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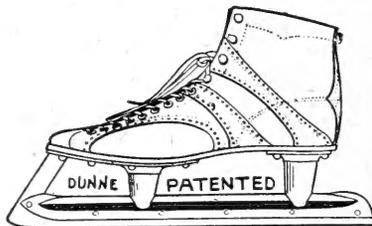
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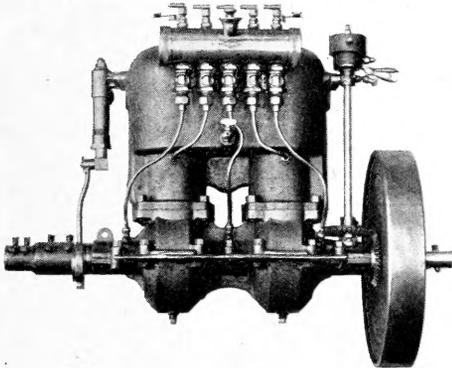
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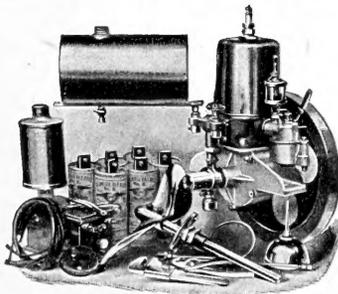
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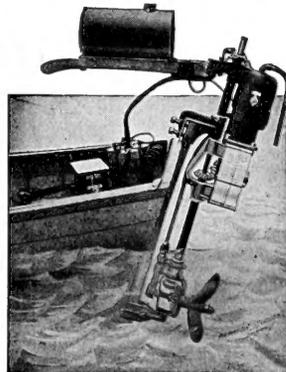


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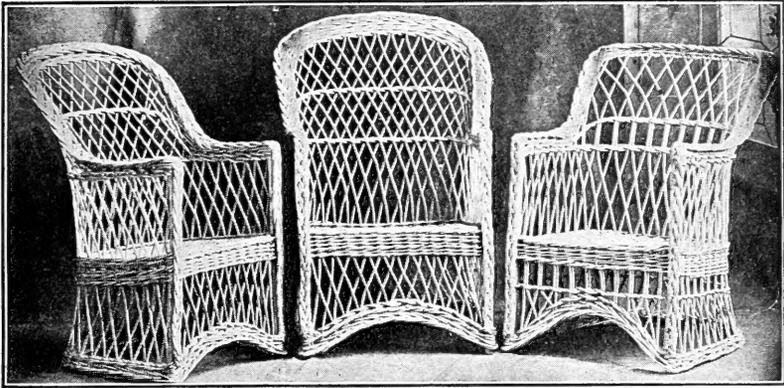
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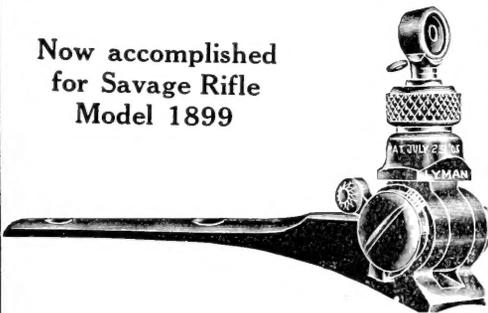
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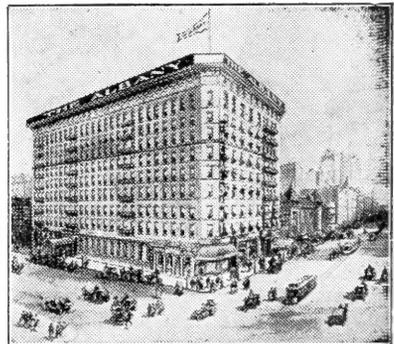
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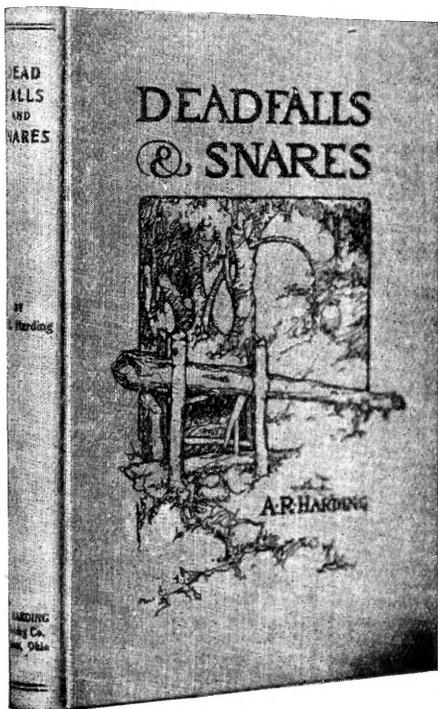
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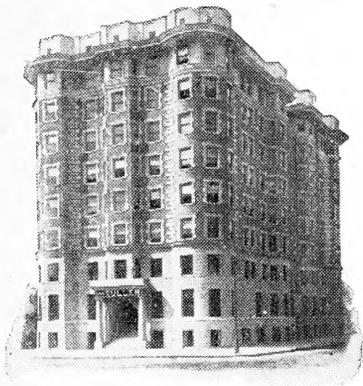
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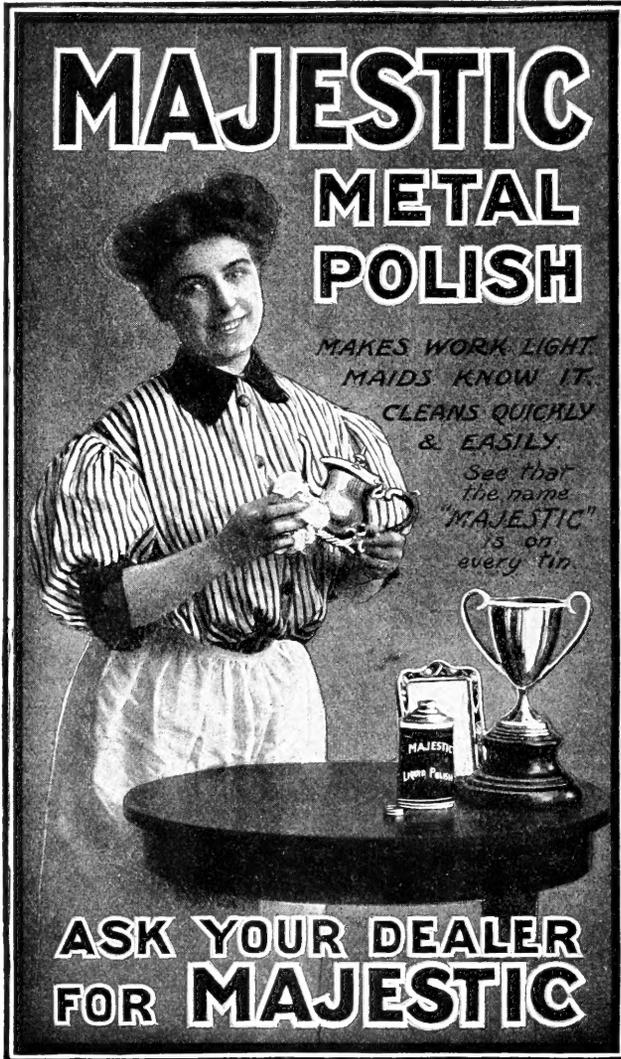
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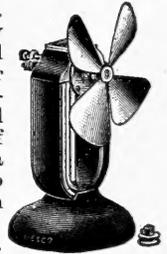


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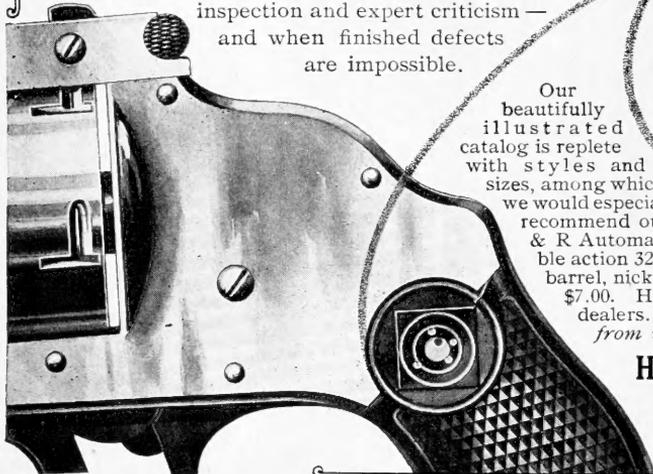
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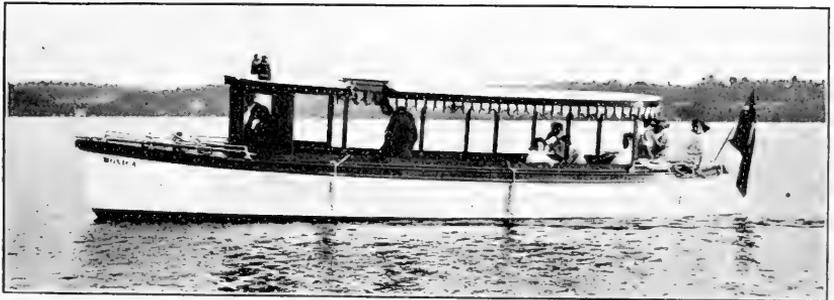
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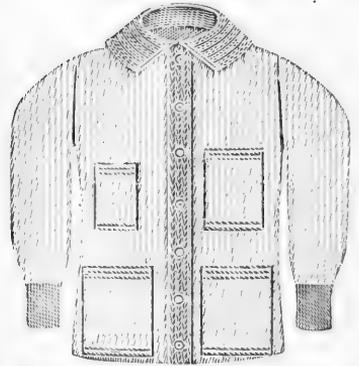
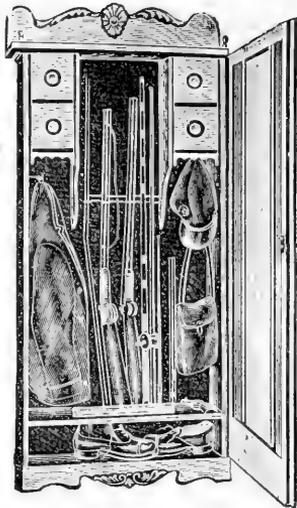
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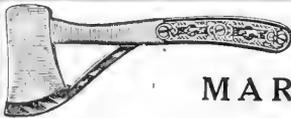
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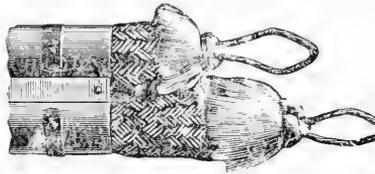


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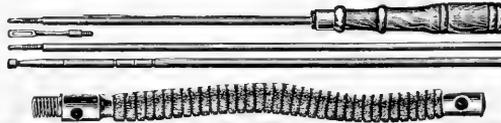
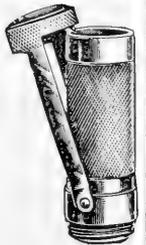
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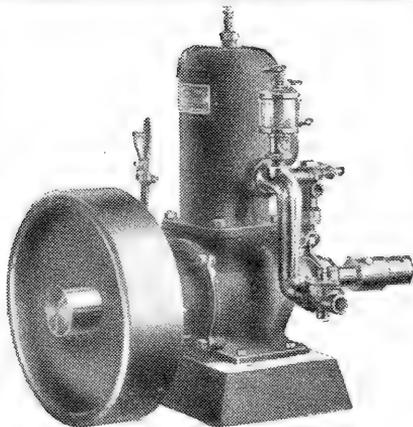
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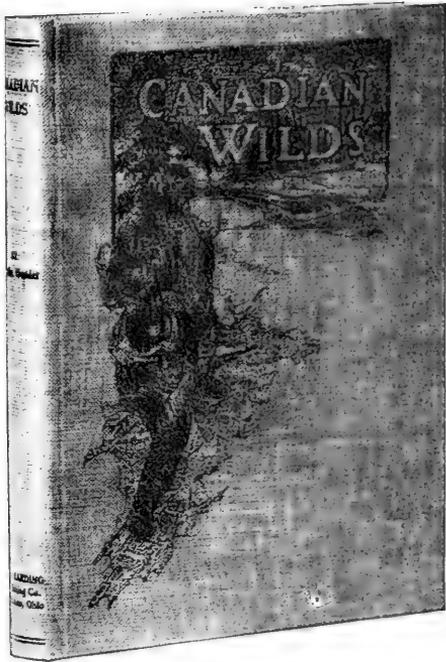
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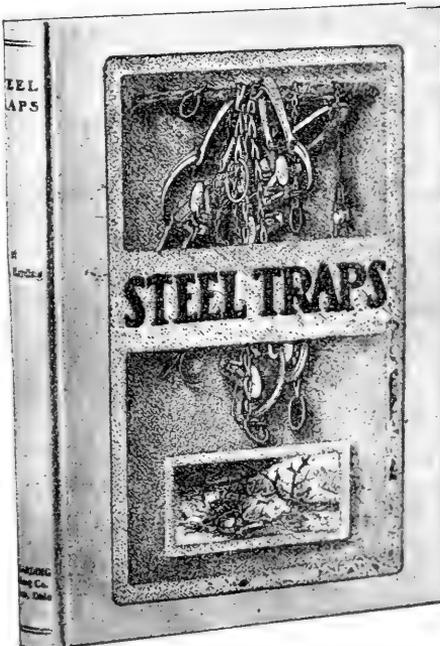
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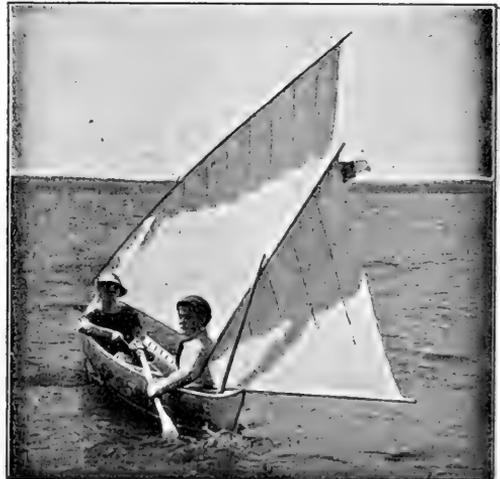
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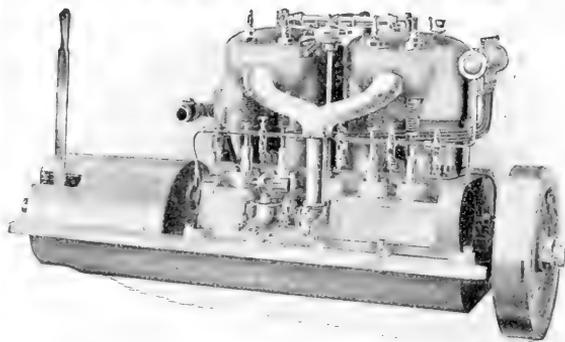


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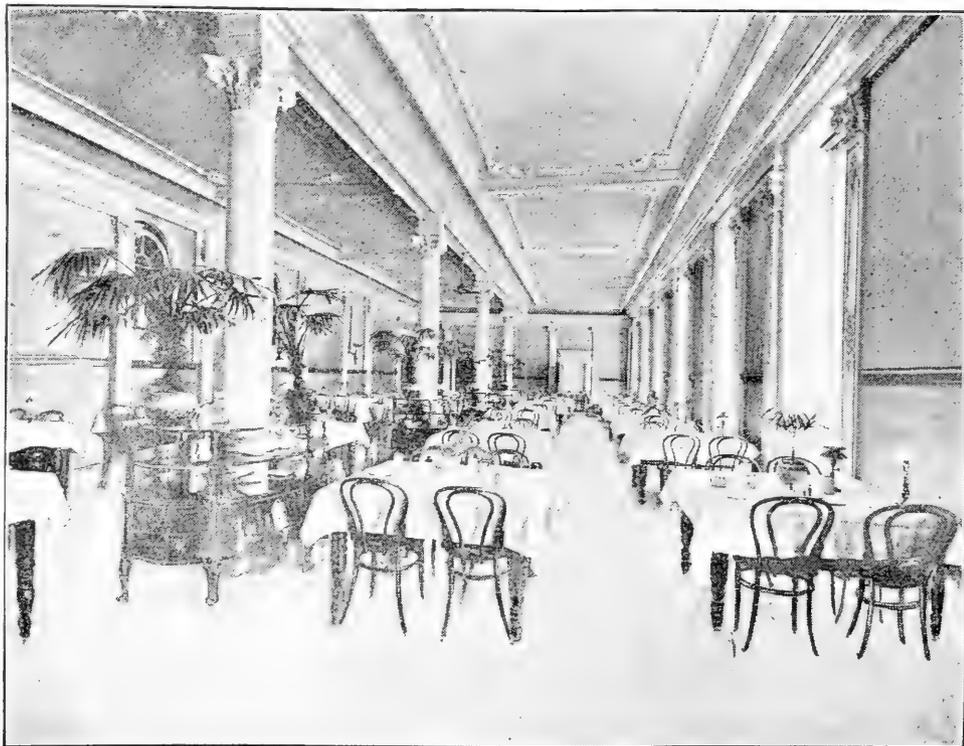
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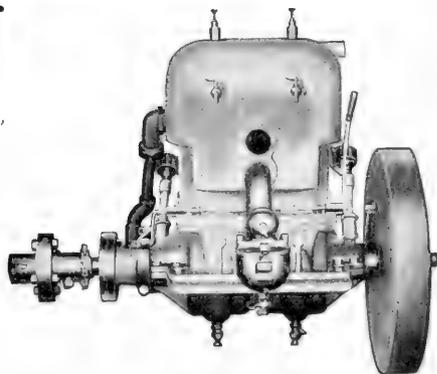
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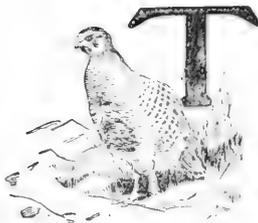


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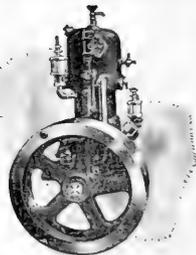
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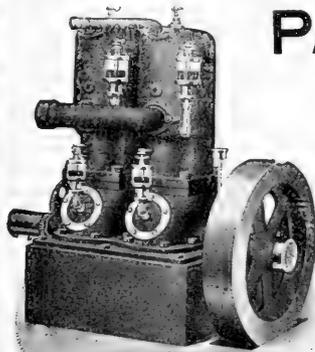
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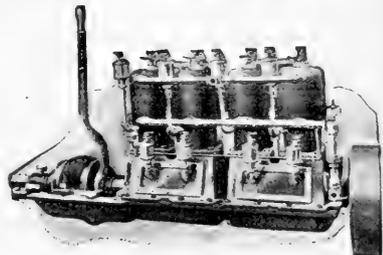


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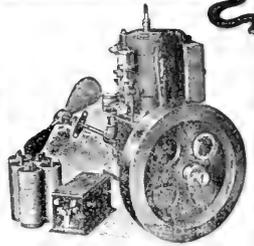
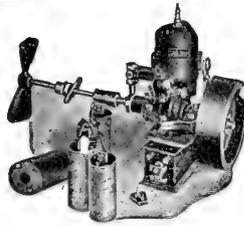
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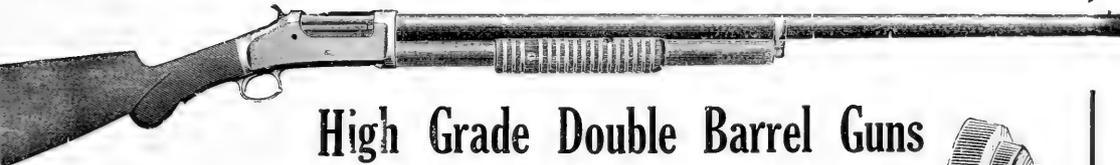
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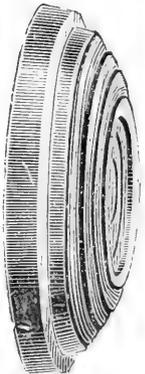
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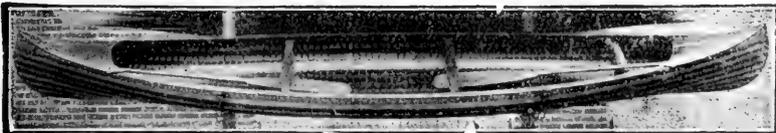
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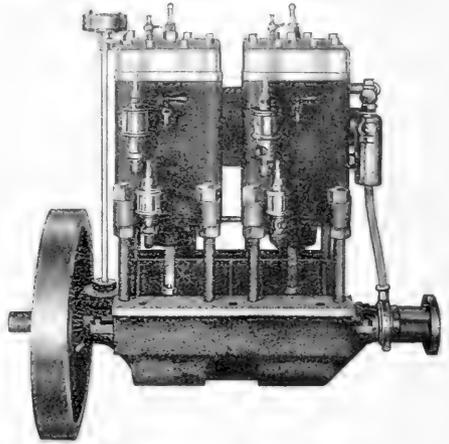
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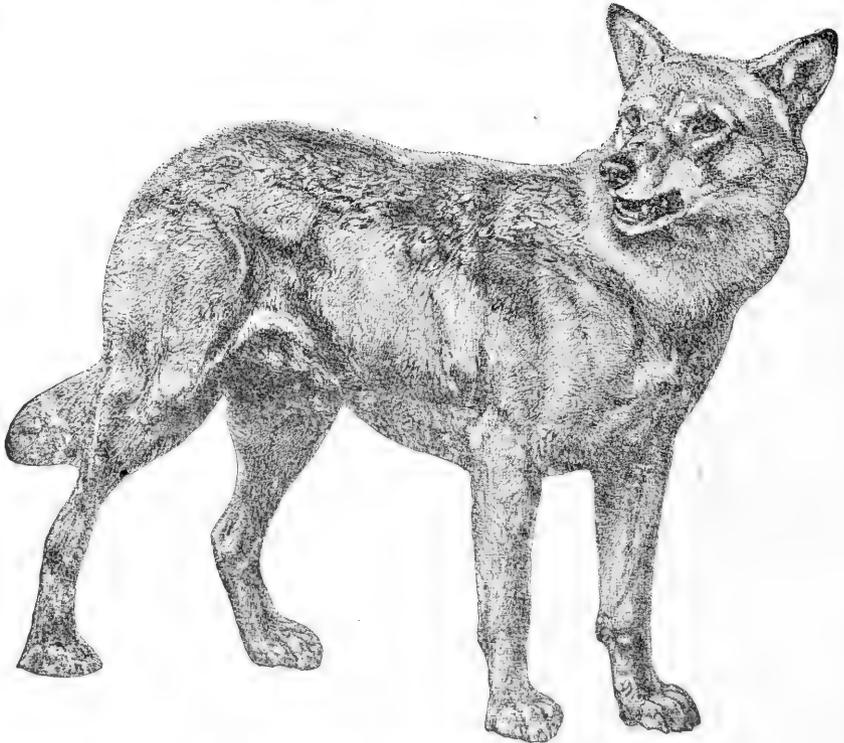
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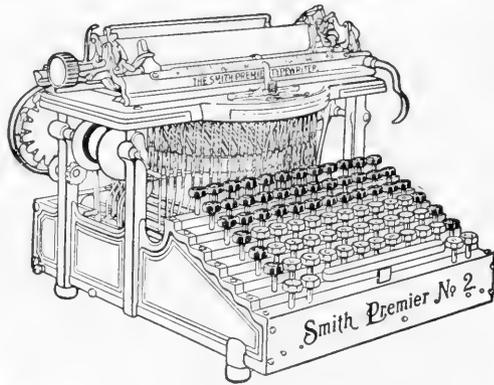
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Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published, if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the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

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JANUARY, 1908

NO. 8

The Look-Um-Deer Club at Play.

BY THE DOCTOR.

THE days are still and smoky, an' the nights are growin' cold,
The maples are a-drippin' blood, the beeches drippin' gold.
The briers are above my head, the brakes above my knee,
An' the bark is gettin' kind o' blue upon the ven'son-tree.

The leaves are driftin' in the breeze and gathered where they lie
Are the colors o' the sunset an' the smell o' the wintry sky,
The squirrels whisk by with loaded mouths and stop an' say to me,
"It's time to gather in the fruit upon the ven'son-tree.

What makes you look so anxious, and what makes you speak so low?
It's cause I'm thinkin' o' the place where I'm agoin' to go.
This here I've been a tinkerin', which lays acrost my knee,
Is the axe that I'll be usin' fer to fell the ven'son-tree.

I've polished up the iron, an' I've covered it with ile,
It's bit is only quarter inch, its helve is half a mile,
Whew! What's that so pesky? Why it kind o' frightened me,
It's the wind a-blowin' thro' the top o' the cute old ven'son-tree.

(Bachelor.)

Blessed be t'ie man that invented holidays. They are not a luxury, but a necessity. We moderns live in an electrical age. We are keyed up to the concert pitch. The demands upon us are urgent and nerve-prostrating. There is no tyranny like twentieth century civilization. It makes little difference where we are or what position we occupy, we are reminded that we are slaves, with all a slave's restrictions and limitations. To be successful, body and mind must be

kept in a healthy condition. Railroad iron will wear out, and no man can stand, without intermission, the grinding round of our modern life. It is absolutely necessary that the monotony of life should be broken squarely off, and for a month at least, and longer if possible, a complete riddance be made of it, and we get close to that kind nurse—Mother Nature. In most men there is some wild instinct, some taint of wild nature in the blood, that like an eruption, breaks out oftenest

when the maple, anticipating winter, borrows all the colors of the setting sun. It is then that Nature calls with a voice that is difficult, if not impossible, to resist, and in day-dreams we hear again the whir-r-r of the startled partridge, or the deep chorus of the hounds, now dying away in the valleys, now swelling into full song, as in pursuit of their quarry they top some eminence.

Nature has charms that nothing artificial can hope to rival. Here the true elixir of life is breathed and youth is renewed, for when we are whipping the streams or trolling among the islands of some Northern Lake, or tramping some old, almost forgotten portage road in search of partridge or hiding behind the decoys that have been placed near some rice-bed, we are boys again, with all a boy's love and ardor for God's outdoors.

But who can picture with pen the pleasures of a deer-hunt, that sport of Kings? True it is late in the year, the weather is often cold. Boreas in the early morning is a sharp biter and a close shaver; often there is a long waiting time beside some wind-swept lake, and hope is long deferred, but here hope deferred does *not* make the heart sick. No one thinks of cold or weariness, or long waiting. There are plenty of good warm clothes in the world, and you are never alone. The social meat-bird is always there to share your biscuit, and fraternize with you; you have an occasional visit from a passing weasel, who looks at you with eyes of wonder as though he said, "I never saw *that* bump on *that* log before," or a chesty partridge, with jaunty air walks down to the river, and then your trusty Savage is with you, it knows all your hopes and shares them, but leaves you to bear all the shame of a mistake. The body may be sometimes

cold but the heart never is, for the exercise the heart has in travelling from its rightful place in the body, up to the throat and back again keeps it warm enough. What song of Grand Opera can equal the chorus of hounds on a frosty morning, the yelping treble of the pups getting their first tryout, mingling with the bass of the veterans! And then in the gathering shadows to go back to the warmth and brightness of a good houseboat, to sit down to an appetizing dinner that would tempt a dyspeptic, and afterwards over a pipe, to talk of the day's fun or of old times, or retell the humorous experiences of other days and lastly, full of dinner and contentment, to go to bed and be lulled to sleep by the lapping of water and the soft mournful sighing of the pine, to sleep as healthy children do, until the Colonel, long before daylight, cries in a stentorian voice "All Aboard," — is this not all worth while? Why, even the wet sponge that Mr. Sleepyhead gets is a pleasure, for does he not lie waiting



THE ZEPHYR.

for it morning after morning? And he is never disappointed, for the Colonel sees that he gets it.

For four years I have had the good fortune to be one of a party of 'deer slayers', who are called The Look-Um-Deer Club. And a better class of men never went into the northern woods, every man takes his share of the rough and enjoys it as well as he does the smooth, and thanks to a good captain, the rough and the smooth are pretty evenly distributed and there is no growling or rag-chewing. This Club has Wisawasa, on Lake Nipissing as its rendezvous. A houseboat, called the Wasalilly, belonging to a man whom we call the Colonel, provides us with excellent accommodation. Cheery, comfortable, warm and splendidly furnish-



THE DEERSLAYERS

ed it is an ideal home. At times the floor of the sleeping apartment resembles, as the cook once said, a "swinarium," but a little water soon remedies that.

Permit me to introduce you to some of the members of the club.

The Colonel first, for he is the moving spirit of the whole, and to the kindness of his heart we owe these pleasant outings. He stands nearly six feet, weighs two hundred and forty pounds, something under fifty inches chest measure. He is getting on for sixty, so far as years and business experience go, but for jollity and a keen interest in everything that is of interest to other men he is about twenty; iron grey hair and beard, ruddy cheeks, eyes that age have not dimmed, a hearty laugh that is good to hear, and an accent that savors of the land of the heather; this is a pen picture of the man. He has only two vital organs in his body, a stomach and a heart. We know that he has these, we have seen him eat, and we have shared in the generosity of his big heart. If he has other organs they must

necessarily be small, for the heart must fill all the room. He works the sponge in the early morning, and watches the houseboat all day to see that the deer do not stray in and bite the cook, and when the dogs that are chained, whine or howl, it is a pleasure to hear him say, "Lie down, you brute!"

The Long Shyster, hails from Ottawa, and is famous in the annals of the club because one year he put on fifteen pounds of flesh in fifteen days. It is suspected, (though he denies this) that one of his legs is hollow. A post mortem alone will reveal the truth.

George also comes from Ottawa, and the distinguishing feature of his hunting career is that he has a weakness for a watch called Squaw Creek. In a vain hope that he might be weaned from this weakness, this watch was renamed Smith's Brule. The wet sponge works overtime every morning to get him up to breakfast.

A Hamiltonian, who allows us to call him Jim, is a little absent minded. It is



READY !

recorded of him that once he went out in the morning to hunt, and not till he was a hundred yards away did it dawn on him that he had neither rifle, axe or club. And an infamous libel was circulated about him that once he went out with his trusty gun, and didn't realize that he hadn't any ammunition till three deer ran within fifty yards of him.

John M. comes from Toronto and enlivens the evenings by yarns of moose hunts in the wilds of Nova Scotia, and hair raising experiences in Labrador. He is a very methodical man, though he loses his towel now and again, snores in a bass voice, which is a base habit, and hates the sight of an apple.

Captain Dave the Colonel's son, bosses a mill in the day time, at nights and on Sundays, but the less said about this the safer—for me. He feels sore against the deer for he can't go to sleep on a watch without a deer coming along and disturbing him. This makes him angry !

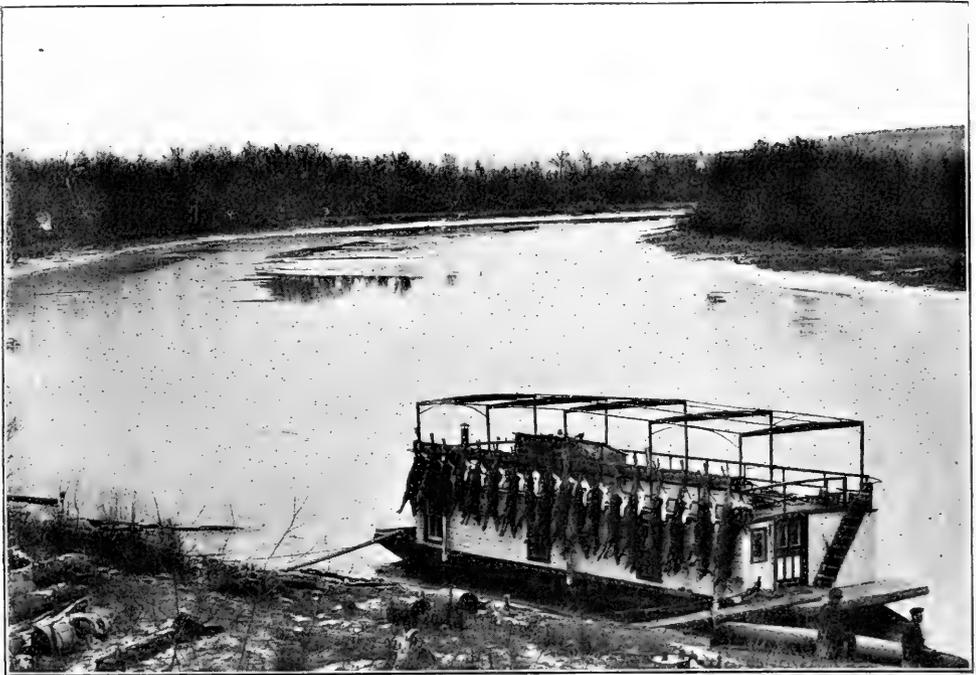
Johnnie Mac superintends the cooking for the dogs, shoots the horns off deer, and is famous for having dogged a dandy

buck into the water. He is said to give good tongue though he is not musical.

Then there is a quiet, modest, unassuming, bald man whom the boys call 'the Doctor.' He goes along principally to sleep with the Colonel, make the beds every morning, and to look after the morals of the club, he is a camera fiend but has no other bad habits ; he is harmless.

There are others who have distinguishing characteristics, but space forbids me to mention them.

These all met at the rendezvous on Oct. 30th, and bright and early next morning in tow of the staunch little Zephyr, with the Colonel at the helm we started for South River, and at noon tied up at the old spot. Previous to starting we performed the funeral obsequies of Dull Care. In the afternoon Jimmy, the Guide accompanied by three dogs arrived and a better guide, or harder worker, or keener sportsman, or truer friend than Jimmy doesn't live. Next we portaged a canoe three miles to a little lake called Perch, for between this lake and the



LOOKING UP SOUTH RIVER.

river the dogs were to be started, and there is no known law to compel a deer to run north when he takes a notion to run south.

At last all the preliminaries were attended to, the cook for the dogs, in a "ketash pottle," as the Hielandman says, had prepared a suitable dish, which after sampling he pronounced all right, and we took his word for it. Supper was eaten, watches arranged for the morning, the sponge was put to soak, and soon nothing broke the stillness of the night, but a gurgle of the water against the Wasalilly, and a musical snore from John M.

It may be said here that what follows is not a treatise on "How to Shoot Deer" neither is it a discussion on, "What is Causing Our Deer to Vanish," though I believe that nothing will cause a deer to vanish as quickly as ten men with good appetites and good digestions, nor is it an argument for or against "Hounding Deer" but an extract from an account of what a few men in search of rest and recreation did in the northern woods of Parry Sound.

These men went out, primarily for a holiday, and incidentally to kill a deer or two, if the fates were kind; they didn't go out to see how much whiskey they could punish, there is no passing the bottle on the Wasililly, for the Colonel allows no one to take along more whiskey than what is sufficient to allay the bites of snakes, and snakes are not numerous in the north country in November.

The morning of the first broke bright and clear, and the majority of the men saw what they hadn't seen for a twelve month—the sun rise. Two pair of dogs was sent to the woods, and George got his favorite watch, Squaw Creek, and Ernie, who was hunting for the first time, missed a deer but Jimmy got one in the woods.

Next morning, Capt. Dave sent George to Perch Lake, much against George's will, and Mac took George's place at Squaw Creek. A fine doe was shot at Haystack, so called because there is no haystack there, and a deer was missed at Sломans. Mac has to be killing something, so he added to the larder a broad-

faced hen, and George got a fine deer at Perch Lake and came home with joy and a ravenous appetite. The air along the river smelt of sulphur all day, an "alligator" towing a big scow of lumber went ashore and the language of the engineer was such as no self-respecting superintendent of a Sunday-school would think of using.

Put four stars opposite November 4th. Early in October the Doctor had made an appointment to meet a deer at Perch lake on this date and had invited the buck to bring all his family and be there at nine o'clock. Capt. Dave went along to see fair play. At twenty minutes past eight the three miles had been walked, and a mile paddled, and they were waiting for whatever might turn up. Ten minutes before the appointed hour the buck came in opposite Dave's watch. The little lake is half a mile across here, and about a mile long. When half way across the deer saw the red canoe, and thinking that this was not a healthy locality started back, but was soon overtaken. The first shot missed and then Dave and the deer see-sawed across the lake a few times. At last, after the Doctor had swallowed his heart several times the gun went off and all was over. Dave had got a .300 cartridge in his .303 gun, and it was too long to allow the breech to close, or the extractor to get over the rim. How he got the shell out no one knows to this day. At fifteen minutes past eleven while lunch was being eaten, a big doe jumped in at the foot of the lake and swam up the south side fifty yards from the shore and two hundred from the Doctor's watch. When opposite she saw the red canoe and started for shore, but a .303 bullet travels faster than a deer can swim, and she reached the shore, but couldn't get out of the water. She was brought ashore, and the interrupted dinner was resumed. Dave and the Doctor were feeling good some, and were just pledging one another in a cup of tea, and over the rim of his cup the Doctor's eye wandered up the lake and he made Dave jump by exclaiming, "As sure as the devil's a witch, Dave, there goes another." Sure enough half way across the lake six hundred yards away, was another buck. They gave

chase and the Doctor killed the third deer. When they returned to finish their twice interrupted dinner, there was no dinner there; the dogs had attended to that in their absence. Camp was reached at dark, and through the day Jimmie killed a buck, which weighed two hundred and fifty pounds.

On the watch that George had here yesterday a piece of paper was discovered on which was printed in red letters the one word "Scotch." George couldn't explain this, and the mystery to this day has never been satisfactorily solved.

Mark November 5th, with four red stars. Everybody was keen after the Sunday's rest and cheered by a short visit from the Colonel. George sprained his foot yesterday, and couldn't go to Squaw Creek. In the morning after a short run, Dave got a spike-horn. Michael Shea and his chum Jane, called and were entertained to dinner, but dinner was interrupted by a report from the cook that a fine buck was coming down the river. Every last man reached for his gun, but the deer got ashore: dogs were hurried over and the deer took the water again four hundred yards up the river, and then at that long range a fusilade began that churned the water white, the buck however reached the shore, but his flag was down, and his career was ended by a bullet in the neck. One leg was broken, his under jaw smashed, and five bullet marks were in the shoulder where it showed above the water. Jane and Mike continued to eat, deer could be seen any day but a dinner like this was the chance of a lifetime. While they were filled with food and joy covered their faces as a garment, the Doctor photographed them, George of course sitting beside Jane, and Jim standing behind. In the afternoon, Dave and Mac and Dwyer caught a deer in the lake and put a rope round its neck, but it objected so obstreperously to this treatment, that it had to be killed, and the Perch Lakers reported, that John M. shot a fine doe there in the morning. And so it went on. Deer were hunted, they were killed, they were missed, but the spirits of the club never flagged. Everybody did an able bodied man's work,—at the table.

During the forenoon of November 6th

an event occurred which must be told. Dave came home and confessed to having missed a deer, but he acted dog and put it into the river, and was there in time to see it disappear in the woods on the other side. He seemed to feel this keenly, and though we told him "to cheer up" and "that it wasn't his fault" and "that the best made misses at times," still the gloom overshadowed his face and he didn't seem even to take an interest in his dinner. We knew something was preying on his mind. We asked him if he was sick and all he said was, "Oh, go to blazes!" But truth is mighty and at last the truth prevailed. It seemed that he sat on his watch that morning a long time, and though he was urged about eleven to come to the houseboat he refused. (He had George's watch on Squaw Creek.) A sleepy spell came on him, and this is something no one can account for, and is all the more remarkable, because the night before he had had eleven hours sleep, and it is reported that on Sunday nights when he and Mac go to church that they do not get to bed till three o'clock Monday morning. And while this sleepiness cannot be explained, facts are stubborn things, and the fact is still there that he was sleepy and made himself as comfortable as possible and shut his eyes—to meditate. What he meditated upon, and how long the meditation lasted he doesn't know, but he was aroused at length by a jarring of the ground like a miniature earthquake, and looking up, behold! there was a good sized buck standing within fifteen feet of him, and stamping his foot in anger. If he had been asleep instead of meditating imagination alone can picture what the consequences might have been. Some evilly disposed person did circulate the report that he was asleep, and when this reached his ears he said, "Do you think, if I was asleep that a buck stamping his foot would waken me up?" And knowing what trouble it is to get him up in the morning we feel that he had refuted that slander, and are certain that an elephant stamping his foot would not have wakened him! Anyway his meditation ceased and there stood the buck. Cautiously he

raised his trusty rifle, but the cartridge was old and missed fire, and with a bound the deer disappeared. Then he began to give tongue, and the deer, more frightened than if a pack of wolves was after it, started apparently for Sломans. Yelling to John M. he started in pursuit, and John rowed as he never rowed before, but the deer took a swing, and went in at Bald rock where John had had his watch, and Dave arrived in time to see it go ashore, but too winded to shoot.

I could tell you how Dwyer fell into the river. I could unfold a tale of a towel that mysteriously disappeared, and as mysteriously came back and was found in the owner's bed. I could tell you how one night, near the end of the hunt, Jimmie was brought into the dining room, and the doctor speaking on behalf of the men, told Jimmie what they thought of him, and that he might the more easily and surely put an end to his miserable existence, it was the intention of the Club to present him with a Winchester Carbine, 32 Special, with all the latest and most improved sights. I could tell you how the little Zephyr, when the Colonel came for us, had to break her way, for four miles, through ice an inch and a half thick.

I shall end however, by saying that we reached Wisawasa at five p. m. November 15th, and in answer to the Zephyr's exulting whistle, the inhabitants of that village, men, women and children, and especially children, turned out to give us a hearty welcome home. The colonel divided the spoil, we took supper together for the last time and the hunt of 1906 was only a pleasant memory.

Good companions, comfortable quarters, excellent food appetizingly cooked, seasonable weather, twenty good deer (sixteen of them bucks;) these were a few of the features of the hunt. The only untoward circumstance was that business prevented the Colonel from being with us. So we separated in the hope that such outings may come every year, until failing strength and eyesight compel us to sit at home and in memory live over again and again those happy days!

A Veteran Fisherman and His Yarns.

BY OSCAR C. BASS.

WE called him "the Old Man," not because of his age, for, although considerably turned sixty, he was as spry and elastic in his movements as at twenty-one, and he was straighter and quicker than the youngest of us. He got the name among the boys because we looked up to him as an authority, and we liked him because, instead of putting on airs of superiority on account of his great experience in sport, he became younger in a sense as he grew older, took a keen interest in us youngsters, as he called us, and would go to no end of trouble to see that we got the best sport that was going.

Mingled with our affection and admiration for him was a vague feeling of superstition, for you might be fishing in one spot all day without seeing a solitary fin or getting so much as the suspicion of a nibble, when along would come the Old Man, with his cheery: "Wall, how're the' comin'?" and on hearing your grunt of disgust he would swing around and take up a post near you, throw in his line and begin to tell you some of his hunting stories, after Virginia quail, with Governor McGuffin. In the middle of the yarn he would stop, inform you that he had a bite, and would immediately begin to play his fish. This would give you fresh confidence; you would think that the fish were at last coming around, and you would take heart again, put on a fresh bait and hand the Old Man your flask. Not a bit of use, though; it would soon be apparent that it was the Old Man's line they were attracted most to, and on your suggestively remarking that you would like to have that rod and line to try it, he would reply cheerfully: "Why, certainly, take it," and he would go on catching fish with your rod while you sat by and the fish turned up their noses at the Old Man's rod in your hands. Big, fat, good natured Bob Anderson would call you aside, confidentially and mysteriously, and yanking an enormous bite off a plug of tobacco, he would carefully and

thoughtfully stow it away in a particular location in his jaw, before propounding such a knotty question as: "How in Halifax is it the Old Man caught all those fish in that pool when I've been working away in the sun there all day for nothing?"

Of course you would have to give it up; the Old Man made no secret of his doings, he would share our bait, or swap flies and even rods, but still he caught the fish.

But it was at night time, in the old shack at the lake side, after the day's fishing was over, the hot coffee, eggs, bacon and thick slices of bread and butter placed snugly away under our respective belts, according to capacity, and the pipes going—it was then that the Old Man would unfold himself in a reminiscent sense.

Naturally the conversation first turns upon the day's events, and the fish are sorted and salted away—the biggest ones on top of course—each member of the party has some story of adventure to relate of the day's experience—how this fish came up to the fly, or that fish took the minnow; what a time it was to keep him on a taut line, how he sulked when he found himself balked at each piece of strategy; how he played Old Harry with the tackle, sprung the rod and tired the arm, and when at last the finny fighter was landed it was found that the hook, which stood between him and glorious liberty, would not have borne another minute's play. Big Bob had just related such an experience as this one evening. We had returned to the stove and one of the boys was making the grog. As the first, and hottest and best glass was handed to the Old Man, he remarked as he gazed, critically but affectionately, into the limpid depths of the steaming nectar: "That yarn o' Bob's reminds me of a tussle I had with a big fish and small tackle once."

He took a sip from the glass, to give us a chance to test the quality of our

own and see that the pipes were going. Bob threw an extra log in the stove, and we all settled back, for the Old Man always told the truth and always told more than one yarn at a time.

"I wuz up the Koksilah river here," he began, "with some of the boys a few years back, more to show them whar the fishin' was than for fishin' myself. Thar was a touch of prospectin' in the venture too; so it was more force o' habit than with any intention of downright serious fishin' that I took only a light thirteen foot trout rod. While the boys wur fleekin' away at a pool at long reach in the stream, I went back here and there to examine the rocks, an' it wuz after gettin' back from one o' these rambles that I came up with the boys, and calculated I'd have a throw myself. The trout war slow; the day wuz bright and fishin' prospects seemed to be about as far off as the Ballarat mines wuz from the rocks I'd been chippin' back on the hills. I tried one fly after another, but none of them coaxed the big fellows' noses from under the rocks in the shady spots.

"Just about givin' it up as a bad job, before sittin' down to have a bite to eat, I made a cast into a small eddy not more than forty foot square. From whur I wuz standin' I wuz just able to reach it with the tail fly. There was something the matter with that little pool in a minute that made me think one o' the big Atlantic steamers had got her propellers to work in front of me. My tailer went down, and click, click began the reel. I knew then that I had dropped on a smacker and no mistake. He made a set o' circles in that pool so quick that I could see the bare bottom of the stream between every line, like the Jordan wuz when Moses took the people out o' Egypt, only they wuz round instead of straight across. Round and round he went, pullin' me across the forty foot pool between us and takin' me into water near to my armpits. Lord, how he sizzled and tore as he tried to tangle my tackle up in the rocks. The little rod acted grand; she went near double and she came back again; that fish would look me square in the face and run up to me as if he wuz goin' to have it out

with me in my own back yard, but I says: "No, boy, you don't get any slack on me with a bluff of that kind," and I would reel him up prompt. After tryin' to run the blockade o' rocks between the small pool and the river stretch, several times, he would stop to spy out the ground, like a general plannin' a fight, when he would run off on a new track. There I wuz for close on an hour, just managin' to hold him, an' he seemed as fresh as ever, when he went to the bottom like a log and lay there sulkin'. D'ye think I could move him? Not a bit of it. I tickled him with the hook as much as I could without tryin' to lift him, but not a stir, and at last I had to hold him taut with one hand and drop rocks on him to move him with the other. I would try to look around to see if any of the boys wuz near to come with a net or gaff, but nary a sign o' them. At last Mr. Fish makes one of them big rushes at me, but this time I tried a new dodge. I seemed to know he wuz thinkin' o' tryin' his old bluff, and as soon as he moved, I ran back, made as big a pull on the rod as I thought she'd stand, and helped that fish to jump right out of the water and on to the dry rocky clearin' in the middle of the stream. When we weighed him he wuz fourteen pound and three quarters. There's the little rod up on the rack there, an' I tell you I think an awful powerful lot o' her."

The Old Man had scarcely finished talking, when a pretty fox terrier which he owned came into the cabin with a two pound trout in his mouth. Bob jumped up with an exclamation that "the gol durned dog" had been at his fish, for Bob was the only one who could boast a two pounder for that day.

"Let him alone," said the Old Man. "He caught that fish himself; he didn't want me to be beaten, so he went out fishin' in the crick fur me and got that fish."

There was an enquiring look thrown over towards the Old Man, but his good natured face beamed nothing but truth as he said: "I never told you the story of that dog!

"Well, a man back in the city owned that dog, and from a pup he wuz a ter-

ror after cats. I got him, but didn't think much of him, as he wuz afraid of the water, and didn't care to go in a boat. One day I wuz up the river, and wuz goin' in to cross some ways above the canyons where the rapids are. The dog wuz comin' gingerly behind me on a log, which wuz rollin' to beat the band when he slipped and fell in. After that he didn't care about the water; took a likin' to it, and would go in after anything. By the next season I had him almost talkin' and there wuz some o' us goin' up the river one day, when Tip, sees a big salmon that wuz workin' his way along in a shallow place with a lot of others. He jumps in and grabs him

just as the back of the neck, and for a purty considerable time you couldn't tell dog from fish, or whether it wuz all dog or all fish. There wuz the most all-firedest fight you ever see, with Tip comin' up blowin' the water out of his nose every time, and still holdin' on like Old Nick. We got Tip in first, as he wuz pretty well tuckered out, and there wasn't much kick left in the fish. Then we scaled both o' them. That salmon weighed twenty-two pounds, [and] Tip only comes to eighteen."

In silence we knocked the ashes out of our pipes on the top of the stove and turned in.

The Lure of the Wild.

BY H. D. RUGGLES.

In the winter cold and dreary,
 As the day draws near its close,
 And heart and brain are weary
 With the toil that each day knows;

Comes the roar of waters falling
 And visions of sunshine bright,
 And the sound of voices calling
 To the woodland wilds to-night.

Anon I see before me
 The tent by the river's brim,
 Where the hemlock arches o'er me,
 While the evening sky grows dim.

Far back from the city's bustle,
 From its follies and its strife,
 Back where the green leaves rustle,
 Back to the simple life.

Back where all care and sorrow
 For the time are passed away,
 And the work of the stern to-morrow
 Is forgot in the glad to-day.

Our Northland Trip.

BY CHAS. A. PYNE.

FOR some considerable time arrangements had been on foot for our northern trip, the objective point being the gold fields of Upper Lake Abitibi, that very considerable body of water, which constitutes one of the largest lakes between Lake Temiskaming and Hudson Bay. It is well on a trip of this kind that arrangements should be made before hand, and fortunate indeed is the traveller who does not find, when too late, that something he particularly desires to have with him, is missing. There are at present means of supplying all the necessities and many of the comforts of civilization, at the stores scattered throughout the northern country, but there are in addition little things, which one can obtain better at home and the absence of which handicaps the tourist when he is in the northern wilds. We were fortunate in having an experienced man make out a list of our probable requirements, and our experience demonstrated the fact that he did his work well.

Everything being arranged as far as experience and forethought could provide, our little party consisting of myself, Mr. Dan Miller and Mr. F. Muirhead, the latter a Scotch gentleman, left Woodstock on the afternoon of September eleventh, bound for the north. At Toronto we took the Cobalt special, which we left the following day at Latchford, the train then being two hours late.

From Latchford we ascended the Montreal River in a gasoline launch, as far

as Portage Bay, seven miles up, and from that point a two mile walk inland along a wagon road and trail, took us to some of the mines we wished to visit. Here we met Mr. and Mrs. Frank Somers, and it may be mentioned that Mrs. Somers was the first white lady to penetrate so far as these mining camps. The return was made the same way on the following day, and we then proceeded by train to Cobalt, where Mr. Muirhead left us, and from Cobalt to Haileybury.

At Cobalt we had been joined by Mr. S. A. Singlehurst, M. E., who as our consulting engineer was to accompany us on our trip, and the talk was largely about minerals. Mr. Singlehurst was telling so much concerning the natural resources of the country and waxed so warm that he proceeded to illustrate by informing us that the very dirt in the streets of Haileybury, contained large quantities of aluminum which some day will be extracted and made to pay a handsome profit. Mr. Miller put the damper on Mr. Singlehurst's enthusiasm by remarking, with a sweeping glance over Lake



CHAS. A. PYNE.

Temiskaming, "Yes, it is wonderful and I suppose if the water of that Lake were boiled, you would get maple sugar out of it!"

At Haileybury, we took the boat to North Temiskaming, and found on our arrival at the latter place, that although our baggage had been properly checked it had been put on the wrong boat, and was on its way down the Lake, while we

were going up. The accident happened by the two steamers being tied up together, at the same time, one lying alongside the other. In order to reach our steamer, which was the smaller one, the larger had to be crossed, and in loading, our baggage was dropped on the larger steamer. This explanation afforded us no consolation, and the delay of thirty-six hours was a serious matter and caused us heavy expenses, as well as inconvenience, and much profanity. We were told that the baggage would be put off at Ville Marie, and would arrive by the next boat, and one piece did so. In order to get the whole, it was found necessary for us to return to Haileybury, and make forcible representations to the officials. Travellers in that north country would be well advised, if they wish to profit by our experience, to look after their own baggage, even when it is checked. That is the only way in which delays, inconvenience and even loss can be avoided. At North Temiskaming we put up at the King of the North Hotel, a very home-like place, and made the best of our enforced delay.

Our guides were in, the teams were ready, and as soon as we obtained the baggage, we loaded up and set off on that long, arduous, and now well known road to Klock's Farm. By water the distance is sixteen miles, but there are fifteen portages and much swift, dangerous water. We, therefore, decided upon the long eighteen mile portage and it was a piece of experience one is not likely to forget.

The guides took it as all in the day's work, and made light of the difficulties, rendering cheerful help when a team got stuck. Here let me introduce these guides. A half-breed named Joe Mc-

Kenzie, held the position of head guide, and throughout the whole journey proved himself worthy of his position. As assistants, there were Jack Simpson, a white man, who has had much experience in that north country; Jimmie King, a half breed, Bob McBride, half breed and Bill Default and Will Terrin, two French Canadians, who proved the very best of good fellows.

North Temiskaming was formerly one of the reserves of the Algonquin Indians, and was purchased from them, with the consent of the Federal Government, about three years ago by Mr. Murray, for \$25.00 per acre. Upon the site, the town of Murray City was founded, but it has since been decided to retain the old name of the district, and as North Temiskaming it is known today.

While waiting here, Mr. Miller and myself went into a store, and finding a large potato, which we were assured had been grown in the district, had it weighed and found it weighed one and three-quarter pounds. Later on we guessed the weight with Mr. Singlehurst and Miller and I guessing one ounce either way won. Although

Singlehurst guessed within four ounces, he of course lost. Later on we told him how we proved such expert guessers.

We were all glad to get off. Our baggage was teamed the eighteen miles for twelve dollars, and by starting at half past six in the morning, we were at Klock's shortly after noon. A stay of two hours sufficed to get our meal, to load our canoes and have everything ready for departure.

Our canoes were two in number—a twenty-four foot Peterborough and an eighteen foot Peterborough. Singlehurst and Miller with our guides had the larger canoe, and myself with Simpson



OUR GUIDES.

and McBride the smaller one. The canoes were well loaded with provisions, camp outfit, mining outfits, etc., and in addition we had a Marlin rifle, a shot gun and fishing tackle.

Embarking on Quinze Lake we paddled to Barrier portage, and here we pitched our tents, having a fine supply of wild duck, plover and partridge, all made into a bouillon, by Jimmie King, who was the camp cook.

Here we met Dr. Paul Outerbridge of New York, who with his wife and family had been spending a portion of the summer near the Height of Land. Mr. Singlehurst was taken very ill, and the Doctor kindly prescribed for him and relieved his pain. Owing to Singlehurst's illness, we remained in camp next day, and Miller and I spent some time in fishing, obtaining quite a respectable string of pike and pickerel.

On the following morning, Singlehurst was only a little better, but we made him up a comfortable bed in the big Peterborough, where he was much better off than in camp, and continued our journey. A quarter of a mile over Barrier portage, and our canoes were launched on Barrier Lake. A paddle of fourteen miles up this lake brought us to Lonely River, which is sometimes called Lonesome River. The water is almost dead, the scenery dull and monotonous and altogether the place is very rightly named. On Barrier Lake we used our sails in the canoes, and had a most delightful run, which was enjoyed by each one of us.

Nine miles along Lonely River brought us to Long Lake, on entering which we saw on our left Bell Rock, so called because Joe Mackenzie found a cow bell there. The finding of this cow bell is

one of the unsolved mysteries of the district, because no cow is known to have ever been there, or within a reasonable distance of the place. During the fine afternoon we could distinctly hear the blasting on Larder Lake, twenty miles away.

That evening we reached the Revillon Brothers' Post, on the Height of Land Portage. This is in charge of John McDonald, a former factor of the Hudson Bay Company, who received us very kindly, and made us heartily welcome. We had had a run of forty-six miles for the day, and were tired. Notwithstanding our fatigue, however, we could not help expressing our admiration of the scene around us. It appeared to us as though we had reached the most beautiful spot on earth, and certainly this must be numbered as one of them. We saw it just as the Ruler of the Universe made

it, and before the hand of man began to spoil it.

Right on the Height of Land we discovered a beautiful spring of fresh, clear, sparkling water. This was a greater discovery than may at first sight appear to readers. The water all up in that northern country, is bad to those who are accustomed to the good water

of older Ontario. Upon those living in the country, and who have become accustomed to it, no ill effects are apparent. Strangers, however, unless extremely careful, speedily feel its ill effects and anyone thinking of travelling there, should take warning and indulge as little as possible. It will be understood, therefore, in some measure, what a find this was for us and how much we enjoyed the long drinks at this spring. The find was one we all remember.

At this place, John McDonald keeps a kind of hotel, which he calls the Opaz-



THE INTERPROVINCIAL BOUNDARY BETWEEN QUEBEC AND ONTARIO.

atika Hotel, and here we stayed the night. Posted in the dining room were the following rules, which appear to me to be well worth quoting in full:

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Card playing for money, strictly prohibited in these premises. By order.

Guests are requested to refer directly to the manager for any complaint or extra; servants not allowed to take orders.

Clothes, jewelry, and goods of any description brought in by guests, are in their own responsibility.

Any damage to building, material, furniture and blankets charged extra.

PERSONAL NOTICE.

Any inscriptions, names, signs, or drawings on the wall are prohibited.

Tea masters are requested not to swear.

Chewing is allowed, but spitting on the floor is prohibited.

Meals forty cents. Beds twenty-five cents. No credit.

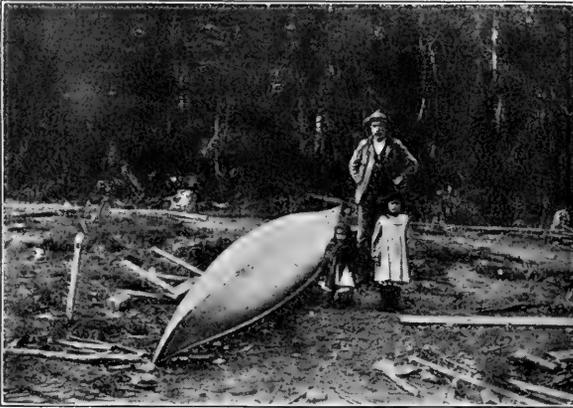
On the twenty-second, half a mile portage to Summit Lake brought us to the regular Height of Land portage and a further portage of one mile enabled us to put our canoes into Island Lake. This is certainly one of the most beautiful of the inland lakes of Canada. It is studded with islands, each one having a charm all its own. Every island appears different in shape, size and also in its trees, the foliage of each seeming to differ in color, making the whole aspect one of inexpressible charm and beauty. Again and again we were ready to declare that the scene surpassed all the rest until the next was seen, when we were prepared to make an equally emphatic declaration as to its superiority.

Up to this point, we had found game

very scarce. We had had one meal of duck and one dinner of fish.

Our next portage was made pleasant by the manner in which small hewn logs had been laid across a swamp, making a fine roadway. It is said that for nearly a century the Hudson Bay Company took in their supplies by this route. This, no doubt, accounted for the time and labor spent in improving the portage.

There was a paddle of fourteen miles, before we made the next portage and in order to cut off a corner, we went by way of Snake Creek. This creek is so tortuous, that the often quoted expression to the effect that "you meet yourself coming back" is full of meaning to those who have paddled along its course.



SCENE AT THE HEIGHT OF LAND.

Three Carrying Place River, so called because three portages come close together within a short distance, and though short compel three unship pings and re-shippings of goods, is known to all canoeists and explorers in that country. It is a disagreeable necessity

forced upon one by the peculiar nature of the river, which will continue famous as long as canoeing and portaging remain the way to travel in that northern country. In this case I ran the rapids with Joe MacKenzie and Bill Default in the canoe, which had been lightened of all the freight. The others preferred the portage road. This was the wisest thing to do, for although a run down the rapids is a thrilling piece of experience, it is always dangerous, and we were informed that two men out of three had been drowned in such an attempt, at this very place. I am pleased to say that my confidence in my guides, was justified on this occasion.

The photographs we took of running

the rapids were all spoiled owing to the worthless films sold to us at Cobalt. Tourists would be well advised to purchase their photographic supplies from some one upon whom they can depend, or else like us they may live to repent not doing so. In this way some photographs of the scenes we most wished to remember were lost to us.

On the morning of the twenty-third, I was first on deck, and soon afterwards had the cook blowing the fire, whose warmth proved most acceptable to us, the night having been very cold indeed. We made it a rule to camp as near a rapids as possible, as we had with us the champion long distance snorer of the world. Although he always had a tent to himself, we would hesitate to camp on the same island with him, unless we had a rapids to help us out.

From Island Lake to Drybone Lake we had a paddle of fifteen miles, and then up the Little Abitibi River for nine miles.

While fishing that morning an enormous pike went off with my best troll, biting the line clean through.

We did not leave camp until late, and were on Upper Lake before noon. Just before finishing our lunch at ten o'clock in the morning, and prior to our preparations for launching on Upper Lake, we met Adam Burwash, the Indian Commissioner, and photographed his canoe outfit. Mr. Burwash has explored that northern country for years and has made some of the best mineral discoveries hitherto recorded.

A good portage is that named Dancing Rapids, which is on the Abitibi River, from Upper Lake to Upper Lake Abitibi. We arrived at the Revillion store at six o'clock, in a down pour of rain and were kindly taken in by Mr. Herman Dellaire,

the factor in charge. The warmth of the stove proved very welcome as we were all cold, and our reception here is one we are all likely to remember. After sleeping on the ground for several nights, a spring bed was very pleasant. It was still raining when we left and Lake Abitibi was true to its character for roughness. We called at the Hudson Bay Post, and met Mr. Dreaver, the factor; Mr. McAlpine, the bookkeeper, and Mr. McKenzie, the postmaster, who all gave us a splendid reception. Here we were storm bound for a day. Upper Lake Abitibi is very shallow and treacherous. Storms come up in a few minutes, and are extremely dangerous. At this place a fine rain coat which had been dropped on a portage, was returned to me. Although I had purchased another one at the French store I was exceedingly glad to get this one back again, and gladly paid the finder a couple



DAN MILLER.

of dollars, though he was very reluctant to take anything at all for his trouble. As a rule an Indian will not touch anything that is dropped or lost. If however, they know the guide who is with the party losing the article, and particularly if he is a relative, they will make an

endeavor to return the lost article. They are very superstitious about touching such articles, and much prefer to leave them alone. It can only be hoped that civilization will not spoil them in this respect.

Although the lake was still rough next day, and there had been a snow flurry during the night, we loaded our canoes for a start. Hitherto we had kept on the Quebec side, but reaching the boundary line nine miles from the Hudson Bay Post, we crossed into Ontario. The waves were rolling so high on Lake Abi-

tibi, that we did not think it wise to attempt the dangerous six mile crossing. To avoid this, we went around the bay and up Jackson River which took us twelve or fourteen miles out of our course.

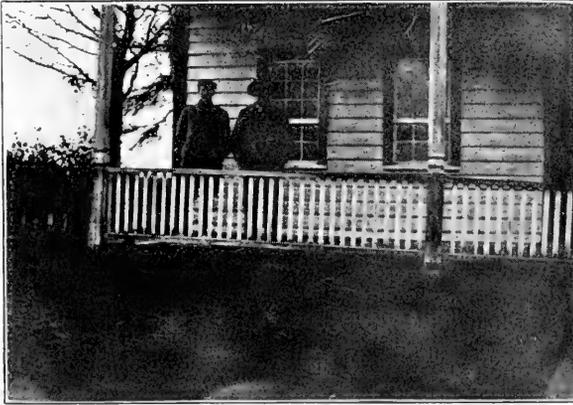
The same day we reached what we intend to make the site of our permanent camp on the south shore of Lake Abitibi. There are three beautiful bays here, which were named Somers' Bay, Pyne's Bay and Miller's Bay. For several days we made trips into the surrounding country, with this camp as our headquarters. In the meantime our guides, who showed themselves wonderfully handy with tools, particularly with small axes and adzes, erected a log house, and fitted up many handy contrivances which proved most useful. Our out door dressing room and our cupboard, protected with birch bark excited our admiration and proved most serviceable.

On our return we ventured over the Six Mile Crossing, and did a bit of lively paddling to cover the dangerous stretch in as short a time as we possibly could. While waiting at the boundary line, we saw the Transcontinental launch, Raincloud, under the command of Captain Busch and put out to her. She had on board Dr. Johnson, who was going further on to fulfill professional engagements at the construction camps. The steamer was also taking in supplies for the caches or stores required by the surveyors and builders of the railway. I was kindly taken on board and remained there for the run of the next five miles. After the experience in the canoe, the change was most pleasant and I received the best and most courteous treatment on board. By taking the mail for

them to Fort Abitibi, we saved them several miles and parted the best of good friends.

The survey for the Grand Trunk Pacific locates the line about sixteen miles north of the Hudson Bay Post, and the survey along the north shore of Lake Abitibi is said to be a very easy grade. We met Mr. Wyles, who is in charge of the Transcontinental Railway Camp here and who has forty dogs used for running dog trains in the winter.

The Hudson Bay Co. have had a Post on Lake Abitibi for two hundred years. Mr. Dreaver has been in charge of this particular Post for four years, having joined the Company's service in 1870. L. S. McAlpine, the bookkeeper, has been with the company for twelve years; and Mr. McKenzie the Postmaster, has been with the Company for thirty years. The Indian population around has dwindled down to three hundred and fifty, fifty-two of their members having died last year from measles. All the Indians leave the neighborhood in the fall, returning late in the spring with the



THE RESIDENCE OF THE HUDSON BAY FACTOR AT ABITIBI POST.

furs they have obtained from their winter's trapping. All of them are adherents of the Roman Catholic church and a priest is stationed here, who likewise leaves in the fall when his congregation take their departure to their hunting grounds. In the spring those who have returned before the priest, welcome his advent amongst them again with the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. Every rifle, shotgun and pistol in the settlement are brought out and as the priest appears in his canoe, shots are fired in the water all around him. The scene we are told reminds one of Julius Caesar coming to

town and the people assassinating him just to show their esteem. It is wonderful how amid the many bad and erratic shots the priest manages to escape. The scene is one I was told which if witnessed by an outsider would not be soon forgotten.

I was told also, that prior to the building of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway every ton of goods taken to Abitibi Post cost \$120 for freight. The cost is now much reduced and it was astonishing to note in the stores up there not only full lines of staple goods but also many things regarded as luxuries. The Hudson Bay Company as well as Messrs. Revillion Freres, are now paying the Indians in cash for their furs, if they prefer it, and with the opening up of the country by the railway and the numerous tourists and explorers going in trade has received quite an impetus throughout the district. We were told that after their complete isolation for so many years they now felt themselves quite within the range of civilization.

On the first portage on Three Carrying Place River we met Dan Winckes and party, They had with them a new eighteen foot canvas covered canoe made by Messrs. Chestnut, of Fredericton, N. B., and we were surprised to note how staunch this canoe was when carrying a freight of nine hundred pounds.

The best day's run made on the whole trip was one from the Hudson Bay Post to the Height of Land—a run of fifty-six miles. It was almost a dead calm and the current was slight or we could not have made such a record. We started at five o'clock in the morning, lunched at ten and again at four and reached the Height of Land at half past

nine at night. It was a long trying day but we were fortunate on the whole, and the exertions did not cause the slightest indisposition to any of us.

Next day, we only ran thirteen and a half miles and really made greater exertions. It was an illustration how with the wind against us we only made one third of the previous day's record and yet worked harder.

The event of the downward trip was the sight of two moose standing on the west shore of the Lake at a distance of five hundred yards. Our head guide tried very hard to get the moose nearer, in order that we might have a shot but without success. After we had made the camp, Miller and the head guide went out in hope of effecting a capture as our larder by that time had become very much depleted. It was one o'clock in the

morning before they returned and then they did not bring with them the long wished for moose steak. They did succeed in calling out a big bull moose but owing to the darkness they could not get in a shot.

On another occasion the other party saw a moose but the

circumstances were such that they had no chance of a shot.

Another instance worthy of note is that two of the guides were one day drinking at a pool, and on rising to their feet they saw a wolf, within twenty yards of them, staring them in the face. The men had no gun with them, and they remained staring at the wolf, until he turned tail and loped off into the woods. Both had axes, and if the wolf had put up a fight they would have proved formidable opponents. The animal, however, being alone made no attempt to interfere with the men, and he was seen at much closer quarters than



CATHOLIC CHURCH AT FORT ABITIBI.

usual. We broke camp on the shores of Long Lake shortly after six o'clock in the morning and by eight o'clock were at the entrance of Lonely River. It was a delightfully warm day. In the course of the morning we met the Hudson Bay freight canoe, carrying freight to the Post.

Just where Lonely River enters Barrier Lake, we came to the Black Horse camping ground, so called because some one, evidently possessing artistic taste, had smoothed down the trunk of a big tree, and upon the levelled surface painted a black horse. The painting is in plain sight of all who pass by, and the name is thus very appropriate. Every portage and camping ground is known by some name, and the Indians and guides are as familiar with them and talk of them in ordinary conversation, as we would of our streets and stations. They can locate any place, by its distance from some well known portage or camping ground.

Before leaving this part, our guides took us for some distance on a river where the rock walls rose sheer on each side. Trees jutting out, appeared like flowers in a gigantic vase. The scene was one not to be described, and will live long in our memories.

From Barrier Lake we soon crossed the short portage to Quinze Lake, and after paddling down this lake came to the long eighteen mile portage from Klock's farm to North Temiskaming. The ground was even worse on our return trip than when we went in, owing to the heavy rains which had visited this country—in some places it had rained for a fortnight and in others, they told us there had been no cessation for three weeks. When we reached North Tem-

iskaming, we were mud bespattered from head to foot and our boots were simply unrecognizable, so thoroughly were they covered with blue clay. From North Temiskaming we crossed to Haileybury, and reached home again on Tuesday, October eighth, after an absence of just four weeks, in which we covered exactly 1170 miles, 340 miles by canoe and the rest by rail.

Fortunately we had no mischance or accident, of any serious nature. Bumps of course we had in plenty, and these we expected and made light of, though some caused us inconvenience and delays. We were well satisfied with our guides, who from start to finish showed themselves men of intelligence and experience, and splendid workers. Whatever our difficulties were they were never at a loss to meet them, and on all occasions they showed such resources as rendered their actions most interesting to city men. Throughout the whole trip I

used the paddle, keeping up with the guides all through, and I felt the better for it. Those who make a trip into the backwoods with such guides as we were fortunate enough to secure, may be certain of experiencing the time of their lives.

The completion of the Grand

Trunk Pacific will lead to a rapid development of the vast mining interests of the Abitibi district. This line will do for Abitibi what the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario has done for Cobalt. That this section is as rich in gold as Cobalt in silver has been demonstrated by experts. Thus it is the T. & N. O. and the G. T. P. will open up a greater mineral area than Canadians have yet dreamed about. Some day the eyes of the whole world will be turned towards Canada and her vast treasure vaults.



CHAS. A. PYNE AND GUIDES

Our Fishing and Hunting Expedition.

BY W. HICKSON.

SINCE our never-to-be-forgotten duck hunt in October 1906 we had many many times discussed a trip to the northern lakes, and made arrangements for the same to come off in the fall of 1907. Now, Bruce, although he had in reality never whipped a point for the wary trout, had in his imagination been catching them all the summer. I must confess that during our conversations about the trip I too had had a foretaste of the enchanting sport.

These pleasant anticipations are all over now. They have passed from anticipations into realities and the realization quite measured up to our preconceived ideas, which is saying a great deal.

Our party should have consisted of four individuals but things went wrong and only two of us were able to set out when the time came. One gentleman, who is a contractor, got tied up in his work and found it impossible to get off. The same difficulty prevented his friend from joining us. Mr. Bruce Hamilton, of the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, was very anxious to keep his part of the agreement and I determined not to disappoint him so we agreed to go together. Accordingly we devoted October eighth to packing our camping outfit and believing we had included everything we were likely to want, we set off early on the morning of the ninth.

The sun was just sending out his meteor rays from east to west over the cold frost covered land when we made a start. During the night everything had been covered with a mantle of white.

When our teamster stood with the lines in his hand ready to start we took a snap-shot. Then "snap" went the whip, and round went the wheels and we were off on a winding road through a luxuriant growth of maple, birch, poplar, hemlock, and larch till we came to a belt of evergreens where the ozone is laden with resinous odors from the waving pines.

We reached the shores of Lake Massassaga half an hour after noon and here we dined. Shortly after finishing our meal, we had our canoe loaded and were gliding along to Lake Ketchecomma. It

was not long, however before we found that our canoe was too heavily laden. The canoe could not rise on the waves and we took in water with every breaker that came. There was nothing for it but to lighten the boat, and so we ran behind a point into a cove where we cached part of our



OFF FOR THE TROUT AND PARTRIDGE.

load. Putting out again we had no difficulty in paddling to the river between Massassaga and Ketchecomma, where we unloaded and returned for the balance. This work took us a couple of hours, as we had to face a very heavy head wind on the return trip.

At the mouth of the river we again loaded all the equipment in the canoe and paddled along its quiet waters till we came to the rapids, about a mile from Ketchecomma. When the water is kept well up in the dam at the foot of Lake Massassaga one is able to paddle up these rapids. At the time we were there we found them impossible for canoes and had to portage round them. It was half past four in the afternoon when we arriv-

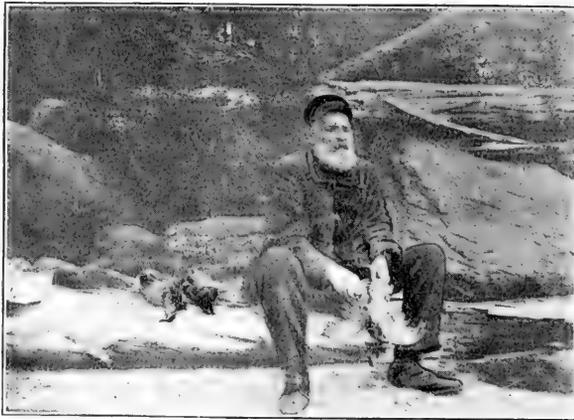
ed at Lake Katchecomma and we were at once enchanted with the beautiful scenes around us. The lake is studded with islands of great variety of shape, size and beauty. The shores are varied by sandy beaches, large granite rocks, and high bluffs, which when viewed from the centre of the lake form a majestic panorama. As we looked away over the hills, slopes, valleys, glens and high bluffs which were covered with oak, maple, hemlock and pine with their varied tints and hues we could not help feeling and expressing the same to each other, that this lovely scene was worth a hard day's work.

It was six o'clock by the time we got into camp and we were soon sitting in the ruddy glow of the big camp fire that Bruce built at the front of the tent. We heartily enjoyed our supper, had a pipe and a chat, and turned in for the night, scarcely moving in our blankets till morning.

During the night it rained heavily, though we heard nothing of it, and we decided that after breakfast we would go up Pencil Creek for a partridge hunt as the leaves were wet and we could travel noiselessly. On the way up Bruce was very impatient, and plied me with such questions as the following: "Do you think we will get many partridges?" "Do you think we will get a whack at the ducks?" "May we not run into a bear?" Then he would pull out his box of buckshot and only return it when I assured him that on that trip he would need neither bullets nor buckshot. After a few seconds quiet he broke out again: "What about that bull moose that is up here?" and again he rattled the buckshot in the box. I had much difficulty in persuading him to believe that the bull moose would take

care of himself and the chances were we should not even get a peep at him. After he had interrogated me about nearly every species of game in our large hunting domain I managed finally to induce him to put twenty-five of Ely's Grand Prix No. 5 smokeless shells in his bag and we started in our canoe to go up the lake towards the mouth of the Creek.

Only a short distance had been covered when I looked past Bruce, who was in the bow, and saw two ducks (widgeons) swimming ahead of us. At once I drew his attention to them and as he hastily took up his breech loader, slipped in two shells, and cocked both barrels, I paddled toward them as noiselessly as a snake. When we were within thirty-five yards of them they arose and Bruce pressed both triggers in quick succession. Not a bird quivered, however, not a feather fluttered—as Bruce had punched the atmosphere behind their tail feathers. He glanced round at me reproachfully and said "I wish you had been here with that left barrel of yours." I calmly informed him that I had



GETTING READY FOR THE "BULLEA".

no desire to shoot at the tail feathers of widgeons.

In the woods we were more fortunate. Each of us got a bird on the upward trip and on the homeward march I secured another. The next thing was to get ready the "bullea" which is far and away the most palatable dish we have in our outings.

Bruce was bubbling over with superfluous energy and made an attempt to do an hundred and one things at once—with the usual result. He was going to make a bed of boughs; to cut a couple of cords of wood for the camp fire; to put up tables; to make seats; to put up a line for our bedclothing; to catch

minnows for bait ; to get our rods and lines ready for the trout ; to shoot a duck or two to flavor the "bullea"—yes he was certainly on the *Resgestoe*. When dinner was ready he was still "doing some," till he stepped backwards into our dinner set, spread out on the lap of Mother Earth, and spilled our tea ; then he kept firing logs on the fire before the tent in quite a promiscuous fashion till one rolled into the middle of our culinary and made a tremendous rattle. After these exertions he thought we had better have some dinner and I did not oppose him in this idea. Down we sat therefore and commenced the onslaught on the good things provided. Bruce maintained his energy till everything was cleared off our sumptuous board and I came out a poor second.

In the afternoon we made up our bed of hemlock boughs and then went off to shoot ducks as they came down Pencil Creek. They flew very indifferently and we only registered one hit for the evening, having the uncomfortable experience of tramping home in a pelting rain. Bruce shone when he got to camp and so did his big bonfire. The same may be said of everything around the camp and in the woods and once more we took supper in the red glow of the huge pine root he had placed on the fire. We were early under the blankets and dead to the world till morning.

The next day we were off to the woods for partridge but instead of partridge I saw three deer as they loped off through the woods. It soon began to rain heavily and we made our way to camp without having had one chance at a shot.

Soon after dinner the rain ceased and we caught some bait and tried for the land locked grey and red salmon trout for a short time in the evening but without success.

We had now reached the evening of Saturday and decided to remain where we were till Monday when we moved our camp to another island and tried for trout on the new grounds. Bruce had not been more than two minutes whipping the point on which I landed him when I saw him struggling with a beauty which he landed. This was his first trout and I saw him look towards me with an expression on his face which seemed to

say "What on earth are you doing?" Just then my own line was drawn taut and after a struggle I succeeded in landing a three pounder. Just then things were exactly as Bruce desired them. At that moment everything in the world seemed good to him and he pronounced the island on which we were stationèd as the nicest spot in the universe. It was not long before he captured another three pounder and I followed suit ; and then we landed two more that Bruce could not refrain from admiring. We paddled back to camp with our beauties and had fresh salmon for supper.

On the following morning we undertook a short hunt and added three birds to our store of game. Fishing occupied our attention during the afternoon and success again attended our efforts, eight nice fish being landed. Bruce was enthusiastic over this experience as he landed six from one spot.

Our minnow can was placed on the top of a big red granite rock and as the trout took Bruce's minnows about every moment he had to make many pilgrimages to the minnow can. As the trout came rattling out on the rocks he grew reckless and ran up and down the steep granite cliffs with as much confidence and agility as though on a carpeted floor. Finally he missed his footing and came rolling down from the top to the brink of the water, when as he said, he "stuck in his toes and his heels" and hung on.

I drew my bait out of the water and prepared to fish him out of the lake but my precautions were unnecessary for the active man was immediately on his "old stand" and soon struggling with another beauty. While Bruce was so well engaged I landed two and had a fierce fight with one I could not land.

Now although I have caught many large trout, large bass and large maskinonge I never had hold of a fish that gave me such trouble. When I gave him the line he pulled till I was down to the very water's edge. After a good deal of frantic struggling I decided to bring him back to me which was a mistake for although I turned him he had still so much vitality and power that he kept up the fight steadily till he broke his hold when he darted off six inches below the surface

of the water toward Bruce. The latter declared him to be a monster and said that he could see a large portion of the mouth of the fish which had been torn off during the struggle.

We did not kill many birds on any of our trips. All we saw were old birds and these were in two and threes and very wild. Accordingly we voted not to go to the woods on our last forenoon. No covies were seen by us and we concluded that the cold weather in May and June last had killed most of the chickens. A few more seasons like the last would go a long way to cause the partridge to become extinct. In the evening we landed four large grey salmon.

Bruce is no longer a "tenderfoot" or an amateur sportsman but a professional of the first water who has qualified for the position by good sound work.

Next morning we packed up and turned our bronzed faces towards Bobcaygeon where we landed at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Both were much benefitted by our trip and in addition to the gain in health we have accumulated a store of pleasant recollections which we hope to increase as the years roll on, as each has made a mental vow to repeat this trip each year as often as circumstances will permit.

Spending a Vacation in Canadian Wilds.

MR. George H. Fowler, of Bristol, Conn., writes enthusiastically of a fortnight spent by him on the preserve of the Scott Fish and Game Club in the Province of Quebec. He left his home town by the early train on Monday morning, September second, and the same afternoon reached Sherbrooke where he met General Paul Lang and two other friends who were to accompany him on the trip.

The next morning they travelled to Quebec city and were much interested in visiting the famous and historic spots in and around the Ancient Capital. Later in the afternoon they took the Intercolonial for Trois Pistoles, a French Canadian town one hundred and forty-seven miles further on. As no one at the hotel could speak English, and as none of the party knew French, they were for a time in a quandary but soon found means to make their wants known and enjoyed a hearty supper and a good night's rest in comfortable pleasant rooms.

They were early on the road the following morning and with good reason. Camping outfits with rods and rifles and other paraphernalia were packed on two heavy buckboards, drawn by two good horses and with two French boy drivers they set off for St. Jean de Dieu, a journey of twelve miles east "over the worst

road I ever saw." The road was full of holes, and mud and rocks were so plentifully intermingled that it appeared as though someone, instead of making a road had attempted to see if it were not possible to make the place impassable. To make things worse rain fell plentifully and made the journey a cheerless one. After four hours of heavy work they reached the settlement where they changed horses, loaded their belongings into heavy waggons and started on another twelve miles to the home camp. The road led through a solid wilderness of spruce and cedar and was so bad that Mr. Fowler gives up the attempt to make readers understand how little like a road it was. Words are too poor a vehicle for such a description.

The second twelve miles took them five hours to accomplish and when they reached the camp after nine hours of heart-breaking work they were about as depressed a set of mortals as it would be possible to find. Wet, weary and hungry they were ready to give up all thoughts of enjoyment. The transformation scene, however, enchanted them.

At the Camp they found fifteen members of the Club who gave them a hearty reception. They were at once introduced into a warm and dry place and found a venison and fish supper awaiting them.

Speedily they forgot the trials and discomforts they had undergone and cheerfully acknowledged that they enjoyed the present comforts all the more for their experiences. They were warmly congratulated upon the success of their efforts in reaching the Camp and assured that the reward awaiting them would amply compensate them for what they had undergone. Indeed the warmth and comfort of the Camp, to say nothing of the supper and the company, made all four think that they had been sufficiently rewarded. A couple of hours smoke and talk, during which time much fishing and hunting experiences were exchanged, preceded retirement and the strenuous exertions of the day assured quiet repose.

All the party met at breakfast next morning when venison steak, trout, baked and boiled potatoes, gems, corn cake, griddle cakes, etc. were served. Then a division was made, some going off for a hunting trip and others contenting themselves with fishing.

Mr. Fowler describes the Scott Fish and Game Preserve as a tract of wild, heavily timbered land comprising an area ten miles wide and thirty miles long leased from the Provincial Government of Quebec for a term of years. Included in the preserve are twenty-two lakes and ponds, some nearly two miles long and "they are just alive with nothing but square tailed trout."

The largest of these lakes is named St. John and here the party spent the first day fly fishing. At every cast they took from one to three trout averaging about half a pound each. This was grand but the size was not large enough to satisfy the lovers of fly fishing.

Accordingly the next morning with rifles, rods, a guide and two day's supplies the party crossed Lake St. John and took the trail to three lakes known to the members of the Club as the First, Second and Third Lakes of Big Trout. The way took them through a dense forest of cedar and spruce and without a guide they would soon have been hopelessly lost. At the Lakes they found a fine camp with everything comfortable.

Mr. Fowler says: "I never saw such fishing in my life. We could go from one lake to the other in a boat and it

made no difference where we fished, we could take trout from two to three and a half pounds at every cast. No one but a lover of fly fishing can realize the fun there is in playing these speckled beauties on a six ounce fly rod."

Four members of the camp with their guides started for the home camp on the following morning carrying with them one hundred pounds of dressed trout, twenty-five pounds being the amount each member could take home. The Club have forty-five boats on these lakes and in addition to four fine camps have several lean-tos located on the shores of the lakes where the hunters can watch for moose, caribou and deer.

All the supplies for the camp are taken in during the winter with teams and sleighs and four guides are kept at the home Camp all the time. These men make trips on snowshoes to all the lakes once every two days in order to guard against the settlers catching trout through the ice. Last winter snow was seven feet deep on the level and these men had weary work.

In a vast tract of wilderness of nearly two hundred square miles there are only four fish and game clubs holding leases from the Quebec Government.

These immense areas give every chance of good fishing and hunting, and being situated as they are right in the wilds it is only against wanderers that precautions are taken. Every Club protects its own area and both fish and game so speedily respond to the amount of protection given them that they are found in sufficient plentiful quantities for members and their guests. There never need be any fear on this head so long as the present effective guard is maintained.

In leaving Canada, Mr. Fowler expressed the hope that ere long he would be able to pay a further visit and enjoy the unsurpassed fishing and shooting in the fine Province of Quebec.

At the time of Mr. Fowler's visit he had not much chance of seeing big game but he found sufficient evidences of their presence to assure him that later on there would be moose, caribou, deer and bears more than sufficient to afford sport in plenty for all the members of the Club and their friends.

Nature's Elixir—And it is Not Work.

BY THOS. JOHNSON.

“Have heard discontented people say
The boy who always wants to play,
Will prove to be a blockhead,
As a rule.”

“But you answer them, and say,
Always work and never play,
Will make him both a blockhead,
And a fool.”

Old English Song.

AT a point forty-eight miles west of Winnipeg, on the Canadian Pacific Railway and a drive of ten miles north, you arrive at a modest looking shooting lodge. The situation of this lodge is remarkable, as you leave a city, containing a population of upwards of one hundred thousand, at eight thirty in the morning, and arrive at the shooting headquarters by noon. Yet this shooting-box stands on the fringe of civilization, as no other habitation lies between it and the pole. A reference to the map will show that it could not be otherwise, as the country for nearly a thousand miles north is one immense duck breeding territory.

My first shooting in these marshes was in 1883, and I have shot there nearly every fall since that date. It certainly has afforded me unlimited pleasure to entertain many sportsmen, whom I number amongst my best friends, and, I think I put it mildly in saying that our outings have always been a mutual, and gigantic jag of joy.

I once heard the remark, “What a lot of discomfort a duck shooter will endure.” I have had many experiences, but I cannot recall one that does not afford me the greatest pleasure to think upon.

I was in a duck marsh with a well known sportsman, who is now one of Chicago's prominent business men. He detested office work, yet his present robust health demonstrates the good he received from his outings. At the period I am writing of, we stood in the reeds to shoot, usually just before dusk, and when our present day system was unknown, viz., of having boats



THE MODEST LOOKING SHOOTING LODGE.

with easy arm-chairs, and a punter to do the work, in fact, the maximum amount of sport with the minimum of exertion. We were having good shooting, but night was upon us before we knew it. A big rain and wind storm sprang up very suddenly, which created an inky darkness, and caused us to lose our way to the main-land. We took each other by the collar, and we tramped knee deep through the weeds. In resting for a moment, I



BOATS WITH EASY ARM CHAIRS AND PUNTERS TO DO THE WORK, BUT STRONG ENOUGH TO BREAK THE ICE THAT HAS FORMED IN THE CREEKS.

yelled in my companion's ear "This is Hades."

"Yes," said my friend, "but it is not work!"

When you remember the attendant discomforts of duck shooting to say, that "It is not work" will seem a paradoxical adjective. But what is meant is that it is not brain work, but a pleasurable toil. This is exemplified in the fact that a duck shooter will paddle up a creek before the break of day, with the snow drifting in his face, and the thermometer near zero, and say with a shiver, "Lord, but it's cold!" Yet a smile will play upon his countenance, as he thinks of the coming flight, and he will ejaculate with a grin, "This is not work!" If he is in his office, and feels the slightest draft, and the temperature is not just to his liking, he will "cuss" somebody for the discomfort he is suffering, but he will crouch in his boat, with the thinnest of reeds for a wind break, and gaze by the hour for the ducks that never come. Yet he will tell you that the real pleasure of duck shooting is in anticipation and reminiscences, and that "It is not work."

There is another, and better view of the alleged hardships of duck shooting. I have had, as guests, scores of victims of that brain racking affection, viz., sleeplessness, yet I never knew a case, after a sufferer of insomnia had paddled for a couple of days through the creeks, and in the bays, where he did not sleep the sleep that is claimed to be enjoyed by the just.

Fra Albertus says "That the creed of the future must be more work, of the kind in which you forget yourself, and that the reward is not idleness nor rest, but increased capacity, and more work!"

This is very nice for a dreamer, but it is poor advice for grain and stock gamblers, who, in their greed for money, rack their brains to such an extent that, in the hotel bars of the vicinity of Chicago's and New York's gambling dens, which the frequenters call Stock and Grain Exchanges, you never hear a call for a 'high ball,' a 'cocktail,' or any of the many drinks that are dispensed at such places; but you will hear a short, sharp, snappy order for "A streak of lightning," "A corpse reviver," a "Pick me up," and a dozen other euphonious decoctions that are dispensed at these drug shops, and which are served not, as the Frenchman



MANITOBAN AND HIS PUNTER.

says, "To bring the glad," but to quiet the nerves. If these men whose brains are kept in a continual state of excitement, and whose stomachs are ruined by artificial tonics, and also the busy business men who are cooped up at their desks the year round, would try a little *play* and take a holiday in a duck marsh, they will find fresh cream, eggs, butter, and best of all, fresh air, an antidote that

will drive the cobwebs and aches from their brains, and their digestions will knock dyspepsia endways. This will naturally add years to their lives and create a feeling that I have many times felt, viz., to stand up in my boat, doff my cap and fervently thank the Creator of all goodness, and say "This is glorious and best of all 'It is not work.'"

The Deer Season of 1907.

BY G. J. MITCHELL.

WHEN the Express and Railway companies have made their official returns of the deer shipped during the '07 season, just closed, methinks a shortage will be noticed in the number of deer when the added hunters for each district are taken into consideration. In that great deer country lying between the Northern Muskoka Lakes and the Magnetawan, perhaps as fine a deer cover as exists any where on this continent, the opinion prevails that while deer were there in plentitude, the depleted forests, railway construction and a general encroachment of the settlements have forced the wily redskins deeper into the recesses of the thickets, from which they issue when driven by the dogs, only to trek many miles across country and woe to the nimrod that fails to stop 'em when they cross his runway. In our own district, situated some few miles north of the railway in the Parry Sound District, we found a great many deer. Our dogs were set down on the tracks only to run their heads off on bucks of more or less uncertain age, while in previous years our count always showed a greater percentage of does. This to be sure we deplored, for every doe killed means that the deer population of next year is depleted by one and generally two fawns and we rather enjoyed slaughtering the horned fellows when opportunity offered. Our chief mistake was in confining our party to six or seven men. Had we ten or a dozen, more deer would have fallen to our lot and fewer dogs would have been lost. This subject of dogs is truly a grievous

one and around our camp-fire at night we threshed it out from many view points. We took with us from Toronto five finely and city bred fox hounds, three of which had previously run on deer and two bred in the purple, of which great things were expected. The first morning's hunt an experienced dog with a novice bitch were put down on a track, the old fellow giving tongue at a great rate, the leashes were unslipped and they went away at racing speed. 'Twas a pleasure surely to watch that pair, the old fellow with his dependable nose covering ground at a great rate, while the bitch ranged after him running true and strong. A very few minutes elapsed when they had him going and we sat on the nearest log to follow the run. Continuous music from the pair indicated a good hot scent. "Billy" who was with me anxiously awaited the report of the rifle, "Where is he heading for?" I asked. "Ought to hear 'The Duke' open up presently," said he, but no they swung further up the river and after a few minutes were out of hearing. The old dog returned the next day, the bitch was recovered in time to crate for the down trip; such are the vicissitudes of the hunt. This not only happened to us several times, and we covered, I am afraid to say how many miles, to the adjoining camps in search of them, but we also learned later that our lost dogs were doing some famous running for our neighbors to the north.

The subject of how to breed the best deer-dog, hound, collie or mixture, is one of unending discussion. I have seen deer

watered, and watered quickly by a black cocker spaniel. In our district, collies do very fine work. A party to the north of us worked three collie and hound crossed pups, but eighteen months old, every day for a fortnight and many, many deer were shot ahead of them. Instances innumerable of all kinds of breeds and matings developing into good deer dogs could be collected in one trip to the woods in deer season, yet withal, a good deep chested, straight legged, good boned fox hound which has been kept off rabbits and hare, is to my mind the ideal dog for running deer. They possess the proper hunting instinct, good staying qualities and give excellent tongue. I prefer a light set up dog with good feet, just out of the hardier class, and in my experience the females work better than the males.

Probably one of the greatest mistakes made with dogs from the city, meaning those whose opportunity is limited for running on fox or rabbit, is to expect a dog soft in flesh and short in wind to do himself justice in the early part of the hunt. He should never be started with a native dog or with one older or in better physical condition, else should the run be long he will play out and become

discouraged and disappoint you badly when you attempt to demonstrate his qualities to your friends. A careful handling is necessary for the first few days. He should be picked up after his first good run, put on chain and housed in a warm place and after a good meal his feet well bathed with tincture of arnica or whiskey, which serves to relieve the soreness and toughens the skin, making them less liable to bruises and cuts resulting from the many miles of burnt rocks everywhere prevalent in our north country and which furnishes hard footing for our faithful canines.

The hounding of deer has been decried at great length and by many men famous in hunting lore. In a number of respects I admit their contentions but I love a good dog and if properly trained he is invaluable to the hunting party, whose hunting combines the pleasure of the hunt with the securing of a few pounds of venison to treat their friends upon their return to the city. Give me the bon comaradie of a few congenial fellows, a comfortable shack to live in, a cook that "knows how," include the dogs and you have an ideal hunting party out for the sport at its best.

With its many discomfitures and the omnipresent element of danger the sport of deer hunting can justly be termed—decidedly popular and it has always been a source of mystery to me why more of our towns people and city folk do not take advantage of an outing which our country to the north so splendidly affords.

After Sunset.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

Oft after northern sunset comes a time
 When, spell-bound in its silence, stands the
 scene;
 Against the sky—a sentinel serene—
 The glowing twilight silhouettes the pine.



AFTER SUNSET.

An Autumn Tragedy.

BY THE REV. ANDREW MURDOCH, M.A., LL.D.

THE dead leaves rustled in the path that led down to where my canoe lay turned bottom up under the shade of the willows, with the maple paddles under it. The shore of the lake was clothed with second growth ash, soft maples and black alder. Wild grape vines ran everywhere among the trees in graceful festoons. After the frost has come these vines are often visited by the ruffed grouse. Grapes and thorn apples make up a good portion of the autumn food of the grouse. The far shore of the lake was still in a state of nature; the original forest coming down to the water's edge. The last Fisher (the largest known member of the weasel family) that was seen in this whole country side, was caught in a trap which a boy set for a raccoon just at the upper end of the lake. Once in a while even yet the cry of a stray lynx is heard on this lonely shore.

The lake is but a small one; and is filled with thin mud, except a stratum of surface water, which varies in depth with the season.

As I shoved out the canoe from the shore the water had become clear as crystal from the effects of the frosts that had lately fallen. For frost has the effect of killing the algae and other microscopic growth that swarm in the lakes and rivers during summer, and precipitating them to the bottom. One can then see the various fishes down deep in their native haunts.

The surface of the mud was marked in many places with the trail of water snails and clam shells. Once I came suddenly on an immense turtle, whose back was overgrown with moss. A couple of sluggish creeks ran into the lake. Their mouths are fringed with wild rice, and afford famous places for the hunter to watch for the black ducks that come to feed just after daylight. For it is a peculiar habit of these fowls that they never spend the day in the same body of water where they pass the night.

The outlet is almost overgrown with willows and bulrushes. Once a beaver dam, fully half a mile long, extended round the lower end of the lake. The remains can be still traced for some distance.

For real pleasure as well as for observation the canoe is vastly superior to the boat. An old hunter always kneels in his canoe, his knees braced against the sides. Partly supported also by sitting on a narrow thwart, he can look ahead and on either hand, instead of, as in a boat, moving with his back to the objects he wishes to catch sight of.

The mud under the shallow water is cut into converging channels by the increasing current drawing into the outlet; so the canoe moves easily through the narrow openings between the bogs. It was early November, a typical Indian Summer afternoon. A dreamy haze hung over the earth. The air was full of swarms of ephemera sporting in the sunshine. The pair of loons that had made the lake their summer home had gone south with their young ones, now grown as big as themselves. Overhead an osprey circled over the lake. The vast forest of dry weeds stretching away on every side stood motionless in the still atmosphere. Great pike, disturbed by the passing canoe darted off, their course marked by the movement of the weeds through which they ploughed their way.

Here a bog covered with feathers showed where a flock of wood ducks had plumed themselves after their morning meal. A coot scurried away among the sedges. Tracks of muskrats are everywhere on the soft mud; and the low shores are tunneled with their burrows.

Here close along the margin of the water, a track almost like the print of a baby's foot shows where a raccoon has been frog hunting. The canoe, pushed beneath a clump of over-arching willows, flouted out into a pond, an enlargement of the creek about twenty yards across.

A backward turn of the paddle

brought the canoe to an instant standstill; for a most unusual sight presented itself. The surface of the pond was dotted with muskrats, lying flat and perfectly still upon the water, with their noses all pointing in one direction. Muskrats are usually timid enough; and like most fur bearing animals are nocturnal in their habits. They are rarely seen in the day time, and then only in dark cloudy weather. Here then were two very singular things; a lot of these little creatures out in the sunshine, and lying on the water so near that I could touch some of them with the paddle. Yet they showed none of their usual fear of man. There was surely some cause for their leaving their snug houses, which dotted the margin of the pond. So we'll wait and see. The little fellows seemed to know that I would not hurt them. Presently, some way off at the north end of the pond, the direction in which they were pointing, the dry grass parted, and a slim, snakelike neck and pointed nose were thrust out, the little eyes blinking in the sun, and the head swaying from side to side, as the mink looked out over the pond, seeking to locate its prey. Here was the explanation. The mink is the sworn foe of the muskrat, and gives him no end of trouble. This one in circling the pond had entered one of the houses. But in some way the inmates had escaped; and in some way also they had communicated the alarming news of a hostile presence to every house in the pond. The beaver signals danger by a sharp blow of his flat tail on the water. This can be heard a long way, for water is a good conductor of sound. Perhaps the sudden plunge of the rats in the first house attacked warned the others. Anyway, warned they had been. And here they lay, every little frame quivering with excitement; every nose pointed towards the spot where the mink appeared; they knew right well he was there before he showed himself. A light sixteen bore

lay across the thwart, and my hand slipped down to get it. But slight as was the motion, the mink was too quick, and the head was instantly withdrawn. I waited some time for the mink to again show himself. But he had seen enough and did not re-appear. All the time the rats lay still upon the water, showing the utmost confidence in my good intentions. Or rather here was an illustration of what Dr. Chalmers calls "the expulsive power of a new affection." The natural fear of man on the part of the muskrats was overcome by the still stronger fear of their hereditary foe. And illustrations of this same principle are not uncommonly met with. A friend of mine was one day working in a field near the edge of a forest where deer are still found. He heard the baying of a hound and a fawn, with the pretty white spots still on its sides, came bounding towards him, and stood trembling beside him. To his credit be it said, the fawn was protected and the dog driven off. The fawn remained in the field all afternoon, feeling safe from pursuit. The Lower Canadian foreman of a shanty told me that one day a deer suddenly bounded into the space cleared away around the great pine he had cut down. A moment later two grey timber wolves appeared, but slunk away when they saw the Frenchman. The deer had heard the sound of the axe, and sought the protection of man.

But the muskrats in the pond were soon to be freed from their dreaded enemy. Coming up the inlet as the early November evening was closing in, I saw the mink racing along the strip of dry mud that stretched from the fringe of reeds to the edge of the water. He came on with a long, loping gait; his brush held well up out of danger from the mud. A well directed shot rolled the marauder over, and his prime skin, after a trip to the furrier in Montreal, formed the band for a small boy's winter cap.

A personal encounter with wolves is reported from Fort Frances, Ont. Chief Thunderer of the Chippewas was attacked by a pack while in the woods with no other weapon than his axe. He kept

them off with this weapon, killing one and maiming another when fortunately help arrived from his camp. The Indians state that this early fury of the wolves indicate a severe winter.

International Control of the Great Lakes Fisheries.

THIS subject, which has been forced more and more upon the attention of those concerned in the work of fish and game protection, received a great impetus at the last meeting of the American Fisheries Society held at Erie, Pennsylvania.

The American Fisheries Society is an organization of fish culturists, ichthyologists and other persons in the United States and Canada directly interested in fish and the fisheries. Among its members are the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries and his leading subordinates and most of the state fishery officials and some of their principal subordinates.

The last meeting of the Society was attended by Mr. A. Kelly Evans, Secretary at Headquarters of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association who was on the order paper to speak upon "How Fish and Game Protective Associations may assist the Fish Culturist and the International Problem of the proper Government of the Fisheries of the Great Lakes."

We give his address in full as reported by the Society's stenographer as it was the means of carrying the resolution he had introduced pledging the Society to use all its influence in the direction of causing an international informal conference to be called of representatives of the different States bordering on the Great Lakes, representatives of the Province of Ontario and the Federal Administrations both at Washington and at Ottawa. The matter was left in the hands of the Executive Committee of the Society of which the Honorable W. E. Meehan, Commissioner of Fisheries of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, is Chairman, and this official has issued invitations to the several Governments concerned to send delegates to such a Conference.

At date of writing several States and the Province of Ontario have already accepted the invitation and it is expected that the Federal Authorities will also accept the suggestion, as such a Conference it is hoped when held will pave the way to a permanent agreement, by means of which a more uniform system of regula-

tions could be put in force resulting very beneficially to the people on both sides of the border.

Mr. Evans said : It is with a great deal of trepidation that I venture to make a few remarks when I remember that the gentlemen present may be considered savants on the question of fish culture, but I shall not be long and I trust you will bear with me.

I want to give you some idea of what might be deemed the necessity of your taking an interest in organizations which may help you largely in the work you are carrying on. I refer to Fish and Game Protective Associations, and in order to impress this upon you I will explain certain occurrences in my own Province of Ontario.

I feel sure you must all take an interest in this Province, particularly because it controls practically one half of the fisheries of the Great Lakes, and besides this it has enormous resources in other Lakes which do not touch your borders, as well as many very large rivers.

Touching the Fisheries of the Great Lakes there have been two Commissions appointed of late years in Canada, one by the Provincial Government at Toronto,—a Liberal administration—and one by the Federal Government of Ottawa—a Conservative administration. The document I hold in my hand is the report of the Commission appointed by the Federal authorities and it is a very rare book. It contains such an expose of the horrible destruction of fish life that had been going on up to 1890, that it has been more or less suppressed. I am however, fortunate enough to possess a copy, and I will simply read a little bit of sworn testimony from it to show you the conditions existing in Lake Ontario comparatively a small number of years ago.

This Commission was appointed by Sir Hibbert Tupper in 1893, and the Commissioners went all through the Country taking the evidence in an extensive manner under oath. The testimony I am going to quote is that of an American citizen who afterwards became a British subject :

“Midland, Ont., 8th December, 1892.

The Commission met at the Public School Hall, at 10 a.m., pursuant to notice.

Mr. Albert Hutchins was duly sworn, —live in Midland—has been a fisherman since 1850—is a British subject since then, though born in the United States. Has fished here and in the Georgian Bay for fourteen years — balance of the time in Lake Ontario.

Witness examined by Mr. Wilmot.

..... I have fished in Lake Ontario for about thirty years for whitefish and trout, the great majority were whitefish and were caught at Wellington Beach. They were caught very numerously with seines, as many as from 5,000 to 10,000 in one haul during the night ; this was in the summer time, in June and July. These were salted or sold on the ground to dealers. I have caught as many in a season as would allow the owners of the seine for their share about \$2,000, the other 2,000 would go to the fishermen. Even more than this number were caught sometimes. Fishing was carried on in the fall of the year also. Whitefish were thick also everywhere in Lake Ontario at that time, I have known as many as 90,000 to be taken in one haul in one night ; I was present and saw them counted. I have often known of from 5,000 to 10,000 being taken, and have taken 40,000 myself in a seine several times ; this was in July, at Wellington Beach. Those that were saved of the 90,000 hauled were salted, many of these were lost because they could not be taken care of. There was another haul as large as this taken at West Lake Beach ; the net was a 175 rod seine, it was then called the sou'-wester'. When I left Lake Ontario, some fourteen years ago, there was no whitefish to be had by the fishermen where these great hauls had been made before, in fact the whitefish fishery had ceased to exist, there was no more of it. I left Lake Ontario to fish here, and a number of other fishermen also left there for the same cause.”

You, no doubt are aware of the horrible destruction of whitefish that took place about the same time in the Detroit River, where on the Canadian side pens had to be constructed to take care of the im-

mense quantities of fish caught in the spawning season.

It is hardly necessary to tell you that the recommendations of the Commissioners after taking all the evidence were very sweeping.

I have here also the report of the Royal Commission appointed by the Ontario Government, dated 1892. This report was obtained somewhat in the same manner as the Dominion, except that in reference to the fisheries, written questions were sent out and were answered by four hundred and ninety-seven persons of all walks of life, and the Commission sat and took sworn testimony at many points throughout the Province.

I would only draw to your attention, the following recommendations of this Commission :

Your commissioners are of the opinion that pound nets should be entirely abolished in the waters of the Province, and that no gill netting should be allowed except by special permission from the Game and Fish Commissioners.

The extent to which netting is carried on is also inconceivable and the spawning grounds are stripped year after year, until in many places where fish abounded formerly in large numbers, there is no yield now at all. If a force of Game Wardens are appointed, this matter could be vigorously looked into, and the slaughter and destruction could be very considerably lessened. The value of the fish yield is enormous and too much pains can not be taken to preserve what should always be a cheap food supply for the masses.

Your Commissioners are of opinion that a Whitefish Hatchery, as well as a Trout Hatchery should be established in the Province by the Ontario Government. This would be both useful and popular, and would pay for itself over and over again.

In a word, the Report all through may be called a damning arraignment of the then existing condition of things.

Now, it is inconceivable to believe that any statesman, or even any politician, wishes to do harm to his Country, and when I tell you that these two documents I have quoted from prepared at great expenditure of time and money under the

direction of scientists and men amply qualified to take evidence, have been practically a dead-letter, the query "Why?" must arise in your minds.

Each one of the constituences on Lakes Ontario and Erie has a small border upon the Lake, and Members of Parliament before each election,—candidates seeking re-election, have when canvassing along the Lake shore made promises to the net-fishermen. They have promised first a diminution in the size of the meshes of the nets; secondly an extension into the breeding seasons of the time in which nets could be placed; and thirdly an increase of net-licenses beyond the possibility for which the waters can maintain a fish supply. But these same gentlemen when canvassing in the hinterlands of their constituencies never told the people there the promises they had been making along the water-front, or that the result of these promises must eventually destroy a valuable food supply for the masses. In other words to obtain the votes of a handful of the community this large and important industry has almost been destroyed.

And here is where the assistance of such organisations as I represent may help you in your work. Most of you, I take it, hold positions either at Washington or in the Bureau of Fisheries of your several States, which, largely debar you from taking any active part in politics. You may place, just as these gentlemen have done in the reports of the Commissions I have just read, wise recommendations before your Legislatures, but unless you have some force outside of yourselves to back up these resolutions I fear that very many of them will meet the same fate that has befallen the recommendations of these Commissions.

The Association, which I have been somewhat instrumental in forming—The Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association—is one to which I would like to call your attention, and I have with me a number of copies of its Constitution and By-laws, which I will be glad to distribute. This Association was started in June, 1905, with headquarters at Toronto, and Branches throughout the Province. It was necessary to find people who would take an active interest in the work

and make some sacrifices. It so happened that Mr. Oliver Adams and myself have been able to do this and by calling public meetings and addressing the same we have succeeded in forming thirty-five branches of our Association up to date. The result of this has been that at the last session of our Legislature a Bill passed which changes the whole condition of things in regard to fish and game, and I am perfectly convinced that such a Bill could not have passed had it not been for the effect produced by our Association.

I should like in concluding this portion of my remarks to point out a method by which Blue-books can be used either intentionally or unintentionally to mislead the people. There has been undoubtedly an immense falling off in the fisheries of the Great Lakes—on our side of the border, at any rate. That is, a falling off in the weight in pounds of our total catch, while the money value of that catch remains almost the same, and if you examine the report of the Department of fisheries of Ontario for 1906, in a casual way, your attention is not called to the falling-off in pounds, but it is called to the fact that the values have not decreased seriously. For instance, we find that in 1906, the total catch for the year is approximately 23,000,000 odd pounds, and we are given a value for this of approximately \$1,735,000. By turning to the year 1890, we find that the value of the fisheries is over \$2,000,000, the weight, however, is given at approximately 29,000,000 pounds; in other words there is a total decrease of some 6,000,000 pounds, and if you average the present selling price per pound at eight cents (for, mark you, the decrease in weight is mainly in the more valuable and higher priced varieties, such as Whitefish and Trout) you will find an annual decrease in the neighborhood of \$480,000. This amount of course can be varied by what you place the average price of fish at. I am putting it at eight cents, but if marked down to six cents the total amount would still be \$360,000 and if you capitalize either of these sums at five per cent you will find that the capital assets of the Province of Ontario, as far as its fisheries go, has decreased anywhere from six to eight

millions of dollars, and yet the blue-books are so arranged that it requires much delving to bring this point out. Here again is where the Association I represent is able to do good work in bringing these facts to the attention of the people, to dissect these blue-books and to expose what I take it are either intentionally or unintentionally misleading statements on the part of the authorities.

Again we are able as we have done on more than one occasion by the formation of our branches to produce a definite voting strength without going actually into politics.

Where we have a large and successful branch such as in Hastings County we are able, for the first time in fifty years, to make the fishermen of the Bay of Quinte, one of the most important breeding grounds for whitefish on Lake Ontario, realize that there was a force outside of themselves interested in the regulations of the fishing there which must and would be harkened to by the authorities.

The Fish Culturist has for years pointed out that the Bay of Quinte was a natural spawning ground, and made recommendations which have not been adopted, but when the authorities realized and when the local Members of Parliament understood that there was a force other than the net-fishermen they must consider, composed of men of importance in the community, representative citizens, that there was a co-hesive strength developed and which would be further developed before the next election; we were able to make the fishermen realize that the fish, swimming in these waters, belong to the mechanics of the city of Toronto, as much as to the men happening to live along the water-front, and matters have materially improved in this Bay.

These are instances of the grounds upon which I ask you, as far as lies in your power, to encourage bodies of men who may not have the same scientific knowledge as yourselves, but who are anxious and may be able to help you in the useful work you are carrying on.

I should like now to make a few remarks in relation to the International aspect of this case. I have heard since arriving in Erie, a great many remarks about the advisability of the several

States handing over their rights of Government over their territorial waters to the Federal authorities at Washington, and I quite realize the wisdom of such a step in order to bring about uniform regulations as to seasons, sizes of mesh, etc., but with us on our side there is a difference—there is a divided authority over our fisheries between the Federal and Provincial authorities. The Federal powers are complete over the regulations but the Provincial Government has the sole right of issuing net licenses.

There are political reasons in our country which make it very unlikely that the Province of Ontario will give up to the Federal Government the net-licensing powers, and if anything is done at the present time to bring about some better understanding between the United States and Canada, in regard to these fisheries, the first step would be that the individual States of the Union should hand over to the Federal Government their rights over their fisheries after which, we in Ontario, might be induced to hand over to the Dominion Government, the net-licensing power, if necessary.

To make a start it seems to me that there would be a great possibility of success if an informal Conference could be arranged between representatives of each of the sovereign States bordering on the Great Lakes, representatives of the Province of Ontario, and representatives of the Federal Governments both at Washington and Ottawa. If an informal conference of representatives of these powers could be called it would at any rate clear the air and it might be possible thereafter to have a permanent International commission or some formal conference. To urge upon you the necessity of something being done promptly I may tell you frankly that it is quite probable within a very few years there will be passed a bill prohibiting the export of food-fish from the Province of Ontario, and when you consider that eighty-five per cent of our total catch comes to this Country, you can realize the importance to yourselves of such a possibility. When you remember that citizens of Toronto have been known to buy Ontario caught fish from Buffalo dealers paying the Canadian duty, the American duty, and the added freight,

you will realize that if such a condition of things is brought to the attention of the public in Ontario some change will be demanded. The proprietor of the Clifton Hotel, Niagara Falls, placed in writing this summer the complaint that he had to buy from Buffalo Ontario-caught fish and that he could not get them from the local dealers, these dealers stating that they had made application for fish from the shippers only to find that these men had contracted with firms in the States for their output.

There is an understanding with us that when licenses are issued by the Provincial Government the fishermen obtaining them must supply the local market first, but this understanding has been in a large measure ignored. There are fishermen in this City of Erie who know that I state absolutely the fact when I say that the ice houses, the tugs, the whole machinery of carrying on the fishing industry of Lakes Superior and Huron is entirely in the hands of what might be concisely termed the American Fish Trust, and there is a feeling in our Country that our fishermen are being turned into mere 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' and that we are getting an absurdly small return for this eighty-five per cent of our fish crossing your border, and when that feeling is added to by other little frictions coming up from time to time you will see the danger from your point of view of the possibility of the prohibition I have outlined.

If within a reasonable time you are able to cause the powers that be to call the informal conference I have suggested and if that conference is able to come to some definite conclusion on important basic points; for instance that no fish under a size capable of reproducing its species be caught, sold or offered for sale; that nets and the machinery for catching fish be regulated accordingly; and that no game fish be sold or offered for sale; if—I say—uniform regulations could be adopted such as these, I firmly believe that the causes tending in the direction of prohibition of export would be eliminated, and therefore on these grounds alone I ask your earnest co-operation and all your efforts in the direction of bringing about an informal conference.

There are political reasons why such a

suggestion can hardly proceed from the Province of Ontario, but if such a suggestion were received from one of the great sovereign States bordering upon the Great Lakes I believe that it would be heartily received by those in authority at Ottawa and Toronto. In speaking in this way, recollect gentlemen, that I am simply the working head of the Ontario Protective Association. I mention this as so many of you are officials connected with Government bureaux that you might possibly imagine I was connected with some like bureaux in my own country. I have no connection whatever with the Government, nor do I receive—nor does my Association receive—any support from the Government, either local or Federal; in fact in many ways we are making it a little bit embarrassing and unpleasant for our authorities in the direction of trying to make them carry out the laws on the Statute Books where for political reasons such may be inexpedient.

In closing I will simply quote from the report of the Superintendent of Fisheries and Game for 1906, printed by the Department of Fisheries of the Province of Ontario. I do this to prove to you that the remarks which I have made as an independent person, an absolute free lance, having no strings upon me, are borne out by a responsible official occupying the position of a Deputy Head of a great Department. Mr. Tinsley says:

The Great Lakes Fisheries.

"During the past year little has been done in the matter of harmonizing the fishery laws and regulations applicable to international waters. Although this important matter has to some extent been in abeyance during 1906, it has not been lost sight of, and will no doubt receive the consideration it is entitled to in the near future."

Mr. Tinsley takes up the question of supplying the home market as follows:

"The circular letter which in 1904 was addressed to every licensed fisherman in the Province notifying him that he must make arrangements for supplying the local demand for fish does not appear to have received that attention which was hoped and expected. This is a question

of dollars and cents, and not of patriotism or sentiment. It rests with the public and not with the fishermen to establish a home market, which can only be accomplished in two ways, namely by the *Dominion Government prohibiting export*, or residents of the Province being prepared to pay the price for Ontario fish they realize in the United States. The public fail to recognize the changed conditions from those prevailing fifteen years ago. At that time the fresh water fisheries of the United States had not been depleted, neither was the fishing business of Ontario controlled by powerful American combines. Not many years back fishermen on the shores of Lake Erie were satisfied to sell herring at one cent per pound, and whitefish and salmon trout at five cents per pound—the price now realized in many markets for the much abused carp. However desirable it may be to have our home markets abundantly supplied with good wholesome fish, this will not occur under present conditions, but our fish will reach those markets paying the most for them.

As to the ownership of the gear, tugs, boats, nets, etc., operated by the fishermen. Such enquiry is not required, if, as stated in report for 1905, this Department found, upon assuming the Administration of the fisheries in 1898, that the fishing industry of the Great Lakes was largely controlled by American companies. If American ownership and control prevailed in 1898, we may rest assured that such control prevails now to a far greater extent than in 1898. We have the most convincing proof of American control when we revert to the well known fact that at least three-fourths of the fish caught in the Great Lakes by the licensed fishermen of the Province reach the United States direct from the nets, thus evading with impunity espionage or inspection by provincial officials."

I have shown you what is a very sore spot with us. If we had an international agreement as to the legal limit of size of fish we would know that our export fish were legally caught and legally shipped, but when we know as a positive fact that large quantities of fish under our legal size, and which our own people have

no opportunity of purchasing or using go to your markets, a condition of things exists which if made generally public could not continue, and this is another reason why again I plead with you to try and bring about some interstate and international informal conference to try and arrange these matters so as all friction may be avoided.

Mr. Tinsley continues in these words: "To devise means for effective inspection is urgently required and not further proof of ownership and control by American fish companies, a fact already so well established. The fish of our lakes, rivers and streams are a grand heritage left us by Nature to be used wisely for the benefit of all, and not for the purpose of being exterminated to satisfy the greed and rapacity of a few powerful and dominating alien fish companies."

Gentlemen, this is language stronger than I have used and it is the language of the Deputy Head of the Department of Fisheries of the Province of Ontario.

With these facts in view and with the knowledge that you have in reference to the fisheries of the Great Lakes in which you are as much interested as ourselves, and in which we have as great a share as you, I do trust and hope that the more scientific and interesting portions of the work of this Society will not cause you to neglect the practical application of the theories and experiments you are so nobly carrying out.

One thing which I have learned since I arrived in Erie is the great good for the community being done by your several State commissions. I find from Mr. Meehan that some 600,000,000 of fry have been put in the waters of the State of Pennsylvania from his hatcheries, and also that he expects to reach the billion mark* during the present fiscal year, and this reminds me that even if you are getting eighty-five per cent of our fish you are certainly putting into the common waters ten times as much fry as we are, and I feel almost forced to apologize for our want of work in the direction of hatcheries, but I do believe one of the results of the informal conference I have suggested will be that when we all get together our officials will be so impressed by the work of your hatcheries that the Dominion and

Provincial Governments would be forced into placing more money in the estimates for such purposes, and that we should have—as we ought to have in Ontario—just as fine hatcheries as Mr. Meehan so splendidly carries on here in Pennsylvania.

I beg to thank you for the kind attention you have given me and if I have made any remarks that may at all offend you I am indeed sorry, but it is best to be candid and honest.

I am working as I believe for the best interests of the Province in which I was

born, a Province, gentlemen, that is larger than any of your States with the exception of Texas, a Province that has immense possibilities, and a Province which will shortly build a railroad to Hudson Bay and make it possible to tranship to your markets some of the finest salt water fish in the world. And again I work because I want, by the time that railroad touches Hudson Bay to have public opinion so wrought up over the proper regulation of the fisheries we possess, that it will not allow that magnificent body of water to be depleted (as most of our lakes have been).

Duck Shooting in Saskatchewan.

BY C. W. YOUNG.

FOUR of us stood on a bridge—not at midnight—but as uncomfortably close to it as five a. m. in late September. It was pitch dark when the Laird of Happyland roused us out of sound sleep.

It is one of the stock grievances of the Laird that he can never dream about shooting ducks. One would think he didn't want to, living in the middle of them, so to speak, shooting thousands every fall, and practically living on them during the season. I can't say for the rest, but can vouch for the fact that this deponent was dreaming of canvas backs and teal when his slumbers were rudely disturbed.

There were four of us in the shooting party this year—the Laird, a railway man of high degree, a Governor, and a newspaper man. The visitors arrived in a private car—lucky fellows—and were met by the other two and driven to Wetasto behind Blulette and Rosette, the musical steeds, old prairie travellers, and companions in many years of prairie work.

There was time that afternoon to take a crack at the ducks in the slough, within a mile of the house, and to pick up a brace or two of fat mallards in the creek as we passed. The birds rose in clouds when they heard the noise of the wagon, and circling around, some made for the lake, while others settled in the slough again. The Laird, in long waders, took

the middle of the slough accompanied by his big Irish water spaniel, Judge, who was in his element picking up the ducks as they fell before the trusty 20-gauge Parker. The rest of us scattered in the tall grass, and for an hour or two we had fun in plenty.

Around the big fireplace, we foregathered in the evening, and you may be sure that game of various kinds furnished the chief topic of conversation.

The bridge, of which readers of Rod and Gun have heard before, is situated, to be exact, in Township 34, Range 16, W. 2, Saskatchewan, and spans a creek about one hundred yards wide, connecting Big and Middle Quill Lakes. It is really an ideal place for sport. The ducks flock in the big water to the east and west, and in flying between make the finest kind of shooting.

A little blind channel, north of the bridge, and the main waterway were literally covered with ducks as we drove up, but they soon had most important business elsewhere, and in the gray daylight rose with a noise like thunder. It should have been a great morning, but we did not get in more than a dozen shots or so when a dense fog settled over the water, and after waiting till nearly nine o'clock, we concluded it was time for breakfast and gave it up for a bad job.

Another afternoon we were luckier. The weather was cold and raw with a

stiff breeze blowing and the ducks were pretty well stirred up. The rails of the bridge answered as a blind, and crouching behind them we could keep a lookout in both directions. Away up in the west we could see the big flocks, and every few minutes one or two, or it might be a score or so would detach themselves and sweep along the water in our direction. "Look out, ducks from the west!" one would shout, and in a few more seconds they would rise for the bridge and offer a tempting mark. Crack, crack, would go the guns, maybe a duck or two would come down with a thud on the roadway, but more likely in the water. Judge was all excitement. Big, shaggy fellow, he would take a header from the bridge, eight or ten feet, and it took a smart bird to get away from him. Swimming to shore, he would bring the duck to his master, and squatting on his hunkers, would cross his forepaws until it was taken away from him—a trick he learned in British Columbia. Perhaps it would be a canvas back, but there were more blue bills this year. There was an occasional mallard, quite a few blue-wing teal, and a good many widgeon, pintails, gadwalls and shovellers. Every now and then could be heard the plaintive whistle of a golden plover, or the distinctive note of a Jack or Wilson snipe, and some of them were added to the pile on the bridge. As the day waned, the ducks flew thicker, and reluctantly we quit shooting when we could see no longer.

Chickens were scarce this year, there was no doubt of that. All the way out from Winnipeg on the Canadian Northern, we had seen only a few stray birds and in three days driving south of Battleford, we had not found one, nor was there any occasion to take the gun out of the case, unless to shoot hawks or gophers.

One day at Quill Lake, we drove southward over ground where chickens were thick last year, but the dogs ranged till they were disgusted, for there was nothing larger than a meadow lark, barring a few coyotes, and there wasn't much fun chasing them.

Leaving the prairie, we plunged into tall marsh grass, and on to a long, nar-

row peninsula, named last year Point Drayton, in honor of an English visitor. This neck of land divides Middle and Little Quill, and is in the direct line of flight between those waters. Here was where we made our big killing last year, but failed to do so in 1907. While two of us were making a fire, other two strolled alongshore, where there were literally clouds of robin-breasted snipe. Four barrels took toll of the longbills, and away went the rest of them over the lake. Back they swept, and again the guns spoke till the sand bar and water surrounding were covered with the dead. Fifty or more were picked up and some cripples got away. A few golden plover and Jack snipe met the same fate before the kettle was boiling.

This was a lovely afternoon—too fine for shooting, and though we saw thousands of ducks they made themselves very scarce indeed, and it was only an occasional shot we got, and those mostly at long range. Still, with the snipe and plover, the bag was quite a respectable one by the time we were ready to leave.

There were more young ducks than usual this year. Ordinarily in October, all the birds are in full plumage, but the spring was late and hatching was delayed. Along the railway, there were hundreds of ducks in the sloughs and creeks, and while most of them, frightened by the noise of the train, flew off, a good many floppers, not fully feathered, could do nothing but skip along the top of the water. The late spring is also blamed for the scarcity of chickens, and probably had a good deal to do with it. Much of the blame, however, must be laid at the jaws of the coyotes, which were more numerous than ever this season. These so-called wolves are about the size of a collie dog, and may easily become a great pest. Almost anything that can be eaten is in their line, from sheep down to field mice, and it is not to be supposed that so tempting a morsel as a prairie chicken and her eggs or callow brood, would be overlooked. Under the law of Saskatchewan, the Provincial Government pays 50 cents for every dollar expended in wolf bounties, and as a number of municipalities have passed wolf by-laws there should be a decided decrease in the visible supply.

The Fish and Game of New Brunswick.

MR. T. F. Allen, who recently returned to his home in Bangor, Me., from New Brunswick, where in the summer months for eighteen years he has served the Tobique Salmon Club as their Superintendent, has out of his stores of knowledge and experience given some interesting notes on the big game and fish of the Province.

As a fish and game country Mr. Allen holds that New Brunswick is not to be beaten anywhere. He expresses his hearty approval of the manner in which the sportsmen of the Province are waking up to the necessity of better protection for both fish and game, if future supplies are to be maintained. While the hunters constantly increase and more big game is killed it is believed that moose and red deer are not on the decrease, owing to the better protection given them.

The caribou, however are disappearing in a like manner to the way they did in Maine. In that State the guides claim that the deer drove the caribou across the border, and Mr. Allan believes in the correctness of this theory. The deer are increasing fast in the lower and centre parts of the Province while the caribou are decreasing fast and it is generally believed they are migrating north.

The Newfoundland caribou go south in the winter. These caribou are known to be distinct from those of New Brunswick—the New Brunswick ones being woodland caribou and the Newfoundland ones barren or bog caribou. The caribou do not “yard” in the winter like the moose and the deer. In New Brunswick they go to the lumber works where they obtain most of their feed from moss on the trees felled by the swamper, and they feed when the woodsmen are asleep. Mr. Allen doubts if they will migrate beyond the lumber works though to his knowledge one caribou was killed on the Tobique previous to the first of November last year.

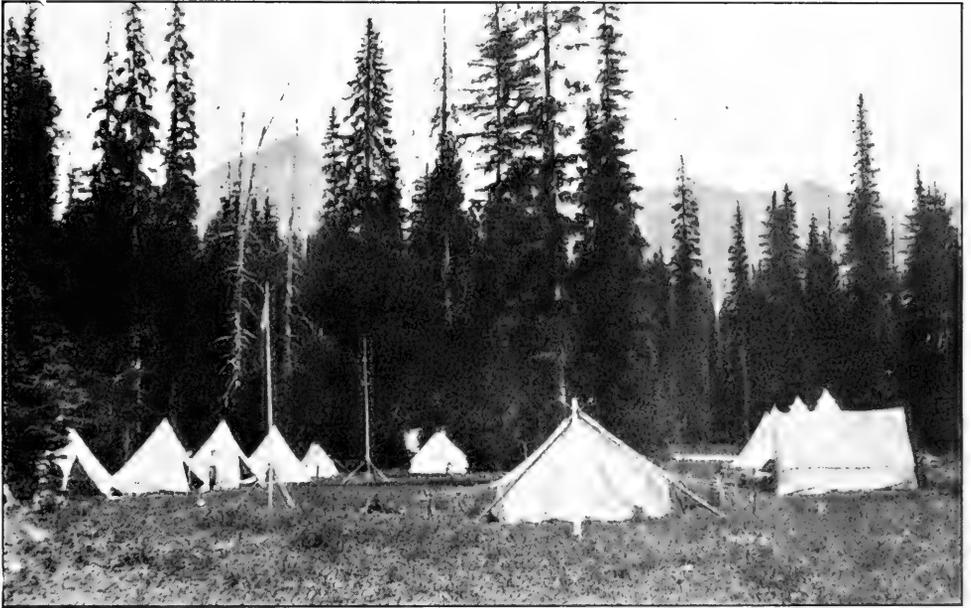
Mr. Allan states that the moose are very plentiful but there are not so many old ones with big horns as formerly. He was in the woods a good deal last fall, shot a bull with a head having a spread of fifty-four inches, and saw a great many tracks of big bulls. Last year was what

Mr. Allen calls an “off year” for both fishing and hunting in New Brunswick. The moose were not to be found in the lakes and ponds, to anything like the extent they would be in a dry season. As the season was wet they remained about the head waters of the brooks in beaver ponds and among the alders, where it was useless to hunt for them as long as the leaves remained on the bushes. Those hunters who went in the woods after the calling season was practically over, had better luck.

Although there were better catches on some rivers there was too much rain for that to be the case generally. Illegal netting also damaged the fisheries which, in comparison with other years, were poor. When there is a big run of water, salmon do not remain long in the different pools. It is also a fact that they will not be found in the same pools in high water as those they frequent when the water is low.

The sportsmen of New Brunswick are making considerable progress in the matter of protective work. They have, as our readers are aware, formed a Fish, Forest and Game Protective Association upon broad lines. Its membership is not confined to the Province and amongst its several hundreds of members are to be found residents of several countries as well as representatives of different Provinces of the Dominion. The organization is non-political and if it succeeds in its work, as appears most likely, Dominion and Provincial Commissioners with full powers will be established to carry on protective work.

With good officers at the head of the organization, and backed up as the Association is by the Tourists Association, Guides' Association, lumbermen, sporting goods dealers, taxidermists, hotel men and many others, the success of its work seems assured. This means much to the Province and all who are interested in its future. So many sportsmen know New Brunswick, and its splendid sporting advantages, that the interest felt in the work of maintaining its supply of big game and fish is much wider than even the bounds of the Dominion.



RESIDENCE PARK, YOHO CAMP.

With the Alpine Club of Canada.

MOUNTAINEERING, although a most strenuous, is also a most fascinating occupation. It is health giving, delightful, invigorating and once the fever is caught it proves lasting. The delights of the prairies are said to grow upon the stranger and what he at first thought monotonous gains a beauty all its own and becomes to him a source of never ending pleasure. The mountains need no preliminary of this kind. Their fascinations begin at once. No sooner are their towering heights seen at a distance than impressive feelings of wonder fill the observer. A nearer view deepens these feelings. The man must possess very little imagination, whose brain does not at once begin to work. How long have these mighty monuments stood there defying at once the worst the elements can do, or puny man's advance against them? What stories of the past are hidden away in their recesses! What changes have they seen below while remaining themselves unchanged! How they seem to look down upon man's struggles, to

be above his hopes, his fears, to remain unmoved while dynasties rise and fall and changes are wrought by which all save they are deeply concerned! Despite the strenuous labours involved men have long been striving to know more about them. First they penetrated the valleys and admired the gigantic forms by which they were enclosed. It was no easy matter to find many of the passes and in this particular work there is yet much to be done.

Canada, so rich in many other things, is likewise wealthy in her mountains. The mountainous region is so vast that while none of us can properly appreciate the whole area, those who know something from personal experience can let their imaginations run riot and yet fall far short of truth and fact. The ranges run north and south and the more one knows the more one wonders how so much work has been done amongst them. The pioneers were bold men who had for reward some of the grandest sights human eyes ever beheld. Gradually something like order is growing

out of confusion; peaks have not merely been named, but also conquered and fresh ones are constantly being attempted.

A wide field is being opened up to the amateur mountaineers by the Alpine Club of Canada. Their Annual Camps, although only two have yet been held, have gained a world wide fame, and have assisted to make known

some of the glories of the Canadian Alps in a manner far more effective than any other method, which could have been de-



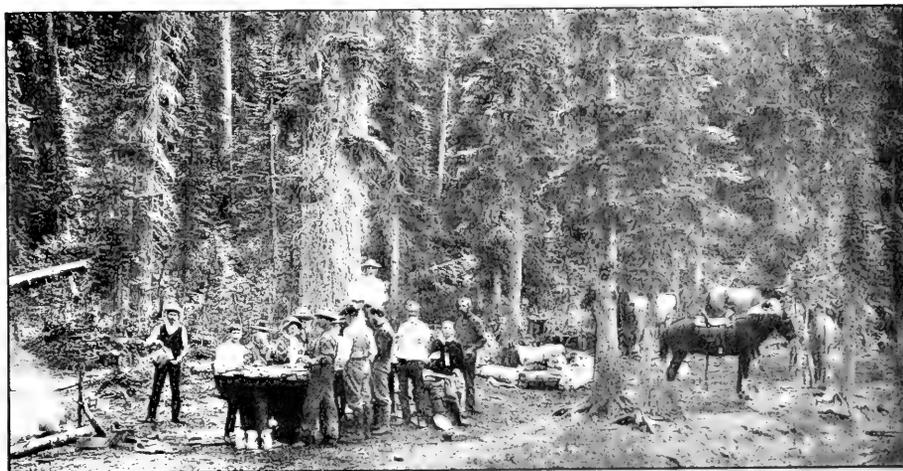
A WELL EARNED REST. MOUNT VICE PRESIDENT.

vised. It is not merely that people are attracted to these camps who could not otherwise hope to visit and do some exploring work in the mountains, but enthusiasts are made who on their return spread abroad the name and fame of the mountains and cause others to visit and see for themselves.

The first camp was held on the summit of the Yoho Pass and the second one in Paradise Valley, while the camp for the next year is to be at Roger's Pass. From these camps daily trips are arranged. Some are exploring and others of a climbing nature. Every member of the Club must either have climbed or climb from the camp. As a rule this requirement causes no disagreement. Most people go to the camp to climb. The views from the camps themselves and on the way there are very fine, but they cannot be compared with those higher up. Daily under the superintendence of experienced and skilled guides, parties undertake climbs arranged under the careful superintendence of the President (Mr. A. O. Wheeler) and those who succeed obtain the status of full membership of the Club. The camp is not restricted to



ONE OF THE DENIZENS OF COUGAR VALLEY.



ONE OF OUR BIVOUACS ON THE YOHO TRAIL.

young people though mountaineering is a pastime which makes those who have seen many years of trials and troubles young again. There are veterans in the ranks as one of our illustrations show, and these veterans prove not the least light-hearted and enthusiastic of the merry crowd around the campfire in the evenings, when the day's experiences are related and the incidents of the climbs gone over again.

The services of the guides are indispensable. They include men whose lives have been passed in the Canadian mountains, and who are most careful of those committed to their charge. In addition Swiss guides, whose experiences in Switzerland have made them noted mountaineers,

brought over by the Canadian Pacific Railway, are in the camp and do much to assist in the efforts of those who desire to take some of the most difficult climbs. When experienced climbers and these experienced Swiss guides go together some good work is certain. The importance of the work of the guide is most appreciated by those who have



EDOUARD FUEZ Swiss guide. H. G. WHEELER Assist. guide. M. P. BRIDGLAND Chief guide. GOTTFRIED FUEZ Swiss guide.

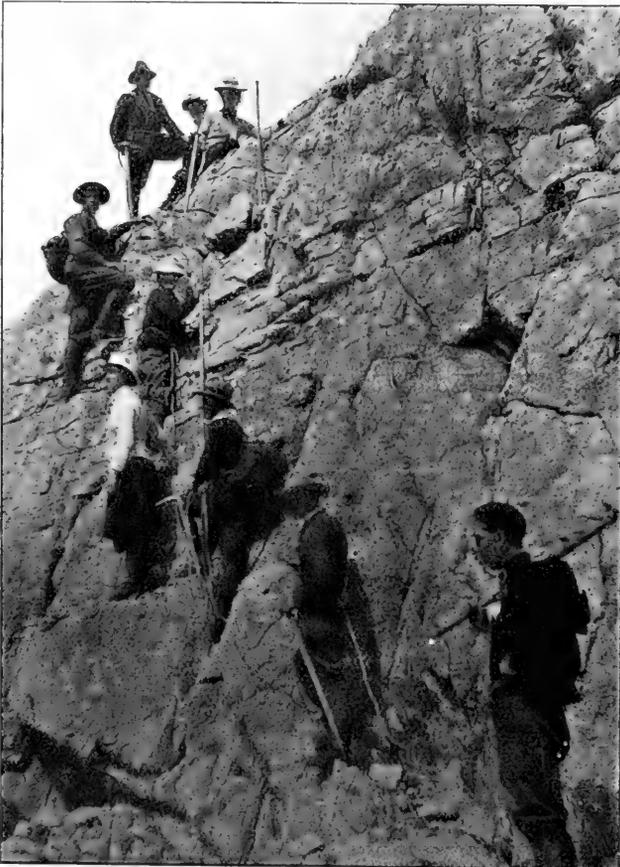
climbed. In mountain climbing awkward positions are inevitable and it is when such positions are encountered that the skill, coolness and experience of the guides are invaluable. The feats performed by these men in an ordinary day's work, while astonishing to the on-looker, who perhaps sees them for the

first time, are such as have been used to perform for years and causes them no more perturbation than the ordinary occurrences met with any day in city life. The guides require not only a quick eye, and a steady brain, but also knowledge of the mountains, without which even the bravest feats might be foolhardy. There is always some danger and it is a very easy matter to make it

greater by carelessness, rashness and want of judgment. The guides possess qualifications which enable them and those committed to their care to escape many of these troubles and the resulting consequences. As a matter of fact the Alpine Club of Canada has so far been free from any serious accidents, and its members have done their climbing, and enjoyed the finest of scenic views without injury. This is no small testimony to the excellence of the guides, who

have had to deal with amateurs possessing all kinds of temperaments and consequently all sorts of peculiarities, some of which have caused them concern, but none of which have led to anything of a serious nature.

To every one attending the camp, whether old and experienced veteran or



A PIECE OF ROCK WORK. MOUNT VICE-PRESIDENT.

the veriest novice, the proceedings have given unending delight. The arrangements from start to finish have been perfection. They were made under the personal supervision of the President, who from the beginning to the end never flagged in his efforts to assure the comfort and pleasure of every member. Those who know only a little of what happened behind the scenes were aware that

long before the Camp was officially opened, and for some time after it was declared closed, the President had important work to do. Everything could not go as smoothly as it did without a great deal of forethought and arrangement, and even when all had been settled constant attention was required in order to ensure the smooth running of the arrangements made. Mr. Wheeler was always to the front planning for the pleasure of every individual member, and

arranging the most enjoyable outings. The best scenic views were included and the raptures of those who were carried away by their enthusiasm were quietly confirmed by those who with more experience admitted the reason of exuberance to be overwhelming.

That climbing does mean work is clear by the illustration showing the members

negotiating a difficult piece of rock work. The members are roped, which is only done when there is a possibility of danger and when false steps may have serious consequences. The view of the party taking a well earned rest after reaching their goal is one which all mountaineers will appreciate, and one which will show the non-climber the effect of hard work. Such a rest is indeed well deserved in consideration of what has been undergone and what remains to do.

Very different are the views of the Camp and the bivouac on the trail. The Camp is a home among the mountains and short as is their stay in these temporary abodes those who live in them instinctively think of them as home. Let it be rain or sunshine they find shelter there and the healthful outdoor life with its hard work ensures nights of quiet repose. One lives in close communion with one's fellows in a tent and soon learns to appreciate their good points.

There are many little things one can do for the others and numerous ways of reciprocating attentions and services of this kind. One thinks better of humanity from a new point of view—a point which does us all good and leads to results undreamed of in our early philosophy.

The bivouac is at the head of the valley and illustrates the manner in which

in one short ten days the members become campers, taking their meals in the open air and enjoying them as who would not under the circumstances? To have plain good food in abundance, with the best of appetites to enjoy it, the open air making the finest of sauce, is to know life at its best, and it is in that way the members of the Alpine Club of Canada come to know it. The round trip to the head of the Yoho Valley was one of the features of the first camp



TWO VETERANS.

and none of these taking that trip are likely to forget their wonderful experiences. The sleeping out was a change much enjoyed by those who had not tried it before, and the night being fine there was nothing but the porcupines to disturb their rest.

Upon the whole it is impossible even to imagine a more delightful holiday than is afforded by attendance at the annual camp of the Alpine Club of Canada,



THE WAPTA ICE FIELD. MT. COLLIE IN DISTANCE.

and those who have been there trust that it may be their good fortune to pay a return visit, doubting not that excellent as were first impressions, a second visit will deepen and strengthen them as well as afford new and delightful experiences, which will remain as life long memories of the mountains of Canada.

It is desired to bring to the notice of Members the fact that the Club does not provide Ice Axes and Alpenstocks at the annual camps. If, therefore, you expect to need one for the camp at Rogers Pass in July 1908, you may order it through the Club by communicating with the undersigned and forwarding the cost by money

order. Ice axes are \$5 each and Alpenstocks \$2.50 each. Kindly state whether you desire your name stamped thereon. Arthur O. Wheeler, Pres., Box 167, Calgary, Alta.

There are still a considerable number of copies of the first issue of the Canadian Alpine Journal on hand for sale. Members who desire to send copies to their friends as

Xmas remembrances can have them forwarded direct by sending the addresses to the Secretary or to the undersigned. The price is 75c per copy. Arthur O. Wheeler, Box 167, Calgary, Alta. If each member will send one copy to a friend, it will be a great assistance in the interests of the Club at an opportune time.



MT. BALL FROM STORM MOUNT.

The Dominion's Greatest Camper.

At the dinner of the Canadian Club in New York, Mr. Cy Warman who acted as toastmaster, introduced Dr. Bell, the chief of the Canadian Geological Survey, who was the guest of honor, in the following verses which find suitable reproduction in our pages

We've not only men who write things,
We have also men who do things;
Do things for the joy of doing,
For the very love of doing;
And among these, first among them,
I would write our guest of honor.
If men reap as they sow, and if
"Well done, good and faithful servant,"
Shall be spoken to the faithful
On our future final camp-ground,
Our distinguished guest of honor
Will get his. He'll get the glad hand
Where the great reward awaits him,
Where says old Chief Hoskaninni,
"Rivers flow with milk and honey,
And tobacco grows like cactus—
By the springs of Happy-water."
That's a redman's sketch of heaven.
For full half a hundred summers,
And for half a hundred winters,
He has lived out in the open;
He has met old Mudgekeewis,
He has faced the fierce Kewayden.
He has tramped the trail unbroken,
Shooting wild and unknown rapids;
Giving names to unnamed rivers;
Slept upon the cold, bleak barrens;
Felt the bitter pangs of hunger.
Now, at last he is rewarded;
Now, lone letters, marks of honor,
Follow his good name, as children
Run behind a Quebec mother
Most too numerous to mention.
He has sailed the Bay of Hudson,
Nine times through the Straits of Hudson
And for "good and faithful service,"
Has been honored by King Edward—
Had even a greater honor—
Honored by the common people,
By the men who have worked with him,
By the men who worked beside him,
Walked and slept and starved beside him,
And the name of this explorer—
The Dominion's first explorer—
Will go down in song and story,
Stories written by our children,
Songs sung by our children's children.
I shall take no more of his time,
But, with real pride and pleasure,
Introduce our guest of honor,
Introduce the great explorer,
Doctor Bell, our greatest camper,
Doctor Bell.

The Lake of Bays.

“Highlands of Ontario.”

HUNTSVILLE is the place to which tourists take tickets over the Grand Trunk Railway System from the north, south, east and west to the Lake of Bays District.

Huntsville is one hundred and forty-five miles north of Toronto, a picturesque little town built on the bank of the beautiful Fairy River which flows into Fairy Lake and out again.

The Lake of Bays is like scores of other lakes in the Highlands of Ontario, and yet not quite the same. For one thing, the region round about is rougher the surrounding hills are higher and the lakes deeper than most lakes.

The main feature, the chief charm of the Lake of Bays, however, are the gently sloping shores and sandy beaches. There is scarcely a mile in all the shore line—and there is a mile for every day in the year—without a sandy pebbly bathing beach, and some of them are miles in length.

A sail through these winding waterways and lakes of the Lake of Bays District on one of the new electric lighted steamers Algonquin or the Iroquois is a thing to be remembered.

Having crossed Fairy Lake and passed Scotchman's Bonnet, the first of the many charming Islands that bejewel this delightful lake, the pilot of the boat points the white prow into a narrow crooked stream once a creek, but now dredged out to make a way for these splendid steamers, and with their many twists and turns, she finds her way out into the Peninsula Lake, another charming sheet of water some three miles in width where the steamers cross.

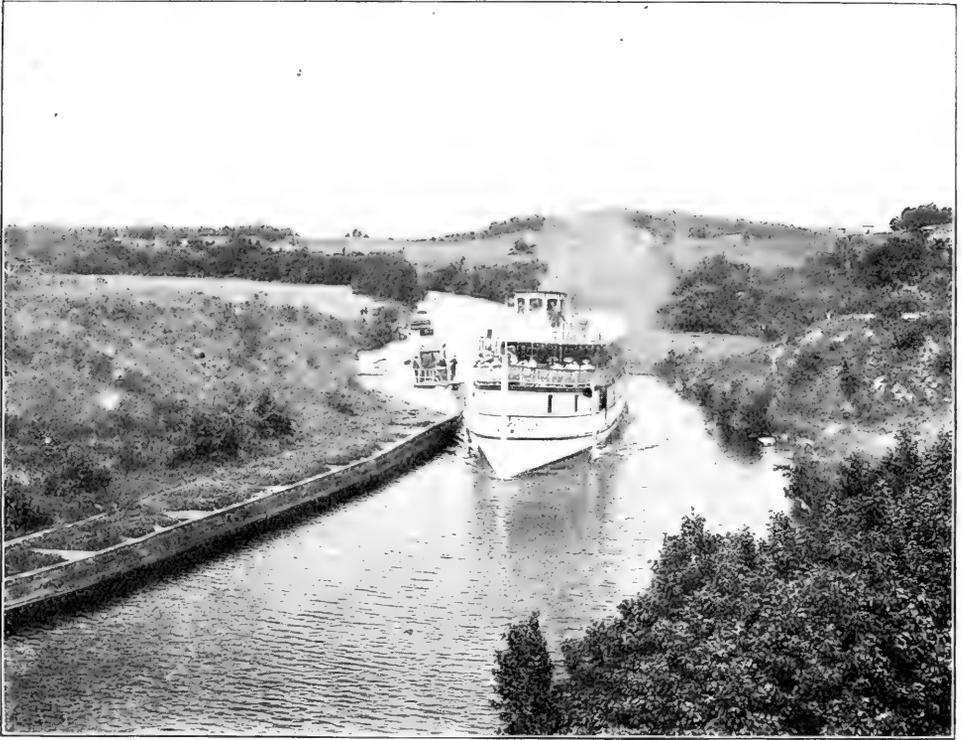
Beyond Peninsular Lake we come to a portage made over a little bay-like railway—one of the shortest on the American continent, being built one mile in length. Here the traveller bag and baggage is entrained and carried up over a hill one hundred feet above the Lake and dropped gently down to the

Lake of Bays. Here the water journey is taken up again on board the Iroquois—a sister ship and an exact duplicate of the Algonquin. These are probably the neatest and best appointed of the scores of inland boats that ply on the Highland waters. In fact, it would be difficult to find fault with them, or to suggest a single comfort or convenience that has not already been provided.

The Lake of Bays is far the largest lake in the Huntsville District. From the deck of the Iroquois can be seen some inland scenery unsurpassed. The wooded hills, billow away in every direction, not a rough, inhospitable shore always, for here and there are wide open reaches running down to the lake, and sometimes away high on to the hills and fine farms, from which the Lake-side hotels draw new garden truck, fresh butter and buttermilk and sweet cream for the summer tourist. There is a ten mile sail across the Lake of Bays, but many an enthusiast has taken off his hat long before he has reached, and named her the Queen of Lakes as she smiled up at the blue sky, her several island jewels glowing upon her quiet breast. The very trees that top the high hills that surround her shores seem to sing the praises of the Lake of Bays.

The natural charm and accessibility of this section are making friends year by year for the Huntsville District, of which the Lake of Bays is easily the chief charm.

Dwight Bay, with its green shore curving caressingly around it, and sloping gently and gradually back, sheltering groves with open evenness running down to the water edge through which we get glimpses of open fields beyond, long reaches of slanting, sandy beaches where babies can bathe in absolute safety; cunning little cottages, picturesque summer houses, the white church, the school house, the hotel and the Iroquois in the distance, that is but a faint hint at the picture of this beautiful bay.



ONE OF THE STEAMERS OF THE LAKE OF BAYS NAVIGATION COMPANY ON FAIRY RIVER—
LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT.

Dwight is its own advertisement. The fact that the first visitor to this comparatively new resort came from a certain city in the State of New York, went home happy, came again and again, bringing each year others from the same section of that interesting State, speaks well for the Lake of Bays generally, and for Dwight Bay in particular.

The Bay, walled in on three sides, is as safe for canoeists as the shallow beach is for bathers.

The opening paragraph in this description describes the scene to the north at the head of the Bay. On the west shore the dark wooded mainland rises abruptly, while the river comes singing in from the East. Sail around the entire shore line, leave and sail all the other lakes in the Highlands of Ontario, and there will remain with you the memory of Norway Beach, Point Ideal and more distinctly still, Dwight Bay, the Beautiful.

The Huntsville district affords every variety of scenery, the calm, pastoral of Vernan, the romantic and ragged mountainous grandeur of Hollow, the fine bathing and quiet scenery of Lake of Bays and the picturesque beauty, coupled with the unsurpassed fishing and hunting along the entire chain, lend to these waters an attraction and a charm. The ease with which any point along the system may be reached, and the facility with which from the solitude of primeval forests, deep glades, mountain dells, babbling brook, and enchanting lakes (the haunts of fish and game) the tourist may find a base of supplies, together with the superiority of the scenery, are among the causes rendering these lakes such favorite camping resorts.

Fish abound. Speckled, salmon trout and bass are plentiful in these waters; while whitefish, salmon trout, speckled trout and ling are found in great quantities in the waters of the surrounding

lakes. As a field for the geologist and mineralogist the district is interesting. Beautiful as is the whole Lake of Bays District, there is no finer location for cottagers than Wahawin. This delightful resort consists of one hundred and forty acres fronting on the Lake of Bays. Beginning at a fine shelving beach, it rises in natural terraces seventy or eighty feet to a plateau above, and is wooded on the slopes with the choicest hardwood trees. The location commands the finest view on the lake.

On these terraces have been built a number of cottages of very substantial construction, whilst at the same time having an architectural beauty appropriate to the surroundings. Noticeable features of these cottages are their wide verandas and their stone fire places ensuring the dwellers' comfort on the coolest as well as the warmest days. Due regard has also been had for the needs of summer tenants, and arrangements have been made for daily delivery at the cottages from farm houses near by of all necessary supplies for the table. A supply boat carrying a full line of groceries and other necessities will call at the wharf regularly during the season.

Part of this property was at one time under cultivation, and as a result small fruits and berries of every description abound in the greatest profusion and are to be had for the gathering throughout the whole summer season. Pure, cold water is supplied from a spring close to the cottages. The bathing at Wahawin is absolutely safe for children as well as adults. A cove or inlet especially well adapted for the purpose and sheltered from the prevailing winds, furnishes an ideal bathing place with a bottom as level as a floor, of fine, hard sand, gradually sloping from a few inches in depth to about three and a half to four feet at a distance of one hundred feet from shore.

There is an excellent Golf links consisting of thirty-eight acres adjoining the property kept in perfect condition and naturally very suitable. Not the least of the charms of Wahawin lies in the many woodland walks radiating in every direction from the cottages. There is a daily mail service by steamer, also tele-

phone connection with the Bell long distance system.

Norway Point is another charming spot with a wide sandy beach for bathing—an ideal place for children.

It is expected that a modern hotel will be built along this shore in the near future, as every hotel and house where tourists are taken is full during the summer season.

Fairyland has but recently been discovered. It consists of seven miles of the beautiful Fairy River with its winding, wooded shore, also the Emerald Island and the rugged mainland of Fairy Lake. The land has been there for a long while, but the "Searchlight Excursion" is the invention of the enterprising steamboat company which operates the boats in this dreamland, while the "Fairies" are supposed to come from the creative imagination of the nocturnal tourists who follow the flashes as the great searchlight sweeps the shelving shores.

It would be difficult to conceive of a more wondrously beautiful setting for a show of this sort. The excursionists take the steamer "Romana" at Huntsville, sail down the short but beautiful stretch of the Fairy, to Fairy Lake where the Light swings from point to point, from island to mainland, showing here a frowning cliff, there the dark wildwood, and yonder, an open field and farm house, the cattle feeding on a far-off meadow, and sheep sleeping, sheltered by the stars. Now, the man who manipulates the light, points it straight ahead and lets it rest on the river which the boat is about to enter. Presently the locks are reached by which the "Romana" reaches the level of the lower lake, and then begins the most entrancing part of the trip. The river is all curves and bends, so that without the slightest move of the light, the scene is constantly shifting, the strong light converting the tinselled tops of the taller trees to real lace, and the lower foliage and ferns that shade the shore to silken fringe, ostrich feathers or fantastic filagree, according to the fall of the light and the imagination of the Excursionist.

This reach of river takes the boat to Mary's Lake, a charming sheet of water



ON THE BANKS OF FAIRY RIVER, LAKE OF BAYS' DISTRICT. HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

dotted with islands, whose main land holds some wild, rugged scenes, also a number of picturesque towns where tourists are taken, and where sometimes the "Romana" touches for refreshments or a dance.

Having completed the circle of Mary's Lake the swan-like steamer treads her way back up the beautiful stream, passes the locks, cruise Fairy Lake, the liquid music of the Band on board melting away in the wilderness, and ties up at Huntsville, the real gateway to Fairy-land.

During the past couple of years the Huntsville and Lake of Bays' Navigation Co. have greatly improved their equipment on these lakes, and are better prepared than ever to take care of the ever increasing number of tourists who visit this ideal territory.

Four boats, the "Algonquin," the "Iroquois," the "Romana" and "Mohawk" have been added to their fleet. The first two named have a speed of six-

teen miles per hour, and are unquestionable as fine as any steamers on inland waters. They are equipped for carrying five hundred passengers each, lighted with electricity, and each carry a powerful searchlight, which add greatly to the pleasure and interest of trips by moonlight about the lakes. The "Romana" and "Mohawk" are of lighter draught for the river and coast service. An attentive stewardess is employed, and a first-class meal or luncheon and refreshment service is operated on the larger boats. Close connection is made with the through trains of the Grand Trunk Railway system at Huntsville by the "Algonquin" which connects with the "Iroquois" for Lake of Bays service. In addition to these two fine new steamers, two other fast boats have been added to the fleet for service on Lake of Bays, enabling passengers to reach their destination much earlier than heretofore.

The weekly, moonlight excursions on the big boats have proven so popular,



“DEERHURST”—PENINSULA LAKE—LAKE OF BAYS DISTRICT, “HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO.

that the management have determined to run them nightly on the lesser lakes and weekly through to the Lake of Bays. The excursion boats carry a band and serve lunch and all light refreshments.

Tourists wishing to make a trip between the Lake of Bays and Algonquin Park (via. Hollow Lake) will find competent and reliable guides for the trip, available. Hollow Lake is noted for its most excellent trout fishing.

High up in the rugged hills, two hundred feet above the Lake of Bays, lies Hollow Lake, to which one man has gone for seventeen years, and from which he has taken some of the largest trout ever taken from the Northern lakes. Mr. James Russell, who has lived at Hollow Lake for twenty-seven years, furnishes the following information:

Trout only are caught in these waters: Species—Grey trout, from one to four bs.; Mountain trout from one to two and one-third lbs.; Salmon trout from

five to thirty-five lbs.; Brook trout (square tails) up to five lbs.

Seasons: May—brook trout in streams, flies and minnows best bait, salmon and mountain trout in lakes, minnows used exclusively. Casting in streams and toward shore of lakes is adapted to this month. Trolling with light sinkers in shallow water however gives best results. Use plain, gimp hooks with No. 3 or 4 silk lines. No flies or mosquitoes.

June—Fly fishing in rapid running rivers fair. Creeks and streams are not good. Water too warm and all species have sought the cold, deep water of the lakes. For this month use trolling outfits only, viz: medium size Archer spinner with minnows, heavy sinkers and No. 2, or 3 National silk lines 200 feet long—same length Cuttyhunk lines may also be used. Strong tip steel rods preferred. Head nets and fly oil essential this month for crossing trails.

July—same as for June except there



A VISTA OF THE LAKE OF BAYS. "HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO."

are no flies or mosquitoes.

August—same as July. During this month fly casting may be indulged in for mountain trout in the lakes. Silver Doctor or Gray Hackle are good.

Sept.—Same as August.

Light casting outfits only good in May.

In May and early June rubber boots are convenient.

July, August and September canvas rubber sole shoes are best.

Hollow Lake, because of its altitude, is one of the very best speckled trout lakes in the Highlands. Here are found real mountain trout, and strange as it may seem, in some of the small bays, notably Loon Lake, cat-fish are found. The mountain trout, of course, are found in the rock-bottomed running streams, the catfish in the mud-bottomed bays,—the latter are so plentiful in Loon Lake, that they are easily taken with a bit of bacon rind without a hook, and hauled into a boat. They do not

"strike" as other fish, but merely lay hold, attach themselves to a worm, a bit of meat, or a finger put overside into the water, and hold on stupidly until they are hauled aboard. Speckled trout and bass are almost never found in the same water, but there is good fishing in almost any one of the thousands of Lakes in the northern wilds. There seems to be no end of the supply, for when one pool is exhausted, it only needs a change of position to another spot, and up they rise, with their painted sides glistening in the sunlight. On the larger lakes, such as the Lake of Bays itself, passengers on the steamer can see the speckled beauties jumping in all directions, and a morning's fishing at any point on this lake will warm the heart of the most ardent follower of Izaak Walton. Salmon trout in season are successfully caught with the troll, in the deep waters of these granite basins.

Partridge and ducks, as well as other species of game birds are plentiful

throughout the district. To assure success in partridge hunting, dogs are a necessity; guides, however, may be procured who have hunting dogs. Deer, bear and other large game may also be found in abundance, both in this and adjoining districts. During the last season more than 5,000 hunters went up into this and contiguous districts, and the success that the different parties had was all that could be desired, one of the express companies alone transporting 3,100 carcasses from this northern sec-

tion during the open season. Campers can get supplies at Huntsville, and the guides will supply boats, etc., at moderate rates. If the ideal of the pleasure seeker is a camping life, fairylike spots in secluded nooks among the woodland shores are waiting to be taken possession of; for others whose tastes tend to the comforts obtained in hotel life, there are modern and well appointed hostelries at several of the principal points at which the steamers of the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Route touch.

Books of Interest to Sportsmen.

CANADIAN Wilds (A. R. Harding Publishing Company, Columbus, O. by Martin Hunter) is a collection of thirty-eight sketches of various phases of life in the backwoods contributed at different times to the sporting journals and collected together for the purpose of this book. The writer was for many years an officer in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company and had personal experience of the things of which he writes. The sketches are briefly and pleasantly written and brim full of interest. They convey much information of the state of things in the old times, when the Hudson Bay Company held undisputable sway throughout the north country and behaved paternally to the Indians. Those days are gone and even the interior posts are feeling the advances of what is sometimes called civilization, but which carries with it many drawbacks, particularly to the Indians. The writer has the love of the backwoods in very full measure and is loyal to the Company and the paternal regulations. He looks back with regret upon the past and considers the present to show anything but progress so far as concerns those of whom the Hudson Bay officers took so much trouble and care in past years. Much has been written on these matters by men who depended upon hearsay and Mr. Hunter's modest volume is twice welcome by reason of the fact that the whole of it is the result of personal experience. Every one interested in the backwoods cannot fail to enjoy reading this book. It is easy

to see where Mr. Hunter's sympathies lie and many will share with him the regret at the passing of a system which did so much for the Indians in early days.

Fishing in British Columbia (London: Horace Cox, "Field" office, Brems Building E. C.) by T. W. Lambert is a most interesting work to all interested in Canada. The author who held the position of surgeon to the western division of the Canadian Pacific Railway, spent twelve years in the interior of the country during which time he fished many of the lakes and streams of the Province. British Columbia is the home of the rainbow trout and there are many problems connected with that beautiful fish which await solution. Dr. Lambert directs attention to several of them and expresses the hope that others may give time and attention to their solution. At the same time the Doctor does much in the way of guidance to others while fishermen who know nothing of the marvellous resources of British Columbia in fish will read his experiences and comments with the deepest interest. The nine chapters concerning fishing in our western Province are full of information, all of a readable character, and being written as a result of personal experience and knowledge are well worth consideration. A chapter on the wonderful tuna fishing at Avalin, Santa Catalina Island, gives added interest to the volume which can be heartily commended to all fishermen and indeed every lover of outdoor life.

The Big Game of Vancouver Island and Their Enemies.

AN agitation has been started on Vancouver Island in favor of increasing the bounties on the destruction of panthers and wolves which according to reports coming from several points are rapidly increasing in the interior.

Mr. Joseph Drinkwater who has been the means of bringing this question under public discussion has, it is stated, probably travelled more of the interior wilds of this island than any other man, red or white and has seen many evidences of the slaughter of deer, elk, beaver and grouse by the ravenous beasts of prey, which he would have exterminated. He says that if hunters had open season twelve months in the year they could not do as much towards the destruction of the best game resources of the island as panthers and wolves are doing. He told of having seen dozens of remnants of carcasses of deer and elk in a day, and knew from his own experience that panthers preyed upon beaver and grouse, killing the hens in the laying and hatching seasons and devouring the eggs.

Mr. Drinkwater contended that there was not a panther or a wolf killed in these parts today because of the bounty of \$7.50 on the former and \$5 00 on the latter. These beasts were killed whenever a man with a gun chanced to meet them, and would be killed under such circumstances, every time if there was not a cent in it. It would not pay a man to hunt panthers or wolves for the present bounty, and he suggested that it be raised to \$25 in both cases which he believed would induce hunters to take their dogs and guns and make a business of hunting this class of game. There might be good money in it for the hunters for a while, but in the long run it would prove profitable to the country.

The object of the bounty was to encourage the extermination of the beasts, and if the bounty were high enough the extermination would soon be accomplished. If the bounty were not raised to a figure which would make hunting profitable as a business, it was a waste of money to pay any at all.

A number of farmers who live in the neighborhood of the town of Alberni all supported Mr. Drinkwater. They have had many experiences with panthers and wolves venturing on to their ranches to attack the live stock.

Bears were also the subject of a talk by Mr. Drinkwater. He is an advocate of a close season for hunting these wild animals, for which he has developed a strong friendship. All alone for months, away out at the Great Interior mine, miles away from habitation, he has enjoyed their company. "Visitors to my mine" said he "who have seen these bears have wanted to kill them without regard to whether their hides were good or not, just for the fun of the thing, and I have prevented them. It is bad enough to kill a bear at any time, but to kill one wantonly is altogether too bad. It has often been a great pleasure to me when there was no other sign of life about, to see these bears feeding on the side hills. These become quite tame if they are treated right, and they are always harmless. A bear cannot catch a deer if he wants to, but I have known bears to drive off panthers while the latter were in the act of trying to kill a deer. A bear might try to steal a farmer's pig but when he does the chances are against the bear, that is if the farmer has ears to hear, and eyes to see, and knows how to handle a rifle.

A railway employee in Michigan saw three wolves crossing the railroad in pursuit of a deer. Fortunately he had a repeater with him and managed in the short space of three seconds to kill two

of them. In this record time what with State, County and Township bounties be made more money than in working for a whole month.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing in Forestry.

FORESTRY questions are of extreme importance to Canada and in laying down our own forestry policy the lessons learned through hard experience by our neighbors across the border, are well worth careful consideration.

Both the National Government, the various States and private persons, are engaged in forestry work and a report of the progress made in 1906 published by the Forestry Branch of the Department of Agriculture, show advances all along the line.

Marked success in systematic efforts to prevent damage by fire is recorded on the part of all interested, and the widespread nature of the concern felt by the great body of the citizens in forest preservation is noted.

Professional foresters are said to be engaged by a number of the larger firms and "firms of consulting and contracting foresters supervise cutting operations and guarantee to the owners renewal of the trees desired in the forest."

With the characteristic energy with which the people of the States take up and carry through any matter in which they are interested they have taken up forestry and the progress made is remarkable. Within three decades after the first Federal recognition of forestry, and sixteen years from the date when the first "timberland reserve" was created, there has been established (May 1st, 1907) in the interests of the whole people, one hundred millions of acres of National Forests, effectively protected against fire and trespass, and thrown open on advantageous terms to the use of the public.

Forests have so large a place in the National life that in some measure every citizen shares the benefits which attend successful efforts to preserve, restore or establish them. Although in the States the expenses of the work exceeds the income, the latter is growing rapidly and promises ere long to put the balance on the right side.

"In disposing of timber in the National Forests, every effort has been made to

meet the local conditions in each Forest, and in the different parts of each Forest, where the character of the timber and the market require special consideration. This has been done not only by varying the size of the trees, which are cut under the sales, in accordance with the kind of timber and the situation, but also by supplying the needs of the people in each vicinity with the particular kind of timber required by them in their industries."

A charge is made for grazing in the forest and regulations have been adopted to prevent damage to the range and allotments of territory are made between cattle owners and sheep owners and between individual owners of the same kind of stock.

Planting operations are at present centred in eight nurseries within or near as many different forests, four having been established long enough to grow seedlings of size for planting. In addition many small nurseries have been established at ranger's head-quarters, some of which will be enlarged into planting stations.

Better facilities for communication through public and private telephone lines, and the improvement of roads will be of the greatest assistance in the conduct of forest business and particularly in the control of fires. In the States the lumbering industry is moving westward and southward. The ideal of the forest service in the States, as in Canada, is to have lumbering so conducted that only mature trees, or an annual cut equal to the aggregate growth of the forest tributary to the mill, be made so that forest products, like field crops increase as operations extend. There are a million acres of private woodlands in the States where forestry is now being applied on plans prepared by the Forest service. This is only a beginning and it is hoped ere long to increase the scope of this service many fold. As an instance of how, with improved methods, more trees are cut and better use made of the material, it is stated that the coniferous cut since 1880 has exceeded by eighty bil-

lion feet the total estimated stumpage of those woods at that time.

"The nation can and should maintain forests in isolated and mountainous regions, where their principal value is for the protection of watersheds, the sources of streams and the many industries dependent upon an equable supply of water and a sufficient range." Four fifth of the forests of the States are in private hands and here forestry can be expected only where it ensures profit. Forestry is here making its greatest successes.

Protection from fire is laid down as the first essential to successful forest management and the methods adopted have been so far successful as to reduce the losses year by year. Railroads and mine owners are adopting forestry methods, and meeting with much success in the work.

More than twenty States now have forest officers, and ten have State forest reservations. In Wisconsin the State forests comprise over a quarter of a mil-

lion of acres and in New York in two preserves—one being the well known Adirondacks—over one million and a half acres are preserved. In five States, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin—the removal of mature timber from State Forest lands is now permitted. The provision is a fundamental provision of forestry.

The record of legislation shows that new and advanced laws were passed by the National Government, and by the States of Iowa, Kentucky, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, Ohio and Rhode Island. Forestry is also being taken up in the Universities and schools, and where this is not yet done courses of lectures are given. Altogether our energetic neighbors are doing much to preserve what they still possess and to regain something of what they have carelessly thrown away. If we take the lesson to heart in Canada we may still preserve much of what we have, and replant something of what we also have lost.

The Scarcity of Partridges.

BY ALFRED J. HORSEY.

NOW that the close season for the preservation of game has arrived and we have now given our guns a final rubbing up and a liberal coating of oil before putting them away in safe keeping, to repose until the delights of the open season again return, it may not be uninteresting to recount some of the experiences of the past season.

We have read from the numerous and ardent contributors to "Rod and Gun" much about the merits and demerits of still hunting and the hounding of deer and it may not be untimely now to give a little consideration to one of the feathered members of our game list viz: the partridge (ruffed grouse) whose admirable qualities for beauty, sport and the table are unsurpassed. Those qualities are becoming more and more appreciated since the bird has become a "rare avis" amongst us.

The consensus of opinion amongst sportsmen appear to be that the birds are

so few and far between that the quest for them can no longer be considered sport but rather a weariness and a disappointment.

Many supposed reasons are given for the present dearth of birds. Everyone knows the usually assigned causes and how glibly the generality of those who speak upon the subject express themselves in platitudes that have done duty ever since we were boys. Partridges have always been more or less subject to fluctuations from season to season but have never been at so low an ebb as during the season now past.

One of the stock reasons which has done duty on many occasions is that owing to sudden thawing and freezing birds get imprisoned and die beneath the crust of the snow in which they dive for shelter.

A couple of winters ago where there was too little snow in which for them to dive it is said that they perished fo

want of this sheltering snow.

In my humble opinion crust on the snow, or the absence of snow, have little or nothing to do with the paucity or the plentitude of the birds.

Granted that a few may become entrapped as described and die, this cause cannot explain the all but extermination which has taken place over so large an area, practically throughout the whole country, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from James Bay in the north to Pennsylvania in the south.

The reason which suggests the want of snow as causing these birds to die of cold is untenable as the natural habitat of these hardy birds is this country, where in their thick, close fitting coat of feathers it is easy for them to make themselves sufficiently comfortable amongst the sheltering boughs of close growing balsam and spruce.

Its diminished numbers cannot be attributed to migration as the partridge is not a migratory bird. Nor have we heard of a plethora anywhere, but on the contrary an universal scarcity.

The want of food can scarcely be the cause as the bird's diet is very varied and those that are left are in prime condition.

Again in my opinion it is not the increased settlements nor the decreased cover owing to the forest clearings or the greater number of guns—it is not to either one or all these causes combined that so great and sudden a depletion of this hardy bird is due.

Wet, cold springs — another cause often given—by killing considerable numbers of chicks has no doubt an unfavorable influence but such a cause is likely to be of a local character only.

There is no doubt that the agency at work was an epidemic disease which has swept through the country from the infection of which few have escaped. Many woodsmen have told me that they have found partridges dead in the wilds, while I myself have picked up some.

What the disease is it is difficult at present to say—probably some such germ as that of cholera which is at times so destructive to our domestic fowl; or such a disease as that which every few years decimates our wild hares, which has only recently been found to be a similar disease to that causing the fatal sleeping sickness in the human subject in the east known by the long name of ‘Trypanosomiasis’ which is brought about by the ‘Tsetse fly.’

At the present time hares as well as partridges in the Ottawa valley are very few only an occasional odd one being seen where a few years ago they were plentiful.

It may be hoped that the epidemic has now passed leaving sufficient of the more hardy birds to breed and multiply so that we may hope in a few years time to again see our woods well stocked by a goodly number of these stately and delicious birds.

Unexpected Luck.

BY R. CLAPHAM.

MOST sportsmen, especially if by force of circumstances they are obliged to dwell within the limits of a large city, naturally keep their eyes open for any chance of sport near town, during the period when they cannot afford the time to take a more prolonged holiday amongst the woods and streams of the more northern and wildest districts.

Being a member of the sporting fra-

ternity, I have thus endeavored to discover places near Toronto, where I could go by bicycle, or Metropolitan car, and return, if not with a very heavy bag of fur, fin and feather, yet with enough to satisfy my modest wants and sufficient to have made the day's sport interesting.

Many such places I know of, where I can go with the shotgun, and return with hares, cotton-tails^o and one or two partridges, but when I cast round with

an eye to a day's trout fishing, I seemed to have run up against a pretty tough proposition.

For two or three years I have made enquiries as to trouting within easy reach of town and invariably met with no success, as everyone told me that trout had all, long ago, been fished out, except in a few private waters.

Quite by chance, about a month ago, I was talking to a man I met and he mentioned having caught trout when away for a day in the country. I promptly pumped him dry of all the information he could give me, and as he was not a very ardent fisherman, he was not averse to giving me full details of the whereabouts of the said trout stream.

I was a little dubious as to whether a trip to the place would be successful, but I determined to try it, so on May 24th I took my steel fly-rod and creel, and boarded the six o'clock Metropolitan car, which ran me out thirteen miles north of the city.

The place where I got off may be known to others, but I will not divulge its exact locality here, as the stream is but small, and I am afraid that "too many cooks would spoil the broth" especially should a certain class of holiday people "get wise" to it. Suffice it to say that I walked out with a companion, after we left the car, and proceeded in the direction which my informant had told me was the right one.

We finally reached a bridge, where a creek, an extremely small one, divided and ran on both sides, parallel to the roadway. It looked more like a drain to carry off the surface water than anything else, and we had no idea of attempting to fish in such a place; so thinking that possibly there was another bridge, we wandered on up the road. Some distance further up, the miniature creek left us and turned off across some fields, and as we did not care to follow it, we passed straight on up the road.

Finally we came to a house and beyond it I could see the dense growth of a large swamp.

I was beginning to think that our trip was a "wild goose chase" after all, but I was determined to make enquiries at the house, on the chance of getting a

tip as to the fishing, if there was any.

A bright faced youth appeared at my knock, and informed me, in answer to my inquiries that the creek ran within a hundred yards of the house, that there were trout in it, and also that the best fish were in the stretch which ran through the swamp.

Thanking him, I rejoined my friend and we hiked along until we found the creek, where it rippled under a wooden bridge. It was wider there than below, but the swamp looked quite impenetrable to anyone using a fly-rod, and so I eventually found it, and was glad to partly take down my six feet of steel and use the top joint only.

The ground alongside the creek within the recesses of the swamp was very wet and boggy, and the dark pools were choked up with a mass of logs and dead undergrowth, making the job of dropping a baited hook into them, a somewhat difficult matter. It was impossible to use a fly, so we baited with worm and threw in under the logs and other likely places.

As we were hopeful that the stream would open out with clearer country higher up we did not fish the lower stretch at all thoroughly, but wandered on, only to find the waters growing less and less and the swamp thicker and more dense. Finally we gave it up and returned to the bridge, but with one fish in the creel, and it was anything but a leviathan.

We walked back to the lower bridge and there I stopped to put together my rod, with the idea of trying the rather unlikely looking stream by the road side.

As I was attaching a leader, another fisherman appeared, accompanied by three men with very primitive tackle, from a field close by and on asking the leader about the fishing, he stated that the creek though small, contained plenty of fish and also that the swamp was the habitat of the big ones. Had we fished the swamp pools carefully we should have got a decent haul, so he said, and told us also, that he was a frequent visitor, and that he had got some eleven inch trout the previous Saturday. Things began to look better, so we bade him adieu and turned down the stream

he had just come up, from which he had taken nothing, owing to the holiday crowd who were with him, and their crude attempts to flog the water.

I had gone but fifty yards down the water when I landed the first fish, a small one, but over the six inch limit, so he was popped into the creel. The little stream was very narrow in places, but finally it turned into the road we had come up earlier in the morning, where it grew narrower still. I fished it however, and took two trout out of it, the largest, a quarter of a pound.

Further down the waters again opened out in some meadows and there I caught some fair fish and lost another.

The day was bright and cloudless and it was absolutely necessary to keep quite

out of sight, while fishing the pools.

Suffice it to say that before we boarded the evening car at six o'clock, we had twenty-four trout between us, and we were well satisfied with our initial attempt on our new found stream.

I had left the camera at home as I hardly knew how far or what kind of rough walking we might run up against, so have no photos to accompany this article, but I intend to visit the same stream again in a short time and will then get views of both stream and fish to show my readers the kind of fishing which can be had there, which, though not as good as fly-fishing a large stream is yet well worth visiting, especially when one has but time to take an occasional trip from the confines of the smoky city.

How We Spent Thanksgiving.

BY JOSEPH CHAPMAN.

“OH, you don't need to go unless you want to do so,” were the words that greeted me as I entered the club room in one of our Western Ontario cities.

In a short time I was taken into the confidence of those present and informed that the question for discussion was, “What are we going to do on Thanksgiving Day?”

One of the young members of the Club named Bert was receiving all attention when my entrance temporarily interrupted the proceedings, and when I had settled down and knew what they were talking about he continued his narrative. It seemed that on his summer holidays as he was on his way to Toronto travelling by the Grand Trunk Railway System he passed through a town called Park Hill. Seven miles east of this town the train crossed a bridge over a river and soon reached a pretty place called Ailsa Craig. The river looked so enticing and altogether charming that instead of going on to Toronto he at once decided to stop off and visit that river. On the station platform he asked a man the name by which the river was known and was in-

formed that it was called “Aux Sauble.”

Bert had his fishing outfit with him and determined to try the river straight off. A boy who was playing around informed him that most of the big fish were up the river and that there were also more fish there.

Arriving at what appeared to be a good hole he cast his line with a frog on it for bait. Hardly had he struck the water before it was seized by a fish. After a good struggle he succeeded in landing it and found it to weigh three and a half pounds—a pretty good weight for a black bass taken out of a river.

Going a little further up the stream he came to a good sized hole with a foaming rapid at the end where after fishing for a short time he succeeded in landing a five pound pike. The fish came out from under some willows and he had to play it sometime before landing. In another hour he managed to obtain a fine mess of pickerel, bass and pike.

When he finished his story there was silence for awhile and as no one took up the question, Bert resumed by expressing the opinion that we could not do better than endeavour to repeat his experiences

In any event it would be better than stopping in town doing nothing for if we were unsuccessful we should at least get fresh air and exercise and do ourselves some good. His enthusiasm was sufficient for us and no one mustered up courage enough to oppose the proposition.

The world had not been aired when we took our seats in the car at four o'clock in the morning bound for Ailsa Craig. Cold? Well I should say. We certainly saw our breaths on that Thanksgiving morning.

Giving the porter our luggage we went to the principal Hotel and at seven thirty had such a breakfast as the ordinary healthy man needs when he rises at the unearthly hour we did and covered a journey such as ours. Then we got our fishing tackle all ready and started out for the fishing grounds at half-past nine.

By this time the sun had warmed the air, but though it was not so cold as it was when we arrived there was still more than a hint of frost in the air.

In half an hour we reached a good sized hole and to our amazement found ice on the river for a good twelve feet out from the bank. After baiting our lines, or rather hooks, with worms we succeeded in securing a good supply of minnows.

Putting on a nice sized minnow I cast my line out into the river and drew it around in a curve until it nearly reached the bank. I repeated this operation several times and began to be afraid there were no fish about. Just as my bait was approaching the bank after one of these throws there was a big splash and a large pike grabbed for it. I was able to see the fish which to my idea was ten feet in length (more or less)—at least so I told Billie and Bert when describing my feelings afterwards.

What writer can describe a man's feelings when he thrills to the pull of a good sized pike or bass? What fisherman can describe his sensations which for a few excited minutes make the blood dance through his veins at an alarming rate, as though he had hold of a strong battery and waves of electricity were passing from the pole to his hands,

and from his hands to the pole—a feeling which only an angler can understand when a fellow angler relates how he successfully landed a good sized fish! Mere words cannot describe it.

A series of sharp tugs on my line warned me that I had better get busy, especially as the fish made a long dash up the stream making the line cut through the water like a knife, and the sun shining on the spray made the water look like a lot of little rainbows. My reel began to sing a song dear to every fisherman's heart although a bystander would have heard no more than a whirring and buzzing. Running along the bank, falling many times on the uneven ground in my excitement, I managed to reel the line in, keeping it taut all the time. Another jerk gave me a wireless message conveying the information that the fish was still there. Then I played him up and down until in about a quarter of an hour I had him alongside the bank and taking the line in my hand I lifted the exhausted fish on the bank, although he protested all the time. In a few moments my finny captive was in the basket and my prize was safe.

Meanwhile my comrades had not been idle. Bert and Billie had each had a bite and between them they had landed a pickerel and a bass.

Storing our fish safely away we went up the stream about half a mile and in one hole we secured nine beauties. After catching another fish we got out our lunches and proceeded to examine them together with one of our fish which Billy said we must sample and altogether we made a very fair dinner.

On our way back in the afternoon we caught three more making a total of seventeen. We were more than satisfied with our catch and particularly when we were told by the townspeople it was getting late in the season to catch fish.

In the afternoon we took out our shotguns and succeeded in bagging quite a few rabbits. We also saw a considerable number of black squirrels and had the game laws permitted we should have been able to make quite a nice bag.

We arrived home by the late evening train and received hearty congratulations from our friends who had elected to re-

main in town and who wished to sample our fish and game. We were, however, too tired for much talk and hurried off to bed for which we were quite ready, and enjoyed a quiet night's repose. There is nothing better than outdoor exercise to give a fellow a refreshing sleep—as I found out next morning when I couldn't

get up early enough to be down to work in time.

Each one of us hope ere long to be able to go back to Ailsa Craig and return to town and work refreshed and invigorated by the fine air and a thousand pleasant memories of the delights of fishing in the waters of the Aux Sauble River.

A Few Thoughts of a Nature Lover.

BY SIDNEY WALTER YOUNG.

TWO years have elapsed since I began reading this excellent magazine and the perusal of its bright pages each month since then, has been to me a source of much interest, pleasure and instruction. Especially so has the discussion that has now been going on for the past few months on using dogs in hunting red deer. I cannot hope to add anything to or detract from this brilliant symposium of your eminent contributors, but I feel that to remain silent on a subject that must appeal to the humanity of all who have given this matter any thought, would lower me in my own respect. Although born in that part of the rugged State of Maine drained by the Great Penobscot river and its tributaries, which was, when first settled by the ancestors of both my parents little more than a century ago, primeval wilderness, nearly all my life has been passed in the State of Massachusetts where my parents removed in my childhood days. Since reaching manhood I have been engaged in mercantile pursuits, consequently my knowledge about the woods and its inhabitants would at first glance lead one to think that it is in this direction more of an academical than of a practical nature. I personally hold myself not to be a "nature fakir" neither am I a nature student only in a humble capacity, but I know that I am a "Nature Lover." The red blood of generations of woodsmen and hunters flow through my heart and heredity must count for something or the statements of Darwin and other eminent scientists are valueless.

However that may be, the call of the

wild has a most persistently alluring fascination for me. Nature in all its different aspects, and they are many and diverse in this section of New England, has a most irresistible charm for me. The wild things of the woods whether they are animal or plant life, strongly attracts me, and however little I may be able to accomplish in preserving both in their present condition I shall do the little I can and shall do it with all my might. At present I reside only a short distance from that shrine of American pilgrims, historic Concord, but strange as it may seem to those who are familiar with the game to be found in the great hunting grounds of Canada, deer for the past few years have been plentiful and are increasing in numbers rapidly in this vicinity. They are protected here from both man and beast and are very tame and utterly fearless—rather good proof of what takes place when they are not dogged.

In my strolls through the woods I do most of my shooting under certain conditions. I will state here that I have travelled extensively in both hemispheres but not in quest of game. I also spend a few weeks each autumn in my old home in Maine where game is very plentiful but am not very keen on the killing part, only shooting enough to keep our camp stocked with meat to carry us through our stay.

I am in unalterable opposition to the dogging of deer. I firmly believe in the "square deal" not only among men but between all God's creatures. The more helpless they may be to protect themselves the greater my compassion for

them. I cannot see how a self-styled "Gentleman and Sportsman" can smugly contemplate his infallibility and impudently insult the first and most vital instincts of a gentleman in advocating the use of an army of guides, beaters and "Gentlemen Sports" heavily armed, with their hordes of dog auxiliaries, in pursuit of the graceful, timid, harmless deer! A "Gentleman and Sportsman," God save the mark!

I love the dog. I have always thought him closer to man than is any other animal. I hold him blameless, and I pity him for what he has to suffer and endure on account of his master's sins. One writer has it—"Show me a vicious dog and I will show you a vicious master!" Another says: "The more I know of men the more respect I have for dogs!" I agree heartily with both statements.

A few days ago I was discussing this subject with a friend. He is a man of honor, decent and kindly, a nature lover and keen sportsman. He has still hunted big game all over the States. He takes a very decided stand on hunting deer with dogs and emphasizes his position by personal experience. A few years ago he possessed a fine water spaniel which was trained for hunting ducks over the long wide marshes of our coast. His business made it necessary for him to go to Colorado where he would remain for over a year. He did not want to take the dog along so left him with some people with whom he had become acquainted while hunting in the White Mountains in New Hampshire. On his return from Colorado he went there for him and spending a few days grouse hunting he took his dog with him on these hunting trips. He noticed that each day he had the dog out that almost immediately upon entering the woods the dog would disappear and not return to him until long after he had reached the camp. His curiosity over the dog's strange behavior prompted him to question the people with whom he had left him. They told him the dog was probably following deer and he was shocked when they told him that he was a wonder in that respect as he had been the main factor in their success during the

past winter in securing six deer.

They went on to describe his first experience with a deer. It seems that they hunted in deep snow and the first deer the dog attacked he grabbed the hind leg and was kicked so high in the air that they thought he would never come down. After that experience he would grab them by the throat and actually killed two of the deer himself before they appeared upon the scene. Of course it is a well known fact that deer are almost helpless in deep snow and their slaughter was easily accomplished.

Now if a water spaniel can run down deer in this easy manner, what earthly show does one have when pursued by a pack of trained hounds? Dogs following deer in any part of New England are shot by any citizen who gets the opportunity just as they would be if found ravaging amidst a flock of sheep.

We have recently been treated to the exposure of the writings of some well known nature writers whose fantastic imaginations have conjured up the spectacle of a certain well known game bird reducing the fracture of one of its legs and then placing around it a plaster bandage, also gaunt grey wolves acting as guides and protectors for children through trackless forests and other weird transactions by denizens of the wilds, with affidavits to prove their statements. These have come in contact with our versatile Roosevelt's "Big Stick" and the result is to use the parlance of the prize ring—"they have gone to the mat for the count."

In a certain sense such things have only a tendency to encourage the art of "drawing the long bow" and tickle our sense of the ludicrous, but the inhuman and senseless slaughter of the deer strongly appeals to our gentler and more generous emotions, and excite righteous indignation in the minds of every manly man who really loves the wild things of the wilderness.

Let the "Big Stick" be vigorously used on these advocates of dogging deer and perhaps their ideas of what constitutes that perfect creation of the Almighty—a real gentleman and sportsman may experience a sudden and great change for the better.

How We Cooked Our Partridges in the Woods.

BY A. A. HOTTE.

TOM and I had been planning a hunt-trip for some time. Tom's father owns a splendid farm on the west side of the Gatineau in the township of Wright. We possessed a good bark canoe and each had a .44 Winchester rifle.

Our preparations being complete we started off one day in the open season, paddling across the east side of the Gatineau, and landing in the township of Northfield, at a point sixty miles north of Ottawa. Pulling up the canoe high and dry we started off on our still hunt for deer. We went in a northerly direction travelling all the afternoon looking for deer but finding none and not seeing any signs indicative of their presence. We did however manage to shoot two partridges.

As we had now wandered four or five miles and did not want to camp in the woods all night we decided to try and get back to our canoe before dark. During our return walk Tom said he would cook both partridges. Hungry as we were a partridge each would not be too much for us. He just knew how to fix them up. Tom had been blowing about his cooking before he started and he kept it up during the trip.

Now Tom's sister Kate had not much faith in our hunting or cooking and unknown to us had packed plenty of sandwiches and bread and butter in our bags. These provisions came in good as the reader will see further on.

We reached our canoe before five o'clock and Tom said if I started the fire and kept it up he would pluck the partridges and have the supper ready precisely at twenty minutes past six. I repeated the hour in amazement, and thinking of the long wait asked Tom if he had not made a mistake?

"Oh, no!" said Tom, "it takes an hour and twenty minutes exactly to cook partridges properly. An ordinary cook can cook them in less time of course, but or fancy cooking you leave that to me.

You cut some more wood, keep a good fire on, and I'll go for some water."

We had borrowed a fine large iron pot from Tom's mother and with that in his hand he went for water. When he came back there was about three inches of water in the pot—this to boil for one hour and twenty minutes! I protested but Tom was firm. He even wanted to take one inch of water out of the pot, asserting that two inches was quite enough. Words waxed hot on both sides and finally he agreed to add a little more water, remarking that my knowledge of cooking was limited, telling me that I was a woodchopper and fireman and not the chef. He was responsible for the supper and if I would leave him alone and attend to my work we should have a fine supper.

"What about the gravy?" I asked
"Rather dry without it, won't it?"

"No insinuations, please," returned Tom, "Just simply watch me and learn something."

Well, we put the pot over the fire at five o'clock, and I kept throwing on wood till there was a blaze about the size of a small house. In half an hour my stock of wood was getting low and I had to take the axe and cut some more. I certainly kept the fire going! Now and then Tom would circle round it and look at his watch, but he said nothing.

At six o'clock I noticed steam or smoke issuing from the wooden cover of the pot. I told Tom "that the whole blooming thing was on fire!" We held a consultation and decided otherwise. What we saw was steam and not smoke. Where there was steam there was water and consequently we were safe for the next twenty minutes.

Accordingly I returned to my work of keeping up the fire and made such a blaze that it was reflected half way across the river. I was so tired chopping wood and with the comforting warmth of the fire I fell into a doze. Tom called out "Six-twenty!" and I jumped about six feet. Supper at last was ready!

The fire was so hot that we had some difficulty in getting near enough to remove the pot. This we did very carefully and then tenderly lifted the wooden cover. It was so badly burnt it fell to the bottom. When we managed to get it lifted up we saw on the bottom of our fine borrowed iron pot two small black balls about the size of two plums—all that remained of our two partridges.

The pot was red hot to within an inch of the top. We looked at each other for what appeared to be several minutes without speaking. Our thoughts were

too much for words. Then we thought how good Kate had been to us and we attacked those sandwiches and bread and butter and felt better.

When we returned to the farm we hid the pot. However, Kate found it and just as we went out we heard her whisper "Ma, look at that! Look at our fine iron pot!"

The partridges got a good roasting certainly, but their roasting was nothing to the roasting we have since received from Kate and her mother.

New Discoveries in the Canadian Northwest.

AS the range of exploration and discovery continues to extend we are continually under the necessity of revising our ideas regarding the far north and northwest. All who are interested in Canadian exploration have read and heard much of the "Barren Lands," and those who have thought at all on the subject have considered that sometime in the remote future, when other places are all filled up, it might be time to see if those lands could not be made of some service to humanity.

Without waiting for such a period Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton has penetrated these regions and after a six months' exploration trip through McKenzie and Keewatin has brought back with him reports which will cause a complete change in our views regarding the so-called "Barren Lands." According to historical records Mr. Thompson-Seton was the fifth white man to lead an expedition to this particular part of the northwest these records standing: Samuel Hearne 1771; Sir George Black, 1833; Stewart and Anderson, 2855; Warburton Pike, 1887; E. Thompson-Seton, 1907.

Instead of barren ground Mr. Thompson-Seton found what he describes as prairies of the north. These prairies are covered with flowers and beautiful vegetation, though they are bare of trees and probably for that reason received the name of the "Barren Lands."

Mr. Thompson-Seton thus describes

the longing he had to gain the experience he has now realized and the language he uses is such as to arouse the sympathies of many who can enter into his feelings: "Twenty-four years ago I lay in a buffalo wallow while the sun was rising. Sleep, as refreshing as the early morning prairie air, had left my faculties clear, but there was no occasion for rising. Lying in my blanket, my eye taking in the long, grass covered hollow, my imagination went back to the days when myriad monster beasts wore down the ancient trail that now afforded a sheltered bed for myself and other travelers. My view was focussed between the delicately tinted bells of the crocus and the wish came to me that I could see a herd of buffalo running wild on the open prairie.

"Last June, from a spot similarly located, between the graceful fronds of a patch of flowering crocus, my dream was realized and I saw a herd grazing within fifty yards of me. So similar were the environments that it was easy for me to imagine myself on the Souris coteau, and twenty-four years younger.

"Any man would give a year of his life to turn the wheels of progress back for a day, so that he could see the prairies as they were fifty years ago, the prairies that we are too late to see, with the buffalo, the Indians, and the sturdy pioneers, with all their picturesqueness.

When I organized this expedition it was the dream of twenty-four years ago that spurred me on, and it was not until after I had been there that I appreciated that I had realized my dream. I had turned back the lost years of time and it was Manitoba fifty years ago. I was with Indians that did not understand the English language, whose only knowledge of the white man had been gained through the casual reports from missionaries, who still carry and use the bow and arrow. I saw the buffalo, the Indians and the countless numbers of game animals. All I had to do was to strike out Missouri and Mississippi and insert in their place Peace and Mackenzie rivers. All the rest was the same."

As to the wild buffaloes of that northern region—the last wild herd in existence it is believed—Mr. Thompson-Seton states that although more numerous than is commonly supposed they are still in danger of extermination. Asked as to the cause he replied in the one expressive word "Butchers!" and stated that the men to whom he referred had well earned this name.

He describes Major Jarvis, who is in charge of the Police arrangements in that far northern district, as a first-class man for the position. He is alive to the importance of the work and determined to carry it out. "We were all over the buffalo range," said Mr. Thompson, "and there was no indication that the animals were being killed by wolves."

Mr. Thompson-Seton was enthusiastic over the agricultural possibilities of all the far northwest and expressed his determination to go to England and make the people acquainted with the real condition of things. He is a free lance and his reward will be consciousness duty well done in telling the people of the white man's heritage. He stated that he would be fair and would dwell upon the drawbacks as well as the advantages.

In further description of his experiences Mr. Thompson-Seton states:

"We travelled into the barren grounds, but there was never a more unhappy misnomer, as I never before saw a more beautiful spot. There are flowers,

vines, shrubs, birds, grass waist high, and game wherever you look: there is not an hour of daylight when caribou cannot be seen. I counted twenty-three walking through the camp in one day. This was in the season before the great herds, the animals being in small groups, the greatest of which numbered approximately 1000 head. When the autumn comes, with snow, they will come into the woods in millions. There are just as many as ever, and it is the general opinion of the traders that the rifle instead of tending to their extinction has tended to save them. A shot costs an Indian five cents and this is a consideration. With the spear they would be driven into the water, and in canoes one man could kill one hundred head easily and this was done in the case of the buffalo. On the whole the caribou has not suffered.

"I want to testify to the broad benevolence of the Hudson's Bay Company. This company more than any other commercial corporation in the world has realized the moral responsibility of its great power. No traveler has gone into that country and made a successful expedition, except under the aegis of the company. It does not try to keep people out. When I asked Lord Strathcona regarding my trip he said that he would help, and he did everything in his power. Without the company I could have done nothing. It is all powerful and is willing to exercise its power for the benefit of science and the traveler.

"We discovered rivers as great as the Red, which have never been mapped and we always had the company back of us simply because we were doing scientific work. We found the flora and fauna of the country so much farther north than was hitherto suspected. The climate, vegetation, and flowers peculiar to Manitoba reach to the Great Slave Lake, and this indicates a continuation and unchangeable nature in the soil. The far northern latitude is off-set by the low altitude. All who have seen it are confident that the country will be opened up, settled, and support an agricultural population. There are now some wonderful crops raised in certain parts of the region. Up at Resolution they had po-

IN almost all ages and in almost all countries beef has been regarded as the strength giving food par excellence. But it is not always possible to obtain beef just at the moment when nourishment is required and again it is not always that the system is in a condition to draw the full store of nutriment from the meat. Each of these difficulties has been overcome and the nutriment and stimulus of beef can be obtained at any time with very little trouble and in a form which admits of immediate assimilation by even the most delicate invalid.

B O V R I L

**is guaranteed to be the pure product of prime beef.
All that is in beef is in Bovril.**

**A teaspoonful of Bovril alone stirred into a cup of boiling water
makes a strengthening and stimulating bouillon.**

tatoes that would win prizes in any agricultural fair.

"Canada has profited by some of the mistakes of the United States, which blindly allowed its big game to be exterminated. There is not a true hearted citizen of the States who is not frothing at the mouth because of the buffalo herd being allowed to cross the boundary line and become the property of the Dominion. And that, at one-third of their market value. Canada has still the only wild herd."

In conclusion Mr. Thompson-Seton stated his wish to advocate the establishment of National Parks in Canada on lines similar to that prevailing in the Yellowstone Park in the States. As our readers well know this policy has our full sympathy having been advocated in this Magazine for years and not wholly without fruit. As a matter of fact Canada has done a good deal in the way of

establishing national and provincial parks, though a good deal more might be done and any assistance in advocating and carrying forward this policy is welcome from whatever quarter it may come. Particularly might the several Governments of Canada, both Federal and Provincial, do much work of this kind in the far north before private interests grow up to interfere with the work.

Mr. Thompson-Seton, when at Ottawa was the guest of the Governor General. He had a long interview with the Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, who takes special interest in the work of the preservation of the remaining buffaloes and who assured him that the Government was taking steps to have the whole of them herded in a reserve and properly protected by the Mounted Police.

The C. P. R. Wolf Hunt.

"BUSY" is the only word to apply to those officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway who have to do with the arrangements for the forthcoming wolf hunt. Inquiries are pouring in and with answering them and perfecting the arrangements everyone is kept in a state of tension. Judging from all these outward and visible signs the number of sportsmen donning the snowshoes and engaging in the task of hunting the wary wolf will be much larger than was the case last year. All these preparations look bad for "Mingan." Many different ways of hunting will be employed. Rifles, traps and poison will all be used. The stay in the woods will be considerably longer as some days ahead will be used in preparatory work. Nothing which

experience can suggest will be left undone and the chances of securing some pelts are at least promising. The locality selected is the Kippewa country in the Province of Quebec and variety will likely be given by a hunt after caribou. In any event an enjoyable mid-winter outing is certain and the prospects of substantial success good. The party will meet on January 17th and they have certainly some interesting experiences ahead of them.

The ladies of Montreal have been so inspired by these preparations that eight of them have applied for permission to join in the hunt. They will tramp on snowshoes and rough it exactly as the men are expected to do



DOMINION CARTRIDGE COMPANY'S NEW FACTORY.

The Dominion Cartridge Company's New Factory.

NINETY-NINE out of a hundred men are sportsmen by nature whatever their opportunities or limitations may be. That is why matters relating to firearms and ammunition are so generally interesting.

One of the most interesting manufacturing concerns in Canada is the factory of the Dominion Cartridge Company at Brownsburg, Que. Factories would be

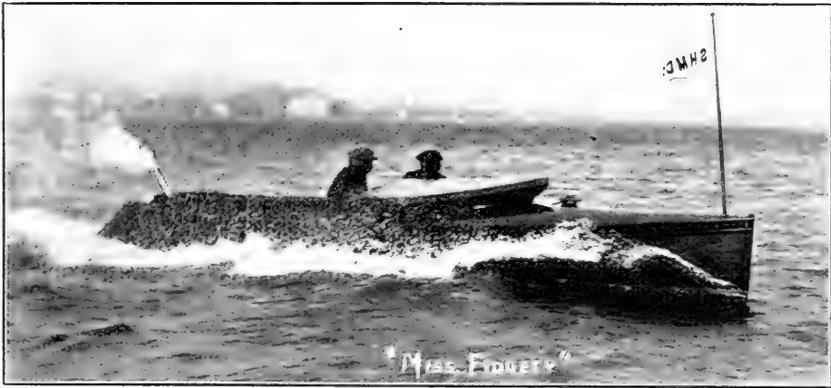
more correct as there are forty-three buildings, detached, and covering the Company's two hundred acre reserve. The latest addition to these is a building five hundred feet long, devoted to the manufacture of metallic cartridges only. The remaining manufacturing space is devoted to shot shells.

Every dealer, rifleman and sportsman in Canada is familiar with the cartridges

1908

ANNOUNCEMENT

1908



Champion of Canada, 1907.

We are prepared to book orders for early **SPRING DELIVERY** for all sizes of **Motor Boats and Marine Engines**, and we make the suggestion that intending purchasers communicate with us as early as possible.

The record established by **SCHOFIELD-HOLDEN ENGINES** last season is an enviable one and clearly defines their superior qualities. We know that motor-boat enthusiasts will appreciate the high standard of efficiency in our 1908 models and we anticipate a very busy season.

SCHOFIELD-HOLDEN MACHINE CO., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA.

We will exhibit at the Automobile and Sportsmen's Show, Toronto.

and shells made by the Dominion Cartridge Company.

The completion of the new building and the installation of the latest automatic machinery makes this one of the best equipped factories of explosives in the world.

Every shell and every cartridge is standardized and nothing ever leaves the factory that is not fully up to the high standard required.

The head tester was for many years employed in the British Government Arsenal at Woolwich, and his six assistants are all experts in the manufacture of explosives. Their time is devoted wholly to the work of inspection.

Dominion ammunition is made in sizes to suit all arms of all calibers and is to

be obtained at all dealers. This ammunition is rapidly replacing imported ammunition. On account of the saving of duty the quality of Canadian made shells is naturally higher than imported ones at the same price—that is with equal efficiency Canadian made shells and cartridges are cheaper.

With the output capacity doubled the Dominion Cartridge Co. will be able to meet all demands, so that riflemen and others having chosen their particular cartridge or shell will always be sure of getting their favorite.

In addition to the Canadian trade, the Company exports its ammunition to the United States, Central and South America.

Seven miles north of Broadview in Saskatchewan a settler named Herb Delbridge shot an eagle. The bird measured seven feet two inches from tip

to tip of its wings and was thirty-six inches long. The marksman, like many others out West, hails from Ontario.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

The Canadian Shows.

The events of the year, so far as concerns automobiling in the Dominion, will be the forthcoming shows at Toronto and Montreal. Preparations are well advanced for both shows and displays are certain to an extent which will convince all visitors that nothing can now stop the onward march of the autos in the Dominion. As one of the speakers at a social function connected with one of the New York Shows said the European manufacturers made automobiles to run on roads, while the American makers had succeeded in the far harder task of manufacturing such vehicles as would run on trails. This is the reason why the auto is coming and will continue to come into constantly wider use in both Canada and the States. Instead of waiting for good roads the auto made the movement in favor of such roads stronger and one not to be stayed. Their growing use will cause the good roads movement to advance in much less time than all the written and spoken advocacy in the world.

The Toronto Show is to be held from March 21st to 28th in the St. Lawrence Arena at Toronto, under the management of Mr. R. M. Jaffrey, who made such successes of the two international shows held in Montreal last year and the year before. The importance of Toronto as both a manufacturing and business centre has led to that city being provided with a Show this year and the prospects indicate it will be in advance of anything ever seen in this line in Canada. There have been many applications for space and visitors may rely upon seeing the latest productions of the best makers both in America and abroad. All the latest accessories will be there and the motor boat and the sportsman's features will constitute strong attractions.

Close on the heels of the Toronto

Exhibition will follow the Montreal Show and it is safe to say the commercial capital of the Dominion will not be found behind in any respect. The two successful shows already held in the city have given confidence to the manufacturers and all those in the front rank will be found represented by their latest productions. Practically every exhibitor at the last and most successful Show has applied for space at the the third Show, thus assuring its success from a spectacular point of view. It has been arranged that the annex will be used for motor boat and sporting exhibits and this feature will, it is promised, be a much stronger one at this show than on the two previous occasions. The annex has undergone considerable improvements and will be made more comfortable and with the exhibits of the railroads located in this section the annex will form a very attractive part of the big exhibition.

The New York Shows.

By general consent the Show held in Madison Square Gardens, New York, at the beginning of November surpassed anything of the kind ever brought together under one roof on the American continent. While, however, the most expensive cars were shown, marvels of luxury and convenience, there were also many others demonstrating the useful part the auto appears destined to play in every day life. The town car, as distinct from the touring car, was one of the prominent features, these cars being made with more protection and altogether more suitable for the purpose for which they are intended.

Another prominent feature which impressed many visitors is the remarkable strides forward in the manufacture of commercial vehicles. Eight to ten miles when loaded, with a maximum of fifteen when empty is stated to be the limit of

heavy trucks of the very best construction. Theoretically a higher speed and a heavier load appeared an easy problem for the gasoline motor. The limit of service, however, in point of load and speed together is to be found in the tires, and ignoring this point has misled many designers. When the load is very heavy and the grade very steep the traction will fail and the wheels will simply grind off the tires, especially if the surface is not reasonably smooth and free from dust and small stones.

The novelty of the Show was the Alden road train which is manufactured by the Alden Sampson Manufacturing Company of Pittsfield, Mass. It is composed of a tractor and as many trailers as may be necessary for the particular purpose required for which the tractor can supply power. While the tractor does supply power for the whole it does not draw anything except itself and its own load. The train is indeed a trail of wagons borrowing nothing from the automobile except its power.

Inexpensive Running.

A claim for a medal for running a car the greatest number of miles of any car on the Coast at the least expense was made by F. C. Long, chauffeur for R. L. Torbin, of San Francisco, who says: "I have driven a Thomas car every day for seven months, an average of thirty-five miles a day or a total of seven thousand miles. My total expense for repairs is for a spring leaf at a cost of less than \$2.00. I have driven the car over all sorts and conditions of roads in all kinds of weather. There is no European car that would make that mileage over the Californian road conditions without considerable expense."

Hiring Cars.

In London a well known concern has established a department where autos may be hired for long or short terms and under all possible circumstances. It is believed that the venture will be successful by reason of the large scale on which

it is being conducted. The cars it is proposed to hire out will be of the highest class, and it will be impossible to distinguish them from private ones. If so desired the hirer may go so far as to have his monogram placed on the door panel. The drivers will be dressed in the best liveries and everything done to render the whole turnout smart and attractive.

An Old World Exhibition.

Whatever else may be said with reference to the progress of American cars over those of France there is at least one point on which the French are superior and that is in decoration. The Paris Salon was easily first of all shows in its marvelous decorations which were on a scale long to be remembered. The harmonious effect of the whole evoked the highest testimonies of admiration from those who witnessed them and it was admitted that the French method of advertising by means of lights, decorations, fine buildings and artistic stands is a mighty effective one. After all the autos were worth seeing and although the decorations were simply overwhelming they did not allow the reason for the exhibition—the display of the cars—to be entirely obliterated.

A Profitable Change.

The express parcel delivery company of Indianapolis have installed six gasoline, one and a half ton trucks to take the place of fifteen delivery wagons and twenty-two horses. The service consists very largely in delivering a large number of small packages as quickly as possible and the horse service was not thoroughly satisfactory, occupying too much time. The Company instead of training its old drivers for truck service found it more practical to employ experienced chauffeurs and place a second man on the truck for deliveries. The trucks are kept in a public garage at \$20 each per month under a maintenance contract. This guarantees that should a truck break down en route another

For Three SUBSCRIPTIONS

We will give a

Vest Pocket Light

Valued at \$1.50.

Every hunter, angler and
yachtsman should own
one.



will be sent at once to take its place. The saving over horse drawn wagons is estimated at \$300 per month.

A Real Endurance Test.

The most striking feature in the automobile world recently was the endurance test of the Chicago Motor Club. The rules were drawn with the greatest strictness and it was apparent to all who entered that if carried out to the letter there could be few survivals. The Committee went through their duties conscientiously and although the things that were wrong were small trifles the clean score was withheld. If this system is followed out in future greater care will be taken of the cars and attention will be paid to every bolt and nut. These testing affairs will also prove of far greater service to the makers and drivers and stop some of the criticisms which have been urged, and not without reason, against some of these contests. The Chicago test was an earnest one and several who thought they had gone through scathless found when the Technical Committee had got through with them that there was quite enough the matter with the machines to justify the withholding of the clean score.

The Chicago Show.

According to all accounts the Show held in Chicago at the beginning of December surpassed all others, the ex-

hibition being "national in scope and character and double discounts anything of this kind ever attempted in New York or any other American city." Without going so far, it may be admitted that it was a wonderful Show, three of the largest Automobile Manufacturers' Associations promoting it and securing no less than one hundred and twenty exhibitors. Even then three independent shows were organised outside, including the Ford, Hamilton and Earl interests, and people had their choice in visiting other places where important accessories were shown. The Show was very largely attended and several experts pronounced honors even as between America and France in perfection of motors and bodies. Every one agreed that the future of the auto is of the highest possible character. While the automobile for pleasure tends to become dearer, great work is being accomplished in the direction of simplifying the vehicles for commercial purposes, and in addition to the very finest tourist and other cars were also shown some commercial vehicles, which promise to revolutionize the carrying trade of the future.

One of the most popular means of keeping the Sta-Rite plug in mind throughout the year has been adopted by the R. E. Hardy Company of New York and Detroit, whose productions are so widely and favorably known throughout the automobile world. Their calendar shows a "Lady of Quality" who in dress and deportment is all that is represented. The portrait is about perfect, representing a fine young lady whose beplumed and beflowered blue hat sits well on her abundant and curly locks. Her dress sets off her charms and the smile with which she greets the users of the Sta-Rite plug must assure them at once that the girl as well as the plug is "all right." In the left hand top corner appears an unobtrusive notice of the "Vulcan" and "Venus," the two famous plugs which have done so much for automobilists, and at the bottom is placed the small but useful calendar which is the ostensible reason for making us acquainted with this charming "Sta-Rite" girl.



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

International Trophies.

Canadian yachtsmen will likely cross the border, looking for international trophies, twice this summer, and the men from over the way will be here looking for the Fisher Cup now held by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, of Toronto. The cups are going after are the Seawanhaka gold cup for half raters, and the Dory Championships Cup.

The Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club stood back a year to give other clubs a chance to go after the Seawanhaka Cup, but no one made a move so the Montreal Club is bestirring itself again.

The Seawanhaka Cup is now held by the Manchester Yacht Club whose skimming dish Manchester accomplished in 1906, what Challenger, Spruce IV, White Bear and several other American or English boats failed to do.

The Dory Cup is now held by the Massachusetts Dory Association which won it from the Shelburne Yacht Club down on the Nova Scotian coast last summer. This is a race for three dories aside. The American dories outclassed the Canuck craft last summer, but the invasion taught the Blue Noses things, and it is a safe wager that the down easters will make them go some this season.

The Motor Outlook.

The Motor Boat industry in Canada is settling down to a solid foundation. Since the game took hold here many mushroom firms of engine and hull builders have come and gone. Before they disappeared however they did the game no small amount of harm. These cheap John firms turned out engines that were mechanically imperfect, and the result was annoying breakdowns and de-

lays which gave Canadian engines as a whole, a bit of a bad name which the manufacturers of good reliable Canadian engines found hard to live down.

Not only did these poor engines knock Canadian engines on the whole, but their idiosyncracies disgusted hosts of inquirers, who might have ultimately become owners. The very fact that certain firms of engine builders have survived their days of infancy and despite the financial stringency are still doing business, is proof positive that the machines they are turning out are doing their duty.

Up in the north of Ontario the Adam's Launch and Engine Co. of Penetang, are holding their own in the face of fierce outside competition, and along Lake Ontario the Schofield Holden people, the Canadian Gas Power and Launches Ltd., Canadian Fairbanks Co., Toronto, the Hamilton Motor Works, Jutten Co., and Robertson Bros., of Hamilton, are holding their own against such good imported engines as the Crozier & Brownell, Trevert of Nicholls Bros., Toronto, Lackawanna, Hildreth, Little Giant, Palmer and Buffalo. Up at Galt J. R. Golden & Co. are turning out a little engine with much to recommend it.

In spite of the tightness of the money market Canadian launch builders are going right ahead with 1908 Models. They already have many orders on hand and are apparently not worried by the outlook. "Motor boating is a good sport and if you keep out of racing with high powered boats it is not at all expensive, remarked a motor boat owner to "Rod and Gun" the other day. "I have had a royal good summer's sport in my boat, and I did not find it hard on my pocket book. I got a good engine and had little trouble."

Breaking Away from Henley.

The chances are that next year will see a break up of the rowing and canoeing combination at the Canadian Henley.

For two years the St. Catharine Henley course has been the scene of the so-called Canadian Canoe Championships held in conjunction with the big annual Canadian fixture.

This year the Canoe Club people did not get the consideration they claim their sport was entitled to and it has just about been decided to withdraw.

The Canoe Club people affiliated with the oarsmen for their annual Regatta with the understanding that the canoeing interests would be fully looked after,—that on the final day of the Henley the canoe championships should be sandwiched in with the rowing finals, and a bumper day's aquatic sport provided.

It looked well in theory but in practice the canoe events though undoubtedly more spectacular than the rowing events were relegated to the "preliminary" class. The three races, war canoes, fours and singles, were not handled with the same completeness that the rowing races were and there is complaint that the officials work, especially in the war canoe race where Island Aquatics and Parkdale 1 crews collided at the finish, in a desperate spurt, was a trifle lax to say the least. The Aquatics were out of their course a couple of points when Parkdale 1 ploughed into their stern, yet Parkdale was disqualified without further inquiry.

Even at that the canoe program had only three events and the canoe paddlers down this way are asking for a full program of tandems, double blades, singles, fours, &c, at a meet at which all western clubs will be represented. The only way to do this is to form a Western Association. Now an association of clubs down here clearly could not hold Canadian championships, so it is thought, by those who are shoving the scheme, that it would be better to simply have a western division of the Canadian Canoe Association and to hold western division championships prior to an eastern division meet and send the best crews in the west down to meet the eastern cracks.

Canoeing is booming in Toronto, and

in fact all through the Ontario west. For instance, Toronto Canoe Club now has six hundred and seventy-two members, an increase of over one hundred in a year, and Parkdale Canoe Club, that lively little Toronto suburban infant, has been making a great splash all along the line. Last winter they took up hockey and had a great season. This fall it was rugby and their team won the Canadian Championship and now they are in hockey with both junior and senior teams. The Balmy Beach and Aquatic clubs of Toronto are both healthy and St. Kitts has taken to the game in fair shape. Orillia is just as enthusiastic as ever, and there is a chance of a club in Hamilton. These with the Toronto clubs will comprise the western division, if one is formed.

Argos for Olympiad.

The Canadian Olympiad Committee has already tentatively selected the Argonaut eight and a pair Champions of America to represent Canada in the rowing events of the British Olympiad next summer, and they have gone into training. Past performances have to govern in this instance, and when it comes to a show down there isn't anything to it, but Toronto Argonauts. Of course in reality the selection is to be made by the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen, but it is so ridiculously easy that these is nothing to do, but to officially endorse the entry.

The eight the Argonauts will send over will be the grand junior eight stroked by "Longboat" Taylor, which went from the junior to the senior company at the Canadian Henley and won all championships, and then drifted down through the States to the National Regatta and annexed the American Championship. The stern half of this eight—Taylor, stroke, Charles Riddy, Alex Davidson and Gordon Balfour also won the Junior, Intermediate and Senior Four's Championship all on the same day at the Canadian Henley, and then went on the eighth race and won the eight's championship.

The eight may be strengthened in one or two places by senior men before it is

sent across the pond. The senior pair champions of America are Fred Town and Buck Jackes. Both are in good condition now and will continue to work on the machines all winter.

The Aquatic Mix Up.

The mix-up between the Canadian Amateur Athletic Union and the Inter-provincial Rugby Union this fall made the aquatic situation a bit acute for a while, but things are straightening themselves out. The Argonaut Rugby team, in which were several rowing men, went down to Montreal and in defiance of the C. A. A. U., played against Ernie Russell, whose application for a certificate of amateurism was held over pending inquiry. This precipitated trouble, for the C. A. A. U. disqualified the entire team and added suspension to all teams which played against either the Montreal or Argonaut team.

The other teams stuck, and the whole outfit were black listed from all sports controlled by the C. A. A. U. The fact that the Argonauts were out did not bother rowing much for those who did row and play football too, were second class men, but the C. A. A. U. notified the Argonauts that the black listed men could not retain membership in the Argonaut Club while the Argos were in affiliation with the C. A. A. U. The result was the resignation of the Argonauts from the C. A. A. U.

There were wheels within wheels, however, in the embroglio for when the Argonaut Rugby team were faced with Russell in Montreal representatives of the Argonaut Rowing Club warned them against playing the game and they played as the Toronto Rugby Club. When they returned to Toronto the Argonaut Rowing Club disowned them, but the matter was re-considered and the Club believing the C. A. A. U. hasty in throwing out the team, again assumed the responsibility and the team played its schedule out as the Argonauts.

Now it is up to the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen. This body controls rowing in Canada. Last summer they were about to affiliate with the

C. A. A. U., but did not take the step. Now they must deal with the situation. There is no chance of the Argonaut Club being blacklisted by them though the Toronto Rowing Club refused young Ross, one of the Argonaut Rugby players, his membership renewal because of the trouble. The Federation—C. A. A. U. truce over Olympic matters will likely smooth out the kinks, and Argos are all true amateurs though they did play a C. A. A. U. suspect, and will continue in all games for sport's sake.

The Alice and I.

BY MISS CAROLYN B. LYMAN.

Yo, ho, for the billow;
Through long summer days,
We'll cut wave and breaker
With tossing of sprays!

My bonnie launch "Alice"
And I, ah, what more!
For boating is Heaven!
Who'd steer for the shore!

The rythm of waters!
The deep cloudless sky!
Dream on; we are lovers,
The "Alice" and I!

The ever increasing demand for marine motors in Canada has led to wide inquiries for one uniting in itself many excellencies. Such a motor is made by the Ducro Manufacturing Co. of Buffalo, N. Y., who entitle their production the Niagara Marine Motor. Both designs and construction are the result of pioneer work which has been more than justified by the success achieved, the motor giving speed for races and endurance for long distance runs. The motor is of the four cycle type, the cylinders being cast separately, completely water jacketed with mechanically operating valves, ensuring a regular supply of gas and discharge at the proper time; the camshafts and gears are inside of base, making them practically noiseless and avoiding

all danger of anything getting caught in the gears, and the base has sufficiently large panels to give easy access to all parts. The pistons are made extra long in order to give them long life. They are fitted with four eccentric rings, three at top and one at bottom, having tongued joints, and the piston pins are made of Shelby steel tubing, hardened and ground to size, while the cams, rollers and valve pins are also hardened. The crank shafts are made from 35 carbon steel, steam hammered, the bearings are large, strong and lined with genuine babbitt metal, ensuring a cool running motor. The valve cap is of such construction that it can be simply unscrewed and lifted out at any time for cleaning or re-grinding. All the parts are interchangeable. The motors are equipped with the jump spark ignition using secondary distributors and the Shebler carburetor is used, giving perfect throttle control. They will also give the rated horse-power at normal speed, the fuel consumption not exceeding one pint per brake horse power per hour. The motors are made in two cylinders, five and seven and a half horse power; and four cylinder ten, fifteen and twenty-five horse power with complete outfits of two kinds in each instance according to prices. The Company issues an excellent illustrated catalogue, which will be sent to any of our interested readers post free upon application and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

ada but also in the United States, to which country this firm ship a number of canoes each season. Although the factory was visited at the "tale end" of the 1907 canoe season, when a number of canoe factories are not very busy, a large staff of skilled canoe builders were busily engaged turning out canoes for next season, so that when spring of 1908 opens they will be in a position to fill all orders. The Ross Canoe Co. have the decided advantage of being so situated that they can purchase the best obtainable material for their canoes, and the selection is made by one who has a thorough knowledge of canoe material. This firm makes a specialty of prospecting and cruising canoes and the growing demand for this class of canoes is tangible evidence of their superiority. Motor boats, skiffs, yachts, dinghys, etc., are also products of the Ross Canoe Co. A most interesting catalogue is issued and will be sent upon request of any of our readers making mention of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

A motor that in design, material and construction can claim to be the best should surely be a good one. These are the claims made for the "Outboard or Porto Motor," made by the Waterman Marine Co. of Detroit, Mich. This motor was put to severe practical tests before being offered for sale and by reason of these tests which secured efficiency the motor met with success from the very first. So pleased were many people with this motor that they asked for a canoe motor and in order to meet this want one has been designed which is described as a marvel of smallness, compactness, lightness and power. The motor weighs but thirty-six pounds is only fourteen inches high, turns an eleven inch wheel one thousand revolutions per minute, and can be installed in any canoe. By careful study a perfect port system has been designed which means that their two cycle motor gives as high efficiency, fuel economy and power as twice the number of cylinders in a four cycle motor. The cylinder is cast, without jacket, of gray iron; the jacket is of spun

It is particularly pleasurable for one who is an aquatic enthusiast to visit a canoe factory, and this opportunity was afforded the writer a few weeks ago when in the delightful town of Orillia, Ontario, he was by courtesy of Mr. J. H. Ross, Manager of the J. H. Ross Canoe Co., of that town, shown through their extensive works, and the several stages of manufacture of the various styles of canoes made by this well known concern carefully explained. The exceptional care and the superior materials used in the production of their canoes accounts for the popularity they have attained not only throughout Can-

CRUISING AND RACING
GASOLINE LAUNCHES
FULLY EQUIPPED



A VARIETY OF STYLES IN STOCK
FROM 16 to 35 ft. IN LENGTH.

Special Light Motor Boats

FOR HUNTING AND FISHING

Hulls furnished, caulked, puttied and painted ready for interior fittings.
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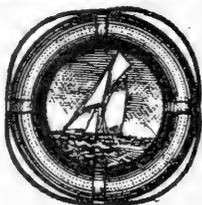
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copper, highly polished; crank case of aluminum; bearings of bronze bushed; crank shaft and connecting rods of steel; water pump and all fittings of polished brass, and a most excellent float feed carburetor. It is sold with complete outfit, including foundation, ready for immediate installation, and it has added a hundred fold to the pleasures of canoeing. The Company will continue to make their famous Porto Motor on a larger scale than before. Through their absorption of the Kowalsky Company they will also make the well known engines of that name. Altogether they have so many exclusive and distinct features of importance that readers interested in motors and engines would do well to secure copies of the Company's literature which can be had for the asking by addressing the Company at Detroit, Mich., and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

There is something in a name after all, particularly when that name is backed up by a good article. Many boatmen will be attracted by the name of the Sterling engine and once they have tried it they will have good cause to remember the name. With all the advances made in motor engineering of late years the Sterling engine may well claim a foremost place. The engine as it appears today is the result of years of practical experience in building gasoline engines, and represents reliability and ease of operation—two of the most desirable features in a marine engine. While the Sterling is a powerful engine, with working parts exceptionally large and strong, superfluous weight has been successfully eliminated and every ounce included is made to tell. The valves are placed on the opposite sides of the cylinder, both inlet and exhaust being interchangeable. The push rods have direct vertical movement, the lower ends being provided with hardened steel rollers, running on hardened pin. The push rod guide extends below the centre of the roller, allowing no side play such as is usually found in most engines. The ac-

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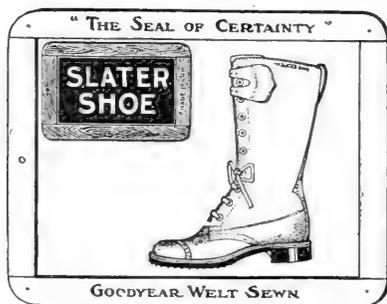
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tion is positive and practically noiseless. All drive gears are enclosed in the upper portion of the base, completely guarding and allowing them to run in a bath of oil. The catalogue for 1908 is a very handy and complete little booklet and gives full particulars of the engines from a single cylinder, two and a half horse power to the six cylinder, sixty horse power. All oil waste has been eliminated and the connections much simplified in these engines. All interested readers should send for a copy of this pamphlet which will be sent post free on addressing the Sterling Engine Company Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y. and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

Lamps are a source of continual interest to owners of bicycles, automobiles and motor boats, and they are willing to do much in order to obtain a satisfactory one. Those who are in any doubt upon

this point will do well to communicate with the Twentieth Century Manufacturing Company, of New York, whose "Baby Grands" made in two sizes, four and six-inch fronts, with powerful lens reflectors had a great run last season, notwithstanding the fact that they were put upon the market too late to be included in trade catalogues. The Company's experts are authorities upon acetylene matters and the "Baby Grands" are a series of acetylene lights containing a search or headlight and port and starboard sidelights. Those who have used them are enthusiastic in their praise. The one light gives the three signals and acetylene gives a much brighter light than oil. The same Company markets a good lantern and are working upon a special generator system, specially for marine use, which will light up all sizes of boats and ships and when perfected they will be able to take contracts for installing lighting systems on boats of all sizes.

Alpine Club Notes.

Mr. Wheeler's visit to Winnipeg was a busy one. He remained over one day only and held a meeting of the Executive and two general meetings of the local members of the Club. Every lady member in the Club was present; and one lady drove eight miles from her home in the country solely for the purpose. The President had a long list of matters requiring attention, and there was hearty discussion of all affairs, notably some amendments to the constitution. Resolutions were passed creating the office of Executive Secretary and making a change in the qualification for active membership. The Publication Committee considered the next issue of the "Canadian Alpine Journal," for which some important contributions are promised, notably an article on the formation of mountains by Professor Coleman and another of the same kind on glaciers by Mr. W. S. Vaux; also one by Mr. W. T. Dalton on Mount Garibaldi and the newly discovered Alpine region in the Pacific Coast Range. For this issue the Scientific Section will have first innings, and rightly so. The list of contributors contains mostly new names, and all subjects will be treated in an informing fashion. It is the desire of the Committee to make and keep the Journal a high class annual that can hold up its head unashamed with similar journals published by Alpine Clubs in older lands.

The change in qualification for active membership is as interesting as it is important. The President brought photographs of Mount Garibaldi and vicinity showing glaciers and neve and other Alpine features. This mountain is considerably below 10,000 feet above sea, but its base is very near sea level, and its ascent involves difficult and dangerous climbing. Those who have climbed it have an interesting story to tell of all that region, and its discovery materially changes the test of active membership. The Club will be asked to approve of a clause making 2,500 feet above the tim-

ber line on a glacier hung mountain, the lowest altitude in the test for qualification.

A discussion took place on the Club House, all the members being in favor of going on with the work as soon as possible. Nominations were made of officers for the ensuing term. The President reported that the finances of the Camp at Paradise Valley were on the right side.

The Winnipeg members were glad to meet the President and wish him bon voyage. He sailed from New York on December 7th to be present at the great Alpine Jubilee when nearly one hundred mountaineering clubs of the world will be represented. Prof. Fay, President of the American Club, who is an honorary member of the Canadian Club and has been a member of both Canadian Camps, is also to be the guest of the English Club.

The Alpine Herald, edited by Mr. Frank Yeigh, Miss Annie L. Laird and Mr. S. H. Mitchell, is on sale to the members of the Club at 10c a copy. Orders ought to be sent to Mr. Mitchell, 567 Spence street, Winnipeg. The Herald is made of good paper, print and half-tone plates, and is in every way a credit to its editors and its man of business, Mr. Yeigh. Every member will want at least half a dozen copies to send to friends, to show how jolly were the evenings around the blazing logs in Paradise Valley. One of the merriest songs sang around that fire is omitted in the Herald. It was entirely impromptu and set to the old air of "Excelsior," being composed and sung by the "Silly Six." At their daily vocations, the said "Silly Six" are grave and reverend teachers in Colleges, High Schools, Ladies' Schools and such sober institutions. Altogether the Alpine Herald is a first class paper.

ELIZABETH PARKER,
Secretary.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

Lord Hawke, an English nobleman who has made a name for himself as a famous cricketer, captaining the Yorkshire Eleven, through many successful seasons, in the course of which the combination under him won the County Championship on several occasions, visited Canada during the last hunting season. In company with several gentlemen a big game hunt was organized in northwestern Ontario and the party were successful in securing two bull moose one falling to Lord Hawke's rifle. His Lordship's visit to the Dominion was cut short by a sudden call to England owing to the demands of business but he enjoyed his outing so much that he promised to return next season and engage in another hunt.

The Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries for the Province of Quebec have just published a pamphlet containing the fish and game laws of the Province, together with the laws, regulation and Orders-in Council referring to the establishment and management of the Laurentides National Park and the Gaspesian Forest Reserve. This little booklet is a credit to the publicist of the Department, (Mr. Alfred Pelland) and its tasteful appearance, clear and well arranged contents, and its ease of reference should make it a favorite with sportsmen whose interests lie in that much favored Province. Between the covers of this booklet the sportsmen can find sufficient to keep him straight on both fish and game laws, and if he wishes to go to the reserves he will also find the conditions upon which his visit may be made. Altogether it should do much to make known the great advantages, which the Province of Quebec is at all times ready to offer to sportsmen and tourists.

Mr. John Arthur Hope, whose contributions to our pages has made his name well known to our readers, has received the appointment of assistant to Mr. L.

O. Armstrong, whose department of work in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, including colonization and tourist, recently had industries added to it, and was then divided into three sub-departments with Mr. Armstrong as chief, viz: Industrial, colonization and sports. Mr. Hope has been appointed assistant to look more particularly after the sporting department. Those who have read Mr. Hope's articles, and know something of his wide experience on these matters, will agree that a better appointment could not possibly have been made.

A party of five gentlemen consisting of Messrs. Wayhart, Toronto; A. F. Schuler, Minneapolis; D. Miller, Woodstock; Neill McDougall, Indian Agent, and George Hodder, of the Algoma Hotel, Port Arthur, had a successful hunt, thirty-eight miles from the latter place. They went from Port Arthur to Kakaba Falls and walked in sixteen miles to their log camp which they have used as headquarters on hunting trips for several years. An important member of the party was a settler who was called by them Captain Ross and whom they described as the "greatest cook on earth." The party saw many moose but they were in such positions that if they had killed the animals the meat would have had to be left in the woods to rot. Accordingly they contented themselves with two, and Mr. Miller added a fine set of horns to the numerous and varied collection of sporting trophies he has in his den. The hunters reported that the Italians in the construction camps along the line of railway are killing everything in sight, and the settlers are doing much to drive the moose further and further back. In one place Mr. Miller came across half an acre of woodland where the beavers had been at work and secured a number of chips they had made in their tree cutting operations. They found partridges and hares very scarce

and in this their experience agrees with those of hunters who went elsewhere. The outing was a most enjoyable one, and all joined in the hope that they may meet in many others of the same kind.

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The whole question of the arrangements of the fisheries as between the Dominion and the Provincial Governments must some time or other come under review. In the meantime the arrangements by means of which the Dominion Government makes the rules and the Ontario Government issues the licenses are being considered by the authorities. It is quite natural that under duplicated authority there should be friction and complaints. At a recent and informal conference between the officials of the Fisheries department and the Ontario members of the Dominion House of Commons these questions were considered and it was decided to hold a second one after the members had consulted their constituents thereon. The Federal Department alleged that the Provincial Government had shown apathy in the protection of the fisheries while throwing onus and opprobrium on the Dominion Government. There is one point that does appear clear and that is with divided jurisdiction the best results cannot be expected to follow. The Dominion control in the other Provinces is not altogether satisfactory to them and it would be well when the question is taken up it should be considered as a whole.

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The Canadian Camp Club of New York held their annual banquet at the Hotel Astor, New York, on November 18th. True to their policy of having some particular dish not appearing at any previous dinner the record was kept up by one made of tiger, familiarly known as "Fanny Adams." The story went the round that Prince Louis of Battenburg and Admiral Evans were out in the Orient and wished to dine together. They had no other dish than tiger, of which they partook in company with a dusky princess. As they could not talk to her they called her "Fanny Adams," and that is how tiger served up for banqueting purposes gained its name. Mr.

Cy Warman was toastmaster and Dr. Bell, head of the Canadian Geological Survey, was the guest of honor. Dr. Bell amongst other things talked about Indians. "Take good Indians along with you. I have found that all the best Indians drink. I have taken a load of them away with me so drunk that I had to care for them and do everything for them at the start, but in the woods they sober up and become the best of Indians. Do not interfere with your Indians." Commander Peary, who was also present, expressed his determination to make efforts to reach the North Pole until he proved successful. Earl Minto, the Viceroy of India, and ex-Governor General of Canada, sent a cable stating that he would provide elephant for the next banquet.

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On November 19th the Canadian patrol boat, Vigilant, captured two American fishing boats and a gasolene launch containing four men when fishing in the Canadian waters of Lake Erie. When the men were ordered to surrender they hurried on board the launch and attempted to escape. Not until the patrol boat sent a shot over the launch did the men give in. The fishing boats were retained and the men, after several hours' detention were allowed to go.

—

Mr. F. W. Miller, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., writes to the Tourist Agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway a letter of thanks for being recommended to Mr. Cameron, outfitter, Kippewa, Que. The party left their arrangements to Mr. Cameron and on arriving at Kippewa found all prepared for them. The result was that they had a successful hunt, obtaining three moose with spreads of forty, forty-eight, and forty-nine inches, each moose weighing from thirteen to fourteen hundred pounds. One of the party failed but it was not because opportunity was denied him. He had a chance at two bucks standing together but at the propitious moment he fell a victim to "buck fever" and lost his chance. Needless to say the whole party were satisfied with their experiences and praise the country, the guides, the outfitters and the game. A similar letter was also re-

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ceived from Mr. A. G. Rice, of the Camp Fire Club, New York, whose party likewise got three fine moose and who were satisfactorily outfitted by Messrs. Shannon & Fraser, outfitters of Kippewa, Que.

A bald headed eagle measuring six feet eleven inches from tip to tip of its wings was shot late in October opposite Brockville, Ont., by a duck hunter. A good many reports were current from time to time of eagles being seen on the river, but this was the first one shot.

Every sportsman should possess a cabinet in which to keep his guns, and when he has several such a place becomes absolutely necessary. There are many gun cabinets on the market but few to equal those made and supplied by Messrs. G. S. Hudson & Son, of Ellensburg, N. Y. This firm has had a long experience in designing and manufactur-

ing furniture, gun cabinets and special cabinet work. They have learnt to know what is wanted and how best to supply that want. Accordingly their cabinets are made in styles to suit sportsmen as is shown by the fact that orders for them have been received from countries all over the world where satisfied customers are still extending the sales.

On full consideration of reports received by him from the hunting districts during the season of 1907, Mr. Edwin Tinsley, Superintendent of Game and Fisheries for the Province of Ontario does not think that at present further restrictive legislation is necessary with reference to deer. He, however, agreed that they are going back from the well settled and over-hunted portions of the Province, though he holds that there is nothing to indicate they are decreasing in numbers. "It is a fact that they are seen two to three hundred miles north of

where they were found a few years ago. Last year (1906) the number of deer killed was greater than ever and 1907 shows no falling off. As soon as further restriction is necessary I will advocate it but at the present time I see no need for it. We cannot expect to find as many deer in near districts, such as Simcoe and Muskoka as a few years ago, as settlement is steadily driving them back." Mr. Tinsley estimates that from thirty to thirty-five per cent of the deer shot are does, attributing this to the fact that the law prohibits the killing of more than one doe by each hunter. As far back as 1861 the Superintendent hunted in the southern part of the Province when deer were so plentiful that the Indians sold the choicest venison for five cents per pound.

An excellent manner in which sportsmen can spend their winter evenings is by taking lessons in taxidermy; Every sportsman should possess some knowledge on this subject, and once he learns the elementary rules he goes on to further efforts, often succeeding beyond his expectations in mounting his own fine trophies in birds, animals, fishes, etc. Both pleasure and satisfaction come to the sportsman from being able to do his own taxidermy work. It is wonderful how soon such a man has an excellent collection around him—a collection which though worth a large amount is made by him at little or no expense since he saves his own taxidermy bills and procures his specimens during his ordinary trips. Considerable success is attending the efforts of the North Western School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Neb., to teach this popular art by mail. It is stated that during the past seven years they have in this way taught taxidermy to more than ten thousand sportsmen, who have expressed entire satisfaction with the methods pursued and have been enabled to make fine collections as a result of their efforts. A new catalogue has been prepared and issued and will be sent post free to interested readers who make application for same. In order to induce sportsmen to take advantage of the winter season the authorities of the

school are making an attractive offer to all students who enroll this month.

The stories of those who were lost in the bush which appeared in the Christmas number of "Rod and Gun" received a fine illustration in the adventure of two police constables of Toronto who accompanied a hunting party to the Magnetawan River district during the last open season in Ontario. P. C. McConnell had the painful experience of being lost for seven hours and had he not then been found by rescuers, headed by a fellow constable named Ironsides, he might have undergone some further unpleasant experiences. The party got three deer and with the exception of the adventure named much enjoyed themselves. P. C. McConnell now believes that the bush is a place which is more difficult to find one's way about in than the streets of Toronto.

A long standing dispute between the fishermen of Quebec and those of Vermont—the right of seining and net fishing in Missisquoi Bay at the northern extremity of Lake Champlain—is to be considered at a conference between appointed representatives from both sides of the border. If no agreement is arrived at the Federal Governments will be appealed to in order that their good offices may be used to bring about an amiable conclusion. A Commission from New York State has held a consultation with the Vermont Commissioners and the whole subject is in a position to be submitted to the joint committee with a view to what is hoped may prove a final settlement.

What was described as the biggest bear ever shot in the Kootenays was recently exhibited at Nelson, B. C. It was a silver tip weighing between nine hundred and a thousand pounds undressed, and seven and eight hundred pounds dressed, and was evidently a veteran. For some time it had been seen on various occasions prowling about the houses belonging to the Silver King mine on Toad mountain. All the men were on

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the look out for the animal and one Saturday evening two of them, named Carlson and Anderson saw the monster on a path in front of them. Both guns were immediately levelled on the animal and four shots were got in before the bear escaped. As it was getting dark the men did not follow the trail that evening but found the bear dead only eight yards away when they continued the search the following morning. On examination it was found that three of the shots had taken effect. The bear measured from tip to tip ten feet six inches; the head eighteen inches in length and sixteen inches in width, the foreleg above the joint twenty-two inches and the foot seven by ten inches. Several other bears were seen in the neighborhood and hunters went out after them, the general opinion being that the Kootenays are still the home of big game.

Speaker Sutherland of the Dominion House of Commons, has been tell-

ing the people of Kansas that "people now alive may live to see the minimum depth of water from the upper lakes to tide water made twenty-one feet and when that date arrives, Montreal and Quebec, Halifax and St. John, and perhaps one quiet harbor that is as yet only dreamed of, will be the busiest ports of the North American Continent. Of this great highway Canada holds the door. It is a great asset and more than anything gives Canada a dominating position in this continent. This will be more manifest in the future than in the past." It will be largely owing to the confidence they have in their future that Canadians will see that such dreams become future realities.

A young fellow named Samuel Agee recently lassoed a big wild cat in the neighborhood of Dawson City. Of course he did not know the danger he was running, and as is often the case with such innocents good fortune attended him. The cat, instead of making

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for him, as they often do, gave the man a chance to get his lasso well home and then ran away, of course tightening the cord and nearly strangling itself. A wild cat is not easily killed, and the hunter making the other end of the rope fast reported his capture to the police barracks. Constable Morgan didn't believe in taking any chances with a wild cat and selecting the largest gun in the barracks accompanied Agee to the scene of the hunt and put an end to the animal by shooting him.

Our contributor, Mr. J. W. Misner, of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., who recently underwent a serious operation and despaired of ever being able to take part in a further hunt, so far recovered as to be able to spend a portion of the last open season in the woods. He found, to his gratification, that he had lost little of his skill in handling a rifle and succeeded in pulling down two running bucks, one at seventy yards and the other at one hun-

dred and forty-nine yards. Mr. Misner was called home before the season closed, and when he left their party of six had six deer hanging on the pole.

The Jasper Forest Park of Canada is the latest forest reserve set aside for public purposes. This has been done by Order-in-Council and forms a very considerable addition to the public lands of the Dominion thus reserved. It is situated in the Province of Alberta and the official Order describes it as under: "The northern boundary of the reserve is the fifty-third degree of north latitude for a distance of thirty-three miles to the base of the foothills. The line then runs southeasterly fifty-two miles to the Height of Land between the tributaries of the Athabasca, McLeod and Pembina Rivers and of the North Saskatchewan and Buzeau Rivers, thence southerly, following the Height of Land to a point where it intersects the Boundaries of British Columbia and Alberta, thence northerly to the fifty-third parallel." It is only right the Dominion Government, having the disposal of the public lands in the new Provinces, should in this manner look after their forest reserves for them.

While fishermen are dreaming of their next season's conquests and enjoying in anticipation the catches they mean to make they will take thought of their outfit. In artificial lures Messrs. H. J. Frost and Company, 90 Chambers Street, New York, have something new which has also proved effective. It is called the Kelso Pearl Bait, is made of pearl and of the right shape to cause the pearl to spin perfectly. Experience demonstrates that there is something about the glitter of the pearl in the water that is much more attractive to game fish than any metal. The bait is made of all sizes from the smallest bass spinner to the three and a quarter inch maskinonge size. A well known Canadian fisherman says: "As lures for grey trout and bass I think them the best I have ever used." Messrs. Frost have also in the Kelso brand lines, reels, rods, leaders, flies, hooks, etc., filling indeed all the varied

requirements which modern anglers need. Though their catalogues are sent to the trade only Messrs. Frost will at all times answer Canadian inquiries and fill Canadian orders through the inquirer's dealer if only his name and address is forwarded to them. Let the fishermen's dreams therefore take a practical direction.

Two men, Charles Graham and Bert Organ, have been fined \$40 and costs or three months' imprisonment by Magistrate Gibbon, at Sundridge, Ont., for trapping four beaver. In addition to the fine and costs the skins and a Winchester rifle were confiscated. Deputy Game Warden Blea made the arrest. The men are said to be strangers to the Province and were outfitted for trapping by someone as far off as Cape Breton.

Lieut. Governor Tweedie, of New Brunswick, took up forestry questions in a recent address before the Canadian Club at St. John. He urged a complete survey of the Crown Lands, and a classification of them according to quality of lumber, etc. In his opinion there was no need for reforestation at present though some districts which had been burned over might well be set apart and lumbering in them prohibited for a term of years. He expressed himself in favor of a public preserve to ensure the upkeep of rivers but said the maintenance rested with the Dominion Government. He emphatically protested against the cutting of lumber under the regulation size and strongly urged the establishment of a Chair of Forestry in the University of New Brunswick.

Changes have been made in the staff at the Algonquin National Park, Chief Ranger J. H. Bell, Rangers Dr. Bell of Ottawa, O'Gorman and Colson, with Mrs. Colson the housekeeper, giving way to Rangers Pierre, Mattawa; Charles R. Thompson, McDougall's Chute; Mark Robinson, New Flors and George H. Dorin, of Egansville. There have been many rumors afloat as to the causes of




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these changes and it is stated that there was only one dismissal, the other appointments following resignations.

Mr. William Deal of Sandusk, Ont., writes that no quail were to be found in the south part of Walpole Island during the open season and consequently sportsmen obtained no shooting at this fine game bird.

A correspondent who writes from Connecticut, and who has hunted a good deal in New Brunswick, states that he has noticed for several years considerable increases in the number of cow moose in the Province. He describes them as becoming a nuisance and suggests that the Provincial Legislature might relax the law and allow the settlers to kill cows for their meat for a few years. In his opinion this would have good results. This is a question on which the Guide's Association and the newly formed Fish,

Forest and Game Protective Association for the Province should be heard before any steps are taken in the matter.

In the latter part of November, Mr. Charles Beam of Sandusk, Ont., shot a white squirrel with red eyes, and this curiosity was viewed with much interest by many friends and neighbors.

The Hon. Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works, who has charge of the fish and game interests of Ontario, recently underwent a second operation, but made a satisfactory recovery and his complete restoration to health is anticipated. Dr. Reaume was responsible for the Fish and Game Act of the last session of the Ontario Legislature and his return to his work means much to those interested in this important work of his Department.

Alexander T. Brown, the inventor of the Smith Premier typewriter, is the President of the Company that manufactures it. He is to writing mechanism what Edison is to electricity or Bell to the telephone, the foremost expert in his line in the world. Under his supervision the Smith Premier has offered improvement after improvement until it leaves no typewriter problem unsolved. During the seventeen years of its existence it has increased a daily output from three Smith Premier's to over one hundred and fifty, it has enlarged a factory from 25,000 square feet of floor space to 250,000, it has established 3,000 distributing points and become the typewriter of over 300,000 operators and it has widened a market of a single American city to the whole civilized world.

An athletic feat of such importance as to deserve a place in these pages was concluded on Nov. 27th when Edward Payson Weston completed his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago, breaking by one day three hours and twenty-five minutes his record of forty years ago over practically the same route. Port-

land was left on October 29th, making the travelling time exclusive of Sundays, twenty-four days, eleven hours and fifteen minutes. His longest day's walk was ninety-five and three-tenths of a mile while on a former journey his best record was eighty-two miles. His reception at Chicago was most enthusiastic and in response he expressed a strong wish to meet and compete with a walking athlete from another country—preferably from England, France or Germany.

Reports have been received at headquarters at Toronto to the effect that two men, J. Livermore and Elias Johnson, were each fined \$50 and costs for illegally killing deer to supply a lumber camp in Haliburton County, Ont. John Rockefeller was caught by Dr. Burt, the overseer in Simcoe County, illegally shooting ducks near Port Rowan. In order to prevent his gun from being seized he dropped it overboard. A fine of \$20 and costs was inflicted upon him. The doctor also seized a number of ducks that were being shipped across the frontier.

What would the hunter, tourist, sportsmen do without his pipe and the soothing influences its enjoyment brings over his mind? Why more than half the charm of the campfire would be gone and even the stories told around its blazes would lose their savor if he could not enjoy them in company with his pipe. As it is whatever depression may come upon him and however luck may go against him, he still has his pipe and it never fails in its mission. If he is wet and weary, cold and hungry, the thoughts of a smoke, when he reaches the camp and has effected a change, sustains him, and held up by that thought he surmounts difficulties in a way that surprises himself, and is quite a revelation to his companions. The briar pipes have long been favorites and still hold their own. The mere fact that the H. H. B. Special has the largest sale of any pipe in Canada tells its own tale. The proprietors go further and say that it has the largest sale of any pipe in the

A Breech-Loading Fountain Pen

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.

Conklin's SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

"THE PEN WITH THE CRESCENT-FILLER"

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.



LOOK FOR THIS

CRESCENT-FILLER

world. There are good reasons for this, and they are known to any smoker who has tried the shield brand of pipe. It is made in two hundred shapes and will therefore please all tastes. The special extra is positively guaranteed and the makers are confident of their goods. If your dealer is unable to supply you, a catalogue of shapes and prices will be sent direct on application to Heyes Bros, Limited, Pipe Manufacturers, Toronto.

Depredations by wolves are reported from Manitoba, where they are said to have included domestic cattle in their bill-of-fare. The poultry also supplied them with some tasty meals. From Fort Alexander in that Province it is reported that six wolves were shot by local hunters, one of whom had a thrilling experience. When out one day in company with his dog and armed only with a 22-calibre rifle he came unexpectedly upon a big wolf at close range. He fired four times at the animal and badly wounded, though he did not disable it.

Frenzied with pain the brute stood his ground and thrusting the barrel of the gun into the animal's mouth the hunter fired again with fatal effect.

Our contributor, Mr. E. R. La Fleche, writes: "The hunting season this year has been the worst I have seen for many years. High winds prevailed during the whole time of our hunt, and the white caps were seen every day on the lakes. During the whole fifteen days we had but one sunny one, and the rain and snow proved very troublesome. As a result not one in the party came out with more than half their share of deer. We found the deer plentiful but very few of them came to the water on the big lake on account of the high winds. They mostly took to the little ponds."

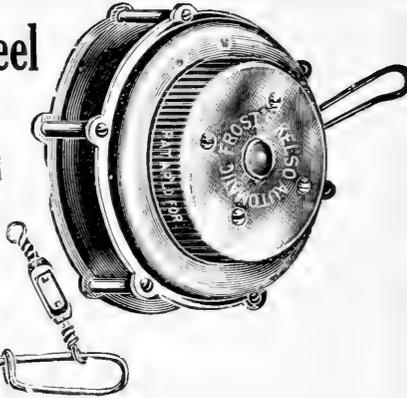
Mr. Richard Hand, proprietor of the Imperial Hotel, Wabigoon, Ont., is said to have secured the largest timber wolf ever seen in that section of the country.

SOMETHING NEW AND PRACTICAL

Frost's Improved Kelso Automatic Reel

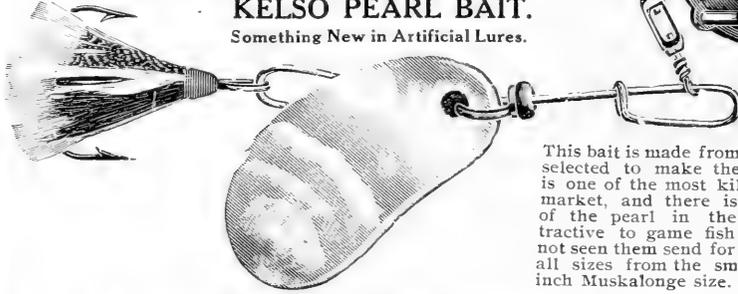
Capacity 100 yards. Case of aluminum, satin finished, steel bearings, only 7½ ounces. It is both light and strong. With ordinary care it should last a lifetime. Can use on rod either above or below hand. **Guaranteed.** Price \$5.00. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and address to us, and we will fill your order through him. The "KELSO" brand LINES, REELS, RODS, LEADERS, FLIES and HOOKS are as good as can be made.

Manufacturing and Jobbing. Fishing Tackle is Our Business Exclusively. Headquarters for Everything Required by Anglers. Catalogues to the trade only.



KELSO PEARL BAIT.

Something New in Artificial Lures.



This bait is made from pearl and the right shape is selected to make the pearl spin perfectly. This is one of the most killing lures ever put on the market, and there is something about the glitter of the pearl in the water that is much more attractive to game fish than any metal. If you have not seen them send for samples and prices. We have all sizes from the smallest bass spinner to the 3¼ inch Muskalongie size.

H. J. FROST & CO.,

90 Chambers Street,

NEW YORK.

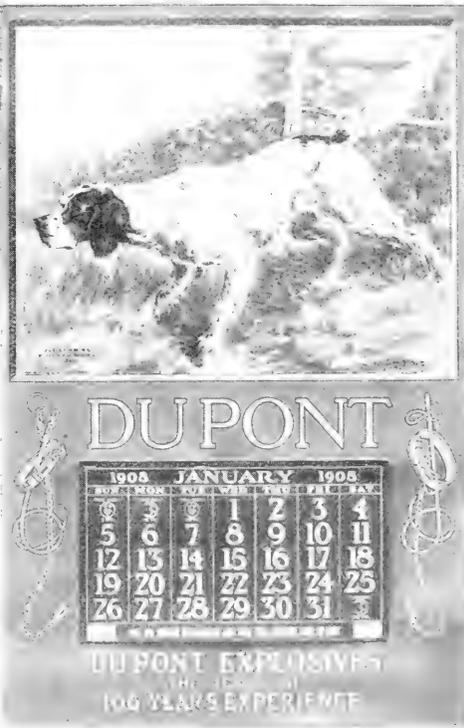
When hunting on the range of mountains back of Wabigoon Lake he managed to shoot the animal, which is described as being of the Siberian species, and measured six feet from the nose to the tip of his tail. The jaws were thickly studded with large teeth, which are stated to have been "gripped together like sections of a combination lock." A numerous band of wolves had been following and destroying the deer in the neighborhood, and the one secured by Mr. Hand appear to have been the leader.

A cartridge catalogue is of interest to shooters as well as dealers and the latest one issued by the Dominion Cartridge Company, of Montreal, is of more than usual interest. It includes a number of new sizes in centre fire and rim fire sizes for the trade of the present year. In addition to much interesting technical information for dealers the Company in the course of the introduction appearing in the catalogue emphasizes the fact that perfection in cartridge making can only be attained by long experience, and Dominion ammunition has reached its present excellence by constant improvement during nearly a quarter of a century of manufacturing endeavor. The Com-

pany by means of its business alliances and connections has the great advantage of outside trained experts in addition to the experts employed by them in actual cartridge making and the manufacture of explosives. The result is shown by the accuracy, high velocity, penetration and cleanliness of Dominion cartridges which combine the best principles of European practice as well as American. The high standard is maintained by a perfectly organized system of inspection at every stage of manufacture and by tests of the most severe kind including actual targets taken at all ranges. The inspectors employed for this purpose have had full training in Government arsenals. Dominion cartridges are tested thoroughly in all arms, a complete armory being kept for the purpose. It is, however, essential that primers and cartridges should be made in the same factory and this is the course followed with Dominion primers and cartridges. The Company are likewise packing primers in divisional explosive proof boxes of one hundred primers each, in addition to the old system of two hundred and fifty each in metal boxes. They are also making a 20-gauge Sovereign smokeless shell on account for the big demand for this class of goods.

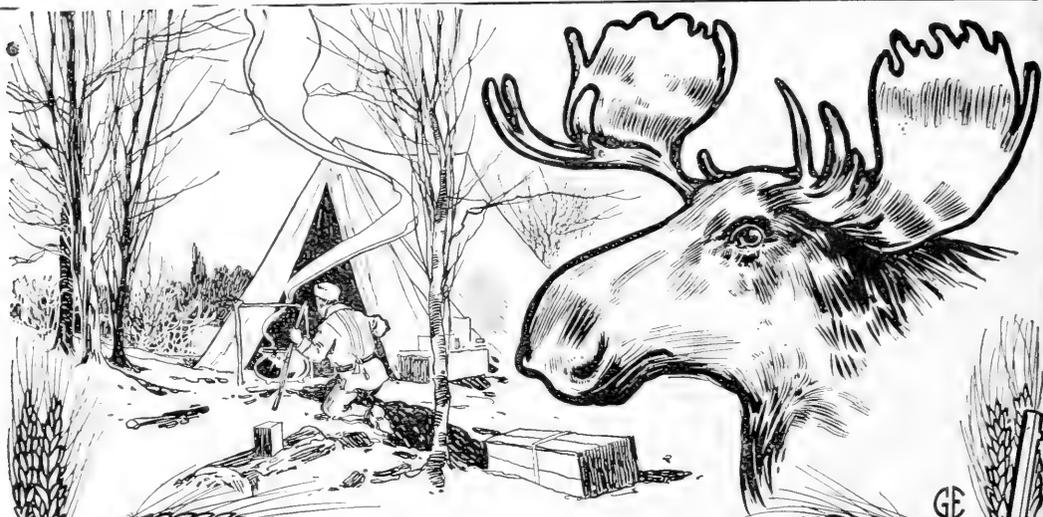
One of the most effective calendars issued each year is that sent out by the Du Pont Powder Company. The managers appear to possess a wonderful power of divination. Each year, with unerring instinct, they secure something which goes straight home to sportsmen and at once captures their favor. The calendar of 1908 will not fail to prove as good in this respect as any of its predecessors. Another of the paintings of Mr. Edmund H. Osthaus forms the most attractive portion of the calendar. Every sportsman loves a dog and on this calendar they will find a representation of the well known Joe Cumming, by Antonia-Picolo, 1899, which will appeal to them in a way nothing else possibly could. Joe Cumming was the winner of the National Field Trial Championship in 1899, and therefore the Champion "bird dog" of his year. The Company possesses water color drawings by Mr. Osthaus of each Championship since the championships were started in 1896, the year in which Count Gladstone IV was a winner. All of them are to be reproduced in the best possible style in a form suitable for framing and with no advertising matter upon them. Reproductions of four of the dogs are now ready, Count Gladstone IV by Count Woble-Ruby's Girl, 1896; Tommy's Gale by Antonio—Nellie G. 1898; Joe Cumming by Antonio-Picola 1899; Lady's Count Gladstone by Count Gladstone IV—Dan's Lady 1900. Single copies will be mailed in tubes on receipt of seventy-five cents or the four pictures sent on receipt of \$2.50. The Company, with the spirited and wide views which has governed its operations and gained

it so much success, looks to receive a return from the interests its numerous friends will take in these pictures and the manner in which they will candidly and freely say they are indebted to the Company for such pleasant and bright aids to the ornamentation of their dens. To return to the calendar it is effectively ornamented and the tables of the months and days are boldly and clearly marked, making it useful as well as ornamental. The cut will give even a better idea of it than any amount of description.



An account comes from the State of Washington of a terrific fight between four ravenous timber wolves and a black bear, witnessed by no less a personage than a French Countess. Accompanied by an Indian guide the lady was in hiding about two hundred feet from the life and death struggle. She watched the battle for a quarter of an hour and then ended it by killing one of the wolves with her rifle.

"Lost in the woods!" is not confined to Canada. It is reported from Idaho that three men were lost in the mountains of that State for ten days and several hundred men, directed by a prospector, searched three days before finding them. Another man wandered about nine days, and for the last seventy-two hours was without food. He was delirious when rescued but under careful hospital treatment made a good recovery. Snow added to the difficulties of the trio and as they shot a deer the second day out they were not short of food.



SHREDDED WHEAT WHOLE

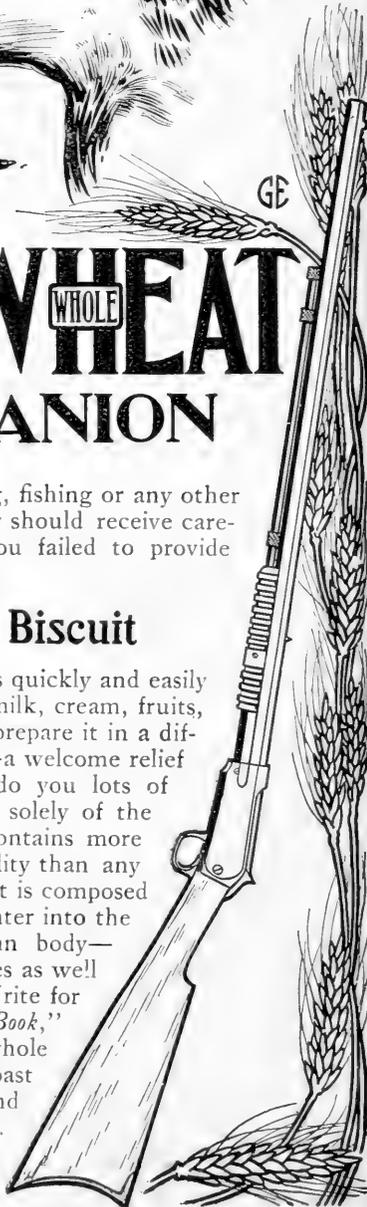
A CAMP COMPANION

When you go into camp, or start on a hunting, fishing or any other kind of a trip, the importance of your food supply should receive careful consideration—otherwise you will be sorry you failed to provide for the appetite you are sure to get.

Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit

should go along with you by all means. It is quickly and easily prepared, and is splendid in combination with milk, cream, fruits, vegetables and lots of other things. You can prepare it in a different

way for every meal—a welcome relief from monotony. It will do you lots of good, too. ¶ It is made solely of the whole wheat berry, and contains more strength and vigor and vitality than any other food, as whole wheat is composed of all the elements which enter into the construction of the human body—muscles, teeth, bones, tissues as well as heat and energy. ¶ Write for "The Vital Question Cook Book," free. ¶ Triscuit is a whole wheat cracker. Better for toast than bread and fine with butter and cheese. Compact and easily carried.



THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, LTD., Niagara Falls Ont.
MADE IN CANADA.

The **LENOX HOTEL**
IN
BUFFALO



MODERN

HIGHEST GRADE

FIREPROOF

UNEXCELLED SERVICE THROUGHOUT

MOST DELIGHTFULLY SITUATED AND AT THE SAME TIME THE MOST
CONVENIENTLY ACCESSIBLE HOTEL IN THE CITY

**OUR OWN RAPID ELECTRIC CARRIAGES EXCLUSIVELY
FOR PATRONS** operate continuously every few minutes from Hotel through
Business District and to all depots for principal trains.

EUROPEAN PLAN

\$1.50 per day and up

GEORGE DUCHSCHERER, Proprietor.

King Edward Collie Kennels

Southport Star *Sire*
 C. K. C. (9080) *ch* Southport Summit
ex Kirkdale Lily
 Born April 5th, 1906
 Sable and White
 Fee \$25. (Imported)

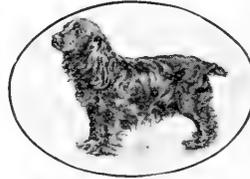
King Edward Pilgrim *Sire*
 C. K. C. (9077) *ch* Parkhill Pilgrim
ex Parkhill Rose
 Born March 31st, 1906
 Tricolor Fee \$10.00 (Imported)

King Edward Tytton *Sire*
 C. K. C. (9079) *ch* Squire of Tytton
ex Southport Miss Hope
 Born March 6th, 1906.
 Sable and White
 Fee \$10. (Imported)

These dogs have just been imported, and are without doubt the highest bred dogs in America.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.
 ALL LETTERS CAREFULLY ANSWERED
 TERMS ON APPLICATION

KING EDWARD COLLIE KENNELS
 NEW TORONTO
 Ontario, Canada



Empire Cocker Kennels

Puppies and Grown Dogs of Prize Winning strains for sale

E. J. D'ORSAY, - Proprietor
 435 Spadina Ave., Toronto.



"No Fleas on Me"

I AM WASHED WITH
'STANDARD'
OIL OF TAR

Which is a non-Poisonous Disinfectant, has a fine odor, perfect in its action, and is the best General Disinfectant on the market.
 If your dealer cannot supply you send his name and one dollar for trial Gallon Tin to

The West Chemical Co.
 125 Queen St. East - Toronto.



THIS BOAT FOLDS INTO A PACKAGE.

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

KING FOLDING CANVAS BOAT CO.
 Lakeside, Muskegon, Mich.,
 formerly Kalamazoo.



Motor Boat Perfection AT POPULAR PRICES

Is enough to make any Tar dance the Hornpipe when he owns a beautiful 1908 Motor Boat which surpasses anything yet offered the boating public.

Place your order now and secure the Fastest, Safest, Best Boat Built. Every one guaranteed.

N. R. THOMPSON
 BRANTFORD, ONT.

MY SPECIALTY: Made to order Launches. Designs submitted for approval.

THE HONORS WON BY **DUPONT BRANDS**

OF SHOTGUN SMOKELESS POWDER

During the Trapshooting Season of 1907, conclusively prove

REGULARITY and RELIABILITY

Powders Which Win at the Traps Must Score in the Field

You should therefore see that

ALL YOUR SHELLS FOR FIELD SHOOTING

Are loaded with either

Dupont Smokeless
"New Schultze"
"New E.C. (Improved)"

Bulk
Smokeless
Powders

or with

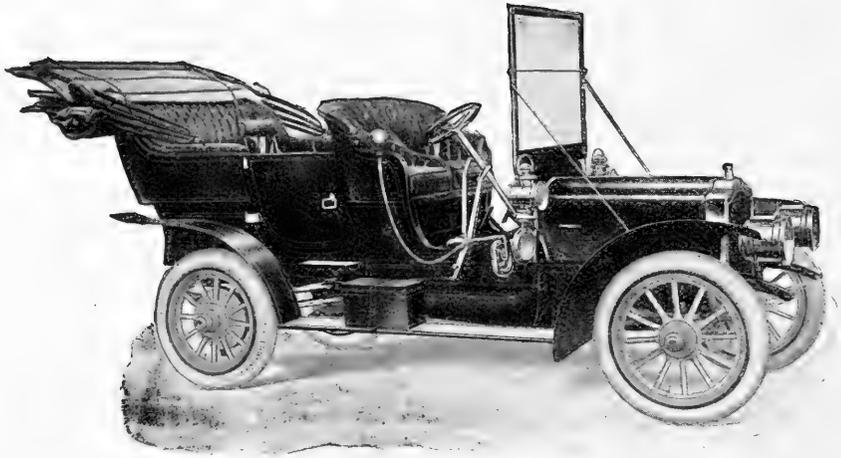
"Infallible Smokeless"

The only "Dense" Powder
Made in America : : : :

E.I. Dupont de Nemours Powder Co.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

OUR 1908 RUSSELL MODELS ARE NOW READY.



Built upon systematic engineering lines in a factory with years of experience in automobile construction, where only skilled workmen are employed and the best procurable materials are used, the 1908 Russell cars are bound to continue in popularity and success. If you want a car that combines perfection of design with correct mechanical construction you have it in the Russell.

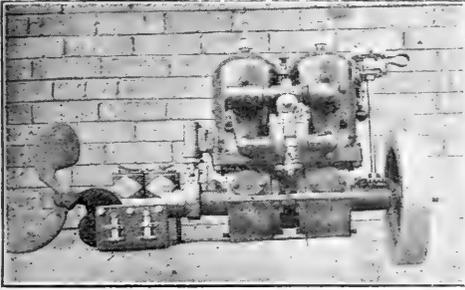
- MODEL G**—A 2-cylinder opposed motor, 18H. P., handsome four-seated Touring Car **\$1600**
Stylish Runabout..... **\$1550**
- MODEL L**—A 4-cylinder vertical motor, 24 H. P., light touring car built on splendid lines of best materials..... **\$2000**
Durable light runabout **\$1950**
- MODEL H**—A 4-cylinder vertical motor, 30 H. P. finely finished five-seated touring car..... **\$ 2500**
Or this Model may be had in a Gentleman's Roadster, etc., the noblest in its class..... **\$2500**
- MODEL K**—A 4-cylinder vertical 50 H. P. motor. The Premier Canadian Car. A luxurious seven-seated touring car perfect in design and finish, completely equipped..... **\$450**
- MODEL K**—Chassis, fitted with Limousine body, seating five passengers. The finest town carriage procurable in point of design, equipment and finish..... **\$5500**

We are open for agency propositions in unrepresented territory. Get in with the right car for 1908.

Canada Cycle & Motor Co., Limited

TORONTO JUNCTION

BRANCHES: OTTAWA, ONT., VANCOUVER, B. C. MELBOURNE AUSTRALIA.



Why go Abroad for Your Engine?

When you can get just as good material and better workmanship at home.

No need to accept our statement for this. Read what this purchaser says:

Brantford, Ont., Nov. 4, '07
r, H. Biddell.

Premier Motor Co., Toronto.
Dear Sir.—I have considerable satisfaction in saying that our engine gave me a very pleasant summer. It was easy to operate and never failed to do the expected work. We had all makes of marine engines at Moon River, but it was the general opinion that yours was one of the most compact, attractive and efficient in that part of Georgian Bay. In a run of seventeen miles to Parry Sound it was the usual thing to make this without a misfire.

Yours sincerely,
W. B. CASWELL,
Pastor Colborne Street Methodist Church.

We build 2 cycle Engines, 2 and 3 port system, 1½ H. P. also 4 cycle.

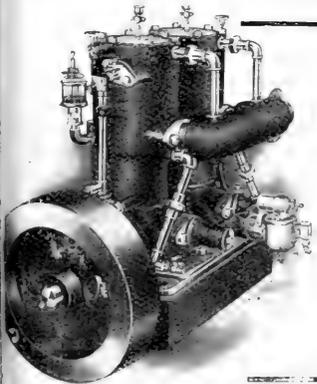
PREMIER MOTOR CO.,
Factory Address, 138 Pearl St., TORONTO, ONT.
H. BIDDELL, Proprietor.

Lefever Guns.

To introduce this famous SHOT GUN into every gun club in Canada we are offering special prices to club members.

Write for catalogue.

CANADIAN AGENTS:
D. PIKE CO., Ltd.,
123 King Street East, TORONTO.



Royal Motors

ARE ROYAL

Unexampled in their simplicity
Unparalleled in their design.
Unsurpassed in their quality.
Unqualifiedly a superior motor.

2 Stroke—one or two cylinder 2-12 to 15 horse power

Write for catalogue

Royal Equipment Co. 154 Housatonic Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn., U.S.A.

Complete Engines and Launches.

**Hamilton
Motor Works
Limited.**
HAMILTON, ONT.

THE TRAP

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

Tournament Dates.

Jan. 14-17, 1908—Hamilton, Ont. Eighteenth tournament of Hamilton Gun Club at five birds and targets. J. J. Lawler, secretary.

Stray Pellets.

Canadian trap shooters will be very sorry to hear of the sudden and particularly sad death of the estimable wife of Mr. T. Malcolm Craig of Sherbrooke, P.Q., the popular President of the Dominion Trap Shooters' Association. The birth of a little daughter and the death of the mother on the same day, Nov. 11, tells the sad story in brief of Mr. Craig's bereavement. The late Mrs. Craig was a frequent and always welcome visitor with her husband at the various tournaments he attended and her presence did much to add to the social pleasure of the big Canadian meets. She was a woman of charming manners, of a lovable and loving nature and a faithful church member and worker. Besides her husband, she leaves four little children to mourn her loss. The funeral was very largely attended and among the numerous floral offerings was a wreath from the Sherbrooke Gun Club, of which Mr. Craig is such a distinguished member. We tender to Mr. Craig our deepest sympathy in his great bereavement.

Mr. Elev won out at the Stanlev Gun Club Sparrow Shoot on the 29th and 30th of Nov., with 25 birds in class A.; G. M. Dunk coming second with 24, both shots using English Schultz.

The following sketch of that popular sportsman, sterling gentleman and thoroughly good fellow, Thomas Upton, Esq., head of the firm manufacturing the popular Upton Jam and Marmalade, appears in the Hamilton Herald: Trophies of all descriptions decorate the

office of Thomas Upton, who for the past few years has ranked among America's foremost marksmen. He is one of the best shots in the Hamilton Gun Club, and the fact that he was president of the organization for four consecutive years is a good criterion of his popularity among his fellow gun experts. What Mr. Upton considers his most important gun feat was the winning of the Grand Canadian live bird handicap in 1906. The event is the feature of the Hamilton Gun Club's winter tournament, and is emblematic of the live bird championship of Canada, if not of America. He has four times been on the team that won the eight-man team championship of Canada, once on the five-man championship team, and along with M. E. Fletcher won the two-men team championship of Canada in 1904, at Brantford. Last year he won the Northern Ontario championship at the Owen Sound Gun Club's tournament, the live bird championship of the Hamilton Gun club, and was second in the aggregate averages at the big tournament at Ottawa. In 1905 he won the Bailey medal, which was given for the best average in a series of club shoots. He was exceptionally successful with the gun in 1904, when he won several trophies. He won the Robie Hood trophy, the Langhorn trophy and at the New York State tournament at Buffalo won the Canadian trophy. In 1903 he won the Brunswick trophy, presented for the high man in a series of club shoots.

While Mr. Upton is a great marksman, he by no means confines his attention to that line of sport. He is a good lawn bowler, and figured on the rink that won the R.H.C. championship in 1906. When the British lawn bowlers toured Canada in 1906 Mr. Upton had the distinction of being the only man who played against them twice. Being a member of both the R.H.Y.C. and Thistles, he figured on the rinks of both clubs. He is a director of the Victoria Curling Club, and is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Royal Hamilton Yacht Club."

Every trap shooter should remember the big mid-winter shoot at Hamilton, Jan. 14-17. This year the programme will be materially changed in one respect from last year. Instead of three days targets and four days live birds, there will this year be targets and live birds on alternate days, the first day targets, second day live birds, third day targets and fourth day live birds. The principal feature, the Grand Canadian Handicap, will be the same as formerly, i.e., \$100 to high gun and \$400 Rose System, but in addition the winner will get a \$50 trophy donated by the Club. In other respects the programme will be the same as last year.

The Montreal Gun Club held a meeting on December 18th and selected the following as their officials for the year 1908:—
President—T. Lyall, 79 MacKay street.
Vice President—J. Kenyon, 145 Ash Ave.
Secretary-treasurer—D. J. Kearney, 131 Rushbrook street.
Captain—W. H. Ewing, 244 Elm Ave.

The Next Time Your Gun Requires Doctoring

THINK OF

ALEX. JOHNSTON

494 Eastern Ave., TORONTO ONT.

Who has every facility for choke boring, re-stocking, Browning and repairing guns. You can make no mistake in bringing or sending your gun to him.

NICHOLLS BROTHERS Limited

TORONTO



DISPLAY AT TORONTO INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

included everything of importance in up-to-date accessories for boat or car but not this one

PRICE

2 Cylinder
\$24.00

3 Cylinder
\$33.00

4 Cylinder
\$40.00



FEATURES

One adjustment only, *but* a separate coil for each cylinder, coils and vibrator in unit cases

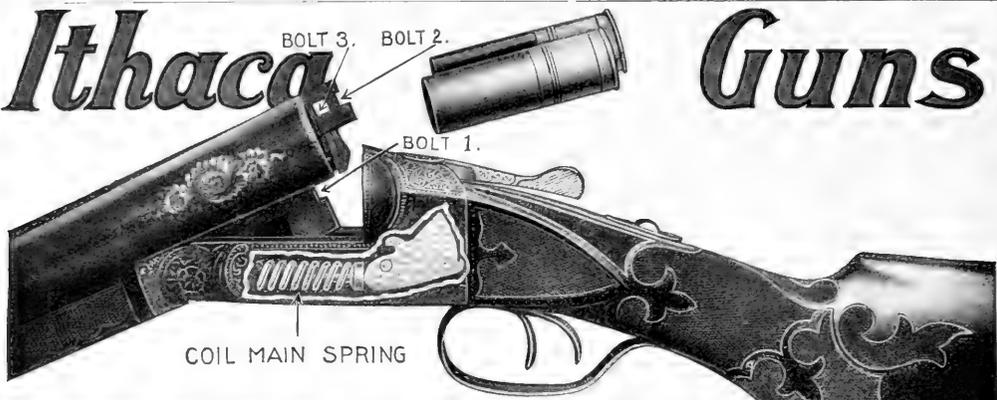
2-Way Switch with Plug

Distributor Advantages without distributor faults

Fine Finish

Nicholls Brothers Ltd., latest unit dashboard coil with one vibrator (interchangeable) for 2, 3 or 4 cylinders. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE.

Ithaca Guns



NEW THREE BOLT MODEL

Our 1907 New Model Three Bolted Gun embodies all of the requisite qualities of a perfect gun—safety, strength, durability, superior shooting qualities, beautiful lines, nice balance and in our high grade guns very fine finish and richness of ornamentation. See cut No. 7 \$300 list gun shown above—special price \$213.75, ejector \$10 extra.

We guarantee the three bolts to hold the gun tight for all time and not allow the gun to open in discharging.

We guarantee the coil main springs forever against breaks and misfires.

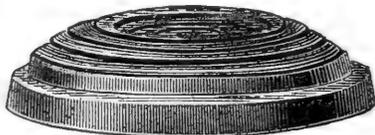
Send for 1907 Art Catalog describing improvements and special prices on 18 grades \$17.75 net to \$300 list

Ithaca Gun Co., - Box 13, Ithaca, N. Y.

Another Advent in Our Career.

We have taken over the Target Plant previously owned by Mr. Bowron, Hamilton, but more recently run by the Canadian Trap & Target Co., Toronto.

Patronize Home Industry by insisting on shooting at



Canadian Black Birds

The only plant of its kind in Canada and our Targets are perfection. Large stock on hand. Book your order now.

WARREN SPORTING GOODS CO.,

101 King St. West, TORONTO.

Hamilton Happenings.

There was a good attendance at the duck shoot held by the Hamilton Gun Club on Nov. 23rd, and the sport was thoroughly enjoyed by the shooters, the only difficulty experienced being the "bagging." The scores:—

Targets	10	10	10	
Barnard	3	2	6	5
James Crooks	3	6	6	6
Marshall	7	5	9	6
Friend	4	4	8	5
Court Thompson	4	4	5	8
Bates	6	6	7	6
Hunter	7	3	3	4
Rich	5	2	4	5
Wark	9	6	7	6
Raspberry	4	5	7	7
Lees	3	3	5	2
Dr. Wilson	8	6		
Karr	7	7	9	7
Cline	6	8	7	3
Bowron	6	3	6	3
Upton	8	7	3	4
W. P. Thompson	6	8	5	9
Ben It	4	3	4	4
Dr. Hilker	4			
I. Smith	4	4	2	

There is no more suitable or appropriate present than a famous Stevens rifle, shot gun or pistol. These well known arms have been on the market since 1864, are guaranteed in every way and universally conceded to be absolutely the best at popular prices. "Out-of-doors" with a Stevens is the finest developer for a growing boy. Learning to shoot well and acquiring qualities of self control, decision and manliness are the invariable results of a Stevens firearm education. Send five cents in stamps to the J. Stevens Arms and Tool Co. Chicopee Falls, Mass., for 160 page illustrated catalogue. It embodies detailed descriptions

SMITH GUN WON THE GRAND AMERICAN HANDICAP 1902-1906

SMITH GUN WON THE GRAND AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP 1907

SMITH GUNS

SHOOT WELL

The *HUNTER* ONE-TRIGGER is the Standard of Excellence

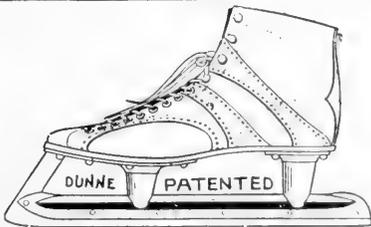
The Hunter Arms Co. Fulton N. Y.

SMITH GUN WON THE GRAND EASTERN HANDICAP Philadelphia July 1906

Send for our Art Catalogue, in Colors

and furnishes the most complete number of suggestions in the firearm line.

High amateur average at Larned, Kansas, was won by Mr. E. W. Arnold, who used a Lefever gun. In competition with twenty-eight guns of the best American and foreign makers the Lefever won at St. Louis, owing to the special system of taper boring which was originated and is still used by the Company. This system, while it gives the maximum penetration insures also even distribu-



A PAIR OF FAMOUS DUNNE DIAMOND TUBE SKATES

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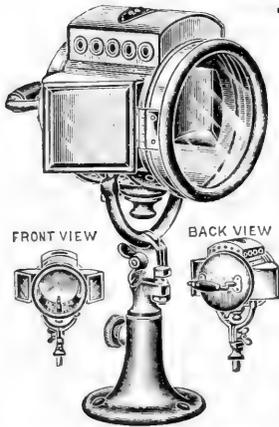
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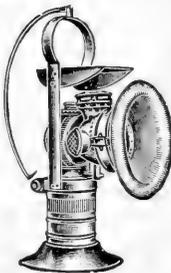



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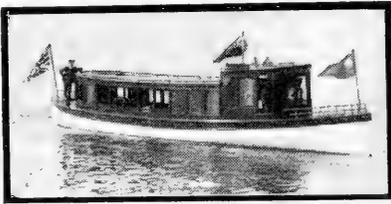
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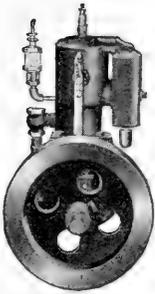
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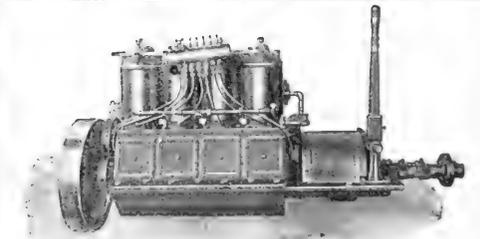
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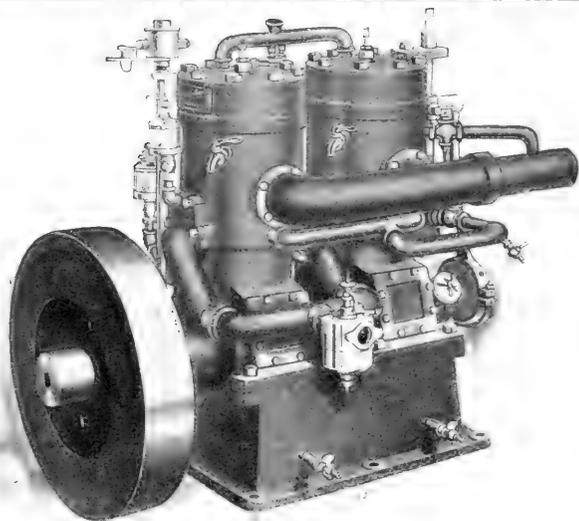
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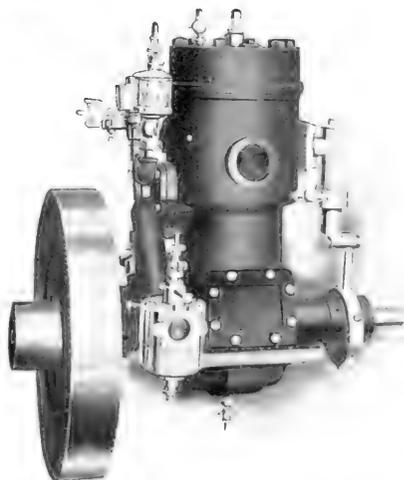
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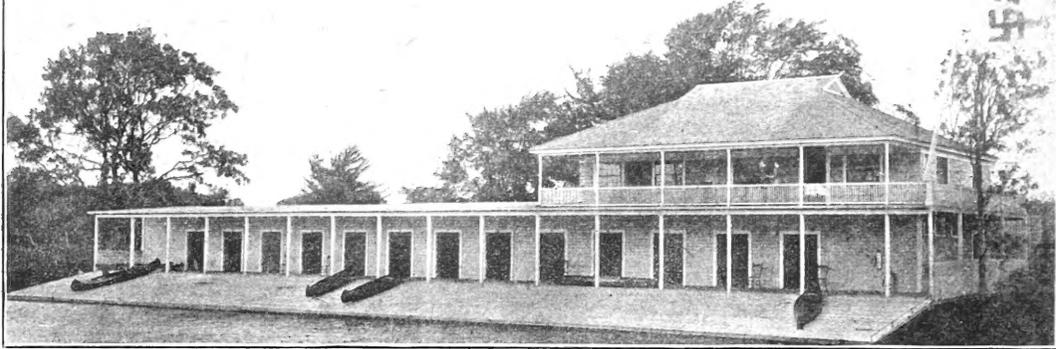
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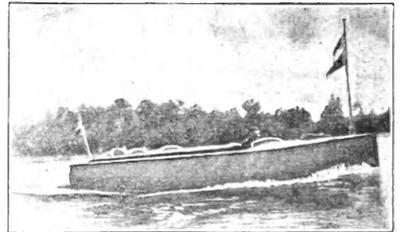
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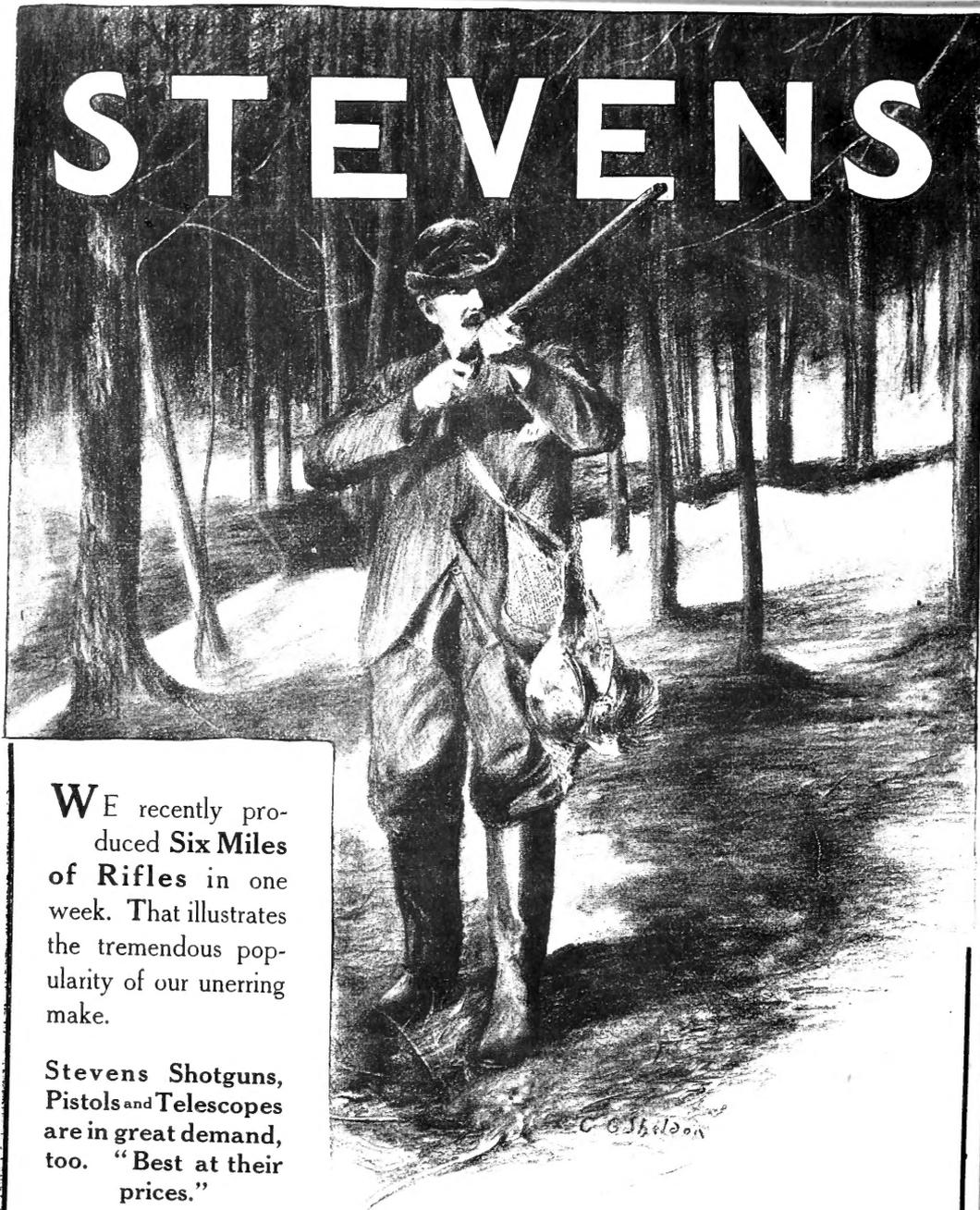
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