

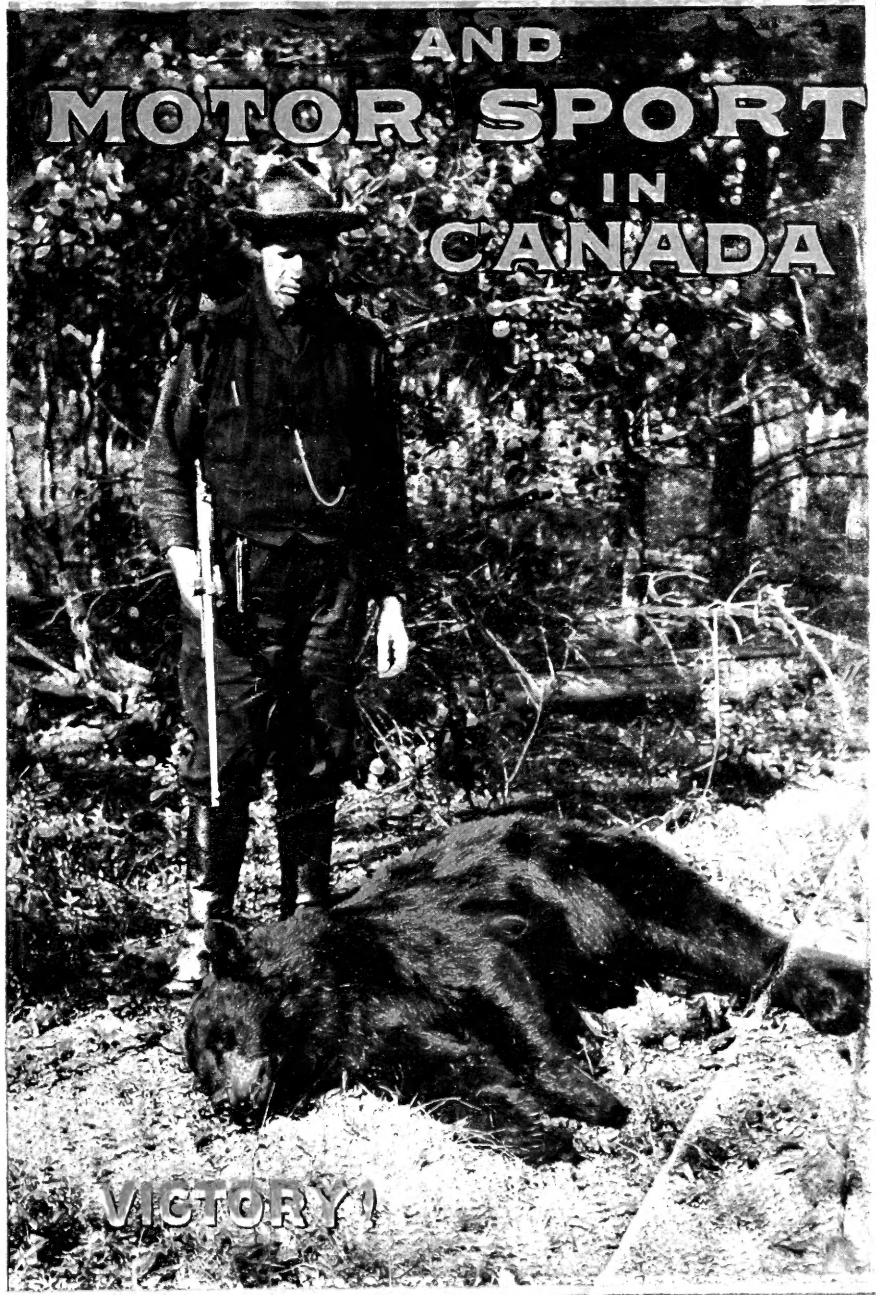
ROD

OCTOBER 1907

15¢ a Copy

ROD AND GUN

AND
MOTOR SPORTS
IN
CANADA



VICTORY!

W. J. TAYLOR - PUBLISHER - WOODSTOCK, ONT.

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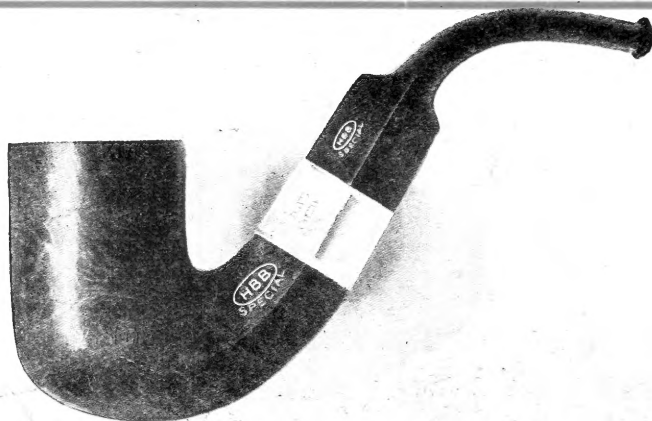


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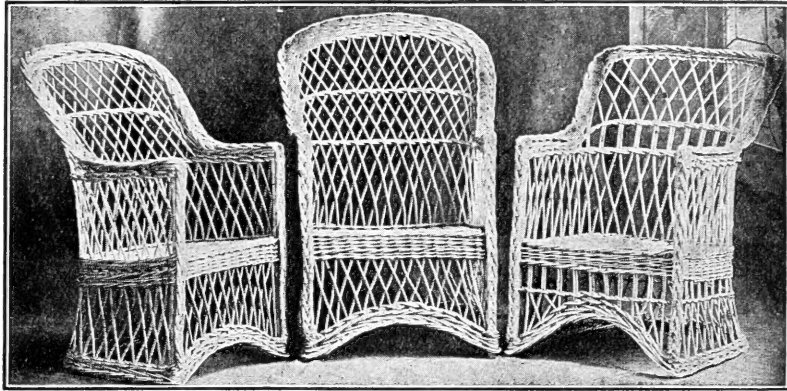
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 Height of back from seat 23 in.
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19x19
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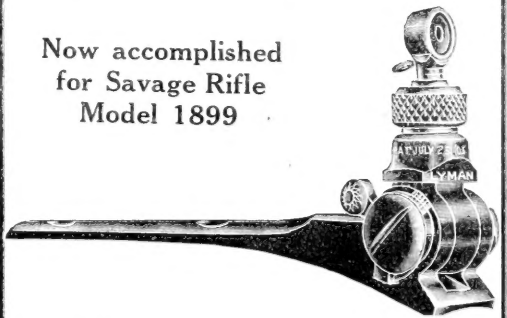
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CAUGHT WITH 8-OUNCE STEEL ROD

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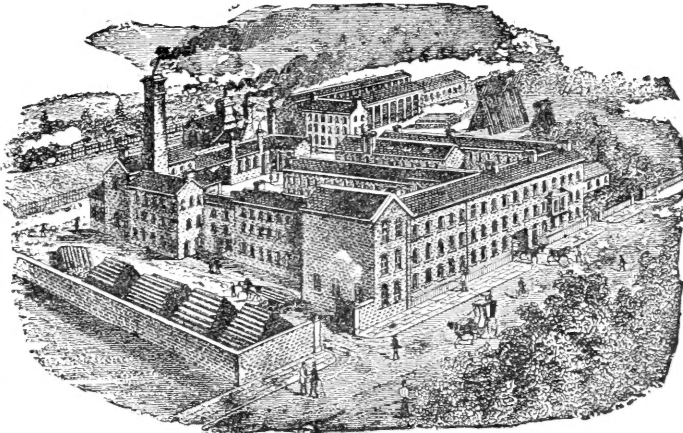
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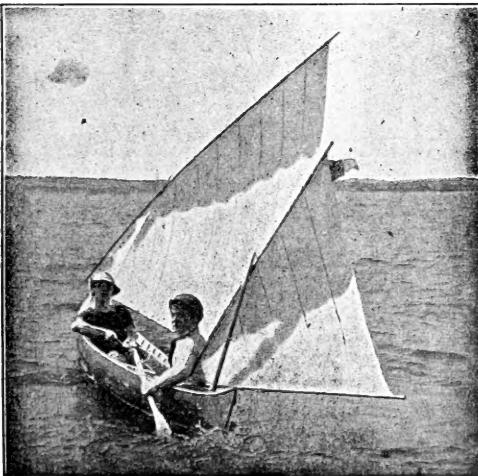
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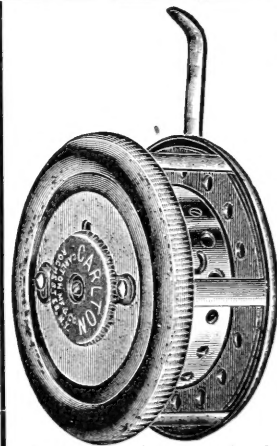
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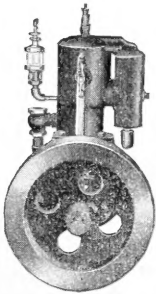
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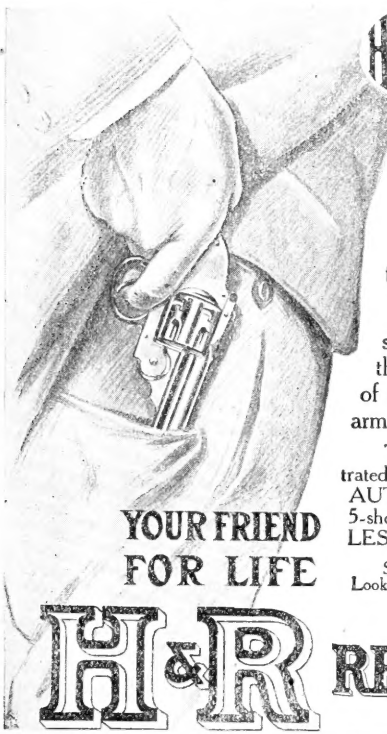
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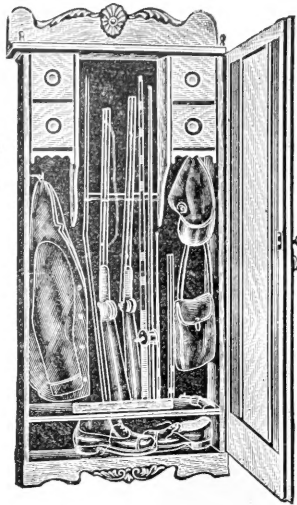
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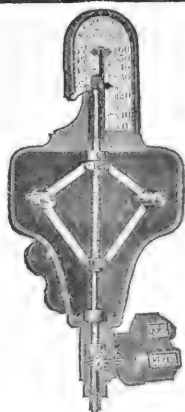
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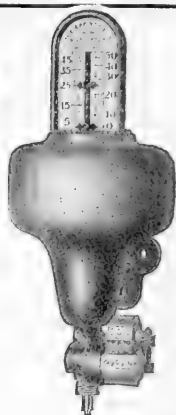
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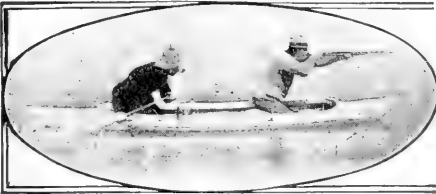
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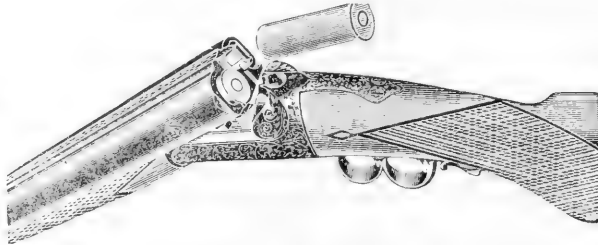
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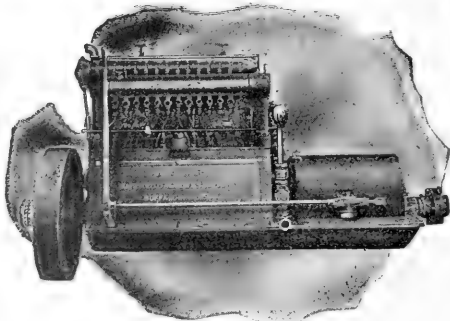
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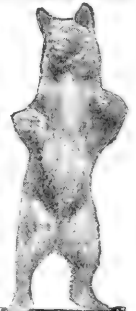
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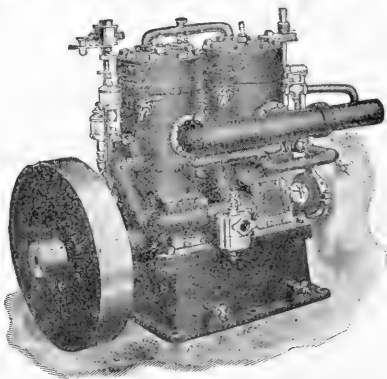


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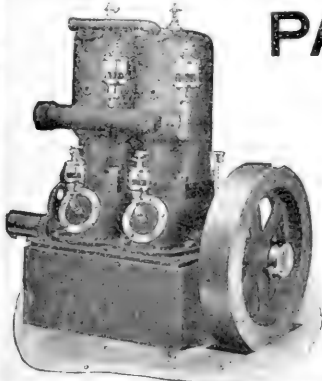
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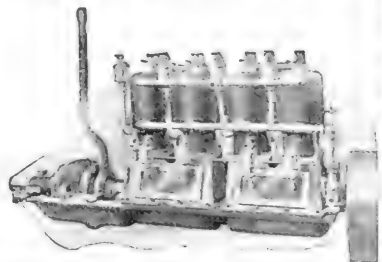
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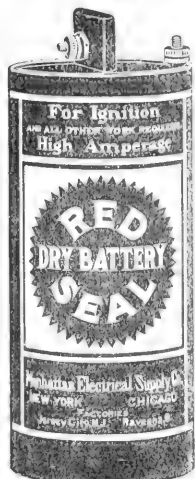
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But how long do the majority of Dry Batteries last when put on heavy ignition work? Not long. They are not made to stand it.

The Red Seal Dry Battery is especially made for ignition work and gives the utmost satisfaction wherever used.

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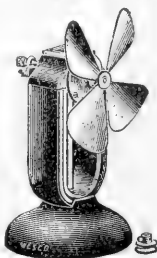


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Don't throw away your batteries until you have tested them. A whole set is often thrown away when one cell only is defective. The Elite Ammeter registers accurately to 30 amperes. Comes in neat leather case, **PRICE \$2.00.**

Battery Fan Motor \$1.00

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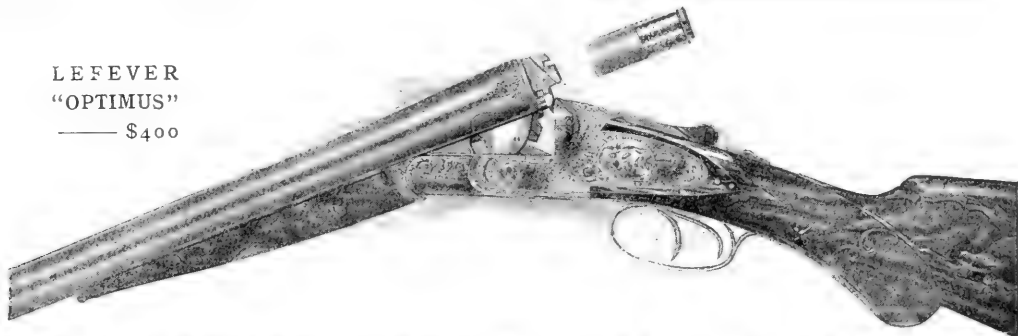
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¶ We do not compete, and never have, with machine made shot guns which are machined out in large quantities and sold at low prices and big discounts. Nor do we care for the trade that panders to low price. ¶ For nearly half a century Lefever Shot Guns have catered only to the crack marksman and the genuine sportsman who realize that shooting is a luxury and that without a luxurious shot gun it is a dull business. By luxury we mean not only beautiful design and handsome finish, but a gun that is a real luxury to use. ¶ In this limited space we cannot prove to you that no foreign or American gunsmith has ever built a shot


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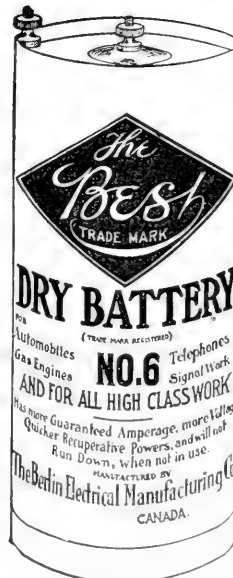
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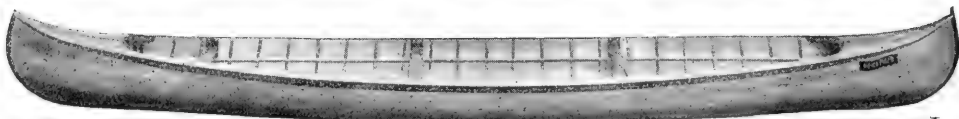
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GASOLINE MOTORS

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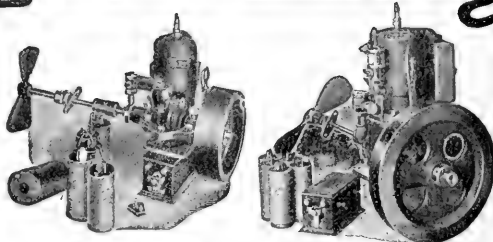
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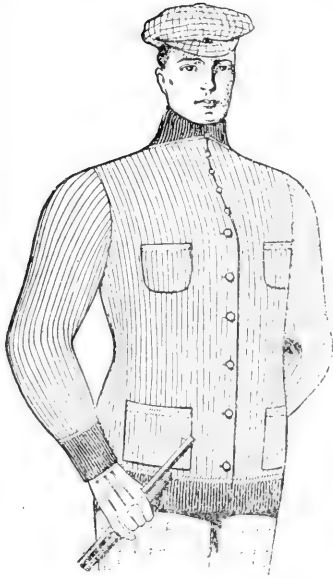
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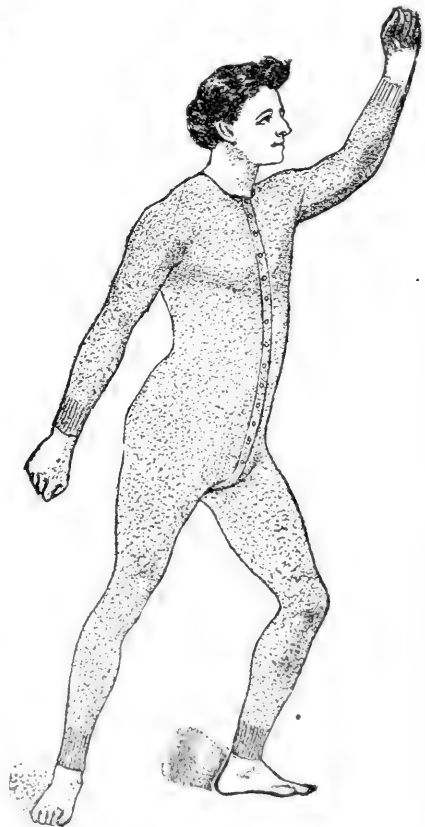
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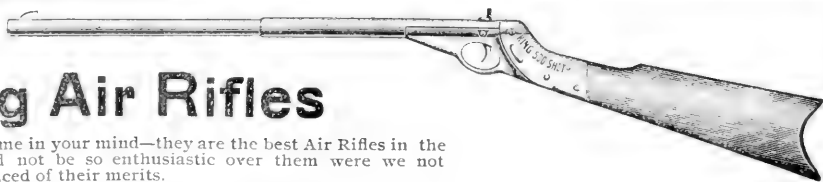
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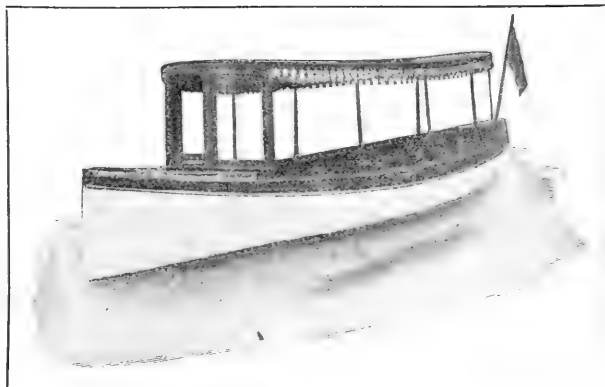
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It is different from
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A "HARDY" Cane Built Rod

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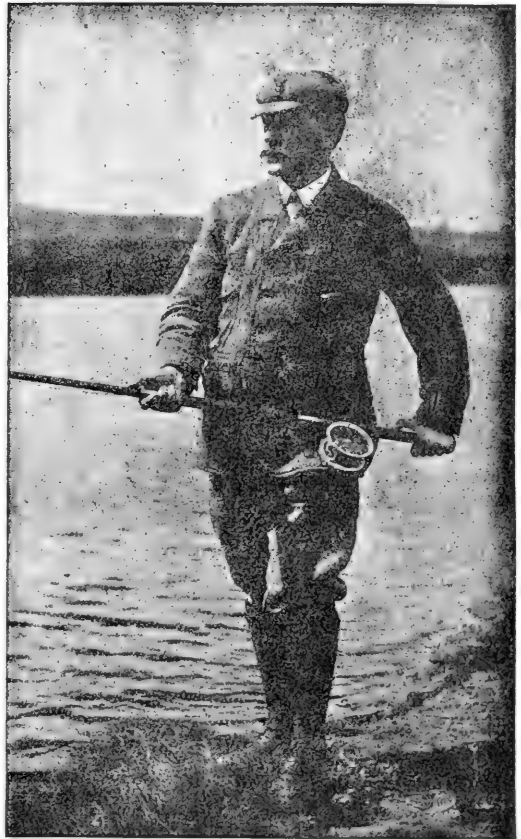
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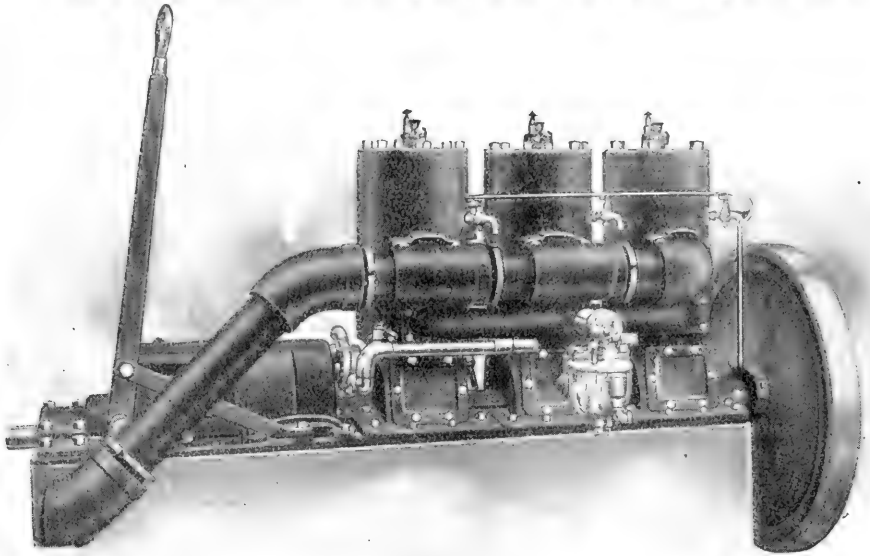
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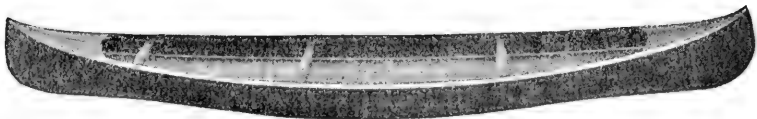
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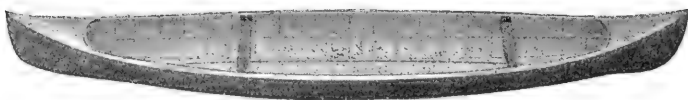
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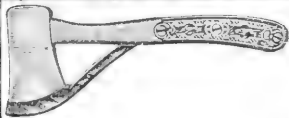
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use
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and insist that your barber use it also. It is **Antiseptic**, and will **prevent** any of the skin diseases often contracted.

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

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GERHARD MENNEN CO. - Newark, N.J.
Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act.
June 30th, 1906. Serial No. 1542.



The 1907 edition of
Marble's ^{56-Page} _{Free} **Catalog**

contains an article by Mr. Marble entitled:

"HOW TO USE A COMPASS"

Compasses of all kinds have been used by Mr. Marble. First in his boyhood days as a trapper and hunter; later in his business as timber estimator and surveyor. His 25 years of experience "in the silent places" previous to engaging in the manufacturing business has enabled him to write an exceedingly simple yet comprehensive explanation of the various uses of a compass. He also tells the styles to buy for different uses and how to know a good compass from a poor one. The woods life of Mr. Marble made it possible for him to conceive and invent the accessories shown here and 33 others.

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Safety Hunting Knife—4 3/4 in. blade, \$3.00; 5 in. \$3.50, 5 in. heavy, \$4.00.

Waterproof Matchbox—Size of 10 gauge shell, 50c.

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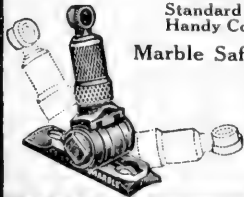
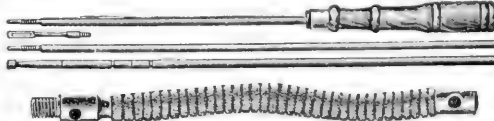
Flexible Rear Sight—Always in position, unless locked down. The lower sleeve locks the elevating sleeve and holds disc stem rigid, \$3.00.

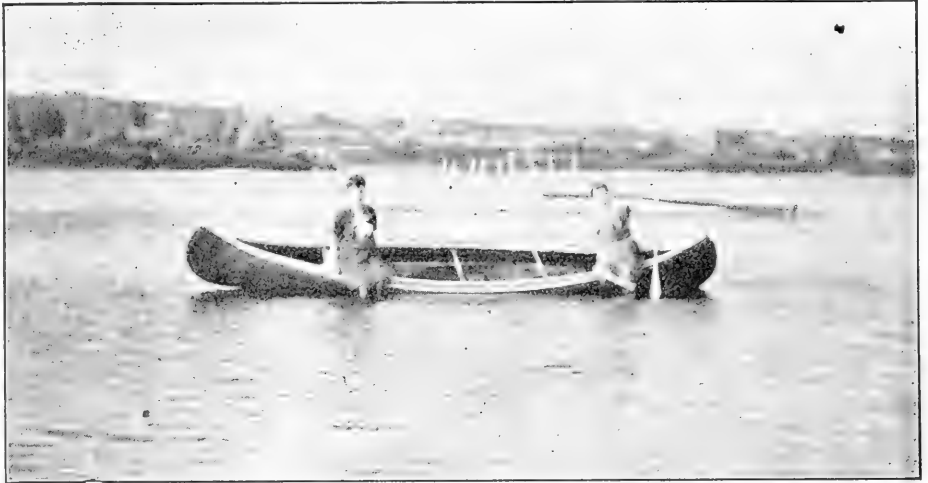
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is the only safe canoe for ladies and children. Will not sink if filled with water, and three people sitting on the gunwale will not upset it.

Eliminates all danger from canoeing. Can be used with either oars or paddles. Like all

Chestnut Canvas Canoes

THEY NEVER LEAK!

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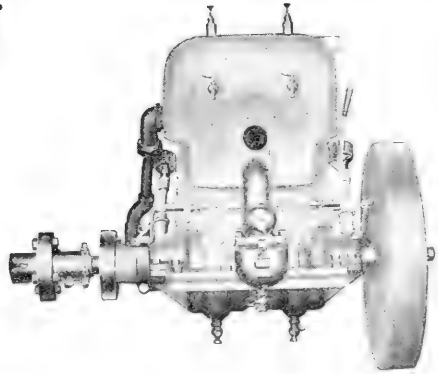
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Prospective Purchasers of Marine Motors

Will find it to their advantage
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Lackawanna Valveless Reversible Motor



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*Write for our new catalogue of Water-
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English Breakfast

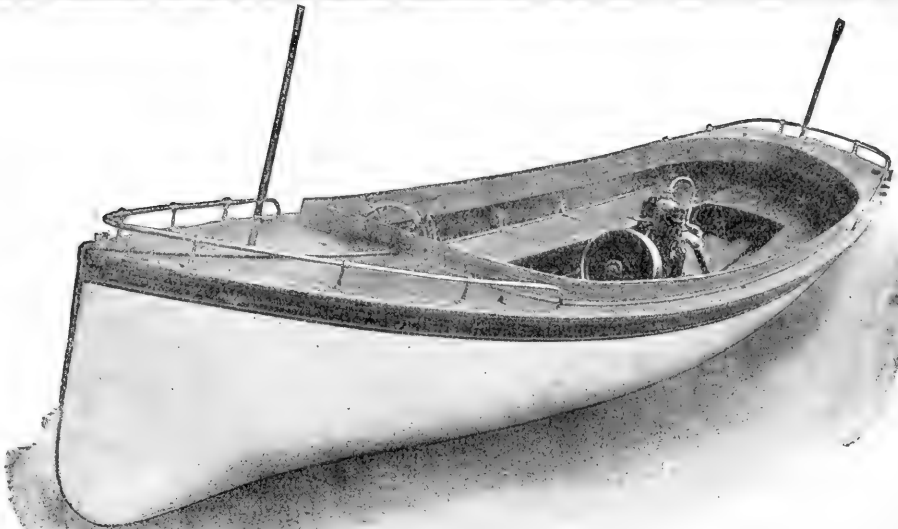
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All Fearman's goods are Government inspected.



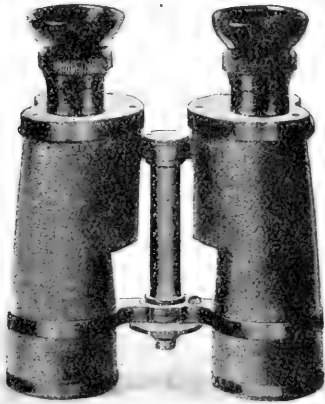
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Pernox Glasses excel in amount of light transmitted, evenness of illumination, diameter of field view, adjustability to different eyesights, rigidity of focusing facilities.

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Write for our catalog which describes fully our PERNOX, TRIEDER, THEATRE and ARMY PRISM BINOCULARS; also our Lenses, XL Sector Shutter and other products.

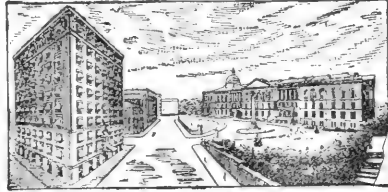
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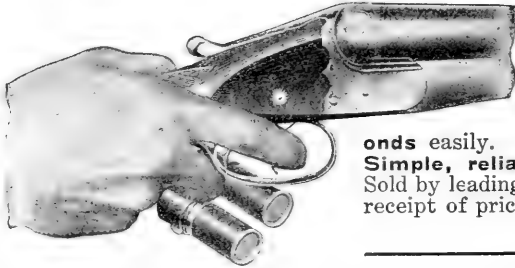
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OUR OWN RAPID ELECTRIC CARRIAGES, EXCLUSIVELY FOR PATRONS, operate continuously every few minutes from Hotel through Business District and to all Depots and Wharves for principal trains and steamers :

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Rates \$1.50 per day and up.

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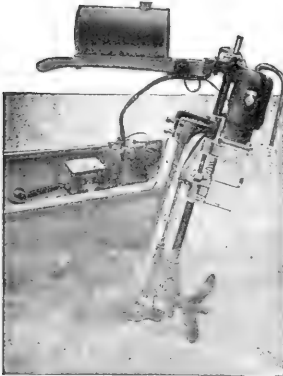


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Makes your double gun as fast as the Automatic. Don't waste valuable time loading; our Loaders give you four shots in two seconds easily. Loads right, left or both barrels at once. Simple, reliable, inexpensive and satisfaction guaranteed. Sold by leading dealers at \$1.00 or prepaid to any address on receipt of price.

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JACK MINER (KINGSVILLE, ONT.) AND HIS THREE YEARS' HUNTING TROPHIES.



ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA



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NO. 5

The Lord of the Silent Lakes.

BY A. R. HERR.



HE portage was long and the trail overgrown. The setting sun had vanished behind a mass of storm clouds. Smoke from distant forest fires made the shores of the lake seem vague and uncertain, as I stepped out of the bush, loosened the tump-line and

but mist, smoke and the guardian loon which shrieked high above our heads.

With long silent strokes of the paddle Michel sent the canoe leaping noiselessly through the water. Then he stopped and froze stiff as a setter before a bird. Again the silent paddle strokes and again the motionless pause. My straining eyes could still see nothing ahead. At last, after alternately paddling and drifting for half a mile, he whispered, "there he goes down again," and I

let the worrying pack slide down my back to the ground.

The two canoes were floating in the water, and the Indians pointed to my place in the bow. Experienced enough to ask no questions, I picked up my camera, stepped with one shoe-pac carefully in the middle



THE LORD OF THE SILENT LAKES.

of the frail Peterboro and shoved off. As I kneeled in my accustomed place, Michel whispered "bull-moose out in lake." Only an Indian's trained senses could know that there was anything out there

understood. The moose was feeding on the lily pads, and the strenuous paddling had been done, when he was below the surface of the water, and the drifting when he stood up to breathe.

Then I saw him dimly through the smoke—a fine, well-nourished fellow with antlers which many a man would give a year's pay to see stretched out over the fire-place at home. But at that season we were his

friends and had no designs upon the noble old gentleman beyond a deep-seated yearning to take his photograph home with us in the little leather box lying in the canoe.

Again he lowered his head to crop the juicy lily-pads, and again he thrust it out of the water. And again and again. There is a special providence watching over Nature's lovers who go six hundred miles from home to see her wonders and to play harmlessly with her children. This special providence caused a faint breeze to spring up in our faces. No doubt the Indians could scent moose meat in the air they breathed, but Sir

make a snapshot impossible. But—and listen to this all ye amateur photographers who have balked at the cost of a high grade lens and shutter and know that some day there will be an interval of time, maybe no more than a fraction of a second, when your good equipment will pay for itself in full—I set my Volute shutter at the 25 stop, 4-50 of a second exposure, snapped the focussing lever at twenty-five feet and waited for my subject to reappear.

Not a ripple showed where he was doubtless down on his knees munching away at the water lillies. The Indian stopped paddling. I held the camera at

arm's length over the gunwale with the bulb in the other hand—no chance to use a finder here.

Suddenly the tips of the horns broke through the water. He was coming! Then the immense antlers reared up with the water dashing off in little cataracts. Then the mule ears, the huge head, the protruding upper



ALONE WITH NATURE.

Moose could not get a single whiff of the bad tobacco, Michie's bacon, fried bass, North Bay shoe-pacs and Hudson Bay Company blankets, which would otherwise have pained his sensitive nostrils. Moreover, that same divinity kept the old fellow facing religiously away from us, so that neither by sight nor scent could he detect our approach. As to hearing us—that matchless old Ojibway in the stern needed no providence, special or otherwise, to tell him how to do his part of the work in silence.

Thus, through the interposition of the special providence and the cunning of the Red Man, our studio was well arranged. The encircling forest for background, the rippling water for foreground and a close and unobstructed view of our subject. Only the smoke and gloom seemed to

lip, the massive neck and the hump on the broad back. A glorious old woods monarch—not twenty-five feet away! With a mighty snort he blew the water from his nostrils.

Just then the special providence whispered to him "turn around sideways, the gentleman doesn't want to photograph the back of your neck." Obediently the old chap wheeled sharply to the left and for a second stood stock still, giving a full side view with the water dripping from his head and horns and the lillies hanging from his lips. Click! The shutter opened, and for the fiftieth part of a second a ray of light streamed through the Zeiss-Tessar lens and focussed on the film. It was enough. The special providence remembered an engagement elsewhere. Mr. Moose sud-

denly awoke to the fact that he was a moose and we his hereditary enemies. Acting on this theory he "took to the woods" literally and metaphorically, and in a manner as precipitous as it was inelegant.

And yet never amidst the refinements of civilization have I met a gentleman of a finer politeness, a truer courtesy, than my ungainly friend who posed for his picture that day in my woodland studio—the Lord of the Silent Lakes.

Song of the Dead Pines.

MISS MARY E. HICKSON.

Trees of the greater forests,
 Where the scattered sunlights ride,
 Luring praise to thy beauty,
 Strength of thy tossing pride,
 I sing the shattered glory
 Of thy brothers that have died!

They too have felt the bouyance
 Of new life running strong;
 They too have swelled with chorus
 The wind's carousal song,
 Or murmured whispering melody,
 Thro' hours of summer long.

Autumn with subtle fingers,
 And tints of deeper hue,
 Has flamed the yellōw landscape
 To crimson 'neath their view—
 While o'er them in the stillness,
 The lengthening shadows grew

Oft-time mid winter silence,
 They watched the stars look down,
 And reared their upturned faces
 Against the Frost King's frown—
 Till snows came falling softly,
 And placed on each a crown!

Now grimly lone and spectral,
 Upstanding straight and clean,
 They cut the green of woodland—
 Dead monarchs, grey, far-seen;
 Their spirits in the twilight moan,
 Where life and joy have been!

How our Deer Hunt Became a Bear Hunt.

BY E. R. LA FLECHE.

FOR five consecutive hunting seasons I had the pleasure of guiding parties of Canadian and American sportsmen on their reserve in the Province of Quebec. I am proud to say that each year the parties had good fortune and in addition to the best of sport obtained some fine trophies.

In the year 1905 wolves were so plentiful on the reserve that few deer could be found. We knew it was not from any failure to preserve the deer, for very strict watch had been kept on the reserve, but from other causes.

Inquiries soon showed that the deer to escape from the wolves had gone near the settlements with the result that they had been butchered there on a large scale. One farmer showed me the place, a few acres from his home, where he had slaughtered six in one morning, four mature deer and two fawns. I saw the skins of these six deer,

and along with them thirty-eight others. All were hanging up in the stables and barns and it could be seen that the deer killed by this man ranged from babies to large bucks. While he had the hunting instinct highly developed, several of his neighbors were as bad, and it was reported to me that one of them had killed sixty-nine deer during that summer and fall. Many settlers had deer skins on their fences in addition to those in their stables and barns. Many of these farmers, who all appear to have one or two rifles, seemed to follow the custom of

taking a gun with them each morning and evening when they went for their cows, on the chance of seeing a deer with their cattle or elsewhere.

The reserve in question is thirty miles from the nearest railway station and the camp is ten miles from the house of the last settler. On the way in I noticed that the deer were scarce. I walked the last eight miles of rough road with two pair of hounds and thought it curious that they did not take the deer scent from the air, nor from tracks crossing our road as they had always done previously when in a deer country.



E. R. LA FLECHE CARRYING THE BEAR BY MEANS OF A TUMP LINE.

It was half past three before the camp was reached. Six teams were engaged taking in our baggage and provisions, and two of these were so long delayed en route that they did not arrive till late at night. On arrival the work of preparing the camp was at once started and while most of us were unpacking

the goods and getting things in shape, some of the boys went fishing and returned with a string of speckled beauties, which greatly assisted to make a delicious supper.

Early next morning, in company with a few others, I worked at preparing the canoes and boats. In the meantime the two last wagons, which had arrived late, were unloaded, and it was found that one important piece of baggage was missing. One of the teamsters, who had been upset on the way in, remembered that he had forgotten to place that bundle on his



PACK OF HOUNDS BELONGING TO E. R. LA FLECHE. PICTURE TAKEN AFTER THE HUNT, JUST LEAVING CAMP FOR HOME. FOUR OLD AND FOUR YOUNG HOUNDS.

wagon when re-loading. He told me the place where he had met with the accident and as the baggage belonged to one of our American visitors, and he appeared to feel the loss very keenly, I volunteered to go and fetch it. On my way out and in I was surprised to see numerous wolf tracks all along the wagon road. These tracks at once explained the reason why the hounds had been so quiet on the way.

At supper that night I related my experiences and told the company present that they must not expect too much that year. In consequence of the large number of wolves on the reserve I explained to them that they would only find a few rambling deer.

They soon found out that I had not deceived them. We were out several days without being able to get a start, and the result of the hunt that year was seven deer, three bucks, and four does. Not a single fawn was seen during the twelve days we were in the bush,—the wolves had killed them all. Amongst the does I noticed that three of them had

had young but having lost them early they had become dry

Below I give a correct statement of the number of deer killed each season from 1900 to 1905 on that reserve:

Year.	Deer	Bucks.	Does.
1900	11	7	4
1901	14	9	5
1902	16	10	6
1903	19	9	10
1904	22	14	8
1905	7	3	4

I should now like to revert to the hunt of 1904. In that year one of our American visitors shot two deer in one day and hung them in the bush about four and a half miles from the camp. Happening to be near the place a day or two afterwards he visited the deer and found both pulled down and one missing. When he returned to camp that evening he did not feel quite so good as he did on the day he killed the deer, and when I reached the camp he at once came to me with his grievance. I questioned him as to signs he had seen which would identify the marauders and he replied that there were



TOWING DEER TO CAMP ON THE EARLY SNOW.

too many leaves on the ground to see signs. I asked if both deer were hanging together and he answered that they were and that it was the smallest one which had gone. I then informed him that from the information he had given me I was sure I knew the fellow who had stolen his deer, and that his name was "Ephraim." Some of the boys well knew whom I meant, but there were a few who did not, and one of our hired men in particular was very emphatic that no man known by that name lived in the township. I was perforce compelled to gratify his curiosity and give him a description of Mr. Bruin.

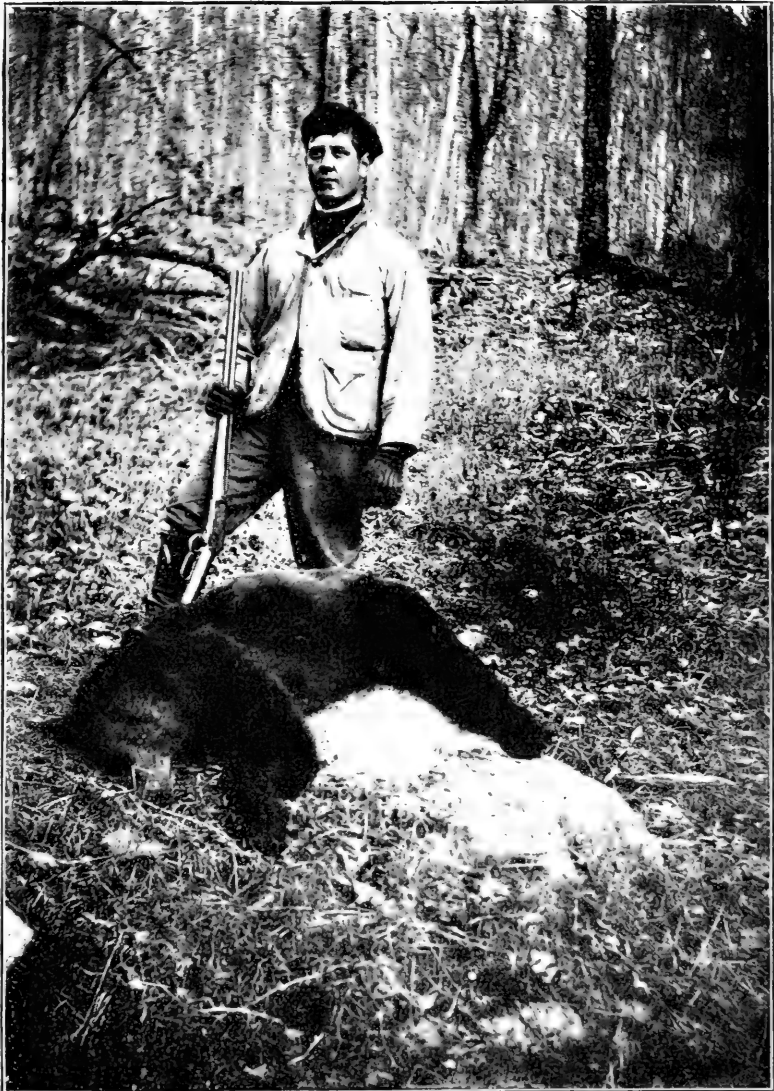
The next consideration was how we were to get even with Mr. Bear. Some of the bravest wanted to spend the whole night watching for him, others suggested building a platform in the trees and shooting him from that position, while there were those who advocated sending some of our men for a bear trap. The gentleman from whom Mr. Bear had so nicely stolen the deer ex-

pressed his readiness to spend \$100 or more if he could only get square with "Old Ephraim." I assured the gentleman that he should have the bear without losing any sleep and that he could count on his pelt, also promising to detail my plans to them in the evening.

I then left to visit some mink traps and when I returned all the boys had come in and supper was just ready. During that meal I explained how I would set a rifle and cause the bear to commit suicide. Bear was the subject of conversation not only all through supper, but during the evening as well and many went to bed with the bear fever strong upon them. In dreams that night many bears faced the dangerous Winchester. One hunter was so bear ridden that the first thing he did on rising was to count the deer which had been hanging at the camp door. He appeared disappointed to find that none were missing.

We started three pair of hounds that morning, and when I returned to camp

for dinner it commenced raining. Rain or shine no time could be lost if I meant to get the second deer Mr. Bruin had pulled down and I did mean it. I felt pretty sure that as the bear had had a good meal he would be in no hurry to return for the second deer, but still I did not want to give him too long an interval to recover from his heavy feed, and get hungry again. Accordingly I took my tump line and asking Mr. X. to bring his rifle and show me the place, we set out to reconnoitre the position and prepare a surprise for the robber.



THE HERO AND HIS BEAR.

In the course of my wanderings a few days previously I had spotted a barrel which had been left by a jobber in an old log road. When we arrived at the place I gave it a kick and as it turned over I saw it was half full of leaves and had the bottom part banged out a little. The latter injury I soon remedied with my axe and finding the slabs and hoops in good order the barrel proved just what I wanted. Tying the barrel with my line I soon had it on my back, when Mr. X. who had watched my proceedings with much interest inquired what I meant to

do with it. I told him I required it in order to salt the bear.

Enjoying the joke he led the way and I followed with the barrel on my back. Although empty it was water soaked and being of oak made a good load. It was also a troublesome one and portaging it four miles up and down hills on a rainy day gave me a good time.

When we arrived at the place where the deer had hung I speedily found signs which proved to me that Mr. Bear had been the marauder. Going further on to



THE TWO BEARS WHICH COMMITTED SUICIDE FOR HAVING STOLEN SOME OF OUR DEER.

I remember it very well indeed for that season we had one of the best cooks I have ever met in my hunting expeditions. This cook was not only a first class cook but also a gentleman and a very jolly good tempered fellow—in fact just the sort of man sportsmen like in a hunting party. Everything he did was neatly, quickly and quietly done and we could get a meal at all hours. In these days men of that stamp are not met with so often, and the fact that we had such a cook in that year is alone remarkable. Still more vivid in my recollections is the plentiful yet dainty meal he served, which after my exer-

the deer I placed the barrel on its side and having fastened it so that it would not turn over I cut off the deer's head and after having smeared the open end of the barrel with all the blood I could get from the deer, I put the head, together with the pieces of the inside lining of the deer, in the barrel, and then portaged the deer to camp. Although this load was much heavier than the barrel it went fine and we reached the Camp just in time for supper.

tions on the double journey was most welcome.

The supper included sea pie, fried fish, rabbit and partridge stew, hot cakes, apple pie and maple syrup with sweet cream, tea and coffee. The mail carrier had come in that day and brought with him a supply of cream and fresh eggs.

Again there was a good deal of bear talk in Camp that night and the members became highly excited in discussing just what was going to happen to the bear.



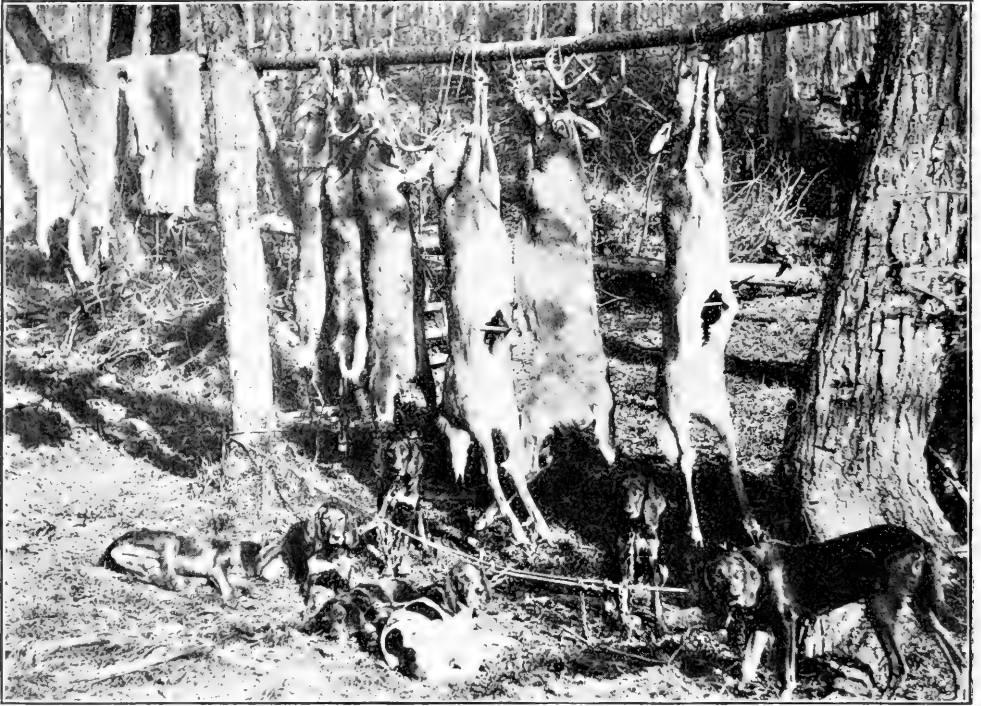
THE HUNTING PARTY IN FRONT OF THEIR CAMP.

Front row reading from left to right: Dr. E. Huot, J. Fournier, "the Cook," Dr. A. Pinard, E. R. La Fleche, Dr. L. B. Hawley.
 Second row: Dr. G. W. Brown, R. J. Shoemaker, F. C. Cutting, T. F. Adkin, C. S. Clark, Lt. A. A. Pinard, of the 43rd Battalion photographer of the party.

Next day the preparations were made for the usual morning chase. When I am Captain of a hunting party the rule is for the chase to be over before one o'clock. We get up early, have our morning hunt and leave the deer to rest in the afternoon. I start the dogs myself, and as all my hounds have been schooled to return to me immediately after each chase, I know what is going on all the time. On any of these occasions when it was too late for another run before lunch I gave the fall in call and we all returned to camp for that meal. I always have a few bugles with me and all the party soon learn my call. I find that these arrangements answer perfectly. My visitors are not exhausted over a long day's watching on the runways. They always have the afternoons to themselves either for fishing or partridge shooting and during that time I look at my mink and rat traps.

That particular afternoon however was to be devoted to setting the rifle for Ephraim and every member of the party was anxious to see how it was to be done. It was a beautiful afternoon and we all greatly enjoyed the walk through the woods. Songs were sung and tricks were played all along the way, although for all the noise we made we managed to secure a few brace of partridge.

When we arrived at the bear station I found that Bruin had made a call and would be likely to repeat his visit. With the aid of an augur, a few cross logs and poles I soon had the barrel safely secured, the rifle adjusted and ready for loading. This was done by one of the doctors present, who jokingly remarked as he expectorated on the bullet that it would make it easier for the bear to swallow. I had told him the chances were ten to one the bear would receive the pill in his mouth as I had made the



PICTURE SHOWING FOUR BUCKS, AVERAGING THREE HUNDRED POUNDS EACH, TWO OTHER DEER AND TWO BEARS.

bait the right size for the bear to have to open his mouth to the full length in order to grasp it. All our preparations being complete we returned to the Camp.

On the following day Mr. X. was so eager to visit the bear trap that he asked if I could do without him in the morning hunt. I told him he might go on condition he returned at once and took up his position as watcher at the Camp. He carried out this program and returned in time to kill a 290-pound buck. When I reached the Camp he rushed forward and said, "Gene, the bear is at the barrel waiting on you. I have examined him and not a scratch of any kind can I find."

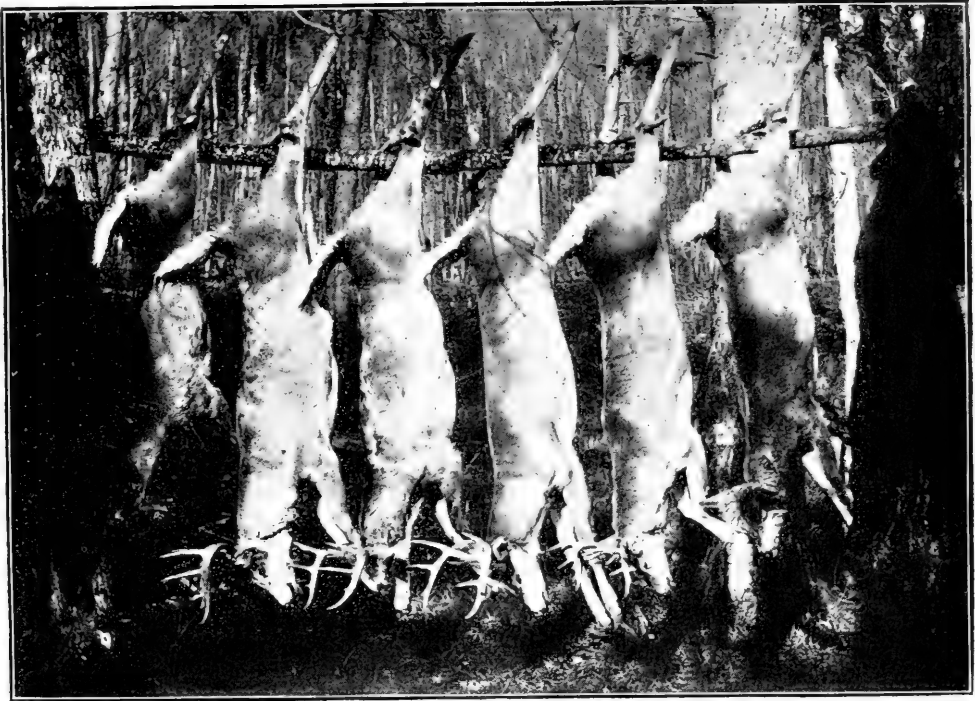
The whole party wished to see how Bruin had taken his leave and promised never to steal a gentleman's deer again. Accordingly a second afternoon was spent in visiting the bear trap and there sure enough we found the bear. I found that the bullet had gone into his mouth and not even touched a tooth. He was an old dog bear and we had a jolly time portaging him to camp. Going up hills

and through rough places made a lot of fun but also meant hard work and after what some considered more than their fair share of somersaults and sweating we had Mr. Bear hanging up at our camp door. This was the red letter day of our hunt, our "bag" including three fine deer and a large bear. We had a splendid and enjoyable supper that evening and some members had also bigger heads than usual.

A few days later we secured a second bear in just the same way as we took the first one. This time however the trap was set a few miles away and near our wagon road, which made the portaging much easier than was the case with the first one.

The hair of both bears was of a very fine hue, in fact I have rarely seen bears at the latter end of October with such fine hair.

In accordance with my suggestions our hunting territory had been divided into two sections so that there would always a lapse of one day between the



PICTURE SHOWING TWO THREE HUNDRED POUNDS DEER; THE ONE ON THE RIGHT THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY POUNDS, THE ONE ON THE LEFT THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY POUNDS DRESSED—THE TWO DEER ARE FACING ONE ANOTHER, AND PACK OF HOUNDS.

hunts in each territory. This had the effect of giving time to the deer to return and by hunting every second day in each section we had a string of deer hanging at each place.

One morning after having directed the hunters where to station themselves we set off. My attention was given to the dogs and while looking after them the man who had brought the lunch bag told me that our deer had fallen down. Not having the time just then to examine the cause I went up a big hill, started the dogs and returned at once.

When I reached the deer I soon saw that a bear had been at work again. Two deer were missing but were soon found a few hundred yards away. One had been partly eaten and was covered up with leaves and sticks, while the other was left uncovered about ten yards from the partly eaten one. The signs proved to me at once that the bears were there when we came that morning and that

they had been disturbed by the noises of our party and our dogs, because a bear never leaves a find of any kind without covering it well so as to secure it from the ravens.

Upon making this discovery I was a very sorry man. I wished then that I had gone immediately to the deer as soon as I was informed that the pole on which they were hanging was down. If only I had done that most sensible thing it would have been a picnic to hunt the bears. The position was an ideal one for a bear hunt. On the one side was the lake and an acre from the lake our wagon road. A few men with a canoe on the lake, the others scattered here and there on the road, and with the aid of the hounds we must have cornered the bears and compelled them to either swim or climb.

We met with another adventure with bears which is worth relating. On two occasions one of our hunters had been

stationed at a place we called Lone Tree Hill and nothing had come his way. Usually this was a good station and from the lookout obtained the hunter could see the deer coming through the valley for a long distance. However two days without a sight of a deer was enough for this gentleman and he begged to be allowed to exchange for another station.

There was a man in our party who was always content to go wherever he was told and accordingly I arranged a peaceful exchange of places with him.

As luck, or fate, would have it the new man had not been on Lone Tree Hill more than an hour when he saw three bears coming straight for him. He was not an experienced hunter and had not seen wild bears before. At first he took the animals to be calves, the property of some settler, and of course did not intend to shoot at them.

When about forty yards from him the leader turned up a ravine and then our friend realized that they were bears. He allowed them to go twenty yards further away before he mustered up courage for a shot. He took a careful aim at the largest one, but though the bullet went home it did not hit a vital part. The bear tumbled over and after performing a few somersaults ran away. His two companions stood up in an endeavor to locate the trouble, and one of them, taking advantage of a nearby tree placed his paws upon it. In that position he gave such a fine chance for a shot that the hunter fired again. This time the bullet struck behind the ear and knocked the bear over dead. The third bear got away with the wounded one.

After examining his bear he went back to his watch and it was only when he heard the bugle call that he came in such a hurry to tell his good news that he was the first to arrive. I was just taking the tea pail from the fire when he arrived. He was smiling all over his face and seizing me enthusiastically by the hand he burst out: "Gene, I am glad you put me on that watch this morning. I have killed a beautiful bear!" Of course I heartily congratulated him on his success and he was certainly a happy man that day. Everyone heard the good

news over lunch and the boys proclaimed him a hero.

The man who had kicked about going to Lone Tree Hill was now more than sorry he had not fallen in with my arrangements, and tried to find fault with me because I had not insisted upon my original proposals being carried out. I replied that any sensible guide always did his best to give every member of the party a fair chance, but he could not go so far as to insist upon arrangements, which might prove distasteful to any individual member of the party. It was always best, however, for every member to fall in with the guide's arrangements even though he might not always approve of them, and in the end he would find that those arrangements, having been made with skill and forethought, and as the result of previous experience and knowledge, were the best of all.

I may add here that in all my hunting expeditions I have always found that the sportsmen who obeyed the reasonable directions of an experienced guide were rewarded for their trouble.

Some men cannot remain quiet for a quarter of an hour, and are only satisfied when they can leave their positions and please themselves. These men always lose good chances and it happens very often that at the very moment they leave their places game appears which would afford them excellent chances.

In 1905 the members of the Club had decided to spend \$300 on improving the road to the camp. This would have been a boon to several settlers as they would have had a share of the expenditure at a time when they were least busy and the road to their own property would have been easier and better for themselves. Owing, however, to the fact that the wolves were so numerous that the deer were driven to the settlements only to be slaughtered wholesale and the increased fee put on non-residents, the Club was disbanded after it had taken many years to organize.

A majority of the members of the Club were Americans who spent from four to six hundred dollars each for ten days' sport, in addition to the fees paid to the Government as well as for their keeper and fire ranger. I am quite cer-

tain that many thousands of dollars worth of good timber land has been annually saved to Quebec by the game keepers of the fishing and hunting clubs in the Province.

Now in conclusion as all lovers of the rifle will soon be leaving for their annual hunts I would like to give them a method which will enable any of them to make a sugar bowl, a spoon holder, shaving mug or drinking glass with an empty bottle.

There are very few sportsmen nowadays who do not take with them a supply of "eau de vie," and when the bottles are empty throw them away or break them with a rifle. All these bottles can be made very useful not only when the dishes are shy in camp but also at home where one often requires to compound something for which the lady of the house is not always ready to give away a useful cup.

How to make the best use of these bottles observe the following:

1st. Cut three or four small sticks of even size and length, the length to be according to the height you desire to cut the bottle.

2nd. Place the bottle on the table, tie the sticks around it so that they will remain steady.

3rd. Take a yard or two of good twine or of fish line, make a loop around the bottle above the stick, have someone to hold the bottle steady then take one end of the string in each hand, see-saw for a minute or more according to the thickness of the glass, and see that the string keeps always level and close to the top of the sticks. The friction of the twine around the bottle will heat the glass.

4th. Have a pail of cold water ready and when the glass is hot dip the bottle in the pail. The cold water will cause the bottle to break clearly around where the friction has been. File away the fine edge both inside and outside, and thus you will have a very handy and useful article.

Two men can fix up several of these glasses in a short time.

When dipping the bottle in the water should it not break at once repeat the heating process until it is hot enough to break. Keep the twine dry with which you are to heat the glass.

Should any gentlemen not thoroughly understand this description further information will be cheerfully given if they will write me. All I ask in payment from them is to remember me each time they cut a bottle by my method.

Observations from the Car Window.

BY CHARLES CAMERON.

THE ways of four footed and feathered things if closely observed, will impress us with their craft and wisdom, and their bump of curiosity is no less prominent than their other animal characteristics. Their instinct and cunning guards them from unnumbered foes, but quite frequently we notice that serious difficulties befall them as the result of being too curious and venturesome.

Man, and all his various contrivances, are instinctively shunned by every wild thing—but particularly man; for the denizens of the forest soon come to know that the things made by him are harmless in themselves. It is not the sight of a

gun that causes the wild thing to take cover but "the man behind the gun," and when animals no longer fear a mechanical invention that is foreign to their native haunts, we query as to the mental process by which the wisdom was acquired.

What would seem more terrifying to a wild animal than an express train as it thunders along on its highway through the woods, leaving a trail of dust and smoke in its wake? And yet how soon it comes to be regarded with a certain indifference. It is not unusual in travelling through a deer country to see a deer standing motionless within easy rifle

shot, but if the watchful eye detects the opening or closing of a door or window, or any movement that conveys to the animal mind an aggressive act of man, he will disappear with such marvellous quickness you will wonder if your sight did not deceive you.

I have seen a crane standing in a pond of water, with only his head and long neck appearing above the surface, calmly viewing a train passing within fifty feet. The slender grey neck bears so close a resemblance to a crooked, weather-beaten branch, that to many an eye it might appear to be the arm of a tree that lay buried under the water. Nature has in this way endowed many of her creatures with a mantle of protection, by giving them form and color in harmony with the background of their natural surroundings, to the end that they may better escape detection by their ever vigilant enemies.

In traversing those sections pre-empted by the wild rabbit for his home, queer doings are often seen, and not always understood. Not infrequently he will crouch within a few feet of a traveled roadway while vehicles are passing, when by a single bound he might hide himself in the bushes at the side, but for reasons of his own he prefers to remain. He has learned by experience—or in some other way—that there is little danger to him from the every day passer by, although sometimes he is too bold and pays the penalty with his life. It is no doubt true, however, that many times he relies on his ability to deceive; for in an emer-

gency, the trick of appearing as lifeless as a lump of dirt is practiced by his kind; and frequently this ruse postpones his day of doom. Many a little brown hummock in the woods has been passed with no thought that it was a bundle of active life, alert, watchful, fully prepared to bound to safe cover at the moment of discovery. He is a past master in the art of posing as inanimate, and knows exactly when and how to "freeze."

The scarecrow in the cornfield, though "fearfully and wonderfully made," is limited in its mission of usefulness and will not for long deter the observant crow from his depredations. He is a wary and suspicious bird, but his keen eye will penetrate the sham, and his work of spoliation will continue unnecessarily near the uncouth image of threatening attitude, as if in derision of the futile attempt to scare him from the field. Thus does the artist's labor pass for naught in the eyes of the thievish bird.

This same shrewd philosophy is shown by the woodchuck in the clover field, when he rises on his haunches within fifty yards of a fast express, and pertly but complacently views the smoking, rattling train as long as it can be seen, and more than this, he dares to burrow there, and rear his young within the zone of dust and smoke and noise, where he can daily view the human tide as it passes to and fro, for he has learned,—we do not know just how—that these swift moving vehicles mean him no injury, and never leave their iron path to do him harm as they go hurrying on to reach their destination.

A good fight between the net fishermen and the members of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association took place before the Dominion Fisheries Commission at Chatham. The members of the Commission present were Mr. John Birnie, K. C. and Mr. James Noble, of Collingwood, Professor Prince, the third member being absent on fishery matters in British Columbia. The fishermen's first grievance was the lengthy close season viz: From April 15th to November 1st, and the second the prohibition of seine nets in the Thames.

They argued that the seine nets did not destroy game fish. On the other hand written and verbal evidence was given that both hoop and seine nets destroy the game fish. Figures were produced to show that \$27,000 worth of fish were sold out of the River and Lake St. Clair last year. All were shipped to the States and Canadians were not able to purchase any for their own tables. There were stormy scenes at times, but nothing definite resulted and the Commissioners will report to the Government in due course.

My First Deer Hunt.

A Law Suit in Camp.

BY J. E. CASSON.

IT was in the fall of 1906 that I took my first deer hunt. I had recently been admitted to membership in a club possessing a good camp in New Ontario, and numbering several experienced hunters in their ranks.

In company with a friend, W. B. Edminster, whom I had invited to go with me as a guest, we took our departure for Trenton Junction, where we met others, and from which point we went north to Gilmour, from which station we drove back twelve miles to our camp.

The entire party consisted of M. S. Cassan Sr., ("Uncle Matt.") E. S. Cassan ("Uncle Ned" from Campbellford; Will Steele, Toronto; M. S. Cassan, Jr., J. W. Tindale Iroquois, Ont.; Mr. Batty and J. Cochrane, Colborne; W. B. Edminster and myself from London, Ont. The three first named gentlemen, who are charter members of the club, arrived on the scene the day before and had everything fixed up in good shape when we all arrived tired and hungry at six o'clock in the evening.

We found the camp nicely fixed up and very comfortable. At one time it had been an office for the Rathburn Lumber Company, and it had come in very well for the purposes of the camp.

Before going further I may mention that I had unwittingly broken one of the Club's laws in inviting my friend without permission—well, not exactly without permission but without first ascertaining that the required number had been made up. As soon as my offence was known I came in for a reprimand from one of the party and was told that so serious was the breach of law of which I had been guilty that I might be tried before a fully constituted backwoods court. Whatever might be the consequence, however, I was resolved, having given the invitation not to withdraw, and determined to persevere even if a lawsuit resulted. We went with the full intention of enjoying

ourselves let the consequences be what they might.

Knowing, as I did, that I was going to join a party which included judges and lawyers I thought it only wise to make what arrangements I could for my own defence. I accordingly wrote to E. S. Cassan asking him to undertake my case and in reply received a very encouraging letter, which put me in high spirits. He assured me that it would be all right to bring Edminster, and he would wager, should any action be taken against me, to win the case and put the whole of the costs upon the plaintiff.

Incidentally I heard that the prosecuting attorney, M. S. Cassan, Sr., who by the way is well up in his business and a man not to be trifled with, meant to press the case strongly against me. In this digression I am, however, forgetting the hunting, and as we are in camp it is hunting that is in order.

The territory in which the camp is situated was entirely new both to Edminster and myself. In order to acquaint us with the surroundings Uncle Ned took us for a six mile tramp, and journeying round the well known Ball Mountain we got back to camp footsore and weary. We had no desire to join the card game that night, but soon after supper we were in slumberland.

Directly east and west of our shanty there was an old lumber road, and it was not difficult to get our bearings with the compass. At any time we were lost, all we had to do was to strike due north or south, whatever side we were on, and we would soon come across the road which led directly to the camp.

We were all still hunters at this camp. The old party had always followed this method of hunting and had been very successful with it for thirty years. The first five days of the open season passed uneventfully. We worked faithfully, but captured nothing more than good appe-

tites. On the sixth day the spell of ill luck was broken; and Will Steele got two, a fine buck and a fine doe and Uncle Ned also got a fine doe.

Edminster and I didn't think it any wonder that they got them for the two of us started out early in the morning and played hounds for them. We were to drive the deer to where they were stationed, but we took the wrong marsh and went out of our latitude—but we drove the deer!

This was one of the occasions when we very much regretted that we were without a kodak. The sight of seeing Will Steele trying to hang up his buck by a lever over a root was one that we would fain have perpetuated. After tying his deer to a pole Will walked out on the pole which had been laid over a root, and hoped to get sufficient leverage when he reached the other end to raise the deer up. All went well for a time and he appeared likely to succeed, when the string broke and Will tumbled over into a ravine wetting the back of his pants, but not otherwise hurting himself. We would have titled the photo "Hanging up his first deer!"—well, he certainly looked as though it were his first.

We had a lovely time in camp that night, and to my relief the trial was not as much as mentioned. Indeed since reaching the camp nothing on the subject had been even whispered.

On the eighth five more deer were brought in and we were all in high spirits. All through the day I felt in my bones that something was going to happen that night and sure enough it came off. After supper the Court was constituted with J. W. Tindale as Acting Judge. Mr. Tindale is a lawyer of great ability and good judgment, and we all had the utmost confidence in his fairness and impartiality.

The prosecuting attorney stated his case at length and dwelt upon the enormity of the offence, which had been committed. A new member, without consultation with any of the members of the old party and without their consent, had invited a friend to the camp, and made him free of the Club and of the Club's territory. One of their unwritten laws was that no member must, without per-

mission, intrude his friends upon the other members, and this most sacred law had been violated. The custom was as old as the club, and was never broken—not even when such guest brought Irish whiskey, and did the cooking. He asked the Court to show its sense of the enormity of the offence by sentencing the defendant to five days in the doggerly and assess him with all the costs of the suit.

I noticed that the Judge was busy taking notes and feared the worst. Listening to the eloquence used against me made me feel all goose flesh and I thought it was all over with me. As the prosecuting attorney finished you could have heard the proverbial pin drop and I almost expected judgment to be given at once. The lawyers considered the case an important one, and as the privilege had been abused so often they were anxious to have it settled at once and for all. When my lawyer started speaking, however, I soon gained a little confidence.

By the time he called me to the stand I had regained some of my coolness and was able to give my explanation. I told the Judge I wasn't posted in the legal rights of camp life, and had not intended any offence, least of all to my friends in camp who had all done so much to render my holiday an enjoyable one.

My lawyer appealed to the Judge to consider the facts of the case as they really happened. He argued with much acumen that his learned friend had tried to put the blame on the wrong person. It was not the giver of the invitation but the one who accepted it who was guilty of the offence, if any. Ignorance of the law did not excuse any man and Edminster was the guilty one. Considering, however, that he had been in camp five days without any serious objection being raised to his presence, that he had brought Irish whiskey, which every member of the plaintiff's side had tasted, that he had eaten a bottle of ketchup and done the cooking he should be allowed to go out free and without even a warning. He argued that the doggerly was no place for a visitor, particularly one who had had such a varied experience in Japan as the gentlemen who had become the guest of the Club.

A legal battle followed and when the

contestants had exhausted themselves the Judge announced that he would take the case under advisement and reserved his decision.

The following day was full of experiences for me, for that was the occasion when I landed my first deer—a buck of one hundred and sixty-five pounds. After driving deer to another member of the party, I took my stand on a pinnacle and saw a deer about a mile away coming straight for me. Every little while I could see him and the intervals between them were full of suspense. There was bright sunshine and no snow. Another member of the party who was with me on the hill said he would rather I would shoot the animal as I had never got a deer before, but added, "It's meat we are after and if you miss him we will both give him fits." I could see he was a fine young buck and I wanted to get him. It appeared to me that it would be an easy shot but owing to overconfidence I made a miss. He turned and came about ten yards closer. In my haste to reload I only went half way in the action of the gun but immediately discerning what was wrong I reloaded and fired at the same instant as the other gun at my side went off. We were shooting from a hill into a hole, and with that kind of shooting distances are very deceptive. Receiving such a warm reception the deer turned and flew.

We stood up and crack, crack went the guns in rapid succession! Then I heard the other gun snap and knew he had no more shells. As I should only have time to get one more shot before the deer was out of sight my thoughts reverted in a flash to an article I had read in "Rod and Gun" on how to shoot a deer while running. I followed the advice given in that article and as the deer gave a couple of jumps shot ahead of him, catching him just behind the right shoulder.

Actually I didn't see him at all after shooting, but M. S. said, "You have him! I saw him fall." With these words the reaction came and I fairly shook. M. S. went over to get on the runway while I reloaded my gun in case the deer was only wounded, and I might get another chance from the hill. My

suspense was much relieved when M. S. called out, "You have him!" The experiences I went through on that occasion were well worth going to the camp to enjoy. They beat everything I had been through before!

A lively evening it was in camp that night relating the episodes of the day, playing cards and hearing Uncle Ned sing a typical hunting song, "The hole in the wall," the song recalling many hunting experiences in the past.

Everyone retired early as we had planned for big returns the following day. I was awakened about midnight by noises which resembled nothing so much as bears surrounding our camp. I awoke Edminster and got him to listen to the strange sounds. No one ever heard anything like it before. At last it turned out everyone was snoring and when I knew what the noises were I thought they sounded good.

A settler who had a small hound with him called at the camp that night. He seemed a good soul, was fond of horse radish, and we invited him to join us in the hunt next day. Accordingly we threw down a bunk for him on the floor near the stove.

Our routes were mapped out and it was arranged that Edminster should go with the settler and the hound to see if he would take the scent. Cockrane and I went together. Batty started to go below the lumber woods, M. S. Jr. went to the pinnacle, and was accompanied by Tindale. Will Steele took his old familiar place on the roadway and Uncle Ned went to the Elm swamp. The morning was bright and as it had rained the previous evening the bushes and trees glistened and presenting very beautiful pictures.

I had placed Cockrane in a good position and had myself taken a stand across the marsh. About nine o'clock I noticed Uncle Matt (who by the way is seventy-nine years old) coming over the brow of the hill and taking his stand directly south of the position I occupied. From where he sat he could see both Cockrane and myself. Presently we heard the hound, the sound coming from the hills away north. Apparently it was so far

away that for the deer to come our way was out of the question.

Batty, however, knew differently. He was well acquainted with the ground and was able to tell the route the deer would take. Accordingly instead of going to the place that it had been arranged he should take he returned to the hill where Uncle Matt had taken up his stand. The two hunters were then, although unknown to each other, occupying positions within one hundred yards.

Presently the deer came nearer and nearer and I moved my position a little further north in order to get a better survey of another ravine where I thought the deer might go for cover. Almost as soon as I reached the stand I saw a grey streak go across the head of the ravine, striking straight for Cockrane. I was pleased to think Cockrane would get in a shot and I was confident from the way it was going that if he didn't shoot the deer the buck would take the gun away from him.

All this time Batty could see the buck and was covering him with his rifle, but refrained from firing in order to give Cockrane his chance. The deer went within five feet of my first stand—how foolish I was to have left it!—and I calculated Uncle Matt would get it. At that time I was not aware of Batty's presence in our near neighborhood.

The scene was getting quite exciting. The hound was close in on the deer which had taken a contour from Cockrane, and was going straight for Uncle Matt. Picture Batty sitting within one hundred yards of Uncle Matt, covering the deer and saying to himself, "You're mine; yes, you're mine!" wishing at the same time that Cockrane would get in his shot, and prepared if Cockranemitted to do the deed himself. The suspense became almost unbearable and Batty picked out a place which when reached by the deer would be the signal for him to shoot as he felt that by then Cockrane would have missed the opportunity and no one could blame him for not missing his too. However, when the deer was only five feet from the chosen position, a shot rang out and Mr. Buck fell in his tracks. Uncle Matt had done the trick!

So keen was Batty's disappointment that he fell over. His first thought was that some stranger had shot the deer and he told himself bitterly that he had had chances of shooting it twenty times over, but waited to give Cockrane his chance.

As soon however as it was known how it happened everything was right. The four of us gathered round and assisted to dress the deer, It proved to be the finest one shot at our camp on that occasion and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. We had hard work in getting the deer to camp though in reality it was not far.

Great stories were told that night. The day's returns were most gratifying. Edminster had found a den of bears and Tindale a deer shed. The open season was drawing to a close, that being the thirteenth of the month and accordingly a full program was arranged for the following day. Parties were formed to investigate the bear den and the shed.

As the bears were supposed to be near the camp it was considered most important to investigate their den first of all. Edminster was over anxious as he specially desired to procure a bear skin to send to his Japanese friend in Tokio. At an early hour he marshaled out Will Steele, Gunton, the settler, and all were prepared to clean up every bear in sight. After wending their devious way over hills and through marshes and ravines they stole up close to the mouth of the den.

Steele was loud in his advice to cultivate caution. "Be careful!" he admonished the valiant two. "I wouldn't take any chances! Stand back and shoot into the hole! You have an automatic gun, Edminster, and they can't get away!" It was an anxious moment. At length Edminster fired and out ran a squirrel! The anxious time was turned into one of surprise and disappointment.

It was agreed to keep this incident as quiet as possible but it leaked out at supper time. M. S. Jr. had witnessed the siege of the bear den and its wonderful denouement, and it could not be kept secret. It also leaked out that this gallant young man while watching the ex-

pected developments of an exciting episode was approached by something in the bush. At first he took it for one of the escaping bears trying to sneak away but it turned out to be only a porcupine! It would have been an unfortunate thing for the porcupine had he been a bear, for M. S. Jr. is a pretty good shot and always gets his number. However to show he had no hard feelings against him, he gave the porcupine a kick and in return received a few quills in the sole of his boot.

Wonders will never cease! For a considerable time Judge Tindale pumped lead into a herd he found on the top of the big hill south of the wagon road. Somehow or other it is very hard to hit a deer when running and Tindale failed! As this was the last day of the hunt it required the efforts of all of us to give him consolation. We all assured him he should have another chance next year—

providing he would give his decision in the famous lawsuit in favor of the defendant.

My first hunt was the best outing I ever had in my life. The change was so complete, so interesting, and so full of contrasts compared to the busy life of the city that it was enjoyable the whole time. A deer hunt is beneficial in many ways and I found it did me good in all of them.

When the lawsuit is decided you shall hear from me again. According to recent reports extra costs have been piled on, some of the details of which will prove interesting to your readers.

I may add that our party secured twelve deer and we returned to our labors contented with our outing, pleased with its results, and rich in the possession of many pleasant memories which will give us enjoyment for a long time to come.

My Fine Canadian Hunt.

BY W. B. GIBSON.

WHEN the maple leaves begin to red-den, and frosts threaten in this southwestern part of Pennsylvania, I begin to have that "itching" for the tall pines, big rocks, cool streams, baked fish and broiled venison of the mountains. Then I feel like re-reading all the back numbers of "Rod and Gun," and other sportsman's magazines; give the Winchester an extra oiling, and recount to my family the old camp and trail experiences which they have heard so often; then the good wife says "you've got it again."

Well, who could help it? What keener pleasure can mortal enjoy than getting out into the "wilds," in the haunts of big game, in the free, boundless, unfenced and beautiful pine covered mountains, free from business cares and worries, and "close to Nature?" I say, "work while you work," and "play while you play." Drop everything, go and have your hunt, then get home again and go to work with renewed energy, a clear head, and all your faculties refreshed and renewed.

I have hunted in the Alleghany mountains for the past twenty-five years; have had two fine hunting trips in the Rockies; took a thousand mile trip in the Rockies of Wyoming in company with four other men, two of whom were my grown up sons; had two grizzlies, one black bear, two black tail deer, five antelope and an elk in our wagon at one time; but I can truly say that I never had a finer trip than the hunt I took in Ontario, Canada, the past season.

I started on October first with my wife and youngest son, and spent a week with them at Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the beautiful city of Toronto. Then the family came home, and I went to North Bay, Sudbury Junction and on to Desbarats.

The whole country was in its "Dress Parade" suit. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company takes special good care of tourists and hunters, and the service is the very best. This whole country through which we passed is a succession of wide valleys and high ridges, covered with maple, birch and sugar

trees, in "hardwood," and the hemlock, cedar, balsam, spruce and tamarac, in the pines. The blending of different shades of foliage in all these different beautiful tints makes a continual panorama of intense interest.

Arriving at Desbarats with a keen appetite, we enjoyed the hospitality of the "Desbarats Hotel" to the full extent. As the big game season had not yet opened, I went up to Echo Bay, and thence out seven miles to the home of a jolly Irish farmer named "Paddy" Harron, at the mouth of Echo Lake. There we had the finest of partridge shooting, and plenty of big pickerel to bake.

Paddy is an awfully noisy Irishman, but he and his good wife are "all to the good." The Irish are all right, and so are the Scotch. If anything beats them, it is the "Scotch-Irish," (that's me.)

When the season opened November 15, we went back about thirty miles north of Desbarats, to Island Lake. My guide, Harry McClelland, is a royal good Scotchman, and had a fine camp on the edge of this beautiful lake. We were disappointed in not seeing any moose. This is a good moose country, and they had been plentiful there, as well as caribou; but a new lumber camp had been recently started at Bass Lake, just across a ridge from our camp, and these timid animals had quietly "moved out," going ten to fifteen miles further north; and by the time we had found this out, it was too late to move out after them, the season only being fifteen days here.

We had the finest of partridge shooting, and trout—why this Island Lake was simply alive with four-pound trout, the finest I ever ate; just think of a four-pound trout baked in the oven, after a hard day's tramp, boiled potatoes, good bread and butter, a tin of good coffee or black tea; then, after such a fill, fit not only for the Gods, but also for "human beings," a pipe of good tobacco, an hour's pleasant "camp talk," and then the good, sound, refreshing sleep of "childhood!" Say! brother "hunting crank," how does this strike you? Hasn't this been about your experience?

No wonder we get the "mountain fever" every fall, hey? And if you enjoy

it, and I cannot imagine any man's not enjoying it, why just get ready and go. These trips, other things being equal, will lengthen the life of a man ten years; and especially so if his business is a "worrying" one, or one that confines him indoors for the greater part of the time. Get away from these cares, out into the open air; put on the moccasins, take the trusty rifle, and enjoy perfect "freedom" for a month.

I got two fine bucks, one of which weighed three hundred pounds whole. I was sitting on a fallen pine when this royal fellow came walking along below me with the proud step of a "ruler" among deer. I had plenty of time to study and admire him, and though it seemed a sin to do so, the "wolf nature" was strongest in me, and a shot from my 30, U. S., broke his proud neck. While I was proud of my trophy, I really felt sorry to see the fine big Monarch lying there dead, in the snow. As one result of my trip to Canada, I have two more fine red deer heads to grace my office.

I must say a word here in regard to the Canadian people; I met a host of them; and will say that they are clever, generous, friendly and hospitable people as the sun shines on, whether they be English, Scotch, Irish or "mixed." I am under special obligations to "Paddy" Harron, George Haines, John McLeod, Billy Smith and George Linklater and their estimable families, for much of the pleasure of my trip. If you want a good hunt, where there is plenty of game to hunt, take my advice, and go to Canada.

A word in regard to rifles. In my opinion there is no "best," or "only" rifle; and whenever you hear a man proclaiming that there is only one rifle that is "the thing," and that he has it, you can gamble that he is a "tenderfoot" in big game hunting. There are a dozen makes of rifle that will do their part all right if "the man behind the gun" does his. What say you, old hunter? Am I right? There are plenty of hardships in big game hunting, but only one "real danger," and that is of some "fool behind a gun," (the man who shoots before he is sure of what he is shooting at) shooting you. The rifles of the present day are so deadly, and of such wonderful

reach, that it behoves every hunter of big game to be always on his guard, and never shoot till you "know the game."

A word for the "game hog;" the man who kills, for the mere sake of killing. I despise him. We travelled for seventy-five miles in Wyoming, with fifty to five hundred antelope in sight at all times; but did not even take a shot at them, after we had killed our quota, and had all the meat we needed. While in Canada this fall, I sat on a fallen tree and watched a fine buck browse and play within one hundred feet of me, and did not shoot at him, although I had my rifle on my knee.

But, say! Mr. Canadian Government, it is not the "tourist hunter" that destroys your game. Even if he was hog enough, he is afraid of the "LAW." No! it is the "native" and the "lumber-camp-hog" who have joined hands with the big timber wolves, and is doing more to destroy your game than all the foreign hunters.

Protect your game from the natives who kill at all times in the year, make the bounty so high on wolves that your best woodsmen can afford to make a "business" of hunting them, leave the license at a reasonable figure, attract the foreign hunter there, and you will always have the "attraction" for him.

By the Camp Fire.

BY MISS F. E. BOWIE.

OH there's nothing like the camp-fire in the evening.
As we sit around it 'neath the summer moon;
Perhaps telling tales of bygone recollections,
Or listening to the strains of some old tune.

Thus lulled, very soon our imagination,
Wanders toward the future far away;
And it may be perchance that we wonder
Where we will be just one year from that day.

Perhaps we may look back upon the past,
Idly dreaming of the happy days gone by,
And 'midst our dreams of past and future fancies,
We pile the logs upon the camp-fire high.

Then someone may strike up some old refrain,
Which seems to mount our spirits way up higher;
And as we sing, we make an inward vow,
That there's nothing half so soothing as a camp-fire.

We hear no bells a-chiming out the hour,
No street car dares to enter our domain;
We do not hear the door-bell always ringing,
For there's nothing here to cause the slightest pain.

Oh its all very well in the city,
In the hammock on the verandah to laze,
And listen to a grand piano tingling
The strains of quite the latest New York craze.

But give to me the dear old camp-fire,
With the blazing logs piled up high;
A few good friends and the old songs,
That by the camp-fire we sang in days gone by.

A Trip Into Goat-Land.

BY J. C. MORRISON, D. D. S.

IN carrying out my holiday programme last fall I travelled to Ashcroft on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and at that point I mounted the B. X. stage express which makes a run of two hundred and seventy-six miles up the famous Caribou Road as far as Barkerville, of placer mining fame, taking five days for the trip. It is a huge "Concord stage" type swinging from broad leather straps instead of steel springs.

On the occasion of my journey the driver handled the four highly strung horses like Jehu of old, swinging them down the bank and over the bridge across the Thompson River in regular western style. All along the river banks we saw great piles of water worn rocks piled in even rows where the placer miners had dug up the "aureate earth" in the bygone days of historic '58. These are samples of the work that has since produced sixty millions of dollars of the yellow god's goods.

Here and there were to be seen holes running back into the clay bank with a length of stove pipe above. These places were the gates of some rat tailed Chiak miners who are content to root away

in pay gravel — "sometime ketchum little gol; sometime not."

Away from the river the table lands rise, tier on tier, dry and dusty, receiving only enough rain each year to keep the wonderful "bunch grass" alive and give irrigation water to the scattered ranches.

The whole region lies in the dry belt and from the sportsmen's standpoint is ideal, as one can camp out all the year round.

Of my companions in the stage two were going to the One Hundred and Fifty Mile House to hunt caribou; one lady was for Soda Creek on the Fraser, and yours truly for Big Bar, intent on Big Horn. Starting at four o'clock in the morning we soon reached Hat Creek where breakfast was ordered, eaten, horses changed, and the journey to Clinton, thirty three miles from Ashcroft, taken.



THE GOAT STOOD LIKE A STATUE UNDER THE TREE, WOUNDED TO DEATH.

At this place I met Mr. McDonald, M. P. P. an old friend, who advised me to obtain the guidance of the Indian Tyee (Chief) from the nearest rancherie. I followed the advice given and when I saw the Indian Chief I asked his Royal Mahogany Never-Wash-His-Neck "Ictah tikke mik a clarawa Big Bar ikt sun moxt Kyutin?" After a long meditation he

replied "Quinam dollar" Five simoleans to take me to Big Bar!

Next morning he appeared on the scene at eight o'clock. He tied my five pounds of wardrobe and twenty-five pounds of shells to his white steed. I took the light .22 with me, gave him the .303 British, and thus equipped we mounted and rode away.

For ten miles the Government Road followed the valley, and then a long steady climb commenced to the top of the mountains fifteen miles away. Throughout this journey we saw the irrigation ditches carrying the health giving water to the various ranches. All along these ditches it was green and fair and they formed a wonderful contrast to the parched hills around them.

At the creeks and bordering lakes we came across willow grouse. My fiery steed (two spurres and a rifle butt) Charlie, was well named, and I shot from his back managing with the aid of the .22 to get quite a string at the bow of my saddle by night.

The Tyee was most entertaining—a sort of an ebony Omar Khyan man, telling hunting tales, stories of the old times and snatches of his home life. He inquired what age I thought his cayuse had reached. My idea was that perhaps the animal had seen his rider accidentally get water on his face and the awful sight

had turned the poor brute "white in a single night." I guessed "fifteen years." The Chief said "No, twenty-five years." From further communications I gathered that the former owner had gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds and his Klootchman (widow) had gone daft. The Government were now paying the Chief fifteen dollars per month to keep her from doing the devotee act under the Juggernaut B. X. stage wheels. The Tyee was

to get the ancient cayuse when she died. He cheerfully remarked "May be she die diz winter, may be nex' soomer."

We stopped at Bill Jones Road Camp and had some lunch being treated by him to good fare and hearty cheer. Then onward and upward we went until we reached the top of the range and big blue grouse began to appear. By half past four in the afternoon we were in full view of the Fraser. So far away beneath us it looked a silver chain, and the table lands dotted with ranches, appeared

like emeralds on a cloth of gold. Down, down we wound playing the zig zag act for all we were worth. It was necessary to travel four miles to descend five thousand feet and we had to go over at least thirty switch backs to do it.

Fortunately on arrival, I found my old guide on the right side of the river. Here I paid off the Tyee who said Klahouya ("Good-bye") and departed. I was fer-



SUMMIT CAMP, WHERE THE STUNTED PINE GROWS, AND THE PTARMIGAN, WITHOUT FEAR, EYE ONE WITH MILD SURPRISE.

ried across the Fraser to the ranch belonging to my guide Mr. McDonald. He is an old miner and has seen enough life and passed through enough thrilling experiences in Caribou, Alaska, and on the Peace River to fill a large and interesting book. He now has a fine ranch producing all kinds of fruit, vegetables and grain, but is greatly hampered by the lack of efficient means of transportation. The only way he has of getting out is to swim his horses across the river, take his stuff over on a boat, then load it up on pack horses, and thus carry it for twenty-seven miles to the nearest town. This is certainly life in the wild and woolly West!

Mr. McDonald's two younger boys were made happy with the .22. They proceeded to celebrate their possession of the weapon by potting an immense grey owl and other small game.

The oldest boy, Malcolm, was to be my guide for the trip into Goat Land. Accordingly a pack and two riding horses were prepared over night and our packs arranged. Early the next morning the packs were strapped on to the horses and we rode away. First we wound up the sides of a deep canyon where we saw on both sides of the gorge great pillars of hard clay carved into most fantastic shapes by the sand storms. Malcolm pointed out to me the carcasses of three fine steers lying crushed in a shapeless mass. These animals, it appeared, were feeding on the high bank on the right side of the canyon and approaching too close to the edge went over and their bodies were crushed into pulp on the rocks below after their long fall. We saw another fine ranch belonging to Mr. Mason, an old Caribooite who when I was on a visit to this district seven years before gave me a fine blue jade Siwash (Indian) chisel.

After riding along a narrow trail for three hours we started to climb. At places the trail was so steep it almost seemed to lean backwards and it was only by constant zig-zagging that we managed to get up at all. About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached the top and camped by the side of a small stream.

In every direction we saw a panorama

of rolling mountain tops, stretching away to the horizon like the frozen waves of some granite sea. Here and there appeared an Old Man of the Hills lifting up his snowy crown of majesty and beauty!

Luncheon over we started out to hunt and within half a mile from camp a bunch of five deer sprang up. With a soft nosed .303 I caught the leader through the shoulder and sent him down. The second one, a two year old buck, swung to our left about one hundred yards and as he jumped over a log the soft nosed cut his back clean in two causing him to give a loud Baa and crush to the earth. The third, another buck, galloped down the hill towards the valley at about one hundred and fifty yards distance when I sent a .303 clean through his heart and lungs. With the speed at which he was going he continued for fully two hundred feet before he fell. Malcolm said it took three minutes before he went down. The work certainly proved the .303 Britisher a sure killer and a splendid weapon. Last spring I killed a grizzly with a 30-40; the bullets did not go clean through him but I think a .303 would have done so.

We took a quarter of the two year old to Camp and had roast ribs to burn that night. Bright and early next morning we had a venison steak breakfast and then went off after goats. Half a mile from Camp we came out on the mountain roof and looked down two thousand feet over howling precipices, to where a creek foamed and roared in the canyon below. The guide "glassed" the cliffs for a few minutes, and then pointed out an ancient Billy standing like a statue on the cliffs below.

A wide detour was made but the only result was to find that the goat had seen us and gone into safety under an overhanging ledge. Accordingly we had to pant and puff our way back, up a slide to another point where we rested and looked down.

After searching the faces of the slides for some time we espied a group of three snow white Billies about three hundred yards below and to our left. Two of them were lying down below and one as usual was on guard. As I was not fully acquainted with the powers of the .303 my first shots went high. Soon however

I got the distance more accurately and dropping the sights to point blank range I speedily had two of them hors de goat—the third running off through some pine trees on the knoll.

Malcolm had moccasins on his feet while I wore heavily spiked shoes. The way that youngster went down those slides standing erect all the time, made my hair stand on end! I went down very carefully hanging on to boulders of rock, bushes etc. My companion played the part of "Lead on, Macduff," across polished rock faces where a single slip meant to be torn and beaten into a pulp before one could smash into the creek far below. Down and down I crawled and when about one hundred and fifty yards from the wounded goats we met the third William goat coming up to meet us. At the time I had five "hard head" shells in the magazine and one soft nose on top. The latter I punched through Mr. Goat which caused him to start towards the others at a quick walk.

About every twenty feet he covered I sent a "nickel nose" at him, and seeing the dust fly from the slide on the other side I thought I was firing too high. Although I took a finer sight each time the dust kept kicking up with the result that the gun got cussed in several shades of feeling. Then Billy the Third went over the cliff and disappeared.

We followed crawling round the point like flies, and while I was engaged with the camera Malcolm called out "Look, there!" and looking in the direction he was pointing I saw William the Third laying dead on a rock slide, two hundred feet away. I found out that the "nickel nose" had gone clean through him.

After skinning the goats we turned them loose and followed their hurtling and mangled remains to the creek. After lighting a fire on the bank and cooling a nice tenderloin steak in the icy waters we roasted it for lunch. It was well for us we enjoyed our lunch in anticipation for we had no enjoyment of it in reality. Ye shades of Pa Burns! Our teeth could hardly ding the outer layer. Tutti-Frutti makers ought to raise goats and their famous compound would last as long as their pleased and prove more nourishing.

We made heroic efforts to "eat something" but failed, and gathering together our heads and skins we proceeded down the canyon. Right below where we lost sight of our snowy friend of the morning we saw him again. He proved to be a wise old guy and as soon as he caught sight of us he made for the tall timbers and the highest cliffs. It took more nickel and lead to bring him down at three hundred yards than would suffice to start a store. Nevertheless down he came fighting hard all the way until he fell two hundred yards away. When we got him he had only one horn, the other being broken off by a glancing rock or a fall, while he was covered with a great shaggy coat of yellow hair. We took his skin and left a feast for the great bald headed eagles we saw swarming high above us. Their sight and smell is so keen that we knew within a few hours they would light on him and gorge themselves. Malcolm told me that on one occasion he came across one of these eagles so gorged on a deer that he hit him with a club before he'd fly.

Still burdened with our skins and heads we wound down the canyon to a point where we were able to leave them to be picked up on our way to the ranch. Then came an arduous climb back to the Camp. It was about seven o'clock when we made a start on this return journey. All day long we had had nothing to eat but goat steak and the further we climbed the thirstier we became. The torture grew agonizing. I chewed rose buds, pine gum, etc. but without relief and half a mile from the top I played out. A fire was made by the side of the trail and the guide went on to the camp for "water."

The guide pushed off bravely until he reached the summit where heated and exhausted, he was struck by the cold wind and went down sick and faint. After an hour he made his way slowly to camp and there lay sick and weak. In the meantime I kept the fire going until heat and weariness sent me to sleep.

About ten o'clock I was awakened by the agonies of my thirst. The "tortures of the damned" raged through me and I continually called for "water, water!" as though in that place anyone could hear me. I fired off my rifle and there was

no response. Then Scotch wrath arose within me and up the hill I went, feeling for the trail with my feet, until half dead with fatigue I came within sight of the camp. Then Malcolm heard me and came out with a cake and a can of tea. I imbibed a quart of the latter without stopping and immediately felt better. Together we made for the camp where we cooked a fair supper and enjoyed it.

After this experience we packed up next morning and started home. When about a mile from the ranch a coyote ran out of some sage bushes, went up under a cliff and sat down, switching his tail

round his front feet as cute as Brer Fox.

I scrambled off Fred the horse I was riding and let drive a hard head at the chicken stealer. He skidded like a shadow in the sunshine, but the third bullet, a soft nose one, went clean through

him and doubled him up. While the firing was going on Fred took to his heels one way and the pack horse another, causing us to do some tall sprinting before we caught them again. We arrived at the ranch without further incident and there enjoyed a good night's repose.

Next day we went to Big Bar for the mail. First we rode up the river for seven miles and there Bill Irwin a famous rifle shot ferried us over. On the way to the Post Office I got a shot at an immense Rocky Mountain eagle and only found out after he had flown that I had the sights up at four hundred yards. The

sequel was rather amusing. The eagle and his partner flew down the river and as we figured it out appeared at the ranch an hour later coolly picked up a hen and flew off to a little bluff of clay to eat it. Mr. McDonald rushed out and let him have two charges of No. 5 shot. The eagle is going yet though he left a badly scared hen behind, and probably holds a poor opinion of the Big Bar shots.

Our next trip was after Big Horn. We went back about fifteen miles winding along the mountain tops. A large irrigation ditch ran most of the way by the trail, its fertile edges making the



THE TRAIL ABOVE THE RIVER.

most delightful contrasts with the rugged and frowning mountains. Wherever the life giving fluid went, making an emerald path across the brown and dusty mountain sides, life was abundant, vigorous and refreshing.

We camped beside a pretty little mountain creek, the big blue grouse flying up from all around the camping ground as we came to it. The mountains here were literally alive with these great sooty fellows. No one bothers them very much and accordingly they increase to a wonderful extent. Those we potted weighed fully three pounds each, one

making a very nice lunch for both of us.

It was clear to us that the sheep must have had a wireless from the Goat Secretary that morning for though we rode over the mountains, and "glassed" the rocky points of the canyon on French creek we only saw their tracks. We came across some fine old horns but had no luck.

Every day we found deer in bands of three to five. I got two more nice heads and skins but failed to locate Mr. Wily Big Horn. All we could do was to take it out of the grouse of which we got quite a number to take home. They make fine shooting just to nip their heads off.

My brother, who at the time I am writing this article is up in the mountains, sends me word that he has got his limit of ten deer, mostly with nickel bullets, and tracked sheep within three hundred yards when the sheep got their scent and speedily made off. He is using the same .303 and thinks it the only gun made.

The last day of my outing Malcolm awoke me with the word "Snow!" Sure

enough there was three inches of it and the date only September fifteenth! The last day speedily passed and the hour for departure came.

Early in the morning we ferried the stuff across first and then swam the horses over. All of them went across in fine fashion except Fred. He loafed and as the current is very swift the boat went pretty well down. Malcolm took a club and inspired Fred to turn in short order. This he did though when he landed he snorted in deep disgust at such treatment.

On the way out we called at a cabin where I picked up a curiosity in the way of deer horns. One day the guide found the set in some bush. While the whole skeleton was there the guide only took the horns. The prongs are as wide as a caribou's, very strong and broadly palmed. I'm getting a fresh scalp for them and will have them mounted.

When we reached Clifton that night we had no difficulty in convincing the tillecums (friends) who were present and who had come from Missouri that we could show the goods.

A thrilling story of the woods comes from Cobalt. Two French Canadians, named Joe Landreau and Max Bedeck, set out to tramp twenty miles along the wagon road from Wendigo Lake to Larder Lake where they were to cut wood for a steamboat company. They had proceeded a few miles on their journey when they were overtaken by a wagon, the driver of which volunteered to show them a short cut where by following a blazed trail three miles would be saved. On this trail they missed the blaze and got lost. For two days they wandered about without food and once thought of killing a small terrier they had with them. At length Landreau played out and they had to camp for several hours. Resuming their aimless tramping they had to wade through water above their knees for a mile or more in order to get round a hill. This completely exhausted Landreau and he lay down to die. He handed Bedeck his watch and money and bade him go

and save himself if he could. After some time the men parted and Bedeck pushed on in an endeavor to find some place of habitation. In his loneliness and misery he prayed for help and promised that if rescued he would give all the money he possessed—\$3.75—to some deserving charity. A little later he reached a stream and came across a canoe. He played a hero's part and promptly stumbled back to his companion whom he assisted out to the stream. By means of the canoe the men went down to the camp of some prospectors in the employ of the Buffalo Development Company where they were well cared for and soon recovered from the effects of their terrible experiences. The men stated that the second night they were sleeping without food they saw a large bear close to them digging shrubs out of a log. They also saw several moose. Landreau abandoned his pack of clothes which he estimates to have been worth \$15.

A Rough Hunt in Bye-Gone Days.

BY AVERY MOOREHOUSE.

HUNTING big game is a very different thing today to what it was within my recollection. I have a particular place in my memory for one trip which I took with "Lou" and which I believe he has cause to remember equally with myself.

You see it happened in this way. I met Lou in a grocery store and in the course of conversation he asked me how my pulse beat for a moose hunt. Now as I had already secured my limit of deer he caught me "at the psychological moment," as the scientists would say, and I told him I was just spoiling to train my rifle on something larger than a deer.

Once we had made up our minds it did not take us long to make arrangements, and accordingly the next morning saw us on our way to the hunting grounds. We meant to make the neighborhood of the head waters of the Keswick stream the scene of our hunt and with that object in view took the train for Upper Keswick Station. From that point a walk of eight miles brought us to an old lumber camp at which we arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon. The camp was in such an upset that it appeared as if a cyclone and an earthquake had there met in mortal combat and spent their furies on it. The weather was cold and a few inches of snow had fallen. First we tore up a portion of the floor in order to make a fire and after making a hole in the roof in order to allow the smoke to escape we built our fire and endeavoured to warm ourselves. What with damp and rotting wood that camp did smoke! Ye gods and little fishes I never saw the like before! We buried our heads in the boughs to get our breaths and resorted to every means our skill could devise to gain the warmth and escape from the smoke. All we could do made no difference and we continued to cry throughout that livelong night. Yes, we actually shed more tears than the Good Man when he wept over Jerusalem!

Although morning seemed as if it would

never come it did come at last. With the first streak of dawn we made our breakfast which consisted of tea and some of Lou's "pound cake"—I called it "pound" for it was so hard it took a mighty small piece to weigh a pound. As soon as we could we were on the move both to warm our bodies and raise our spirits.

On a ridge not too far from our camp we found many old moose tracks. We followed them for a time but I soon suggested giving them up and trying elsewhere. It was pretty clear that these tracks were several days old and I did not think it was any use keeping up with them. Lou however was as contrary as a swine, and one might as well have tried to make the Mississippi run up hill as endeavour to move him. Accordingly we kept up the pursuit over mountain, hill and valley till we came to the main Keswick stream. We saw that they had crossed here and climbed the steep mountain known as the Grand John Ridge.

Again I tried to persuade Lou to call it off. It was to no purpose I told him they were making for the Nashwaak or Miramichi. He would go on and there was nothing for me to do but to accompany him.

All at once we found a new diversion. More tracks and fresh ones we found in the newly fallen snow. "Caribou" I told Lou and caribou tracks they proved to be. We appeared to have run into the tracks of a band of these animals. The woods were full of them and at a very careful estimate the band must have numbered between thirty and forty. As by this time it was nearly noon I advised great care, as our quarry would be lying down and we did not wish to disturb them.

I had scarcely given this caution when there was a wild stampede and seven caribou rose from their beds and were off like the wind. Both rifles missed fire and we both lost two good chances

of success. Fate was against us that time and though we sent several random shots after them they succeeded in getting away unscratched.

Once the stampede commenced caribou ran from all directions and the woods appeared to be full of them. We did not know where to aim and holding the smoking rifles in our hands we watched the sight with interest. As a matter of fact we didn't even draw blood and we could not refrain from using words not to be found in Webster's Dictionary.

At length I took a short detour to the right and while proceeding cautiously I saw a large cow and a monster bull. These two animals had not been routed out and were still gazing with curiosity at the proceedings of their fellows. A space of about six inches between two trees enabled us to see the neck of Mr. Bull quite clearly. It was at that point I took aim and my rifle spoke with so much effect that he yielded up the ghost at once. He was a dandy and I was just admiring him when Lou came up and remarked "Well, the funny thing was that among all these caribou I did not see one pair of horns. All I did was to ask him to look at my prize. I told him that he would see a pair of horns there, and he did. His surprise was expressed in the words "Well, I'll be jiggered!" though he was not too far gone in surprise to give me valuable assistance in skinning the caribou.

It now being past the noon hour we treated ourselves to some more of Lou's pound cake and discussed the situation. We did not know exactly where we were but we thought we must be near the Nashwaak. At first I thought it would be best for us to try and make camp where we were but as it commenced raining we decided to try and make for an old tumble down lumber camp.

Accordingly I took the head while Lou carried the hide and one quarter and we followed a south course back to the Keswick stream. Darkness was coming on and we had to hurry to the place where we hoped to pass the night with a little more comfort than we had spent the preceding night. However we reckoned

without knowing what was in front of us and it was just as well we did not. We thought we had a bad night, and suffered quite enough, the night before. It was as nothing in comparison to the discomforts we underwent the second night!

By groping round in the dark we managed to make a fire but the smoke nearly drove us mad. We did succeed after great effort in swallowing some more hard tack. In the meantime the rain had cleared off but the wind blew a hurricane from the North-west and it was extremely cold. Our bedding consisted of an old flour barrel and our bed was an icy floor. Our clothes were wet and froze upon us. How we survived is a wonder to both of us but what between the fire and the smoke we managed to keep from freezing solid and as the longest night has an end this one had also, although there were times when we were disinclined to believe in this fact. Even these experiences were not such as to daunt us from getting our game and in the morning, as soon as we could move we made the return trip and speedily warmed ourselves up. With some difficulty we carried the whole of the caribou out to the stream in order that we might sled it home just as soon as the stream was in a condition to allow us to do so.

We returned home the next day carrying the head which I had so hardly won. I afterwards mounted this particular head which I have now at home and prize very highly.

Although this happened many years ago the circumstances are as vivid in my recollections as though they occurred yesterday. How circumstances have now changed! Hunting trips are not often rough affairs today. There is now a carriage road to the place where we hunted and passed such a fearful night. Camps and tents and camp supplies ensure a good time in the woods while a good head either of a deer, caribou, or moose is the usual reward. Caribou are not so plentiful as they formerly were but both deer and moose appear to be on the increase in New Brunswick and with all the aids to success in the hands of sportsman today even the tenderfoot should not fail to get his full quota.

Hunting in the Parry Sound District.

BY ALMON ALMAS.

A fine trip, which was successful in every way, was taken by a party of hunters from Old Ontario to the Parry Sound District last year. There were eight of us, including a young lady who was anxious to see what backwoods life was like, and who was taken along in order to make our meals more tasty than the men folk for all their boasting can manage to do. Woodstock was left on the morning of October 16th, and good time was made.

We left the train at South River and here our guide and his daughter were awaiting us. Mr. William Carr is a settler in the district and as a guide is not to be beaten. His daughter made a very pleasant companion for the young lady who accompanied us, and the two did much to make our camp life agreeable while themselves enjoying the novel situation.

For fifteen miles back, over roads the like of which I had never before seen even in a backwoods district, our goods were teamed and when we arrived on the shores of Beaver Lake we were all ready for a rest. The Camp had been put in something like order and it was not long before the first meal was prepared and we were enjoying the pleasures of rest and food out in the open.

By the opening of the season we had all in readiness for hunting. Both ourselves and our dogs were in prime condition and the morning of November first found us on the runways and keen in our anticipations of the coming sport.

There was more or less firing during the day and at night when we gathered for our evening meal, smoke and talk one

of our number was absent and did not return all night.

Next morning I was the earliest riser in camp and as I was busy getting things to rights I noticed the missing one, who was William Bull, coming towards the camp carrying a fine deer. It appears that during the previous afternoon he had shot the animal and as it got away he took up the trail. After leading him a long chase he caught up and a second shot finished the work. By this time it was dark,



WILLIAM BULL CARRYING HIS DEER.

and like a wise man Bull made a fire and spent the night as best he could. He had taken his dinner with him but nothing was left over for supper and he did not feel inclined even to roast a deer steak. As soon as daylight appeared he made for the camp carrying his deer with him and arrived before breakfast was prepared. We were not long in procuring him something to eat and after he had

thus refreshed himself he told us his adventures. It is a rule of our camp that the first deer we shoot is used for camp purposes and Bull's deer, which was a fine doe of one hundred pounds, came in for our camp supply and proved most excellent eating.

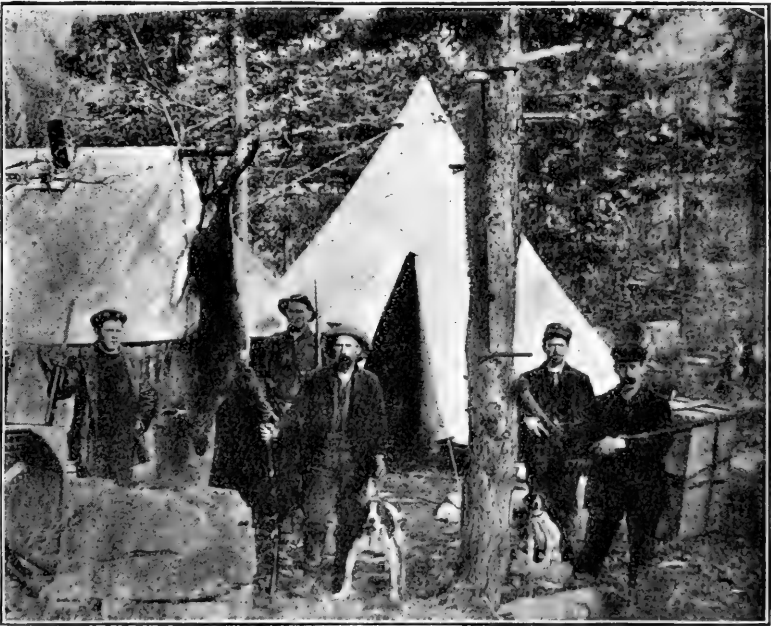
Later on Bull succeeded in getting another deer. We were on the runway when I put up a deer which Bull shot. He broke one of the animal's front legs but it got away well and gave us a long tramp. Without the dogs we should have lost the deer but the dogs ferreted it out and Bull putting a bullet through his neck finished the job he had so well begun. We were all glad Bull met with this success and we all enjoyed the remainder of his deer the better for the thought that he would still have one to carry home.

Another of our number, John McKay, was fortunate enough to get two bucks on one day. He was on the runway when the dogs chased two bucks. Both crossed the road in a flash but McKay was even

quicker. The leader, a fine buck of nearly two hundred pounds, he brought down with the first shot, and the other, a spike buck was felled with a second shot. As readers can well understand there was much jubilation in the camp over this fine success. The subsequent work was pretty heavy but some hunters who were near by and heard the shooting came forward and helped the fortunate hunter to dress and hang up the deer. A third member of our party, whose name is Williamson, was out when the dogs started a deer. He shot the animal in the neck when he at once jumped behind

a log and remained motionless. There was very little blood and the trail was lost. A good search met with no result but finally the dogs which had run off on another trail were brought back and routed the animal out. As the deer was just about to bound out a second shot from Williamson dropped it and a kill was placed to his credit.

Another curious incident occurred during this camping experience. Two of our members named Nicholls and German were out when they saw a deer cross a creek. Both shot at it and both missed



OUR PARTY IN CAMP.

it. The animal bounded off, crossed a bluff, and German ran round and heading it off shot at and killed it.

In all we succeeded in getting eight deer and seeing a great deal of the country. The camp table was well supplied with partridge. On one occasion I shot a fox. We started him from what was evidently an early morning nap and before he could get away I had a good shot at him and killed him. Another morning I succeeded in doing the same with a mink.

We remained the whole of the open season sending our deer out the day be-

fore we broke camp. On the day we left it was interesting to see how we managed to get out. Going in had been comparatively easy but in coming out we had to mount a place where the rock was steep and bare affording no foothold for the horses. As the whole of our material was on the wagon making it weigh about a ton it was a problem how we were to get it up this place. By means of saplings placed lengthwise and attached together by chains a very long line was made enabling one team to be on top of the rock and assist the pole horses in retaining their feet and hauling the load up the rocky road. This was the worst bit of experience but the ingenious man-

ner in which an apparently insuperable difficulty was overcome reconciled us even to the bad road. We succeeded in reaching the station and the train soon landed us and our belongings at home again.

While we thoroughly enjoyed this outing we did not think so much of the country as of Muskoka, which had been the scene of previous hunts, and where we never failed to obtain our full complement as allowed by law. The Parry Sound district is a wild and beautiful place but a rough country for all that, and there are times and occasions when even a deer hunter likes a little comfort.

A Sunday Outing.

BY T. J. R.

JIM has a new launch which has been in commission only about ten days. It is a fast model, twenty-seven feet over all, fitted with a six horse power engine, and has a speed of nearly twelve miles per hour. We had never been out in her, so when Jim suggested a trip to Orillia, we all jumped at the chance. We left Beaverton,—Jim, Ollie the Colonel and I,—at ten o'clock on a fine bright Sunday morning. The engine worked well and the day was perfect so that we were almost sorry when we tied up to the "Orillia House" we were right on the spot. The trip across the lake had sharpened our appetites, and we all did ample justice to the good things before us, though we agreed that Jim was the best of us at the table.

We lounged around for an hour or so, and at 3.30 started back for Beaverton. Everything went smoothly until we were nearly half way home, when the engine suddenly stopped. Jim worked with it, and coaxed it, and teased it without effect. It had stopped, and absolutely refused to start again.

Jim was anxious to get home and catch a train at nine o'clock for Toronto, and as the wind was rising and we were

lying in the trough of the sea, we decided to pull the boat into a sheltered bay near at hand, and moor her there. Fortunately we were just off a point when the engine stopped, and had drifted in close to land. We poled along the shore till we got into shoal water, and then we ran aground. There was nothing to do but strip and get out and drag the boat into deep water. The bottom was stoney, and hard on our feet, and when Jim heard this he put his boots on again before joining the rest of us in the water, saying that he preferred wet boots to sore feet.

Jim took the bow, the Colonel and I were on opposite sides amidships, and Ollie went behind—"to shore," as he explained it. The real reason, however, was soon discovered, as we caught him stealing a ride. He complained that the stones were too sharp, but we were hard hearted, and made him work with the rest.

After navigating in this fashion for about a quarter of a mile we saw a nice sandy beach ahead, and determined to haul the boat up on it. But she had different ideas, for when we were still some yards off she grounded and we had to back her out again. We then saw a

dead tree which had fallen out into the water, and managed to get the boat alongside it, and tied her stem and stern.

And then our real troubles began. The shore there was overgrown with thick bush and tangled underbrush, almost impossible to walk through. So we gathered up our clothes and waded along the shore to where the bush was more open. The stones bothered Ollie again, and it was some time before he decided to follow us rather than dress where he was, and take a chance on getting through the bush.

After stumbling over underbrush and through swamps we found a cow path and followed it, and soon a house appeared in view. We hailed it with joy, confidently expecting to find out where we were, and get a team to drive us to Beaverton. But alas ! We were doomed to disappointment. The house was untenanted the only sign of life being a sheep grazing nearby. When the Colonel saw it, he exclaimed, "Thank Heaven ! We won't need to starve, anyway." We took the path again, and came out on the lake shore at the extreme end of the point. Sadly we turned back, and after crossing a pasture field we came upon something which bore a faint resemblance to a road. After walking along it for twenty minutes we met two men who

informed us that we were seven miles from Brechin, the nearest village. We tried to hire a conveyance from them, but all they had was one horse and a single buggy, so that didn't help us. We started to foot it up the road and in about an hour came to the Grand Trunk railroad track. We turned along it, and walked the ties at the best rate we could in the hope of getting to the Canadian Northern station at Brechin in time to flag Jim's train. Weary and footsore we arrived at the Grand Trunk station at Brechin with a few minutes to spare, and after calling on a friendly pump, we stumbled through the gathering darkness the last mile to the Canadian Northern station.

But our ill luck still followed us. The station was closed and in darkness, and the agent was away. There was not even a lantern with which to signal the train. So it was up to us to tramp another mile to the village, the Colonel remarking "Every time you turn around in this country it's a mile." We secured a carriage at the livery, and at 9.30 we rolled into it and started on the last stage of our trip.

We arrived at Beaverton at 10.30, just about all in, and unanimously agreeing that for varied experiences, that trip beat everything we had ever undertaken.

When Deer Hunters Go Duck Shooting.

BY E. J. MCVEIGH.

TO the man who never shoots I expect shooting is just shooting, whether it be deer or duck, flesh or fowl. But the old hand knows better. I have a great respect for the good duck shooter. The man who can go out and bring home a good bag of duck is about good enough for any kind of sport, but it is hard to get him interested in other kinds of shooting, and I think I understand to an extent the reason why. In my opinion the duck shooter is born, not

made. Most of us know something about what he goes up against in the pursuit of his favorite game, and I will not go into details, but I saw a pair of pictures some time ago that told the story short and clear. The first was the interior of an office with carpet, heavy upholstered chairs, beautiful desk, and pictures on the wall, with our duck hunter leaning back in his seat smoking a cigar. The second one showed the same man going up a dirty swamp creek

in a pouring rain, the most dismal heart-breaking thing you could well imagine. The first picture was called "This is where he works," and the second, "This is where he plays!" Yes, I have great respect for the good duck hunter, and a few of the reasons why you may learn from the short but over true tale I will try to tell.

My friend John and I had hunted deer together for many moons, and had some small respect for each other when we were out with the rifles, so when he stumped me to go after the festive duck I agreed, after he had told me of the flocks he had seen on the flooded lands on Cranberry Creek in the Province of Quebec. I had told him that what I didn't know about duck shooting would fill a book, and he replied, "Same here; but hang it all we can't miss getting some fun, and the ducks are so thick down there you could shut your eyes and kill them!"

This sounded good to me, and it is worth while being out with John if you never kill anything. So we made our arrangements and off we went. We stayed over night as near the creek as possible and long before daylight we were at the water tank where the railway crosses the swamp, and when the night freight pulled up for water the train crew were surprised to see us, and said so. Did you ever hear a freight train crew express surprise or other emotion? No; well you have missed something.

We had made most of our arrangements over night, and we now proceeded to fit up our boat in what we fondly imagined was just about right for creek shooting. First we nailed a piece of scantling across the bow; through this we had bored many 3-4 in. holes, and through these holes we stuck brush to form a hide. One of us would sit on the seat behind this with the guns, while the other used the paddle in the stern.

It was not yet daylight when we pushed the boat up the creek to the south of the railway, and on the edge of the first stretch of drowned land we came to, we backed into the brush to wait for the dawn. John had a double No. 12, while I had nothing but a single No. 16. May the man who invented it

never know joy! I know I won't meet him in the next world for I don't intend going where he is, but I would like to tell him a few things!

As the light gained on us we looked around for duck, and there out in the flooded field were a flock of seven or eight big black fellows. There was not sufficient water outside of the channel of the creek for the boat, and while we both had rubber boots, John's came up to his hips, and it did not seem that the ducks would let us walk up on them—in fact they were moving already. Therefore I told John to give them one barrel to get them up and we would take our chance of them flying within reach. Up they got, made a short circle, and went past us at about fifty yards. I pulled on the head of the string, one turned and came like a cannon ball straight for my face, I ducked, and he passed where my head had been and went into the water splash—behind me. John had not fired his second barrel, and he now turned and blazed at that duck with the muzzle of the No. 12 about six inches from the top of my head. The 16 had kicked me like a mule, and John's shot seemed to drive my head down between my shoulders, so that for a few moments I was not sure whether we had been shooting at the ducks or them at us, and my fellow assassin sat down and laughed as I felt at my shoulder and then my head. By the time I had satisfied myself that these parts of my anatomy were still attached to me the duck was showing signs of life, and I welted him on the head with the paddle and got him into the boat.

So far we had fired three shots, and had one duck, one headache and one sore shoulder. We now concluded to go down the creek under the railway and continue north to where we understood the ducks were more plentiful, so away we went with me at the paddle, and John behind the screen. I was not supposed to shoot, but I kept the 16 in my end of the boat. We had not gone far when as we rounded a bend, two ducks got up and started off in a considerable hurry. Forgetting all about rules and regulations I dropped the paddle, grabbed the sixteen and blazed away, and much to my surprise dropped one of them.

That sixteen was sure a deadly machine at both ends of her. We were all surprised at that shot; John couldn't have been more so unless I had plugged him in the back of the neck, but it put him on his metal, and when we backed into the brush where the creek overflowed further on he was wide awake.

In a few minutes a pair of ducks came up going full speed and before I knew what I was at he took them right and left, and they dropped within twenty feet of each other. "There," said he, "I knew you could get them if you held straight!" Alas! poor John, we picked up this pair and when I put them in the boat the first one was alive again and trying to get out. I gave him another wallop on the head and threw him back and on we went.

John was now at the paddle and I at the front. I don't know how many I had missed, but I had killed none in the next half mile, and was getting a little rattled when John yelled that the black duck was again getting out of the boat. That was a little too much, so when I got him in hand that time I removed his head, and that settled him, though I did catch myself taking an occasional look to see that he was still with us. John now took a hand, and I told him about how the sixteen reminded me each time I fired. He said he rather liked a gun that kicked some, and I told him here was a chance to shake hands with one. He is dead game, and the next time he punched a hole in the atmosphere it was with the sixteen, and he sat down with a grunt that was most expressive, while the reproachful look he gave me made me laugh until my own shoulder felt much better!

There is no use in trying to deny it, there is lots of room around a flying duck. And why this feverish haste? They will sit and gossip wasting time by the hour, but let them start to go anywhere, or nowhere for that matter, and if you want to connect with them you must pick out a spot in the ozone somewhere in advance of where you saw them last, and fire at that. If you are a good duck man the bird runs into something and is wrecked, and you pick him up just as if it was the most natural

thing in the world, instead of being a miracle. But if you are only a second rate deer shot you keep trying to plug him behind the shoulder, and mostly you hit him about six feet behind the end of his tail, and he just throws in the first clutch of the high speed and goes on at one hundred miles per hour instead of his slow jog of seventy-five.

We were now about a mile north of the railway and the Creek turns sharp to the west into more open country and we had a better view, so did the ducks, and they would go round us at a distance of two hundred yards in a most beautiful manner. I expect we looked more dangerous than we were really.

There were not many birds near us anyway, but down about a mile we could see a few flocks flying around and we kept moving in that direction until we saw a fellow come into our creek from a side ditch and go down ahead of us, and as he would likely put them up we backed our boat into the brush to wait for what might come our way. We were busy fixing our hide when a flock of at least one hundred duck came right over us from the other direction and we just grabbed the guns turned them muzzle up and let go. Say, it just rained duck! I think we had at least five different kinds down on the water at once, but do you think they stayed there? Not them. Some made for the brush, some got up and flew away and some went straight down. John and I, poor green horns, were so busy getting the boat out to pick them up, that when we did get out they were mostly all gone. There was one big black duck trying to reach the brush and I gave him a charge that turned him clean over, but he reached the point he was making for and down he went.

Talk about the nine lives of a cat, pussy isn't in it with a black duck, the one we had in the boat we had killed four times, and then cut off his head, and I was none too sure of him yet, while this last one I never saw again though I poked around the roots of the brush with the paddle for some time! Out of the lot that fell to that last broadside we finally got one small blue wing, and I chased him through the woods one hun-

dred feet, and I wouldn't have got him then if he hadn't got into water too shallow for diving.

I don't know much about duck hunting but what little I do know has given me great respect for the duck. I remember one occasion while I was partridge shooting in Ontario coming out on a small bluff on the shore of a lake, and as I stood there a flight of duck went by at long range and I dropped one. It seemed to be dead alright and I was wondering how I was going to get him, when he gave a kick or two and started straight for the foot of the bank where I stood. He was badly used up and came along his side, paddling with one flipper. I thought he was coming in to surrender, unconditionally, and I was just going down to help him up the bank when he looked up at me with a "don't you wish you may get me" sort of look, and down he went! So far as I know he is down there yet!

We had got back into our hide once more when we heard a shot from our friend down the creek, and looking down that way we could see the duck rising in clouds. I never saw so many duck at one time before or since. The air was full of them, and here they come, by tens, by fifties and by hundreds. How I wished for some of the boys I knew that are duck men! We did the best we could, but with that little devil of a sixteen kicking the stuffing out of me, and John trying to shoot three different ways at once there was a lot of lost opportunity running loose in that neck of the woods.

After the fight was over we went down to see where all these duck had come from and found an island of dry land of about two acres in extent, and from the signs I expect there had been a duck on every square foot of it at least. This swamp lies between the St. Lawrence and the Richelieu, and I expect the duck had come in from both sides, the flooded land being the attraction, and as the Government has since done considerable draining down that way the duck would not be found so numerous, but there was certainly a few there on the occasion to which I refer.

About four p. m. we headed for home,

and we did not have more duck than the boat would hold, but we had a few, and felt that we had been having a fairly good time. Going up the creek, in a narrow part, we ran the boat on to a stub that stuck up straight from the bottom, and there she stuck. John is not what you would call a real handy man in a boat, though willing and he took the second paddle to pry us off. He stood up and reached under until he got the stub, and with a cheery "now I have her" he heaved. As John is about twice my weight and was leaning over the side of the boat when she left the snag, he found himself a little off center and to save a header into the brink he frog hopped in the direction of the shore. He didn't go down further than his ears and the way he reached for the bank was a caution to cats! I was busy myself but I had time to see him claw up on to land, and he stood up with those hip boots full up to the top! They were water tight alright! I asked him if he was wet, and he said, "Oh, no, but say them boots were too short after all" and then he laughed. John doesn't swear, helaughs. I like it better than swearing anyway!

When I got in and stripped to change my clothes I found I was black from my elbows up to within two inches of my ears, and half way across my chest. I would like to say what I think of a single sixteen bore loaded for duck, and my opinion of the man who would try to use it might be interesting but our language has its limitations.

I never had but one experience in shooting duck over decoys, and while I cannot say much about it as a successful duck shoot, as a circus it was all right. To get the most benefit possible out of it I brought along a pair of domestic ducks and anchored them with half a dozen wooden decoys. The old drake took considerable interest in the new members of his harem, and seemed to think it was up to him to pay them some attention, and he would slide up to one bowing and scraping and when it would bob away in such an irresponsive manner he would put his head on one side and reason with that wooden image in a manner that left me quite unfit to hit a flying haystack, to say nothing of a duck!

How I Caught Buck Fever.

BY A. B. CRAWFORD.

I was much interested in reading an article in your January number, entitled "Algy's Fluke." It seemed so true to life that I was almost pleased to know that there were others besides myself who sometimes made flukes, but rarely such fortunate ones as that of which Algy was guilty. I had become accustomed to use the vulgar expression "bulls" to describe or emphasize my ill luck, and that happened almost as frequently as an opportunity presented itself.

It may not be good manners to write of one's self, but so long as I refrain from boasting, I feel that readers will be kind enough to forgive the writer for any evidence of conceit, which may present itself. Having experienced nearly all the conditions which surround the average hunter, sometimes suffering great hardships, and again in many ways realizing the greatest amount of enjoyment—the result of a successful day's hunt, a good supper, a bright camp fire, a letter from home announcing the welcome news "all's well," a good cigar, and the relating of many amusing incidents that transpired during the day, all have a tendency to cause us to forget our many little cares at home, not omitting our creditors.

Thus, my fourth annual deer hunting outing, found me in company of eight others bound for the North, with an over load of fully developed anticipation and a trunk full of clothes and curiosities, everything from a camera to a corkscrew included. Leaving Toronto at eleven p. m. we reached our destination at eleven a. m., next morning, glad to get out and breathe the clear frosty air, after having spent a sleepless night in an overcrowded and poorly ventilated Pullman. Having reached our railway destination we were not long in unloading our baggage and dogs. The latter seemed as fully pleased as we to be released from their close confinement of the previous night.

Some of us were detailed to load our baggage and provisions on two wagons that were in waiting for us, while others volunteered to lead in one or more dogs. This seemed like an easy task, but not so! A pair of strong dogs can keep a man on the jump, and sometimes on the run, and he has not always time to pick out the nice choice spots for his next step. For three miles this uncertain gait was kept up and I admit I was glad to be relieved of my charges when we reached the camp, and found everything in excellent condition, the guide having got everything in readiness for us, including a good soft bed of pine boughs. Soon after us, followed the wagons, carrying our belongings, with horses steaming from the exertion of their heavy pull up hill and down, through bog and beaver meadow, and over numerous corduroy bridges. We were not long in unloading, and then a scramble to get possession of our own goods and also a choice of location in the house. This having been accomplished in a partial manner, we then set about to assist the cook in preparing dinner. This important item on the program having been disposed of, each man wore a look of impatient anxiety; he had a pet idea that he wanted to realize on at once—one fancied he knew just exactly where he could get a deer, another had a new rifle he was anxious to try, still another longed to hear the howl of his favorite hound which was sweet music to his ear, and there were still others who longed to don their new hunting togs, which to say the least in some cases, were dreams extending well on into the nightmare. A calithumpian parade or a winter carnival might better describe the appearance of the aggregation when they lined up for final instructions from the guide and several others of the party, who were allowed to speak for a limited time at intervals.

Our first afternoon was spent in making preparations for the opening of the



THE WENTWORTH, (ONT.,) HUNT CLUB.

season on the following day. A tent had to be pitched on a range of hills about one mile distant from our house. This was convenient to our hunting grounds and intended for a meeting place, and as it was well heated with a small knock down sheet iron stove, it also afforded a cosy place in which to eat our lunch. One mile further on and we came to the shore of a beautiful lake. This formed the northerly limit of our hunting grounds.

All arrangements having been completed, our party returned to camp. The fresh air and the tramp through the woods had sharpened our appetites and we again enjoyed an excellent supper; having provided an abundant supply of provisions and a very capable cook—this part of our program was always well looked after. The guide attended to our dogs and after seeing that they were well fed and comfortably housed in an old root house, we all retired early with the alarm clock set for 5 a. m.

As the writer was accustomed to retiring late and rising late, he was the last to turn in, but before doing so, I was

greatly amused to hear the snoring from the different corners of the house in which the beds were situated. A reube band at a circus would be the nearest approach to a description of the discords—here a tenor, over there in another corner a bass, and at various places throughout the house sounds resembling a trombone, or a tin whistle, all helped to swell the discord—and I was told in the morning that I made more noise than all the others combined.

At six a. m. all reported for breakfast, and after having provided a lunch to take with us, trappings were soon strapped on and before it was yet daylight we were wending our way by the winding trail through the woods to our silent runways. The air was still and frosty and the smart walk soon warmed us up. As we reached our tent on the top of the big hill, we were glad to lean our rifles against a tree and rest a minute, as we arranged our plans for the day.

Bill, Alf and myself were detailed to proceed to the lake, and as Bill had been there the previous season, he volunteered to place us on the runways. When we



TROPHIES OF THE HUNT GAINED BY MEMBERS OF THE WENTWORTH HUNT CLUB.

reached the lake, the sight was grand,—the water as clear as crystal and smooth as glass, extending half a mile to the east, and a quarter of a mile across, surrounded by a border of pines, richly tinted on their lofty tops by the golden glow of the morning sun. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the shriek of a lonely loon, that gaily glided to and fro, taking an occasional dive to secure a speckled beauty for its morning meal, totally unconscious of our presence. The temptation to take a shot was hard to overcome but we were after bigger game and did not care to spoil our chances.

We were not long in taking our positions. We first left Alf. on the shore close to an old skidway. After wishing him all kinds of luck, Bill and I decided that I should walk up the shore through a dense thicket to a projecting point on the shore about three hundred yards further up. Bill had unearthed an old log, "dug out" from amongst a pile of driftwood and in this he decided to paddle across the lake to a point on the opposite side. This looked very risky as the old tub was water soaked and rolled like a cork.

As an evidence of how exact he wished to have his ballast, he asked me to give him two quarters for half a dollar which he had in his pocket, so that he might evenly divide the weight in each pocket. I wished him a safe journey, and we separated with instructions to remain on my runway until called for. I was not long in reaching my point, considerably warmed up after a lively scramble over logs and brush and through drooping limbs so thickly entangled that sometimes I was unable to proceed further and was forced to seek a new outlet.

I hurriedly unloaded my surplus trappings, and examined my Winchester, to be sure that all was in readiness. After taking a survey of the surroundings, I seated myself on a fallen log close to the water's edge with my rifle across my knees loaded to the breech and fully cocked. I was all ready. I pictured deer of various sizes coming from different directions. I had fully made up my mind what was best to do, when the time came for decided action!

I waited patiently but nothing came, 'cept the cold, chilly wind that sprang up and was blowing across the lake and

from which I was unable to find shelter. This state of affairs continued to exist for some hours. Still no sound of dogs and approaching deer. I was thoroughly chilled to the bone and wondered how much longer I could stand it without freezing to death. I looked at my mid-day meal, a frozen sandwich on a stump nearby, with fat pork and bread two inches thick. My teeth chattered and I began to wonder if the game was worth the powder, or if my guide had forgotten where he left me, when, suddenly a sound unusual broke the stillness. I thought a sudden gust of wind had struck the cedars near by, but glancing above, I noticed nothing to cause the noise. I hurriedly rushed to the shore and up about three hundred yards a fine buck had taken to the water and was swiftly plowing his way to the opposite shore. He was a beautiful specimen with a grand pair of horns.

Here is where I made my first "bull." I had been warned to let a deer get well out before firing, but I just simply could not wait. I raised my rifle and fired. I saw the splash of my shot in the water ten feet over his head. I fired again and again, I went high. By this time Mr. Deer had decided to turn. Crack! came the report of a rifle from across the water and again before the echo died out, I suddenly realized my fatal mistake. I had spoiled not only my own chances, but Bill's also, and before I had time to realize what had happened, the deer had taken to the tall timbers and my only satisfaction was that I got warm kicking myself for the next few minutes. Being then near noon, I was pleased to see Bill strike out from shore in his log to cross to our landing place at the skidway, where we had left Alf. I picked up my one course frozen dinner and wandered back, rehearsing in my own mind the roast that I would get; but it was even worse than I had anticipated for Bill had seen the deer take to the water, and he said it was making straight for him, and I suppose I should be thankful that he did not fire in the direction of my location.

The following day, a very interesting incident happened.

Three of our men were on a runway, stationed a short distance apart, when a

very large buck came straight down the course, closely followed by the dogs and running very fast. Dan, the first man, fired. Twenty-five yards further on, Hugh, the second man, fired, and after running another twenty-five yards, Talbert, the third man, fired and down came the deer. Naturally he claimed him. They examined the deer closely and found only one rather peculiar, long, ragged wound behind the fore leg with three holes through the skin. They came to the conclusion that all three had shot him in this peculiar manner. Another surprise awaited them, for on cleaning him, they found that only one bullet had entered the body, that one piercing the heart fairly through the center, and as traces of blood had been found after the first shot, it was finally decided, after a good deal of strong argument, that Dan, the first man, had shot him, the deer traveling seventy-five yards before falling dead; the peculiar appearance of the wound being accounted for by the wrinkled condition of the skin, when the fore leg was drawn back while running.

Two of the same men stated that the previous year, one of them shot a large buck and he ran eighty-three yards before falling, and his heart was shattered into three pieces, by the one shot that was fired.

Back to the runways on the third day I had another beautiful attack of "Buck Fever." I was fortunate in being placed in a pleasant location facing a natural ampitheatre, which gave me an excellent view for a considerable distance. After the usual routine of freezing to death for a couple of hours, the greater portion of which time I spent leaning over a huge log, that lay across my runway, I was revived by hearing the howl of the dogs in the distance. Closer they came! and closer I hugged the log. Soon I heard a crash on the hill top. I had not long to wait. Down the hillside directly toward me, came a nice deer. At a distance of sixty yards he stopped short, throwing his head high in the air to listen for the approach of the pursuing hounds, or perhaps to get a sniff of the bum cigar I was smoking. I decided that my time for action had come. Levelling my gas pipe at him, and closing one or both

eyes, I pulled. A loud report and a kick on the jaw was about the only result, for, on looking up, there stood the deer like a statue! I threw another shell into the breech, and fired again. Imagine my surprise when I saw his white flag flopping down the side hill! I won't repeat what I said, as I thought I could

shoot some; but discovered when it was too late that my rifle was sighted for two hundred yards and I was shooting over his head at sixty.

Kind readers of this crude attempt may be pleased to know that later I succeeded in capturing a good one, and thoroughly enjoyed my outing.

The High Power Rifle and Fatalities in the Woods.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE.

IN the days of the muzzle loading short range rifle, rifle shooting rose to the high water mark of perfection. The English speaking people were then noted for their deadly marksmanship.

In those days the hunter had but one shot to depend on. Time was required to load for a second. If the game fired at was of a dangerous nature it gave no time to reload, but rushed in to kill or to be killed. If of a timid nature the hunter rarely got a second chance at the same animal. Thus the old hunter soon learned three things:

First, if he was to get his game he must keep cool.

Secondly, he must judge distances correctly.

Thirdly, he must place his one bullet "where it did the most good."

Then came the long range breech loading rifle with its single ready loaded cartridge, but calling for the same care and skill in its use. Finally the repeater. To get game all that was required was to fill the magazine with cartridges and trust—not to coolness, skill and judgment—but to rapidity of fire while a cartridge remained and the game was in sight.

The first repeaters were low power, high trajectory rifles of short range. Not so the present high power, smokeless type, with its metal patched bullet, low trajectory, and high velocity.

Invented for military purposes it soon came into the hands of all sorts and conditions of hunting men, and its fearful work in the Eastern woods is constantly

before us. Rarely does the "lamentable accidents" in the hunting season fall below one hundred. The reports for last season show very little below the usual number. "Mistaken for Deer!" is the generally accepted verdict of the unsporting public. Practical riflemen and experienced hunters, however, hold a very different opinion.

Out of the thousands that annually invade the woods in the open season in the limited space for big game hunting—that is limited in space for the number of shooters in the Northern tier of States to the South of us where most of the accidents happen, very few are experienced hunters. The majority are amateurs—amateurs in everything that that word implies when used in connection with modern firearms and their careful use in the woods.

Even if all these thousands were experienced hunters, trained in woodcraft and with a perfect knowledge of the power and range of the high power smokeless rifle, "accidents" would still happen for we know that out of these thousands very few are, to use a rifleman's phrase, physically perfect. Some of them are color blind—many more are near sighted—and many, very many, are subject to that mysterious thing, "buck fever."

This fever is the stumbling block many hunters trip over in the woods when trailing, or in the presence of big game, and is the true cause of so many "accidents." According to the observation of some physicians, nerve has little to do

with this fever, that in fact they have had expert riflemen under their care suffering from neurasthenia (weak nerves) and they could shoot well at the height of their disorder.

No doubt, for there is nothing to get nervous about shooting at a stationary inanimate target. It won't run away. The range is known, time unlimited, steadiness essential. Steadiness is also essential to the hunter of big game, in fact more so than to the target shot, but unlike the latter, he has a great many things to excite him.

The desire, inherited from his savage forefathers, is strong in him to hunt and kill. To come suddenly, or even after hours of waiting, upon a bull moose, buck or bear in its native wilds, with rifle in hand, is to cause a peculiar feeling in the region of the chest.

The desire to possess the noble animal also causes another sensation of a different kind. These two, coupled with the knowledge that the range is unknown, time limited, and a feeling that he will lose it if he doesn't shoot quick, rushes through the sportsman like a whirlwind. The sight of this wild animal, the desire to kill and possess it, changes the steady, quiet man at the target, in the tenth of a second into a wildly excited being of blood and nerves. Everything is forgotten but the animal in front, and at this he sends shot after shot while a cartridge remains in his magazine, very often shooting after the animal has passed out of his sight—as I once saw a practical hunter do, so insane had he become with excitement. A moment afterwards he could have thrashed himself for he knew enough about firearms to know that he had done a foolish thing sending metal patched bullets travelling at a velocity of two thousand feet per second—*where he could not see*. But, experienced man though he was, he was in the grip of that mysterious something called "buck fever."

This fever attacks the best of men and causes them to lose their presence of mind for the moment. In that moment nothing that lives is safe within a mile of them.

In thick woods many hunters are confident that a bullet will not go far before

hitting a tree. This confidence is born of ignorance. If a metal patched bullet fired from a high power smokeless rifle at an angle of twenty-five degrees strikes the smooth surface of lake or ice, or catches the corner of a rock, or the side of a tree, it will glance off with nearly the same force it left the rifle, travelling at various angles until its energy is expended—perhaps a mile or more away. The metal patch being harder than the substance struck, the bullet keeps in shape. The ordinary lead bullet being softer, and having less driving power behind it, flattens out on one side on impact, and although it will glance off it has not kept its perfect shape and will therefore not go far.

It will be conceded then that this modern rifle is not the kind to place in the hands of all sorts and conditions of men. This mysterious fever attacks men in various ways. Some will come suddenly and unexpectedly upon game and without the quiver of an eyelid, drop it at the first shot. The same man will sit on a "runway" and listen to the baying of the hounds at a distance with perfect composure. Suddenly the baying sounds close. It is coming his way. The next moment a dark grey coated thing bounding like a ball between the trees, rushes past. The quiet composed man of a moment before is on his feet like a flash sending bullets after the fast disappearing deer. A moment before he told himself he must be careful. He was sitting close to a Government road, therefore it would be dangerous to fire up or down or across it. But with the fever strong upon him the innocent traveller on the road is entirely forgotten. The author of another "lamentable accident" is very often unaware that *he* is the author, nevertheless he is none the less guilty.

Then we have a few color blind and many nearsighted hunters. To go out and kill something is as strong upon them as upon their physically sound brothers. Were these men to hunt when the trees are bare of leaves they would not be so dangerous. But as the law stands in many of the Northern States at present hunting begins in September or October before the leaves are off.

October is the most dangerous month

in the year. The leaves on trees and bushes are then turning into the most beautiful and varied colors, making it most difficult for the keenest eyed of men to distinguish the difference between a deer's coat and the many different colored clothes worn by sportsmen. Here near-sighted and fever stricken hunters would require to be extra steady and careful. Moreover there are hundreds of men coming into the woods who if you asked them the color of a deer's coat in September or October could only look their surprise at the question.

I again repeat that "the mistaken for deer theory" is true to a certain extent only. The majority of accidents are caused by men in the grip of "buck fever" handling a rifle that was never intended by its inventors to be used among hundreds, perhaps thousands of people in thick woods. When one stops to think one wonders—not at the amount of accidents—but why there are not more!

It is the fashion to use a smokeless small bore repeater and to be out of the fashion is to be out of date, and laughed at accordingly. It would seem that the public require to be protected from itself.

As a sporting weapon on the plains after antelope or in the Rockies after sheep and goat its flat trajectory at long range gives the hunter a little better chance of success, especially if he is a poor hand at judging distances, and most of the latter day hunters are. They haven't time nowadays to learn the grammar of shooting.

For general shooting such as moose,

deer and bear in the Eastern woods—which are killed at short range—it is not one whit ahead of the black or low power smokeless rifle.

In the last shooting season I fired at a splendid buck at seventy-five yards with an 8 m m Mauser (not my own) the bullet entering the point of the left shoulder—passing diagonally through the chest to the last rib on the right side lodging against the skin. The heart and liver were torn to ribbons, yet it ran fully one hundred yards before it fell. The left shoulder and ribs were one mass of bloody pulp—unfit for food. A twenty guage cylinder shot gun using a spherical ball would have done the same work, and done it better. Many experienced hunters careful in the handling of arms have hung their rifles up for an indefinite period, and go into the woods—as one fine old sportsman explained to me recently—to shoot big game before the season opened—with a camera!

"I have come north"—said another still more recently—to hunt without being hunted." Sensible man! Here in the primitive forest of the Red man he could hunt in perfect security, sure of going home, and not going empty handed. Thousands are, and thousands more will follow his example.

Until a system of examinations and certificates are instituted sensible sportsmen will stay out of the woods where they have no protection against their reckless, ignorant fever-stricken fellow hunters armed with a machine gun which ninety per cent. know not how to use.

Alarmist rumors come from the west regarding the salmon industry. The present season is declared to be the most disastrous since records were kept. It appears that the red Alaska salmon have deserted their old grounds and the estimates are that not half the number of cases packed last year will be sent to the market this year. The sockeyes will show a great shrinkage and the loss to the fishing interests of the North Pacific coast is put at \$2,000,000. Making

some allowance for exaggeration it does appear that the present year will prove an "off" year though things appear worse in Puget Sound than elsewhere. James Calvert, of the San Juan Fishing and Packing Company, is reported as saying: "The salmon packer is about to quit for all time on the Sound. We cannot expect Canada to hatch sockeyes which have their habitat in the Fraser and its tributaries for the benefit of the American packers."

Hunting the Wolf Dens.

A Story of Old Ontario.

BY J. W. MISNER.

“**O** see the pretty deer !” called out a little boy, as he was playing outside with his elder brother one fine summer afternoon, about an hour before sunset, nearly eighty years ago.

The boy was the younger son of an early settler in the township of Townsend in the county of Norfolk, Upper Canada, now called the Province of Ontario.

“Where ?” asked the elder brother.

“Down in the sheep field,” came the hasty response.

“No !” exclaimed the elder brother,

“its a wolf and he is going to kill the sheep !”

Instantly the little fellows left their play,

and accompanied by the faithful old dog

“Tige” made for the field in an attempt

to rescue the sheep.

Their mother having heard the alarm followed in an excited manner.

She called back her venturesome offspring, who in their anxiety for the safety of the sheep, heeded not her anxious warnings.

In the meantime the wolf was dis-

porting himself with the sheep.

The latter were huddled closely together, and would start to retreat and divide when closely pressed from behind by the wolf, closing together again as he passed through.

He repeated this manoeuvre three times before the rescuing party arrived close enough to interfere with his operations.

The boys shouted at the top of their shrill voices and old “Tige” bayed fiercely.

His previous experiences with wolves however forbad him closing in on the animal. But as the party drew nearer the wolf started off on a careless run for the woods, and as he lazily climbed the fence seven other wolves, who had been watching the performance of their fellow in the sheep field, made their appearance. A long fierce defiant series of howls, followed by short, snappy, jerky yelps, came

from the pack before they entered the woods and disappeared.

There was much rejoicing at the departure of the wolves and the sheep were at once driven to the fold and made secure for the night.

Not long after the occurrence the family were visited by an old hunter and trapper who had had a long and varied experience with wolves.

As a matter of fact he was one of the first men to receive the bounties on wolf scalps offered by the Government of Upper Canada.

He was a Scotchman by birth and was familiarly known through all

the country side as “Old Wilson.”

The family related to him the story of the wolf in the sheep field and he explained that the wolf’s peculiar conduct was due to the fact that he did not consider the sheep field a safe place in which to eat a meal at that time of day.

No doubt he was trying to secure a lamb in order to swing over his back to run to a place of safety so that he might make a meal of it in peace.

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invade a hen roost, seize a chicken or goose, and flee to some place of safety before commencing his meal. On the occasion of the wolf's visit to the sheep field the lambs had been nimble enough to crowd among the old sheep and avoid him.

"Old Wilson" became a great friend of the family, and taking much interest in the boys he told them many things concerning the wolf. He told them that wolves in travelling have two objective points, perhaps a hundred miles apart, and that they travel continuously from one to the other. In some respects they are very conservative in their habits, and so long as food holds out they do not invade territory with which they are not perfectly familiar. If they are not disturbed in their trips between one objective point and the other they would arrive at given points with more regularity than the venerable old gentlemen with the long face and the plug hat known as the Circuit Riding Preacher who went through the early settlements in those days, dispensing spiritual comfort to the settlers.

The hunter claimed that very little success ever attended attempts to dispatch the wolf with the gun, the only successful methods of dealing with him being by trapping, poisoning or locating the den and securing the young.

His system of poisoning the wolf was to place as much strychnine as would dip up on a dime in the centre of a pill of lard the size of an egg, using care not to allow any portion to come in contact with the fingers—the wolf drawing the line at human scent. He greased the soles of his boots with a mixture of lard and scorched feathers, and trailing a fresh deer skin behind him dropped the lard pills here and there on the trail. The wolf scenting the trail and following it up would pick up the pill and swallow it at one gulp. In this way he would not get the taste of the strychnine and reject it. The lard would dissolve quickly in his stomach and death ensued in a few minutes. According to "Old Wilson," poisoning could be best affected in the open months, for at the season when he can catch deer the wolf prefers to do his own killing.

His system of trapping the wolf was

to disinfect the traps and chains of all human smells by smoking them in burning feathers or hair. He would handle them with clean gloves, and having well greased his boot soles would trail a deer skin or large piece of meat (fresh of course) over the trail to where he intended to set them. He would select some place where he could place a partridge on a limb or slanting pole over the trail. Setting this up five or six feet high and arranging it as life like as possible he would then set three traps four feet apart in a triangular position under the partridge. He would cover up the traps and chains and leave the place looking as natural as possible. He would then drag the deer skin over the whole and continue for some distance as though he had never stopped at the place the traps were set. Coming to the end of the trail arouses a wolf's suspicions and in addition he is liable to approach the trail from one end as the other. It is therefore far better to keep up the trail for some distance on both sides of the traps. As he approaches he scents and sees the partridge, and setting to capture it falls into one trap or the other, and often in floundering around he gets into all three. When visiting the traps do not approach them closer than is necessary to ascertain if they have been sprung.

About a year after his first visit "Old Wilson" called at the house, and telling the boys more about wolf lore he mentioned that they sometimes denned near the source of the "Nauticoke" and promised that he would return about the middle of the month of May and show them how to take young wolves in their dens.

The middle of May came and "Old Wilson" did not arrive. As day succeeded day disappointment grew greater particularly on the part of the boys, who had anticipated the hunt with much eagerness, and who now began to think and say unfavorable things about their friend's veracity. However on the last day of the month he put in an appearance and stated that sickness had prevented him from being with them earlier. He was afraid it was so late the young ones would have left their dens though he was willing to go with them and give the hunt a trial.

Accordingly a party was made up for the next morning. It consisted of the boys, two cousins about their own ages, and the fathers of both families. When they were all ready—in fact “too ready”—to start on the wolf hunt, they met with a disagreeable surprise at the outset. On looking over to see if all preparations met his approval “Old Wilson” demanded—“What the Deil ar ye gaun ta dea w’ a’ the goons? Ye a’ muckle pet them doon, and tak maur bannocks for yer bellies.” At first they thought it was a joke though they soon found him to be in earnest. As he remained resolute the guns were put away. He declared that he “would na gae yen step if the goons were na’ pet doon.” Therefore nothing but axes, knives, blankets, and provisions were included in the outfit of the expedition.

Late in the afternoon of the same day the party reached the scene of their intended operations. A threatening sky caused them to halt and in a hasty manner prepare a shack by utilizing the loose bark of a fallen pine which they had fortunately discovered near at hand. No sooner was the task performed than the rain came down in torrents and continued to so fall till midnight.

Towards morning the long drawn howl of a distant wolf was heard and at daylight the whole party were engaged in the search for the den of a wolf. “Old Wilson” then explained that the she wolf when approaching the den of her young always walks on all the logs possible in her path, and that the impression of her feet can be felt in the well rotted bark of the log under the moss. After locating a track in this way the distance from the pen can be judged by the frequency of the impressions of the wolf’s feet as they appear in the moss of the old logs.

After the explanation all spread out and began to examine the old mossy logs. In half an hour one of the boys sang out “Tracks!” “Old Wilson” came and examined the log and nodding approval exclaimed “Right ye air laddie.” He then gave orders for the careful examination of all logs containing holes or hollows for dens. After a time he shouted “Aboot, lads, the tracks ar a deen’ oot. We hae ganged too far.” A return

march was started covering new ground to the left and in a few minutes he shouted “Aye, that is better mon.” Almost at the same moment one of the men discovered at the butt of an old uprooted tree four wolf pups gambling together. They were in the sand at the root of the old fallen tree and playing in the same manner as the puppies of the domesticated dog are often seen to do. When seen they instantly bolted for refuge into the hollow of a log.

As soon as the alarm was given “Old Wilson” was on the spot. He gave orders for all places of egress to be located and plugged and made a thorough examination of the whole place to see that these orders were obeyed. Holes were then chopped in the top of a log to intersect the hollow containing the young wolves and locate the back end of the den where a hole large enough to strike through was cut to kill the young wolves as they were driven to the end of the pen with a long slender pole inserted through a small hole at the place where they entered the log.

The chopping had only been in progress a short time when some fun began. The she wolf suddenly appeared yelping fiercely and came to within a short distance of the party. The boys scrambled for safety and the men drew up their axes and faced the wolf. “Kep, on choppin’ mun; she’ll no farsh ye,” coolly remarked “Old Wilson.” They soon found out that the wolf would not remain in sight long at a time, and though she appeared and reappeared several times she would instantly retire to a distance of several hundred yards, uttering plaintive wails of anguish and despair, eventually disappearing altogether.

After the young ones had been killed, one of the men remarked “If we had only brought a rifle along we might have got the old wolf too.” Instantly “Old Wilson” retorted “Hoots, mon; dye think auld Wilson is sae daft as to kill the goose thot droppit the golden eggs!” He then declared that the same old she wolf would den again within a mile of the den they had just looted, and that he would come again next year and convince them that he was telling the truth.

He never came however. Ere the gentle breezes of another spring had melted the snows of the following winter "Old Wilson" had gone—gone forever. He had crossed the Great Divide that separates the living from the dead. Never again would he rob the nest of the goose that laid the Golden Eggs.

The remainder of the party, however, located a den the following spring—presumably that of the same old she wolf less than half a mile distant from the den in which they had killed the four puppies.

On this expedition rifles were taken along and the goose that had laid "Old Wilson" many a Golden Egg had passed into the region of the great beyond.

Time has removed all the actors in the drama I have just related, with a single exception. This sole survivor is an uncle of the writer, now an octogenarian and living in the State of Indiana. He is the little boy who exclaimed "O, see the pretty deer!" and had enough subsequent experience with wolves to learn a great deal about them.

How I Have Made a Success of Deer Hunting.

BY JACK MINER.

SO many people have written asking me for particulars of my trips, and how I have managed to be so successful, that I have claimed the indulgence of the Editor of "Rod and Gun" and asked to be allowed to explain, through the pages of the representative Canadian Sportsmen's Magazine, just how I do manage these things. As far as I can I will give hints to the novice which will enable him, if he will but pay attention to the lessons of experience, to enjoy a successful deer hunt himself.

In the first place allow me to explain what I mean by success. I do not measure success by the number of deer slain, though of course every hunter likes both to see and have a chance at big game. What I mean by success on a trip is to arrange one so that from start to finish there may not be one untoward incident, but the harmony, which means enjoyment, from the time home is left till the same home is reached again. On such a trip enjoyment and health go together and surely these mean success in a very large measure. A carefully planned and well arranged trip should ensure enjoyment for all who take part in it, and in the enjoyment of others we find our own highest and best pleasure.

Men cannot go through the experience of such a trip together without finding out the weaknesses and infirmities of

their fellows, and it says much for human nature when members of the same party will camp together year after year. When they can bear with each other at close quarters they are surely "jolly good fellows!" One need therefore to be particular as to who shall be admitted to such close partnership. The first essential to success is indeed a congenial party, every member of which is known to each other and upon each of whom all can depend. They should all find enjoyment in the same line of sport and there should be no "wet socks" amongst them. Care should also be taken that one at least of the members of the party should be an experienced hand with firearms, etc., and the others should be prepared to take their instructions from him. Some kind of order must be observed for the good of all.

Once the party is made up the question of outfit should receive careful consideration. A tent of ten oz. duck 12x14 or 12x16, with four foot walls, should be secured; and a smaller tent of eight oz. duck 6x10 likewise purchased. The first is for the living and sleeping tent and the latter for the provisions. When the smaller tent is placed near the door of the larger one there is all the cold storage any reasonable party can require. A sheet iron folding tent stove, weighing fifty pounds, to be used for both heating

and cooking, will be found well worth all the trouble and cost of transportation. A couple of chunks of wood from a green log bedded in the ground, will well support the stove and save much back bending, while the stove, if placed opposite the door, will keep the tent warm and comfortable at all times. A few green birch logs will keep it going all night to the great comfort of the inmates of the tent.

Each man should take at least one change of clothing and in this they will consult individual tastes let one say what one will. The clothes however for big game hunting in November should be largely of a woolen nature and with that proviso one need not be too particular as to the other details. One should however be careful not to select anything which will scrape on the bushes. For footwear I always take moccasins. One cannot pay too much attention to this question of footwear as comfort so largely depends upon it, and without comfort all pleasure in the hunt will be lost. I take moccasins of both the deer hide and oil tanned cowhide varieties, the latter being used in wet weather. A great advantage with the moccasin is that while wearing this kind of footwear one can cling to logs with the feet.

For firearms, a rifle from 30.30 up, a high velocity gun, is the most suitable. Experience compels me to believe that a bullet weighing 200 grains going at 2,000 feet, velocity is more effective than the 300 grain black powder bullet. My own rifle is a 33 Winchester, half magazine, firing five shots with a full set of Lyman sights. If I were buying again I would not purchase anything heavier than the 30.30. This size and weight is just about right for the sportsman who goes after big game. The gun should be tested before the journey is begun and just enough to establish confidence in it. I remember an instance of a man carrying a worn out gun for years. On sending it to me for the purpose of being tested I put five shells in. With the first I drove the nail in the wood but where the second one hit I have not yet found out. On my report the gun was discarded and a new one purchased, and the very next season with his first shot

he killed a fine deer. I would not carry into the woods a gun upon which I could not thoroughly depend.

By all means include in your provisions some breakfast food. We have found shredded wheat biscuits—or as our boys called them woven wire biscuits—most useful. They are easily prepared and with a little condensed milk are delicious and nourishing. In this matter as in others it is well to make allowance for individual tastes and you will find your expedition all the more successful if you will do this. A sack of flour, or bread, potatoes, condensed milk, and sugar, are all essentials, and each party will vary in making additions to this list. It is as well to cut out all canned fruit, etc., and by so doing one enjoys them all the more on the return home.

A good axe should by no means be forgotten, and the use of it should be left to the man who knows how to handle it. A cross-cut saw should also be included. This can be easily packed by bolting it between two boards half an inch thick and at least a foot wide. When in camp these boards can be hinged together and with four uprights will make an excellent table. A hammer and nails are most useful and with a few small poles and a few nails one can easily rig up conveniences enough for hanging up clothes and anything else required in the tent.

While a good lantern should be taken, as most useful in case anyone is lost a few pounds of candles should also be included in the et ceteras.

The camp site is a most important matter. If it is possible to find a knoll in small second growth by the side of a good living stream an ideal site will have been secured. As soon as the camp site is selected examine the surrounding trees and fall any one which might blow down over the camp. Don't leave anything to chance. You will enjoy your sleep much better if you have first eliminated all possible sources of danger.

Some hunters make their beds of poles raised eighteen inches from the ground and some on spruce boughs on the ground. I prefer the former and such a bed can be made with very little trouble.

A very important point indeed is where

to go. Canada is so wide that the choice allowed is very great. I would strongly advise any inexperienced party to locate in a burnt country where there is no danger whatever of any man getting astray, and where also the deer can be seen so much further than in a green country. Inquiries should be made for a district in which lumbering operations have been going on but have ceased for three years. All over the places where the horses have been clover and timothy will be found and such proves highly attractive to the deer. If at all possible the camp should be located at least ten miles from a point where lumbering is being carried on.

In 1905 I advised a party of inexperienced hunters to go to just such a place as I have described and tenderfeet as they were they procured the first week four deer of two hundred and twenty-five pounds each, making nine hundred pounds of venison in all. Needless to say they were quite satisfied with their experiences and in the light of the results highly appreciated my advice. Last season at the same place they procured twelve deer and eleven of them were bucks. In addition they also shot a fine moose.

For myself I never go where game is reported plentiful, for, as a rule, game is not only scarce in such neighborhoods but hunters are very numerous. Likewise take care and do not locate your camp within five miles of any other hunting camp.

The leader of the party should every day and on all suitable occasions throughout the day impress upon the members the value of caution. They should in all instances be sure what they are aiming at before they fire. It is impossible to overdo this portion of the leaders' duties. No gun should be allowed to be loaded within fifty yards of the tent.

Twenty-five shells should be ample for any man. Those who take more are apt to be careless. I have known a man to take three hundred rounds and many readers may imagine how relieved I felt when I knew that I was going to be three hundred miles from him. The man who cannot get his quota with twenty-five shells should have something inter-

esting to tell about when he returns.

Now we come to the hunt and the question is which method of hunting are we going to follow?

Shall we hound our deer and shoot them in the water or on the runway? Or shall we go quietly into their haunts and match our skill and woodcraft against their instinct and see who will come out ahead?

If we intend to try and shoot our deer in the water by all means use a smart, intelligent collie. There is no dog on earth that can get through the woods so easily as one of these noiseless, bobtail, short haired, swift running dogs. Such a dog will soon catch on to what you want and will take the track quicker than a hound. The collie will only bark by sight, and when he is following a deer—it doesn't matter whether it is the oldest buck or the youngest fawn—there are only two things for the hunted animal to do and not much time to think it over either—the deer has simply got to jump into the lake or fly. Runs with these dogs are short ones—so short you do not scare all the deer away, and your dog is with you ready to go again.

According to my experience hounding and shooting on a runway is not a very enjoyable kind of sport. Dogs get lost, deer are shot through the bowels, and when the dogs are not stopped, as very often happens, the deer get away and are not found. However if this is your way of hunting by all means have a tag on each dog with the name and location of your camp on each tag. This precaution will give anyone who finds a lost dog a chance of proving he is a man by returning your lost partner.

I will now tell you something of my way of hunting. Imagine we are in a burned country, well cut up with old lumber roads, which afford good paths etc. The morning is bright and frosty and the sun is beginning to spread its warmth against the south sides of the hills. A north wind is blowing cold though it is ten o'clock in the morning. Now ninety per cent of the deer are done feeding and are out of the wind taking a sun bath. The hills are so far apart that we cannot approach them from the south and looking north there is no snow to assist you

in seeing them. The brush is three times as thick on the south sides of the hills as on the north and consequently we cannot see the deer. Even if we could do so it would be only a chance shot that would hit a deer in such thick brush and so far off.

Taking all these points into consideration we will hunt across the wind and will keep just far enough down the hill on the north side in order that the deer may not see our complexion. Every hundred yards or so, and at every likely looking place, we will take a peep over. Now do not rush up the hills like I have often done. Walk right up to the very tip top before stopping to look.

Above all keep your gun in the shade of your body and don't crack a stick. As soon as you can raise on your tip toes and look over stop and do so and keep stopping and looking. Remember that you are not going to get a deer by hurrying and tramping your legs off.

At good points I often stop for ten minutes and very seldom indeed do I see a deer at the first glance. Look carefully all around and by careful scrutiny the deer can often be discovered. On one occasion I stood, and with my arms folded around my gun, moved nothing but my red head for fully fifteen minutes. Signs, however, were so plentiful that I felt sure venison must be close around. After waiting that length of time I was about to move into another likely point and gave a final careful look before moving. That last scrutiny showed me a buck lying down and chewing his cud not fifty yards from where I stood. This deer weighed two hundred and thirty-four pounds. Now I am not blind and am fairly used to the woods.

Why did I not see that deer the first time I looked at him? I had looked at him without seeing him at least half a dozen times. I mention this instance to illustrate the necessity of carefulness on the part of the hunter.

When hunting in a burned country I put in nearly half my time standing on such points and watching. On another occasion I stood within ten yards of a doe and fawn and never would have known they were there had not their own movements betrayed them.

Another advantage following from hunting in my fashion is that there is usually snow on the north side of the hills, and if there should happen to be an old buck prowling around you have all the chances in the world of seeing him first. In a case like that he won't be laying down and he won't be standing long in any one place. Likely enough he will be taking a little browse or you may catch him rubbing his horns or doing a little pawing. If the wind is not blowing too hard you may hear him at this work, for sometimes it appears as if they try to see how much noise they can make. When they are making such a racket they cannot hear you coming and then is your chance.

In case you jump a fawn stand perfectly still and watch every move the animal makes, and note particularly the direction in which he appears to be looking. If you will watch him carefully this is what you will see him do: He will run from ten to twenty yards and then stop and look at you. Whenever he stops, "freeze"; look straight at him without moving a muscle. In about five minutes he will begin to move his head and look in other directions. It is altogether likely he has been driven from his mother by a big buck, and now he is wondering if it is safe for him to go back. Probably he will start off again, take another look around and finally disappear. Follow him, for the chances are his mother is not five hundred yards away, and that her company is still with her. As soon as Mr. Buck Fawn reaches his mother's side you will hear her lover doing some tall snorting. A fawn is far more scared of an old buck than he is of you, if you will only behave yourself and keep quiet. By this means you will often be taken where you can get a shot at a fine buck.

On one occasion I was climbing a hill when I heard the clatter of hoofs. In a few seconds I saw a fawn coming down at a great pace. Running? Yes, he was running—running simply because he couldn't fly. His pursuer did not come down though I waited for some time. Later on I heard him making lots of noise, and when I went up to him he was rubbing a bush and snorting.

On many occasions I have heard hunters complain of the deer being wild. Why, bless your life, the deer are not wild; it is the hunters who are wild. Just keep your backbone between your shoulders, and your head on top and your natural blood thirsty sensations under control for a few minutes and you will be rewarded with a sight of the most harmless and cunning little animals of the deer family laying around in their natural homes.

Let me give you an illustration of how wild things can be tamed with a little care and trouble. Last spring I saw a wild duck alight on a pond near my house. This pond is one hundred and ten feet in diameter. My first thought was how could I get near enough if I wanted to shoot it. I may say right here that there is a doubt in my mind if I could have managed it had I wished to do so. But there is a time for all things, so when the old cow went to drink I took the calf's place and went with her, shelled an ear of corn, threw it in the pond and standing round on all fours (like a calf) soon had the duck diving right in front of me for the corn. We fed it over a week and the duck soon became more like a tame than a wild one.

Next we will take a hunt in green timber. It is in these places the deer will be found on a stormy day. Of course, we will hunt either against or across the wind and proceed very carefully, never forgetting our companions.

The deer uses his nose to protect himself and as we are trying to outwit him surely we can use our own nasal organs. The organ that is of such great advantage to him ought to be of a little service to us. All still hunters can and do smell deer. Now I am not going to tell just what a deer smells like though I would do so if I could. It is, however a sort of sickening smell and on a soft day one can smell them from fifty to seventy-five yards away, more particularly if they have been laying down and have just risen up. I never smelt a deer on a very frosty day. I know some readers may laugh at this. Remember however that I am writing of what I have seen and experienced and not what I have read elsewhere or been told. I have smelled deer so strongly

that I knew they were in the neighborhood, although neither my eyes nor ears helped me, and no tracks could be seen as a recent fall of snow had completely hidden them.

Guided by my nose I saw later on, standing under a spruce tree, not forty yards to my left, a beautiful buck. With bowed head he was looking me right in the face and but for the smell I should never have seen him.

When hunting in a thick place and you jump a deer but cannot see him keep cool. Perhaps you can hear him right close to you and running away. In such a case go right after him just as quickly as you can. When you have run fifty yards stop and look, or if you come to a clearing where you can see stop at once. The deer will stop at almost the same distance, and look back and he will do the same when he strikes a clear place.

I never follow the deer very closely, but cut around and approach him in about half an hour from another quarter. The deer will naturally look back upon the trail, but if you don't scare him much he will soon be as quiet as ever. He will not be scared for the reason that you stopped running before he did, and as a consequence he didn't hear you at all.

Always examine the spot where a deer was at the time you shot at him. If you scored a hit the ball will cut off hair etc. If you find you have hit him and he has run away don't follow for two hours unless you are sure he is hit in the heart or lungs. If a deer is bowled-shot he will run about two hundred yards and lie down (if he is allowed to do so) and if left quiet for the time mentioned it will be easy to slip up and settle the trouble. If disturbed at once the animal will get up and run for half a mile, and the second run will make it harder to find him. Our party has only lost one wounded deer that we know about in five years.

Never shoot does and fawns from the hills around your camp. You will find, if you exercise enough self control to act upon this bit of advice, that the bucks will keep coming and you will have good hunting to as large an extent as you require. At Warren, Ont., in 1902 our party killed ten bucks out of twelve deer shot. Mr. Leonard Malatt, of Kingsville,

Ont., a man who is sixty-five years of age, saw five bucks within one and a half miles of our camp on the last day we hunted. Don't carry anything loose in your pockets or have string whipping etc. around your legs. It is not that the deer will hear all these little tick tacks, but they will prevent you from hearing them.

Above all do not make hard work of your hunting. Take it coolly and quietly. Never get wild or you will scare the deer to death.

On a bright day always remember that the glitter from a gun very often tells the deer that you are coming. A deer will stop and look at a red coat, but if he sees a gun glister he is off and off at once.

You need not go to the woods to learn all your hunting. Just take the whole matter into your consideration at home, and you will find it a study that will interest you. One lesson you want to learn thoroughly—don't have so much more confidence in the other fellow than you have in yourself and you will be successful.

This article would be incomplete without something being said about moose hunting. I have had my heart's satisfaction in hunting these noble animals, and believe that I may write something on the subject that will be of advantage to the reader who wishes to hunt moose.

In north-western Ontario the best deer hunting can be had from one half to three miles on each side of the railway lines. Further back the wolves are so numerous that the deer are driven to the neighborhood of the settlements and the railroads. This is not the case with the moose. While, therefore, the deer hunters can do without a single guide I would strongly urge the moose hunters to employ such assistance. If you employ a guide by all means follow his instructions, but in case you do not secure one or have no wish for one I will tell you my plans and just how I manage.

A small tent and a light stove are the first things to consider. This outfit for five men should not weigh more than fifty pounds. Each man should keep his personal outfit down to seventy-five pounds, making the weight of the total outfit eighty-five pounds per man. In addition two good big canoes should be secured. An outfit like this can be carried with

ease over any portage in two trips. A river or lake should be selected from the lumberman's map which you must take care to have with you. Be sure and choose a place where there has been no lumbering for four or five years and where you never heard of any moose being present. These preliminaries being settled and the party made up try and start so as to be on the ground three or four days before the season opens.

Let us imagine that this programme has been carried out and we have our camp up and all arrangements made ready to open fire on the first morning of the open season. As soon as we get from five to ten miles away, or where the country is quiet, start looking for tracks along the shore. If you are hunting from a lake go to the end of the very last of all the bays, and then search the shore on either side. In some places you will find their tracks like cattle paths.

If these tracks are not over a month old and the country has been burned over, the bush not being too high—say from two to seven years' growth—set up your tent, using your axe as quietly as possible.

Make a start next morning and look around. Two should go hunting together and one keep house. Make first for the top of the highest hill nearby and take a good look at the country. Most likely a patch of green timber will be seen in the valley about one half mile to one mile back. Take out compasses and mark the direction. If the wind will permit work quietly in towards the timber. If it is a stormy day the moose will most probably be found in the shelter of the green timber, and if it is a fine day signs will be seen that cannot be mistaken. In moose hunting it is not necessary to be so careful as it is in deer hunting, and as the moose is larger and more easily seen and makes about three times the noise, it is so much the more easy for the hunter to locate his quarry.

If you jump a bull moose in the green timber and can hear him going take right after him on the run. He will stop and look back when he reaches an opening and when he starts again you should see him. In such a case his chances of getting away should be slight ones

Often two or three bulls are found together, and if you are careful you will both hear and see them and have all the chances upon earth of getting one. Moose are not hard to approach. Compared to a deer the moose is lazy and stupid and easy to see, hear and hit. I once saw fourteen or fifteen with their hair raised and their backs humped up watching their dying leader kicking his last—and I wasn't seventy-five yards from any one of them and I had to walk right up in front of them before they would leave.

On another occasion I shot one and its mate came walking out and smelled of it as it was floundering about with a ball in the butt of its ear.

If you see that they have got wind of you and slipped away without you hearing them go back quietly on your tracks and get right away. Don't stir them up again that day, but move back next day or the day after and you will most likely find them again at home. Never stir them up any more than you can help for once they do get thoroughly roused they don't know when to quit going. Never follow a frightened moose. He will go fifteen miles.

When there is snow on the ground the moose are so lazy they will not even go to drink, but will eat a little snow.

Always look for the unexpected in hunting and you will not be disappointed.

For carrying out the meat, use the oil grained sacks in which the flour and blankets were carried in on the inward journey. If time and circumstances will permit be sure and skin your moose at once. Cut around the neck first. Be sure and cut long enough well down on the brisket and open the neck on the back and never in the throat. Take the paunch out, and raise him on some poles if possible so as to let the air under him. Cover him with loose brush, pick up a light load, take out your compass and start back in exactly the opposite direction you came.

When about one hundred yards away stop and mark the country. All take notice of the kind of timber and the little lakes you pass. Don't get excited or you will not be able to observe the lay of the country. Never go over two

miles from your camp. Above all keep quiet and do nothing without good reason.

If you do get rattled stop where you are and build a fire. You will soon get cool if you keep quiet and argue the matter out with yourself. At the hour set for a signal shot go to the top of the hill and listen. If it is too windy for you to hear take it easy till the wind calms down or the dawn appears. Never leave your fire; your companions will come to find you. There is no danger whatever of this happening if you use your compasses as your guide and not your head.

As soon as you get your moose make preparations for your return for fear of a freeze up.

To sum up: You will have no difficulty in getting your moose if you will go back to where he lives. I have shot moose when we were camped by the railroad track though this is not very easy to do and by far the best plan is to follow the advice I have given.

Several correspondents have written to me asking me as to the taste and value of the meat of a bull moose. Well, to tell the truth, it takes a lot of freezing and thawing before it is tender, and even then if it is not a young bull a good deal of chewing will have to be done before it is eaten.

In camp we often hear the expression "Pass the little bull down this way again." It is the little bull that tastes the best.

I wish to give the strongest caution against going out on these treacherous little lakes in a storm. No time is lost by waiting.

Always have your companion in mind when you raise your gun.

These cautions I cannot repeat too often and I trust sincerely that every reader will attend to these cautions and profit by my experience.

"Oh," I think I hear you say, "you haven't told us where you hunt after all!" Well, there are from thirty-five to forty of us who go from Kingsville every year on a special car and some of the boys have given me a warning against giving our ground away. All I can say in addition to the style of country I have advised you to choose, is to go to North

Western Ontario, where there are no dogs and very few other hunters to bother us and where big game is plentiful. I believe all who follow the advice given in this article will not regret it and I repeat

that the whole of it is founded upon actual personal experience.

Mr. Miner and his last three seasons (1904-5-6) hunting trophies appear in this number as the frontispiece.

Alpine Club Notes.

BY THE SECRETARY.

THERE is a steady demand from strangers in Canada and the United States for the Alpine Journal of Canada. Scarcely a day passes without some letter asking for a copy.

Among the applications taken out of the jar left on Mt. Aberdeen by the President, is one forwarded for membership and signed W. E. Hardy, Lincoln, Nebraska.

The latest application at the present writing is from Dr. J. W. A. Hickson, Montreal, whose qualifications for active membership are: ascents of Roger's Peak, Swiss Peaks, Mts. Stephen, Temple and Lefroy. Dr. Hickson has climbed also a number of peaks below the ten thousand feet mark, among them an unnamed virgin peak near Bagheera in the Selkirks. The ascent of Lefroy was made in August of the present season, with Peter Kaufmann and Edouard Feuz, Jr. as Guides. This mountain has not been climbed for three years. The party "left the Chalet at 3.05 a. m. and reached the top of the Abbot's Pass at 7.40. The snow was in very bad condition. At 10.25 we were on the summit of Lefroy; got down to the pass again at 11.45; and after resting there and enjoying the superb view for almost an hour reached the Chalet at 3.40 p. m."

Mt. Lefroy has been attempted once or twice this summer, but owing to bad weather, parties turned back. The climbing season has been unpropitious on the whole, and there was great disappointment by climbers who waited weeks for clear weather. The Club had the pick of climbing days during the meet in Paradise Valley

The President has been invited to be

the guest of the English Alpine Club, during their Jubilee festivities in December; and it is hoped that he may see his way clear to accept. The English Club numbers 400. Ladies are not admitted. The Alpine Club of Canada now numbers 300. To be sure its qualification for membership is much less stringent than that of the older Club; but ere a half century passes the standard will be much higher and the membership will be many thousands with a separate branch for scientific work.

A feature of the Camp in Paradise Valley was the Photographic Exhibition. The Exhibitors were as follows: Mr. Wheeler, the Messrs. and Miss Vaux, Mrs. Henshaw, Mr. Bridgland, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Warner, Mr. Kinney, Mr. Freeborn and Mr. Yeigh. The first prize, a lady's ice-axe, was carried off by Mr. Wheeler; and the second, a gentleman's ice-axe, by Mr. Bridgland. The judges were Mesdames P. Burns and O. Prest and Messrs. J. D. Patterson, Bennett and Comstock. Two of the exhibitors, Mrs. Henshaw and Mr. Harmon, did not compete. Many very beautiful photographs were shown, but those winning the prizes fulfilled all the conditions of the competition in regard to subjects. The subjects were as follows: Two mountain landscapes (forest, water, mountain); one group of figures (in camp, climbing, or travelling afoot or on horseback); one landscape with cloud effect; two Alpine landscapes (snow, ice rock-berg.)

Owing to the great depth of snow on Horseshoe Glacier at the head of the Valley, it was not possible to secure any data in regard to its movement. Mr.

Wheeler went into the Yoho Valley and examined the plates placed by him on Wapta Glacier in 1906 ; and Mr. W. S. Vaux made his annual observations on the Illecillewaet Glacier in the Selkirks.

At the Camp-fire entertainments, three members of the Yoho Camp were much missed : Miss Edna Sutherland, Mr. Stuart Solomon, of Cape Town, and Dr. A. M. Campbell, of Winnipeg. There were songs and hymns every night, notably the hymn "Unto the Hills around do I lift up" ; a mock trial "The King vs McTavish," with great merriment ; an impromptu newspaper "The Alpine Herald" with Mr. Yeigh as editor-in-chief ; a concert with some humorous impromptu songs ; and two evenings were occupied with Club business.

We are not to forget however, that climbing mountains, studying glaciers, and exploring valleys and passes are the main, if not the sole, programme of the Annual Camp, and the brain and brawn of every active member is supposed to be devoted mainly to these things. This is what the President expects. At night he is the last to close the fold-skirts of his tent, and the first to open them in the morning. All day he is everywhere, doing a thousand things, missing nothing

but his meals. Rather he would miss them if Mrs. Wheeler did not keep a sharp eye upon him.

The latest donation to the Library of the Club is : "The Playground of Europe," by Sir Leslie Stephen ; and "The Alps from End to End," by Sir Martin Conway, the gift of the Secretary. The Library now counts nineteen volumes nearly all of them valuable books. When the Club House is finished, these books will find a permanent home. Several donations of value have been promised for the museum. Several donations to the Club House itself would make the President's eyes shine ; and every pair of eyes in the "Active" list.

Apropos of "Active," Mr. Freeborn wrote a chorus for the Camp, to suit the melody of "Sailing, Sailing" :

Climbing, Climbing,
Over the ice and snow ;
With axe and pole,
And resolute soul,
To Canada's peaks we go :
Sliding, striding,
Back to the Camp at night ;
Our work is done,
Our place we've won ;
We're "Actives" now by right.

Parties of Toronto excursionists and campers have had some pleasant times on Spectacle and Mowat Islands, nine miles west of Parry Sound. The only party on Spectacle Island consisted of Mr. Walter Sparks assistant superintendent of the city delivery at Toronto postoffice, his sons, Wilmot and Douglas, Dr. B. E. MacKenzie, of the Orthopedic hospital and his son Wilfred. On one occasion they had quite an exciting experience. During a terrific storm at night their boat was swept from the beach, leaving them without a craft. Next morning they rigged up a raft with their table and two logs and were in the act of setting out for Mowat Island when

some friends came along and helped them to search for their boat which was found in a rocky cave about a mile and a half distant. During their three weeks on the island they caught two hundred fish including pike, maskinonge and bass. Amongst the campers on Mowat Island were Professor W. O. Forsythe and family of the Metropolitan School of Music, Toronto, Professor and Mrs. Wenger of Chicago University, and a party of sixteen teachers from the public schools of Toronto. This method of spending the vacation proved highly delightful to all and the campers, despite the drawbacks of rain and storm, thoroughly enjoyed their experiences and returned to duty all the better for their sojourn in the out-of-doors.

Our Vanishing Deer.

BY DR. V. A. HART.

MUCH has been said on the above subject, and much will be said, too often by people who have not given the subject much close study. Unfortunately our legislators are usually too busy to examine for themselves, and consequently have to depend largely on what is said by writers on the subject, who are often men earning their living by the pen and take up game protection as a new subject without studying the conditions practically. Many observant settlers who are in closest touch with wild animal life could tell us a great deal about the vanishing deer but from a conscious lack of education we seldom hear from them. I confess I felt some timidity in attempting this article but having been born a hunter and having always lived in a deer country, I think my opinion should be worth something at least.

If we go back one hundred years we will find the States south of us plentifully supplied with deer, which often furnished food for the settlers. Then those States were cleared, and cultivated, and behold where were the deer? In fact we do not need to go back one hundred years, nor do we need to go to a foreign country to find history repeating itself. We can take the Province of Ontario, in its older parts, or my own county of Simcoe and we have the same cause and effect. The early settler had daily battles with the forest and in due course won the victory. The forest growth was abundant all over Ontario which offered splendid feed and cover for game of all kinds. As I said the people cleared away the forest, and in fact for their own good in the future they cleared too much away, and in so doing they established the first and greatest step in the history of our vanishing deer. It was not only deer that vanished but all kinds of game were similarly affected. There is a tremendous amount of what might be termed sentimental rot, not only in connection with deer, but also with the buffalo, yes and even with human life in

the Indian. Who would want to wipe off the map those beautifully cultivated agricultural districts, with their towns and villages, so as to give wild animal life a chance to grow and flourish? The people who first settled on this continent acted the part of a great policy, in that they saw no reason why a few hundred thousand of Indians should occupy a territory, only using a small part of it which would support many millions, living in a higher civilization. The same argument would hold good against white men under similar conditions. Naturally it has been and will continue to be our vanishing Indians; but as they can live under the same conditions as white men if they would, they are directly the cause of their own vanishing. Not so our deer. One eloquent divine, who writes entertainingly, particularly with his limited knowledge of this subject, almost sheds tears because on a visit to the prairies of our country, he could see the deeply cut paths of the now practically extinct buffalo, but no buffalo. What in the name of common sense would we do with thousands of buffaloes stampeding across the prairie at this time? Were this the case people would have to destroy the buffalo for the protection of their crops. The buffalo has gone but we are the winners, for thousands of people have made homes on this fertile prairie and are producing wheat on lands that might otherwise have been a huge buffalo preserve. Still we deprecate their destruction and believe that with proper protection they could have been forced back to the more Northern plains and thus delayed the inevitable. Some one might ask do you mean that to apply to our own deer when they can now be protected while they are plentiful? Yes I mean deer as well as buffalo; yes and I might add that soon the place to find a pure bred Indian will be in Heaven. These changes are in the dim future but they will come. As old Ontario is in game so will new Ontario be in the near future, regardless of protecting

laws. There is a law which knows no protection but which is the survival of the fittest, which will clear New Ontario as has already been done in the old. The law I mean is commercialism. Where our deer are most numerous today, will in a very short time be taken up with mining and smelting of ore. True we have an immense park which will help us for a time, but when valuable minerals are found there our Government will be compelled to throw it open, and will thus destroy it as a game preserve. The Government will have no more right to tie up a large tract of country, thereby making it non-productive than have the Indians, or buffalo. Are our deer compelled to vanish? Yes in time. The laws of late years have been generally good, and have checked wholesale slaughter, and from time to time amendments will be made, some of which will be good, others bad, but I will refer to that later on. I would like to say here a few words about the different modes of hunting, first considering runways and dog hunting and see what effect the latter has on our subject. Runways—what is meant by the term? There is an idea abroad, among people who do not hunt that runways means paths in a wood along which deer always run when chased by dogs, and all that is needed is to have a guide place the hunter alongside of one of these paths, go back into the woods with the hounds, put them after a deer, and the simple minded inoffensive deer will run down this path to be shot. This is a snare and a delusion. I have hunted for thirty years and have never in that time seen more than two or three places which could be called runways in the above sense, and those places which were such because of peculiar geographical conditions, usually in the formation of rock, where for quite a distance deer could only cross a ledge in one place. When the place is watched by a hunter the deer soon know it with the result that your runway ceases to exist, consequently the runway idea is a myth and is quite a hit and miss affair. No crowd of hunters in a large bush see half the deer run by the dogs, much less shoot them; deer can take care of themselves pretty well.

Many people profess to have an

idea that dogs are responsible for our vanishing deer, and some claim this as the chief reason for their vanishing. We ask ourselves why should dogs be responsible? Are they so clever and swift that they can catch the fleet footed animals? Or it is because by chasing the deer with dogs the hunter gets an easier shot? Or does a dog frighten the deer to death? Those of us who have hunted with dogs, and have had chances to see how deer run when being chased would laugh at the idea of a dog catching an unwounded deer. A deer to keep clear of the dogs when being chased by them, seldom runs more than a few hundred yards without stopping and turning to look at the cause of their alarm. Dogs could do a lot of harm if allowed to run in deep snow, when they probably might catch a deer. If they cannot catch a deer in the open season, how then can they harm them?

One writer eloquently describes the manner as follows—"The dogs chase the deer until they get heated up, then they plunge into a lake or river, thus getting chilled and large patches of hair comes off, and the poor animals perish in the cold weather." Oh ye Gods; What wisdom is this? If people who have studied natural history should read such a thing, would they not smile? I am not an authority along such lines but my impression is that they would have to lay in the water from seven days to some months at that season of the year and be dead at that to get such an effect on the hair. The same writer refers to the Whitestone river district and as I have hunted there during the last five seasons, I am here to say that no deer need get warm before getting away from the dogs, because deer can cross water within a few minutes at any time, and according to the above named writer's opinion if not heated no harm will be done.

Of course in the same sections deer can avoid water and thus get heated if they want to, but they seldom do. Does the chasing of deer with dogs give an easier shot so that there are more deer killed? It is hardly necessary to say that a deer bounding through the woods (unless you should be lucky enough to catch him in one of his steps as before described and then his

nose and hearing usually prevents such a mishap) makes a difficult shot. Of course most hunters when they get back to camp, especially if they have had limited experience, always think that they wounded their game badly, but I know that I more often miss than hit even at the close range of say fifty or seventy-five yards, when a deer is running in heavy timber, but at the same distance with the deer standing I think that I can kill every time. Then surely we can conclude that the dogs make vastly fewer kills of deer because of the more difficult chances obtained by the hunter. Then if the dogs cannot catch the deer, and if they do not heat them so that the water kills them, and if they make the shooting more difficult what should the dogs be blamed for? One thing else remains to answer viz — Do they chase the deer out of the country? I hardly think so. If they were chased out of one section they would fill up some other where they would not be chased, but they do not do so.

Some years ago when deer were scarce in this section of Simcoe county we who hunted knew pretty well how many deer we had to hunt as the pieces of bush we had to hunt as the pieces of bush were small, and we could pretty nearly watch them grow during the summer. When the season opened we could run those deer and if we missed them one morning, we could go back to the same place and start them again the following morning, and this in a first class agricultural country where the dogs could chase the deer for miles, before encountering any water larger than creeks that a man could jump over. Deer will remain in one locality if there is cover in spite of man and dogs. Why then should dogs be blamed when they are not guilty?

This brings us to the dog's cousin the wolf. Here we have a cause of complaint. The wolves are not tied up in winter, when the snow is deep and they certainly are blamed for a lot of damage, and I think rightly so, because they operate when the deer practically have no chance for their lives. The does are carrying their young, and with the deep snow must be an easy prey to the wolf. One recent writer concluded after seeing a little bunch of hair and some bones on

the shore of a lonely lake that this particular deer met its fate at the hands of wolves, but this conclusion may be on insufficient data. Our party found in our hunting section adjacent to the White-stone river eight or nine carcasses or rather the remains of that many following the very severe winter of three years ago, and this is another and significant reason for our vanishing deer. However we believe that wolves are destructive of deer life but only when the snow is deep in the winter and the lakes and rivers frozen over. There is an Indian proverb which says that "fawns one day old, man can catch, two days old, dogs can catch, and three days old, devil can't catch."

Another reason for our vanishing deer is the killing out of season, by campers in the summer time, settlers any old time as well as Indians, and killing by paid hunters for the logging camps. In past years many logging camps had men employed to do nothing but supply the camp with venison, hundreds of deer having been killed by one man during the winter. I think this particular branch is pretty well a thing of the past except in the farthest outline of camps, and it may not be practised there as I have no knowledge of this condition. Some settlers some winters have gone out and killed a half dozen deer at a time and brought them in and fed them to their pigs. Then the Indian also knows no law, and if he would take them only when needed for his own food it would not be so bad, but a sample case was reported in "Rod and Gun" a few months back where a bunch of Indians went out early last winter and killed over thirty deer selling the whole to the miners in and around Cobalt.

Then the summer tourists thinks he has a license to kill everything that is in sight, and our cousins across the border to the south are not one bit worse than our own people, for not only deer but grouse are killed, and at the present time the latter are almost exterminated in those sections in which the summer tourist locates. Grouse do not need nearly the amount of cover required for deer and they might be kept with us for a good while yet, if proper steps were taken.

I would after mentioning the effect of

chasing deer with dogs like to refer to still hunting which is the proposed cure for our vanishing deer. Still hunting,— what is meant by the term? There are two kinds of still hunting, only one of which is practised to any extent. The absolute variety I will speak of first, which is that very scientific kind practised by exceedingly clever hunters, mostly on paper but some times in the woods. This is where like Sherlock Holmes, you see a track and having made a sufficient study of all conditions, you decide what the deer is thinking about, and then undertake to follow your game, even for miles if necessary, till you creep upon your unsuspecting game, and while the deer is sleeping or feeding, you sneak-like shoot him in his tracks. Of all the mean acts of man this always appears to me to be the meanest. How closely such so called "skill" resembles the actions of the wild Indian on this continent in the early days. Our Forefathers seldom knew when leaving the block houses, when they would be shot from behind a tree or shrub. It was equally true that that method used to give the best results when plying the same unsportsmanlike game. To the true sport it is not the amount of game so much as the outdoor life combined with the difficult sport. However, in still hunting all is not gold that glitters and when following some particular track, you suddenly find where your game meets with two or three others, and they will track up enough ground to make you think that the bush is alive with deer, and when you find one singled which you proceed to follow, you soon have a repetition of your former experience. Often being unable to follow an individual track, you turn your scientific (so called) still hunting to the kind usually practised which is as follows—A man of this particular work taking advantage of wind, travels slowly and noiselessly through the woods, which means to keep off twigs etc, which would crack when stepped on, keeping his eye open and paying very little attention to tracks. Every little while he will sit down for a time then move along for a distance, then stand still, watching sneak-like to catch an unsuspecting animal standing still, until some other hunter doing the same thing

detects a movement and at once a rifle ball or a load of buckshot is thrown at what is taken for a deer, but too often a man is killed and loved ones mourn the loss of a husband, son or father. I am free to admit that it is usually (not always) an inexperienced hunter, who does such a fool trick, and strange as it may seem, the same man if shooting at a deer would in ninety per cent of the cases never touch it. Such a shocking affair seldom if ever happens while hunting with hounds. I lived for six years in the upper part of Michigan and hunted there, and each year the State had a long list of fatalities, while in the State of Wisconsin the number of accidents (so called) were still greater. We occasionally have an accident but it is almost always while still hunting, one case occurring only a few miles from our camp on the Whitestone about two years ago. While still hunting, the number of people killed and wounded is appalling while in hunting with dogs, even the worst enemy of such hunting never claims anything worse than a few extra dead deer. Fancy putting all the deer in Canada against one man, and that man a whole souled specimen of manhood, which hunters generally are. Our party can get all the deer they want without dogs as we are not of the tender-foot variety, but I would rather go into the woods with dogs and without a gun, than to be permitted all the guns needed and all the game that I could kill. Some one may say that I am prejudiced and consequently not in a position to give a valuable opinion. We are always prejudiced on any subject upon which we have an opinion, but I am attempting to give my reasons.

There is another kind of a still hunter, which is neither fish nor meat. I mean the man who is too mean to feed a good dog, and too lazy to hunt for himself away from other hunters. He always tries to hunt near where dogs are running and as there are no paths along which deer run he places himself on some prominent spot, often heading off the owner of the dogs, and actually exerting himself, to the extent of running from one prominence to another where he might think to have a better chance. Of course

he gets buck fever or else he would be too lazy to move quickly. I am willing to provide sport for men who love dogs well enough to feed them at home in months when not in use. The above so called sports returning home boast that they were still hunting and consider hound hunting unsportsmanlike. We need a detachment of Michigan and Wisconsin still hunters to give these fellows their proper deserts.

How can we keep the deer with us for the longest time, believing that they must give way to the mass of people now filling up our country? I would suggest that with our present law a close watch be kept on the deer district from the commencement of the close season till the commencement of the open season. Game wardens are not needed during the open season, because there is no hunter going into the woods without being armed with a license to bring out a deer should he have the good luck to get one, and just here I would like to say Amen to the Rev. Dr. Murdoch's suggestion that local game wardens are useless.

After enforcing the law in the close season, I would prevent killing deer in the water, for the same reason that I would not allow still-hunting viz.—that it does not give the deer a chance. By stopping the killing of deer in the water you stop the only danger to deer life by using dogs, because the deer will take to the water when they get good and ready. I am told that a wing shot would not be guilty of shooting at a sitting bird, and we should aim at giving the deer some chance for their lives which cannot be done if killing in the water is allowed.

The style of killing does not require any skill as a gun is not needed, and all that is required is to be able to handle a boat or canoe. Then I would allow one deer per man, making no exceptions as to fawns. The allowing of only one deer to a man would protect the fawns inasmuch as if one deer only is to be allowed then the hunter wants a fair sized trophy, and the fawns would not be allowed to rot in the woods, as will be the case this year. There are times when the most experienced hunters will not be able to tell a good sized buck fawn from

a small doe, and if the young deer be shot it will be left to rot under the present law. On different occasions I have shot what I thought was a doe, when shooting, and on getting my game found that I had a year and a half old buck. Let us save the deer as much as we can but let us find the proper means of doing so without risking human life for the cause of sport.

In Mr. McVeigh's recent letter (most of which I have covered fairly well) he states,—“In hunting with dogs you usually get the smaller deer while the old fashioned buck jumps aside and gets away!” Such a remark sounds most ludicrous and inexperienced but of course Mr. McVeigh is a still hunter and does not know the ways of the dogs. We hunters know that during the first two weeks of November the mating season commences and the bucks are continually roaming about in search of the does which are usually hidden up in the dense timber, the six months old fawn naturally being with them. So the buck track is usually picked up first and in my experience of thirty years we have almost always got more bucks than does and fawns together. An inexperienced dog is not usually misled by Mr. Buck jumping to one side nor does the buck associate with a fawn at that time of the year unless the doe is there also.

The Rev. Mr. Murdoch quotes several States of the Union as having a law against the running of dogs and consequently infers from that, that a strong reason exists why we should do likewise. I would like to state right here and now, that Canada has no need to go to any state in the Union to get a lesson on what laws, to make, how to make them, or how to enforce them, and the above mentioned writer likely knows something of it, and probably more than I do. If Michigan, Wisconsin or any other state wants to prohibit the running of hounds let them do so, and let them pay the penalty in human blood. Then let me sum up briefly as the cause of our vanishing deer.

1. Lessened cover and gradual crowding for commercial purposes. Forcing the deer into new districts, rather than decreasing their numbers.

2. Their favored haunts taken up by summer tourists.

3. Illegal killing.

3. Destruction by wolves and severe winters.

5. Too generous game laws.

Remedy :—

1. Limit bag to one deer per man.

2. Stop water shooting where any

form of water device is used in their pursuit.

3. Encourage destruction of wolves by increasing bounty.

4. Rigid enforcement of game laws by competent and well paid wardens.

5. During severe winters hay to be distributed in proximity to deer yards.

6. Organization of Protective Associations.

BY E. S. SHRAPNEL, A. R. C. A.

THE recent numbers of Rod and Gun have interested me greatly, especially the controversy connected with the hunting of game with dogs. The few remarks I have to make with reference to the same are without prejudice as everyone in the protection of game of all kinds has a right to express his opinion or experiences. Having had nearly fifty years hunting in the different Provinces of Canada, I may possibly be permitted to give my ideas as to the causes of the growing scarcity of game of all kinds.

I have read the articles referring to the subject both with regard to still hunting and the methods of preferring the use of hounds, and I unhesitatingly give my preference to the latter for the following reasons :

First—Deer that are occasionally chased by a hound, or hounds, are generally shy and on the alert and keep a respectable distance from the haunts of men, thus making it more difficult for the sneaking still hunter to get in his work.

Second—From personal experience, and that of three others who hunted with me for a couple of seasons in the Muskoka District some years ago. We found that on an average no more than two deer were killed for every six that were run down by our hounds, and after two weeks' hunting we only secured seven deer mostly does and young bucks. The next year we hunted in the same locality for the same period, leaving our hounds at home, when our bag numbered fifteen, mostly large bucks. The snow was on the ground on both occasions, and from indications the number of deer about the

same. I find little pleasure in still hunting. One feels guilty of meanness when taking aim at an animal perhaps feeding or lying down ; or otherwise unexpecting danger, Personally I would just as soon shoot an old cow grazing in a pasture, as a deer when feeding.

Third—If we refer back to the most ancient history connected with hunting we find our most faithful companion, the dog, associated in almost every case with man. There is music in a good hound's baying, that to a true sportsman is exciting in the extreme. Whether he is successful or not in getting a shot at the flying quarry he returns to camp satisfied, as he has heard Nature's music from the distant whimper, gradually increasing to a humming sound as the chase leads into deep gorges. When along higher ridges the notes ring out like quick sharp yells, perhaps mellowing again as the deer takes to the more dense forests in a wide circle, and is often so far distant that all sounds of the hunt is lost, perhaps for a few minutes or may be half an hour. Then again the distant humming gradually increases in volume until the weird echoes of the true hounds, bellowing bay makes the very atmosphere quiver with its vibrations.

Deer about sixteen years ago were very numerous even within a mile or so of the city of Victoria, B. C. Prior to that time deer were hunted with hounds from the little beagle to the regular buck hound. Suddenly the Government stopped that method of hunting, and still hunting was resorted to. The consequences soon became apparent,—the deer became com-

paratively tame, encroached on the farm lands and were shot on sight by the farmers at all seasons of the year. When the hunting season commenced the still hunters had an easy time securing all they desired. My nephew killed twenty-seven deer in three days, and had to give them away as venison was so plentiful that no one cared to buy it.

In severe winters sometimes there is a heavy snow fall on the mountains in the interior of Vancouver Island. There the deer are driven in large bands to the coasts where the Siwash Indians slaughter them by the hundred just for the skins, which they dispose of for twenty-five cents each. They shoot Elk just to secure the head if the horns are good, to sell to visiting hunters. The does they kill just for the sake of getting their teeth.

These are some of the reasons why the deer are vanishing.

There are others, viz :—If a man secures a miner's license in British Columbia he can kill all kinds of game at any time of the year. The wolves which are plentiful in most wild districts worry and slaughter that species of game far more than they are generally given credit for. On the bank of the Muskoka River some years ago I counted fourteen carcasses

of deer killed by wolves, — this while walking only about three miles. The snow was about two feet deep with a crust, which would not bear the weight of a deer. Last year a friend of mine on a hunting trip on Vancouver Island in two weeks counted the remains of forty-five deer evidently killed by wolves.

Then again the panthers that are numerous in some parts kill numbers of deer, and also sheep and calves in the farming districts. There is a bounty here of \$7.50 for their scalps, and only \$5.00 for wolves, which in the opinion of nearly every body interested in the subject is not half enough to induce professional hunters to devote their time to trapping, poisoning, or shooting them.

We have fairly good laws for the protection of winged game in British Columbia but it is very difficult to enforce them owing to the extensive districts, and the limited number of game wardens.

The article I noticed in one of the recent numbers of "Rod and Gun" saddling all the blame for the extermination of deer on the canine race, only shows that the writer was lacking the experience necessary before giving such a decided opinion, which is contrary to that of those who perhaps have had as much experience, if they are not so self-opinionated, on the subjects referred to.

A murder trial, much out of the ordinary course, is being conducted in the far north. The circumstances illustrate very forcibly the great differences between present day civilization and the beliefs still prevailing amongst the Indians. The men who are being tried are Joseph and Jack Fidler, who are respectively the chief and medicine man of the tribe of Crees living near Sandy Lake and trading with the Hudson Bay Post at Norway House, and the charge against them is one of murder. These particular Indians hold fast to the belief that when a sick person becomes delirious a spirit or "Wendigo" has entered into them and if the person dies naturally the "Wendigo" escapes to the woods, and frightens away the game with the result that famine follows. Last spring a sick squaw became delirious and at a meet-

ing of the tribe the chief and medicine man were appointed to strangle her in order that the spirit might not escape with the passing breath but remain imprisoned in the body. A piece of canvas was placed about the squaw's neck and then the noose of a rope. The latter was tightened by the two leaders of the band, the ravings of the woman were stopped, the evil spirit was imprisoned and the game preserved. When the task was over the executioners were, according to custom, handsomely fed by the parents of the victim. The defence of course is that the men were simply following the custom of their forefathers, and were unable to understand that they were guilty of wrong doing. The execution of the duty they had performed was considered a high honor and the men believed they were only doing their duty to the tribe.

Netting Fish in Nova Scotian Waters.

THAT the fishing laws are not thoroughly enforced throughout Canada is pretty clearly evident to our readers. Much is being done, but more remains to be done and we are constantly in receipt of communications tending to show that further steps are necessary if our fisheries are to be maintained. Amongst other experiences we have received those of Messrs. Fred & Lance Purcell of Halifax, N. S. These young men possess a folding canvas boat and early in July set off on an exploring trip, not too far from home, but quite

far enough to give them hard work and good appetites.

Their boat is eleven feet long and weighs sixty pounds and was built in Dartmouth, N. S. They reside within ten minutes walk of the North West Arm and after putting their boat together rowed down about five miles to Ferguson's Avenue. Here they folded the boat,

carried it over through wood, bush, etc., to Pine Island. The fishing here is usually good and the fish captured very large. On this occasion, however, the lily beds were so thick that they did not fish much but continued the trip. Portaging down to Herring Avenue, a distance of about two miles, carrying the boat over portages from almost ten yards to about two hundred yards, or worse, paddling through water, etc., they

caught about one dozen fish in all. For the whole time the scenery was fine. Before turning back they made a find. At a place where there was a strong force of water they found rope and a herring net stretching across the runs. These had evidently been left from the spring fishing as the net had been torn through the centre by the force of the water. In the view of the Messrs. Purcell the net (which it is needless to say they thoroughly destroyed) gives an explanation of the sight, too often seen, of countrymen going into the Halifax market with

a couple of hundred trout to sell. This netting spoils fly fishing and will destroy the whole fishing before long. This is the second occasion the Messrs. Purcell have made such a find, the previous one being in a lake to the east. From Herring Cove the return was quite adventurous.

Every minute the little craft was threatened with swamping

by the big breakers but the canvas boat rode triumphantly over them all and after three hours' hard rowing the occupants returned to the place from whence they had commenced the voyage. Every reader will agree with the closing remark of the Messrs. Purcell. "Our lakes and rivers are not fished as the laws prescribe and it is quite time the authorities took steps to ensure the carrying out of the laws."



A FAVORITE FISHING POOL.

How the big fish get away was related by Tweedles Howell, son of F. J. Howell, of Hamilton, Ont. On a fine afternoon in August the young man was seen to upset from his canoe. Six row boats appeared from all quarters of the com-

pass and the first picked up Howell while the next brought in the canoe. Howell said he was fishing and got such a big one on his line that it pulled him over. His great regret was not his wetting, which he didn't seem to mind, but the loss of his big fish.

A Novel Bear Hunt.

BY WILLIAM CARRELL.

PERHAPS your readers will be interested in the story of a novel bear hunt in which I took part, where the bear for a time became the hunter instead of being hunted, and which, although it finished all right furnished a good deal of excitement while it was in progress.

In the grey dawn of a lovely morning in August, 1889, the lines of the tug Seymour were cast off the dock at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. and she started on her journey down the St. Mary River. More than one of us thought as we looked out that the day was ideal for a pleasure cruise. Not a ripple marred the surface of the water which looked like a polished mirror as the light of the fast awakening day fell upon it. The crew of the tug however had something else than pleasure to occupy their minds. In the course of their daily employment they were bound for Sailor's Encampment on Neebish Island for a large tow of saw logs which they were to take to Cheboygan for the Reid Lumber Company.

Passing Little Rapids to the east of the Soo they soon reached the head of Sugar Island and on rounding a bend of the river the full glory of the morning burst on their view. The sun, which had just risen over the top of the high wooded hills, was reflecting the polished surface of the river in dazzling splendour. Nothing appeared to mar the beauty of the scene ahead. The glittering placid water and the varying tints of the trees which lined the shore presented pictures which did not lose their power even on those most used to them.

There was no sound with the exception of the puff-puff-puff of the exhaust steam from the engine and the lapping of the water against the sides of the tug as she glided along on her course under the guidance of the man at the wheel. Now and again a dark cloud of smoke issued from her stack as the fireman plied his hot and grimy work deep down in the hull of the boat. The members of the crew were taking it easy, sitting round

the dock, chatting and breathing in the fresh pure air of the morning. Soon they passed Garden River where there is an Indian Reserve, and one of them at least imagined he could smell the perfume from the scented or Indian grass which grows in great abundance in the neighbourhood. The Indians weave this grass into fancy baskets and mats which meet with a ready sale amongst both residents and visitors.

Turning another bend the scene changes and the broad expanse of Lake St. George comes into view. Here is seen a long procession of large upper lake steamers and their tows hurrying to the head of navigation on Lake Superior, that great fresh water sea. As they passed some of them looked as if a good sea would send them to the bottom, so deeply laden were they. Away to the south west the large dredges could be seen at work on the Hay Lake channel which was being deepened. The United States Government have undertaken the duty of both deepening and lighting this channel in order to allow vessels to pass up and down in safety during the night—as they were unable to do at the time of which I am writing.

As we cross the lake we pass beat after boat, some crowned with tourists and others deeply laden with coal. After entering the Neebish Rapids we neared the Encampment where the rivermen have been busy booming up the logs for their journey across Lake Huron. Another bend in the river and the tow comes into view. Soon the tug is tied up at the dock and the welcome sound of the dinner bell is heard. A hungry healthy lot of men speedily do justice to the first class meal the cook has set before them. Dinner over they fill their pipes and hurry on deck anxious to get away as the weather looks threatening and a tow of logs is not a nice thing with which to be caught out on the open lake in a blow.

The lines are accordingly made fast and after seeing that everything is secure the rivermen hurry across the logs to

the Island, it being arranged that the tug is to pick them up on her return trip. With waving of hands to the men on shore they are off again, their progress this time being much slower as they have about three millions of feet of logs behind them. The wind too, blows with increasing force, and after rounding another bend and entering Mud Lake they find it blowing quite hard from the south east. This makes their progress slower than ever though they still proceed at a fair pace, passing steamers upward bound, their captains and crews anxious to get out of the river before dark. The day is drawing to its close ere they have crossed the Lake and when they reach Detour, a lumbering village at the mouth, it is, as the sailors say, pitch dark with not a star to be seen, and the wind, which has been rising ever since they left the Encampment, is blowing half a gale.

Passing Drummond Island, the tug has just poked her nose out into the lake when the captain concludes his tow would be safer tied up at the dock in Detour than battling with the sea then running out into the open lake. No sooner was the order given than the tug was put about and boat and tow soon tied up at the dock. When all is safe the crew are not long out of their bunks where they enjoy a well earned rest.

With the first streak of dawn all are astir, and after a hasty breakfast the lines are cast off again and a start made down the river. In a short time both tug and tow are out on the bosom of the lake. What a change has taken place with the passing away of the night! The night before all was dark and dreary out on the water but the morning has broken calm and serene. Save for a slight dead roll no one would know it had been blowing hard only a few hours before. Off to the southwards the treacherous Spectacle Reef could be seen, while in the south west Bob-a-lo Island (Bois Blanc) was showing up.

The day passed uneventfully and after a pleasant trip both tug and tow were taken into Sheboygan. By the way this town is said to have derived its name in a curious manner. A good many years ago when the Red man held sway in that part

of the country, an Indian and his squaw lived there. They were blessed with quite a number of boys but no daughter appeared on the scene. Every spring a fur trader who came that way made it a practice to call upon them and always asked the same question—"Well, John a girl this time?" to which query he invariably received the same answer, "No, Sheboygan." In this way the name was given to the place and it has so remained. A supply of coal was taken in here and the return trip commenced.

They arrived in Detour about daylight and proceeded on up the river to the Encampment where they tied up until the rivermen got their camping outfit on board. Let me say right here that if it ever happens to be the privilege of any readers to travel with a crew of rivermen they will find them a whole souled, jolly lot. For all their rough ways and still rougher speech they possess big hearts and open hands and are always willing to help a friend in need.

As soon as they were settled they started to make things lively, singing, dancing, and playing tricks on one another. All these were taken in good part and as a result high spirits prevailed amongst all on board the tug. Just as they were nearly through the Neebish Rapids one of the river men caught sight of a bear in the water. Immediately there was a great uproar amongst them and nothing would do but for the tug to give chase to the bear. As soon as the Rapids were passed the tug was headed for his Bearship and quite an exciting chase ensued. There were no firearms on board and the Captain thought they might as well give up the chase.

The river men would not hear of doing this and as they insisted on their way the Captain very diplomatically allowed them to do as they pleased. They lowered the yawl boat from the roof of the deckhouse and soon had her over the side. No sooner had she touched water than in their mad rush they nearly upset her. Will Reid, who was boss of the gang, succeeded in quieting them a little and selecting four of the number to do the rowing took his place in the bow armed with a formidable axe. All this time the bear was swimming strong and making

his way steadily towards the Island. The rivermen put all the power of their brawny muscles into their rowing and succeeded in cutting off the bear from the shore.

When the bear perceived that he changed his course and started to swim in the same direction as that for which the boat was heading. Closer and closer they came and the boss rose to his feet and braced himself for the blow which he meant would end the chase. As they ranged alongside, Will, giving a long sweep of his powerful arms, aimed a mighty blow at the bear's head. Quick as he was in sending the blow home, the bear was quicker still. His head disappeared under the water and the Boss, missing his blow, went over after him losing the axe in his plunge. The bear came to the surface first and as he saw the man's head appear he made straight for him. Then pandemonium was let loose for a time. With shouts, splashing of the water, and thumping of the oars they endeavoured to distract the bear's attention from the man and to keep the two apart. In this endeavor they found a capital supporter in Will who with a few powerful strokes put the boat between himself and the bear. As soon as he was near enough eager hands were stretched out to him and he was dragged into a place of safety.

Meantime the Captain of the tug, impatient at the delay, was keeping up a steady whistling for their return. The men's dander was now up to the highest pitch and they resolved to capture the bear by hook or by crook. First they voted to return to the tug and get another axe and were about to carry this project into execution when one of the men suggested that they lasso Bruin and take him along. No sooner said than done. A running noose was made of a piece of line which happened to be in the yawl and after several attempts they succeeded in getting it over his head. This being accomplished they started for the tug with many whoops, their captive swimming apparently quite contentedly after them.

On reaching the tug they all scrambled on board and tied the end of the line, which was round the bear's neck, to one

which they had made fast to the tow post. With a good hearty pull they started to help Mr. Bruin on board. He however did not need their assistance but came over the side like an old hand. When he reached the deck in a lively fashion there was a scattering match amongst both crew and the rivermen. Some dived down the companion way leading to the men's sleeping quarters and others made for the engine room, leaving the whole deck to the bear.

As soon as the boat had reached the side of the tug the Captain had given the order "Full speed ahead!" and the vessel was soon speeding on her way to the Soo. His Bearship, after shaking the water from his coat, started on a tour of inspection, and to the consternation of the captain and the man at the wheel poked his nose in the Pilot-house window. Then he tried hard to climb in but the rope was not long enough to allow him to do so. It was however quite long enough to cause both captain and wheelman some very anxious moments. They had not the slightest desire for a closer acquaintance and would have preferred being with the rest of the crowd could they have left their positions. Something more than the call of duty kept them at their posts. As a matter of fact the bear was on the same side as the door and this made their escape impossible. They had perforce to face the music and wait for results.

The men in the engine room poked out their heads and enjoyed the fun. They were vastly amused at the scare given to the Captain and Wheelman and were lavish in their advice to these two individuals as to what to do under the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves placed. By and by however the whole crowd began to feel the want of refreshments, and particularly was this the case with those who had undergone such violent exertions. They all knew that as long as Mr. Bruin was roaming around there could be no supper for them. But how to get rid of him was the question. Not a single one of those who had laughed at the Captain and Wheelman felt inclined to go out and ask him to quietly retire until they got their meal.

A long discussion took place, and plan after plan was suggested only to be rejected for the want of those who would or could carry it out. They became more and more hungry and the prospects of relief seemed gloomy enough. At length one of the more daring stole out of the engine room and climbing to the roof of the deck house got his hand on that good friend of all rivermen, a heavy peevy hook. His spirits and his confidence arose as he felt the familiar weapon in his hand.

With caution he made his way to the roof of the Pilot house and watching his opportunity when his Bearship was busy trying to get in the window, he plunged the pike of the heavy peevy with such force against the bear's head that it penetrated its brain and all was soon over. Speedily they hustled up the cook and had supper, after which they set to work to dress the animal and found him to be very fat. His coat was a beautiful glossy black. After getting him dressed they laid him out on the low lines at the stern and started to clean up the deck, which they had dirtied in their work.

On arriving at the Soo they carried Mr. Bear to the scales to see what he weighed and were surprised when he tipped the beam at three hundred pounds. There he was hung up in the warehouse to cool off before skinning and cutting him up. It was decided that each man was to have his share of the meat, and every man had his mouth measured before starting for home. In their dreams that night they tasted, in anticipation, of the feast they were to have next day.

Bright and early next morning the crowd was on hand for their share of bear meat. They soon found that the old proverb, which says, "there's many a slip betwixt the cup and the lip" was true, and they suffered from a disap-

pointing illustration of it. Imagine their surprise when the door was unlocked and opened not to see the bear where they had left him hanging the night before!

They tried to believe that Joe Trempe, who took charge of the dock, had hid the carcass for a joke, and for a time consoled themselves with that thought. When Joe put in his appearance they all pounced upon him and wanted to know what he had done with their bear. They further informed him that if he did not speedily trot it out they would dip him in the river.

Joe, however, stoutly maintained his innocence in the matter. He declared in terms both loud and long that he had not seen the bear since it was hung up the previous night, and couldn't imagine where it could possibly have gone. At length under combined threats and persuasion he remembered that a large steam barge had been in the night before for a load of coal in order to carry her up the lake to Duluth. He could not give any other possible explanation of the disappearance of the bear except to imagine that the crew of that steam barge had stolen it.

Plenty of evidence came to light afterwards, which confirmed Joe's story. It turned out that the men loading the coal had seen the bear and coveted it. Under cover of the darkness they dumped him in a wheelbarrow and covered him with lumps of coal. In the darkness the trick was unnoticed and the men got off with their prize.

The crowd expressed themselves in such forcible language as would not look nice in print, and vowed vengeance on the crew of that barge if they ever met. That vengeance, however,—like their hunger for bear meat—has not, up to the present, been appeased.

Sport In British Columbia.

FROM all parts of the great sporting Province of British Columbia come excellent reports of experiences and prospects in both fishing and hunting. The game generally is reported as

being more plentiful, and there appears no doubt, from the number and tenor of these reports, that mule, black tail, and white tail deer are more numerous than two years ago, and also, at any rate in

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the Lillooet district, that sheep are on the increase.

A good many non-resident hunters have visited British Columbia this year. In the Cassiar district there were 25 at one time (all that could be accommodated with horses and guides.) Included in this number were Lord and Lady Hindlip and Lord Beauclerc.

In Lillooet and Chilcoten districts there were twenty-one non-resident hunters, amongst this number being Lord Vivian and the Hon. R. Vivian.

Vancouver and Kootenay have also received a fair share of tourists.

The fishing for big salmon at Campbell River has attracted a greater number of tourists than ever. This year, in addition to a number from England and the United States, there have been visitors from New Zealand, Australia, the Straits Settlements and India.

Probably owing to no seining being allowed this year the fishing has been

better than last year. The largest fish taken this season weighed sixty-two pounds and the second largest sixty pounds. A considerable number weighing from fifty to fifty-five pounds have been caught, and the average weight of the big fish has been a little over forty-one pounds.

A remarkable feature of the year has been the sentencing of a Japanese to pay a fine of \$300 (three hundred dollars) and costs for using dynamite in the Capilano River. The severity of the fine was due to two causes: First, evidence was produced to show that the man had committed this offence on more than one previous occasion; and secondly there was a strong suspicion of perjury in endeavoring to prove an alibi. A good many convictions for breaches of the fish and game laws have been obtained and some heavy fines inflicted amongst which may be mentioned that of a man killing four deer out of season, this man being fined \$100 and costs.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

A Wonderful Record.

It is astounding to think, in the wonderful perfection of the automobile of today, that the history of the industry in the States only dates back to 1900. Less than a decade has served to bring into the very forefront an industry whose possibilities of developments appear to be unbounded. In 1903 the era of prosperity set in and each succeeding year has shown such wonderful advances that it is hard to realise how short is the history of automobile manufacturing in the States. Everything in the past has been surpassed by the business done in 1907 and if this record can be maintained in the future the automobile industry will become one of the finest in the country. Up to the present something like three hundred concerns have been engaged in the automobile industry although the representative manufacturing firms have been confined to a list of one hundred and fifty makers. Out of all this number and in a new industry, there have been only eight failures, including but one important firm, which occupies a unique position, inasmuch as its assets largely exceed its liabilities and its difficulties are entirely due to the stringency in the money market.

American Exports Exceed Imports.

It has been evident for some time that American exports of autos would soon catch up and pass in value and number the autos imported. According to the figures given out by the Bureau of Statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor for the fiscal year ending June 1907, this has now been accomplished and the United States stands next to France as an exporter of automobiles. For the year mentioned the imports totalled four and a half millions of dollars and the exports five and a half millions, and in addition two hundred and sixty-

five thousand dollars' worth went to the over seas' possessions of the States. The ratio of growth is much greater in the exports than in the imports, and there seems every reason to believe that this will continue in the same way. France, Italy, the United Kingdom and Germany supplied the imports in the order mentioned, no less than three millions of the total coming from France. The feature of the exports is the heavy shipments to the the tropical sections. About one-fourth of the autos sent out go to the horseless areas of the world including China, Japan and the tropics. In 1905, the latest year for which figures are available, France exported automobiles to the extent of nearly twenty millions of dollars nearly half going to the United Kingdom, one and a quarter millions only to the States and the rest to twenty different countries.

The Pekin-Paris Race.

Further particulars by no means detract from the honor due to Prince Scipio Borghese the winner of the Pekin-Paris Race. The ground traversed was no less than six thousand nine hundred miles and the time occupied was two whole months. The journey was a triumph for the Italian car, the only important repair during that long and trying period being the replacement of a wheel. The Prince declared that he underwent no thrilling experiences except when a bridge collapsed and the contestants were lucky not to fall into the river. A banquet was given at the Auto Club on the evening of Saturday, August 10th, on which date the Prince reached Paris, and a display of fireworks and an open air illuminated parade of automobiles, in which the Prince's car formed the central figure, followed. Supplies were sent out in advance from Pekin and placed at various points along the route

so that an unbroken line of communications could be kept up. The route was from Pekin westward, across the Great Wall, skirting the Khugan Mountains at their southern foothills, then across the desert of Gobi to Missoya on Lake Baikal, to Nijni Oudensk, through Kensk, Tomsk, Obi, Omsk, across the Urals at Zlatoul, and thence through Brisk, Elabouge, Kasan, Nijni-Novgorod, Vladimir, Misen, Smolensk, Barahoritch, Vasovic and Posen from which point there are several well laid roads to Paris of which the automobilists were allowed their choice. The cars taking part in the race included an Itala, Coutal, two Dion-Boutons, a Panhard and a Dutch Spyker.

Supplying the Demand.

A Company has been established in New York having for one of its principal objects the "furnishing of bail for our subscribers, or for their chaffeurs, in cases of arrest for violation of speed or other traffic ordinances." Surely the mode of scorching has not become so general that it is necessary to insure to find bail in cases of offences. If a man is insured in this way will he feel free to go as he may please through any place and defy any country constable? In the complexity of our modern civilization it is wonderful what new wants we develop and how ready some people are to meet these wants.

Tarvia for Road Making.

Further reports have been issued as to the successful use of tarvia on the roads of both Boston and Chicago. Tarvia, it may be stated for the enlightenment of some readers, is coal tar at a certain stage of refinement and its use is believed to answer the new problems of road maintenance brought about by a heavy automobile traffic. The park authorities of both Boston and Chicago are convinced from actual experiments that by treating their roads in this manner they can allow autos in the parks. Not only are the roads so treated smooth on the surface but are also dustless, and that is such a great advantage that even the general public can share in it. With dustless roads one of the disadvantages

of the automobile will have been eliminated.

Commercial Autos In Europe.

Reports from Europe continue to show wonderful extensions in the use of automobiles for commercial purposes. Gasoline and electric trucks are now largely used and their use is extending every day. The taximeter cabs are however making the greatest progress. These are light in construction, of medium horse power and very easy to control. Their cost is only from ten to fifteen per cent above that of the horse cab and their superiority is far in advance of the horse drawn vehicle.

Italian Cars Win in Italy.

The last of the great Italian races for 1907—the Floria Cup and the Speed Cup contests—have been run and in both cases were won by Italian cars. The French cars were unable to stem the tide of Italian successes, and Italy, the latest accession to the list of great automobile producing nations, has made another decided score. Both contests were run over the Brescia circuit and four nations—Italy, France, Germany and Great Britain, competed, the Isotta-Fraschina winning the Floria Cup and the Itala the Speed Cup. Unfortunately the meet was marred by a fatal accident. The steering gear of the car driven by Baron de Martino suddenly broke with the result that the Baron, who was only thirty years old and was a well known amateur automobilist, was thrown with fearful force against a tree and instantly killed. The course was about 290 miles long and the time in the first case was four hours, 39 minutes and 53 seconds; and in the second place 4 hours, 37 minutes and 36 seconds.

Postal Collection and Delivery by Auto.

Milwaukee has established and worked an auto mail collection and delivery service with great advantage and the Postmaster believes that in five years every first class city in the States will have a similar service in operation. So many inquiries have been made that the Post-

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"Ailsa-Craig," winner of New York-Bermuda Race, was equipped with Kingston Carburetors

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MONTREAL

TORONTO.

master was afraid the Department would not thank him for being too enthusiastic and as a consequence having too many calls upon them. He, therefore, "made all he could" of a few minor accidents they have had in Milwaukee though he could not but admit the huge success of the experiment. He believed the Department felt the same about it.

A Serious Statement.

A serious statement of which more should be heard has been sent out by the Ford Company with reference to the Glidden tour. Every preparation was made to enter six runabouts and two sixes but at the last moment they were all withdrawn and the Ford vehicles took no part in the tour. At the time it was stated that the lax way in which the rules were enforced made it a molly coddle affair and accounted for the withdrawal. The latest statement is of a very different character. It is alleged that a driver offered, if he were allowed to manage the Ford bunch, to secure

three perfect scores, and when pressed for an explanation allowed several things to slip out. The Ford representative stated that Mr. Ford expected their cars to win on their merits. "Vain hope," said the expert, "if you have the best cars on earth you will stand about as much chance as a snowball in Hades if you try to win on the square! You must know the ropes and play the game as others play it!" "How is it done then, surreptitiously replacing parts not scheduled or—" "Replacing parts! Not at all. That's too much trouble—and takes time. Lose the road and replace a car. It's only necessary to have non-contestant cars, every part having duplicate factory numbers of those contesting." "Surely this has never been done." "No? Then you account for the perfect scores—I can't, and I know." It is a thousand pities doubt should be thrown upon the perfect fairness of a tour like the Glidden tour, but of course if there is the least foundation for such an insinuation the sooner it is inquired into and thoroughly exposed the better. If there

is any truth in the charge no wonder Mr. Ford drew back. A win under such circumstances is not worth the having.

A Sale's Record.

If anyone wants to know why the automobile business is progressing they need only take the record of Gaston Plaintiff, Manager of the New York Branch of the Ford Company. In ten months Mr. Plaintiff sold \$920,000 worth of cars, all being sold and delivered from the New York store, and before the year is up he confidently hopes to pass the million dollar mark. This establishes a record, but at the same time it also shows how healthy is an industry in which such a record is possible.

Results of Which to be Proud.

"If similar advances had been made in the steam locomotive to those with the automobile no imagination could picture what railway travel might now be. Approximately a century has been necessary to bring the steamship to its present state. About ten years has been necessary to bring the automobile from a vague experiment to an industrial necessity in which almost every requirement has been met." These three sentences better convey the marvellously rapid progress of the auto than any elaborate essay could possibly do. An illustration of the truth of these statements is shown in the work done by the two Thomas Flyers entered in the Glidden tour. Both finished with perfect scores and had a large part in the winning of the trophy by the Automobile Club of Buffalo. From the time the cars left Cleveland until they finished in New York and again made the run back to Buffalo, no one saw the motors of these two cars. They set out without an extra part being carried and had no replacements to make. One car had two punctures and the other one, and both finished running on the outer casing with which they had started from Cleveland. Only five years ago the maker of a car that could run ten miles without adjustment or trouble of some kind was to be congratulated. Speed was not considered safe, owing to frequent breakages of parts, and the

chances of something giving way were too great to warrant the risk. Even the strongest enthusiast of 1902 would have been dubious over the idea that in 1907 a car could run for over fifteen hundred miles without a miss or skip of the motor and without the breakage of a single part; traveling over roads that at times threw all four wheels off the ground, over mountain ranges that made a steady climb of four and one-half miles and then required continual application of the brakes for two and one-half miles more with only one punctured tire! This is a record of which any manufacturer might well feel proud. Cars have been designed that are fitted for roads in America, the makers of which never dreamed that such vehicles as automobiles could ever come into use. Much of this is owing to the fact that the American automobile manufacturer has not hesitated to secure the best foreign talent and ally it to the best home talent—a combination alone that has made this remarkable success possible. Time, trouble and money have been freely used and the results have been such as to astonish the world.

A Car with a History.

The model "16" Reo, which won the proud distinction of being the smallest priced car that finished the Glidden tour with a perfect score has quite a history behind it. Not long before it lowered the record for the run from Los Angeles to San Diego, Cal.; bringing it down from seven hours and forty-five minutes to five hours and forty-five minutes. Considering the rough roads, the swift rivers to be crossed and the numerous other obstacles in the way the average speed of twenty-four and one-third miles per hour was exceedingly good. Immediately after finishing the Glidden tour it was sent on a five hundred mile non-stop dart from New York to the Jamestown Exposition, where it was placed on show.

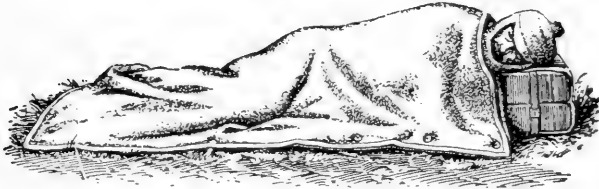
The Youngest Driver.

Amid the echoes of the Glidden tour the feat of the youngest driver should not be overlooked. Ray McNamara is the name of the young man and he drives a Premier that finished with a perfect score. In company with Secretary Dai Lewis he took the lead, closely followed

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through miles of deep, sticky, pasty clay mud by Chairman Hower's official car. In the worst part of the route, from South Bend to Indianapolis he maintained the lead and throughout the tour was always to the front. This was the car that used only one quart of water between Indianapolis and New York.

The Sixes.

There is certainly no doubt in the mind of any experienced motorist as to the success of the Sixes. It is foolish however to imagine that because the Sixes have demonstrated their superiority in many ways that there will be a multiplication of cylinders in the cars of the future. Six cylinders are declared to be the ideal in gas engine design and any increase would cause much trouble, both mechanical and engineering. With more than six cylinders the exhaust overlaps so as to cause trouble. It is impossible to clear one exhaust before the next discharges into the manifold and the same is true of the intake. On all types of motors, save the Six, there is an

uneven draught, but the Six draws steadily and constantly on the carburettor and permits of adjustment for a uniform mixture at all times. It is found also that the Six is the limit at which the necessary spark advance can be obtained without overlapping, and as soon as overlapping takes place all manner of complications ensue. A single carburettor and a single commutator give ideal results with six cylinders. In many of the details more than six cylinders call for totally different treatment to that accorded to the Six and unless some very far reaching discoveries are made it is not likely, either now or in the future that any attempt will be put forth to increase the cylinders above the number six. It is curious that the degree of perfection obtained with six cylinders is not again reached until the impossible multiple of thirty-six is used. In flexibility, which means constant power at low as well as at high speeds, the six cylinder car has a decided advantage over every other known type of gasoline engine.



SPORTS AFLOAT!

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

Edited by

LOU. E.
MARSH

Canada's Cup Aftermath.

Well, the Canada's Cup has been successfully defended again by the Rochester Yacht Club. The lads who sail in the open lake off Charlotte were the first to successfully defend the silverware Aemilus Jarvis, his R. C. Y. C. crew, and the good ship Canada carried away from Put-in-Bay in the middle nineties, and then they created more yachting history by trimming the second challenger the Canucks sent after the mug.

When Temeraire went after the trophy she showed that while Iroquois was the faster in light airs, that she had it on the Yankee craft when it came on to blow a few and made the Yankee craft sail five races to win. Then the Royal Canadian had the satisfaction of shouting "Well we have a boat that can trim Iroquois both ways" and proved it too by beating Iroquois with Zoraya and annexing the Fisher Cup.

But what of this year? What consolation have the Canucks? Not an iota, save it be that in some quarters it is said that Adele, a good handsome boat, was beaten by a "racing machine."

Seneca, the Cup defender, trimmed Adele, the challenger, under three different weather conditions and walloped her as badly in heavy water as she did in light—trimmed her so decisively that we can no more say "Well, we still have a better boat at home than Seneca." (Its true—we haven't.) Seneca would trim any one of the Cup challengers of 1907 just as decisively or even more so than she did Adele.

Let us look back over the situation. In the trial races Aileen 11, the Mylene boat, while a smart craft in light airs was a trifle slower than Crusader, the Fife boat and Adele, the English built Payne boat. That eliminates her. The real fight

was between Crusader and Adele then.

In a wind above six miles an hour there wasn't anything to it but Adele. Around six miles an hour Crusader was as good as Adele or so nearly so that it was a fair toss up. Vice Commodore Nicholls spared nothing to get all there was in her out of Crusader. He even brought Wm. Fife, the boat's designer, here and made changes. Those changes may or may not have been beneficial to her but there is one thing certain she did not get a fair show in the final trials to select the challenger. It wasn't the fault of the Committee in charge—it wasn't the fault of Vice Commodore Nicholls, her owner. It was the fault of Fife, her designer. Fife leaped impetuously aboard the Crusader after she had been beaten in the first race after the alterations to her keel and took her helm himself. Fife may be a good designer but as a racing skipper he isn't in it with Eddie Wedd, the man who had been handling Crusader in the trials. Why, when he hauled the boat on the wind she jammed the main sheet so close aboard that the main boom was fairly up and down the centre of the boat and then he expected her to lift out to weather—she didn't. She just laid down and walloped along and was soundly beaten on windward work. On other stretches he was erratic and the result was that Crusader was decisively beaten out in the trials. I am not saying that Crusader is the faster boat. On the contrary I consider Adele the better boat of the two, and, as the Cup races turned out, the much better of the pair for the challenger, but I do say Crusader's best qualities were not brought out.

Now for the races themselves. In the breeze which varied from six miles strong to zero—the first day—Seneca, the Herreschoff boat, cleaned up Adele any way

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Going to windward with the breeze six miles strong she beat her nearly a mile in seven. Reaching she gained some more and drifting home in a wind then dropped so far that she only beat the five hour time limit by two minutes. She had the legs of Adele. There was no sea at all. The second day's racing gave the boats a breeze from five to twelve miles strong. It was a windward and leeward course. Skipper Aemilus Jarvis' clever work took Adele out to the leeward mark first by four boat lengths but when Seneca got Adele hauled on the wind she made her look like a canal boat in a Gloucester fishing schooner race to the Banks. The wind varied from six to twelve miles strong on the windward leg but Adele, supposed to be so good on the wind never had a chance and was beaten by a mile.

On the third day it blew from twelve to twenty-two miles an hour and there was a good lump of a sea. Adele rated over here in Canada a horse to carry canvas, a craft as stiff as the proverbial church in a breeze, had to reef while Seneca, the so called racing machine, carried all she had as long as she had to. True an accident happened to Adele on the last leg but Seneca had her beaten so badly that it scarcely deserves mention. Now where would Crusader have been in those races?

On the light day Seneca would have beaten her just as badly as she did Adele. On the second day if Skipper Jarvis had had Crusader instead of Adele he would have been two or may be three minutes ahead of Seneca at the leeward mark, but coming up the wind Seneca would have made a monkey of her.

In such a breeze in nine miles Adele would have beaten Crusader twelve minutes or about two miles. Adele was beaten by Seneca a mile.

On the final day Crusader wouldn't have been within ten minutes of Adele.

Now for the boats.

Adele is a good sturdy little craft, a boat that is staunchly built on wholesome lines, a boat that has plenty of room, a craft that is in every way the sort of yacht those who evolved the rule under which she was built intended to encourage.

Canadians call Seneca a racing machine and predict that in three years she will be in the bone yard. The Rochester

men laugh and point out that Seneca carried full canvas in a sea way and make less fuss about it and more speed than did the reefed Adele.

"What do you want a boat to do?" they asked "Why is she a racing machine? Because she isn't built on the clumsy old lines of your British built yachts? Is she a racing freak because she has more speed than Adele? Is she a racing freak because she has a hollow bow and a long lean snout which climbs over the seas as easily as a seal instead of a blunt stubby end like Adele's which pounds the sea like a raft and throws water to the first reef point and checks her speed?" Is that why we are a racing machine?

Truly the Rochesterians are hard to answer. Out of the water Seneca, with her shallow underbody, her long snout, her fin set away aft and her strange hollow bow looks like a tender light weather racing freak—a craft that would lay down in a breeze and pound herself to pieces in a blow. But she didn't do either so far as I could find out.

That she could carry the canvas with any of them she proved conclusively. That she did not pound in a sea way and that she had rough weather speed she also settled beyond a doubt.

Whether she was so built that she can last is something time alone can tell—Seneca's a wonderful boat.

Just think of a craft that will go rail down in a five mile breeze and hang at the same heel with full canvas in an eighteen knot breeze when she was hauled on the wind.

That is what Seneca did. Is she a racing machine? She has only to come after the Fisher Cup now held by the R. C. Y. C. of Toronto to get it for we have nothing to compare with her.

There will be no more cup races for two years for the Rochester Club is busy building a yacht basin but despite a little unpleasantness which arose over the race preliminaries the R. C. Y. C. is going back after it again in 1909, for three boats have already been offered for the purpose. The next time we will try to beat the Universal Rule even further than did the great Nat Herreschoff, Seneca's designer.

Canada's Greatest Crews.

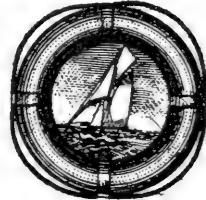
The features of the National Regatta at Philadelphia was the remarkable showing of the Canadian entrants. They either won or made a showing in every event they contested and to cap all the Argonaut senior eight and fours, with "Longboat" Taylor as stroke, won the senior fours and eight championship of America. The eight also broke the course record, doing the mile in 7.25. This is the crew that won the junior, intermediate and senior fours and the junior and senior eights at the Canadian Henley and the crew which the Argos hope to send to the English Henley one day. The Argo eight beat off the New York crew half way down the course, and held the Potomacs, who passed the beaten Gothamites, safe on end, winning as they pleased. The Argo eight consisted of Dodds, bow; Hare, 2; McCardy, 3; Gale, 4; Balfour, 5; Davidson, 6; Piddy, 7; Taylor stroke, Kertland cox. The Argos which won the senior fours championship were Balfour, Davidson, Piddy and Taylor and the senior pair oared shells are Jackes and Toms.

The Dons, of Toronto, too furnished a surprise in the senior doubles. The Bachelors of Philadelphia looked to have the race cinched with Zanes and Meyer but the Dons double, Bowler and Jacob, won it. The Nassau pair from New York led off but the Dons spurted a quarter mile out, took the lead, and won by two lengths in 8.18 1-5. Bowler and Jacob have been doing some great work this summer and the showing at Philadelphia and St. Kitts makes them factors in the rowing game for years to come. The Dons have done well this year and now rank next to the Argos in Canadian rowing.

John O'Neil, of St. Mary's and a Halifax man, whose entry caused such a lot of trouble between the C. A. A. O. and the United States governing body, finished second in the Association singles, with Bowler, of the Toronto Dons, third and Durando Miller, of the New York A. C. was first. His time was 9 minutes, 04 2-5 seconds.

Some Good War Canoe Crews.

The feature of canoeing in Canada this summer was the double victory of the



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Carleton Place war canoe crew. At the Canadian Canoe Association regatta at Montreal they won both the half and mile war canoe races. In the half mile they beat a scratch Toronto Canoe Club crew in a canter but in the mile the Champion Britannias, of Ottawa, and the formidable Grand Trunks, of Montreal, gave them a chase for it but the Carleton Place boys outclassed the other two crews. In the senior singles George Kelly of the Grand Trunks, furnished a surprise when he won from Geordie Davidson of the St. Stephen's Club, Montreal, and George Brownrigg, the Grand Trunks ex-Champion. Blackburn of the Toronto Canoe Club, who won the championship at the Canadian Henley, did not compete.

The Toronto Canoe Club made a good showing. They got first place, with Keith and Elliott in junior tandems, and the same pair secured second place in intermediate tandems, being beaten by Boulter and Miller of the Chateauguay Boating Club.

McNichol and Blackburn were first across the winning line in senior tandem, and in intermediate fours Lewis, Black-

burn, Elliott and Keith were the victors.

The Toronto boys were second to Carleton Place in the half mile canoe, and in the mile war canoe secured third place, Carleton Place winning both. On their showing the wearer of the red ring won the largest number of points in the regatta, and were warmly congratulated on their showing and sportsmanship.

Canada Canoe Association.

The list of champions follows ;—

Junior Singles : James Galbraith, St. Stephens, Montreal.

Senior Singles : James Kelly, Grand Trunks, Montreal.

War Canoe half mile, Carleton Place, Canoe Club.

War Canoe one mile, Carleton Place, Canoe Club.

Intermediate Singles, Morphy, Carleton Place.

Junior Tandem : A. Keith and O. Elliott, Toronto Canoe Club.

Junior Fours : Ottawa Canoe Club, (Black, Gunsbourne, Ewart and Burpee.)

Intermediate Tandems : Boulter, Miller, Chateauguay Boating Club.

Senior Tandem : McNichol and Blackburn.

Senior Fours : Grand Trunk, Montreal, (Marshall, Marshall, Brown and Minett.)

At the Canadian Henley the Torontos won the war canoe race and Blackburn won the singles but in the fours the Island Acquatics great crew made the T. C. C. men take their backwork. The war canoe race was "the" event of the whole meet. The Torontos got away first and had a nice lead half way home but the Parkdale crew set up a spurt that lugged them level. The last fifty yards the Parkdale boys dug in with might and main and poked their bow in front by a foot. The T. C. C. then responded with a tremendous spurt and Parkdales were giving them a fine battle when an unfortunate foul occurred. Parkdales, in the heat of the struggle, swerved a little and the Island Acquatics, who were a couple of courses out of their way and spurting desperately, bumped them. The collision turned the Parkdales almost broadside to the course and the Judges disqualified them.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

The new cover cuts, which have so wonderfully brightened up the appearance of "Rod and Gun" for the last five months have been the cause of many congratulations on the part of our subscribers. To always select a photograph which will make an effective cover cut is not easy and we shall be obliged to those of our many friends in all parts of Canada and the States who can assist us in this undertaking. An unmounted print is the best and should be a duplicate as it is not always possible to make a good cover cut without injury to the photo. There must be many of our friends who have such photographs in their possession. The camera is the constant companion of the sportsmen now-a-days and some most effective and beautiful pictures are often the result of outings taken with such a companion. Increased enjoyment in the scenes thus recalled to mind would come from sharing their beauties with our army of readers, and the assistance thus rendered would enable us to keep up a list of cover cuts unequalled anywhere for effectiveness and beauty.

Canadians, who are much interested in the question of restricting the inroads of the Indians upon our fish and game, will note a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, with great pleasure. At the last sitting of the State Legislature a law was passed placing whites and Indians on an equality before the law so far as regards fish and game and stating particularly that the Indians must conform to the law in future. An Indian named Mike Morrin was discovered by the Game Warden using fishing nets on the reserve and his nets were confiscated and he was fined. A test case was made and it was taken to the Supreme Court which had just confirmed the decision of the lower court. On the part of the defence it was argued that the Indians were well within their treaty rights and according to treaties with the United

States Government they were at liberty to fish and hunt where and when they pleased without regard to anything the State Legislature might do. In Canada matters are very much on the same footing. The Dominion Government have treaties with the Indians and those treaties over ride Provincial laws. It has been understood that the hands of Provincial Governments are tied and that the only solution of the difficulty is for fresh treaties to be negotiated which will provide for the observation by the Indians of fish and game laws in the future. At the time the treaties were made circumstances were very different from what they are to-day. Then the Indians had to depend very largely upon their fishing and hunting abilities to gain them a living. Now they can earn their living in many other ways and the reasons which prompted their original exemption no longer exist. The Dominion and Provincial Governments might well have a conference on this subject, and see if it is not possible to so alter the original treaties that the Indians should come under the laws, and for their own sakes the exemption should cease. The trouble is very similar in all parts of Canada—from Nova Scotia to British Columbia and all intervening provinces, and with the increased value now placed on our fish and game resources it is becoming more acute each year. If nothing else is done the Provincial Governments might take the matter up and see if, like Wisconsin, they are not masters in their own houses. A test case might show a similar result in a Canadian province, and if the Dominion Government declines to move it might be well for one of the Provinces to test the position and see if it is not possible to bring the Indians within the purview of the laws, and stop the wholesale slaughter for which they are responsible in only too many instances.

Inspector Angus Brabrant, in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, re-

cently returned from a round of inspection of ten forts in the Athabasca district. He reported all well and stated that the Chippewayan Indians suffered last winter not from starvation, but from an epidemic of la grippe which left the Indians weak and unable to sustain themselves. The local factor gave them succor and the only drawback was a dearth of furs at the fort. The crops round the northern forts are far ahead of those in the neighborhood of Edmonton, this being due to the long days of sunshine and only a few hours of dusk and darkness. Most of the northern land is being taken up by half breeds.

By Order-in-Council the carrying of firearms in the Temagami Forest Reserve during the close season is prohibited. No firearm having a barrel longer than four inches will be allowed in the Reserve.

How helpless some men are in the woods is well shown by an adventure, which befell two young men in the Kawartha Lakes district of Ontario. They left the summer hotel at which they were staying for a Sunday afternoon walk and seven hours afterwards they were discovered footsore and weary, going in the opposite direction to that which they intended. It seems that they set out to walk to Sandy Lake and found their way to that point without much difficulty. On their return they attempted a "short cut" with the result that they got hopelessly lost. They were found at nine o'clock at night trudging along in silence and going directly away from the place where food and shelter awaited them. They were speedily put on the right road and soon reached their destination thankful that the end of the adventure was no worse.

A big buck gave the summer cottagers of Stoney Lake, Ontario, an opportunity of studying the habits of deer at close range. He selected a bright August afternoon for his investigations and visited several of the islands. The cottagers took to their boats and pursued him, though without hostile intent. The numbers pressing round him, however,

frightened the animal and he repeatedly took to the water after investigating the state of affairs on different islands, finally going to the shores of the lake and disappearing in the woods. Several of the parties were near enough to have struck the deer with their paddles, but this was not what they wanted. The deer hunt gave plenty of excitement for one afternoon and every one was pleased that the visit to civilization finished so well for the deer, and trust that his visit proved as interesting to him as his appearance did to those whom he honored with his presence.

The romance of exploration is still in full swing in Canada. This statement received an excellent illustration in a letter received towards the end of August at the Department of Forests, Lands & Mines at Toronto. Mr. T. B. Speight, O. L. S., who is the head of a party running the baseline westward to the boundary line of the Thunder Bay and Algoma districts, stated that in the course of their exploration they found a large lake not shown on the official maps. This lake is about twelve miles long by three miles wide and dotted throughout with numerous islands. Two days were spent in making a fairly accurate sketch of this lake, which has a shore line of about fifty miles. The lake and the rivers tributary to it, assisted the party very much in getting their five canoes and supplies over to the Kabinagogami valleys. Incidentally the survey showed that the great clay belt extends westward, probably to the boundaries of the Province. This year's survey shows seventy-five per cent of arable land, and Mr. Speight says he has seen no better land west of Abitibi Lake.

One of the best and most effective of many recent devices for the benefit of sportsmen is the "Rapid Loader." By its means the user of a double barreled gun is enabled to reload with comfort, ease and rapidity. The device consists of a piece of tempered steel nicely finished and practically unbreakable, which holds two cartridges. To it is affixed a vulcanite fiber ring which may be eas-

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ily detached and a larger or smaller one substituted. The loader when in position on the hand does not interfere in any way with the free use of the hand or finger or in the handling of the gun. The simplicity, lightness and small size of the loader are features which add to its value for it can be carried in the pocket and brought into instant use when required. In cold weather it can be worn over a glove with great comfort. By its means the double barreled gun is rendered doubly effective. The loaders, which are manufactured by the Rapid Loader Company, of Pontiac, Mich., are made in all standard guages at \$1 each, and can be procured either through the trade or direct from the factory.

The wolfish instinct found vent at Winnipeg a few days ago. The corporation maintains a menagerie at River Park and included in the collection are a number of wolves. Walter Brewer, a lad nine years of age, was feeding the animals some grass through the wires

when one of the wolves in taking the grass got the lad's thumb in its mouth. Instantly it bit the thumb until the blood came and having tasted blood the animal clawed the arm. In this work it was joined by other wolves and the pack terribly lacerated the boy's arm before he could be released by the driving back of the wolves. The boy was taken to the hospital and had to lose his arm as a result of having to do with these dangerous animals.

The new line of the Canadian Northern from Parry Sound to Toronto has opened up a district, which was practically inaccessible to sportsmen before the advent of the railway, as prior to that time a drive of forty miles over rough ground was necessary before the hunting territory was reached. Now the passengers by these trains are daily treated to the sight of deer, and some enthusiastic individuals declare that within fifteen miles of the Township of Mackenzie there are more deer than in all the rest of Canada. This is a pretty

large order, but the fact seems to be that deer are pretty plentiful in the neighborhood, and that they are getting so used to the trains as to daily stand and watch them rushing past giving the passengers one of the finest sights to be seen in the backwoods, and making that section of the line additionally attractive to tourists.

Some visitors from the States had five days' fishing during the latter part of August in Cousecon Lake, near Picton, Ont. Under the guidance of Mr. Clark, the visitors, who included Mrs. Fred Tobey, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Collins of Cleveland secured forty-eight splendid fish—bass, pickerel and yellow perch.

Dave Conger, of the Evergreen House, Picton, Ont., has a collection of cartoons presented to him by a New York newspaper man who drew the cartoons after he had heard some of the tales of the doughty deeds performed by the members of the Prince Edward Deer Hunting Club on their trips north. One shows "How Dave acted when he killed the bear," and another "When Pettit shot at the moose." These are not merely of interest to the members of the Hunt Club, but also to all visitors at the Evergreen House.

The Game Warden for the Parry Sound district reports to headquarters at Toronto that he discovered two fresh deer skins and some venison in the cellar of the hotel kept by T. Labrash on Glen Island. As the close season is still on till November Labrash was taken before a magistrate, who fined him \$20 and costs.

A large addition to the firewarden staff of British Columbia is stated to have worked most effectively in lessening the forest fires in the Province. At the last session of the Legislature an appropriation of \$25,000 was set aside for the purpose of fire protection and as a result twenty-four fire wardens and seventy-five assistant wardens were engaged and made patrols of their respective districts.

Up to this year the contention that fire is the worst enemy of the forest was fully illustrated in British Columbia, where fire has destroyed far more trees than the loggers have cut down. The moral effect of the presence of a warden in a district is said to have been most gratifying in the way of inducing greater care on the part of tourists, prospectors and even settlers, and in the case of a fire starting the fact of a man, whose duty is fire extinction, being in the neighborhood often enables energetic efforts to be put forth and the fire smothered out before it has made too great headway and got beyond control. Necessarily the district covered by each warden is a large one but as the beneficial nature of the work is made apparent to the authorities it will without doubt be further extended and the area of the districts reduced in order that the work may be more effectively covered. It is gratifying to know that this forward policy has proved so successful.

Animal migration is far indeed from being thoroughly understood but enough is known to the veterans of the Hudson Bay Company not to cause them uneasiness when some particular fur becomes scarce for a season. The present season is said to be a lean one for furs around Edmonton, but the factor at that center is not worrying. He cheerfully states that there have been ups and downs in the trade for the last couple of centuries and the present is likely to be equal to any one of the lean years of the past. He further states that those in his position have the consolation of knowing that whenever lynx or marten or any other animal is scarce in one section it simply means that the animals have migrated to other sections. In this instance the Factor attributes scarcity not to the severity of the weather but to the animals migrating. Such migration is not likely to be permanent, but how and why caused, is at present one of those things beyond the ken of our most careful naturalists.

Mr. Walter Greaves writes, under date of 23rd August, as follows: I have lately received so many inquiries as

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Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen compares with the old-fashioned fountain pen as the magazine rifle compares with the old muzzle-loading gun. The Conklin Pen is a veritable breech-loader. It loads itself instantly at any inkwell. Just dip it in, press the Crescent-Filler, and the magazine is full. Cleaned the same way by dipping in water. No fuss, no muss, no cuss. You can't overfill it. You don't have to work your arm up and down like a pump handle to make the ink flow.

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feeds uniformly with any kind of ink and nib—fine, medium, coarse, stub, soft or stiff—for the school boy learning to write or the reporter writing against time. It is not only the smoothest writing pen but the most beautifully designed and finished pen. It fits the hand. You can write longer and faster with it without a cramp. You can do more with it than any other fountain pen made, simply because of the Crescent-Filler.

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

The Conklin Pen Co., 309 Manhattan Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.



to where the Corticelli silk lines referred to in my article in the July issue of "Rod and Gun" can be purchased that I think it would be well to state through your valuable pages that they are for sale in Canada by the Corticelli Fish Line, Box 481, Montreal, and in the United States by the Corticelli Silk Co., at Hartford, Conn.

Many object lessons to Canadians are furnished by experiences of our neighbors across the line. They allowed their forests to be cut down in the most reckless manner and have suffered much ever since. To prevent the spring floods, which annually inundate Pittsburg and other cities on the Ohio, Alleghany, and Monongahela rivers, the United States Government have decided to plant millions of trees. These are to be placed at the head waters of the rivers and will serve to conserve the water. They will conserve large quantities of rain and prevent sudden freshets from snow. Already millions of dollars have been lost

to the people of Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and Western New York and Maryland. All this as well as the discomforts caused by floods might have been saved by the adoption and carrying out of an intelligent and far sighted forest policy. It is impossible to estimate the losses caused to the people of the States by the want of a thoroughly enlightened forest policy, and the people of Canada will be foolish indeed if they do not profit by the experiences of their neighbors and avoid making the same errors.

Recently a story appeared in these pages to the effect that a deer was run down by a train in the wilds of Colorado. A similar occurrence recently happened amid the more peaceful scenes of old Ontario. A Kingston and Pembroke train, when nearing Round Lake on its way to Kingston on an afternoon towards the end of August, surprised a deer feeding near the track. The startled deer attempted to cross in front of

the engine and was struck by the latter with such force as to break its back and hurl it down the embankment. When the engineer saw the deer he endeavored to save it but the animal was too close for anything effective to be done.

Practical experience has demonstrated the extreme usefulness of the Waterproof Pocket Match Safe, one of the many excellent inventions for which sportsmen have to thank Mr. Marble, of the Marble Safety Axe Company, of Gladstone, Mich. Official endorsement, after full examination and testing, is also gratifying, and while sportsmen and campers have put the seal of their approval upon this device the former is also most welcome. The following extracts are the pith of a letter forwarded on behalf of the Board of Life Saving Appliances, and should convince anyone who has not tried this safe of the great advantages following from its use: "This device is of white metal, a tube about 2-5.8 in. in length, 7.8 in. in diameter, and threaded about 1-2 in. at the base. Cover held in place by two arms reaching to one-half inch threaded ring working over the base. It is guaranteed to be absolutely water and air proof when properly adjusted.

Opinion: After submitting this safe to a very severe test, which it withstood in every respect, the Board is of the opinion this match safe is adapted to the needs of the Service, and recommends that a supply be provided and placed in the Service as the General Superintendent may direct."

Several times have statements been made to the effect that a fox farm would prove a most profitable source of investment. The pelts of black and silver foxes are becoming increasingly valuable and this fact has led to efforts to breed them in captivity. Mr. T. L. Borrowman, fur dealer, Wyoming, Ont., has made trials extending over ten years to achieve success in this direction, and his efforts have this year been crowned with a considerable measure of success. During all this time he has carefully noted the peculiar habits of the animals and corrected former errors in their man-

agement. In this way he obtained an increase of ten young ones last spring, and they have now passed the danger stage. Several of them are black in color and promise to become valuable assets for their owner. Mr. Borrowman's farm now has sixteen foxes and from such a number he should increase his family to a very considerable extent. Already these foxes are likely to yield returns of greater value than several shares in a Cobalt mine.

No big game hunter enjoys his annual hunt more than Jack Miner, of Kingsville, Ont., and certainly no one succeeds better than he does in obtaining pleasure from the results of that hunt. When he has shot his deer his first action, after a return to civilization allows him to get in communication with his home, is to inform the Sunday School Superintendent of his success. The youngsters hear of it and the news is soon spread all over the township. They know it means a grand venison dinner for them. As soon after his return with the deer as arrangements can be conveniently made a day is fixed for the feast and old and young all gather in the great drying room at the brick works. This is heated to a comfortable degree of warmth and an afternoon and evening spent in enjoyment and good fellowship which repays many times over whatever self sacrifice there may be in preparing for the feast. Everyone in the neighborhood has a direct and personal interest in Jack Miner's hunts and he does not disappoint them. It is a fine thing to note the confidence of even the youngest child in the neighborhood, in Jack Miner's prowess in hunting. They talk of it as if it were a personal possession of their own, and they are so certain of the feast in store for them every fall that they might bank upon it. So thoroughly well is the feast kept up, and so full is the enjoyment experienced, that the event is now looked upon as one of the events of the season and if it were missed it would create a blank in the life of the place that could not easily be filled. It is safe to say that no one enjoys the proceedings more than Jack Miner himself and in the enjoyment of those around him he real-

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tells all about the peculiar construction of Iver Johnson Revolvers. With it comes our large, handsomely illustrated catalogue.

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3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 22 rim-fire cartridge, 32 or 38 center fire cartridge. **\$7.50**

Iver Johnson Safety Hammerless Revolver
3-inch barrel, nickel-plated finish, 32 or 38 center-fire cartridge. **\$8.50**

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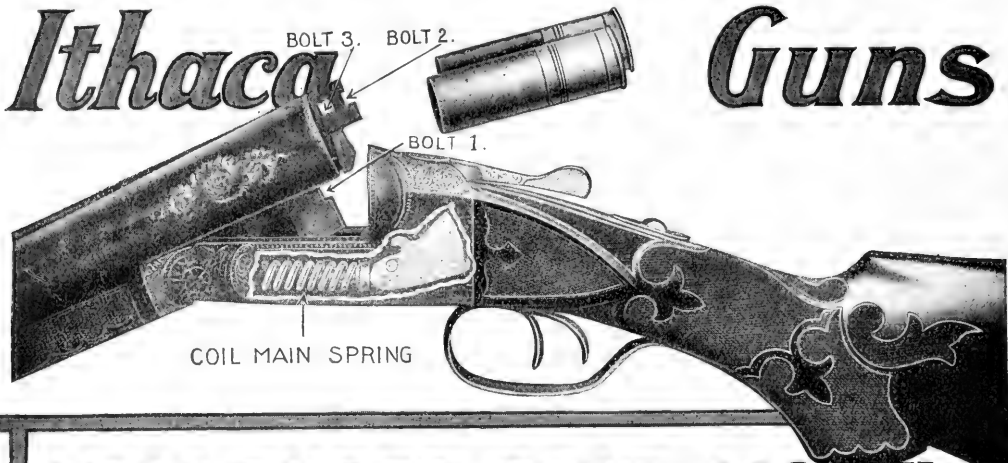
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izes the truest pleasure. If sportsmen once gave this system a trial they would never give it up until compelled.

One of the finest catalogues ever issued from a manufacturing establishment is the latest one sent out by the J. Stevens Arms & Tool Company of Chicopee Falls, Mass. This catalogue, which is a

beautiful specimen of fine color printing, gives an illustrated description of the series of double barrel hammer and hammerless shot guns in various styles and gauges manufactured by the well known Stevens Company. These descriptions and prices enable any sportsman to study the respective merits and advantages of the several guns and to choose intelligently and with reason amid a wide and excellent range. The excellent manner in which the catalogue is gotten up should win for it a place in every sportsman's library or den for it will enhance the appearance of any room in which it may find a place. On the front the words “Stevens Shot Guns” are embossed in gold and a representation is given of a duck in the act of flying. The inside is equal in appearance and the valuable nature of the contents of the catalogue are greatly improved by the excellent manner in which the whole is presented.

Mr. Sam'l H. McKee, Wilkinsburg, Pa, who had an article in our July number deal-

ing with his experiences of hunting in Canada, writes as follows regarding the recent increase in the non resident fee for hunting big game from \$25 to \$50:

"I must confess I was very much disappointed when I found that the early rumour that the Ontario Government had raised the hunting license to \$50 was correct. I had hunted with a party of from three to eight, sometimes as many as ten Americans in Canada every season for the past twenty-five years. We have paid the license fee of \$25 each year ever since the license has been imposed. We paid it willingly because we considered it reasonable and it would be the means of raising revenue to pay wardens to see that the game laws were enforced. That they were not very effectively enforced was evident but the lack of sufficient revenue was not the principal reason for the failure. Also that the game needed protection was very evident. Each succeeding year brought an increasing number of hunters into the woods. The Grand Trunk runs out of Toronto to Muskoka, a special train known as the Hunters' Special for several days each hunting season. At the end of the season for the past five or six years the railroads and the steamers have been taxed to the utmost to carry out the hunters and their game. I saw one party of twelve (Canadians) including the cook bring out on one little steamer twenty-four bucks, none of them weighing less than 150 pounds and at least ten of them weighed from 175 to 250 pounds. The query was in everybody's mind "What had they done with the small deer and had they been living on salt pork for the past two or three weeks?" Evidently there was something wrong in the working of the Game Protecting Department. Now, more than nine-tenths of these sportsmen were Canadians. The question arises, "How is the hunting going to be decreased, the game better protected and the revenue increased by increasing the licence as to the smaller number?"

If the purpose of the \$50 licence is to raise the revenue and protect the game, it will certainly do neither. That it is not aimed at the people from the States, no doubt is true but as they are practically the only ones affected by it, it looks very

much as though those responsible for the raise had them principally in mind. As to the increasing revenue, my judgment is that it will decrease rather than increase it, and I base my judgment on the fact that out of the twenty or thirty hunters who are accustomed to go from here, not more than three or four and perhaps none will go to Ontario this season. The addition to the license fee seems to be only the climax to the increase of the expense of hunting in Canada. There has been a steady increase each year in the hire of guides and boats and a general inclination on the part of the natives to assume that the man from the States has money to burn and it is their duty to save all they can from destruction. The three parties who were accustomed to go from this district spent upwards of \$3,000 each year in Canada and some people will miss the money very much, especially the guides, as they enjoyed the outing very much, just as much as the rest of us and at the same time were being paid for their work. I know it will be a great disappointment to our men when we inform them that they need not expect us this season. The conclusion of the whole matter is in my judgment that the protection of the game is not so much a matter of additional revenue as a better method of enforcing the law and educating the people to a better respect for the law."

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THE NEWHOUSE TRAP

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

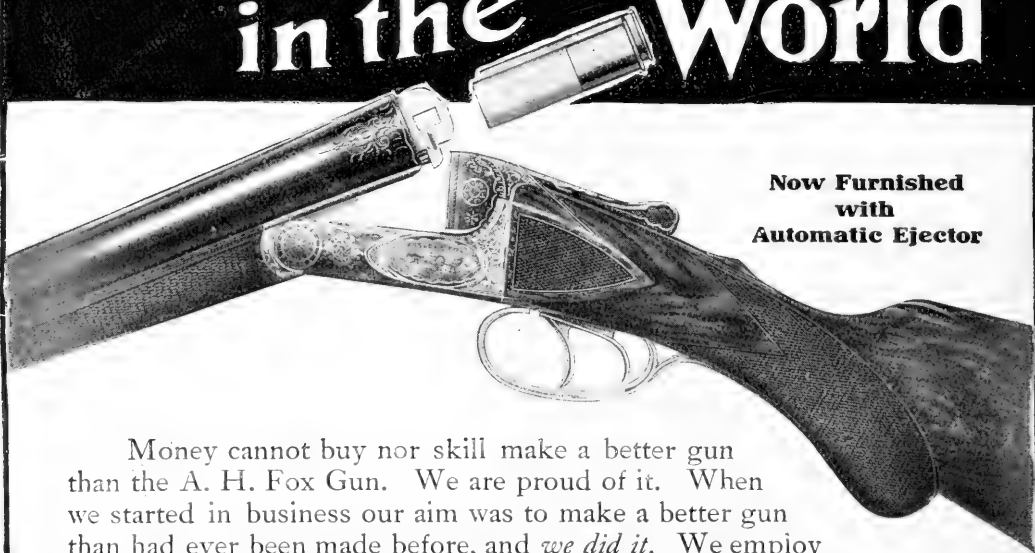
Made in all sizes to catch anything from a rat to a bear.

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The Fox Gun is doubly inspected. Each part receives the most exact testing and gauging, and after the gun is assembled it is finally tested by an expert trap and field shooter.

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THE TRAP

ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-shooting Association. All communications for this department should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont.

Stray Pellets.

The Individual Championship of Canada was won at the recent Dominion Tournament by Mr. Gordon Logan, Toronto, with English Schultze powder, loaded by Mr. Logan in Sovereign shells. The efficiency of this load was amply demonstrated by Mr. Logan's good scores throughout the whole tournament, as well as by his win of the coveted championship. English Schultze has proved its thorough reliability and excellence so often both in this country as well as in England, Australia, United States and on the continent of Europe in each of which countries it has many victories to its credit, that Mr. Logan's good work was not necessary to convince the shooting world that this old English product is still unexcelled as a safe, clean, reliable and for killing shot gun powder. The London and Toronto Trading Co., Toronto, Canadian agents, are to be congratulated on the good showing made by their English Schultze.

The first of a series of home and home matches was shot at Harrow on Friday between teams of Kingsville and Harrow trap shooters. There were thirteen men on a side and twenty-five targets were shot at by each man. Kingsville was victorious by a score of 233 to 196. After the shoot the visitors were royally entertained by the Harrow men at the Drummond House. This shoot has aroused the shooting spirit in the Kingsville club which has been dormant for years and the club will now organize and do regular work at the traps. The top scores on the Kingsville side were made by T. Pastorius, W. A. Smith and Dory Wigle while C. H. Lloyd and Ernest Pastorius were high guns for the Harrow team. The following are the cores:—

Kingsville Team—Dr. Jenner 17, Nelson C. Wigle 20, Wilfred Duggan 18, J. Kees 16, Gordon Wigle 13, Lloyd Bracken 12, O. Ferguson 15, Dr. McKenzie 19, R. H. Smith 18, Thos. Pastorius 24, W. A. Smith 24, Dorey Wigle 23, Garnet Wigle 14. Total 233.

Harrow Team—Clem Wright 17, Ernest Pastorius 18, R. Wright 16, J. Stocker 16, J. Bertrand 16, Ed. Ford 12, Dr. Sparling 12, Kenneth Ferris 14, G. L. Quick 16, C. I. Pastorius 14, D. Ferris 16, C. H. Lloyd 18, A. C. Cunningham 11. Total 196.

Fred Yates won the Cutting Cup at Fort Garry Club grounds, Aug. 21st, with 23 out of 25.

What was probably the most successful trap tournament of the province for the year was held at Elkhorn, Man., Aug. 25th. The weather conditions were good and every event well contested. Shooters were present from Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Virden, Moomsimin, Killarney, Reston and Esterhazy. Among those who carried off some of the \$100 odd money were Saunders of Killarney; Williamson of Varcoe; Bishop, Dowling, Clement and Lane, of Brandon; Archer, McBain, and Chapman of Reston, Miller of Virden; Anderson and Cook of Moomsimin; Nelson of Esterhazy; Reid, Rinph, Wadjiell, Bosman, Sager, McBurnie, Goodwin, Brotherhood Simington, of Elk-

horn, and Houghton of Winnipeg. The aggregate of the day was made by Saunders.

J. M. Hawkins, Winchester expert, ran through a programme of 135 targets at Milton, Pa., without a miss, besides breaking fifteen straight in a preliminary practise event.

Stratford trimmed Woodstock in a team race at the former place Aug. 14th by 219 to 188. The scores were:—

Match Shoot 25 Birds.

Woodstock—Maynard 15, Walker 15, Thompson 20, Dutton 22, Farlow 19, Bonnett 22, Collins 15, Welford 14, Dawson 17, Dawes 10, Farlow 19. Total 188.

Stratford—Boles 22, Fisher 20, Turnbull 25, Hay 19, Miller 18, Curtis 18, Hess 14, Meyers 21, Savage 19, Aitcheson 22, Thorold 21. Total 219.

10 bird sweepstakes—Turnbull 10, Farlow 9, Bonnett 8, Fisher 8, Meyers 8, Dutton 7, Hay 7, Boles 7, Thompson 5, Miller 4, Curtis 4.

10 bird sweepstake—Miller 5, Hay 8, Aitcheson 8, Dutton 7, Maynard 7, Fisher 7, Welford 8, Dawson 7, Turnbull 10, Thompson 6, Farlow 8, Thorold 10, Savage 4, Boles 9.

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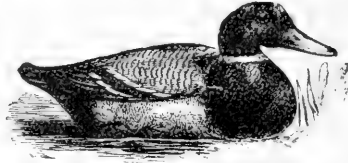
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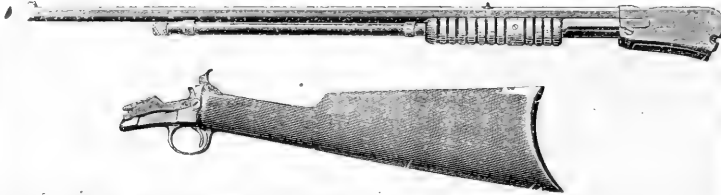


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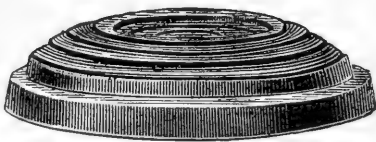
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Having purchased the Target Plant of Mr. John Bowron, Hamilton, we have established our factory in Toronto and are making exactly the same Target as our predecessors. We are now ready to execute all orders entrusted to our care. Get our prices and patronize home industry by shooting Canadian Black Birds.

CANADIAN TRAP AND TARGET CO.

33 Richmond St., East, TORONTO.

At the Portage la Prairie, Man., tournament the high scores were:

15 targets—Watson 13, F. Bailey 10, Leason 10.

20 targets—Houghton 16, Murdock 16, Harwood 16, F. Bailey 15.

15 targets—McBain 14, Yates 14, Houghton 12, Reilly 12.

20 targets—McBain 16, Manning 16, Keele 16.

Team shoot—Portage won with 70 points, Weston second with 61 and two other Portage teams tied for third with 56. The winning team was Harwood, Keele, Macdonald, and Roxborough.

20 targets—Houghton 16, Murdock 16, Harwood 14, Watson 14, Cox 14.

Western Manitoba championship, open to all comers west of Winnipeg, 50 birds—Fred Bailey, Portage 37, W. Roxborough, Portage, 36.

20 targets—F. Bailey 18, Yates 16, R. S. Bailey 16, Harwood 14, Hutchinson 14.

15 targets—F. Bailey 13, Manning 13, McBain 11, Watson 10, R. S. Bailey 10.

North Hatley Tournament.

The North Hatley (Que.) gun club held their first annual tournament at that place Aug. 31. This being their first tournament the attendance was not large. Next year the club will give a two day tournament with some good trophies offered for competition. The scores were:—

	S. A.	Bke.
J. H. Thompson	90	63
T. M. Craig	170	135
N. Bray	170	154
E. G. White (Pro)	205	190
J. Rollin	85	24
F. Briggs	110	90
A. F. Ross	190	136
G. M. Howard	50	35
F. Gosnell jr.	35	23
C. J. Edgar	50	37

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Dr. Owen.....	40	16
J. C. McConnell	45	31
Powell.....	20	4

Ladies Day at Hamilton

The great event of the season, Ladies' Day at the Hamilton Gun Club, took place on August seventeenth, and a large number of charming ladies graced the occasion with their presence. The result was that a bright, joyous and happy time was spent. The prizes for men were won by: B. Smith, twenty straight, G. Beattie nineteen, H. E. Hawkins nineteen.

And the ladies, who shot remarkably well, carried off the prizes in the following order:—

Mrs. Hackett, Miss Gregory, Mrs. (Dr.) Bricker, Mrs. J. Bain, Miss J. Groves, Miss J. Newman, Mrs. Dunham, Mrs. G. Stroud, Miss Insole.

There were a great many other competitors who did not prove to be good shots with the shot gun, but judging from their very attractive and lovely appearance, one would easily conclude their aim with the little bow and arrow of Cupid would be directed with greater precision.

The party, numbering over one hundred, left the grounds at 6.30, after having enjoyed choice refreshments served by Crawford, whose name is synonymous with "first class."

The ladies present were: Mesdames H. R. Barnard, Nemmert, Dr. Groves, Dr. Overholt, Ralph C. Ripley J. L. Davis (Chicago), John Hackett, Merriman, Dr. Bricker, Bain, Dr. Storms, Dr. Hilker, H. E. Hawkins, Drew, Hiltzen, Raspberry, John Hunter, Wade, Dr. Beam (St. Catharines); J. A. Woodman, F. T. Dunham, George Stroud, Misses Gregory, Insole, Cook, Groves, McFarlane, M. Insole, Cherrier, Morris, Craig, Cordick (St. Catharines), McGill, Black, Emma Barnard, Eva Barnard and Miss Hewitt, Toronto.

Holiday Shoot at London.

The holiday shoot of the Springwood Gun Club on Labor Day was an unqualified success from every point of view. The weather was ideal and the scores were very good. The Inersoll contingent missed their train and were not on hand but five Stratford men and one from Dorchester took part and their shooting was of a high order. Local men swept the board, however, R. Day having average, won the handsome clock donated by C. H. W. and Crow and Glover were tied for second money. Boles from Stratford was close up with a score of 66.

The Lefever gun still continues to put some excellent records to its credit. Firing in a gale of wind at the Evansville tournament, Mr. H. W. Anderson, shooting with a Lefever gun, made the splendid score of 395 out of 400. Mr. Walter Ewing, using the same make of gun won the high amateur average of 360 out of 400. Further notable records are the Preliminary

Handicap in the Grand Western States at Denver, an amateur shooting with a Lefever gun winning this position; and a tie for the high amateur average at Montreal, an amateur, using this make of gun breaking 212 out of 225 targets and making a run of 37 straight. A further win was the high amateur average at the Binghamton (N.Y.) tournament. The company invite all who are thinking of purchasing a gun to apply for a copy of their 1907 catalogue, which they will send post free on receipt of a postal asking for the same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

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SMITH GUN WON THE GRAND AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP 1907

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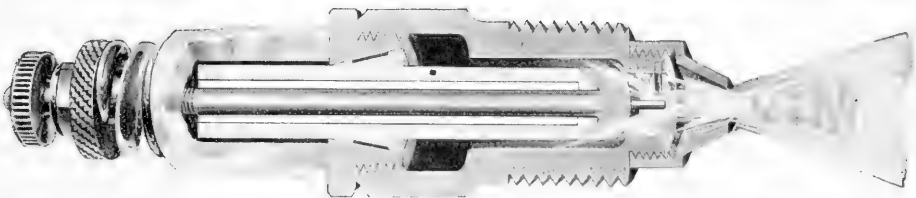
The Winnipeg Gun Club has gone out of existence on account of the small membership and lack of enthusiasm among many of them. The members of the club who still retain an interest in trap shooting have gone over to their rivals, the Fort Garry Gun Club of the same city, and will shoot on the same grounds hereafter. The traps of the two clubs were side by side in Norwood, one of the suburbs of the city. The regular meetings for shooting are on Monday and Friday nights but there is also an extra meeting on Wednesday night when the scores are not counted. At the annual meeting of the amalgamated club held last month the following officers were elected: patrons, Sir Daniel McMillan, William Whyte and C. C. Chipman; president, H. Beliveau; vice-president, J. H. Bourgois; Secretary-treasurer, Paul Johnson; executive committee, F. G. Simpson, Tom Bodie, J. McLeod Holiday, H.A. Lightcap, R. M. Watson; field captain, G. A. Britton.

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Not more than five Caribou may be killed by one person in any season, nor more than five deer, two (bull) elk, two (bull) moose, two (bull) wapiti, five mountain-goat or three mountain sheep (rams.) Deer must not be hunted with dogs or killed for hides alone. For License apply Game Warden, Vancouver.

BIG GAME—Moose (bull,) Sept. 1st to Dec. 31st. Females and calves under one year protected.

Deer, Sept. 1st to December 14th. Fawns under one year protected.

Caribou, Sept. 1st to December 31st. Females and Calves protected at all times.

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Hunting

Moose, caribou, deer, or red deer, September 15th to Nov. 30th.

Cow moose or cow caribou (of any age) and calf moose (under age of two years) are protected at all times.

No person shall kill or take more than one moose, one caribou and two deer during any one year.

Moose, caribou and deer are not to be hunted with dogs, or to be caught by means of traps and snares.

For License Apply to Game Warden

Province of Nova Scotia (OPEN SEASON)

Hunting

BIG GAME—Moose, Oct. 1st to December 1st, except in island of Cape Breton where they are protected until 1915.

(No person shall kill more than one moose in one season, nor any calf moose under the age of one year.)

Deer and caribou protected until October, 1910.

Dogs must not be allowed to hunt moose, caribou or deer.

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No more than one moose, two deer, and two caribou may be killed in one season by any one person. Dogs may be used to hunt the red deer only between Oct. 20th and Nov. 1st.

No person owning, having or harboring any dog accustomed to hunt and pursue deer shall allow such dog to run at large, hunt or pursue in any places inhabited by deer, between November 1st of one year and October 20th.

For License apply to Game Warden, Quebec.



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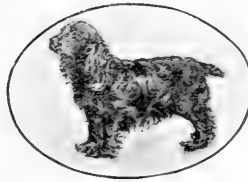
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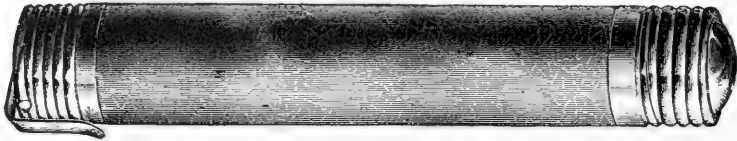
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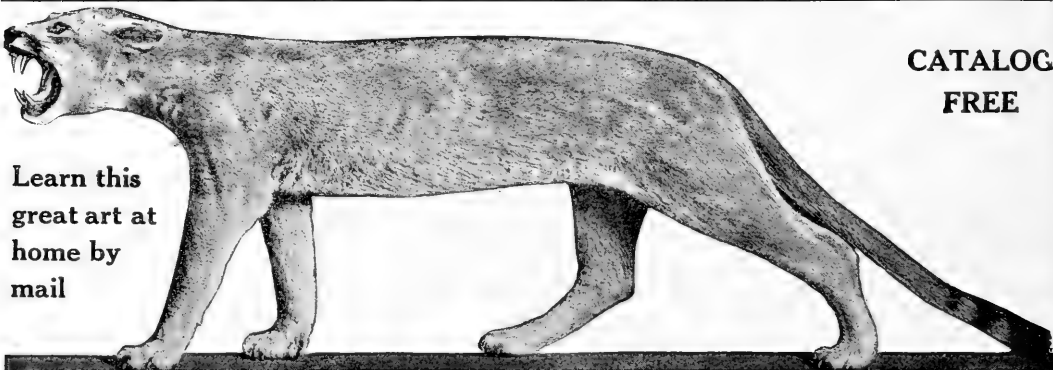
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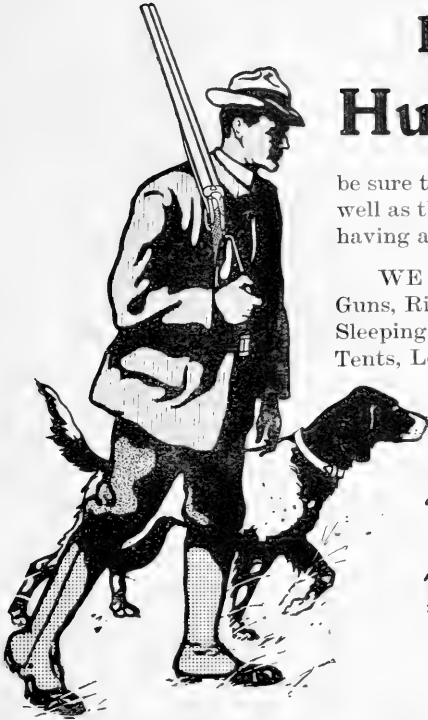
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Lake of Bays—Grand Trunk Ry. System	4	Adams Launch & Engine Mfg. Co.	24
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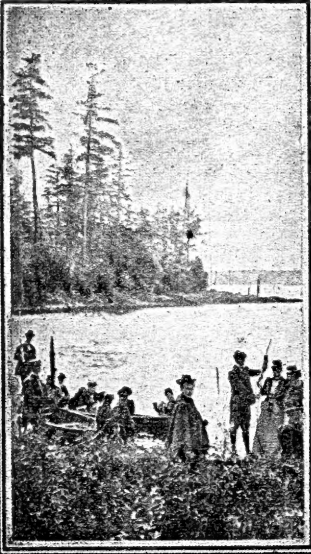
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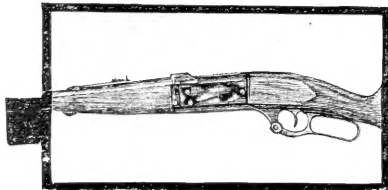
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