in the rearing field in

broods of fifteen to each hen. When the first hundred young birds were two weeks old, strong and active, trouble started, one brood nearest the fence, shrank from fifteen to three in less than two hours, a light trail through the grass showed which way the killer came and two traps set in the fence got it—a cat. When over a thousand young birds were spread out over a field of ten acres, hawks with hungry broods of young ones, came for their share of the pheasants and after many birds were lost, eight hawks were shot. Waiting for a hen to come from one direction and finally a flash of a wing behind you, means shooting quick and straight or if you miss he starts killing again in another part of the field. After the worst of the hawks were accounted for and the younger birds, as big as partridges, a black cat came on the scene. He worked different parts of the field, never the same place twice, just a jump from the high grass on to a bird and off. Finally after getting several birds he made his last jump with the help of a dose of No. 6. Within a half mile of the pheasant rearing field to my knowledge two pairs of Blue grouse and one of Willow nested. One pair of blues got no farther than a nest when the hen was killed by a cat or even, the other blues and the willows both hatched good broods, but long before shooting the broods had dwindled to two or three in each case. Is it any wonder men write about our vanishing game birds? And the trouble of it is that each year there is an army of youngsters coming of age each year when the Law allows them to carry a gun and as happened to me yesterday when on my rounds coming on a Kid armed with a new Parker gun peering up into the pine trees in search of Blue grouse. "Got your license, Bud?" I asked him? "Sure," he said, "Got a bird," I asked. "No" was the answer. "I ain't seen one yet, and I been out all day."



Natural History Photos.

BONNYCASTLE DALE

Rare snap at a "sunning" wild duck.



Whistle-wing—Am. Golden Eye—drake

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The attached coupon entitles you to one illustrated copy of my pocket compendium and guide for the self-restoration of lost strength. (See description below.) Upon hearing from you, this valuable little book of private information for men will be sent by return mail in plain, sealed envelope. Please call or write to-day.

strength, for renewing vigor, which every man should know of, a self-restorer which operates without the use of drugs or medicines, a new way to treat yourself for your ills and weaknesses. See description below.

Please remember that a man is not one day older than he actually feels, and therefore no matter what your age, if you are young or elderly, married or single, large or small, if I can show you, reader, how you, yourself, may actually add to your system, nerves and blood the very nerve force or vigor which may have been drained away, and

which is necessary to make you strong, vigorous and capable again, then I have shown you the real secret of perpetual strength, and how you can again be filled with vigor, and again be just as powerful in your influence, and just as thoroughly manly in your capacity as the biggest, fullest-blooded, most successful fellow of your acquaintance.

The new self-treatment for the restoration of manly strength, to which I refer above, is a little light-weight VITALIZING Appliance of my invention, which is now meeting with a tremendous demand, and being used by men everywhere all over the world. This little VITALIZER, weighing only several ounces, is comfortably buckled on the body and worn all

COURAGE NEVER FORSAKES THE MANLY MAN

night. It is so small and so simple that even a non-mate would not suspect that you were wearing it. If, however, this VITALIZER is small in size it is not small in power for it generates tangible POWER, which can be measured on scientific instruments a POWER which I call VIGOR or NERVE ENERGY, and it sends this marvellous FORCE into your blood, nerves and sinews. All you have to do is follow the simple directions, manly man's LIFE is yours again, and its vitality. Then use the VITALIZER nothing more. It is as follows: out and the VITALIZER has for you what these others say it has for them, all the vigor, nerve force and vigour, manly, capable man, without a single ache, pain or weakness. Please remember, I am not asking you to buy one of these VITALIZERS, but merely to send me the first and last for the free book described. I have a booklet of which is devoted to an explanation of this VITALIZER, and gives you the whole wonderful story, so that you may know what intelligent young and elderly men everywhere are saying about it.

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My SCHEME is that I should let my gift seem as simple as my method is actually and perfectly simple, and which are saved privately for one man needing more strength and a more permanent vigor returning to the elements and weaknesses of nature to overcome. The book fully describes both the method and the results, and much that a single or married man should know. It also fully describes the VITALIZER, and shows how you may secure one to use in your own case, should you desire the most permanent. Remember, that you can get this free in plain sealed envelope. Why not write for a copy to-day? Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.

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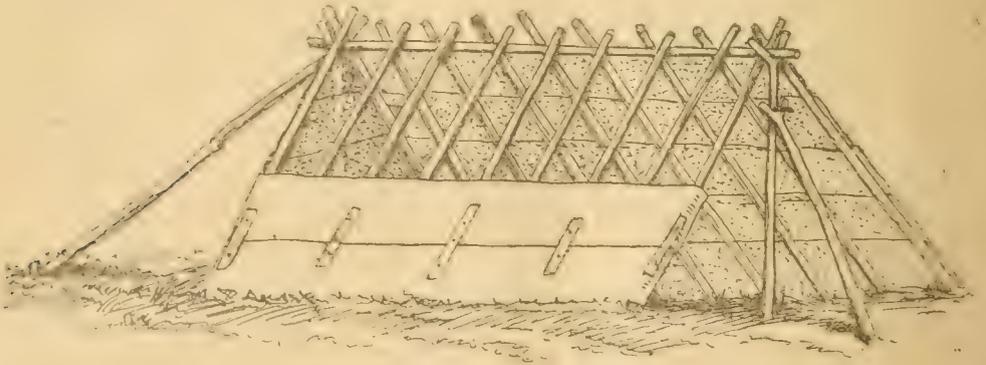




A TEMPORARY SHELTER.

Here is a suggestion for a temporary shelter when going on a short vocation for trout etc.

a dollar bill will cover the costs and some to spare. A half roll of tar paper will build enough to cover four people.

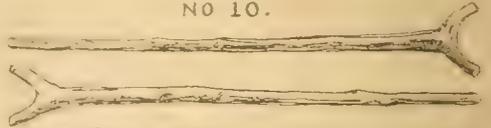


All you need to take with you is about half of a roll of light tar-paper, about a lb. of nails and with the aid of your camp axe you can soon cut enough poles, and two men can build a tent of this kind in a couple of hours at the outside. Start laying the tar paper from the bottom and give each layer a lap of 2 or 3 inches then tack a piece of split stick across the joints. If built among the cedars where the wind will not get a sweep at it, a building of this kind, would protect you for a whole season, while out on the week end trip, and

A SUBSTITUTE CRUTCH.

When a headlong fall causes a strained ankle or scalding water means a lame foot,

NO 10.



CRUTCHES MADE OF CROTCHED STICKS

crutches made from two crotched sticks held a whole lot.

CAMP FIRES.

When selecting a place to build a camp fire see that it is not covered with leaves, dry grass, moss, nor close to trees or underbrush. Moss and dry turf may smoulder for some time before they break out in flame, and may in this way carry the fire a considerable dis-

tance from where it originally started. Make it a strict rule to see that the fire is quenched and thoroughly wet down with water before you leave. A good plan is to dig a trench around the camp fire and use the earth to smother the embers. Never build a fire against a tree, because it may kill it.

Motor Rambling

Yes, I know; used to feel just that way myself. Every week-end we would fill the gas tank, oil up and start. Nowhere in particular--just got out on the dusty road.

When the mood struck the party, we parked alongside some wayside tea-room or road-house, had a round for two of messy, fizzy drinks, some rouged-up ice cream, or stopped for dinner where good food was manhandled by a foreign-born chef.

The night was generally spent at an hotel located midway of the main street of the town. After dinner the choice of amusement lay between a jazz band, a game of billiards on a rock-ribbed table, and killing time until morning on the downy couch in the stuffy bedroom. Then, tired out, we returned to the office for another week's grind.

But for the Auto Rambler the open road leads from the crowded street. He follows the highways and byways, enjoying the hills which grow up to the sky, the brooks as they gurgle contentment and a fishing invitation, reckoning not the deepening shadows as night comes on.

His is the hostelry of the wayside. Equipped with auto tent, cooking outfit, bedding and food, the Auto Camper is not dependent on even the village store for his accommodation or food supplies.

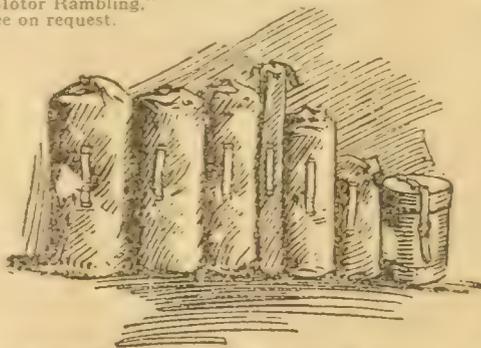
One does not have to motor far to locate a camping site. Just back off the main road, in a little grove of white birches on the banks of a noisy brook, which will furnish the water and, perchance, fish enough to fill the breakfast frying pan.

The tent erected, the bedding inflated, the chairs and tables in place and the kitchen corner arranged--the camp is complete.

Abercrombie & Fitch Co., camp experts, are prepared to advise you, either upon personal call or by mail, as to the best possible equipment for any projected trip.

Complete Auto Camping Outfit In Seven Bags, Carried on Running Boards

The seven bags below, weighing 173 pounds, to be strapped to running boards, contain tent, beds and complete camp equipment for four tourists. Completely described in our booklet, "Motor Rambling," free on request.

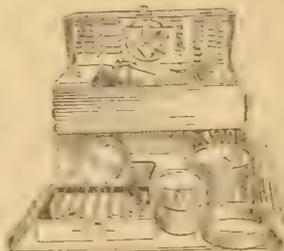


This is the best, lightest, most compact auto camping outfit ever assembled, including blankets, table, chairs, cooking outfit and every camp convenience.

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Forms and Properties of Mushrooms

T. WARE

This plant belongs to the puff ball family and generally grows in the woods. I have found it growing abundantly in the woods, but in some parts it grows in open places on the ground. It is very easily identified by its two heads and the erect scales covering the upper surface intermingled with smaller ones.



Lycoperdon Gemmatum—edible—natural size.

The plants are white, becoming darker grey or brown when old. To be of any use for the table they must be gathered when fresh and white all through and free from worms or maggots. It is somewhat unfortunate that they are very often infested by minute white worms and should be carefully inspected before they are prepared for use.

Nova Scotia Guides' Tournament Dates

THE Guides of the Nova Scotia Guides' Association will hold their 1920 gathering at Lakeside Park, Yarmouth, N. S., on the 20th and 21st, and although some of the different and varied games and contests of the guides' tournament are usually to take Yarmouth their Mecca in July.

Lakeside Park is an ideal location to stage a tournament as it is the latter part of the better place in the Maritimes. Two large fresh-water lakes, their intersection crossed by a bridge and backed by the old mill-race with the numerous other trees and buildings about it, is a desirable for setting off the different events.

The first and second by contesting the accuracy and distance, the canoe racing and team work, the log heaving and pole work is staged in the first lake. Should the wind be adverse the events are shifted to the second lake where the contestants are

sheltered. The one-hundred two hundred yard rifle shooting is run off back of where the traps are placed as is the running deer target event. The trap shooting events, and these are held near the lake being more popular, are held on the top of a slight raise over-looking the grounds and lakes.

Contesting guides in a great many cases sleep in a small tent and these are pitched between the traps and the lake in a grove of trees. Here the lucky and wide-eyed "happy fellow" may if he is fortunate partake of a wonderful meal with "regular fellows" and his hosts and a large one, the bacon, flap-jacks and coffee hit the right spot.

Beside the above mentioned events the story-telling and moose calling contests are very interesting and the camp fire gathering is a mighty good one to sit into.

As an advertisement for Nova Scotia and the Maritime Provinces, as a whole, the

Guides' Sports are in a class by themselves, bringing as they do visitors from all over Canada and the United States. Many American sportsmen are always on hand and any of our cross-the-border friends that wish to know just what a whale of a good time they can have in Yarmouth at the Guides' Sports, have only to get in touch with such well-known good-fellows as "Nick" Boylston, Billy Hill, Walter Hinds, Gil Wheeler or any one that has ever attended one of the Meets.

This rambling article is written to place before any reader interested, the facts that if they want a good trip, the chance to meet men whose friendship they will delight in keeping and are anxious to see events

staged that will linger long as a pleasant memory of out-door activity, the writer wants to see them at Yarmouth the last week in July.

The dates are July 28th and 29th. The place, Lakeside Park, Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and the fellows you will meet there are the best ever. We'll all be looking for you, so pack the suit case or bag, grab up the old twelve gun or .30-30, crank the Fliv, and hit the trail for Yarmouth. The pals you will make there will be life-long and just as soon as the last day's events are over you will start to plan to be on hand next year. That's the way it hits us.

The Bisley Trials

J. W. SMITH

THE Bisley Trial Matches were held at the Long Branch Rifle Ranges near Toronto on Friday and Saturday, May 21st and 22nd, and were favored with splendid weather conditions. The wind at times was changeable, but never very difficult. The matches were under the supervision of Lieut.-Col. S. J. Huggins and Maj. E. H. Price, who are respectively the Secretary and Treasurer of the O.R.A. There were 29 competitors, the majority being from Toronto, with four from Guelph, three from Ottawa, two from London, and one each from Kingston and Hamilton. Five targets were provided, and the marking and registering left nothing to be desired. Four separate matches over the 200, 500, and 600 yd. ranges were fired, one each on the morning and afternoon of each day. The arrangements were perfect, and at no time was there any hitch or trouble in the proceedings.

The shoot will long be remembered as one of unexpected developments. In the first match on Friday morning, there was a general collapse on the 600 yard range, and the highest score over the three ranges was 90. Hawkins, who came back from the 200 and 500 yard ranges with the remarkable score of 67 points, made 16 at 600 yards, but did wonderfully well to pick up and win second place in the finals. One competitor had six successive misses with a bull's-eye for his last shot, and he was unmercifully ragged about his "best possible 5." Exper-

enced marksmen were heard to remark that they always felt relieved to see their target going down after firing, denoting a hit, as misses were surprisingly frequent. Some marksmen even took their sighting shot, if it was an "inner," on the score, and were probably wise in doing so. Not a possible was made at any single range, and only three 34's, one at 200 by Irvine, and two at 500 by Hawkins and Dymond. Two sighting shots were allowed at each range, and there were no extra series matches.

Of course, the Lee-Enfield rifle and the N. R. A. regulations, under which the matches were conducted, came in for considerable criticism, and were naturally blamed for the poor scoring. Undoubtedly, the large majority of competitors were handicapped by lack of practice under the new conditions, and there was a noticeable improvement on the second day in the scoring. Scores of 95 to 97 had been reported in practice at the Long Branch Ranges before the matches, but did not materialize, and 93 was the highest throughout the Trials. The writer, from his personal experience, is under the impression however, that scores of 95 to 97 and even 100 will eventually be fairly frequent with more practice. The general attitude of the competitors was that one man's chance was just as good as another's, and that the final results produced the seven men who are best fitted to represent the Province of Ontario in the 1920 Bisley team. But there were many disappointments; uncertainty

was the keynote of the shoot, and many an old and experienced marksman got badly "bumped" when he was least expecting it.

The first day's results showed Slatter in the lead, with Rooke and Vincent close on his heels. Slatter, however, was unfortunate in not being able to keep up his good record, and dropped back on the second day to thirteenth place, whilst Vincent dropped to eighth. Hawkins shot splendidly after his set-back of the first day and climbed up to second place. Edmond, a recent arrival from Australia, also moved up, and the other five men managed to retain their places. Goodhouse and Vincent were members of last year's Bisley team, being overseas at the time. Irvine, Weir, Crowe and Rooke won their places by consistent good shooting, and their success was well deserved. As there are usually one or more of the original selections prevented from going by pressure of business, there is yet a chance for Vincent, Dymond, and Lee who are all three ex-Bisley men.

One of the noticeable features of the matches was that the scoring over the 200, 500 and 600 yard ranges averaged about 10 points less than when the Ross rifle with sling and peep-sight was used. This, however, should not be taken as a standard, because the marksmanship will undoubtedly improve under the new conditions with more practice. In fact, it would not be surprising to see some of the old records approached, if not equaled, at the O. R. A. and D. R. A. matches when the use of the sling will be permitted. The writer made a few enquiries, and heard of only two cases of nickelling, neither of them obstinate. The rifle is decidedly not a target weapon, but those who have the sport at heart should remember that the handicap is the same to all, and should adapt themselves like true sportsmen to the new regulations with as little grumb-

ling as possible. Success is now more than ever dependent on the "man behind", and rifle cranks, who are apt to blame everything but themselves for their mag-pies, outers, and misses, should refrain from "knocking" the weapon, which has already proved its true value in the use for which it was intended, and place the responsibility where it really belongs.

Scores (possible 420):—

FIRST DAY.

1.	A. J. Slatter	176
2.	W. J. Rooke	176
3.	J. H. Vincent	176
4.	F. J. Goodhouse	175
5.	C. R. Crowe	175
6.	W. J. Irvine	173
7.	G. Weir	172
8.	W. A. Hawkins	171
9.	W. L. Dymond	170
10.	R. Edmond	170
11.	F. S. Kirkman	167
12.	M. H. Lee	166
13.	J. W. Smith	165
14.	J. A. Steele	163
15.	R. Williams	161

SECOND DAY.

1.	W. A. Hawkins	183
2.	F. J. Goodhouse	182
3.	W. J. Irvine	180
4.	R. Edmond	180
5.	R. Williams	180
6.	G. Weir	177
7.	J. W. Smith	175
8.	M. H. Lee	175
9.	C. R. Crowe	174
10.	W. L. Dymond	174
11.	W. J. Rooke	173
12.	J. H. Vincent	172
13.	J. H. Vincent	172
14.	A. J. Slatter	161
15.	F. S. Kirkman	158

FINAL RESULT.

Rank	Name	Regt.	Residence	Score.
1.	C.-S.-M. F. J. GOODHOUSE	G. G. F. G.	Ottawa	357
2.	Sgt. W. A. HAWKINS	48th. H.	Toronto ..	354
3.	Pte. W. J. IRVINE	G. G. F. G.	Ottawa	353
4.	Pte. R. EDMOND	12th. Y. R.	Toronto	350
5.	Pte. G. WEIR	Q. O. R.	Toronto	349
6.	Capt. C. R. CROWE	30th Regt.	Guelph	349
7.	Sgt. W. J. ROOKE	Q. O. R.	Toronto	349
8.	Capt. J. H. VINCENT	91st. H.	Hamilton	348
9.	Lieut. W. L. DYMOND	C. S. of M.	Toronto ..	344
10.	Sgt. M. H. LEE	7th Regt.	London	341
11.	Sgt. R. WILLIAMS	Q. O. R.	Toronto ..	341
12.	Cpl. J. W. SMITH	7th. Regt.	London	340

13. C.-S.-M. A. J. Slatter	12th. Y. R. Toronto	337
14. Pte. T. W. Younger	10th. R. G. Toronto	329
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Guides and Outfitters Have Organized

Tourists to Northern Ontario Will Be Well Looked After by New Association

ANOTHER milestone has been reached in the history of conservation of Canadian wild life by the formation of the Northern Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association. "Tolerance" was the watchword of this great Convention which was held in Port Arthur on Thursday, May 27th. Representatives of the outfitters and guides from the entire North country assembled at the call of F. C. Armstrong of Cochrane and although each had the interests of his particular section at heart, all made sacrifices in order to meet the wishes of the general body. The success of the convention and the success of the organization was assured when delegate after delegate arose and promised to do his best to further the interests of the Association, whose aims were outlined in our June issue. The convention which was held in the Prince Arthur Hotel, Port Arthur, was attended by over thirty representative guides and outfitters, whose homes range from the Manitoba boundary east to Quebec and from Muskoka to James Bay.

There were present at the meeting: F. C. Armstrong, Cochrane; Douglas McD. Hains, Montreal; A. O. Seymour, Montreal; L. O. Tremblay, North Bay; A. J. Boreham, Fort William; H. S. H. Goodier, Times-Journal, Fort William; F. E. Mathe, Longeulac; W. S. Bruce, Hornepayne; Grant W. Howe, Hornepayne; W. A. Johnston, Savoll; Timothy Crowley, Quibell; Paul Cameron, Nipigon; Andrew Alexie, Nipigon; C. Price Green, Toronto; Neil McDougall, Port Arthur; Jos. I. Laird, Sault Ste. Marie; Tom Bouchard, Nipigon; Wm. McKirdy, J. G. McKirdy, Nipigon; William Harris, Thessalon; J. J. Spillett, Oscar; D. McCuaig, Schreiber; Bruce Lloyd, Fort Frances; John Eley, Rossmere; P. A. Leitch, Port Arthur; C. O. Tatham, Woodstock; H. T. Woodworth, Biscotasing; W. R. Brown, Port Arthur; A. M. Struwe, Mine Centre; J. D. Cockburn, Sturgeon Falls, F. J. Schieder, Atikokan; H. R. May, Windigo; H. G. Woods, Fort William; T. E. Brown, Whitefish Lake.

Officers Elected

In opening the convention F. C. Armstrong who was elected chairman, explained the objects of the proposed association and after the name, Northern Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association had been adopted, called for election of officers which resulted as follows:—

Hon. President—Wm. McKirdy, Nipigon;
Hon. Vice-President—A. O. Seymour, Mon-



William McKirdy, Honorary President

treal; President and General Chairman—F. C. Armstrong, Cochrane, Ont.; Vice-President—Neil McDougall, Port Arthur; General Secretary-Treasurer—H. S. H. Goodier, Port Arthur with salary of two hundred dollars per annum. Executive Committee—Officers of the Association and the twelve District Chairmen chosen by the executive officers as follows: .

Canadian Pacific Railway.

Manitoba Boundary to Dryden
 Dryden to Port Arthur
 Port Arthur to Chapleau
 Chapleau to Sudbury
 Sudbury to Chalk River Incl. Parry Sound
 Soo. Branch

A. T. Fife, Kenora, Ont.
 F. Edwards, Savanne, Ont.
 D. McCuaig, Schreiber.
 H. Woodworth, Bisco.
 J. D. Cockburn, Sturgeon Falls.
 William Harris, Thessalon.

Canadian National Railways, C.N.R.

Port Arthur to Manitoba Boundary
 Port Arthur to Jellicoe
 Jellicoe to Pagwauchuan
 Pagwauchuan to Capreol
 Capreol to Parry Sound

B. Loyd, Fort Frances.
 J. McKirdy, Nipigon.
 J. E. Mathe, Long Lac.
 Grant Howe, Hornepayne.
 Appointment to be made.

Canadian Government Division.

Fort William to Superior Jct.
 Manitoba Boundary to Sioux Lookout, not including Quibell
 District of Patricia Incl. Quibell
 Superior Jct. to Armstrong
 Armstrong to Grant
 Grant to Hearst
 Hearst to Quebec Boundary

J. J. Spillett, Oscar, Ont.

L. Holst, Minaki, Ont.
 T. Crowley, Quibell, Ont.
 Ed. Troke, Allenwater.
 L. Fleming, Grant, Ont.
 Wm. Clarke, Hearst
 E. G. Poole, Cochrane, Ont.

Algoma Central and Hudson Bay Ry.

Sault Ste. Marie to Hearst

J. I. Laird, Sault Ste. Marie:

Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Ry.

Cochrane to North Bay

Victor Stevens, Engleheart.

Algoma Eastern Railways.

Manitoulin Island to Sudbury

Appointment to be made.

Grand Trunk Railway.

North Bay to Allendale including Algonquin Park Norman Gouldie. Dwight, Ont.

Personnel of Executive

William McKirdy of Nipigon, the Honorary President of the Association, went North in '83 as C.P.R. construction contractor and shortly after started in business at Nipigon. He came up the Great Lakes in a "wind jammer" and had many exciting experiences before landing at Port Arthur. He has outfitted "prince and peasant" alike. His latest contract was that of outfitting the Prince of Wales and party to fish the famous Nipigon.

Hon-Vice-Pres. A. O. Seymour is a well known Montreal man who is thoroughly acquainted with the North Country.

Fred. C. Armstrong, the President of the Association is well known throughout the North country by virtue of his position as Sportsman's representative at Cochrane.

Vice-President Neil McDougall of Port Arthur, has played a leading part in developing the Nipigon district as a fish and game country par excellence.

H. S. H. Goodier was Secretary of the Port Arthur Board of Trade from 1910 to 1914 and since then he has been the Port

Arthur editorial representative of the Fort William Times Journal.

The yearly fees adopted were ten dollars for outfitters and one dollar for guides, conservationists and others interested in the association. It was decided that nine will constitute a quorum for general or special meetings.

Game Laws

The game laws came up for considerable discussion, especially the proposed amendments to the big game season that directly affects the people of the north. A special committee was appointed to draft a resolution which was forwarded to Hon. F. C. Biggs, Minister of Public Works at Toronto. It was worded as follows:

"Northern Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association now in session desire to urge upon the Government that the proposed change in the open season for moose, etc. North and West of the Mattawa and French rivers to October 25th will be most detrimental, and strongly recommend that season

open not later than October 15th for the whole district. According to message to F. C. Armstrong from Deputy Minister, date of October 1st has been set for North of Canadian National N.T.R. Line only."

The Secretary was instructed to get in touch with the Department of Game and Fisheries and try to obtain a digest or summary of the Game Laws for distribution to the members of the Association.

Several of the delegates pointed out the destruction to fishing caused by pond nets being placed at the mouths of streams. On motion the following resolution was adopted. "That in future no pond nets, nor nets of any sort shall be within half a mile limit of any fishing waters flowing into any inland lake through the province and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Minister of Public Works."

The following memorial was adopted by the convention after the details had been explained by delegates interested and living in the vicinity. The memorial will be forwarded to the Minister of Public Works:

"Whereas the Nipigon Waters have been the pride of Canada for their famous speckled Trout and fish of other varieties found in the waters of Northern Ontario;

"And whereas the Nipigon River, being so favorably known all over the North American Continent has for years been the means of attracting to Canada large numbers of tourists from various parts of the world for fishing and recreation purposes, who not only leave millions of dollars in the Country annually in the way of railway fares, hotel accommodation, guides' wages, provisions, fishing licenses, etc., but have through such trips into Canada become familiar with the opportunities for investment of capital in the country in various ways and have incidentally been the means of the introduction of much foreign capital in various enterprises throughout the Country and of which the Country is so much in need:

"And whereas we regret to know that the Ontario Government had fished Lake Nipigon so closely during the past few years, since they opened it for Commercial Fishing that the Lake is now practically on the verge of being ruined from a Sportsman's standpoint, and will in a very short time also be ruined for the Commercial Fishing owing to the enormous tonnage of fish being taken therefrom, a large percentage of which is being shipped to United States' markets:

"And whereas, while the Ontario Govern-

ment must be commended for its patriotic motive in opening Lake Nipigon for commercial fishing as a war measure, but now as the War is over, they cannot be excused and in fact should be strongly condemned for permitting these waters to be so ruthlessly depleted as is being done, and thereby put them in the class of the Lake of the Woods, and Rainy Lakes which were permitted to be over-fished to supply American Markets and were so depleted of Fish Life, that it will take years before they can be re-stocked and brought back to normal conditions:

"Therefore we would urgently request that the Ontario Government immediately cease net fishing in Lake Nipigon, and set this lake aside for breeding of fish life and a playground for the people of the Country before it is completely ruined for such purposes:

"And that the buildings erected by the Government on Lake Nipigon in connection with this commercial fishing that is being carried on could be used for a hatchery and residence for employees thereof for fish culture, to re-stock these and other waters in the province of which they are so badly in need."

It was resolved that the Association get facts from the various District chairmen as to what lakes and streams are suitable for restocking and to forward this information to the General Chairman who in turn would place it before the Department of Marine and Fisheries for action.

Timothy Crowley of Quibell gave a minute description of game conditions in the newly formed district of Patricia where the game laws are not well observed. It was decided to ask the Minister to appoint Mr. Crowley as Chief Game Warden for this District also to consider a list of suitable game wardens to be drawn up by the Association.

The luxury tax on canoes and tents was discussed and it was decided to call the attention of the Minister of Finance that canoes and tents should not be taxed on the grounds that in the North they are necessities and not luxuries.

Official Organ

Rod and Gun in Canada was chosen the official organ of the Association and the President strongly urged all members to become subscribers in order to keep in touch with the various activities of the Association.

It was decided to hold the next meeting of the Northern Ontario Outfitters' and Guides' Association at North Bay on Monday, May 9th., 1921.

A suitable badge will be selected by the Executive committee.

"That trappers' licenses be issued only to British subjects only and those who have been naturalized," was a motion that was adopted unanimously. It was also decided to secure permission from the Department to have Guides' Licenses issued by the District Chairman who will nominate his assistants.

In the matter of adopting a minimum or maximum wage for guides and outfitters charges it was decided that the respective Chairmen of each District meet with guides and members of their District and adopt as nearly as possible a maximum wage for guides and outfitter charge in their district, the same to be submitted to the President.

In the evening the delegates were the guests of Walter Pratt, Jr., Manager-in-chief of the Sleeping Car, Dining Car, Hotel and News Department, Canadian National Railways, at a sumptuous banquet in the Prince Arthur Hotel. The President made a capable Chairman and after full justice had been done to the splendid repast he called upon the various delegates for their opinions of the new organization.

The Association is well organized and with the careful management that the personnel of officers ensures, should be a wonderful aid to the Department of Game and Fisheries, to the Commission of Conservation and the people of Ontario and Canada in carefully looking after the heritage of wild life that abounds in the territory covered:

Do Fish Sleep?

J. W. TITCOMB

THAT fish do sleep has been ascertained by close observation of fishes in aquaria but the periods of somnolence are not such as to cause them to be interested in daylight saving laws. "Do fish sleep?" may raise an inquiry among some of the anglers who have caught fish through the ice and know that during the early spring before the ice is out of our lakes and ponds it would be possible to make large catches of trout by fishing through the ice, hence the law to prohibit fishing through the ice for trout. In a mountain stream under certain conditions the temperature of the water is probably 32 degrees or as close to the freezing point as possible for running water. The trout in such a stream are probably collected in the deeper pools hugging the bottom and in a torpid condition. When the water temperature is practically at the freezing point fish seldom take food and some species never take food in such low temperature: this is probably quite true of the small mouth black bass. It may be said of the trout in these cold water pools that they are sleeping, but perhaps this is sort of a poetic license and that the fish are merely in a comatose state due to the very cold water. In comparing the condition of this stream with the ice covered ponds or lakes where it is possible to catch trout through the ice, the reader may be interested to know that the surface water of a pond or lake is at the lowest temperature just at the time the

ice is formed. As soon as the lake is well covered with ice the water beneath it assumes a somewhat higher temperature than prevailed before the winter's protective covering was produced. After 8 or 9 ft. below the surface of an ice covered pond the water may be several degrees above freezing point. This accounts for the fact that trout respond to the lure when fishing through the ice in ponds or in sluggish pools of a large stream, whether fishing an icy, snow fed stream early in the spring or fishing through the ice on a pond, the real sportsman will say that it is not a sport. The fish are lopy and are not in the prime condition that they will be a month or two later in the season.



Spring salmon and grilse caught in the Saanich Arm, Vancouver Island

The Crow

ISAAC BALMER

We read a lot about the preservation of wild life. Insectivorous birds, game birds, in fact small game of all kinds are fast becoming extinct, and what is the cause? The answer is "The Crow". The crow that infest this country is called the 'Carrion Crow,' he is the arch-enemy of all bird and small game life, he never tires hunting birds nests, and it makes no difference to him whether the nest contains eggs or young, the larger the young the better he likes it. The fact that he is about the wariest of all birds, is the reason he is so hard to detect, executing his destruction. I have sat up in bed watching him out of the window, soon after daylight in the morning, clean out a robin's nest that had young in it. then go on all the large spruce trees right along through the centre of them, looking for more, then through all the fruit trees and bushes near the house, as soon as anyone begins to move around he "beats" it for the bush and pasture to hunt there all day. It is an impossibility to carry on any sanctuary with success without first putting down the crow. Exterminate the crow, and then our whole country will be a sanctuary, a regular bird paradise without any more legislation than we have. The crow is extending his territory north as they become more numerous, cleaning off our Grouse, and any other game they can get hold of, cleaning the prairies of their prairie chickens, and wild ducks, is it any wonder that our bird and game life is getting scarce, everybody blaming everything that is innocent, and letting the most murderous culprit on the face of the earth go free. Get busy sports and put those black murderers out of business, they are also carriers of disease, such as hog cholera, and foot and mouth disease; they are no good to us.

Get a large stuffed horned owl, a crow call, a good shot gun, smokeless powder ammunition, go to the bush select a place where there is an isolated tree near an open place, with a thicket within a gun shot of the tree. If that can't be found, then make a hiding place with a few boughs, make it so you can command the tree, and so the crow cannot see you when he circles over your head. When you are ready, place the owl on a stump or fence, cover his stand over with a little grass or green twigs,

then hide and blow the call. Imitate a young crow in distress, crying for help then your fun will start. Always bear in mind that a crow is not much afraid of the crack of a gun, as he is of a man with a gun, so long as you can keep well out of his sight, you will be surprised how long they will keep on fighting that owl, trying to drive him away, while you are busy shooting. I got fifteen one day last summer without stopping.

If you try getting them on the wing, you will only get about two shots before they are gone, and the crow call won't coax them back, because you have to be exposed to use it. They can be easily gotten rid of with poison, by dissolving strychnine in warm rain water, then soak corn in it for 48 hours or more, drop it in 5 or 6 grains to a hill near a bush, where there is no quail, nothing else is likely to take it, unless black birds, that hurt much. Dropped on a bare field in the spring 10 cents worth of poison would destroy all the crows on each 1,000 acres of land in Ontario, and wipe them out of existence almost in one season. The people of Kent and Essex would have a good chance in the fall and Spring, to do a lot of that kind of work. If you want to preserve bird life and small game, the crow has got to be put down first.

If one man were to try and protect insectivorous birds and small game, and wanting the crows to go free and another man would try to raise foxes and chickens running loose together in one yard, which is the saner man, one is six the other half a dozen. Two years ago scarcely a single bird was allowed to raise its young on account of being robbed by the crows. Last year I entered the Du Pont Nat-Crow shooting contest, and won out for Ontario with 363 to my credit, cleaned out the crows around here, so that all the birds raised their young with the greatest of pleasure, one pair of doves has been trying to raise young for 8 years without success. Last year they raised 4 hatches, none of them more than 50 yards from the house, the last pair began to fly about the 12th Oct. the old ones taking them South a few days later, surely that is proof enough for anybody, I can give more if needed.



RE-STOCKING STREAMS WITH TROUT

Editor Rod and Gun in Canada:—

Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to reply to an article which appeared in a leading "Daily" a short time ago in reference to restocking our streams with speckled trout. Said article strongly advised that this matters should be looked into thoroughly and action taken at once in order to replenish our streams which a few years ago abounded with the speckled beauties. Now to my mind, and I am speaking whereof I know, the great necessity is to protect the trout after we have them. What I mean by that is as every one knows the open season for catching speckled trout is from May the first to September the 15th. My experience is that any reasonable sized female trout caught after say *July the first contains at least hundreds of spawn* and of course when the fish dies, the spawn dies too so that millions of these spawn that in two or three years would be well worth catching are destroyed in this way. I have mentioned this fact to several who like myself have had a life-long experience in trout fishing and they all agree with my views in this matter. Now to my mind the only way to protect our sport is in the first place re-stock the streams, then prohibit trout fishing entirely for two or three years and then readjust our laws so that the season would open on April the first and close on July the first. This I might say would be no particular hardship as there would be very little fishing done before the first of May as the weather is usually too cold and after July the first it is too hot for pleasure.

Now I hope some who are interested like myself will take this matter up and push it to a successful conclusion then we will have a return of the good old days when you could cast your line in almost any of the streams with the assurance you would not have long to wait for results.

Trusting I am not taking up too much of your valuable space

Lover of Trout Fishing.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION ABSORBS THE STEVENS COMPANY

On April 2nd. the stock of the J. Stevens Arms Company, of Chicopee Falls, Mass., was purchased by the Savage Arms Corporation from the New England Westinghouse Companies and the two companies will in the future be operated under the one management. It is not contemplated that any radical changes will be made in the policy of the organization or the personnel.

This consolidation of interests will result, we believe, in more satisfactory relations with the trade, and the fact that the Stevens line and the Savage line do not in any way conflict as to models, makes it possible for the consolidated interests to offer to the trade as complete a line of firearms as is offered by any other manufacturers, and embracing, as it does, target pistols, automatic pistols, boys' rifles, target rifles, high power, lever and bolt-action rifles and single and double-barrel and repeating shotguns, we believe this consolidation will make the Savage Arms Corporation one of the largest producers of firearms in the world, as far as the number is concerned.

NOT ALWAYS.

I do not agree with Todd and Moore, who claim that "Black Foxes bred in captivity always breed true to color, never reverting to the red or patch fox."

A case which came under my personal observation: A beautiful black vixen was brought from Alaska and purchased by a rancher of this province. This vixen was mated with a beautiful black fox, ranch raised and considered a prime sire. Four pups were born from this pair, spring of 1914, and the four pups were of a dirty red in color, proving once more, my theory: that Black Foxes, unless of the seventh generation, will not always breed true to color.

F. J. Buote

Tignish, Prince Edward Island,
May 12, 1920.

OUTFITTERS AND GUIDES, ONTARIO

<p>Tourist Parties and Supplies</p> <hr/> <p>F. E. MATHE Long Lac</p>	<p>THE SCHIEDER COMPANY ATIKOKAN</p> <hr/> <p>Outfitters</p>	<p>General Outfitters</p> <hr/> <p>WILLIAM McKIRDY & SONS NIPIGON and ORIENT BAY</p>
<p>OUTFITS and SUPPLIES</p> <hr/> <p>WATSON & LLOYD Fort Frances</p>	<p>GRANT W. HOWE Horne Payne</p> <hr/> <p>SUPPLIES and OUTFITS</p>	<p>This space open for advertising</p>



JAEGER FINE PURE WOOL For the Man Who is Out

Anyone who is much out of doors—the soldier, the sportsman, the lumberman, the engineer, the prospector, the miner—will find Jaeger Pure Wool Garments wonderfully comfortable and durable for outdoor life.

Here are some useful garments:—Sleeping bags, blankets, travelling rugs, sleeping collars, chest protectors, underwear, hose, shirts, pyjamas, stockings, sweaters, cardigans, spencers, knitted waistcoats, ulsters, caps, etc.



A FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WILL BE SENT FREE ON APPLICATION.

DR. JAEGER
Toronto
B

NORTHERN ALBERTA LAND DISTRICTS MAP, 1919

A third edition of the Land Districts Map of Northern Alberta has just been issued by the Natural Resources Intelligence Branch of the Department of the Interior. This map which is in great and increasing demand has been brought up to date and is one which nobody looking for Alberta lands between Lat. 52° 50' and Lat. 60°, that is to say from a little below the parallel of Edmonton to that of Fort Smith on the Slave River, north of Athabasca, should be without.

Beyond the material found on most maps, colours clearly define the areas specially reserved for soldier settlement, Dominion Land Districts with the offices of the Government Agencies, and also the area in which lands becoming vacant by cancellation or abandonment are reserved for further soldier settlement. The number of quarter-sections in each surveyed township that are available for homestead entry whether in lands specially reserved for Soldiers or not is also definitely stated.

The areas shown on this map as already set apart for returned soldiers lie mainly north and west of Edmonton and through the districts of Peace River, Grande Prairie and the Peace River Block in British Columbia. These lands are included in the great northward loop of the summer isotherm of 55° Fahr., the line of greatest heat passing two degrees further north through Fort Vermilion on the Peace River, 350 miles north of Edmonton. This climatic fact, taken together with large areas of fertile soil and a sufficient rainfall even in a dry year such as this, makes the country well suited to grain growing, stock raising and general farming. The result is an increasing stream of intending settlers. As a publication which might be described as a map of the vacant lands in Northern Alberta, it is valuable and timely.

A copy of this map may be obtained free by applying to the Superintendent, Natural Resources Intelligence Branch, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION IN ANNUAL MEETING

The Saskatchewan Game Protective Association met on March 26th at the Normal school and it was perhaps the best meeting ever held by that organization. Those who were on hand predicted a big season for the association.

Fred Bradshaw and Mr. Gilmour addressed

the meeting and the former gave an illustrated talk on bird life in Saskatchewan. The museum was also visited by those on hand.

The following officers were elected:—

Hon. Pres., Dr. D. Law; Hon. vice-president, A. L. Gordon; pres. M. W. Sharon; vice-president, P. H. Gordon; secretary, Wm. Van Valkenburg; executive committee, L. L. Hewitt, J. W. Ross, W. Lythe.

LARGE SHIPMENT OF FOX NETTING

The acknowledged largest dealers in fox netting in America, Brace, McKay & Co., Ltd., Summerside, received Thursday, the 27th inst., 920 rolls, the third shipment this spring direct from English manufacturers. This netting is entirely different from any other, being made from specially drawn wire, extra number of twists in the meshes, extra size selvage, extra heavily galvanized after being woven; every roll guaranteed.

Their advertisement appears in the issue.

Ideal for a sportsman's den are the reproductions in color of ROD AND GUN'S cover cuts. These reproductions consist of the picture part of the cover only—the firm's name and other printed matter appearing on the monthly covers being eliminated. The pictures are printed on best artist's proof stock which brings out to perfection the rich coloring of the original painting, and mounted on an attractive mat, suitable for framing. Subscribers and readers who desire a special cover may secure a copy of same on remitting 35 cents—(postage stamps, Canadian or American accepted) to ROD AND GUN IN CANADA, Woodstock, Ont.

Editor Rod and Gun In Canada:—

Being a constant reader of your magazine and taking the advantage of your Query Column, I wish to ask you the following question: Are the grey and black squirrels two distinct species or the grey another colour phase of the black? In the early autumn I have noticed a black squirrel with quite a ridge of grey hairs down its back and this January I noticed a grey squirrel with a streak of red hairs on its back.

Toronto.

J. H. D. C.

Answer—The grey squirrel is a colour phase of the black squirrel in the same way as the grey fox, silver fox etc., are members of the black fox family.

Editor.



Keep In Trim

Target practice through the summer will keep eye and nerves in training for the game season. 1931

LYMAN SIGHTS



No. 2A Combination Rear Sight with Disc, \$6.00.



No. 5B Front Sight Combination Globe and Bead, \$2.00

A No. 2A Combination Rear Sight, fitted with disc, will help you to make good scores on the range. Unscrew the disc, and it is all ready for game. No. 5B gives you a Globe Front Sight for target work and a clear White Ivory Bead for game. At your dealer's, or send us his name and the make, model and calibre of your rifle.

Sight Book Sent Free

Ask us for Free Book of Lyman Sights for every purpose and every gun, with hints on shooting, care of guns, etc.

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Shoot Without Noise

Cut out that unnecessary report noise. Don't scare away all the other game. Use a

MAXIM SILENCER

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SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE

RIGHT now is the time to use these famous fish-getters, the *Bass-Oreno* (above) and the *Surf-Oreno* (below).

Both have a peculiarly erratic, dashing, wobbling action irresistible to game-fish. The *Surf-Oreno* is a surface bait which rides high on the water. Either is furnished in 12 standard colors. Ask for them at your dealer or get a more detailed description in our catalog.

The Days of Real Sport Sent FREE

Shows in color our complete line of Reels, Baits and other Quality Tackle. Every angler should have it. A postal gets it.

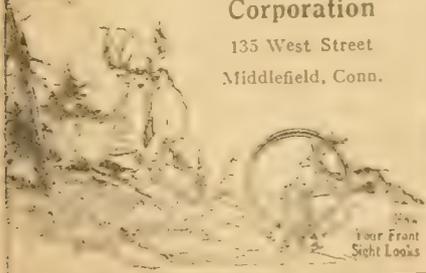
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4322 High St. - South Bend, Ind.

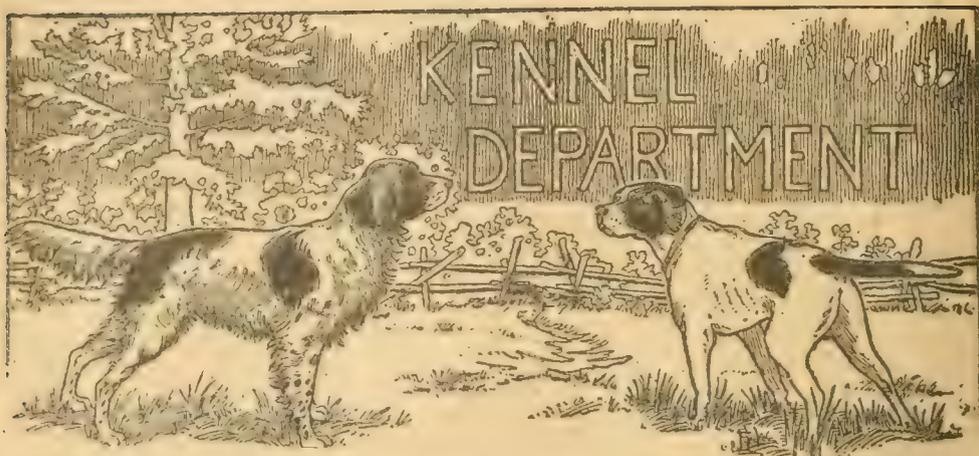
TRADE MARK QUALITY TACKLE MARK

MOUNTED MOOSE HEADS

in excellent condition

Bargain for quick sale. Box 41, Rod and Gun, - - WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO





Brantford Kennel Club

GEORGE GOODWIN

THE Telephone City Kennel Club of Brantford held their Spring show on May 13 and 14th. It was a real top notcher, equal to any regular large city show. There were good entries in all the classes, some 230 dogs being benched, including a good entry of fox hounds and beagles, something we seldom see at a show outside the Canadian National Exhibition. The Alfred St. Rink made a splendid place for the show, lots of room and plenty of space for a good judging ring. John Sturgess of Cleveland was the judge selected and while he did his work carefully and got through with all the breeds, I must say it was a heavy task for him. Mr. Sturgess had not counted on judging all breeds, so he is to be excused if he made a few slight mistakes which I notice he did in the sporting breeds. Following is a short review of the awards.

In Russian Wolfhounds there were Ch. Petrofski of Addlestone, the grand dog imported a few years ago from Eng. by Mr. Nickle of Kingston and lately purchased by "Scotty" Patterson of the Hotel St. Julian, Brantford. Lady Romanoff bred by Mr. Patterson made a splendid mate for Petrofski as she is much like him and of championship calibre.

The great international Champion Greyhound, Master Butcher, owned by John G. Kent, Toronto, and always handled to perfection by Bert Swann, was on exhibition and was awarded the special for best dog in the show, an award he has obtained at many shows in Canada and U.S.

Beagles had an entry of 17, Brantford being

the centre of a district in which there are many fanciers of the merry little huntsman. Following are the awards in full for Beagles.

Puppy Dogs.

- 1st. H. Nolan—Dempsey.
- 2nd. G. Horsnell—Jack.
- 3rd. H. Garland—Nipper.

Novices—only one, Smithfield Sable (Guelph), open, under 13 inches, only one, Nipper.

Limit and open under 13 inches.

- 1st. Smithfield Sable.
- 2nd. Dempsey.
- 3rd. O. Frey—Spot.
- 4th. Coleman—Jack.

Winners—Smithfield Sable, reserve Dempsey. Dempsey is a very typical little beagle that will go higher.

Puppy Bitches.

- 1st. F. E. Smith—Smithfield Lovely.
- 2nd. H. Nolan—Little Susie.
- 3rd. R. Prine—Mickey.

Novices a repeat.

Limit.

- 1st. L. G. Haigmeier—Haig's Patience.
- 2nd. Little Susie.
- 3rd. Mickey.
- 4th. Fred Howe's—Broodview Queen.

Open 1st. Haig's Patience; 2nd. Little Susie; 3rd. Broodview Queen.

Open under 13 inches, 1st. Nolan's Haig's Flossie; 2nd. Smithfield Lovely.

Winner's bitches—Haig's Flossie, res. Haig's Patience.

There were 19 Foxhounds entered including Archibalds' of Toronto, Keay's of London,



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Smith of Guelph one and Farrow of Toronto one. All the others were local ones. Awards in full were as follows:

Puppy dogs, only two, 1st. Keay's Meshaw; 2nd. Bowden's Buster.

Novice dogs—1st. Archibald's Trump; 2nd. Kerr's Drummer; 3rd. Farrow's Major; 4th. Buster. Three others in this class were Smithsfield Sterling, Prine Bounce and Elliott's Dan.

Limit dogs—1st. Keay's Models Model; 2nd. Archibald's Shorty; 3rd. Kerr's Drummer. Bowden's Sport, McDonald's Ted and Moore's Sport were also in this class.

Open dogs—1st. Keay's Ch. Vanguard; 2nd. Archibald's Trump; 3rd. Model's Model.

Winners dog—Vanguard, reserve, Archibald's Trump.

Novice bitches—1st. Reid's Nell.

Limit bitches—1st. Archibald's Lady Bell; 2nd. Keay's Hattie K.; 3rd. Reid's Nell. Open bitches a repeat.

Winners bitches—Archibald's Lady Bell, reserve, Hattie K.

Both Model's Model and Shorty were better in legs and feet and body than Vanguard, and Shorty had a cleaner front than Model's Model. When Judge Sturgess, who is a terrier man, first caught sight of Shorty he remarked "Isn't he like a Fox terrier?" and had he only known that a Fox terrier is a miniature Fox hound, in type and conformation, he no doubt would have put Shorty up higher, and made no mistake.

There were nine cocker spaniels, winners' dogs going to Dr. Campbell's (Toronto) good black dog Oakley Jackdaw, which thus completed his Canadian championship rating. W. I. Jackson's Victor was res. winners in solid color dogs and same owner's Robin-hurst Lucky, winners in parti color.

A. Senior's Dolly Black was winner in black, Thos. Hill's Bennie reserve. Winners (except black) Jackson's Rosebud; reserve, Senior's Spring Maid.

Airedales had the comparatively large entry of 30. Thirteen of these were from Toronto, the balance from Brantford and district.

Mr. G. Ward gave his young dog Nobbler's Paragon his first try out in the puppy class and in the entry of six he went first. 2nd went to Suncrest Sir Hector. Nobbler's Paragon in a year's time when he gets his full growth and staidness, I predict will make a big winner.

Canadian bred dogs—1st. Claycliff Clinker; 2nd. Claycliff Colonel; 3rd. Church's General

Joffre; 4th. Biggar's Basson. last two, large ordinary sort.

Novice—1st. Chas. Smith's Brant Admiration; 2nd. Dandy; 3rd. Joffre; 4th. Basson. Brant Admiration with a better set on of ears and less throatiness would be a good show dog, he has lots of the real Airedale character and courage in him.

In limit and open Harvie Warlock went winners and Claycliff Clinker went over Claycliff Colonel for reserve winners. This is another set back for Colonel since the last Toronto Ex. Show when the great N.Y. Judge Offerman placed him over all the other Claycliff dogs and to reserve winners to the great Ch. Polam Maxim.

In puppy and novice bitches Harvie Perfection took 1st., a well built shapely one, lacking expression yet, owing to lack of furnishings.

2nd. Novice, Brant Avatrix, Cass of Paris. Mona Lisa a good old Ch. Caerphilly Marvel one took 1st limit and 3rd open.

1st. open and winners to Claycliff Avatrix. 2nd. and res. winners to Parkton Arlette.

In Fox terriers the only thing interestingly new was Suncrest Twinkle, 1st puppy and novice dog and Judy Mulvaney 1st. puppy, limit open and winners bitch. Both good wires which will figure in future show awards.

Bulldogs had an entry of 20. Good old Baron of Lombare was awarded winners and became a ch. which he should have been years ago. Res. to Southport Joffre.

1st. limit 2nd. open Diamond Thornfield Pride.

2nd. limit 3rd. open Bill Louvain.

Winners bitches—La Tosh, S. Wilson, Oakville, res. Dundee Lady Rhoda H. Wilson, Toronto.

Boston Terriers had an entry of 31 and some high class ones of this breed were shown.

Winners dogs to Paramount Star, O'Neil, Hamilton, res. to Idle Hour King, Beney, Brantford.

Other good ones were Peter Church of Simcoe; Globe Sweet William, Perry of London; Ringmaster, O'Neil; Little Welshman, McFadden, Toronto; and Reisingers Dandy. Winners bitches to Rastall's S. D. Judy, res. to Hewson's Wee Lady.

Paramount Star since went winners at the Boston Terrier Show in Toronto and completed his Canadian Championship.

Then followed the regular exhibits of toy dogs. There were some splendid Pekingese Spaniels shown, some recent high class importations.



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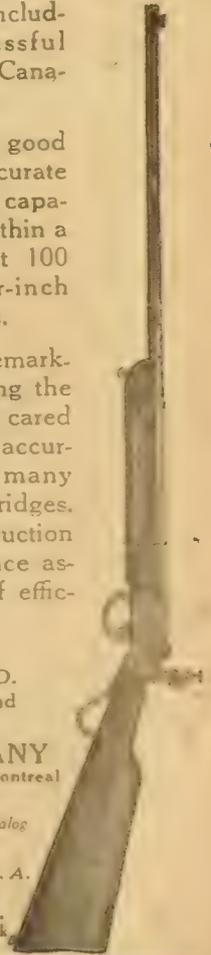
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President Charlton and his splendid executive Messrs. Wainright, Lee, Montgomery, Gilham, Howie, Plomly, Patterson, Bishop, Church and Sec. Duckworth can count on a bumper entry at any other show they put on.

To top the success of the show a banquet was given at the St. Julian Hotel at which about fifty sat down, a pleasant evening of

comradeship being spent in voicing ideas, songs, recitation and so on.

* * *

At this show I got Messrs. Keays, Archibald and Smith together and talked over the idea of a Canadian field trials for Fox hounds. We decided that at the C. N. Ex. dog show to call all the Fox hound breeders and fanciers together to discuss this matter. We have the dogs, the men, and the country for it, all unexcelled, so why not have an outing each fall. We can have trials here in Ontario as good as those in the U. S. and such things make for the improvement of stock and sportsmanship.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN WESTERN CANADA.

Prairie chickens did well in Western Canada last season and where shooting was permitted, they furnished better sport than for a number of years past. A returned soldier from Brandon says that the farmers of that section generally took good care of the nests they found in their farming operations so as not to destroy them, and when necessary moved them to safe places. He says the old bird will return to incubate the eggs which have been moved. Another sportsman from a hundred miles north of Winnipeg reports that chickens were unusually plentiful, but said that some shooters were not observing Manitoba's closed season.

We are just a little sceptical about the birds returning to nests that have been moved and would like to hear from sportsmen who have heard of similar incidents. We do not come out squarely and say that the birds will not return to a nest which has been moved because we do not want to have to back water, but we do know of cases where eggs have been carefully moved a distance of only a few feet and the old birds seemed to lose all interest in them. Wherever possible, farmers should mow around nests and leave a little standing grain or grass on each side. Even then the birds may refuse to return and finish incubating.

A. G. P. A. Bulletin.

U. S. SUPREME COURT UPHOLDS MIGRATORY TREATY

The final act in the great drama on which depended the usefulness of the Migratory Birds Convention Treaty was played in

Washington on April 19th when the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the decree of the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Missouri and declared the Enabling Act to be legal and upholding the Migratory Bird Law. The appeal from the Missouri Court was taken by the State of Missouri and the defendant was Ray P. Holland, United States Game Warden. Part of the Supreme Court's decision says:

"The State as we have intimated founds its claim of exclusive authority upon an assertion of title to migratory birds, an assertion that is embodied in statute. No doubt it is true that as between a State and its inhabitants the State may regulate the killing and sale of such birds, but it does not follow that its authority is exclusive of paramount powers. To put the claim of the State upon title is to lean upon a slender reed. Wild birds are not in the possession of anyone; and possession is the beginning of ownership. The whole foundation of the State's rights is the presence within their jurisdiction of birds that yesterday had not arrived, tomorrow may be in another State and in a week a thousand miles away. If we are to be accurate we cannot put the case of the State upon higher ground than that the treaty deals with creatures that for the moment are within the state borders, that it must be carried out by officers of the United States within the same territory, and that but for the treaty the State would be free to regulate this subject itself."

Canada is doing very well in the matter of observing its part of the Treaty and now with the States finally lined-up there is no reason why this magnificent law may not begin to function and results will likely be seen in the protection thus given.

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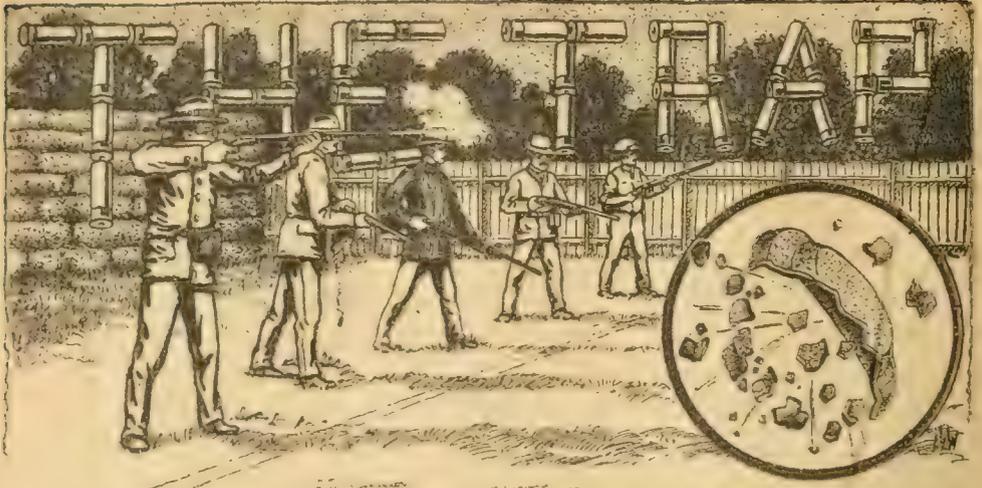
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E. C. T. A. Annual Tournament at Ottawa a Grand Success

Sam Vance of Tillsonburg Amateur Champion of Canada. Burke of Markham Wins Grand Canadian Handicap

THE annual tournament of the Eastern Canada Trapshooting Association, was held this year on June 14, 15, 16, and 17 at the famous Rockcliffe Ranges, Ottawa, under favorable weather conditions that resulted in excellent scores. Monday June 14th was devoted to practice by the gunners who came from all over Canada to attend this, the trapshooting classic of Canada. The Western Ontario contingent consisting of over forty gunmen went from Toronto in a special car. O. J. Killam, who did such wonderful shooting in the Olympic trials was the St. John's representative at the shoot.

Sam Vance, the Tillsonburg crack shot captured the Governor General's prize with a score of 379 winning the Canadian Amateur Championship. Big Bill Barnes of Hamilton kept up the wonderful record he established at St. Thomas by breaking 99 the first afternoon, 146 on Tuesday, 147 on Wednesday and a grand total of 376 x 400 in the three days registered and handicap shoots. W. E. Burke of Preston came third with 374. Bill Barnes won the long run bowl presented by Cecil Bethune.

Dr. Jordan was second on the first afternoon with 97 and Sam Vance third with 95. Sam Vance lead the second day of the shoot with two misses in 150. In the third day's shooting George O'Connor of Ottawa, upheld the honor of the Capital shooters with 145. Bill Barnes lead with 147 and Frank Morris and Sam Vance tied for second place with 146. The title shot off on Wednesday went to the Ham Barnes and Beattie with a possible 147.

H. W. Burke of Markham from Tillsonburg, took in the Grand Canadian Handicap and thereby won the title of Canadian Amateur Champion for 1920. Hobbie of Ottawa, won the honor of Ottawa were tied for second place with 146. The handicap with the good score of 146.

The eight man championship was won by the No. 1 team with 178 out of 200. Montreal team came in for second money with 167. The Hamilton gunners added the Mail trophy and the five man trophy to their list of triumphs. In the five man event the competition was keen with eight teams entered. Toronto came second with 228 and Ottawa No. 1 team came in third place with 215.

It was decided to hold the Grand Canadian Handicap in Montreal next year.

The scores by days were as follows—

1st. Day.

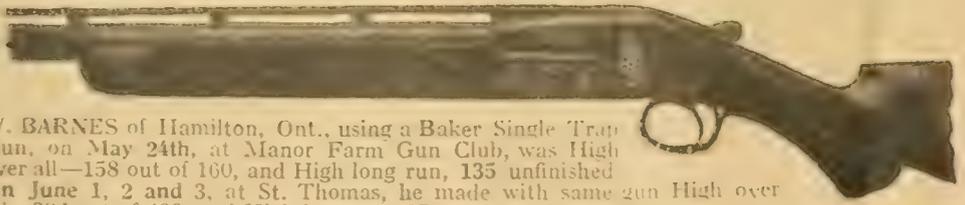
S. Boa	91
J. Payne	89
V. Heney	86
E. G. White	91
J. Runge	80
W. J. Corby	84
T. Baird	83
E. Harris	93

Dr. Winters	84
Dr. Lovitt	82
G. O'Connor	90
J. Killam	91
N. Brownlee	92
R. B. Clarke	92
J. J. Heney	86
E. L. Fuller	84
H. Heney	90
Art Ross	87
H. O'Connor	87
J. R. Reid	90
S. Sangster	80
J. H. Morris	94
J. Vance	86
W. Barnes	91
H. W. Cooney	91
E. Fletcher	90
S. Vance	95
R. Day	94
F. H. Baker	84
Geo. Beattie	91
J. Kerr	97
J. McCausland	81
F. E. Heasley	84
G. Anstee	97
Dr. Jordan	91
W. Hughes	84
H. J. Baker	84
E. Bedard	81
W. J. Day (shot at 60)	45
W. J. McCance	84
S. R. Newton	89
S. G. Newton	89
T. McGrea	85
F. R. Booth	70
H. Newlands	94
G. Easdale	85
E. Salisbury (shot at 60)	55
W. D. Monk	80
E. L. Fuller	84

2nd. Day.

E. J. Salisbury	14
W. H. Gooderham	33
J. Meritt	107
H. H. Burke	142
H. W. Fairbairn	142
G. O'Connor	137
N. Brownlee	144
J. J. Heney	137
H. O'Connor	142
S. E. Sangster	128
J. Vance	128
J. Payne	125
E. G. White	142
W. J. Corby	146
	131

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W. BARNES of Hamilton, Ont., using a Baker Single Trap Gun, on May 24th, at Manor Farm Gun Club, was High over all—158 out of 160, and High long run, 135 unfinished. On June 1, 2 and 3, at St. Thomas, he made with same gun High over all—386 out of 400, and High long run, 87.

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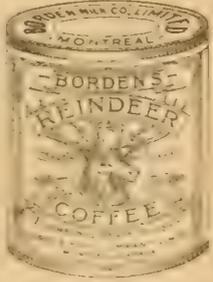


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Winner at Cedar Springs, Mich., Wins International Championship. Meadows of Stratfordville High Man in Handicap at St. Thomas.

The 39th Grand International Trapshooting Tournament has passed into scatter gun history. It was held this year, as formerly on the splendid grounds of Pinetree Park, St. Thomas. The weather was very fair and the scores exceptionally good. While the attendance was small considering the programme and the grounds, the good shooters were there in abundance and each event was hotly contested. On the second afternoon of the three days shoot, June 1, 2, 3, the spectators and gunners were treated to real art work when Milo Fletcher, William Barnes and J. A. Skinner tied for the Grand International 16 yard championship. While the former two, both from Hamilton, were well known to the boys, Skinner who is from Cedar Springs, Michigan, was the "dark horse." Starr Matthews of the American Trapshooting Association who is regional director of this zone managed the shoot in a most efficient manner and in arranging the shoot-off between the tied trio he selected the following officials: Sam Vance, referee; Herb. Cooley, judge; George Cashmore, scorer; Nelson Long, trapper; and W. J. McCance, puller. In the first shoot off, big Bill Barnes was eliminated, dropping two birds. In the next twenty shot by Fletcher and Skinner, the Hamilton man dropped his fourth and nineteenth targets while Skinner only failed to break his eighth which gave him the Grand International championship.

In the first day's shooting M. E. Fletcher was high gun with the splendid score of 98 x 100; W. Barnes was next with 96. Four were tied for third place, Jim Payne of Tillsonburg, Fred. Kerr of Crediton, Herb. Cooley of Toronto and Rowland Day of London. Each had 93 to their credit.

In addition to the three tied for the championship on the afternoon of the second day additional leaders were W. J. Marshall of Galt and Jim Payne of Tillsonburg, each with 95 breaks. In the morning W. Barnes was high with the wonderful score of 99, followed closely by J. A. Skinner with 97, while Sam Vance and R. Day tied for third place with 96.

The third day furnished some surprises especially in the handicap event, which was won by a tyro, Alfred H Meadows of Stratfordville. Shooting from the sixteen yard mark Meadows succeeded in breaking 96 x 100. W. Barnes at the 21 yard mark broke 95, giving him second money. The Stratfordville man is receiving the congratulations of everyone on his wonderful work as this is his first year at the traps. In the morning events of the last day Sam Vance lead with 98, J. A. Skinner followed with 97 while Fred. Healey of Toronto finished third with 96 to his credit.

The St. Thomas Collegiate Institute boys' squad shoot was won by James Handley with the creditable score of 67, winning the handsome A. T. A. trophy for this year. Elson Potts and Donald McCrimmon finished second and third with 65 and 60, respectively.

In the professional class, Kennicott of Evanston lead on the three days with 392 x 100, followed by Frank Barnes of Montreal with 381 x 100. Ted White of Ottawa, who is shooting with a splintered left arm and is being mistaken for a deer, is rapidly regaining his old time form and finished third in the professional on the three days shooting with 365 x 100.

Mrs. Vogel of Detroit and Mrs. O'Loane of St. Thomas were the two lady shooters whose consistent good work excited the admiration of the crowd.

There was plenty of new shooters present for this successful tournament and not only the success of Meadows in the handicap but there own good scores should encourage them and others to join the sport aluring.

The following are the scores for the three days:

JUNE 1.

J. W. Hart, Dresden 89; W. Hollingshead, Dutton, 82; Jacob Fries, Buffalo 91; J. L. Johnson, Stratfordville, 96; xG. M. Dunk, Toronto, 80.
 J. Payne, Tillsonburg, 93; J. Vance, Tillsonburg, 83; W. C. Vail, St. Thomas, 87; Arthur Glover, Port Stanley, 78; xE. G. White, Ottawa, 89.
 Rowland Day, London, 93; Fred Kerr, Crediton, 93; F. P. Baker, London, 81; J. M. McCausland, London, 83; William Barnes, Hamilton, 96.
 xA. A. Dwight, Toronto, 66; xH. Kennicott, Evanston, Ills., 97; G. C. Weiler, Bay City, Mich., 90; W. O'Loane, St. Thomas, 85; Mrs. W. O'Loane, St. Thomas 81.
 xJ. A. Skinner, Cedar Springs, Mich., 91; xP. H. Morris, Montreal, 94; S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg, 92; Herb Cooley, Toronto, 93; Milo E. Fletcher, Hamilton, 98.

H. E. Payne, Tillsonburg, 86; P. H. Willey, Danville, N. Y., 83; xNelson Long, Hamilton, 91; R. M. Cagney, Montreal, 57; W. K. Sanderson, St. Thomas, 10.
 James Baburist, Muskegon, Mich., 87; Mrs. L. G. Vogel, Detroit, 86; Dr. C. E. Winslow, Detroit, 92; W. J. McCance, St. Thomas, 83; xJohn Cole, Detroit, 93.
 Collegiate Institute event at 100 targets—James Handley, St. Thomas, 97; Elson Potts, St. Thomas, 65; Donald McCrimmon, St. Thomas, 60; Eddie McDonald, St. Thomas, 57; Stuart McQueen, St. Thomas 15.

JUNE 2.

	Morn- ing.	After- noon.
J. W. Hart, Dresden	95	95
W. Hollingshead, Dutton	93	92
Jacob Fries, Buffalo	85	84
C. Summerhayes, Brantford	81	92
Col. Page, Brantford	88	91
J. Balbrnie, Muskegon, Mich.	89	94
Mrs. L. G. Vogel, Detroit	93	95
Dr. C. E. Winslow, Detroit	87	90
W. J. McCance, St. Thomas	78	85
xJ. S. Cole, Jr., Detroit	90	86
Wm. Hodges, Jarvis	88	93
S. A. Howes, Battle Creek	87	85
W. I. Hubbard, Battle Creek	76	88
Ed. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga.	83	81
Jas. Payne, Tillsonburg	94	95
D. Passmore, Hensall	94	93
Robt. D. Bell, Hensall	88	92
S. M. Wickens, Hensall	77	
E. J. Marsh, Toronto	69	
xEd. G. White, Ottawa	89	91
J. A. Skinner, Cedar Springs	97	97
F. H. Morris, Montreal	97	95
S. G. Vance, Tillsonburg	96	92
H. W. Cooley, Toronto	91	91
M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton	95	97
xH. Kennicott, Evanston	98	99
G. C. Weiler, Bay City	84	88
W. D. O'Loane, St. Thomas	82	85
Mrs. O'Loane, St. Thomas	86	86
xGeo. Cashmore, Toronto	91	92
Rowland Day, London	96	93
Fred Kerr, Crediton	94	93
T. H. Baker, London	80	74
J. W. McCausland, London	91	86
Wm. Barnes, Hamilton	99	97
xNelson Long, Hamilton	90	89
F. E. Healey, Toronto	86	87
P. H. Willey, Danville, N. Y.	88	86
Harold Newlands, Galt	92	90
W. J. Marshall, Galt	89	95
C. R. Marlatt, Stratfordville	78	81
Jas. Vance, Tillsonburg	81	91
W. C. Vail, St. Thomas	86	83
A. Glover, Port Stanley	88	89
W. P. Bradfield, Stratfordville	84	88
P. E. Payne, Tillsonburg	89	84
Geo. Ballew, Stratfordville	68	74
A. Meadows, Stratfordville	89	
P. W. Laur, Stratfordville	83	88
Geo. Bradley, Stratfordville	79	88
A. Speritt, Hensall	81	81
C. P. Lodaui, Detroit	84	
G. M. Dunk, Toronto	78	
W. Peters, Burnerville	91	
A. Sutton, Stratfordville	80	
Dr. C. E. Winslow, St. Thomas	76	
xD. Passmore	Shot at 100	

Morning Events at 100 Targets.

J. W. Hart, Dresden, 95; W. Hollingshead, Dutton, 91; Jacob Fries, Buffalo, 90; C. Summerhayes, Brantford, 88; Col. Page, Brantford, 91; J. Balbrnie, Muskegon, Mich., 87; Mrs. L. G. Vogel, Detroit, 92; Dr. C. E. Winslow, Detroit, 91; W. J. McCance, St. Thomas, 84; Wm. Hodges, Jarvis, 91; C. P. Hubbard, Detroit, 91; W. I. Hubbard, Battle Creek, Mich., 80; Ed. Taylor, Atlanta, Ga., 81; Capt. James Payne, Tillsonburg, 93; D. Passmore, Hensall, 94; Robert D. Bell, Hensall, 91; A. Sherritt, Ottawa, 88; W. Peters, Burnerville, 92; xEd. G. White, Ottawa, 89; J. A. Skinner, Cedar Springs, Mich., 97; F. H. Morris, Montreal, 95; Sam Vance, Tillsonburg, 96; Herb Cooley, Toronto, 93; M. E. Fletcher, Hamilton, 95; xH. Kennicott, Evanston, Ills., 98; C. C.



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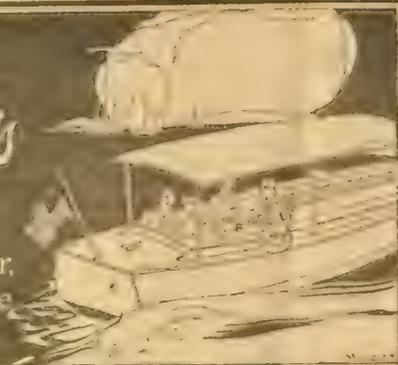
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Welder, Bay City, Mich., 93; W. D. O'Loane, St. Thomas, 83; Mrs. O'Loane, St. Thomas, 73; xGeorge Cashmore, Toronto, 90; Rowland Day, London, 85; Fred Kerr, Crediton, 91; J. Harris, London, 90; J. W. McCausland, London, 88; William Barnes, Hamilton, 84; xNelson Long, Hamilton, 90; F. E. Healey, Toronto, 96; P. H. Willey, Danville, N. Y., 92; Harold Newlands, Galt, 91; W. J. Marshall, Galt, 95; A. Sutton, Strathfordville, 95; R. Gaetz, Strathfordville, 90; D. Passmore, Hensall, 77; C. R. Marlatt, Strathfordville, 30; W. H. Bradford, Strathfordville, 80; J. A. Vance, Tillsonburg, 70; R. Taylor, Tillsonburg, 91; H. E. Payne, Tillsonburg, 79; A. Glover, Port Stanley, 83; xGeorge Kay, Toronto, 70.

Afternoon Events at 100 Targets; Handicap.
 N. Long (21 yards), 84; xF. H. Morris (21), 90; A. Skinner (1), 87; xCole (21), 83; xKennicott (22), 92; Barnes (21), 95; Sam Vance (21), 90; Cooley (20), 87; E. J. Payne (20), 84; Fletcher (20), 88; Marshall (20), 82; Day (20), 70; Hart (20), 83; Passmore (19), 77; Hollingshead (19), 85; Summerhayes (19), 81; Page (19), 93; Balbirnie (19), 38; Peters (19), 80; Bradford (19), 81; Loftand (19), 80; J. Harris (19), 81; Newlands (18), 95; Willey (18), 91; McCausland (18), 90; shot at 80; J. Vance (18), 89; Bell (18), 83; (18), 81; Mrs. T. G. Vogel (18), 90; Welder (18), 81; Taylor (18), 87; Winslow (18), 89; Sherritt (18), 81; C. Vail, St. Thomas (17), 91; Sutton (17), 91; A. Glover, Strathfordville (17), 87; Kerr (19), 93; McCance (16), 92; O'Loane (16), 93; Mrs. O'Loane (16), 73; W. D. Wickens (16), 79; Marlatt (16), 79; Bradford (16), 71; H. Payne (16), 87; A. H. Meadows, Strathfordville (16), 96; Peter Taur, Strathfordville (16), 81; xConnell, Toronto (16), 86; xGaetz (16), 79; Kay (16), 19; shot at 60; xG. M. Dunk, Toronto (16), 84; Glover (17), 90.

xProfessional.

The Work of Three Days.

Long runs in three days: Amateurs—Barnes 87, Fletcher 83, J. A. Skinner 77.
 Professionals—H. Kennicott, four long runs, 82, 73, 75, 64; Morris 62, White 60.
 High average for 400 targets—Kennicott 392; Jones 381, White 365, Cole 361, Cashmore 279—500 Dunk 158—200.
 Amateurs—Barnes 376, Fletcher 384, Skinner 382, Vance 387.

One of the features of the St. Thomas shoot was the appearance of a squad of schoolboys, who performed in the fashion. The winner of the event, a special one held to the St. Thomas lads, was James Handley, 15 years old, who broke 67 out of 100. To do this he was compelled to change guns in the middle of the event, but such a trifling thing did not prove an obstacle in his path in his climb to the top of his class. The other scores in the event were: Donald McCrimmon, 60; Elson Potts, 65; Edgar McDonald, 55, and Stuart McQueen, 45.

* * *

There were so many other features, in addition to the good, steady shooting of the more experienced trap-gunners, that the gallery always was kept on edge. One of the amusing things to the St. Thomas folks was that Mrs. W. D. O'Loane, after being defeated by her husband on the first day of the shoot, came right back on the second and twice to make him take the dust. A few years ago, so the story goes, Mrs. O'Loane always worried when her hubby went to a shoot. She was afraid of firearms then, but now she handles the scattergun like a veteran, yet she has been shooting only three years.

* * *

Another woman, however, carried off the honors of her class. She was Mrs. Lewis G. Vogel, of Detroit. The first day out Mrs. Vogel broke only 86 and the women spectators thought that was a splendid showing, for she led Mrs. O'Loane by five targets, but in the morning hundred of the second day she reduced to just 93 and she repeated in the afternoon.

* * *

From the expert's point of view the shooting of Miley Fletcher, Big Bill Barnes and J. A. Skinner was exceptional. Fletcher, who is a veteran, represented Hamilton on one of the Canadian Olympic teams, so his appearance at St. Thomas tipped off everyone that there would be a shooting match. Barnes, who is from the same city, shot Fletcher a close race for the honors on opening day, the score being 98 to 96. But in the morning hundred of the second day Barnes outstripped his fellow-townsmen, breaking 99 while Fletcher dropped five.

* * *

In the afternoon Skinner, a native of Cedar Falls, Mich., forged along to the front line and shared the honors with Fletcher and Barnes, each breaking 97.

Then came the triple shoot-off. The spectators

many of whom did not understand the fine points of the game, were thrilled as the fans at a baseball game. During the first string of 20, Fletcher and Skinner went straight, but Barnes lost two. Then came the final test between Skinner and Fletcher and the former won out 19 to 18.

CANADIAN OLYMPIC TEAM— EIGHT MEN WILL SAIL ON JULY 5.

George H. Cashmore of Toronto has announced the personnel of the Trapshooting team that will represent the Dominion at Antwerp and in the English Championships. The eight men are well known as "Scatter gun" artists and although they will have to face championship shooters from every country in the world it is confidently hoped that they will follow the lead of the Winnipeg Falcons and bring added laurels to the Maple Leaf.

The eight men that will represent Canada are a follows:—

J. H. Black, Winnipeg (captain).
 O. J. Killam, St. John, N.B.
 W. M. Hamilton, High River, Alta.
 Ben McLaren, Calgary.
 Sam Vance, Tillsonburg, Ont.
 "True" Oliver, Vancouver.
 H. J. Montgomery, Beamsville, Ont.
 George Beattie, Hamilton.
 In case any of the foregoing cannot make the trip, J. McLaughlin, of Halifax, is the next man on the list.

The team will sail on the Victorian from Quebec on July 5, and will compete in the English championships on July 14-16. From there they will go to Antwerp. The American team, who will also compete in the English tournament, will sail from Boston on June 23.

The final decision regarding the gun question has been received from the Olympic committee, and the gun can be held in any position, the position being optional, two barrels.

As the Falcons of Winnipeg, won the hockey championship at the Olympic tournament, the honor of captaining the team has been given to a Winnipeg man.

HAMILTON GUN CLUB.

In spite of the drizzly rain, which fell practically all afternoon, a crowd of over thirty shooters were on hand at the Hamilton Gun Club on Saturday afternoon to take part in the wind-up of the Klein & Binkley series.

In A class, George Beattie again steadied down and won first place with a total of 146, after putting on one event of 25 straight, followed with 24. E. H. Sturt slipped a little from his usual stride and managed to break only 22, which gave him a tie for second place with W. Barnes, with a total of 142. On the shoot-off W. Barnes jumped to the front with another 24, while Sturt got 20. E. Harris was well up in the race with 140. In this class there was a lively contest for the spoon. J. Hunter, George Beattie, Bert Smyth, N. Long, W. Barnes and D. A. Konkle all being tied with 24, and, owing to the lateness of the hour, a drawing was made and the spoon went to W. Barnes.

Dr. Greene retained his lead in B class and finished with a good lead of seven birds over second place. He broke 22 for the day, giving him a total of 136. A. Glover put on a score of 23 and George Stroud 20, which tied them for second place with 129. W. J. Wark was next with 127, after breaking 22. T. Gardiner was going great guns and broke 25 the first time out and 24 the next, and tied for the spoon with M. Hopsberger. On C class the spoon went to Gardiner.

In C class, W. D. Vogel shot up in the race, and, after breaking 24 the first time, succeeded in getting 21 the second time, and came out in front with a total of 126. Sturt, after getting a poor start in the race, got going strong at the finish, and notched second place with 123. J. Moyer was next with 123. A. Smyth again took the spoon with a score of 21.

P. Morris, a professional, representing the Dominion Cartridge company, was high man for the day with a straight score of 75. T. Gardiner was next with 49 out of 50, followed by George Beattie and Bert Smyth with 73 out of 75.

The scores:

	K.&B.		S.		P.M.S.	
	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.	S.A.	B.
A Class:—						
George Beattie	150	146	75	73		
W. Barnes	150	142	100	95		
E. H. Sturt	150	142	100	89		
E. Harris	150	140	50	46		
J. Hunter	150	138	75	72		
Bert Smyth	150	136	75	73		
N. Long	150	136	50	47		
R. J. Montgomery	150	135	75	66		

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J. Smith.....	150	124	70	44
B Class:—				
Dr. Greene.....	150	136	50	43
A. Glover.....	150	129	50	41
George Stroud.....	150	129	75	70
W. J. Wark.....	150	127	50	41
T. Gardiner.....	150	126	50	49
W. W. Livingstone.....	150	119	50	44
C Class:—				
W. Dynes.....	150	129	75	63
A. Smyth.....	150	125	25	24
J. Moyer.....	150	123	75	58
P. Friend.....	25	19
A. Parmenter.....	50	39
M. Honsberger.....	50	44
F. Morris.....	75	75
G. Duak.....	75	72
Lou Long.....	50	36
J. F. Gray.....	50	41
F. Ellis.....	50	35
D. Glover.....	50	44
J. Bosron.....	50	45
D. A. Konkle.....	50	48
J. Chne.....	50	42

JORDAN GUN CLUB.

Jordan Station, June 15.—The annual shoot for the 10-men team championship of the Niagara District between the Jordan and Virgil Gun Clubs was held at Jordan Station on Saturday afternoon, before a large crowd of spectators. The Jordan Club had been successful in winning the first half of the match at 50 birds per man in Virgil two weeks ago by the score of 442 to 422, and won at home by 136 to 129, or a total of 27 birds on the round. The average per man at 100 birds was 8760 for Jordan and 8510 for Virgil, which is remarkable shooting for the members of both Clubs. In the appended list the first 10 names are those of the Jordan team and the next 10 names are those who represented the Virgil Club.

Those shooting and their names follows:

Names	Shot at	Broke.
H. W. Hunsberry.....	50	46
W. Moyer.....	50	46
D. Konkle.....	50	46
E. Fisher.....	50	45
A. Schnick.....	50	44
B. Troup.....	50	43
F. Church.....	50	43
A. Troup.....	50	43
E. Konkle.....	50	41
D. Glover.....	50	39
A. Bishop.....	50	47
R. Dawson.....	50	46
M. Slingerland.....	50	45
F. Walker.....	50	45
H. St. C. Fisher.....	50	43
C. Singer.....	50	43
W. Niven.....	50	41
W. Lanstig.....	50	41
B. Niven.....	50	41
A. High.....	50	37
J. Zimmerman.....	50	39
P. Wismer.....	50	38
E. Culp.....	50	37
Hutchison.....	50	36
Sandham.....	50	35
M. Honsberger.....	50	36
Bufton.....	50	34
J. Spence.....	50	34
W. Nicholson.....	50	34
J. Casselman.....	50	34
C. Ball.....	50	32
J. Troup.....	50	31
W. Reed.....	50	30

ASSINIBOINE GUN CLUB.

Name	Shot at 100.
J. H. Dill.....	30
M. E. Barewell.....	68
x G. M. Coffin.....	91
T. G. Breen.....	80
C. H. Bond.....	71

T. H. Harland.....	50
A. C. Quimby.....	62
C. C. Jeffery (shot at 50).....	12
A. Lickfold.....	79
B. A. Annett.....	51
x Frank Holland.....	89
Don. Ferguson.....	44
Jas. Maitland.....	73
x R. H. Conley.....	77
Allan Young.....	83
P. J. Legree.....	57
J. A. Davidson.....	54
x J. W. Holmes (shot at 40).....	26
x Professionals	

THE NORTH VANCOUVER GUN CLUB.

The North Vancouver Gun Club have held two very successful shoots on their new club grounds. Thanks to the generosity of a few of their members, a large and substantial Club House has been erected at very little expense to the Club, and the prospects look bright for a good summer's sport.

We have been particularly fortunate this year in having an attractive list of season's trophies to compete for. President Winson has again offered a shield for the season's best aggregate over all kinds of shooting, and at date of writing competition for this is very keen. The Vancouver Daily Province Cup is offered for the best average on the straight shooting competition, 20 birds each day.

Mitchell and Smith, two popular local sports, have put up a gold medal for the hip shooting event, and Judge Ruggles, President of our Game Protective Association, is giving a trophy for the high average in Doubles, 7 pairs each shoot.

McNeil, our Vice President, won by a safe margin in all round good shooting, the first event on the President's Shield, and the same day scoring a win in Doubles, his long suit, when his trombone is working right.

On our shoot of June 5, Williams sprung one of his old tricks on the boys with a straight run of 20. Although he fell down on the Doubles, he still led the field by 3 birds at the close, which gives him a win on the President's Shield.

Scores for the day:

	Straight	Hip	Dbls.	Total.
Barnes.....	15	6	5	26
Broadhurst.....	10	6	4	20
Escott, A.....	11	10	7	28
Goldie.....	16	8	9	33
Escott, E.....	8	7	3	18
Moir, J.....	11	6
McNeil.....	13	5	8	26
Robertson.....	16	4	3	23
Sankey.....	17	8	3	28
Smith.....	15	6	3	24
Williams.....	20	11	5	36
Wright.....	12	9	8	29
Sentance.....	9	6	5	20

Not so long ago Mark Sprague, a veteran of Canada, thought he would return to the traps so he packed his gun in his trusty case and shook the dust of Belleville, Ont., from his shoes as he boarded the rattle for Gananoque. He did not expect to win anything because he had been out of the game a good while, but Mark's eye was as true as steel and the final blow-off found Mark tied for high with W. E. Corfield, of Utica. In the shoot-off Corfield won 20 to 19. The return of Mark Sprague to the game was an event. No better sportsman ever lived and everyone in Canada knows he is a credit to the game.

TOURNAMENT DATES.

- July 1—Sherbrooke Gun Club, Sherbrooke, Que.
- July 8-9—Montreal Gun Club, Montreal.
- July 19—Bob White Gun Club, Niagara Falls.
- August 3-4—Bob White Gun Club, Highgate, Ont.
- August 31, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4—Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.
- Sept. 15—Jordan Gun Club, Jordan Station, Ont.



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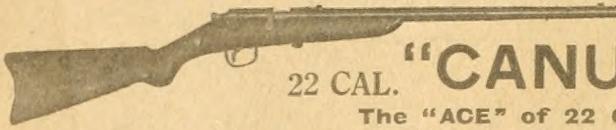
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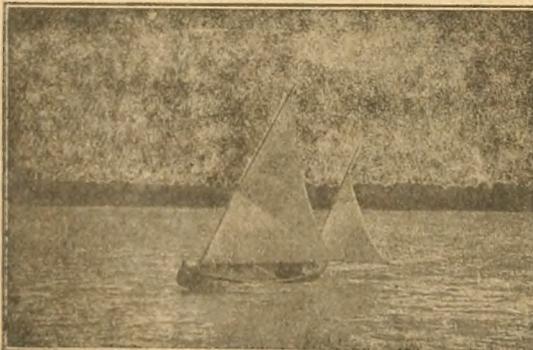
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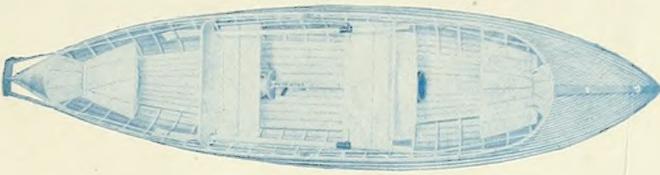
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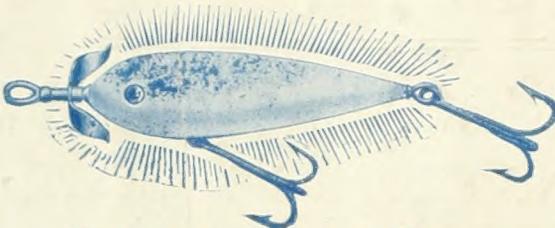
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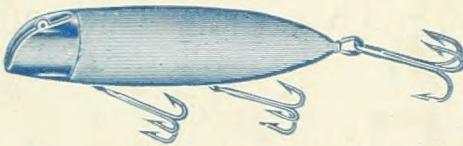


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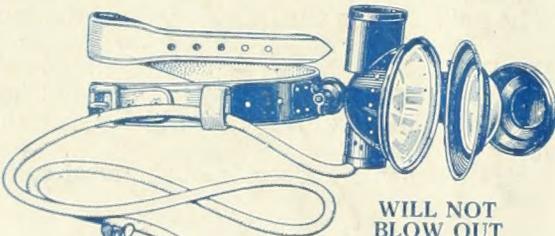


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