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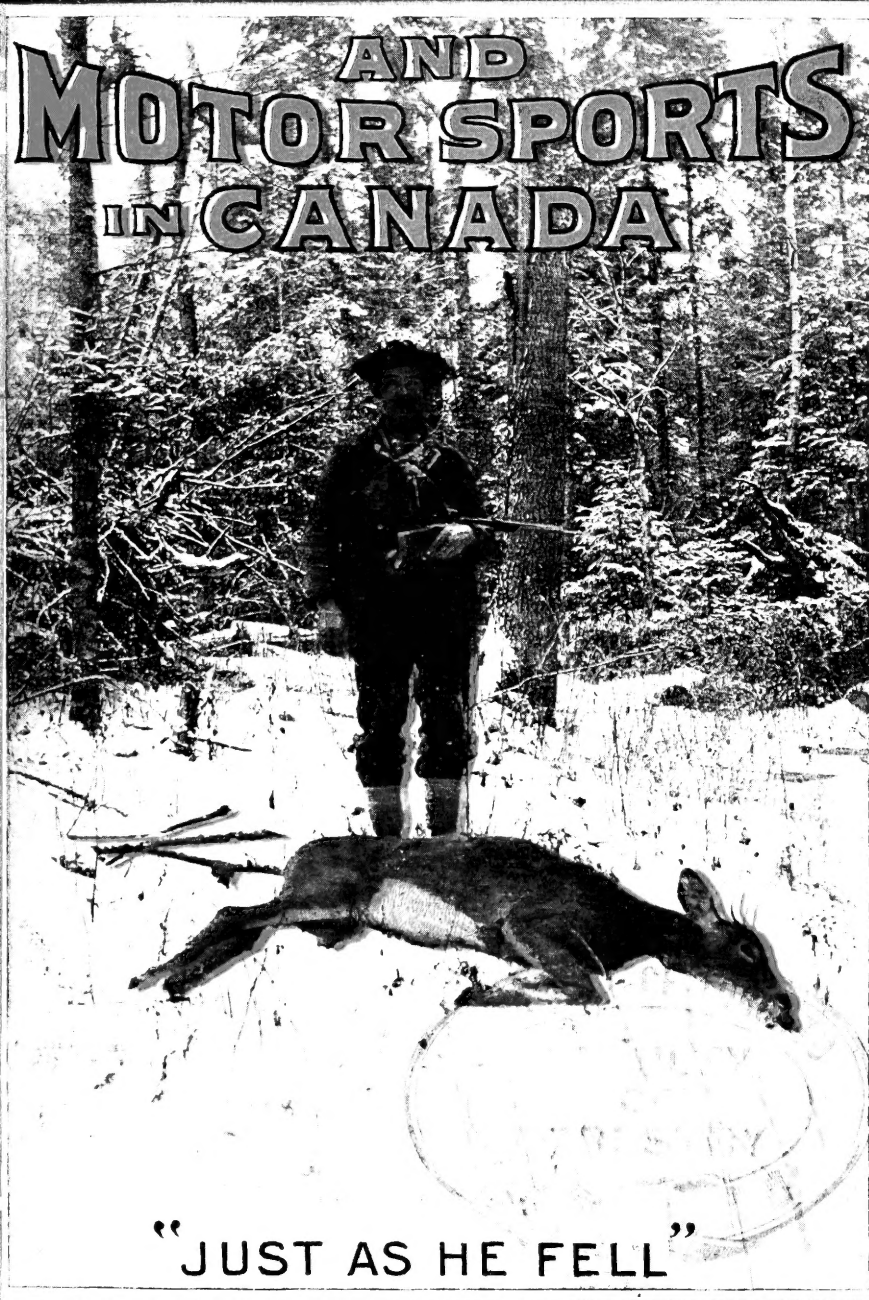
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FEBRUARY 1908

15¢ a Copy

ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA



"JUST AS HE FELL"

W. J. TAYLOR - PUBLISHER - WOODSTOCK ONT.

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TRADE MARK
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THIS safe-guarding trade-mark now appears on every package of Winchester goods. It is the hall-mark of guns and ammunition as perfect as brains and experience, coupled with a complete plant, can make them. The Red **W** is to guns, cartridges and shotgun shells what the word "Sterling" is to silverware.

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ROSS CANOES

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YOU OUGHT TO HAVE ONE AND HAVE THE BEST.



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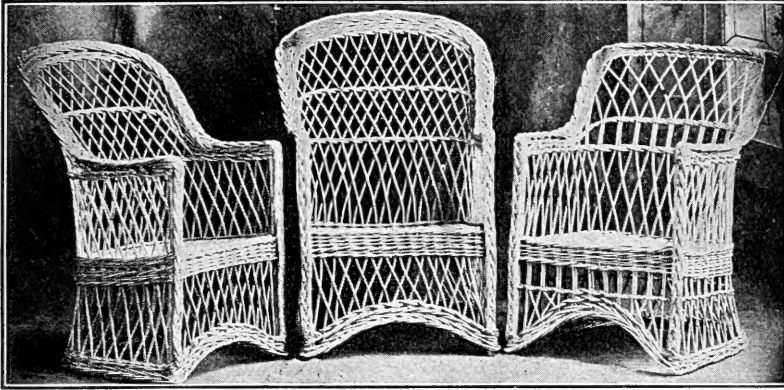
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Size of seat.....16x11
 Height of back from seat 23 in.
 Height of arm from seat 9½ in.

19x19
 26 in.
 10 in.

18x17
 24 in.
 20 in.

THE distinctive feature about my Willow Furniture is not the price, but the quality—lots of Art Furniture is sold at less, but you would not want it at any price when placed alongside of YOUNGER'S WILLOW FURNITURE. I grow my own Willow. I supervise personally the workmanship. I guarantee strength and durability of every article. As to BEAUTY of this furniture, it speaks for itself. The handsome set, illustrated above, sells for \$12.50. It comprises three comfortable arm chairs, made of Willow. That means coolness and comfort. There is no reason in the world why you should sit in an unventilated and unhealthy upholstered chair when you can buy these artistic chairs at prices from \$3.50 to \$10.

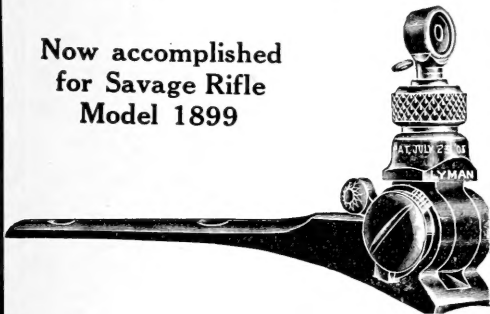
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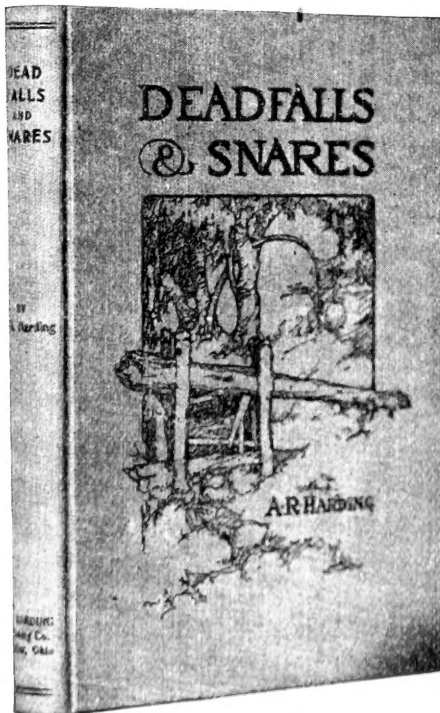


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Building Deadfalls and constructing Snares, as explained in this book, will be of value to trappers where material—saplings, poles, boards, rocks, etc.—are to be had for constructing. Price, cloth bound 60c. Postpaid 70c, or

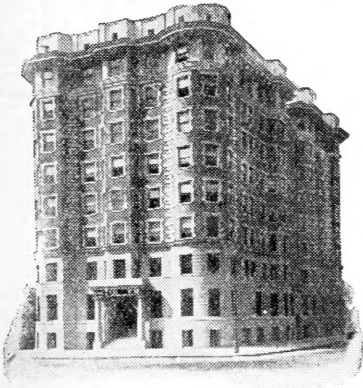
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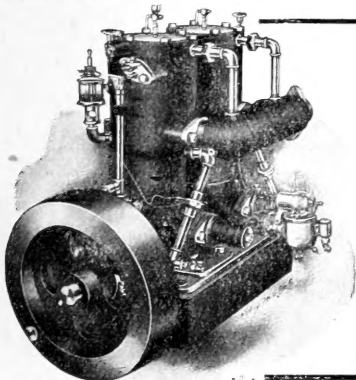
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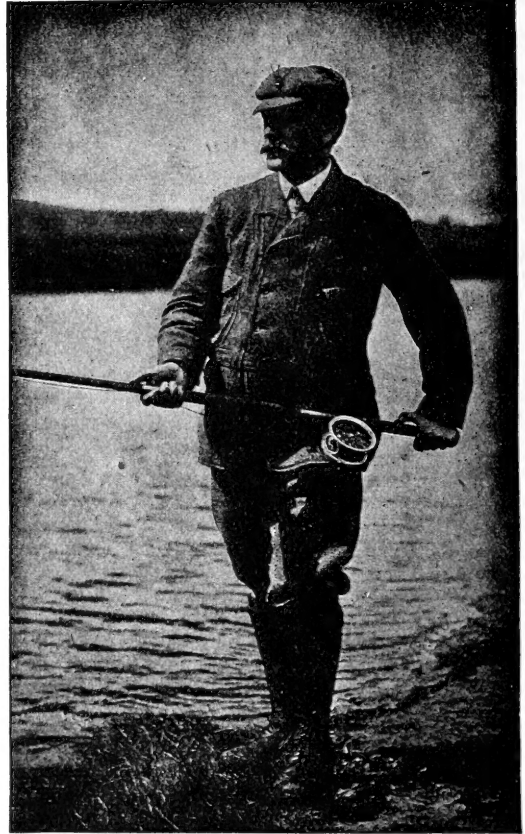
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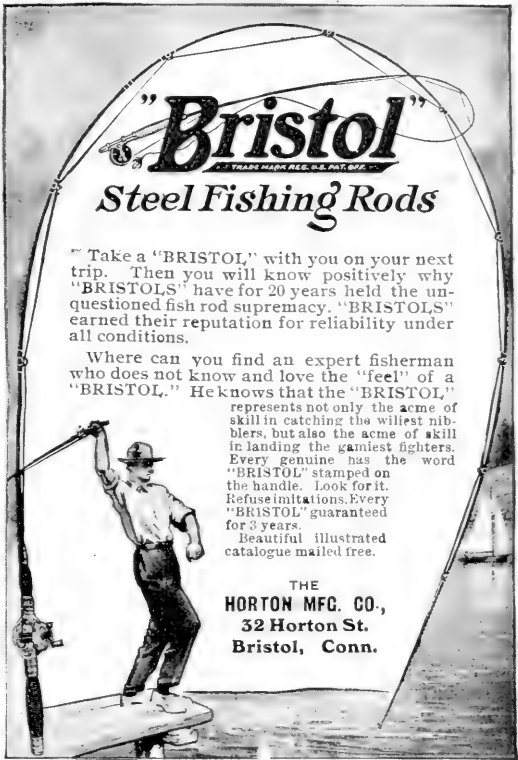
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Take a "BRISTOL" with you on your next trip. Then you will know positively why "BRISTOLS" have for 20 years held the unquestioned fish rod supremacy. "BRISTOLS" earned their reputation for reliability under all conditions.

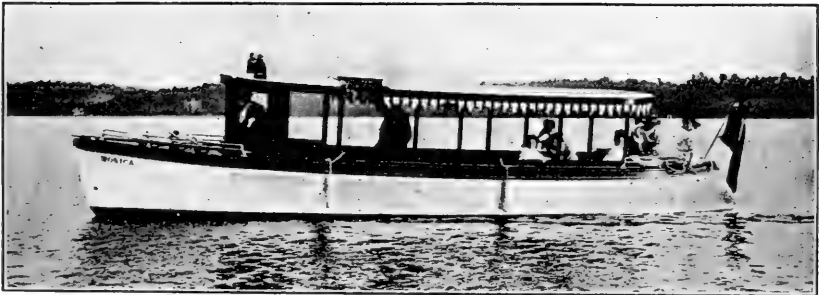
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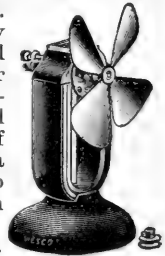


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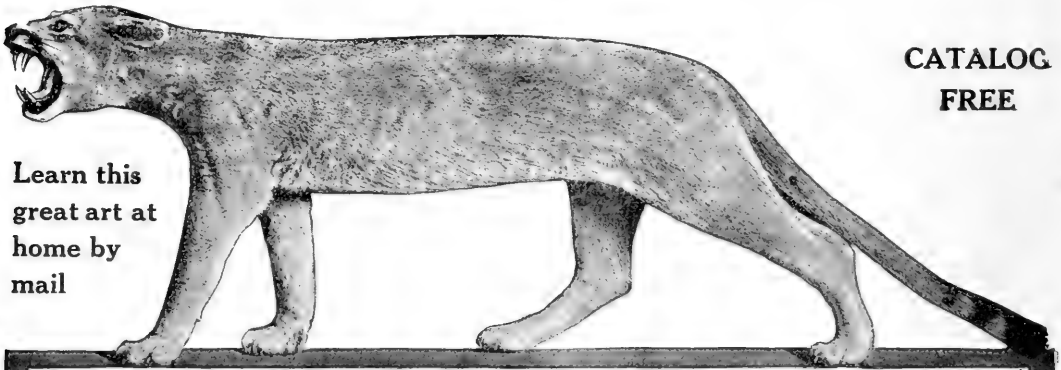
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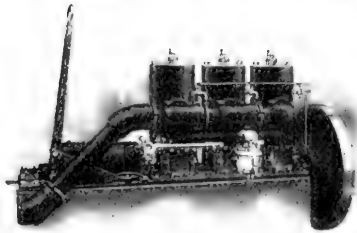
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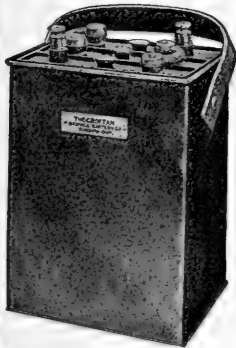
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"Vulcan" { SPARKING BATTERIES
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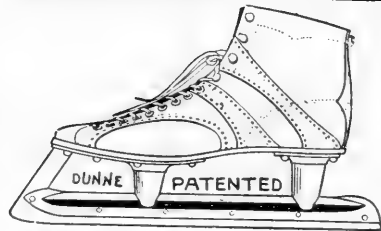
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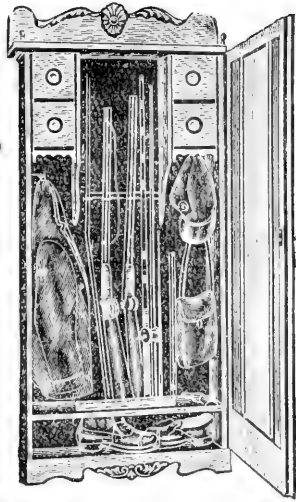
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WITH OR WITHOUT COLLAR
THREE GRADES

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Guaranteed all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, but not binding, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all outdoor purposes. Must be seen to be appreciated. Made only in three colors—Dead Grass, Oxford Gray, and Scarlet.

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Made of Oak, antique finish. Height 5 ft. 10 in.
Width 28 in., depth 12 in.

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Mr. Marble first used a compass in his boyhood days as trapper and hunter; later in his business of timber estimator and surveyor. His 25 years of experience "in the silent places" has enabled him to write a most instructive and interesting article—and made it possible for him to conceive and invent these and 36 other specialties.

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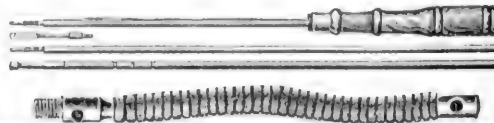
Standard Front Sight—Beads same size and colors as Improved, \$1.00.

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If you fail to get our catalogue and prices

BEFORE BUYING YOUR NEXT SEASON'S MOTOR BOAT

but do not write us if you are looking for cheap trash,

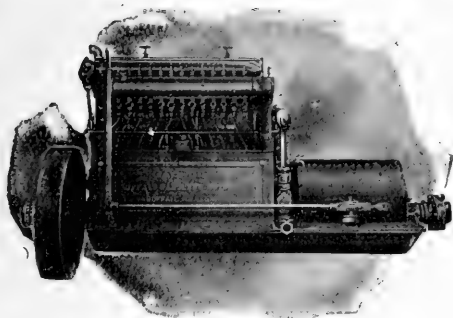
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We do our own boat building and turn out nothing but the highest class of goods—any size and shape—your designs or ours. Buffalo Motors are our standby. What's yours?

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25 TO 29 NOTRE DAME ST. EAST.



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Nothing Useless Put In Nothing Useful Left Out

This accounts for our success. Buffalo Marine Motors are designed and built to give satisfaction *and do it.*

Write for 1907 catalogue and get posted as to new sizes and styles.

Our New Slow Speed Engine fills a long felt want.

BUFFALO GASOLINE MOTOR CO.

1218-30 Niagara St.
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**The Adams Catalog
for 1908
is now ready**

It is different from the
others. So is the
ADAMS ENGINE.

**The Adams Launch and Engine Mfg. Co. PENETANG
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DO YOU WANT A

Stevens' Crack Shot Rifle?

If so send TEN yearly subscriptions to ROD AND GUN AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA, and we will send you one of these popular rifles. Those who have used them say they are worthy of their name, "CRACK-SHOT."

For further particulars address:

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Woodstock,

Ontario.

Wall Papers

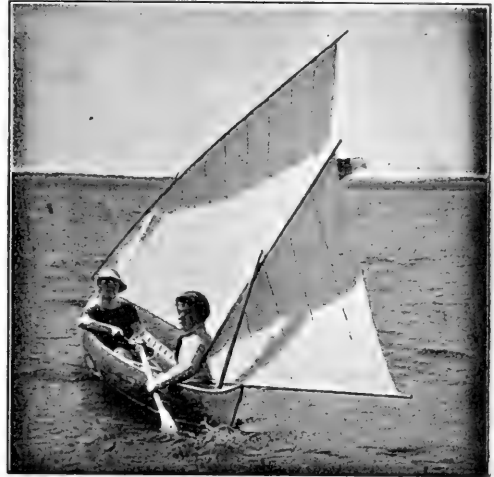
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Send for Catalogue.

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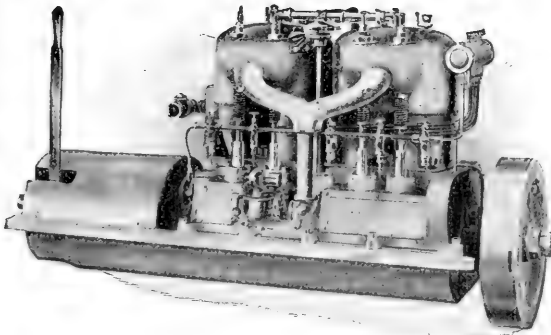
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Publisher, Woodstock, Ont.

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**Save Trouble
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*Get the Right
Engine First*

*A Satisfied Canadian Purchaser
writes as follows:*

Montreal, Canada, Nov., 1907

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Dear Sir—In replying to your letter of the 12th inst. I beg to state that I am highly satisfied with the 20-40 H.P. Motor which I installed in my launch, built from your B-P No. 102 by Mr. John Morris of Hamilton, Ont. The boat was guaranteed a speed of 16 miles per hour, being a semi-racer. I was greatly surprised, however, when I gave her a trial spin on the Hamilton Bay over the surveyed mile course which she did in three minutes flat, making a rate of 20 miles per hour. I have since timed her several times and accomplished the mile well under three minutes. I undertook the trip from Hamilton to Montreal, a distance of over 400 miles, no small undertaking at this time of the year, especially through Lake Ontario. I may say we reached our destination without the slightest trouble of any kind from the motor; she simply worked beautifully. One day on the road we worked her nine and three quarter hours without a single stop, a very serious test on any gasoline motor, being anxious to get through the lake as soon as possible.

As soon as your catalogue and prices are out for 1908 kindly send me same as I am contemplating getting one of your six-cylinder motors for racing purposes. I remain,

Very truly yours,

(Signed) E. P. GUY,

Montreal Street Railway Company.

Members National Association Engine and Boat Builders,

Shoot MULLERITE

The Perfect Bulk Smokeless Powder.

GIVES HIGHEST VELOCITIES AND CLOSEST PATTERNS.

Many championships won the world over.

Unvarying as to stability, velocity and pattern.

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Even in granulation, and the hardest grain bulk powder in the world.

Regular in combustion and pressures lower than the average.

Ignition perfect in all makes of shells.

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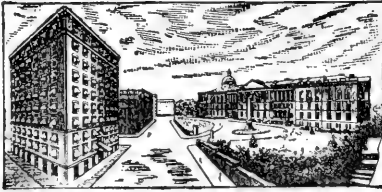
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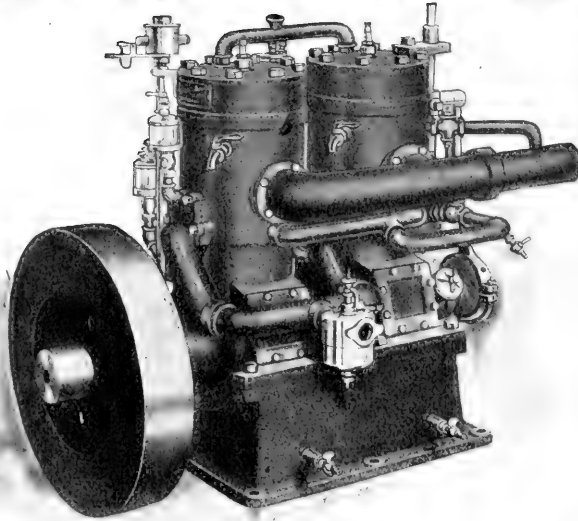
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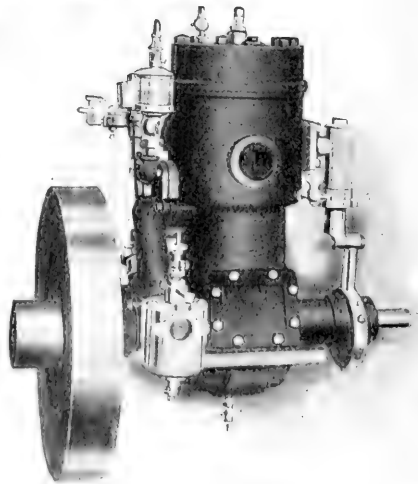
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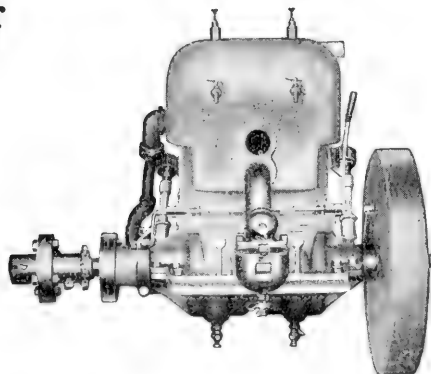
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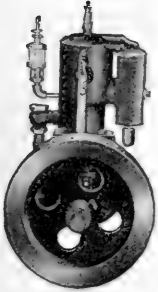
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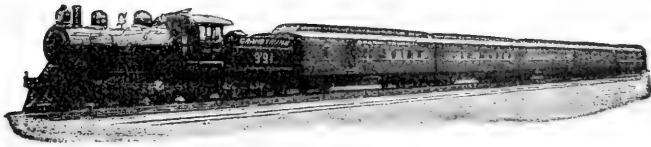
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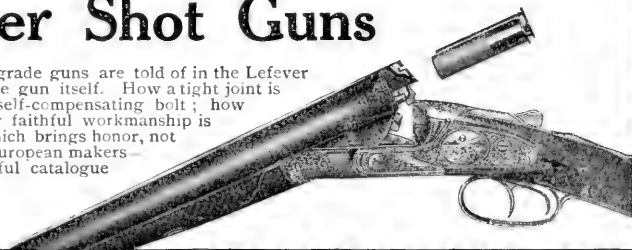


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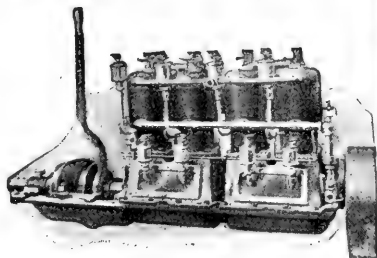
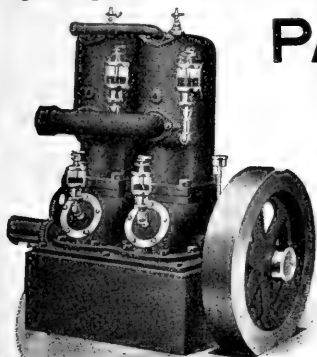
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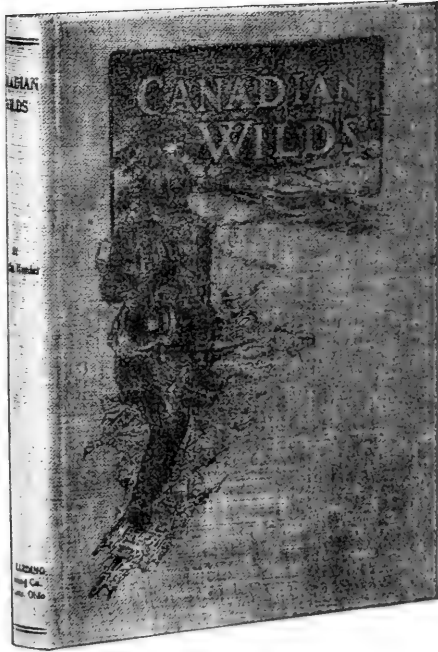
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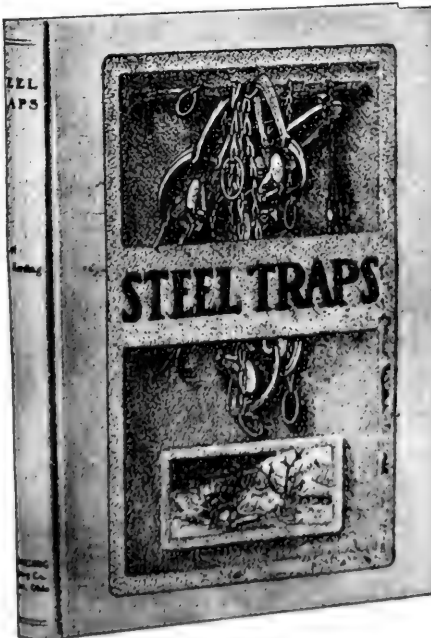
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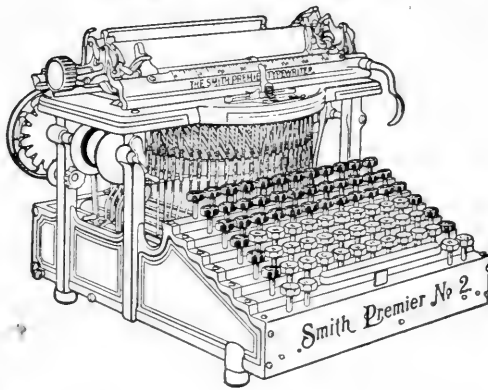
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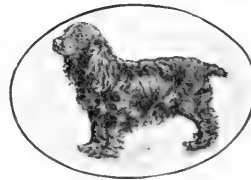
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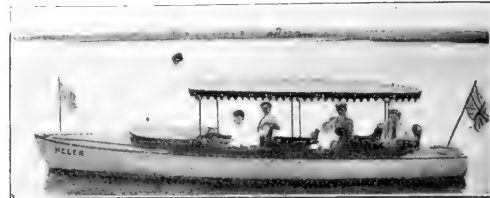
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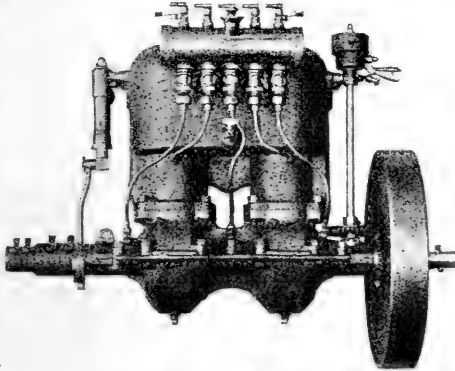
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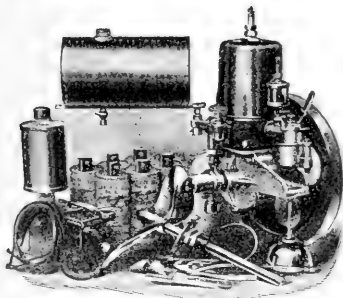
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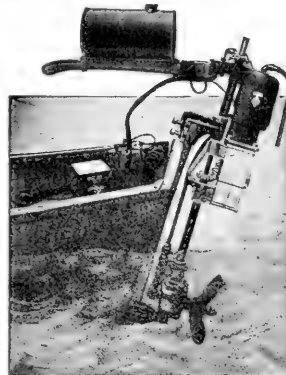
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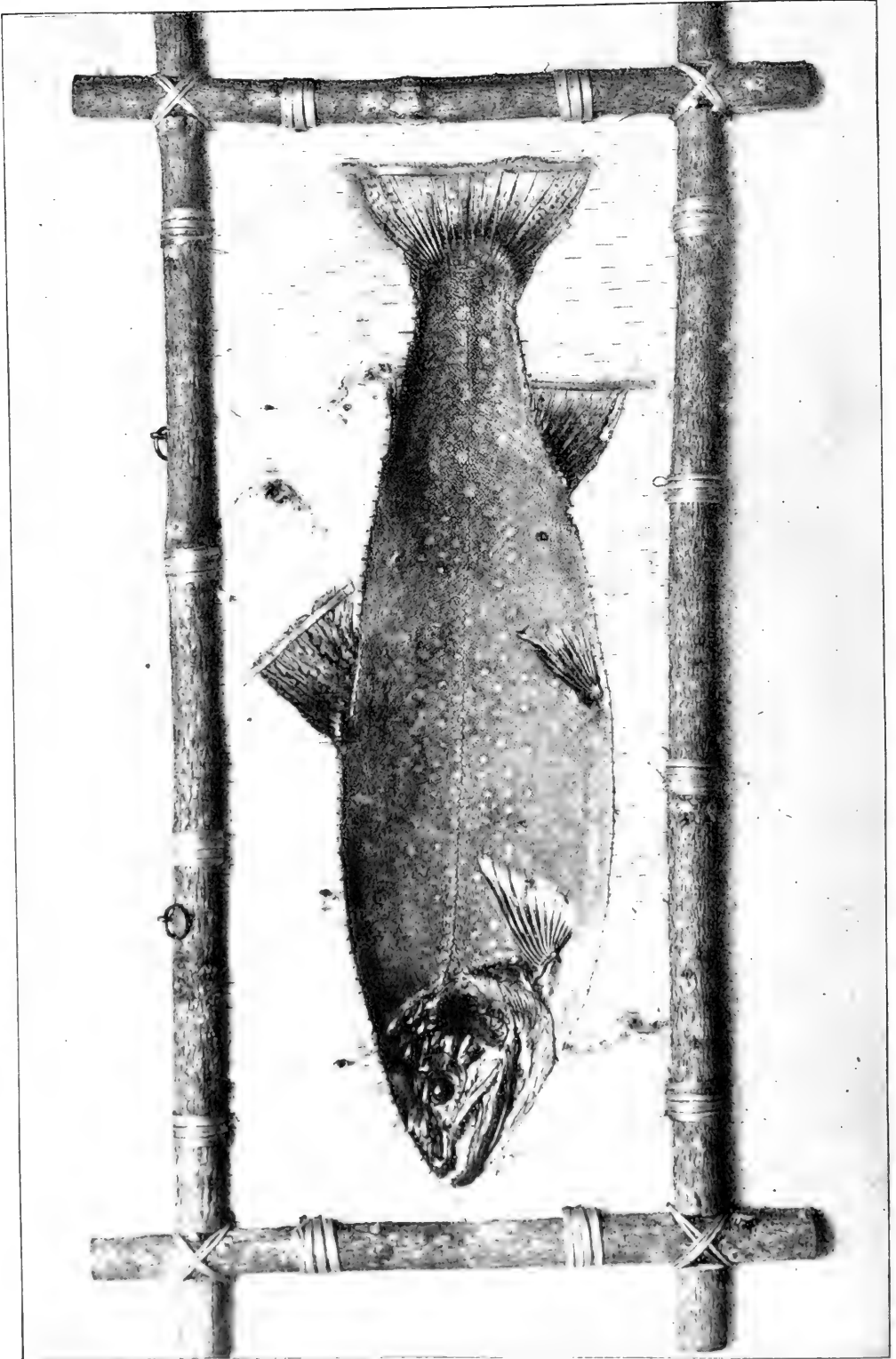
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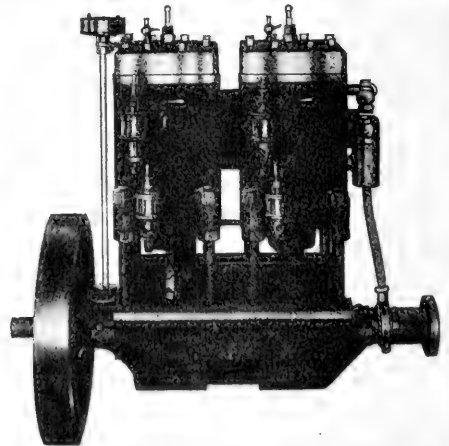


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ROD AND GUN

and Motor Sports in Canada

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ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA



VOL. IX

FEBRUARY, 1908

NO. 9

Snowshoeing in Canada.

The Benefits and Pleasures to be Obtained Therefrom.

BY W. HICKSON.

WHEN the winter storms rage, Canadians never forget that preparations are being made in that way for an enjoyable time later on. They know that layer upon layer of snow is being laid until the fences disappear and they are enabled to look out upon a white world—a characteristic Canadian scene.

Such a scene to the average Canadian means snowshoeing, a fine exhilarating sport, the joys and pleasures and benefits of which are known only to those who indulge in it. When such a scene breaks upon their visions, Canadians realize what such a snow means to their country and bless Kipling for giving expression to their thoughts and feelings in such a grand way as through "Our Lady of the Snows."

Each month of the twelve in our year has its full quota of joys in sports and pleasures for Canadians who avail them-

selves of the opportunities presented to them. Winter—King Winter—although the fierce nor' wester or the cold bleak nor' easter "that stirs the Viking's blood" may blow with all their force, has yet joys that are denied to balmy spring, scorching summer, or hazy autumn. Yes, winter has pleasures in his keeping that no other portion of the year can surpass.

In the latter part of January, and the whole of February, when old Sol has at-

ained a fair height above the horizon at midday, he sends out his rays in long slanting plumes to this good old world in a king countless gems, with myriad varieties of beauty, shape and appearance glittering in the morning light, showing the whole white mantled plain as one sheet of



A CANADIAN WINTER SCENE.

burnished diamonds.

What can be more pleasant on such a winter morning than for a party or members of a club to don their blanket suits,

tie the thongs of their new shoes and start across the country or through the forest for a snow shoe tramp lasting a couple of hours? The healthy exercise invigorates the frame, causes the blood to flow freely and warmly and makes the whole body better. Those who indulge regularly in this healthful winter pleasure aver that it excels the joys to be obtained from either rod or gun. I shall not attempt to decide the respective amount of pleasure to be derived by devotees of the several sports, leaving every lover of outdoor life to practice that which pleases him the best and which he finds from experience to be the best suited to himself. If people do that which pleases them the best it is certain they will do it well.

The practice of snowshoeing is as old as it is pleasant. How far back it may go into the mists of antiquity it is impossible to determine. When Canada was first discovered the Indians were using them and snowshoeing is one of the few things the Indians taught the white man. The early settlers of Canada, the French Voyageurs, the Coureurs de bois, "runners of the woods," soon learnt to use them and became as expert as their teachers.

The Coureurs de bois were bodies of young Frenchmen who liked not the steady work of agriculture but became fascinated with the roving backwoods life. They found charms in the wilderness such as have appealed to many since their time. They roamed through the then unbroken forests pushing forward with their frail birch barks over lake, river and portage in summer time, and traversed portions of Lakes Erie, Ontario, Huron and Superior on their snowshoes in winter. In the wilds

of Nature they became reckless and lawless and easily managed to set at defiance the Royal edicts issued for their restraint. Adventure and romance are inseparably connected with this old time pleasure in Canada. Of course it is not only a pleasure but also a ready means of travel and many thousands of miles which could have been covered in no other fashion have been traversed on snowshoes.

Snowshoe Clubs are now quite common in Canada and their costumes vary with the tastes of the members. Some adopt a picturesque costume of white slashed with red, others wear all red, the St. George's Club of Winnipeg make a fine turn out in a costume of Hudson Bay style consisting of the blanket coat and toque of white slashed with Royal blue, with blue epaulets on the shoulders, sash and stockings of Royal blue,

knee breeches with heavy white duffel trimmed with blue, and moose skin moccasins for foot wear. Usually each member of the Club wears a white sweater over his vest before he dons the Club's uniform.

All through the Kawartha Lakes district it is usual for the people to

make jaunts on snowshoes on fine winter days and the popularity of this style of walking has been long established. Our illustration shows Mr. W. T. C. Boyd of Bobcaygeon, Ont., and family out for a snow shoe tramp. Bouncer, their tame deer, is enjoying the outing although he has "to hoof it." Many Clubs arrange these walks for an hour or two usually in the afternoon or evening, to some rendezvous which is nicely located in the forest. At the point decided upon they call a halt, build a bonfire, smoke and have a chat and often



PREPARING FOR A SNOWSHOE TRAMP.

times a lunch, for snow shoeing is a fine appetizer. The homeward trip has for its goal the lodge or some hotel for supper. Songs, games, feats of skill make the evening short until it is time for those desiring repose to seek their homes.

Often indeed this program is varied by extending the tramp to some house, lodge or hotel for supper followed by a dance. The sight of the dancers in full costume with moccasins on their feet is one not soon to be forgotten by those who may witness it. On such an excursion as this as many ladies as gentlemen will join the party and make the outward trip. For the return journey a sleigh will be provided for the ladies while the gentlemen face another tramp. It frequently happens that one or more of the

male members of the party make excuses in order to be taken in the sleigh on the homeward ride. This, however, is not regarded as a popular move on the part of a gentleman and is frowned down. Snowshoers are nothing if not earnest and such an action as the one described is considered effeminate by the majority of them.

It is amusing as well as exhilarating when a party of gentlemen, who are as good as professionals, start out with the understanding that each of them shall clear every fence in their path. Young men, used to high jumping, find no difficulty in this program if there are no barbed wire fences to be cleared. Older men and amateurs had better excuse themselves from any attempt of the kind, and be satisfied with climbing the fences as they reach them.

I remember a very amusing incident which once occurred to a member of a party adopting this program of clearing

all fences. They had not gone half way when they came to a barbed wire fence, and a couple of the leaders, who were the most agile, cleared it with ease and grace. All, however, were not so fortunate and one individual succeeded, after a most desperate attempt, in getting his feet, legs and the greater part of his body clear. The barbs caught the back part of his strong duffel breeches from which he swung with his head down and his heels up, oscillating like a pendulum till two of his comrades released him from his ludicrous predicament. It is needless to tell the reader that after this experience he carefully climbed any barbed wire fences he came across in future snowshoe tramps.

Those who are learning this healthy

winter exercise should never attempt any of these daring feats. They should first content themselves with walking steadily and as they become used to their footgear they may increase their gait to a lively walk.

There is no harm, and comparatively no risk, in a number of novices

trying their powers in places where the ground is level and the snow soft. In such cases tumbles do not mean broken limbs or even scratched faces and it is from such tumbles and premature trials that they are likely to merge into the ranks of experts.

Many of the older Clubs arrange their outings for evenings and in such cases after rest and amusement the return is made by moonlight. If only the moonlight is good the outing is simply perfect and then you have snowshoeing at its best.

The Provinces of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba and parts of the western Provinces all provide ample fields for this



OFF FOR A SNOWSHOE TRAMP.

manly and healthful sport. No country in the western hemisphere can come up to Canada for snowshoeing advantages.

Much money has been spent in building gymnasiums for young people who live in our towns and cities. In its place this is all right and I have not a single word to say against gymnasiums. I believe, however, that if there were more well organized snow shoeing clubs in order that youths might take larger shares in this most healthful of outdoor sports it would contribute more to both their mental and physical development than the gymnasium—at least during the winter months.

Although wood rangers, trappers, explorers, lumbermen, and Indians have used snowshoes to such an extent as to

have enabled them to do much more work than would have been possible under any other circumstances the pastime has not come into such general use as it certainly ought to have done. With the great wave of public feeling in favor of outdoor life which has distinguished the last few years it has become more popular and will no doubt soon take a foremost place amongst our winter sports

Snow shoeing has great advantages over any of our indoor winter sports. One must be in the open air and a brisk snow shoe tramp through the pure air of a Canadian winter is an enjoyable experience in itself which very few things indeed can equal and none surpass.

Reverie.

MRS. CHARLOTTE E. LEIGH.

My loved one sleeps. The night wind cool
 Makes music through the rustling leaves;
 A large campfire, like ancient Yule,
 An ashy shadow now receives.

The tents are three, with two in each,
 Fatigued with hunting all the day,
 Their rifles lie within their reach,
 Should aught through darkness near them stray.

Four soft eyed hounds are stretched around,
 And follow in their dreams their prey;
 Bright moonlight falls on tent and ground,
 And is reflected in the bay.

'Tis there he lies; and I sit here,
 Within our distant city home,
 Yet moonlight shines as soft and clear,
 And night winds rustle as they come.

My loved one sleeps. A peaceful sleep,
 Beneath Heaven's starry canopy,
 May angels round him vigils keep,
 And sunrise wake him joyfully!

Canadian Forests in Early Winter.

BY ERNEST J. MCVEIGH.

IS life worth living in zero weather, and four feet of snow? The native of the sunny South might well answer in the negative, with a shudder, and prayer to be delivered from all such, and small blame to him, for it does sound terrible, and he knows no better than to take it as it sounds. To us Canadians however, "Our Lady of the Snows" is never more fair than when dressed in her white robes, taking her deep and refreshing sleep while she stores up strength and richness for that ever new and wonderful miracle, the Canadian Spring, and we may well say "now is the Winter of our discontent made glorious"—by our Winter sports!

The Norwegian ski has to a great extent superseded our own Indian snow shoe with the dwellers in towns and cities who go out for exercise, but they will never drive the snowshoe out of the forest, where the length of the skis renders them useless among the trees and brush.

In November each year there is an army of Canadian Sportsmen in our forests and wild lands hunting the deer, and most anything else that comes in their way. Most of them know with what joy the first light fall of snow is greeted, and how much it is likely to add to their pleasure and the success of their hunt. But this first fall is generally gone again in a few hours, and the deer hunter is back at his desk or work bench before the real pleasures of the "bush" with snow on the ground begins. This time comes in as a general thing from the 20th November to the 15th or 20th of December, after the snow has come to stay, but is not yet too deep for walking. Then is the time to visit the woods. Even the greenhorn may then read the signs spread out before him like a printed book!

The streams and lakes are not yet locked in their long winter sleep, and the deer and partridge are still in their prime for food and all fur is at its best. Now poor stupid man can begin to understand

something of the teeming life of the forest. How plain now is the track of the deer, and how many there seems to be as compared with the first of November, and here beside this single track, and not the largest, Oh, no; is the great imprint of the wolf pad, and you note the brute was walking, just walking, just walking at his ease, he is so sure of his dinner by the time he needs it. As your mind flies along those two tracks to the final tragedy, you grip your rifle and pray for just one moment's glimpse of the grey coat and slinking form. Oh; how you wish for it, what a day that would be could you just plant one bullet in that shoulder, but such luck comes to few indeed, more is the pity!

And here is the track of a walking partridge. How bravely he was stepping out, for you are sure it is a lordly cock, and you follow along, not that you want to kill him particularly, but just because—. He has his snowshoes on this chap, and you smile at the conceit that he is just enjoying his walk because they are new, why not? you have done the same thing yourself. How far he has walked, you didn't think a partridge ever walked so far. But what is this, coming in at right angles to the bird track? It is another, but how different, not so big as the wolf track but just as deadly, for it is the Red Fox, and you unconsciously hasten your steps as if you would warn and save. But alas! close beside a log there is the end of the wonderful little snowshoe track, the mark of a little body in the snow, a few feathers, and the fox track goes on alone!

As you stand and think it out you hear a soft thud and here comes a rabbit. Gee whiz: sonny you are in a hurry, he goes by like a shot from a gun, and as you glance back along his trail your gun comes up quickly, but not quick enough for that black shadow was a Fisher, and he saw you first, or as soon as you saw him anyway. Well, bad luck to him, he didn't make his kill that time!

Now what is this track? A bird of

some kind, bigger than a partridge, but not a sign of a snowshoe, you hear a croak and glance up to see a large black bird skim over the tree tops. Of course, that is the track of the Raven, true son of the North and the wilderness; when the last migrating bird has left our Ontario forests, he comes down from somewhere further North and takes possession, only to follow the winter back again from whence he came. Now the Shantyman must hide his mid-day lunch well if he works not close to where it is, or he will go hungry at noon, and curse the black thief that has robbed him.

Here down by the pond is a funny trail. Has some man been dragging a body here? There is no sign of man. It is the trail of the Otter, and that strange mark in the snow is his long, supple body, for his front legs are so far ahead of the hind ones, and they are both so short, that the body drags in the snow. Don't spend too much time looking for him, you may see him but not likely, and you needn't look for signs of the enemy that is hunting him, there won't be any, nor will you find a track following that dainty trail left by a Mink down near the water. No, sir; these are the hunters, not the hunted.

And so the trails go and the life of the forest is laid bare, and it is all a tragedy. See this tiny little track so very small, that was made by a mouse, just a little mouse, smaller than one you find in your pantry. Follow it up and you will likely see the end of it between the marks of a pair of wings; an Owl got him.

Kill and be killed, the smaller and weaker they are the more enemies they have, the stronger and better able to care for themselves the fewer they have to fear. Nature's cruel, relentless law, from which there is no escape. Is it waste to create life to be destroyed, or is it economy to destroy life that life may continue? How much of it all do we understand? little enough I guess. Were it so arranged that the lower and more useless lives (from our point of view) perished to sustain the higher and more useful life, we could reason it out. But we cannot understand why a beautiful and useful partridge should give up its life to feed a useless Owl, or thievish

Fox, nor why the Deer should be made so grand and gentle to furnish a meal for such a brute as the wolf. Man is called the wasteful animal, and he is, but does not all Nature set him the example?

Even here however, comedy and tragedy walk hand in hand. There under the fallen spruce your eye catches sight of a movement that means life of some kind, and you approach with caution. What a picture presents itself! For a space of six feet under the shelter of the branches the ground is free from snow, and quite smooth. Sitting along the edge of this with tails pointing your way, and heads pulled in close to the shoulders, are seven plump, matronly hen partridges, while strutting back and forth before them is a noble cock. He stops for a moment to take a look at you, and some of the hens turn their heads, but you stand so perfectly still they are reassured, and he goes on with his march. Down the line he goes, with a soft cluck and snap of the wing, full stop at the end, eyes front, left wheel, and back he comes. Oh; the step of him, the stiff held head, the chest thrown out! Full stop, eyes front, right wheel, march, and back once more—while there is a soft flutter along the line where the members of the harem sit!

Did you ever see anything so very funny? Or anything like it? Why, of course, now you remember, it was on Sparks Street, and the Guards were out on church parade, the pavements were filled with our girls in their best clothes to see the boys go by. See that young officer, his tail feathers are on top of his head, but otherwise he was the twin brother of this ridiculous fellow!

Bad luck to you, would you make fun of your betters, I will knock the swelled head off you, and you raise your rifle with murderous intent. But you don't fire. At your first movement the march stops, the fluffed feathers sink close to the body, the neck stretches out, and the wild fear shines out from the beautiful eye. No, hang it all, I won't, and you step back slowly until far enough away, and go away around that tree top so that you may not disturb the only bit of real comedy you have seen in a long day's march through the woods.

An Adventurous Snowshoe Tramp.

A Schoolmaster's Outing.

BY C. H. HOOPER.

“**L**OOK, look, look at the man! What are those things on his back?” This, as I stalked along a side street in moccasins, toque and mitts, with the old familiar “clap-clapping” of the rackets behind me. And her companion frankly confessed an absolute ignorance in regard to what “those things” could possibly be.

Winter, indeed thou art a stranger amongst us, or Canadian folks would not talk so.

But winter has been with us now a whole week, therefore we must not grumble, for last year we saw not his face at all, nor yet the year before.

The snow began to fall on Saturday at seven a. m. We looked at it casually—sneered a bit—and wondered if it would last till breakfast time. By eleven a. m. half a foot had fallen, and we grudgingly said to each other that there might be sleighing. For hope so often deferred had made our hearts sick.

By night, had come a foot—we had visions of snowshoeing. But it was dreadfully wet, hurled before a northeast gale, and threatening to turn to rain at any moment. All that night the snow fell.

On Sunday morning eighteen inches of it lay on the ground—frustrating the churchgoers, but filling our hearts with joy unspeakable. Were our fondest hopes to be realized, were we to have snowshoeing, and in the Christmas term too? We were.

That night came the frost, the crust formed—our prayers were answered. But “Tubby”—a skeptical soul—would take no chances.

On Saturday afternoon he was fighting the gale on the “mountain” top, plodding through a foot of soaking snow. Thought he, “I will not trust this winter weather for one single night. I have not had a racket on for two years; ergo, I take my snowshoeing now, for, peradventure, the

morning dawneth, and the snow be gone.”

He returned exhausted. In two hours he had had much condensed snowshoeing; but with satisfaction he reflected that the season could not now rob him of at least one strenuous tramp.

I was not so precipitate. Besides I had a pressing engagement that afternoon with a snow shovel. And so we both worked in our different ways, and I reflected that by thus taking time by the forelock, I should gain much on the “morrow-morn.” But all night it snowed, and in the morning I again assumed the shovel, and proceeded to do over again what I should not have done the day before.

Meanwhile, Tubby kindly came down to “jape” at me a little, “You should have waited,” quoth he, “as a wise man doth, until the storm be abated.” This was annoying. Then he related how he had also stolen a march upon me in the matter of a tramp, which annoyed me more.

For several days afterwards, I could not go; then, quite unexpectedly, I went. Tubby did not accompany me; he had broken a shoe. I commiserated “crocodilishly,”—warned him against the sin of precipitation, gave him my blessing, and departed with “Jess.”

The first tramp of the season is usually enjoyable; but the mere fact of its being the first is not sufficient to render it so. Other causes combine to bring about the ideal outing. One must not, for instance, anticipate. A planned and longed for excursion invariably falls flat. And yet unexpectedness alone is not sufficient to insure success. An intangible something remains—a psychic state, perhaps. Rarely, we make the move at the exact moment when all conditions, known and unknown, are combined in our favor. The result surprises us. So was it on this tramp.

The last night of the term had come. It was probably now, or never, for who will promise us winter weather after the holidays? Moreover a gale was blowing, and the moon obscured by dark and rushing clouds. Everything seemed unpropitious. Jess was reluctant to leave the other chaps. I thought I could detect in him a half desire to "chuck it," and exchange a wild goose chase for the last night's jamboree, with its various creature comforts.

We had even promised to be in by lock-up, a fatal frame of mind in which to start. Yet we had unconsciously chosen the psychological moment for our tramp. Before we had our rackets on a minute, I felt the leaven working in me. By some subtle thought transference, I knew that Jess also felt it. Nor was I mistaken. "I should like," said he deliberately, "to take a header into the snow." And that is how it affected him. An elderly retired "Captain of Foot," once out with me, stopped short in the middle of a vast sheet of snow covered ice, where space spread round us palpably without end. I expected poetry. "Let's yell!" said he suddenly, and we did yell, and our voices sounded thin and strange and far away and lost in the silent void. And that is how it affected the elderly retired "Captain of Foot." Wordsworth felt it—much more than we—he says:

The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood.

Their colors and their forms, were then to me

An appetite, a feeling and a love—

But then he was a poet, and poets are allowed to say things like that. It affects us differently. Some, I have known, desire to roll large stones down steep places, and with satisfaction, watch them shattered on the rocks below. There be those who will spend whole afternoons in this amusement, and when evening comes, retire well pleased with work well done. With me, when the moment of complete enjoyment comes, I yearn to communicate my feelings to others, but cannot. Common prose would be no fitting vehicle for my theme—and, being no bard, I remain tongue-tied.

To return—thus "high and disposedly" we crossed a couple of fields. We were in the teeth of the wind, but the clouds were breaking, and something told me that the night was ours.

I was trying the leather strap attachments which are now used universally in Montreal instead of thongs. Their simplicity is great; with a twist of the heel the shoe is slipped on or off at will. The night would show if their virtues were indeed of sterling quality. Still, in the back of my head, there lurked a doubt about the buckles. What if they broke? I wisely took a good stout yard of lamp-wick in case of emergency.

Presently we entered the woods at the head of a little valley which lost itself in the second field. I put Jess ahead, for the place was new to him, and the scene grew more fairy-like every minute. The steady "crump, crump" of the rackets changed to a softer sound. We cut in an inch or two, but the air was cold and the snow, in consequence, light and dry.

Down the gully we threaded our way, the rush of the wind growing more and more remote. The half gloom around us fled at intervals before a flood of moonlight. The hard woods stood sharp and bare against the sheeted hillsides, while the light twinkled in innumerable sparks from the loaded bending branches of the evergreens. Round each bend opened up another vista of snowy woodland, its usual beauty a thousand times enhanced by the witchery of the moon.

Deeper and deeper we penetrated into the woods until we reached the valley's end—a secluded dell, traversed by a stream, now hidden by the universal blanket of snow. "Here," quoth I, "will I light the pipe of peace."

Tobogganing mitts, as I have heard Tubby remark, are not the best things to "smoke in." It is true; one must take them off to fill and light up and, as they reach above the elbow, this is a nuisance. Then, to press down the glowing tobacco with a woolly thumb produces a most unpleasant taste in the mouth—incidentally it burns the mitt. Such considerations are of little moment on a night like this. As the blue cloud rose from the bowl, and the sweet aromatic

smell assailed my nostrils, I realized that here was indeed contentment. Jess waited silently by "Breathing with such suppression of the heart as joy delights in"—or at least I supposed so. What he actually said, however, after a long silence was "Isn't it bully?" and this, from the silent Jess, expresses volumes.

Who does not remember his first moonlight snowshoe tramp? Plain, ordinary objects assume a different character in these mysterious rays. There is a suggestiveness, about a half seen vista through the trees, a snugness under the sweeping lower branches of the pine; and over all there rests a muffled silence, stark silence, only intensified by the plaintive calls of the owls from the tree tops. We became aware that nature was smiling on our little walk. With resolute hearts we had sallied forth into her presence when laggards kept the house; we were to have our reward.

The wind was steadily decreasing, the clouds had all cleared away, and overhead the stars winked frostily, while the full moon poured down her cold white flood.

"Let's get on" said Jess. Then I took the lead and, wishing to give the boy some work, struck down a ravine half choked with raspberry canes and underbrush. Here we stepped high, floundering much in the deeper drifts, catching on the raspberry stems, anchored firmly at either end, until down I went—one shoe off and my leg up to the thigh in a hole. Examination showed one of the patent buckles to be broken. Happy thought—the lampwick! Out it came and soon we were under-way again.

Jess mysteriously lagged behind. As he said no word, I refrained from turning round, and when we regained the open, he quietly came up abreast, cool, collected, quite the casual *coureur-de-bois*. Who can forget the companion who always lags behind; who is ever asking you to "wait a minute;" whose thongs are never right, and whose toes or heels or corns are ever giving trouble and necessitating a halt?

"Mal-de-raquette," like "mal-de-mer" can only be cured by "hard use." I have had my own toes frozen while wait-

ing for such a one as I described. Since then I wait no more, but let the unfortunate wretch proceed as best he may. One such walk will teach him more of tying thongs than hours of careful instruction. This night, at least, I reflected, my comrade is not of that ilk.

Over hill and dale we tramped in the glorious light until we reached our turning point—a solitary grave—the stone wedged into the trunk of a giant pine planted at the head just eighty years ago. Here we paused, as is my wont, and ruminated. "This, my boy," said I, after the manner of Mr. Pecksniff, "is the sort of place to be planted in—miles from the nearest house, secluded, quiet in the woods." "Here might one 'lie through the centuries,'" as Browning says, undisturbed by the "madding crowd." Now when it comes to quoting Browning and Gray, one must be in a very exalted frame of mind indeed. But Jess caught the meaning at once—"thus facing the moon," said he, neatly capping the idea. But on such a night strange thoughts are not long with us. The animal is up and must be doing.

By a long two miles across the open, taking fences, ditches and lanes as we went, we reached the foot of the "mountain." Then, turning homeward, we skirted the lower slopes, with the little wind left at our backs, and in our faces the silver disk of the moon.

Passing a tangle of raspberry canes, a confused and muffled "walloping" sound behind me caused me to turn. Jess was down, and muttering—well, not his prayers. "Want a hand?" "No thanks, I've been down twice before to-night." Then he explained the cause of his mysterious lagging behind in the deep ravine some miles behind. To come a cropper in a snow drift, among the underbrush, with snowshoes on is no joke. The most experienced sometimes take a good five minutes to get up again. But Jess was game, hence he had made no sound.

The end of our tramp was now but a mile ahead. Comparing notes, we agreed that this was a fitting windup to a "ripping" term. With juvenile optimism we planned a longer tramp including

a few more congenial spirits, and a supper in the country; then we passed out of the woods, across the golf links to the toboggan slide.

To our surprise it was in full swing, though the snow had been with us but four days. "I would give a good deal for my little "Blizzard" here now. What a glorious end to a glorious tramp it would be," said I, as a sinuous eight-footer rushed by, undulating over the bumps and sending the snow in puffs like smoke from her curled over bow.

"Hi, you! Do you want a ride?" came a hail from high overhead—from Heaven, it must be surely.

"Right-o!" I roared back to this most opportune invitation, and we scrambled and heaved ourselves up the steep hillside, until, panting we reached the top. Here an angel in moccasins and toque smilingly indicated his waiting toboggan. Off came the shoes in a jiffy, and we threw ourselves on the cushionless ribs in glee. I, as the heavyweight, took the bow, the angel steering, and Jess packed chuckling in between.

"Ready?" "Right-o!"—we were off.

Then came the first quick drop, the glorious swoop, the rise and shoot from the bumps and the mad tearing down the lower slopes. In front I crouched low, forgetting in my joy, my pipe, clenched tight but streaming sparks as we rushed like a comet in its orbit through the frosty air. The angel, not being fire-proof, naturally closed his eyes, and thence came our destruction. At the last incline, half a mile from the steep take-off, we grazed a drift; a cloud of snow sprang up before us we lurched, slewed, the lee side caught and scooped the snow and in a moment, amid a whirl of arms and legs and snow and fire we rolled in a heap to the bottom!

Breathless but radiant we extricated ourselves, snowy from top to toe; the cause of the accident was explained and apologized for; but in my heart I was glad of that lucky pipe, for to its aid we owed our dramatic finale.

Once more we donned our rackets, and with hearty farewell shouts resumed our way. Long after lock-up we arrived at the school, a little tired, a little sleepy, but withal supremely satisfied with our mid-winter night's reality.

The Buffalo.

BY A. R. DOUGLAS.

Long years ago the buffalo roamed
 At will, o'er these vast plains.
 But now his shaggy form is gone
 The trail alone remains.

The Redskin with his lust to kill
 No mercy for him showed
 The arrow quivered, then sank home,
 The great beast's life-blood flowed.

A few bleached bones in coulies deep
 Washed by the many rains
 Alone thy monument shall be
 Thou monarch of the plains.

A Winter on the Mississaga.

BY JAMES DICKSON, O. L. S.

UNTIL a comparatively recent period the pine timber of Ontario was not looked upon as an asset of any great value, or as a source from which any considerable revenue was ever likely to be derived. The quantity was considered practically inexhaustible, and nothing whatever was done to either regulate the cutting or preserve it from destruction by fire.

All a man who desired a right to take the timber on a certain block of land had to do, was to notify the Department of Crown Lands that he wished to acquire a limit fronting on a certain lake or stream bounded in a manner best suited to his own interests, and in the event of there being no rival claimants the request was granted. A Surveyor, also named by him was given instructions to lay the berth out in the field and report the same together with the plan and field-notes to the Department. Generally speaking the cost of the survey was about all it cost the lumberman, a rental of three dollars per square mile per annum to be paid by the first of April was exacted, and dues amounting to one-half penny per cubic foot on the manufactured article and on sawn lumber in a like proportion was all the revenue that the government derived from the vast forests. No Inspectors were sent into the woods in winter in those days to see that all the cut was accounted for, and as no provision was made for the prevention of fires, millions of feet were annually destroyed from that source alone.

When, however, Confederation became an accomplished fact and Miss Ontario launched out into house-keeping for herself, a new sun began to shoot its rays above the economic horizon, and it began to dawn upon our rulers that in our pine timber alone Ontario possesses a rich inheritance. They also awoke to the fact that at the rate at which it was being made away with by the axe and fire, if drastic measures were not very soon adopted, the forests, vast as they were, would soon become exhausted, and the

provincial treasury be none the richer. It was therefore determined to abandon the old system of disposing of the right to cut the timber, call so many lots and concessions of the surveyed townships in the Huron and Ottawa Territory a timber berth, and divide the country lying north of the Mattawa and French Rivers, also north of Lake Huron, and extending some forty miles north, into berths each six miles square and numbered consecutively; also whenever it was deemed best in the interest of the province, to offer some of them for sale by auction to be knocked down to the highest bidder for cash. The payment of such bonus together with a ground rent of five dollars per square mile per annum only gave the purchaser the right to cut the timber and before he could dispose of it he had to pay a further sum of so much per thousand feet according to the measurement of sworn Government cullers, licensed experts who had undergone a rigid examination. Those sales were extensively advertised and the Government sent out trustworthy and trained estimators to ascertain the quantity and also the quality of the timber to be offered, also its convenience to flodable streams or other means of transport. By adopting this means, the authorities were enabled to fix a reserve bid and lumbermen had ample opportunity to also have out their experts to give them confidential reports. By adopting this method, in many instances, more money has been gathered in to the provincial treasury from timber standing in the woods than was realized altogether for the manufactured article only a few decades ago. Many millions of dollars have as a matter of fact been, gathered in from this source, and to the people of Ontario through channels so obvious that it is not necessary to mention them.

The first of those sales were held in the autumn of 1872 and the writer was engaged by a firm of lumbermen to proceed to the north shore of Lake Huron to outline and estimate the quantity of

timber on a number of berths which they had purchased without having sent a man in to ascertain their worth.

I left home on the eleventh of November of that year. The party consisted of two timber estimators, two chainmen, four axemen, and a cook, ten, all told and with the exception of the cook, who joined at Little Current, the expedition was made up at Collingwood.

My supplies were procured at Toronto, and we took passage on the steamer "Waubuno," which a few years afterward went down with all on board. She was commanded by Captain Campbell, then a weather tanned veteran, and who I believe is still buffetting the storms. The vessel got under way late in the afternoon of the fourteenth and made Owen Sound after a rough passage at 10.30 the same evening.

This being intended as the last trip of the season the vessel was literally packed with goods and passengers. Owing to stress of weather the captain did not venture out until one p. m. on Saturday the 16th. We steamed eight miles to Presquise, where the storm having again come down, we lay until 7.20 when a fresh start was made. As the gale accompanied by a blinding snow storm, again increased, the vessel was run in behind Cape Croker and a line passed to an American schooner riding out the gale at anchor. Here we lay until daylight, when we once more put out. After battling with the elements for half the day the attempt to cross the bay was abandoned and a course laid for "Tavernory Harbour" which point we thankfully steamed into at sundown.

The gale continued with unabated fury till noon of the 19th when it finally settled down and the engine was once more set agoing at 12.30 p. m. At 8 p. m. we steamed into the dock at Killarney and the middle of the next afternoon arrived at Algoma Mills where both men and supplies were disembarked.

As my work lay along a parallel of latitude run by the late P. L. S. Salter and which line was the south boundary of timber berths, numbers 188, and 194, (194 is now the township of Otter) two of the berths I had to outline, and as my plans showed the Salter line crossing the

Mississaga River only a few chains from the south-east corner of 194, that is where I intended to begin work. I had hopes to purchase canoes at the Mills and ascend the stream to that point. I found it already partly frozen over. So this route had to be abandoned and I had to make my way to the Thessalon River and pack from thence to the field of my operations. Fortunately there chanced to be a party there with a large open bateau, which would hold the whole party and supplies, and I engaged him to take me to the Thessalon. As he had some other work on hand before he could start with me it was not until noon on the twenty-fourth that we started out.

The bateau was an open boat with only a few feet at the stern, which was dignified by the name of cabin, decked over. Here the owner had a barrel of tangle leg and a quantity of musty pork stowed away, and was trading with the Indians exchanging the pork at twenty cents per pound for white fish for five cents apiece and the whiskey at a still greater profit.

When we had all on board, the craft was filled up to the gunwale. We started with a clear sky and fair wind and hoped to reach our goal before night. At three p. m. another snow storm set in though the wind continued fair and even after dark the shore was distinctly visible. But the captain, without any apparent reason took in sail and cast anchor at 5.30 although we could have made our destination in another hour.

At 3 a. m. after a brief calm, another storm burst upon us from the west, and we lay tossing in the gale until daylight. The night became intensely dark. Shortly after the gale sprung up an exclamation from one of the men caused all eyes to look up when a yellow light of nigh a foot in diameter was seen enveloping the block at the mast head. This aroused the superstitious fears of the men and the certainty of an impending catastrophe was freely indulged in. As I could attribute the phenomenon to natural causes I succeeded in allaying their fears somewhat. When day began to break the light gradually faded.

As soon as it became clear enough to see we found that we were down in the trough, even the tops of the tall pines

which lined the shore were not visible, and I was astonished that our little vessel did not swamp. Everything was coated with ice.

The anchor was got up and the jib hoisted, and the vessel headed before the wind. In less than two minutes the sail was torn from the bolt ropes. The captain managed to get a few feet of the main sail freed from its casing of ice and hoisted and we ran down before the wind ten miles to a small sheltered cove, and I arose from my seat for the first time in twenty-three hours. Here the tent was pitched and we remained until the following day. Next morning as the gale had blown itself out and a light wind had sprung up from the east we got under way once more at nine o'clock. There had been a hard frost during the night and the little cove was coated with ice through which we had to break our way. We rounded Thessalon Point at sundown just in time to avoid another gale from the west, and passed the night in the house of a French fisherman who with a couple of Scotch families a few miles up the river were the only white settlers between Byng Inlet and Bruce Mines.

The problem now to be solved was to find the easiest route to berth 194. I knew there was a Salter line, which started from the south west corner of 194 and ran due south fourteen miles to Waquekobering Lake, eight miles from Lake Huron, also that the line struck that lake near its west end. I now found that an old lumber road started from the furthest up settler's house and extended about half way to Waquekobering. A son of the fisherman professed to know all the country and also where the line struck the lake. So, engaging the fishing boat, I got all the stuff up the three miles of frozen river to the settlers, set the men to cleaning out the road, and with the young fisherman as guide started out to locate the line. It did not take long to find out that the young man was utterly at sea without either rudder or compass. He could not even find the lake and I do not believe had he been alone that he could have found his way home.

When paying him for his day I accompanied the cash with a few well chosen

remarks which ought to have deterred him from ever undertaking such a job again.

Next day I had the camp pitched at the end of the trail and giving the men the course to steer and brush out a jumper trail I started out alone and found the lake, a lovely sheet of water about eight miles long, without difficulty. I observed that the country north of the lake where the line should be had been recently burned over. That day's work developed the fact that it would not be to the interest of my employers to spend any more time in road making. I therefore ceased operations in that line some distance south of the lake, leaving a clear distance of eighteen miles of tump line work to where the survey would begin.

I now engaged the settler's one horse team to forward our goods, and striking off to the green woods north of the lake, with the assistance of an Indian whom I met, I soon found the line and brushed a trail through the burned woods to the lake, also on to the end of the road.

I was now confronted with another difficulty. The snow of which there had been more or less nearly every day, had now become so deep that snowshoes for the whole party was an absolute necessity. I therefore sent one of the settlers to Bruce Mines where I was assured they were always held in stock. He returned with only two pairs. Here was another sticker. It has been said that a bushman is never at a loss for a rope so long as he can find a sapling capable of being twisted into a wythe. I had observed that one of the settlers had a few calf skins which I purchased and setting the Indian and his family at work showshoe making I soon had my whole party shod for the winter. By this time I had got all my supplies up to the end of the trail and a portion of it across the lake.

This was before the long clear bacon era. All the pork was in barrels or in big square chunks and covered with brine so it was an absolute impossibility to transport it in that state. The men, therefore erected a scaffold, the barrels were emptied and the meat stacked on it to dry. The flour was also in barrels and had to be transferred to sacks.

I divided the distance we had to carry

into three stages of six miles each. The men going north went six miles with a pack and returned empty. This constituted a day's work. The country was not only heavily timbered but very mountainous. Not only was there a good deal of brushing to do on the line to make it possible to walk along it, but also frequent and long deviations to avoid abrupt hills, so that to make six miles on the line frequently meant a good deal more by the trails. Snow storms were of frequent occurrence and the falls heavy. While the falls continued the weather was invariably mild, and the snow soft. Just as the fall ceased the weather cleared and an intensely cold night followed so that the following morning the newly fallen snow was frozen hard and the snowshoeing was superb.

Tent stoves were not thought of in those days. My party had two tents facing each other with a huge fire between them. Each man had one pair of blankets. There was little time spent in disrobing before turning in for the night. The nights were generally intensely cold and to find the beard and blanket in close contact in the morning was too common an occurrence to call forth any remark. It was a common occurrence to find tassels of hoar frost as large as the finger hanging from the tent in the morning.

It took the party until the afternoon of January the 21st to get everything up to the objective point.

That night I observed Polaris and next day we began our work by running part of the east boundary of No. 194 and I sent the estimators out, one on each side, instructing them to travel three miles at right angles to my line, then two miles north parallel to it then back to it, and report at night to me what timber they had seen.

From this until the 11th of January I walked to the west along the Salter line, when having completed the work in that direction I returned to the starting point. It now became apparent that owing to the length of time consumed in getting in, an unforeseen contingency, the supply of flour would be exhausted before we could complete our work. It was, therefore necessary to get in four hundred weight more, which could only be done

by the whole party going out to the point.

At daylight on the morning of the twelfth, I started on an eighteen mile snowshoe tramp to Dymont's lumber camp near the mouth of the Thessalon River instructing the men to follow as far as the lumber camp and there await my return from Bruce Mines with flour. I reached the camp at eight p. m. Next morning with a settler's team I drove to Bruce Mines, purchased the flour and returned to the lumber camp the following day.

The evening of Wednesday the 19th, the party were all back at the base line with the fresh supplies, and next day began moving to the east.

The snow now became so deep that the blaze on the trees were only at long intervals seen above it and no posts were to be found; consequently the line had to be brushed out and chained in order to find the corners of the berths. It, therefore, took us two days to get six miles to the next line.

From this date until the 21st of March I was running the east and west outlines of the several berths and having an estimate made of the timber on each. Then having completed all the work outlined in my instructions I started all the party to pack out and strapping one blanket and the light rubber sheet on my shoulders an axe in my hand and a revolver at my belt, I struck off alone on a southeast course to find out what pine was on the east and yet unexplored berth by the side of which I was then camped.

The day was dark and a soft snow falling. The country was mountainous, alternating with small thick swamp, a dense undergrowth headed down with soft snow over all, so that the travelling was very fatiguing and the progress slow.

Towards evening the weather cleared and the usual hard frost set in. I selected a camp for the night where a good supply of dry wood was available, built a fire on top of the snow and spread down a quantity of balsam boughs for a bed. I had shot a partridge for supper, then after an evening pipe, replenished the fire, spread down the rubber sheet, and rolling myself in the blanket lay down

for the night. The night turned out clear and calm, but intensely cold.

The thermometer must have registered away down into the forties so that my sleep was by no means an ideal one. The fire had to be frequently replenished and as the snow melted underneath, the fire gradually sank, until when I awoke at daylight I found myself lying by the side of a pit fully four feet deep with a small mouldering fire at the bottom.

Snatching a few mouthfuls of frozen bread and donning my snow shoes I was under way ere the rising sun had begun to gild the tops of the tallest pines.

The intense frost of the night had hardened the snow and made the travelling all that could be wished. My course was now south west and I crossed the Mississaga at a rapid where the ice was no more than safe and at an early hour made Waquekobing Lake, striking it some three miles east of the old trail.

I arrived at the lumber camp betimes in the evening. To say I was not tired would be fibbing. However after a good wash and a hearty meal, prepared in his best style by a first class cook, I felt equal to donning the snow shoes again, although my limbs did ache somewhat from "Amal de Baquet."

On the 27th all hands arrived at Bruce Mines where we had to remain until navigation opened.

The only means of communication with civilization during the winter in those days was by dog train from Parry Sound. The mail was conveyed from thence every two weeks by dog train in charge of two half breeds, one jogging along at a dog trot in front and the other behind.

The whole distance was made on the ice, and in storm or shine they held their way, and as night approached headed for the nearest point of woods to camp. It was not until the twelfth of May that the first vessel, the steamship Chicora, Capt. Orr, arrived from the east, and the party left for home by the first eastbound steamer Manitoba, on the 15th.

While lying near here I did some surveying for settlers near the Mines, and also on St. Joseph's Island, which enabled me to considerably reduce my hotel bill to my employers.

That winter was one of uncommon severity. Heavy falls of snow were of frequent occurrence, and there were few days when less or more did not come down and the frost was intense. The health of the party was uniformly good and the frost bites few and trifling.

We had passed the winter partly in what is now the "Mississaga Forest Reserve." The country was all very mountainous and all heavily timbered. There were many deep ravines where long detours had to be made to reach the opposite side and there were few which did not bear unmistakeable signs of the glacier period, cliffs hundreds of feet high, the naked oaks fluted and polished as smooth as glass.

Some of the scenery was simply gorgeous. The lakes were numerous and large, some on top of and others hidden deep down between the hills. All the water was as clear as crystal and the signs found around empty Indian summer camps bore ample testimony that they were well stocked with fish.

From some of the higher peaks the eye could range over miles and miles of forest, lakes and rivers.

On one occasion I stood on a mountain peak twenty-four miles from the shore of Lake Huron. The atmospheric conditions were perfect and I could see Cockburn and Drummond Islands as plainly as though they were only a few miles distant, with a splendid bird's eye view of the whole intervening country. It looked like a gentle undulating plain, the sombre woods broken here and there by large and again small spots of white indicating nestling lake and winding river.

An attempt to pen picture such scenery is impossible. What pen, no matter how gifted the writer, can do it justice? There is a limit beyond which neither the most talented or powerful can go, and sometimes what we consider mere trifles show the strength of weak things.

We have Mark Twain as an authority that even the Tzar of Russia (than whom no man in the world has so much power,) can't stop a sneeze!



EARLY BREAKFAST ON THE UPPER ST. MAURICE RIVER.

Crossing the Waterways.

A Long Canoe Trip.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

I received orders from headquarters to inspect the posts of the upper St. Maurice and to proceed from the most northerly one to the post of Pointe Bleue on Lake St. John, thence across country back to my point of departure, Cococache, on the Lower St. Maurice.

It was my intention to get away as soon as the breaking up of the river would allow me, which in ordinary years took place between the tenth and fifteenth of May.

I had a good canoe man at the Post in the person of a young French Canadian, a man born and brought up in the country and well used to canoeing and carrying. To get a guide however, was more dilli-

cult as it was yet the hunting season in that Northland and an Indian was loath to leave his trapping to go on a trip.

Several promised but at the last moment drew back and excused themselves. It was only on the eleventh of June that I finally got one to act as guide and really got away. I was so anxious to make a start after the repeated disappointments that we paddled away from the Post at almost sundown. I cared not. My principal desire was to effect a start and make sure of my man. Indians are so unreliable, that when you have their consent the thing is to leave before they can change their minds.

We got out of the lake and into the

river, paddled up stream about three miles and camped on the opposite bank.

My Canadian, George, being a single man with no ties to pull him back, was perfectly content to make a trip of a day, week or months as the case might be. With the Indian, however, it was different. He was comparatively a newly married man and had never been separated from his wife, and notwithstanding we had really started there was every probability that he might desert in the night for there is nothing impossible to an Indian once he gets the idea.

In a chance moment I had alone with George I told him to talk while camping and keep the guide from thinking too much of his own affairs.

George, like most men of the bush, was naturally silent but that evening he outdid himself as an entertainer and positively once or twice I saw the Indian smile. George and I both spoke Algonquin as fluently as the Indian himself; in fact, right through this trip it was our vehicle of communication even between George and myself, who would, under other circumstances, have spoken French.

In spite of all George's fairy tales and funny anecdotes the Indian could not, or would not, shake off his regret at having embarked on the trip, and around the campfire that evening he told me the way he felt. He was confident he would be unable to make the voyage and it was folly for me to continue with him; moreover, now he had begun to think seriously of what he had undertaken, he was afraid there were some parts of the route that he would not remember, and so forth. But his doleful predictions had no effect on me for I knew there was nothing the matter with the fellow only homesickness, and thus we turned in for the night.

The following morning he had either shaken off his lonesomeness or decided to adapt himself to the inevitable for he was astir bright and early and we were soon in the canoe and working up stream.

Our canoe (of birch bark) was eighteen feet long from tip to tip, three and a half feet beam and made rather flat so we could navigate shallow water at the

heads of the several rivers we were to pass through.

Back of the second bar my traveling basket fitted in crossways; leaning against that bar and the basket my bundle of bedding set on edge made a fine rest for my back, while I sat on a cushion as low in the craft as possible. This placed me out of the way of the poles when the men were forcing the canoe up any shallow swift water.

In front of the middle bar was stowed our tents, the men's duffle and pots and pans, while the bowsman had the space ahead of the second bar towards the bow. Back of my basket, sternwards, was our provisions, pork, flour etc., and the steersman with his feet in the bottom of the canoe, sat on the gunwale and paddled or poled from there.

By carrying a light load myself we managed to make the portages in one trip. When one can do that there is a great saving of time.

One man carried the canoe, with a bundle on his back, and the bag of kettles and frying pan in one hand while with his other he balanced and steered the canoe clear of branches and trees. The other man's load consisted of my basket, the provisions, two tents and their own dunnage, while the poles he dragged in his hand. My load was bedding, (made up in a waterproof sheet or oilcloth) being a pair of blankets, a pillow, a canopy of mosquito netting; added to this a grip satchel and my rifle.

After making a portage, or two and each man knows his load and what to get hold of, it is astonishing how quickly one gets away on the carry.

The great secret of rapid travelling in the bush country is to divide the load that one trip on the portage takes all. The moment you have to send one man back, you may as well send the complete crew, for it is like a fleet of warships—the progress of the whole is regulated by the slowest vessel, and the canoe and balance of the crew has to wait the return of the one man sent back.

Our first day over was at Weymont-achingue Post on our second day after starting. Here I remained two days examining the books, inspecting the stock, going through the collection of furs and

taking general notes of requirements and suggestions from the officer in charge.

Making a very early start from this post we managed to reach the first portage north, thirty miles distant. We had several good back eddies that helped us along, but to offset these we had to negotiate a number of strong points, some of which took the united efforts of two at the poles and one on the tracking line to overcome.

The next day, and the next, was one succession of rapids, falls and portages and we were all pretty tired men our third night from Weymontachingue, but we had overcome the river and our camp that night was pitched at the upper end of the last portage on the shores of the first lake of the St. Maurice.

That evening, near dusk, a fine, fat beaver, came swimming down near our camp. A lucky shot fixed him and that night we had roast beaver, one of the tid-bits of the bushmen.

As we had, the following morning, an all day's lake paddle in dead water we loosened out our belongings about the canoe to give them a chance to dry after being damp and tied up for the past five or six days. Our beaver skin stretched on a hoop of alder lay flat on the top drying.

What a rest and relief it was after the strenuous work of the past few days to paddle along the shores of this beautiful lake with very little exertion, the turning of each point showing some new and varied scenery!

That evening our camp was pitched on the Loon portage, a short carry as the name will indicate, to avoid going around a long peninsula that runs out into the lake. It is called McKay's Point, and there or thereabouts a general cleaning up takes place, before presenting ourselves at the Post.

Here in charge of the Post was a Mr. Shifter, an Englishman, and a brother-in-law of the associate editor of "Truth." He came out to this country some years ago and adapted himself very successfully to the manners of the bush and its people.

The old Post of the Ki-Kin-dash was situated some miles up the lake, at the

inflow of its principal feeder, but was removed to the present situation a few years back. Three reasons caused its removal—scarcity of firewood, impurity of the water, and growing numbers of very large snakes. The latter while not venomous were anything but pleasant to see about often being found indoors and coiled up in the bow of any canoe pulled up on the beach.

Here again at Ki-Kin-dash my stay was brief. Mr. Shifter's books were so admirably kept that I had no trouble in getting an intelligent understanding as to the business done at the Post.

A couple of days saw my work finished and with a new outfit of provisions we started on the next portion of our trip, the lakes of the water shed and the Ashuapamushuan river to Lake St. John. This journey took us nine days. My Indian was not familiar with the river and at each rapid or falls considerable time was lost considering which was best and safest to do—carry or run the canoe.

Most of the rapids that it was possible to run were too rough for more than one man to be in the canoe and George and I had to make our way as best we could through the unkept portages or scramble along shore, and this often with a half load on our back to lighten the canoe.

Down near the end of the river where several miles of very bad water occurs there is a portage of *seven miles* to avoid these dangers. It is called the "Long Portage" or "Burnt Portage." Either name fits the aspect and conditions, for certainly seven miles is a long portage and one that has not a tree from end to end may be considered pretty well burnt.

The fire that swept this part of the lower Ashuapamushuan was the same disastrous fire that did so much damage to property and life. the great fire of the Saguenay, which passed over the then new settlement some fifty or sixty years ago.

In some places where the fire passed a second growth of trees had sprung up and flourished, but in the Long Portage it burnt soil and all and the only thing to be seen along the footpath is blueberry and cranberry shrubs. but the most of the way is bare rock or sharp flinty sand.

It is fortunate that two or three small creeks trickle through this bad land, otherwise we would have been prostrated from the excessive heat that beat down on us the day we passed over.

We came out on the river at the end of the portage about four in the afternoon and had yet time before dark to cover considerably more of our route, but the portage had been very trying to all and I decided to camp and make an early start in the morning.

It turned out very fortunate that I had so decided. The men had barely got my tent pitched and were about to put up their own when Sha-gu-nash, the Indian, was taken violently sick. He squirmed and writhed about on the ground in the most astonishing way causing the Canadian and myself considerable alarm.

The river was quite a distance away as we were camping on the high land to be free of the mosquitoes. However I hurried the Canadian for water while I gathered together some chips and twigs and produced the ever reliable pain killer from my grip.

By the time George had returned with the kettle of water I had the fire blazing, In our anxiety to get a warm drink we had paid no attention to the Indian. Dusk was now on, settling down apace and in the uncertain light we knew not if he were alive or dead.

George got his head up on his knee while I spooned some of the hot drink between his clinched teeth. After a few moments we had the satisfaction of hearing him emit a sigh which told us life was yet in him.

We continued giving him spoonfuls until he could drink from the cup and then rolled him in his blanket and placed his feet to the fire to which we now added more fuel and continued on with our camp work and cooking supper.

It was far into the night before George and I turned in and it appeared to me to be hardly a few moments before daylight awoke us. Sha-gu-nash having eaten nothing from the afternoon before, was very weak, but he managed to partake of a little breakfast and sat around while George and I broke camp and carried the things down to the river bank.

We placed him in my seat amidships wrapped in his blanket while I took his place in the bow.

Thus we pushed out and headed down stream, but the least sign of white water caused us to put ashore and examine carefully for we had neither of us ever been on that stream before.

We had progressed about five miles and run two or three small rapids when we were gladdened by the sight of a tent on a point ahead. This proved to be the camp of two Lake St. John Indians engaged in bear trapping. Fortunately they had not yet left camp, being kept later than usual by skinning a bear they had trapped the day before.

A bargain was soon struck for them to help us down the river and to the Post of Pointe Bleue on the lake shore.

They gave Sha-gu-nash some bear broth which revived him and gave him strength almost at once. My Indian was transferred to their canoe, while one of them took my place in the bow of ours and this fellow's brother paddled their canoe alone.

Now we had a thorough guide who knew the river well we pushed away once more, but this time with a feeling of considerable relief.

From the point upon which we found the Indians camped, the river fell away in a succession of rapids and falls to within a couple of miles of its outlet or discharge and the day passed in one continuous excitement. Most of the rapids were run by the canoes, but where the falls occurred everything, including the canoes, was portaged.

We had a good mid-day meal of fried bear steak, which set our sick man up and by the aid of a stick he managed to walk slowly across each portage as they came.

About four in the afternoon we swung out into the lake and there to the south of us on a long, low, jutting point stood the Post buildings of Pointe Bleue, about seven miles distant.

Now we were clear of the river and its dangers we had no further use for the extra men and as they were anxious to get back to their bear traps I paid them off for their services and while they headed back up stream we

leisurely coasted along to our destination.

After the heat, fatigue and the pests of flies for the better part of a week what a relief I felt in a bath and change of raiment and that night, sitting on the piazza under a full moon, I thought this is indeed worth living for! and with the officer of the Post sat there smoking regallas until long after midnight.

My work of inspection at Pointe Bleue kept me five days, during which time Sha-gu-nash thoroughly regained his strength and his mysterious attack left no bad effects.

I could with pleasure have remained a day or two longer after my work was completed, and enjoy a further stay in that delightful climate with the ever-changing scenes about the Post. Bands of Indians were arriving there daily from their winter hunts togged out in all their finery. Duty called me to my own Post on the St. Maurice and we had yet one side of that big square to make, from the basin of Lake St. John to the St. Maurice, again across country by lakes, portages and cutting of rivers.

We started one fine morning in July to paddle along the lake shore to Chambord Junction. The people of the Post and all the Indians turned out and give us a parting salute of guns. At Chambord Junction we got our canoe and baggage placed on a flat car which took and dumped us at Kis-ki-sink bridge. Here we loaded up and struck into the wilderness once more. A short piece of river brought us to the first lake and here we pitched our camp for the night. That evening our shore clothes were put away and our bush ones put on and we had a general overhauling and doing up of things for the rough road before us.

Sha-gu-nash was now in great glee for was he not on his native heath and homeward bound? Every stroke of the paddle and the far end of each portage would bring him nearer his hunting grounds and his tepee.

The next day an early start was made and all day lakes and portages was our portion. That night brought us to the east bank of the Croche river; the last portage being a stunner of four miles over an overgrown shanty road. This

was not a regular carrying place but we took it as a short cut and to avoid some shallow lakes and creeks.

We were a pretty tired lot that night. Tired was no name for it; we were positively exhausted with the long and trying day. The question was who would cook supper,—ah, who?

Our camp was on an old rollway high from the water. The river drew down a cool air from the north, all night, so we were pretty free from flies and had a refreshing sleep which braced us up for the morrow.

Our route next day was only a mile or so down the Croche, where we left the river on the west bank and took up more shallow ways, small lakes and creeks that would hardly float the canoe; in fact, in some of the first, one man had to navigate the canoe while two men made their way, as best they could, through the bush along the shore.

It was tedious and slow work and night took us again in this miserable country, in fact, I may as well skip a description of the next day and night for it was a repetition of the one I have just described.

The morning of the fourth day brought us to the Big Pierrish. Down this stream we went for a few miles portaging past several falls. At one of them the Indian told me to get out my fishing-tackle. As the men were cooking dinner and portaging at the same time, my fishing was no hindrance to our progress.

Luck! Well, yes. I have often wondered how many I would have caught had I kept on for half a day.

I only fished for half an hour and had seven beauties. Speckled trout? rather, the pure bird, running from one and a half to four pounds. The first three I caught were speedily in the frying pan, and such fish! It is only when promptly cooked that one eats fish to perfection, and that cooked by an Indian.

At the foot of these falls which I named "Speckled Trout Falls" we left the river again to make our way across country and had the same laborious work, small lakes, shallow creeks and rugged portages. We were passing over a route that had not been travelled

for twenty years and was filled up solid with the new growth.

We now fell into the Lesser Pierrish and again travelled southward on this river before leaving its waters for our last cross country cut to the St. Maurice.

As we came to each of these rivers, Croche, Big Pierrish and Lesser Pierrish we notched south a few miles before taking another dividing watershed.

Bright and early was the word for the next morning for was it not to be our last day and one and all were anxious to complete the trip.

We might have followed the course of the small Pierrish to its discharge into the St. Maurice, but the Indian informed me its bed was a succession of falls and rugged rapids and the quickest way was by the dry portages. Our last portage and the last descent of that carry brought to view the noble St. Maurice. We lost no time in admiration but got down to its banks without delay.

Here we boiled the tea kettle once more. How many, many times had we gone through the same process on the

long journey we were about bringing to a successful termination!

But now we were veritably in the avenue and away the canoe shoots up stream, the steersman taking advantage of every eddy and backwater that would add to our advance.

Swinging into the canal that connects the great river with Coo-coo-cache Lake, my Canadian struck up one of the old paddle songs of the old time voyageurs, which brought us up in fine style in front of the headquarters.

Our long trip was done without a mishap; notwithstanding the numerous rapids we had ascended and run, over one hundred portages the canoe had been carried, yet she reached home without being once regummed. A remarkable credit to any bark canoe. Roughly estimated we had travelled over eleven hundred miles and arrived at our point of departure with only one scratch on our bark.

At the head of these notes I give a reproduction of that staunch little craft, "The Lena," in front of one of our night camps.

Sunset After Rain.

BY C. H. HOOPER.



SUNSET AFTER RAIN.

At times, when all the dreary day the
rain

Fell, and the dripping shores were veiled
in mist,

At evening, from the west, a cool breath
kissed

The clouds, and sunset is restored
again.



MY CHUM AND OUR GUIDES.

In the Nova Scotia "Silent Places."

My First Moose Hunt.

BY W. A. WARREN.

FOR a number of years one of my pet schemes had been along the lines of a moose hunt. I had never seen the "Monarch" of our forest in his native element. The tales of different successful sportsmen had ever thrilled me and set up the insistent call known only to him who has revelled in the glories of the wild places and learned to give the lust to kill second place. My wife and mother, both lovers of nature and keenly interested in my plans, presented me with a fine .33-Winchester for a Christmas gift.

The very next day my close companion, Charles M. Hoyt, and myself started for the south woods to the home of Glen Gillies, our guide, to enjoy two or three

days in camp before the season ended. The sleighing was superb and we arrived at our destination at a seasonable hour, after a full enjoyment of one of the finest moonlight drives in the woods either of us had ever experienced. Our guide's house is the one furthest south in the settlement, and is right in the game zone, it being no uncommon sight to see moose on the edge of the clearing, a few rods from the house, in the summer.

Next morning bright and early we set out, our guide carrying on his back a tent seven by nine, collapsible stove, blanket, axe, rifle etc., while Charlie and I carried grub, blankets, ammunition, etc., in back packs specially for this purpose. In this way each man can carry a

heavy load and yet not feel it much. Our costume consisted of a suit of heavy wool underwear, loose riding breeches buttoning almost to the ankle, two pairs wool hose, short, under oil tanned larrigans, half length, heavy wool sweater, wool cap and loose woolen jacket—the idea being that everything must be loose, warm and comfortable. The snow was about two feet deep and thus our snowshoes came in very handy.

Our route was towards the Randolph Lake, about five miles, and as most of this lay along a tote road the way was fairly clear of snags. When we arrived at our destination we soon cleared a space, by means of our snowshoes sufficiently large enough for us to pitch our tent. After our strenuous exercise we enjoyed our dinner and then set out for some old "yards"

in the hope of discovering fresh trails. Before long the snow came down thick and fast and ere we reached the camp our muscles were smarting under the strain. For the rest of the day and evening we sat around the fire, smoked and swapped yarns while the storm outside increased in fury to a hurricane.

When we awoke in the morning we found the little tent almost submerged in snow and as there was no chance to hunt we lay in camp till the time came for us to start out, planning, in the meantime while enjoying the novelty of a camp under the snow, a trip for the following fall.

Throughout the year we kept hard at it, but when at last the autumn frosts turned the leaves to red and gold, and old Dame Nature donned her night cap, that inexpressible longing for the woods kept creeping over us, and we began opening up the "togs" and getting

things in shape. Monday, November thirteenth, was the day chosen for our departure, and as it dawned fine and beautiful we soon loaded our two weeks' food, ammunition, rifles, guns, extra underwear and the other extras always needed, into Charlie's express wagon and started out, Will accompanying us in order to bring back the team.

As we were rigged in our hunting togs we felt as comfortable as we looked and the drive out was all too short. However that drive made us as hungry as bears and we did full justice to the very appetizing repast Mrs. Gillies placed before us. Willie started for home with the team shortly afterwards, and as Gillies was still in the woods and not expected out till dark we decided to go back with the wagon a piece and hunt

ruffed grouse, which we did with indifferent success.

A few days before Gillies had taken our tent and some stuff out and had them all ready so that between us we were able to pack all the provisions, blankets, etc., on the one trip.

Tuesday morning found us up at an early hour putting the finishing touches on our packs and

seeing everything in shape to set out. After a heavy breakfast we shouldered our loads and started on our journey to the tent, which was about eight miles south of us. Part of this tramp was on an old tote road, but the greater part lay through ragged, uneven, rough ground where stepping from windfall to hollow soon made a forty pound sack weigh a ton. However the holiday ahead of us, together with the excitement caused by the novelty of the occasion, made the work seem fun and the trip was made in very good time.

Our first move was to put up the tent



A NEW SHANTY BUILT IN 1906 AND THE SCENE OF OUR LAST SUCCESSFUL DEER HUNT.

and get everything trim and in ship shape after which came the first dinner in camp—an experience all its own. After dinner and a pipe we made a long circle for moose signs, but without success.

On our way home we passed the Randolph meadow, where we found Williams and Shipp comfortably placed in a brush "lean to." They had not seen any fresh signs either. We drank in the beauty of the forest the rest of the way back to camp, and after supper kept our pipes hot till bedtime, feeling as contented and "comfy" as a clear conscience, a full stomach, and high expectations would allow.

In the night it froze quite hard, making walking very noisy so that had we found likely trails, hunting, except on barrens, was out of the question. We scouted about and on our return found that Williams and Shipp had called and finding us not at home had left their card—a boot box cover on which was drawn a very unflattering picture of a moose at which two men were shooting, but the men must have had a drink of bog water for they looked more likely to shoot each other than the moose.

On Wednesday night it began to rain, continuing to increase all night till on Thursday it was pouring. We were, however, too full of the hunting instinct to allow a downpour to keep us in, and accordingly we took a long tramp south to Medchin Camp, down Randolph to

Mistake Lake, eastward to Randolph Lake, northward up Croker Lakes, where we found fresh tracks, but joined by men's tracks a little further on. We then struck straight back for camp, the entire tramp being about twenty-five miles, for twenty-four and seven-eighths of which we were drenched to the skin. We soon had a good fire going when we stripped to our underclothes and hung our wet duds to the ridge pole to dry.

On Friday the rain continued and we took a run northward to the Shippland, where we found fresh signs. While following this

trail we were startled by a rifle shot a few rods to our right, and while backing out for fear of getting shot ourselves we heard something moving through the bushes not far from us. Subsequent investigations showed that a moose had passed within twenty-five yards of us.

Gillies started to the house for a pack of apples, while we picked our way to the camp, visiting some rabbit snares we had

set on our way out. We had rabbit fried in butter for tea. Gillies got into camp with the apples about the time we were drying off well. Did these apples taste good? Just try them under similar circumstances and you will know.

On Friday we were almost burned out. The heat from the stove had so thoroughly dried out the moss and fir in the tent that in the middle of the night the whole of it burst into flames. There



A NICE DAY'S OUTING AND PLENTY TO SHOW FOR IT.

was some lively scrambling for a time, but fortunately we succeeded in killing the fire, and -after airing the tent succeeded in getting some sleep before it was time to turn out.

Saturday opened clear and fine and quite frosty, and while we found fresh bear and moose tracks we saw no game. About half past three in the afternoon we heard three shots in succession and then a fourth—which we learned afterwards were fired by Williams, who succeeded in getting a nice young bull.

By this time we found that parties were camped all around us so we decided to break up camp, go to the house for Sunday, and on Monday strike away southeast beyond all the other parties. In accordance with this program we made our way to the house, not reaching it till after dark and spent Sunday in rest and quietude.

On Monday morning, as we had planned, we struck out, going first to Bear Lake near which we had our dinner. Just south of this we struck very fresh signs and after a hard stalk through as rough a part of the country as is to be found anywhere, we had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing three moose

start—one of them a large bull. We had not made any noise and knew that the moose had not wined us. When we made a large circle and started them again we knew that they had caught our scent and made for the home.

Both on Monday and Tuesday the frost made tramping too noisy for hunting, so we decided not to go after moose, but contented ourselves with trying for ruffed grouse near the house, with the result that we had a nice bunch of these choice birds to show for our day's work.

On Tuesday evening Gillies' brother,

who is also a guide, came into camp and as our time was now limited we decided to go out the following day in two parties and take our chances. When we turned out on Wednesday morning we found no change in the weather conditions but proceeded to carry out our plans as arranged. The two Charlies started out together and I entrusted myself to the guidance of Glen Gillies. We were fully determined to make this our "red letter day" as to sport. We joined forces as far as the meadow, when the two Charlies started for Lake Alma, and we for Mud Lake, but afterwards proceeded to Lake Alma, where it was arranged we should meet for dinner.

We crossed Mud Lake on the ice, then through to Lake of Five Hardwood Hills finding plenty of signs, but none that were fresh. About eleven o'clock,

we heard a moose running, and strange to say it was in our direction. A moment later Gillies threw his rifle to his shoulder scoring a beautiful miss. I did not see anything.

A few minutes later we heard shots and a shout. Knowing the voices we hurried over and found that

Charley had secured a beautiful five year old bull and missed another by striking too high on the shoulder. All hands joined in the work of skinning, cleaning and trussing up the meat till we could get back to tote it to the nearest road. Here we had dinner and a smoke, and all hands being full of exhilaration we much enjoyed our interval.

Again we divided our forces, the two Charlies going south to Lake Alma road and Gillies and I west by north to the same road. While leaving a low swamp for higher ground we found some fresh



SILVER STREAM HUNTING LODGE, 1907. THE MEMBERS' MEAT.

signs and at once took up the trail, working very slowly and carefully over hemlock hills, swamps, hardwood ridges &c. until we turned up to cross a hardwood hill.

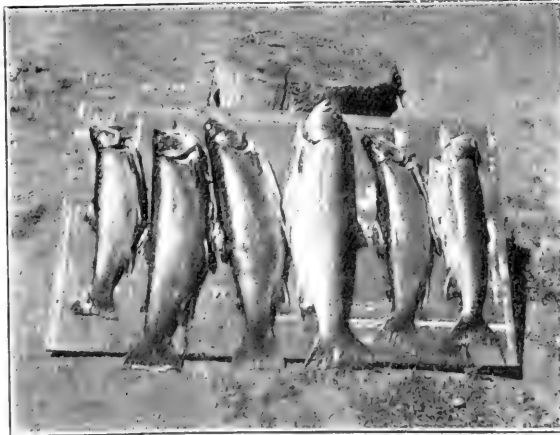
About half way over this hill, and at a time when we were making a good deal more noise in the dead leaves than we wished I saw a dark mass to my left and below us. Before I could quite make up my mind as to what this mass was a commotion, and instantly the mass resolved itself into three running moose. In less time than it takes to tell I had dropped on one knee and got three shots after the last animal, the third striking the flank hard enough to swing the moose a little to the right, presenting a quivering shot, while the fourth hit fair in the engine room—ripping lungs and liver to shreds and barely missing the heart. The moose was down and out inside of two minutes. The two moose seemed dazed when their companion fell and both stopped and looked back for a few minutes, presenting excellent shots. As they had no antlers worth possessing we did not molest them and they soon ambled away. The Charlies heard our shots and in answer to them were soon on the spot, helping us to fix our meat. It is needless to say that congratulations and handshakes were the order of the occasion and the health of our lordly moose was drank with zeal. The shortest trail was taken for home, where we arrived about dark, tired but very exultant men.

All Thursday was spent in hunting to the east of Bear Lake, but throughout the whole day we did not get a shot. On this occasion we came upon the track of the largest footed moose any of us

had ever met, but try as we would we could not come up to the maker of those footprints and had at length to relinquish the attempt.

Friday was given up to taking the meat out. An ox team was sent in on the Lake Alma road and we went ahead to carry it out to this road. Gillies got turned around and led us, an unholy dance, through a big dirty alder swamp, nearly ruining temper, muscle, clothes and everything else. When we did get to the meat we made pretty quick work of carrying it out, and were ready for the team before it reached us. The work practically occupied us the whole day, only leaving us time to hunt a few grouse.

Finally, to close our holiday, we decided to walk home, and though it was a long tramp we managed it well, arriving there some three hours before the heavy load of meat, hides and camp truck came along. Seeing us arrive in this way, unencumbered, our families concluded that we had returned empty handed. When the team reached town and they learned that as a result of our prowess there was a whole moose ready for the



SOME TROUT WEIGHING $9\frac{3}{4}$ LBS.; THREE BIG ONES $12\frac{1}{4}$ LBS.

larder of each family, the scene changed. From depression to exultation appeared easy and the scene that followed can be better imagined than described.

All the meat we could use fresh was so used and after drying some of the round we corned the rest. This gave us all the meat we needed for the winter, and dried or corned moose is simply delicious.

The tramping and outdoor life did wonders for us, and for months afterwards we felt the good of it. In the fortnight in the woods we walked over

three hundred miles, coming home with muscles as hard as iron and with appetites improved beyond all recognition.

The shanks of our moose hides we converted into moccasins for our next excursion in the woods, the hides adorn the floors of our homes, and the antlers support rods, guns and other things dear to the heart of a sportsman.

At the end of May we spent ten days fishing in the same district, and in addition to securing a fine string of trout we visited the scene of our last fall sport and picked out the location of our camp for next autumn. If we are spared and circumstances will allow we mean to have a trip of the same kind as that we enjoyed so much last year.

A Moonlight Snowshoe Tramp on the Edge of the City.

BY G. J. MITCHELL.

WE were in need of the open air and exercise, a determined effort with dumb bells had fallen decidedly flat, while the walks to and from business hardly served to keep our appetites on edge. The paddling of the summer and the later tramps after partridge and deer had left us pretty fit physically, but the intimate association of the club and theatre had offset the summer's more strenuous pastimes and we were fast growing soft and restless, as we found to our sorrow, when we attempted a ten mile tramp on snowshoes on a brisk December night last twelvemonth.

Billy had the fever of the great outdoors in his noddle and when these fits catch him, an offer to join anyone bound for anywhere with duffel, dogs or canoes, would find him eagerly accepting and I would probably go along because Billy did. He is a peculiar fellow is Billy, singular in name and in nature. Billy: picture him, jovial, bright and enthusiastic, but Bill; that's him with a frown, serious, reliant, dependable old Bill. I have known him, Billy and Bill, and I want for no better Pal. We've holidayed for some years together, this Bill and I. Upon one occasion in an early summer some years ago I cramped badly in mid river and a yell brought Bill like a fire tug that just about swamped me in his vigorous efforts to get me ashore. When they loosened the water from my inners and straightened out the taut muscles, I

began to upbraid him for needless haste in yanking me thro' the water nose under, when he replied. "Didn't have anything handy to stop your mouth with 'cept my fist and knew you'd resent when you came to." A man of few words at most times; such is Bill. 'Twas he suggested the tramp on snowshoes, and never was night more seductive, a bright silvery moon with scarce a cloud to mar the snow reflected brilliancy, a keen frosty air with just enough 'zip' to make brisk walking a pleasure. We shook out some old shooting togs for the occasion, that recalled many pleasant memories, donned moccasins, somewhat the worse for wear and when equipped the ensemble was some distance removed from the accepted club uniform.

We struck North over the hill and the lights of the city gradually faded in the distance ere we reached the country where open fields lay before us. Extracting pipes and matches we folded our coats neatly, hid them carefully in the hollow of the road, strapped on our shoes, Bill with a pack, the contents of which he refused to divulge, and started across country with a stride that bespoke volumes for our enthusiasm. A foot or more of snow had fallen a few days previous which offered a splendid cushion for the shoes, yet a slight frost crust made recovery after the stride rather difficult. A mile or so of this with innumerable fences steadied us somewhat

and we settled down to a three mile pace and were enjoying it immensely, though an added sweater at the last moment proved a rather ungrateful encumbrance. Resting on the top rail of a fence that just skirted a nearby farm house, from whose yards came the sharp, quick bark of the watchful collie; we decided our direction and destination, though not without a dissenting comment or two from Bill, whose main idea seemed to be to leave the city as far as possible behind, "Well, let's go," said he, "I'll beat you by that rise just ahead."

The challenge was sufficient, but I couldn't refrain from questioning Bill's intended irony on the hill and mentally corrected the appellation ere the top was reached.

Just over the ridge we made out a merry party of "Shoers" bearing down upon us, arrayed in regulation blanket and toque, making no great speed, however, as we noticed two members of the gentler sex being extricated from the nearby snow drifts, while hearty peals of laughter greeted their mishap. As we passed we ripped off a lusty "Hi-Yah" and noted with pleasure the triple retort. Bill increased the pace a little and his general aversion to members of the female persuasion was at once in evidence and we hit it up steadily until their joyous laughter was left behind. "Can't see any fun carrying girls around on snowshoes," was his next remark. "My boy, you are the one perverted male of my acquaintance," said I. "That's just the ideal sport for a winter's night, with the right girl and a friendly cloud or two keeping company with Mother Moon!" "Rot!" replied the incorrigible, and that closed the subject.

We talked of many things, this pal and I; reminiscences of many pleasant outings. Trips that ran smoothly, others when we worked like beavers and called it fun, hunting trips that made our blood tingle and knitted us, if possible, more closely together in the bonds of friendship and a perfect understanding that few men enjoy.

Reaching the ridge above the river we descended towards the now frozen and rather indeterminate river bed. Billy made out what looked like a fresh

rabbit track in the snow and we veered away to the right, as we followed it a hundred yards or so with little difficulty to a hidden brush heap. This he essayed to climb (which with snowshoes is no easy task) and I was greatly amused as he several times went down head under. These ungraceful lunges startled master Bunny evidently, for he broke from his hiding away from us and we caught an indistinct glimpse of him as he made off, our sticks came to shoulder instinctively and followed him a second or so to the imaginary line, where a charge of No. 4 would do the most damage, when Billy perfected the illusion with a loud 'Bang,' that while harmless in the main must have added speed to the flying cottontail. Examination showed a fairly well beaten runway leading to the woods close at hand and explained the unusual speed attained by the little grey fellow who seemed swallowed up in the moonlight with incredible swiftness when we had expected to have seen him floundering about in the soft going.

"Huh!" grunted Bill, "'Twont be long before a rabbit's a curiosity around these parts, with those embryos and their gas pipe, 12 bores potting most everything that flies or runs. Should penalize shooting within twenty-five miles of a city like this, 'twould give the natives a chance to become acquainted with the bird and animal life which in such a setting should abound."

"Yes," I said, "I agree with you, but what's the use, the kids are even trapping the park squirrels now, and you know what meagre protection is afforded the really big game of this Province."

The subject was dropped right there as we had often discussed it before and were just a little sore in consequence.

Our trail meanwhile had landed us within the Park gates where we came presently to the deer enclosures, banging on the fences. We soon had the occupants alive and hungry, a tid-bit or two was tossed them and Billy succeeded in coaxing a fine doe to the wiring, where he further ingratiated himself by stroking her soft muzzle and slipping through a lump or two of sugar. The stillness was rudely disturbed at this juncture by a long drawn cry from the Bull Elk, a

truly magnificent specimen. Dignified, resentful and aloof, he stood silhouetted against the moonlight some eighty or ninety yards above us, head erect, whole being tense and rigid. Again the resonant roar re-echoed through the Park and died away in the distance—with no answering call—Bill's a very material sort of a fellow and I heard him muttering, "If you were up North and tried that old boy, I'd chase a couple of soft points into your old hide that would stop that infernal noise I'll bet." I chuckled loudly at his discomfiture and spent some time in trying to explain that a similar impulse which prompted him to sigh for his rifle was thrilling the old Bull as his mind wandered back to his native environment.

We grew chilly in our musings and took a short cut towards the river. Arriving we unstrapped the shoes, scooped away the snow, stuck them jauntily in the embankment, hustled wood and started a fire, and in a few minutes our tomato can well scrubbed and filled with melted snow was simmering after the style of the good old kitchen kettle. Then was opened Bill's

mysterious pack, 'out came sandwiches, tea, sugar and such. Some spruce boughs, hastily out from trees near at hand, formed the cushions and lolling comfortably we enjoyed a bite, fit for a king.

The meal over, our pipes were lighted and in the night shadows surrounding our little fire we pictured fancies as was our nature wont. I looked at my watch presently and was surprised at the lateness of the hour. We arose, shovelled back the snow and struck trail for the homeward trip. Uneventful though it was we reached our starting point before midnight, unlaced the *raquettes* recovered the coats and slowly descended the hill to civilization—the word is used advisedly—for the tramp on snow shoes was to Bill and me, many miles removed from the city and its surroundings from which we had escaped for the time to the great out-of-doors to breathe deeply and delight in the open.

With a hearty "good night" I left him and shortly slipped into bed and dreamland, all unmindful of the stiffened muscles and painful back that greeted me in the morning.

A Retrospective Holiday.

BY SYDNEY HOPE.

NOW that winter has crept in upon us and all the fields and woods lie barren in the sunshine, our thoughts turn to the enjoyments of the summer and we live over again in fancy many a happy hour. "No enjoyment," says Sydney Smith, "however inconsiderable is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life for having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure."

It was past noon and the sky in a tormenting state of uncertainty as we leaned over the bridge and bartered with the old boatman, who talked up at us from

his skiff below. He was optimistic of our luck a mile further down the stream so we climbed gingerly into a little scallop and ducked our heads in passing under the low dark bridge.

It was a veritable lover's stream, winding in and out in delightful serpentine fashion, bordered to the water's edge with rushes and slender willows dropping their graceful branches, in the rippling stream while above rose the silver sand banks dotted with fragrant cedars and a stunted growth of delicate feathery foliage.

We anchored beside some moss grown logs projecting from the water and with suspended breathing waited for the first

bite. The minutes drag, the silence becomes dreary. Jack, the mongrel pup, couched in the stern gazes languidly on the water rousing himself now and again to snap an officious fly or cast a furtive glance in the direction of his master.

The fish do not bite, our poles droop and our eyes are ever wandering from the bobbing corks to the picturesque hills beyond. Delightfully remiscent, our ancient Ulysses, redolent of nicotine and perspiration, beguiles our fishing tedium with stories of the sea.

"Aroand thar," pointing to a bend far down the stream, "a wessel run on the rocks and sunk with every man. I tell ye I've seen some mighty heavy seas, but none no worse than that. I was out myself that night and mind it well. The Captain, a cross surly sort of man at odds with all his crews, blowed out short and rough to me, where I was at the wheel. I was doin' my best and it teched me. I ne'er answered a word, but turned and walked straight b'low. There the vessel was arollin' an a tossin' in the trough o' the sea and it weren't long for things began to look kinder scary.

The Captain's two darters, the only critters he had in the world, was with us on that cruise. They were nice girls too, kind an good an ofen hurt at their father's gruff ways with his men. When things were gettin pretty bad one of 'em come and begged me to go back to the wheel. Though I'd swore I wouldn't I did. Well, we got through that night more by the 'elp of Providence than the skill o' man, which makes me think the Lord kinder lets up a bit sometimes where the women folks is conearned.

From that day the Captain give me no more lip, but I never took ship with him agin an east wind. Now it makes no odds to me, wind east or west I'm always the same. I've follered the sea over fifty years an I find all winds is for some good. May 'ap ye can't see it at the time when yer pitchin an heavin' right and left for'ard and back'ard an' like to go to the bottom any minute, but depend on it that thar wind says I, is for somethin' come what will.

"Right over thar in Ferin Point, the

hunters used to lie in hidin' for the deer that came down the bluff to swim across t' other side. But that's years ago, an I reckon you'll find no kind of deer here now, 'ceptin them kind," he added, laughing, and pointing to a callow couple, who were strolling on the bank above.

We drew up our lines to find them limp and empty. Well, we didn't care much. This old boatman was more interesting than a shoal of fishes.

"But one, we want one anyway," wailed a disconsolate female Walton. "Let's try again."

We draw up anchor and paddle down the stream, resting at length beneath an overhanging cedar.

A long silence, followed by a sudden scream a splash, and a frantic scaly speckled trout is flung flapping at our feet. In the excitement that ensues the little shallop is in danger of being summarily capsized. We right ourselves with difficulty, apply fresh bait and wait with hushed expectancy.

Two, three, four, What luck ! until we number twenty. Our supper is secured and the female Walton radiantly appeased.

The return up the stream is indescribably enchanting. The sun that had held aloof all day gradually relapsed his sullen mood to shine out boldly now, casting a line of golden light through all the interstices of the stream. The pale grey sand turned to glistening silver in the sunshine while the feathery foliage waved and glinted in the soft air and the tall pines cast coquettish shadows across the waters.

The little boat, true to the deft strokes of her master's hand glided in and out among the waterlilies sheltering their purity among the rushes and yielding to our attempts to pull them.

The bridge is full of people, laughing, chatting, idly dangling their poles and obviously envious of our luck as we displayed our spoil upon the bank.

The little boat, taxed to its capacity, is off again without delay, the old boatman waving a farewell to us as he rounds the bend.



THE WINTER SOLITUDE.

The Woods in Winter Time.

BY F. B. DOUD.

THE first snow of the season! How eagerly and with what jubilation do the boys resurrect their sleds and go away with them to the hills!

Heavy has been the fall and all the country around is white. With the snow sparkling in the sunshine, a healthy tingle in our blood, just sufficient sharpness in the atmosphere to produce a fine enjoyable glow, we feel the lure of the outdoors upon us and make no attempt to resist it.

With the camera upon our shoulders and giving no thought to the goal ahead, we start afield; somehow the lure takes us straight to the woods. From behind the rail fence a partridge whirrs away as we approach, and another quickly follows suit. While we pause a moment on the fence, a third that has been feeding behind a beech tree just in front of us takes to flight and is joined by a fourth further on in the woods. Who was the most startled we wonder—the partridge or ourselves?

The snow scatters like powder as we jump off the fence. When we reach the beeches we see where the partridges have been feeding. At this point we stop and cut a staff from the undergrowth rattling the snow down upon our heads.

On, out of the woods, across the roadway, we see the first sleigh track of the season. In Neighbor John's field, which we next cross, we pause beside a great limestone rock, now crowned with snow. 'Tis large enough above the ground to fill a bed room. No, the half is not seen. A derelict of the Ice Age, left stranded far from its natural position.

Across more woods, snowy and silent, except for the lovely notes of the chickadee. At this point we note that a mouse has made a journey over the snow to another stump.

When we reach the ridge we keep above the woods into the big hill field. As we go we admire the snowscape ahead and around us. How clearly we can make out the swamps, the fences



SOMEWHERE IN THE WINTER WOODS A SUGAR CAMP AWAITS THE QUICKENING OF THE SAP.

and, yes, a flock of sheep away up on the hillside. How plainly everything shows up on the white snow!

As we trudge along the hill top I recall to mind the bully times we had as boys sleigh riding down this place going lickety split down through yonder gateway into the field below—sometimes smashing into the fence and making lots of fun.

On the north end of this ridge we pass an old burying ground where some of the pioneers of this section have slept for over half a century.

Down across the flats and over the partly frozen creek. Here we see tracks of a mink going up stream. In the corner of this field is an old spreading chestnut tree, the first one to open its burrs in the fall—fully ten days or a fortnight before the other trees have ripened their nuts. The reason may be that this particular tree is below the level of other trees and is not so much exposed to the furies of the storms.

Again we mount the fence and proceed along under the cedars ready at a touch to scatter the snow down upon our heads. At our approach a large hawk perched high up in an elm tree flies quietly away to a neighboring swamp.

The click of the shutter on the camera faintly breaks the silence as we expose a plate on the snowy retreat where we know that the rabbits and partridge are safely hiding.

We hear the blows of an axe. Someone is chopping in the woods behind us and as we turn we see smoke rising from a shanty. Curiosity compels us to go in that direction. Where we cross the creek we see a box trap and master mink appears to have walked right in.

The shanty is perhaps ten by twelve feet built of rough boards and tar paper and lighted only by one pane of glass. On opening the door we are greeted by all the smells of last week and more—enough thanks!

We prefer the outside and select the path along which the woodchopper is at work. We find that he is a white man, quite a decent old fellow, a sort of hermit. He told us that since the death of his wife, which happened twelve years before, he preferred living alone in the woods. He has a warm snug shack, cut his own wood and supplied his few simple wants by hunting and trapping.

Leaving the old man to his simple life we went out through a ploughed field, where the ground yielding beneath our



THE SNOWY RETREAT OF THE PARTRIDGE AND RABBIT.

feet made walking tiresome. From thence we returned across the woods. This is my favorite view point, visited many times during the different seasons of the year.

The vista, as seen today amid its setting of sparkling snow, is as pleasing as in springtime, or even when the trees are garbed in all their autumn splendor.

Only the blows of the woodman's axe heard from the distant point where he is engaged with his laborious task disturbs the winter solitude. Another picture is taken and we climb over into the woods rambling along the familiar runways used for gathering the sap in the springtime. Under the trees we find many tracks of

rabbits and come across places where partridges have been feeding. We also discover somewhere in the winter woods a sugar camp awaiting the quickening of the sap. Here again we open the door, everything within and without recalling to our minds sweet memories of the good old sugar time—but that is a story for another day.

We surely have earned an appetite as the result of our exertions and further feel that a little diversion of this kind makes an agreeable break in the daily routine whether it may be in a confined office or out on the farm—a change such as is beneficial to all and one that may often be taken in the course of a Canadian winter.

William Overland, of Sault Ste. Marie, is charged with having shot a cow moose in Goulais Bay road in the township of Pennyfather. He boasted of his prowess to others and Game Inspector T. A. Hand hearing of this went to the place and found the hide and part of the car-

cass. When he returned to the Soo, Overland was missing and had not been located at the time of writing. It is further stated that Overland shot the animal before the open season and though this aggravates the offence it is illegal to kill a cow moose in Ontario at any time.

Hunting on Vancouver Island.

A Dangerous Encounter With a Bear.

BY E. S. SHRAPNEL.

ONE of my first experiences while hunting in the above locality came near ending fatally for a companion who was with me on that occasion. The incident happened about seventeen years ago, and I think is of interest on account of the rareness of the occurrence.

We started equipped for several weeks' hunting, with a light tent and as few other necessaries as we could do with.

Taking the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railroad to Duncan's we hired a conveyance to the lower end of Cowichan Lake, which is about twenty-two miles in length. This distance we managed easily the next morning with the help of an assistant who possessed an Indian canoe. On the journey we caught some half dozen trout averaging about three pounds each, and about midday we pitched our tent in the wilderness.

After a good square meal, consisting of fried trout and bacon, we were successful in bagging several brace of blue grouse, which were very numerous in that locality.

Early next morning our guide left us, returning to the lower end of the lake, where he owned a rather primitive homestead.

After breakfast we arranged our packs, dividing our provisions, ammunition, blankets and tent so as to equalize the weight as much as possible, and boldly commenced our first tramp. We proposed making our way to the trail that ran between Nanaimo and Alberni, of course by short stages and hunting occasionally, when our camp was in a likely locality. As our packs were very heavy we were well content to camp at noon, more especially as we had noticed elk tracks several times on our route, and as for traces of common deer they were so numerous that we hardly took any notice of them.

I soon found that travelling in the woods and mountains on Vancouver

Island was far more difficult than either the wilds of Ontario or Quebec, or indeed any other country I had formerly hunted in.

The windfalls of huge firs, that one had to walk around or else climb over, the ferns in some of the valleys over six feet high, and the thick undergrowth of salatt, which takes the place of ground hemlock in Ontario, are obstructions to the most robust, especially if he has a forty-five or fifty pound pack to carry besides his gun and ammunition. These difficulties are mostly in the valleys and some parts of the level country. As you ascend the mountains the timber becomes more stunted and scattered, being mostly spruce, hemlock and small cedars, with here and there patches of arbutus.

The highest ridges of some parts of the mountains are nearly bare of trees and covered with a fine short grass, or in some areas a species of heather intermixed with boulders of granite.

But to continue. We did not hurry ourselves or make any very long tramps, especially while our packs were heavy. We soon found that we need not have taken more than half the provisions we had estimated as necessary for our expedition, as grouse were very numerous and tame, and we started deer frequently, nearly every day during our trip. It was useless shooting one as we had all we wished to carry, at least during the first week of our journey. Our course was generally in a northerly direction, but we had to vary it frequently to get around the numerous obstructions. I wished, if possible, to secure an elk's head, but though we saw their tracks occasionally we never got sight of one during our hunt. On the highest ridges of the mountains we found ptarmigan, some of which we easily secured. They are handsome little birds especially in their variegated plumage, and fairly good eating. After about two weeks had

passed our bacon was nearly finished, so we shot a young buck, and found it a very satisfactory addition to our larder. It was killed close to our camp and that night we were serenaded by some half dozen timber wolves—the offal of the deer evidently attracted them. These pests destroy a great number of deer even in summer time, and on several occasions we happened on spots where it was evident that a deer had been pulled down and devoured. Strips of hide, freshly picked bones and bunches of hair told the tale.

Bear tracks in some places were plentiful and occasionally we noticed panther's footmarks, also one night a hind quarter of venison was taken from a branch of a tree close to our tent, and from traces left evidently by a large bear. On the following night we placed some meat on the same branch and took turns watching, but bruin evidently had business elsewhere on that particular occasion for he did not put in his appearance.

After about another week's hunting and shifting our tent every second day in the direction our course indicated we struck the trail, which was in those days decidedly not such a good stage road as it is at the present day. It was nearly dark when we reached it, so concluded to camp for the night.

At daylight the next morning a couple of Siwash Indians with their ponies, halted at our camp and after asking for some tobacco informed us that Cameron Lake was only a couple of miles away in the direction of Alberni, and also that they and half a dozen of their "tillicums," or friends had a fishing and hunting camp on the edge of it not a great distance from the trail. They further added that several bears had been seen the day before feeding among the berry patches near the water by one of their party while fishing. They had four miserable specimens of the canine race with their outfit, the particular breed of either, neither of us could, with any certainty, vouch for, but their owners affirmed that they were good for hunting any species of game, especially bears.

This gave us the idea that if we hired them and their dogs for a day or so we might perhaps be lucky enough to secure

a bear, or perhaps a panther, as these animals in most cases when pursued by a dog will take to a tree.

So, for the consideration of five dollars per diem, we engaged the services of our native visitors. Immediately after breakfast, in which our new allies proved that they had very substantial appetites when invited to join us at the meal, our tent and packs were flung on the cayuses and we started for the lake, which we reached in about half an hour. Then branching off to the right on a very indistinct trail for some three quarters of a mile we reached the Indian Camp, which proved nothing more than a few poles with a couple of blankets stretched over the top with cedar and hemlock branches laced together forming the back and sides. In less than half an hour our tent was pitched and our belongings safely stowed therein, but we took care that it was at a safe distance from the native domicile, as we noticed that cleanliness was evidently not one of their attributes.

We expected to start at once on a bear hunt, but we were informed that a deer hunt would be first on the program that morning as an Indian lad had been dispatched (prior to our arrival) with several dogs to start a deer, which our guides affirmed would be almost sure to head for the lake when hard pressed. The Indians had only one miserably small dugout canoe, really only capable of carrying one person, but the natives said that that two men could use it with safety.

My friend was stationed on a runway not far from the camp. I was posted about a mile off near the water's edge, while the rest of the natives disappeared in the woods.

In a very short time, I could hear by the continuous yelping that a deer was on the move and gradually approaching the vicinity of the lake, but just when I felt certain of getting a shot the animal changed its course, and the yelps of the native curs were almost lost in the distance. Then the distant report of a rifle echoed along the lake shore, by which I inferred that the hunt was over, so I started back for camp where I found my friend who was anything but elated with

the result of our morning's experience. However he cheered up considerably when the Indian who had the canoe appeared, proudly paddling towards the landing with a large buck, the horns of which protruded over the bow. He was still more pleased when after the animal was skinned we were presented with a hind quarter, also with some half dozen fine trout.

For a pecuniary consideration my friend procured the head, which possessed as fine a set of antlers as I have ever seen.

After a good dinner it was arranged that all hands in camp would participate in a bear hunt, including all the yellow, black, white and mouse colored mongrels, who although generally kicked and cuffed about by their dusky owners always expressed the most evident and lively satisfaction when they noticed preparations of a nature suggestive of a hunt.

It was arranged that the whole party should keep together along the edge of the lake until we reached the base of a small peninsula running a short distance out in the water, as this was said to be the spot where the bears were last observed.

On arriving there after walking about a mile we separated, keeping about fifty yards apart, and then at a given signal, advanced towards the point, the dogs following their individual owners.

In less than five minutes several of the curs started their yelps and immediately were joined by all the rest, making the woods ring with their discordant clamor. The whole pack raced away ahead of us, followed on the run by the excited Indians.

My friend and myself scrambled along as best we could, sometimes stumbling over fallen trees or plunging knee deep through swamps and mud holes. One of the natives had followed along the shore with the canoe in case any animal should take to the water.

As we advanced the barking grew more savage and continuous and it was easy to guess that some beast had turned on its pursuers as there were howls denoting pain as well as savage ferocity.

We hurried forward with intense excitement fearing to be late at witnessing

the finale of the worrying uproar that was gradually nearing the water's edge. Suddenly a shot rang out along the lake—evidently fired from the canoe. Then a couple more shots, followed by ear splitting whoops from different localities along the shore.

We now reached comparatively open ground covered with low bushes and could get a more extended view, besides being able to cover the ground on the run. In less than a minute we stood terribly out of breath at the water's edge and the whole performance was before us.

About one hundred and fifty yards out in the lake a large she bear was swimming, followed by two well grown cubs, a short distance behind them some half dozen dogs were doing their best to catch up with them, all the time giving tongue in a variety of yelps, which echoed far and wide along the lake. Added to this was the shrill calls and whoops of the Indians, who as fast as they could load their old muskets and antiquated muzzle loaders, were letting fly both buck shot and round bullets, all of which seemed to strike the water at varying distances from the objects aimed at.

My friend, having a Winchester rifle, was in the act of taking aim when the Indian in the canoe suddenly rounded a little patch of low bushes that extended a short distance into the water, paddling for all he was worth.

My companion called to him to take him on board to assist in the pursuit. The Siwash immediately assented driving the canoe to the shore at a furious rate. My friend seized a paddle and united his efforts with the native to such purpose that I could see that they would very soon overtake the bears. One of the cubs was evidently wounded for it lagged behind the others. The foremost of the dogs were soon alongside and a desperate battle began, on hearing which the old she bear at once turned and swam back to help her offspring. Before she could reach the spot the canoe dashed up, my friend reserving his fire until within a few yards of the infuriated animal. Being greatly excited his aim was unsteady, the bullet merely passing

through the fleshy part of the bear's neck, which only made the brute more savage.

The impetus of the canoe carried it almost on top of the infuriated beast, who raising herself with a quick plunge grabbed the side of the dugout and in an instant my friend and the Indian were dumped into the lake. The Indian on reaching the surface seized hold of the canoe and dodged behind it, but my friend headed for the shore, as he was a good swimmer.

Unfortunately he attracted bruin's notice, who, wild with rage and the sting of the bullet, immediately gave chase. Although a strong and rapid swimmer I could see that she would soon catch up to him, so called to him to that effect. He then made a desperate effort to increase his speed and for a minute or so seemed to hold his own, but it was apparently useless. The huge brute plunged along, gaining every instant, and now my friend seemed to realize his danger for he suddenly ceased his efforts to escape, turned about and faced his enraged pursuer, who the next minute with a snarling growl plunged forward lifting her huge body one-third out of the water as she did so. The next moment they were in collision. I saw my friend's arm raise as he gave one desperate thrust with his hunting knife, and almost at the same time the bear's paw descended upon his head and he disappeared from view.

The enraged animal, after glancing about for a few seconds, headed for the opposite shore of a small bay to the right of the position I occupied. I had only with me a shot gun, and she was too far away for buckshot to have any certain effect. I emptied both barrels on the chance of a stray pellet reaching her, but she swam on apparently untouched. I was greatly excited and horrified at my companion's sudden end, for I concluded the bear's blow had stunned him, and that he would be drowned before any help could reach him. I called to the Indian who was rapidly making his way to the shore, pushing the water logged canoe before him, to move it towards the spot where my friend had sunk, but in a few moments, greatly to my delight there was a great commotion in the water

and my companion's head appeared. After glancing around he swam slowly towards the approaching canoe. On reaching it he grabbed one side of it, which was almost level with the water, and commenced to assist the Indian to propel it towards shore.

I eagerly inquired if he was much hurt, but he only replied by a string of cuss words referring to bruin, who was now within a short distance from land.

Seeing my friend was safe I hurried around the edge of the bay as fast as the nature of the ground and rocky boulders allowed me, followed by a couple of the dogs, which had not taken to the water when the rest did and soon came to the spot where the bear had left the water. She was evidently badly wounded as there was a continual stream of blood leading towards the underbrush, which fringed the shore at that point. The dogs instantly commenced yelping and dashed away in pursuit, but on entering the heavier woods that were not fifty yards away, their tongue changed to savage barking which at once informed me that the bear had turned on them and however badly wounded was showing fight.

I was not long in reaching the scene of action, guided as I was by the snorting growls of bruin and the continuous noise the dogs were making.

The wounded animal was making desperate attempts to scramble up a steep rock, but had not strength enough left to do so. I watched it make several staggering rushes at the dogs, but they easily dodged out of the way. As I was watching for a chance to end the combat two of the Indians appeared attracted by the clamorous din and immediately opened fire at a close range. Poor bruin rolled over, dying almost instantly, as one of the bullets had penetrated her brain.

On examining the other wounds we found our friend had given her a deep wound in the chest, besides which a ball through the fleshy part of the neck and several buckshot had penetrated her flank from shots fired by the Indians prior to her taking to the water.

It took all our combined strength to drag the carcass to the water's edge, where the Indians set about securing the

hide, and cutting the meat into portable quarters.

I now hurried back to the point on the shore where my friend had landed. I found him seated on a log with his head bound up with a strip of his shirt, which was saturated with blood. He was looking very pale and complained of faintness. I luckily had a flask of spirits with me, and after he had taken a good pull of it he seemed to revive greatly, and with my help he managed to reach camp, where I examined his wound, which though only a deep scratch, had bled considerably.

He mentioned that the blow the bear had given him stunned him for a few seconds, but that the cold water had revived him soon enough for him to realize

his desperate position, so instead of rising to the surface at once he had made a dive that would take him some little distance from where he had received the blow.

The next morning we made a bargain with the Indians to pack our camp outfit together with the bear's skin to Alberni, as my friend expressed himself satisfied (for a while at least) with his hunting experiences on Vancouver Island, and he had cause, for it occupied several months before the ugly scalp wound he had received had completely healed.

We were delayed several days at Alberni waiting for one of the coasting steamers, which calls at stated periods at the numerous Indian settlements and trading points along the West coast.

The Wild Pigeon.

BY W. D. HOBSON.

“**W**ITHIN the past year small flocks have been seen here and there where for many years they have been entirely unknown,” says a writer in the December number of “Rod and Gun” referring to the wild pigeon.

Where have they been seen and by whom?

Further on we are told by the same writer that “unlike some other kind of game they (the wild pigeon) have not been exterminated. They have migrated to another clime for reasons we do not fully understand. In some parts of South America they are still numerous etc.”

It would be very interesting to naturalists to be informed what authority Mr. Cameron has for these statements. It is true many species of wild pigeon are found in South America but not the indigenous North American passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes*) about which Mr. Cameron would appear to have been writing. There are at least four differ-

ent species of wild pigeon found in North America at present and one of them (*Columbia fasciata*) may be seen in large numbers in British Columbia. But the old North American passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes Migratoris*) is no more.

Present conditions are such they could not now exist in North America. Just as well might we look for buffalo in the State of Illinois.

The passenger pigeon was strictly a bird of the beech woods and with the passing of the beechwoods of Pennsylvania the passenger pigeon passed from the face of the earth forever.

I think the last record we have of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes*) in Canada was in 1891. At that time a specimen was taken near Toronto and reported by the ornithological sub-section of the Canadian Institute. Four years later the last specimen was secured in the States. Any authentic record of the passenger pigeon (*Ectopistes*) at a later date than the above would be interesting.

The Woodcock.

BY JOHN ARTHUR HOPE.

THE question is constantly cropping up in the Sporting Journals on both sides of the water as to whether American 'cock migrate to the British Islands or where they really do go. So far as I know the question has not yet been satisfactorily answered. In theory many believe they do cross the Atlantic. In practice it is doubtful if they ever leave the American continent, but instead migrate to the Southern latitude in the fall.

There are several reasons why those who have given the matter close study are skeptical as to woodcock being able to make the North Atlantic passage.

In the first place the American 'cock is a little smaller, with slightly different markings to its European relation (commonly called the Norway) and, therefore, fairly easy to distinguish by those who have shot both.

In the second place, although a migratory bird, an inspection of its wings show that its primary feathers are very little longer than its secondary, and, therefore, not adapted for very long flights over water.

However, the third and principal reason is that the 'cock is a very delicate, but voracious feeder, losing condition very rapidly in long flights over water, where it is unable to rest or feed, or in hard frosty weather.

Now we will suppose that the Nova Scotian woodcock does migrate to Britain. Assuming that it takes the shortest passage and rests in Newfoundland—its line of flight and last resting place on this side—it would still have an eighteen hundred mile passage over very rough water in November, drawing a straight line to the nearest land—viz the north-west coast of Ireland.

As the Norway 'cock has less than one-fourth of such a sea voyage to make, to the eastern coast of Britain, where it arrives generally in an exhausted condition, it is easy to understand why so many sportsmen and naturalists

are so sceptical about the woodcock crossing the Atlantic.

Mr. A. A. Brown, in the November issue, states that he knows that the Nova Scotia 'cock migrate to Ireland because he has shot them there. He, however, does not give us any reasons or data to prove the faith that is in him. Because he shot 'cock in Ireland that is no proof that they came from Nova Scotia.

Assume, however, that Mr. Brown is correct. Then how are we to account for the fact that the two flights of 'cock into the British Isles arrive on the eastern coast of England and Scotland, and not on the western coast of Ireland.

Having seen, shot, and helped to shoot many thousands of these birds in Ireland—a country that easily holds first place in producing the finest shooting of this gamiest of game birds—it would be as well to explain my reasons why I, too, am skeptical.

I have no proof—because I have never shot a Nova Scotia 'cock there—that it cannot make the North Atlantic passage safely, but I will tell why I think it does not.

The principal breeding ground of the European 'cock extends from Norway south across Switzerland, Northern Italy, and along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean as far as the Grecian Isles.

It has long been known and placed beyond all doubt that 'cock migrate west and south from continental Europe in the fall and north and east from Britain in the spring. Heligoland, a small island on the north German coast, lies partly in the line of flight and some valuable data has been secured from the light house keeper as to the many hundreds of 'cock that annually kill themselves by dashing into the light—a very powerful one—at night.

There are two flights into Britain. The first arrives with the October full moon, and the second and larger with the November full moon. They first ap-

pear along the eastern coast many of them in a very exhausted condition according to the roughness or smoothness of the sea passage†. Here the weaker recruit, the stronger continuing their flight west as long as the weather remains open so that they can probe for their food. They scatter all over the islands right up into the north of Scotland, but with the coming of hard weather they depart. No line of beaters could as effectively drive them as does the falling of the thermometer to the milder climate of the west coast of Ireland, where in the first months of the New Year the greatest numbers are seen—one hundred brace have been shot in one short day by six guns around the shores of Lake Corrib, County Galway.

In the last few years many sportsmen, keenly interested in the migratory habits of the 'cock, the game bird par excellence of Britain, have caught many young ones and placed small plates of metal on the legs bearing name, place, date of month and year. Then by advertising in Home and Foreign papers they have ascertained a great deal about its habits. This is still being done and those who annually shoot woodcock in Nova Scotia and neighboring Provinces should look out for these marked woodcock. Further they should catch and mark some themselves as they have the opportunity of doing, and advertise in the British Sporting Journals.

Sportsmen as well as naturalists have found the woodcock a most interesting bird. Perhaps a few words regarding its habits may prove interesting.

The woodcock lives by suction, its bill being a bundle of sensitive nerves. It is a delicate but voracious feeder, and it loses its condition rapidly in long flights, or in hard weather, for its principal food consists of worms. Only certain kinds, however, are eaten, its favorite being the small red worm, found in a certain soft ground and cattle manure, known as the "Bramble" from the alternate rings around it. The worm is well broken up in the bill before being swallowed—an

example many people could follow with profit to themselves.

Forced in hard weather to seek its food in springs and marshy places not reached by the frost, and which are deficient in nutriment to keep up its condition, it becomes very thin, falling an easy victim to evilly disposed people and vermin.

In Ireland the hard winter—or spring of '95 will long be remembered by sportsmen, as for several seasons after that they were very scarce. Even the country people refused to eat them because they had become too thin and poor for human food.

In the last two decades or so quite a number have remained and bred in the British Isles. The efficient protection afforded the bird and the quietness of large woods and wooded mountain sides make such places its favorite haunts, for being a nocturnal feeder it loves and seeks a quiet place to sleep by day.

Its nest is made in a space free of cover for a few feet around it in the wooded side of a mountain or peat bog, always selecting ground that conforms as much as possible to the color of its feathers. Four eggs are laid of a dirty whitish grey covered with small chocolate spots. Curious as it may seem a few chips of bark, or stiff leaves will be found stuck up on the windward side of the nest. On going back with a change of wind I invariably found that the bird had changed her small shelter also. When hatching, if not disturbed too much, she becomes very tame. Advancing slowly and cautiously up to the nest I have passed my hand almost under her before she would move off, and then only to fly or walk a short distance away where she would stand and watch me with a very indignant expression in her large and very round black eyes at being disturbed from her maternal duties.

It is here again that the evilly disposed person can do great damage and is one of the principal reasons why a well enforced law is necessary the year round to protect feathered game.

†This does not agree with Mr. Jenner's statement in the September issue—that flight birds are always in good condition when they arrive in Nova Scotia, but which bears out what I have tried to point out, viz: that the American 'cock migrate north and south on this continent. Otherwise they would not be in good condition.

To come suddenly upon a woodcock and her young brood, is to have the opportunity, if you are an observing mortal, of watching a very interesting sight. When disturbed suddenly she picks up her young and carries them away one by one until they are all safely removed. Even if one walks past without taking any notice of her—it makes no difference, they are taken away just the same. Her instinct and motherly care warns her not to trust her enemies, for the woodcock is a good mother.

How does she carry her young? This is such an interesting question that it crops up now and again in the sporting papers. Does she carry them grasped between the legs or held to her breast with the bill, has been asked time and time again?

The writer has many times sat down when he has come upon a young brood and watched the mother carry them away, one by one without detecting, beyond the possibility of mistake, which of the above methods she employed. I have been only from fifty to seventy-five feet from her when picking them up. No doubt this will appear strange.

When it is remembered that she keeps her chicks hidden in soft but not too swampy ground with a thick growth of willow, birch or elder trees and that she always drops in silently each time she returns for a chick from a different point of the compass, picks it up under cover and then flies straight for the nearest tree, behind which she manages to keep

with great dexterity until hidden from one's sight in the depths of the woods, it will not seem so strange why it is difficult to detect which of the two methods she employs. From the glimpses caught of her as she flitted through the wood I am of the firm opinion that the chicks are carried grasped between the legs, as in all cases when flying slightly broadside to me the chicks appeared more under than forward of the breast.

Another problem that has interested the sporting world and still does is that the cock and hen are so much alike as regards plumage that the sex of the birds are not easy to distinguish, if at all. One section claims that distinguishing marks of the sex are to be found on the primary, or first feather of each wing, that is the feather visible when the wing is folded. Now by examining these four feathers taken from a pair of birds shot in the vicinity of each other at the end of the season when the birds are beginning to mate, it will be found that the narrow webs of two differ from those of the others. In the one the web is white and the other barred or toothed with dark brown. The former belongs to the hen bird. But as the marks are more pronounced in the young birds than in the old, the question is still as far as ever from a correct solution*. Dissection is the only method of finding out.

Have any readers of "Rod and Gun" some interesting evidence to give us on this subject?

*It is true that the female is sometimes found to be a little larger than the male but among young birds only

A Winter Wolf Hunt.

BY P. E. BUCKE.

IN the long winter of 1903-4—we called it the long winter because there were twenty-nine days in February 1904—I was out west doing nothing in particular, with the exception of a little hunting in the winter and fishing in the summer.

As it happened I had struck a nice quiet hotel at Savanos on the Canadian Pacific Railway at the foot of Kamloops Lake, which is really a swelling in the Thompson River, twenty-five miles long, and from three to four miles wide. When I say the hotel was quiet I should

remark that there is a sleeping annex a few feet from the hotel proper, into which a fellow can retire if the boys get too lively about the bar.

On the left hand side of the lake going up the stream there are some cinabar rocks from which quicksilver has been extracted, but the hotel, railway and station are on the right bank.

In these places there is almost always a floating population of ranchmen, trappers, hunters, mineral seekers, timber cruisers and people of that ilk.

At the foot of the lake where the water begins to quicken its pace as it approaches its outlet into the Thompson River, there is a rope ferry boat for crossing. I would advise the unwary to be careful not to leave the beaten trail on the north side of the lake as the soil there produces a small sized cactus whose spines will penetrate the soft leather of one's boots.

One evening in February I fell in with a lot of young fellows who had evidently made camp some time before in a deserted miner's shack. They were prospecting for minerals—so they said—on the north shore of the lake, but it appeared to me they were principally out for a "good time." One of the young fellows, as I afterwards learned, had got into some scrape with a bank or wholesale house in Vancouver and was putting in his winter in what he called his "country residence," so as to make an early escape across the border in the spring with a view of getting into Mexico, out of the reach of the law.

Their stock of provisions consisted chiefly of beans, flour, rice, and for meat they had bacon, venison, bear, grouse, rabbits, etc. The shack was built on a good sized poplar bluff near a stream running into the lake, so that wood and water were handy and abundant.

There were three in the party and they very kindly asked me to make a fourth for a week or two, so that they might hear about the outside world, make up a good euchre deck, have a game of bridge, at which they were all adepts—have a

new hand for checkers and a fresh man to whom to relate their old chestnut stories.

Along the lake there is little or no rainfall so that all garden stuff is raised by irrigation of a rather primitive description consisting of a four by four or a six by six scantling run over a circular saw and cut into a "V." Of course there are boxes or sluices where more water is required for larger cultivated fields, gold washing, or for the flotation of shingle bolts or sawn timber from the high land to the water edge of lakes or rivers.

All through British Columbia, especially on the Fraser, Thompson and Columbia Rivers there are Chinamen washing gold; sometimes they are met with in the most out-of-the-way places, and they generally have with them a good supply of dogs in case other food fails.

On this particular day I was out on a still hunt with Jonas Devilcuss. He had been telling me stories of an exploration party, of which he was a member who visited the big Nakimu caves situated near Cougar Creek, six miles from Glacier House where he professed he had come across some Indians hidden in the dark recesses carrying on a series of most disgusting religious (?) ceremonies, and other rites of a horrible nature for the purpose of initiating the younger blades into the full membership of their tribe* Jonas was certainly a good hand at drawing the long bow, but as the evening began to close in his stories made me feel rather "creepie."

It was half way between daylight and dark when a cougar, panther, or some animal, came out of the dense woods and stood on a log on the roadside. Devilcuss who was ever ready with his rifle, up and let fly at it, the animal made a most unearthly yell, something between a growl and a scream, bounded into the air and fell a lifeless mass. I must confess his quick action and the uncertain light, together with the fierce outcry of the brute caused my hat—a soft felt one—to raise about one inch; my hair was close cut or it might have gone higher.

*I afterwards discovered that Devilcuss was drawing entirely on his imagination, as no trace of either man or animal could be found in these caves although an exploration has been made of 5,550 feet of underground passageways.

Jonas jumped to the spot, nothing daunted, and shouted "a grand specimen of the cathorincas wolf." I was not then well versed in the various species of the wolf tribe, but since coming into civilization I have turned up Buffon and several authorities and have failed to find the cathorincas mentioned.

"Well," I said, "now you have got him what will you do with him?"

He replied, "I know a man in camp a couple of miles down the trail; if you will carry my rifle and cartridge belt, I will shoulder the brute, get him skinned there, and tomorrow we will come back for the pelt. It is too dark and too late for us to stop here to undress it ourselves."

"Right you are!" said I and I took my share of the load. The road was rough and night coming on fast so we pressed forward at full speed. By the time we reached the shack the perspiration was dripping from our hats and our shirts were quite damp. The fellow wanted three dollars to skin the animal but he was finally compromised with for one fifty and we pushed on home.

The next day when the skin arrived, Tim Simons, who by the way was a woodman of long experience, cocked his eye and began to laugh. He then volunteered the information that he did not believe it was a wolf at all, but one of those Alaska hounds, a cross between a wolf and a collie. Jones felt quite indignant at his remark and hot words soon followed, he (Devilcuss) thus addressing Simons, "You irresponsible scoundrel, you illegitimate cross between a Gilde-roy's Kite and a fly flapper, I will teach you to besmirch the character or breed of the lineal descendant of the nursing mother of the founders of Ancient Rome. Your conduct and language would make Romulous and Remus turn in their graves!"

With that he off with his coat and a set-to appeared imminent and inevitable. Jim Larkin and myself tried in vain to pour oil on the troubled waters, blood was up and blood had to be spilt, so the

two of us formed a ring and the combatants stripped for action. Several feints and thrusts were made but no damage was done, when a loud knocking of an imperative character was heard on the outside door.

This brought matters to a standstill; a China boy named Yep Sing, from a small silver mine up the lake rushed in and said he wanted assistance quick as a friend had been injured by a premature blast of giant powder. When he saw the "wolf" skin on the floor stretched out before his eyes, he wailed and wept "My poor dog, who done this, he heap good dog, him hunt everything, him watch camp, him provide for kitchen cookie, frogs, gophers, skunk, woodchuck, muskrat, everything, oh my poor dog, who have done this?"

The poor fellow fairly broke down and the scene was becoming most pathetic. I did not like to mix myself up in this matter but at last I said to Devilcuss, "You will have to compensate this poor fellow for the irreparable loss he has sustained, and in the meantime you had best put on your clothes." Then turning to Yep Sing I said, "How much you value dog?" "Oh him be a good dog, him worth fifty dollar." "Come, come, Johnny," said I, "That's a little too steep." The Chinaman asserted "That dog had heap more savais than man who kill him." This was a bad side thrust at Jonas and some of the boys began to titter.

However after a lot of arguing and bantering Johnnie Chinaman at last accepted settlement on a five dollar basis, the last cent J. D. had in his pocket, and finding he could get no more he left us.

Poor Devilcuss had to pay in all six fifty for the hide of the unfortunate dog, besides making himself the laughing stock of the whole outfit.

We all thought the incident was closed, but five or ten minutes later another knock came to the door; Johnnie C. put in his head and said, "Mine good frens, what have become of meat?"

A Fall Holiday in the New Brunswick Forests.

BY J. W. SPEARS.

YES, winter is now upon us and in its train comes long nights when one, snugly ensconced in his cosy den turns his thoughts again to the days, not so many weeks past, when at nights, sometimes sleeping under the stretched blanket by the side of the blazing log fire and with the canopy of heaven for a covering, he laid himself down to rest awhile, dreaming of the hunt and what his luck would be on the morrow. Ah, these certainly are the days when, after spending a year in the environment of a busy office in the city with the hustle of a business pervading the daily atmosphere, one feels that he's still "a man for a' that" and life is worth the living!

Well, it was on the sixteenth of September last that I had my anticipations realized and I arose—on holiday. I had selected the first open day of the season for my departure to the woods, but afterwards I discovered in this my mistake. Then I knew not so many of the natural instincts and habits of the larger denizens of the forest, for every sportsman knows the past season has been an exceptionally wet one and in consequence of the plentiful supply of water in the woods and heaths, big game have not been forced to frequent their regular resorts of former drier years in order to get drinking water and the plunge they so much desire after being the daily victims of myriads of flies. How often have guides this year been disappointed when tracks by the sides of the streams, brooks and pools in the heaths, have been few

and far between? It is on the dry and burnt lands that most of the spoil has fallen to the rifle this fall, at least in the early part of the shooting season in New Brunswick.

From St John by Intercolonial Railway and the New Brunswick Coal and Railways Company's lines, Chipman is reached about noon one having been only a little over four hours on the road. This in itself shows how near Central Canada's Winter Port is to some of the finest Moose and Caribou country in the whole of Canada. A team was in readiness at



JUST ARRIVED.

Chipman and in another two hours we had arrived at the store where our provisions were in readiness for loading on a team. Here I met my companion from West Alexandria, Pennsylvania, and soon we were under way, with our stores aboard and ready for the time of our lives.

For the five of us (we, our guides and the cook who was to join us,) the following were taken, exclusive of a good stove and fittings:—seventy-five pounds of flour, twenty pounds of corn meal, sugar, beans, ten pounds pork, rice, twenty-three pounds of butter, four bags of salt, onions, soda, tartar, coffee, five pounds biscuits, five pounds apples, pickles, salmon, ten cans cream, peaches, six pound raisins, soap, towels, teapot, pan, tins, parafin and lantern, roll tar paper, twelve dozen eggs, three cans of lard, fifteen pounds bacon and eighteen pounds ham. Looks a goodly array! but the shooting ground was a long way from a store and the 'bird in

the hand' proverb was our motto.

Off we went following the course of the Salmon River for some miles, then branched up the Gaspereaux valley. About six p. m. we called a halt on the march and pitched our tent near an old disused barn, lit our fire and had our first repast on the turf. Of course to dampen our buoyant spirits the rain appeared, at first slowly, then so hard that our waterproof covers were requisitioned for the grub, and we were forced to repair to the barn in which we passed the night while a violent thunder and lightning storm raged above. The morning showed no signs of clearer weather and the party decided to wait till the clouds rolled by.

We cooked some bacon and it is one of the privileges only of hunters to know how good bacon tastes when spread on bread washed down by a tin of tea from the log fire! Then there is no thought for the morrow, and how raw onions do disappear! The weather by ten a. m. having cleared to a fog we decided after some target practice in which I managed to thoroughly please the guide, to continue our course, and just as we were setting out on came a regular down-pour.

Still into the woods we went and in two minutes must have looked like drowned rats. Here let me say, we were on the most irregular and almost unrecognized road, overhung by trees and bushes from which dripped streams of water. How the horses ever struggled through is still a mystery to the writer. Imagine a bad portage road after a rain storm with the bushes often meeting from either side, pools a foot deep and as thick as porridge and you will have some idea of our work. But yet was not such an experience alone worth any tem-

porary discomfiture! Reminiscences answer, yes. Then only think of our feelings shortly afterwards when out came old Sol.

".....And strongly shone he,
And the hearts of the sportsmen rejoiced,
When the face of the sun saw they...."

Soon we were dry again, the portage became better and we made good ground. Being the first party over this road this season one can well imagine that often the trees lying across our path necessitated the use of the axe. Now we came to descending ground and it is not long before one of the beautiful bends of the picturesque Gaspereaux Stream unfolded its beauty to our eyes. We forded it here where the depth at its greatest was over a foot and the breadth somewhere nearby fifty yards. The guides informed us that the camp was a mile and a half distant but I am of the opinion still that two and

a half is decidedly nearer the mark. Tracks of Moose, Caribou, Deer, and one Bear were across the path now, and the country looked good.

Arrived at our destination it was our first duty to make the camp of a year ago inhabitable by clearing out the place, covering it anew with the tarred paper, erecting the stove, cutting firs boughs

and twigs and pitching the tent for the provisions etc. It had been our original intention of making for a permanent camp three miles farther ahead but owing to the swampy condition of the intervening heath this was placing ourselves under the chance of being stuck up there and unanimously it was agreed to forego such an expedition. At that time we would be about twenty-five miles distant from Chipman. Blueberries were most abundant and of a very large size.

In the quiet of the evening I all but stumbled upon a snake when trying to



THE FAMILY.

locate a big porcupine on a tamarac close by. It was without the slightest compunction that the former was made to fall, part on one side of the branch and part on the other, being completely severed by the bullet of my companion's U. S. 30. The reptile proved to measure nearly three feet.

To a person with his eyes wide open quite a store of information can be gathered of the happenings in the forest and with a little reason how very accurate an idea can be had of the recent doings there. You may come upon the scene of an encounter between two bulls and on one upright stump we could see the claw marks of a bear made when he had been stretching himself there.

By nine p. m. the full moon was beginning to send forth her light, when the campers, after a good rest and in the expectation of a breakfast before daylight, courted the Land of Nod perhaps to dream of the chase of the Moose, or the shot that missed the Moose and killed the Bear! Before daylight my guide and I were on the

trail, and off to the Caribou heath a mile and a half distant where the year before a very fine head of forty-six points had been secured. After cautiously scanning the heath with our glasses and proceeding along the bordering woods its entire length we drew a blank.

The meandering of Caribou being the most uncertain, we squatted down amidst a clump of dwarfy bushes covered with their favorite eating moss. Though waiting there for some time one had not the luck to see any that day. The air was ideally fine and everything around seemed to scintillate with freshness and purity. The banks of the stream gave

no result but on returning to camp we heard a bull moose in the thin woods bordering a clearing. Calling would not bring him out, still his presence there now convinced us that we were not, as we anticipated at noon, too early for calling. On returning to camp the other party had met a similar fate.

Next morning, as arranged, two other American hunters with guides arrived, supplied with a duplicated order of our list of provisions and the party was complete. On the morrow the heath was again visited, and many new Caribou tracks seen. It was noticeable that the animals were not frequenting the well worn tracks of former years. On the heaths water was everywhere and one sank in the moss.



WHERE WE PASSED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE
EVENTFUL DAY.

We noticed and commented on the fact that Nature provides the Caribou with hoofs which open to the shape of a saucer thus enabling them to travel along fast without sinking. None were seen, however, but in the evening two Moose answered our calls. How excited one gets when he first hears the distant crack, crack, then the plainer snort, and lastly

the crackling of the bushes as the huge beast plunges through the trees and thickets! I firmly believe that had I obtained the opportunity for a shot, the bullet, as far as he would have been concerned, would not have been the messenger of death. With growing acquaintance with the stillness of the woods and the calmness of the guide one soon develops a nature free from excitement and in harmony with the prevailing quiet and peacefulness.

Having had no luck here the guide decided to visit the South end of the huge Caribou plains stretching for mile after mile through Westmoreland County to the

North Shore of New Brunswick. Early next morning we each set out carrying a pack containing a piece of bacon, tin plate and can, tea and bread and two thin blankets for we intended sleeping the night outdoors. Six hours afterwards we had arrived and erected our tent up, and after partaking of a piece of bacon, bread and tea proceeded to note the lie of the land. In every respect it was most promising, in fact I was absolutely certain of at least securing the long wished for shot. Quite near our selected pitch had been the sleeping haunts of five or six Moose the night before so surely we would get a crack at one. A quarter of a mile distant were two meadows separated by a strip of woods one hundred and fifty yards wide and intersected by a narrow trail.

We proposed to call at the Easterly meadow when coming in but altered this arrangement in favor of the westerly—the one nearer the camp. Luck seemed to dog our footsteps forever for we had no sooner called in the West than straightway we answered



THE WRITER ON THE CATARMARAN AFTER CROSSING THE GASPÉREUX.

from the East. After jumping up we made for the lane and imagine our surprise when, two hundred yards off, we saw coming prancing towards us a bull. We crouched down instantly, and at the same instant he too disappeared in the thicket. Believing that he had discovered the hoax we rose and proceeded along the clearance when lo and behold he crossed our path fifty yards ahead and so quickly that ere the gun was raised he had developed into thin air. How we,—yes, nearly swore! True it was that we were having a gradual succession of better luck. I knew I would have my Moose tomorrow, and I did! That night we slept in a tent

up through a bad rainstorm and not so badly either though one's legs were inclined to get stiffish by trying to keep them under the poles as much as possible.

Walking through a clearing next day all at once I heard the magic words "Give it to him!" and turning, in front saw what at first glimpse at two hundred yards looked to me like a buffalo fast disappearing behind a few bushes. I let drive at him running and, horrors, missed! As he reappeared, pursuing his way as fast as ever, I again fired and still saw no effect except for what I took to be a slight quiver. Raising my sights to five hundred yards range I ran on with the expectation of getting a long shot at

him, for ere this he had reached the far side of a clump of bushes. Imagine my delight at discovering him unable to rise owing to a bad wound in the back legs. That was my Moose and I felt good. After getting to camp it was not a surprise to see a fresh Caribou hide hanging up for we surmised as much by, on the previous day, hearing the other party

shots from the direction had taken.

A continuous rain of eighteen hours effectually prevented our getting out, and to pass the time away a chequer board was improvised. With stories and chequers a lazy day was spent. Having now decided to return we set out on our journey at six a. m. and arrived at the guide's home at six p. m. These twelve hours proved some of the most eventful times it has been my luck to see! Immediately after setting out from camp we found every little brook, so swollen, with the recent rains as to be almost impassable. What the main stream would be

like we could only conjecture. I may say that with the exception of our two selves the others spent some days further in the camp.

Cross the stream however, we must and we did, thanks to the thorough woodsman I had as guide. A birch pole was cut and with this I tried to stem the current but had only waded in about five yards when I was forced to retire for the foot holds were most uncertain with four feet of water sweeping the stones underneath along in its course. In face of this the sturdy guide guaranteed to have me over, rifles, sacks and all inside two hours. Accordingly, up stream we went half a mile. There we felled six good, dry, upstanding pines, and by the aid of a small piece of rope we had, these were held together, and with nails which we carried the catamaran was strengthened by means of crossbars and in a very short space of time our bark was launched in the foaming torrent. The navigating,

by means of a birch pole, required to shoot past quickly appearing rocks and rapids was by no means easy work but the far side was reached in safety and the experience one not easily erased from the memory. After this we had on two occasions to bridge brooks by felling trees. Brooks, which only a week ago were only ten yards wide or so now rushed along in torrents. From one of the accompanying photos one can easily see what this meant to us. One Lumber Co. were driving logs on the Salmon River. Tired and footsore I went to bed but arose in the morning only regretting that such a holiday has an end.

For any man who desires to spend an ideal holiday let him get in touch with a good guide, then with his bundle on his shoulder let him foot it into the wilds on one of these lovely fall days when the air is a tonic, and the quiet and serenity of the woods a rest indeed from the nervous strain of city life.

Our Vanishing Deer.

BY A. C. PRATT, M. P. P.

I have read the discussion that has been carried on for the past year through your pages with the utmost interest, and while some contributors have unwisely dropped argument to descend to personalities, yet on the whole the discussion has been waged fairly free from bitterness and must be productive of good. I was particularly pleased with the article by the Rev. Dr. Murdoch. Those who are at all familiar with conditions now prevailing in Muskoka know that he is right.

I have been an ardent hunter all my life and for over ten years I have gone regularly, north for deer. At the start I hunted with dogs—but I gave them up after abundant demonstrations of the utter cruelty, of the process. No genuine sportsman desires to torture the victim of his sport, and no man who has seen a doe or a fawn racing with open mouth and

steaming coat in wide-eyed terror before a hound can deny the absolute cruelty inflicted. Moreover a deer is a ruminant, and must have time to digest its food. Think what it must mean to the animal started in the morning, just after feeding, and kept on the move for several hours, finally if not killed by some hunter to be plunged into icy water. I am convinced that the ravages of the dog on the deer do not end with the hunting season, nor is it represented by the deer brought out by the hunters. I have repeatedly found carcasses of deer with no mark of injury on them. Few domesticated animals would survive a long chase by a dog if while heated they were plunged in ice cold water. I am satisfied that many deer perish from this cause. Those of your readers who are familiar with sheep know that once a flock has been worried by dogs it becomes worthless for breeding

purposes. Did you ever note the large number of dry does to be found and then query whether the dogs are not responsible for their loss of reproductiveness?

For years I have been convinced that our deer are steadily losing ground. As a sportsman I have been interested in determining the cause and I am equally convinced that the use of dogs is very largely responsible. It may be a surprise to know that Ontario is the only Province, State or Territory on the northern continent where the dogs are unlimited—Quebec allows them for a short time each season with restrictions. In discussing the question with the chief game warden of Maine I was informed that when it was decided to prohibit dogs the deer were almost extinct. Since the dogs were stopped they have been increasing at a wonderful rate and last season over forty thousand were killed in that State alone. Where would our deer be if forty thousand were killed in Ontario? The State of Michigan had the same experience and a few years ago most vigorous laws were enacted against dogs. The chief game warden says: "the deer are now on the increase." From Newfoundland to Alaska dogs are barred if we blot out Ontario and the partial season of Quebec. The chief game warden of British Columbia tells me: "that they had to prohibit dogs because every good-for-nothing Indian who owned a mongrel would sit in his canoe on some little lake, and with a club slaughter all the deer in the vicinity." Naturally the deer are increasing since the dogs were prohibited.

In the Highlands of Ontario we have the greatest natural feeding ground for *Cervus Virginianus* (red deer) that is to be found on the continent. Roughly the area extends from Georgian Bay Eastward and from the Canadian Pacific. If we go much farther north the snow is too deep in the winter and the food conditions are not right. It is necessary, therefore, that the deer be given sufficient protection within this area to enable them to at least hold their own. I think every hunter with or without dogs will agree to that. Algonquin Park is not suitable owing to the ravages of the wolf who

has taken up his abode there and is apparently increasing. I look for no increase within the Park and consequent overflow into adjacent territory until the wolves have been overcome.

The only way to retain our deer now that new territory has been opened by the railways *is to stop the dogs*. That has been the experience of other places and that is bound to be our experience. I thoroughly understand and appreciate the thrill that comes with the wild baying of the dogs. But I have decided that I can do without the thrill rather than lose our finest game animal. I think nearly every sportsman could settle this question among themselves. If they will generally agree that the dog is a menace, it will be an easy matter to remove the menace. Perhaps a league of sportsmen for this purpose might be formed. Such a league was formed in Michigan when it was found that the deer were rapidly going the way of the Buffalo, and every member of that league was pledged to shoot every dog he found running deer. Naturally the dogs were not taken in when the men who did not favor dogs began to demonstrate their dislike. We do not want to wait until such a condition arises here, but there are a large number of sportsmen in this Province who insist that the deer be given a fair chance for his life.

A deer chased by a dog has no chance. Every hunter ahead of him is warned of his coming. If he escapes one party it is only to run into another. If finally he is compelled to take to the water as the last resort he is ruthlessly murdered by a butcher in a boat. I believe no man will claim to be a hunter or a sportsman who kills an exhausted deer in the water.

I believe that something should be done at once to check the decrease in our deer, and I also believe that once aroused the initiative will come from the hunters. If each hunter will drop a line to his representative in the Legislature urging action, it will soon bring results. And when protective legislation does come, sportsmen should thank "Rod and Gun" for keeping its pages open for discussion.

How to Preserve Our Big Game.

BY E. E. LEMIEUX.

I have been deeply interested in reading the various opinions expressed by contributors of "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada," anent the diminution, and causes thereof, of our big game. One class of men, the still hunters, place the blame on the fellows using hounds and shooting deer in the water, and vice versa. Will you allow me a little space in your valuable sporting magazine, to give my views on this subject?

Firstly, I will say that it is my firm belief a certain number of men, of both classes I have mentioned, have been guilty, and likely more than once, of committing serious abuses by killing far in excess of their legal allowance, or even in close season. The still hunters are probably more to blame, for the reason that they are more numerous than those using hounds. Personally, I have never shot a deer in the water and will never do so, simply because I prefer to walk the bush in quest of game of any sort, excepting, of course, duck shooting. I am not against the use of hounds in a limited number, as the season for that mode of hunting is very short, and quite rightly too.

I think the diminution of our big game is due to the following causes:

(a) Ravages by wolves.

(b) The great increase in the number of hunters in the last twenty years.

(c) The cheapness of firearms as compared to a decade ago,—all sorts of weapons are now found in the hands of even youngsters.

(d) The wilful ignorance of the game laws by a score of men and their indecent thirst for killing anything alive, anywhere, at any time and in any quantity,—to this class belongs the pot hunter and he should receive no mercy when brought to justice.

(e) Lumbermen's camps also do a good deal of unlawful hunting; I will not say

all camps do, but undoubtedly too many of them.

One point which I wish to emphasize is that although our people are, in certain portions of the country, law-abiding citizens and respectful of game laws there are others who are perhaps the worst enemies of fish and game. I remember some years ago I made a present of a rifle to an old man who had been very kind to me, but at the time I was careful to warn him never to disgrace himself by abusing the privileges common to all. He faithfully promised to heed my warnings. When I saw him again, he innocently admitted that although he was a poor shot, still he had killed nine deer during the summer and fall, but a nearby friend had done better; he had got seventeen deer. Readers may just imagine how disgusted I felt and how I regretted having made such a gift to that two-legged wolf.

How can we improve matters and help to increase our game? Well, this is a big question, one the answers to which would materially vary, as opinions differ: but that it is an important question requiring serious consideration and action, all will admit. My suggestions are as follows:

1. Absolute prohibition of the sale of game which should not now be considered as staple food, except in unsettled parts of the Dominion. Game should be classed with luxuries.

2. One deer to each hunter, during the open season.

3. The continuance of the \$15 bounty on wolves.

4. No game to be allowed in cold storage one month after close season.

5. Appointment of selected officials, to be well paid, to travel the Province, visit lumber camps or any other place where it is suspected the law is being violated.

I have always been in favor of a gun or rifle tax of \$1, the revenue to be ap-

plied to paying the officials I have just named.

Better encouragement and help should be given to our protective associations, by all sportsmen or others directly or indirectly interested in the preservation of fish and game. These associations do an immense amount of good and deserve a helping hand wherever it can be tendered.

Our sporting publications also help to show the importance of abiding by the laws of true sportsmanship. But more should be done to enlighten our people in this direction; for instance, some appropriate literature might be published in booklet form and extensively distributed.

As it is, a great deal of ignorance

exists as to the immense value of our fish and game and the necessity of helping to preserve them. A small publication on these points, if nicely got up and freely given away would certainly open the eyes of a large portion of our people who would thus receive proper education and become interested in the work of preserving assets which Nature has so liberally bestowed upon this country.

The fish and game laws of Ontario I believe to be fairly well observed and well framed. It must not be forgotten that the country is extensive and abuses will be committed in future as they have been in the past, but all possible means should be taken to reduce them to a minimum.

Spearing Under Difficulties.

BY JOS. CHAPMAN.

WHILE gathering his annual supply of ice from the river last winter an ice man saw several fish darting about in the water and he asked a young man, who was loading ice on the sleighs to come over to him and see the fish for himself.

The young man did so and when he saw the fish picked up an ice pole, which was tipped with iron, and both stood looking down into the clear water.

After waiting quite a while for the fish to reappear the young man began to get cold and was just turning away, when he saw a dark streak shoot out into the open water. There it stopped for a few minutes slowly moving its fins backwards and forwards, and then with a twist of his tail it turned itself around and made for deeper water under where the young man was standing on the ice.

Quick as a flash he drove the sharp pole straight down into the water and hit the fish on the side of the back bone about four inches from its head and the sharp

end of the pole went right into its body.

The young man could not lift the fish out as his spear did not have any barb to catch hold of the fish, and so he just pressed it down on to a large rock in the river bed, where he held it while he picked up another ice pole, which had a hook on the end for pulling the cakes from the open water towards the harvester, while the one he was holding the fish down with was to push them from the gatherer.

Slowly lowering the pole down until he had the sharp hook directly under the head of the fish he gradually took the hook under its gills, then giving the pole a quick jerk upwards, the hook fastened well up past the gills into the head. He then drew up the fish, which when weighed tipped the scales at three and a quarter pounds—pretty good for a black bass.

This incident happened on the Aux Sauble River near Ailsa Craig and was witnessed by the writer himself and I must say it was an unique way of spearing.



AN IDEAL CAMP IN TEMAGAMI, NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Temagami.

BY EDWARD ANGUS.

"Far away from peopled cities, far away from noise and grime,
Where the sighing woods make music, where the waters run in rhyme,
Lies a gem of rarest azure in an emerald embrace,
Lies Temagami, an Eden in the forests' inner place."

(MALLOCH)

THE purpose of this article is to tell shortly and simply the story of Temagami—a story of men, rods and fish; of blue skies and bluer lakes; of wooded islands and shores indented with a thousand bays; of bass that lurk below lily-pads and strike at the angler's casts in doubles and triples; of the summer day siesta of the lordly moose and how it is sometimes disturbed; of quiet camp and hotel life in the Temagami territory, beautiful Temagami!

We came to Temagami via North Bay,

where the Grand Trunk system connects with the southern terminus of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario road which runs tortuously north—all railroads are inclined to indirectness in this country by reason of the many mountains and lakes that are here—two hundred and nine miles to McDougall's Chutes, the present northern end of the line which will be extended to connect with the Grand Trunk Transcontinental in the not too distant future.

It may be that the men who selected

the route over which the Temiskaming and North Ontario railroad runs, did so with an eye to scenic beauty, but it must be admitted that men who start through such a country as this is to lay out a line upon which a railroad is to be constructed, are more often moved to follow the course of least resistance than to be carried away by the charm of azure lakes and wooded hills. In the country traversed by this railroad, which penetrates one of the most fascinating parts of the continent, it would have been far more difficult to avoid beautiful scenery than to find it and thus it happened that the eye of the traveler is delighted by mere looking from the car window and is not fatigued by searching for new beauties amid scenes so prolific of these that have not to be dragged forth but spread in endless panorama that he who runs may read and be filled with the joy of a story so beautiful and so entrancing.

In the winter these hills lie, cold and white, beneath their cover of snow, and the lakes make wide stretches of level expanse, marked, it may be, by the footprints of men who have chosen the snow covered lake as affording a short cut to some objective point, or the trail of wild animals similarly economical of time and effort. In the summer these lakes and hills tell quite another story to those who are fortunate enough to see them. Clad in varying shades of green, the hillsides that showed their nakedness in the fall, and which had so desolate an appearance in winter, now tower cool and shady, toward the sky and carry their verdure to the very edges of the lakes that lie at their feet, marvels of beauty themselves; so blue that none but a sky of the deepest color ever seen may rival these waters, and so clear, that looking down into their depths one may see the fish at twenty feet and more, below the surface.

But not alone for its beauty or scenery, or for its fish and game is this country famous and justly so. In these hills lie minerals in quantity beyond the dreams of avarice and their sides are covered with a growth of timber that is scarcely less valuable than the mineral wealth of this wonderful country, in a day and time when lumber prices know no rest but go upward as the timber supply of the world

fades before insatiable demands made upon it. All along the railroads which traverses the New Ontario country are logging camps and one of the most interesting sights in this world of interesting things, is to see logs often three feet or more in diameter being rolled to the saws that rip them up into boards or shape them into huge sticks of framing material, as may be desired.

Through seventy-two miles of such scenes as these which are here faintly hinted at, but which must be seen to be appraised at anything approaching their real value, the train ran to Temagami station where we began the real journey to the land of summer sports. The first stage of the journey on board the steamer "Belle of Temagami," ends at Temagami Island, or, more strictly speaking, at Temagami Inn, the most delightfully picturesque structure that ever encompassed within walls hotel accommodations and home comforts.

Built of pine logs cut from the forest which held sway there until the dwellers in towns in their restless search for Nature undefiled found their ideal in Temagami and straightway fell in love with her beauties, this Ontario hostelry has, without, a most unique and attractive appearance with surroundings that pour the balm of rest and full content upon the soul that has fled from a surfeit of city life, and into the heart grown weary of the contentions and cares of business under pressure. Within, the house is no less delightful. Accommodation for seventy-five guests are all that the word implies, and the administration of the affairs of Temagami Inn is altogether excellent.

From the veranda of this picturesque Inn we look out on a broad stretch of Temagami Lake where the steamers pass up and down to and from the railway station, an hour's sail away; where white sails flap, motor boats slip in and out between the green isles that dot the deep water, and light canoes rock on the gentle waves that wash the sleepy shore. Fishing parties with Indian guides are pushing off, bathers are going down to the beach to bathe, divers are diving from the long wooden pier, tired tourists are resting, reading or smoking;



BLACK BASS FISHING IN KAUFFMAN CANYON, TEMAGAMI DISTRICT, NORTHERN ONTARIO.

in the great gallery, late sleepers are preparing for breakfast while the summer wind wafts to their windows the perfume of the pines and the indescribable smell of the wild.

As alluring as it is, life within four walls, however picturesque and unique, is not what we take to the woods for. Fishing and camping are writ large in the program of those devotees of old Izaak and Dame Nature and the call of the wild sounds in their willing ears with insistence that admits of nothing but immediate and complete obedience.

And so we outfit and take our way across the clear waters of Temagami Lake amid beauties dealt out with hand so lavish that none may hope to see more than a small part of them unless he spends a long life in doing nothing but gaze at them. Three thousand miles of shore has this wonderful lake, and over one hundred square miles of water surface from out of which rise more than fourteen hundred islands of all sizes and

shapes, and so numerous as to justify the remarks of the Indian guide, who said mournfully and as one who knows that the true function of a lake is to have as much water as possible for fishing and for the unobstructed passage of canoes, "there are so many of these islands that they cut the water all up." And Jim was right. Cut up by the islands Lake Temagami truly is but beautifully cut up and charmingly attractive are these same islands rising, as they do, out of the clear depths of the water and adding diversity of shape and coloring to scenes that would be beautiful without them but which are divinely so with them. And these islands serve purposes too, for, not to mention their convenience as landing places for parties of campers, they afford the moose that frequently swim across the lake, a resting place for his tired limbs.

Through channels of the lake formed by the encroaching islands, and across the wider stretches of water where the



AN HOUR'S CATCH OF SMALL MOUTHED BLACK BASS, TEMAGAMI DISTRICT, NORTHERN ONT.

lake holds higher sway, the dark guides drive their swift canoes. The Indian guides make good fishing and hunting of the wary wild animals that abound in the woods of the Temagami country, things of far greater success than would be the case without the presence of these trained experts.

The Temagami region may be figured upon with an absolute certainty not possible in places less favored to furnish fish of many kinds and in great numbers. Here in countless numbers are that delight of the fly-casting angler, the small mouthed black bass, than which, pound for pound, a gamier fish or one that tests to the full skill of him who seeks to capture by the true angler's art rather than by main strength, may not be found in all the finny tribe. Here, too, are pike, greedy and voracious after the manner of their kind in whatever water found, the common pike being varied in these parts by the wall-eyed pike. In the brooks are speckled trout weighing

from a pound and a half to three pounds, and lake trout that drag down the scales at as high a figure as thirty pounds have been caught in these waters. When, as is the case in this home of finny game, thirty-eight pounds of bass and pickerel may be taken in the time space of twenty minutes, and where the small-mouthed bass attains the length of twenty-two and a half inches, a circumference of eighteen inches and weight of eight pounds, there can be but one inference.

The experience of an Editor and a Doctor who fished Temagami, Wasacsinagama, Island Lake and other lakes in the Temagami district in August 1907, are interesting. They are set down here, not in the nature of a testimonial, but as instructive facts which can be verified by reference to either of these experts.

When of fishing, every member of the party had his fill, the Editor and Doctor vied with each other to see which should do the most extraordinary feats in piscatorial sport, and the fish took hold with



AN AFTERNOON'S SPORT—"HIGHLANDS OF ONTARIO," NORTHERN ONTARIO.

a will to help the fishermen out in their friendly competition. Fishing with a leader with three flies, the Doctor had a triple strike and landed all three fish after a fight which took an amount of skill and patience that can best be gauged by anglers when they are told that the three fish that insisted upon taking the Doctor's seductive offering at the same time, were bass that weighed something over two pounds apiece, which made the lucky angler's performance in landing the whole outfit without a mishap, a record that so seldom falls to the lot of the fisherman, that the Editor, hardened sinner that he is in all matters pertaining to fish, could summon to his recollection no instance of such a catch, and he looked longingly at the lucky Doctor's triplet trophy and set himself assiduously to work to see if he might not mount the ladder of fame by the same steps. History, and especially that of fishing exploits, is notably reluctant as to the exact repetitions and this rule held all too

good for the consummation of the Editor's hopes. He did indeed, have a triple strike but his leader parted and one of the three fish escaped.

Let none infer from this relation of the success that attended the rod and fly fishing of these anglers trained to that method, and who hold no other in the same high esteem, that Temagami fish cannot be caught in any other way and with probably as good results in pounds of fish captured. All bait looks alike to the hasty glance of the fish of the Temagami country and all apparently tastes equally good to his rugged and eager appetite. If however, the finny tribes of Temagami have a failing for any special sort of food furnished them at the point of a hook, that weakness is for worms. This may seem like slander in the ears of the angler whose delight lies between the covers of his fly book, in the slender rod and the trim fittings that furnish forth that elegant and deadly instrument of his craft. But the sad truth remains

that worms appeal strongly to appetites of fish in this section, perhaps because there are no worms to be had from the soil. Temagami soil seems to be as obnoxious to the festive worms as that of Ireland is to snakes, and one of the sights of interest to fishermen who travel here is that of moss packed bales in which worms for fishing are sent to Temagami to be sold for bait and thereafter to be greedily swallowed by the first fish that can get to them as they adorn the barbed point of the angler's invitation.

To the dweller in walled cities, everything in Temagami is new and fresh and wholly delightful. Earth and sky, hills and lakes, woodland paths and waterways; the four-footed habitants of the forest and fish that fairly crowd the lakes and brooks; all of these and more that cannot be told of in this article, go to make the Temagami country one of the most beautiful on earth to see, and the most satisfying to visit for rest, sport or pleasure. This, after fully testing Temagami and weighing its virtues in the

balance against those of many another spot known to them, was the unanimous vote of the Editor, the Doctor, and the Writer, who does not count.

That many others shall most heartily concur in this opinion waits only upon their going to Temagami. To know Temagami is to love it with a love that compels other visits and longing for the hour of their making to arrive.

On Lake Temagami are situated two vacation camps that appeal to the young man, the college student and the younger lads who have two or three months at their disposal for recreation. These camps are known as "The Keewaydin Camp" on Devil's Island and "Temagami Camp" on an island in the south arm of the Lake. In these camps the boy learns things that he cannot get out of text books—things like self reliance, decision and steadfastness of purpose. The camps are under the supervision of a staff of competent gentlemen who are professors in the large colleges throughout the continent and parents can trust their boys without fear to their care.

A Tragedy of the Wild.

BY ARTHUR ORMANDY.

THE leaves were falling, falling with a gentle rustling sound as they settled lightly into their place on the cool green grass forming a warm covering from the cold of the long weary winter, the crispness of which was already felt in the bright smoky air. Now and then a wandering zephyr of wind would stir through the trees dislodging the great branches of nuts which fell into the soft bed with a gentle swish, or struck with a dull thud against the little hillside, rolling in an erratic tumble down into the hollow where they were soon hidden by the falling leaves. The squirrels chased and swung themselves merrily around the great trunks of the trees or ascended far into the topmost boughs of the giant hickory from whence they

would scold angrily at an unobtrusive little skunk which nosed his way through the leafy covering consciously secure from the attacks of marauding enemies.

Far overhead long lines of ducks and geese sailing past on their long journey to the south, or swung with military precision into the reedy patches which bordered the distant lake, their noisy quacking disturbing a great blue heron, which rose with a hoarse quack and flapping slowly off into the distance.

Suddenly all was quiet. The squirrels in the tree tops scampered quickly into the holes, the birds and all the industrious little toilers of the forest subsided into a death like silence before the heavy crunch which betokened the approach of their bitterest enemy. On he came, treading

on broken sticks and twigs, kicking up the fallen leaves and whistling a merry tune regardless of caution. Over his shoulder he carried a heavy repeating rifle which glittered ominously in the autumn sunlight.

He came to a spot in the leafy woods where the deer were wont to pass on their way to the water's edge. Here he concealed himself behind a heavy clump of bushes and all was silent again. The birds took up their song, the squirrels chattered noisily and the little skunk once more resumed his industrious foraging amongst the leaves and grasses.

A sharp crack, a little rustling sound and there burst into view a magnificent red deer buck making his way slowly and gracefully along the leafy pathway of the forest pausing now and then to nibble at tempting bunches of herbage on the low hanging branches of some hardy tree which the frost had not yet robbed of its foliage. His beautiful brown coat was thick and soft to keep out the chilling blasts of winter, his newly formed antlers glittered like polished steel in the sunlight as he made his way through the trees tossing his beautiful head utterly unconscious of the danger which lurked in the neighboring clump of bushes.

The concealed hunter spied the deer and raised his rifle to shoot striking the surrounding twigs with a sharp crack. The buck raised his head, sniffed anxiously for a moment and started off at a light trot. The man pulled the trigger, there was a sharp crack and the animal gave a mighty spring dashing off into the surrounding forest, a long reddening streak showing along its flank. The unsuccessful Nimrod emerged from his concealment cursing his bad luck and blundered off in the direction from whence he had come leaving the woods in solitude once more.

* * * * *

The autumn day was waning. Far off in the Western sky the sun was sinking amongst a mass of gold and crimson clouds casting a lurid radiance over the deepening shadows of the forest. From the distant swamp an owl hooted dismally, Whoo-o-ee, Whoo-o-ee and the sound

died away. Far across the lake a moose bellowed wildly and all was silent.

Deep in the shadow of the forest a great grey wolf skulked along in search of food. He came to a place where the bushes were all trampled and crushed, and he smelt the dread man smell, the smell of death and destruction. Then he came to a trail of blood, the trail of the wounded buck. He licked hungrily at the great clots of blood, and raising his head he emitted a long wailing howl. Far off to the right the cry was answered and taken up and the grey wolf followed the blood trail, pausing now and then to raise his dismal call to the chase.

Away down in the distant valley the sound reached the ears of the wounded buck as it paused to rest beneath the protecting boughs of an overhanging spruce. The worn and weary creature quivered like an aspen leaf as the dread sound reached him, then he dashed away again in his wild flight, panting from loss of blood, which still flowed in an uninterrupted stream from the wound in its flank, falling in great purple splashes on the cold earth.

Far in the rear six great shaggy bodies in a long tireless gallop pursued the quarry which the cruelty of man had placed so opportunely in their path. The first showed the long white fangs bared to the cold as he flew on, his feet scarce touching the ground. Behind him came the other five close upon his track, their great jaws snapping viciously as the scent of the warm blood smote upon their nostrils.

Against the protecting face of a giant outcropping boulder, the buck came to bay in his last stand against the foes that had been the scourge of his kind for long ages. There he turned, lowered his antlered head, and waited.

There was a brief strained silence and into the light burst six great shaggy bodies. Straight at the throat of the wary creature the leader sprang. He landed on the sharp tines and was hurled back howling with pain. Then the whole furry mass sprang, they covered his body biting and tearing madly. Slowly he sank beneath the weight. Darkness closed in over the land and it was night !

An Attempt on Mount Pinnacle.

BY PETER D. MCTAVISH.

THE party which attempted to climb Mount Pinnacle, and capture this virgin peak for the honor of the Alpine Club of Canada, was composed of Rev. J. C. Herdman, Rev. J. R. Robertson, Rev. George Kinney, and the writer, with Edward Feuz in charge.

We left camp at six a. m. and made the first 2,000 feet over rock and shale without difficulty. But then our troubles commenced, for we found that the rock pinnacles of the mountain were very rotten, necessitating the greatest care in climbing.

The real work commenced when our guide led us up a steep chimney, filled with loose rock, snow and ice, which made climbing both difficult and dangerous. Proceeding cautiously however we reached the chimneytop without mishap. Here we sat down, fearful lest the entire roof should crumble and hurl us to the depths below.



A REST ON THE WAY UP.

Our next movement was down the rock chimney and a further descent of some seventy-five feet led to a narrow ledge around the mountain. This was covered with loose particles of rock as well as snow and ice.

Below was a steep funnel-shaped face, that opened on a yawning chasm, the depth of which we could not see. Having negotiated the end of this ledge, we were on the south of the mountain, between Pinnacle and Eiffel Tower. Peering sheer upward, the entire mountain seemed to be a succession of steep cones

of honeycombed rock, which the slightest pressure would cause to disintegrate.

A short advance brought us to a spot involving a descent of an almost perpendicular cliff, twenty feet in depth. Experiences such as this were frequent during the day. The way Edward handled such situations was a revelation to all his followers.

Finally we reached the last cliff, towering about 250 feet high. Down its face was a crack from one to three feet wide, narrowing as it led to the summit. This seemed to be our only mode of ap-

proach, though it was an apparently impossible one. Resolutely we went to work, wiggling, tugging, puffing, we scrambled up as far as possible. For nearly an hour Edward assaulted the mighty citadel, scheming, working, surveying the obstacle, but to no purpose. A descent was ordered, as well as a much needed rest.

One of our party suggested we should have to give it up. "I've never had to do that yet," replied the plucky Edward, in the most hopeful of tones, as he re-

newed the attempt to find a way of ascent. He went to left and right, but returned with his eyes fixed upon the original place of attack and we knew without asking the result of his investigation. We re-roped and started up again and for two hours tried in every conceivable way to get beyond that 25 feet which seemed to bar the way to the apparently climbable faces beyond.

One of the party got as high up as possible, and braced himself while Edward made a footing of his shoulders, trying thus to get a foot or hand hold a



ASCENDING A STEEP SNOW SLOPE.

little farther up, as now every extra foot gained meant so much. But it was useless. There was not a crevice where a finger could be inserted and the only visible foothold when poked with an ice axe went crashing to the valley below.

Edward then went on to inspect the narrower portion of the crevice in which we were working, but found its walls glistening with ice and returned, only to attack, almost savagely, the same old place. How he clung to that almost perpendicular wall I cannot tell.

He was again forced back, this time with a most dejected air, looking longingly at the unclimbable wall and remarking, "I don't want to give it up." Nor did he until after two hours of un-

remitting effort. We followed him to the point where he clung like a squirrel to the rock wall. A very few seconds was enough for us, as well as one look above and below.

Then we reluctantly retraced our steps. We were defeated! In silence we ate the last of the frugal lunch, and casual efforts at joke making were dire failures too.

It was now 4 p. m., and the thought of the even harder return journey, of skirting those fearsome ledges, and, even worse, of lowering one's self down the treacherous chimneys led to the wish that we were safely back in camp. Night was fast approaching.

If loose rocks were dangerous going up, they were certainly more so coming down, so we had to exercise the greatest care in order to avoid accidents. Slowly we proceeded on our way, scaling or descending cliffs, skirting narrow ledges with deep abysses below

until finally we reached our first lunching place—the rock roof previously alluded to.

We dreaded descent from this point more than any part of the journey. Being anchor, I had to proceed ahead of four men who, though ever so careful, might hurl down a dangerous missile.

Edward proposed another route and I was soon being lowered over a roof while a trio held the rope above. Finding a jutting rock about a foot square I untied the rope, which was hauled up. For once I felt alone in the world. It seemed as if that withdrawing rope cut one off from all retreat.

One of our companions was next lowered, and stood clinging to the rock, but

the depths into which he gazed made him momentarily dizzy and I was ordered back to stand by him for a few minutes.

Edward did his usual "stunt" of coming down without the aid of the rope. It was now 7:30 and the sun was nearing the array of titanic peaks to the west; so hurry was imperative.

Some difficult rock work ensued, landing us on the snow field from which point our troubles ceased. The balance of the journey was an easy descent over loose rock and small slopes.

But though defeated do not think we failed to enjoy the experience, as strenuous climbing is always enjoyable. Then



HARD WALKING IN SOFT SNOW.

too we saw the Mount Temple party on their up climb, with whom we exchanged merry shouts. We also saw the Lake O'Hara string wind slowly up Lefroy Pass and disappear beyond its summit.

We witnessed a great array of clouds sail on and on in majesty over peak and



A FINE GLISSADE.

snow and glacier; we caught numerous glimpses of the camp—a mere cluster of tents far down the valley; we saw innumerable avalanches, and heard their thunderous music echo and reverberate from hill to hill, while the merrier ripple of Paradise Creek, and the sounds of falling waters nearer by were ever in our ears. All around was a framework of clouds and peaks, and pinnacles, and snow and ice—a veritable wonderland. And at long last we also saw "the sun's slow decline over hills resolved in stern silence."

Alpine Hera'd.



A GLIMPSE OF THE YOHO CAMP OF 1906.

Protection of the Deer in Ontario.

The Game Superintendent and his Comments on the Last Season's Results.

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

ONE of the most remarkable as well as misleading deliverances on the subject of game protection that I have yet seen (and that is saying a great deal) is to be found in Mr. Tinsley's comments on the last hunting season and its results in Ontario as quoted in the January "Rod and Gun." It shows a profound ignorance of the actual conditions that prevail in the north woods, and of the imminent danger of serious depletion, if not extermination, that threatens our Ontario deer.

Mr. Tinsley says that more deer were killed in 1907 than 1906; therefore the deer must be increasing in numbers! It does not seem to have occurred to him that the supply of deer coming out of the woods of Ontario has been kept up by the fact that *the numbers of hunters going into the woods with their dogs have enormously increased and are still increasing.* These multitudes of hunters with their camp-followers and hounds covering an ever widening expanse of country have been able, up to the last year, to keep up the total aggregate. Any reasonable man will see at once that this is not the way to get at the facts. Take any one well defined territory, and ask what is the number of deer supplied there now as compared with even five years ago? How about the Moon River district? (A settler who lives near there wrote me that last fall one large party got three deer. Another party got not one!) How about the territory between Amic Harbor and the Whitestone? How about the Lake of Bays Territory? *How about the ratio of deer killed to the number of licenses issued year by year?*

Mr. Tinsley states as an evidence that the deer are increasing, that "they are seen two or three hundred miles north of where they were found two or three years ago." Did it ever dawn upon Mr. Tinsley that *that is one of the most damaging facts against his contentions?*

Let Mr. Tinsley rest assured that our

red deer have not invaded that far north land, the land of deep snows and wolves, the home of the Moose and the Caribou, *of their own free will.* The natural home of the Red Deer does not go beyond the region of our glorious Sugar Maple; if left alone the two are never found apart. But our Ontario deer have been driven out of their accustomed and natural haunts by *persistent and merciless dogging.*

I find myself backed up in this contention by no less an authority than the gifted author and naturalist, Mr. Cy. Warman. Hear what he said in his recent address in Toronto: "The red deer, at his worst, is semi-domestic. The natural home of this interesting animal is south of Temagami, (he might have even more correctly said south of Lake Nipissing) but if you do not call off the dog, you'll drive him far north, where he will perish." (From lack of suitable food, wolves and deep snow). "Dogs mean wild deer, few and far between, and dry does." "Maine has proved that dogs rather than cheap licenses reduce the number of deer." (Mr. Warman might have also said that the experience of Maine is the experience of *every other state in the Union, and of every Province except Ontario, and a portion of Quebec.*)

Again Mr. Tinsley says: "We cannot expect to find as many deer in near districts such as Simcoe and Muskoka, as a few years ago, as the settlements are driving them back." There never was penned a more misleading statement, or a statement that shows a greater ignorance of the nature and habits of our deer, or of the actual conditions that exist in Muskoka, and in fact over all the territory south of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the first place, as noted by Mr. Warman, our red deer "semi-domestic etc" do not retreat before the settler as does the Beaver. Wherever there is left a swamp or broken piece of land overgrown with scrub, there, if not

driven out by dogs, deer will live and multiply. In the Township of Drummond, County of Lanark, which has been settled for over one hundred years, there is a small swamp in which a family of deer have made their home for some years. It is only four miles from the County Town of Perth; but has been protected from hounding by the fact that the Perth hunters go away north, and no one thinks it worth while to take out a license for the chance, a slim one, of getting one of these semi-domestic deer. *Winter before last three of these deer came into the barn of a friend of mine, and spent the night eating from the hay mow!* They left in the morning unmolested. Scattered settlements such as we alone find in Muskoka will not drive back the deer.

The fact is that except in the immediate vicinity of the railroad *there are fewer*

settlers in the deer country of the north than there were some years ago when lumbering was going on. Boundless square miles of the finest cover for deer still exist in unbroken solitude, where deer abounded a few years ago. But they are not there now, or there in vastly decreased numbers. The cover is still there with no settlements to interfere; but the deer are gone. Why you young men, who can look forward to many seasons in the north woods, do not rise up in your strength before it is too late, and stop this cruel depletion, I do not know.

To one who loves the woods and desires to see the deer protected for the whole people, there comes a sickening sense of hopelessness when he reads a report like this from one from whom we have a right to expect a more correct appreciation of the actual conditions prevailing in the north woods.

Books of Interest to Sportsmen.

SUNSHINE and Sport in Florida and the West Indies by F. G. Aflalo (George W. Jacobs & Co., 1216 Walnut St., Philadelphia.) while it principally deals with the delights of tarpon fishing gives much information in a delightfully gossipy style upon the country as seen by the travelled Englishman.

The fishing and its delights are described very fully and the pleasures experienced in capturing one hundred pounders dwelt upon it in a manner which shows the true fisherman and sportsman. The completeness of the work is not the least of its charms. One is told how to reach those delightful fishing grounds in the south and interspersed into the narrative are bright and lively touches of New York, the methods of American travel, a visit to the President, and many other incidents which relieve the general run of the book. Then the fishing itself is dealt with in a thorough manner. What is

known of the tarpon is related pleasantly and in such a way as to render the receipt of information a delight, while the fishing tackle used and the methods followed are described and mildly criticised in a way that must go home to every fisherman. One feels throughout the whole book that the author possesses a thorough knowledge of what he is writing about and is quite competent to give instruction as well as entertainment and to do both in a fascinating style. From cover to cover the book is full of interest, and sport that differs so from our own is good to read about particularly when such a competent author as Mr. Aflalo describes it. The title is eminently suitable as the book is all brightness, and sunshine and sport are its main characteristics and its best description. Sportsmen may dip into it anywhere with interest and enjoy some bright half hours in company with Mr. Aflalo.

An Unexpected Fry.

BY JOS. CHAPMAN.

“**H**OW would you like to go for a fish?” were the words which greeted me as I pulled off my gloves in my chum’s rooms. Such a question, coming as it did in the dead of winter when the snow was covering the ground with a fleecy mantle, and when the boys had been skating on the ponds and streams for weeks, completely staggered me for a while, but I soon put it aside as one of my friend’s jokes, and I started “joshing” him for such talk. However he said he intended to try it the first fine day and that he had even gone so far as to have all his fishing tackle ready. All I would have to do would be to accompany him.

Like the sceptic, I decided to go with him and amuse myself at his expense. I thought to myself how nice it would be to watch him exert himself chopping holes in the ice and standing half freezing with a frozen line in his hands and a mournful expression on his face. I could not help smiling as this picture appeared before my mental eye and my friend wanted to know what the joke was. I had to put him off some way as I did not want to miss the fun so I coolly said, “Oh Harry, wouldn’t you be a handsome boy if it wasn’t for your face!” I hurriedly left him meditating vengeance upon me at some future time.

The first fine afternoon found me (after my office was closed for the day) waiting for my chum to take me out and make me acquainted with the mysteries of mid-winter fishing.

His outfit consisted of a good sized basket with a sharp hand axe in it, two good silk lines and plenty of small minnow hooks.

When we passed by a butcher’s shop he asked me to wait outside and hold the basket a minute while he went in to see what kind of bait he could procure. In a few minutes he came out with a chunk of meat, which he tossed into the basket and before long we arrived at the outskirts of the town, and after stepping

out briskly for a while came to the top of a good sized hill.

The view, which lay unfolded before us like some large map, was one which can only be seen on a winter’s day in this beautiful Canada of ours. The sun shining on the snow made it sparkle like diamonds. Far below us was the river, which stretched on and on until it was lost to us in the woods. Its surface was swept clear of snow by the piercing north wind so that with the sun shining it looked like polished silver. At the bottom of the hill a spring creek joined the larger stream, and it was here that we were to commence operations. 105.

As it was a very frosty day we both enjoyed a run down the hill which thoroughly warmed us up. Proceeding down the road we came to a culvert, where the creek ran through to the river and here my chum began to work.

The first thing he did was to mark a large square on the ice, and then taking the axe he soon had the chips flying around in showers.

After he had cut a hole through the ice he brought the basket into play and soon had the surface of the water free from ice chips which he accomplished by using the basket as a scoop.

Getting out his fishing outfit he put a small piece of red flannel on the hook and tossed it into the water, but the fish were not foolish enough to be tempted by something that had no smell, although it seemed the right color. I started to chaff him when I saw that he couldn’t get a fish but he paid no attention to me excepting to say “Do you think I brought the meat for nothing?”

Pulling up his line he took the flannel off and putting on a nice sized piece of meat he lowered it into the water, and it had no sooner sunk out of sight than it was seized by a fish, which he brought out by waiting until it was directly under the hole, and then with a quick pull he had a large chub gasping on the ice,

*"Not on Morality but on Cookery
let us build our stronghold."*

SARTOR RESARTUS
(Carlyle)

If your food is not right your life will not be right.

Dr. Snow, late senior surgeon the Cancer Hospital, London, wrote in a paper on "The Scientific Prevention of Disease :"

"The maintenance of sound nerve equilibrium by scientific tissue nutrition like Bovril will do more to stay the ravages of any malady than a century of progress in drug treatment."

where in a few minutes it froze and was transferred to the basket.

Seeing how my friend was enjoying himself I asked him for the hatchet and basket and in a short time had another hole in the ice and cleaning it free of ice was soon helping to fill up the basket with large chub.

After successfully fishing for half an hour we went home with an abundance of frozen beauties. We put them in cold water and once more they started to swim, but not for long for as soon as it was possible to prepare them they were frying in the pan.

"Were they good eating?" Well, I

should say they were, coming as they did, fresh from the water and as they were cooked to a turn they had a sweet flavor, which is so noticeable in the red chub from a spring creek.

After that day we made many more trips to the creek, and as it was sheltered from the wind and snow it was not very cold. Although the wind was blowing a blizzard outside when we were down in the culvert we did not feel it. Of the many people passing overhead it is not likely that one of them would believe that down below them were two men fishing.

Reports from Gananoque, Ont., state that petitions which have obtained the signatures of half the voters, are in course of circulation asking the Government to discontinue issuing licenses for net fishing in the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Brockville, its tributaries

bays and creeks, and that a launch be put on with sufficient men to enforce the law. It is alleged that the waters are depleted by net fishing from which Canadians derive no benefit as the fish are all exported to the States. An export duty on fish is likewise suggested.

The Rifle.

A Canadian Tournament at Toronto.

THE Semi-Annual Off Home Rifle Tournament was held in Toronto on the fourth of December on Glen Grove Range. Owing to the large number of Rifle men who had been away in the north woods deer hunting a few weeks before they could not spare the time to be present so soon after their two weeks holidays. Notwithstanding all this there was a good turn out, a most enjoyable day was spent, and the shooting was the best that has ever taken place on Glen Grove Range. The programme was thirty shots each at two hundred yards on the Standard American Target, ten counting high.

W. Latimer won the Elliott Gold Medal with the fine score of two hundred and fifty-two points.

Hartley Graham of Alliston won the Thorburn Silver Medal with a score of two hundred and forty-eight points.

W. Latimer won the cash prize of five dollars for the greatest number of shots in the Black.

Hartley won the cash prize for the greatest number of tens to his credit.

The Toronto Rifle Team of Five Rifle-men won Major I. B. Miller's Silver Cup with a score of one thousand one hundred and thirteen points.

The Parry Sound Rifle Team of five Rifle-men won Captain Elliott's Silver Cup with a score of one thousand and three points.

Owing to the darkness at the finish

The following are scores, but owing to poor light and the short afternoon, the scores credited to many of the Rifle Cranks were owing to the dim light after three p. m.

30 shots 200 yards Standard American Targets.

Wm. Latimer	252	shot a	Pope Stevens Rifle,	Telescope sight.
A. Graham	248	"	Winchester Rifle,	Telescope sights.
I. Madill	248	"	"	"
C. Gillespie	233	"	"	"
H. Complin	218	"	"	"
S. Madill	216	"	"	"
D. W. Hughes	215	"	"	"
I. E. Brayley	207	"	"	"

many of the Crack Shots dropped down in the last stage of the shooting. Among the cash prize winners were S. Udill, I. Madill, D.W. Hughes, C. Gillespie, I.E. Brayley, F. Smith, Jas. Sampson, W. Latimer, H. Graham, H. T. Complin and W. I. Jones.

In the evening a full meeting was held at the Walker House, when a vote of thanks was tendered to Capt. Elliott, Major I.B. Miller, Doctor Thorburn and Doctor Powell for their generosity in donating such handsome prizes to encourage the Royal Sport of Rifle shooting. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

Honorary President—Captain Alex. Elliott, Toronto.

President—Major I.B. Miller, Toronto.

Vice President—Major Hartley Graham, Alliston.

Secretary and Treasurer—D. F. MacDonald, Parry Sound.

Executive Committee—

Doctor Powell, Toronto.

Mr. Guance, Victoria Square.

Wm. Latimer, Toronto.

W. I. Jones, Parry Sound.

C. Gillespie, Parry Sound.

The next Tournament will be held on Glen Grove Rifle Range, Toronto, Victoria Day, the 24th day of May, 1908.

Every Off Hand Rifleman is cordially invited to participate in the several matches.

D. F. MacDonald,
Secretary.



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Hammer the Hammer

in perfect safety, is not a mere device added to the revolver, but is itself a part of the firing mechanism. No buttons to press, no catches to set, no levers to pull. The hammer of an Iver Johnson Automatic Safety Revolver *never* touches the firing pin, and the firing pin *never* touches the cartridge until the trigger is pulled. You can "hammer the hammer," drop it, kick it, pound it, but until you pull the trigger, there's "nothing doing."

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Iver Johnson Safety Hammer Revolver
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3/4 inch 38 center-fire cartridge,

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Hammer the Hammer
Accidental Discharge Impossible

F. Smith	202	shot a Winchester	Ballad Telescope	sights.
James Simpson	200	"	" Rifle	" "
Bowmen	197	"	Pope Stevens	" "
W. I. Jones	194	"	Winchester	Globe and Peep
C. Pringle	191	"	" Telescope	"
L. Leggatt	189	"	" Globe and Peep.	
D. F. MacDonald	180	"	Stevens-Farrow	Globe and Peep.

The advantage of a Palm rest and Telescope sights places the adherents of the Firearm grasp and the Globe and Peep Sights at an unknown Handicap in the hands of Cranks, crowding the three score years.

The members of the Keewaydin Canoe Club, an organization of college professors from the States, who have a permanent summer camp on Lake Temagami, held their annual banquet at the Lafayette Hotel, New York, on the evening of December twenty-eighth. It was reported that the season of 1907 was the most successful in the Club's history, one hundred and sixty-four members having

registered. Mr. H. R. Charlton, of the Grand Trunk Railway, was the guest of honor and speaking of the development of Ontario declared that the Province is the most attractive region on the continent for the camper and canoeist. Many interesting experiences were recounted by the members during the evening as to the happenings which occurred during the last summer's outings.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

The Canadian Shows.

As the time for the opening of the two Canadian Shows at Toronto and Montreal draw near the interest taken in both is constantly increasing. Arrangements are now so far completed as to make it practically certain that both of them will be in advance of anything previously held in the Dominion. Both cities are fine centres for the purpose, each having advantages of its own, and from them the greater part of the Dominion may be covered.

The Toronto show will be held in the St. Lawrence Arena, and the dates fixed upon are from March 21st to 28th. The large and growing body of autoists in Ontario are assured that all the best and latest models and improvements will be on exhibition for their inspection, and the advantages to be gained from comparison will be all open to them. In addition to the autos there will be a fine display of motor boats, motoring on land and water having made gigantic strides in Ontario lately with the result that the show should be beneficial alike to manufacturers and owners.

The following is a list of the firms applying for space at the Toronto Show:

Chatham Motor & Car Co., Chatham.
Automobile & Supply Co., Toronto.
Dominion Automobile Co., Toronto.
Olds Motor Co., Toronto.
Rapid Motor & Vehicle Co., Pontiac, Mich.
Standard Automobile Co., Toronto.
Canadian Motor & Cycle Co., Toronto.
Ford Motor Co., Walkerville and Toronto.
Hyslop Bros. Ltd., Toronto.
McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Toronto.
W. H. Mullin & Co., Salem, Ohio.
Canadian Fairbanks Co., Toronto.
McKeough & Trotter, Chatham.

Schofield Holden Machine Co., Toronto.

H. E. Gidley Co., Penetang.
N. R. Thompson, Brantford.
Beaudry Gasoline Co., Montreal.
G. W. Lowney Co., Toronto.
Buffalo Gasoline & Motor Co., Buffalo.
Conboy Co., Toronto.
Crofton Storage Battery Co., Toronto.
S. F. Bowser & Co., Toronto.
Canadian Rubber Co. of Montreal, Toronto.
Diamond Tire Co., Akron, Ohio.
E. Tenhern, Brandon, Wis.
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Toronto.
Nugget Polish Co., Toronto.
Gutta Percha Rubber Co., Toronto.
Fisk Tire Co., Montreal.
Canadian Puncture Proof Tire Co., Toronto.
Grand Trunk Railway System, Toronto.
Canadian Pacific Railway, Toronto.
Canadian Northern Railway, Toronto.
Intercolonial Railway, Toronto.

In Montreal the Show has now taken permanent root and this is its third year. It will follow a week after the close of the Toronto Show—April 4th to April 11th—and no doubt many of the exhibits at Toronto will appear at the Arena at Montreal. There will however be sufficient distinction between the two to make visits to both of them desirable, and Montreal may be relied upon to produce a Show which shall be something more than a reproduction of the one held in Toronto. In Montreal motoring has made hosts of adherents who are satisfied with nothing but the best, and it may be taken for granted that the best will be there for them. Fine as has been the two preceding Shows it is promised that this year Montreal will surpass it-

self, and everyone interested in motoring, whether on land or water will be able to see the very latest models and accessories in both autos and motor boats.

A Fire Chief Uses the Auto.

An auto fitted with the regulation fire bell is the outfit with which the Chief of the Fire Department of Buffalo now hastens to outbreaks of fire. By means of this new method of travel he is able to reach fires and attack them in their first stages with a force which is said to have resulted in saving many thousands of dollars worth of property. As every one knows minutes are of supreme importance in the early stages of fires, and it is a matter of the highest consideration to secure the prompt arrival of the Chief at such scenes. The opportunities for increased services, when such services are the most valuable, cannot be easily exaggerated and practical experiences has demonstrated their value. The Buffalo Chief goes to a fire at the rate of a mile a minute, and by this time the people of the city are perfectly familiar with this record breaking pace on the part of a city official. It is a fine testimony to the efficiency of the automobile that the Pierce which is used in such service has never gone wrong since it was first obtained and given this important work to do.

Standardization of Autos.

Great strides are being made in the direction of the standardization of automobiles, and it looks as if the future trend will be in the way of making standard patterns with interchangeable parts. Everything too seems to be progressing in the directions of easy and inexpensive operations making the driving a very easy thing to learn and reducing the cost of the up-keep to the lowest possible minimum. The more this is done the greater must be the number of people reached and the more cars will be required. Strength, simplicity and endurance are the watchwords and with such a policy carried into practical working no one can doubt that great as have been the strides made

in the past still greater will be those made in the future. It is no longer a question of the survival of the auto, it is scarcely a question of the supremacy of the auto, it is much more now a matter how far there will be a monopoly by the auto.

An Interesting Race.

Suggestions for races of all kinds are made, but one of these, if carried out, will concentrate the attention of the automobile world upon the fight. There have been twenty-four hours continuous running in contests and these have not proved entirely satisfactory. Now the suggestion is made for a twenty-four hour contest to be run off at four hours each day for one week. Each night the various cars will be locked up by an officer so that they may not be worked except during the time of actual running. The suggestion includes the selection of the Fiat, Renault, Lozier, Thomas, and other winning cars, and for the race to be run under conditions which would test the make of cars to an extent which would develop weakness if weakness were to be found. The location of the race would be Florida and it is believed that something approaching two thousand miles would be covered in the course of such a contest.

A Great Race.

If the New York to Paris race does not come off in the near future it is pretty certain to take place ere long. There are too few worlds remaining for the automobile to conquer for this particular one to be left long unattempted. The idea is to cross the American continent and transhipped across the Behring Straits, continue the road across Asia and Europe to Paris. The endurance both of the cars and the driver would be tested to the utmost by the varieties of climate and country through which they would have to pass. While the journey has been made from Peking to Paris with success, both the length of the journey and the difficulties too would be vastly increased by the run being made from

New York to Paris. Frank Nutt, who made the only clean score in the Chicago reliability contest wants to take a Haynes car over the course, and speaking as a man with much experience behind him, believes that both the car and himself would come out with credit. A fourteen thousand mile race, much of it through unknown territory, is not to be entered upon lightly; and no wonder there is not an overwhelming rush of entrants.

On Land and Water.

One of the greatest attractions at the Motor Boat Shows at New York, Chicago &c., was the Waterland—an auto on shore and a motor boat in water. The Waterland is the invention of a Frenchman, M. Ravillies, and demonstration showed it to be equally effective both on land and water. Exactly how the boat would behave in a storm, and stand the dangers of waterlogging, were not demonstrated though with three passengers on board there was but a small amount of freeboard. Assurances were given that the boat could not capsize and it looked from the performance of the new invention that there is a future for it and for further ones upon the same lines.

Turning the Tables.

Often indeed have we all heard of the horse towing the automobile home, and this unreliability of the auto became so widespread as to come in for general comment and ridicule. On a recent morning the tables were turned in a most effective manner in New York. Three big Studebaker electric trucks were loaded with a team of heavy dray horses and their usual burden pulled behind. This novel cavalcade promenaded the length of Broadway and such an illustration facing the people streaming along that well known thoroughfare created considerable sensation. The parade was wound up by the delivery of the trucks to the H. B. Claflin Company, who have six vehicles of this size engaged in their delivery service. It is pretty certain that this ocular demonstration of the changed circumstances of the auto and the horse respectively went home to

thousands of people who witnessed it far more effectively than any number of lectures upon the subject.

A Federal Law in the States.

The American Automobile Association have had a bill drafted and it will be submitted to Congress at its next session. The conglomeration of measures now on the Statute Books of the various States render such a measure more or less inevitable. The present system is neither logical or defensible and no autoist feels safe anywhere. It is impossible for him to know all the legal requirements of all the States when these differ in every requirement and degree, and in numerous cases autoists have erred through ignorance. A national law would present none of these difficulties. Its requirements should be few, plain and vigorously enforced. Such a policy would secure the good will of the autoists and it would add much to the pleasures of long outings. It is too soon for anything of the kind to come in Canada, but if local Legislatures go so far as that of Ontario seems disposed to go the result on this side of the border must be similar—one law for the Dominion enforced if need be by local authorities. The States are leading in this matter, and the demand for the one law is much stronger over there than here.

No Kick.

One great feature of the Chicago Reliability Run has evoked endless comment. Drivers were denied the perfect score owing to small technicalities, which practically made no difference whatever to the cars or their running and they accepted the decision without a word. The reason appears to be that all were treated alike, and no favoritism was shown. Surely this is a great advance upon what has been the general rule. When a contest is promoted the rules should be definite and once entries are accepted upon them should be carried out. If this is done everyone is treated alike and no one has any real cause for complaint. Everyone was sorry for Arthur Kumpf whose career in motoring is

a perfect romance. A loose grease cup, which took but five seconds to turn right, put him out of the perfect division. The boy who had made a splendid record on the Glidden Tour, thus learned to lose—a lesson which will prove invaluable to him throughout his career. This reliability run showed reliability and while tests so severe may not be good fun to the makers they form excellent and reliable guides to purchasers.

The Glidden Tour.

The automobile year would lose one of the events of the greatest interest if the Glidden Tour failed to materialize. The announcement made at the Chicago Show to the effect that the Tour will certainly be run in 1908 and that the contest will be on a broader and stricter basis than ever is therefore welcome to every autoist. The route has not yet been decided upon, but the consensus of opinion appears to be in favor of either visiting the eastern seaside resorts or some distant western point. Either of these routes would give different ground for each day of the tour and this is believed to be necessary in order to sustain the interest at a high pitch. With the experience gained in past tours and the elimination of all features making it anything but what it professes to be, the Glidden tour of 1908 should be far ahead of its predecessors and its value to both manufacturers and private owners increased accordingly.

The First Auto Builder in America.

Curiously enough, considering its short history, there are already differences of view as to whom the honor is due for making the first car constructed in America in a regular factory. Mr. Elwood Haynes, the maker of the car bearing his name, seems to have the best claim to the honor. It was only so far ago as the early nineties that he did his work. At that time he was engaged in Portland, Ind., driving a horse for fifty-two miles daily. The horse gave out again and again and Mr. Haynes, at that time amongst the oil fields, began to think out whether he could not better

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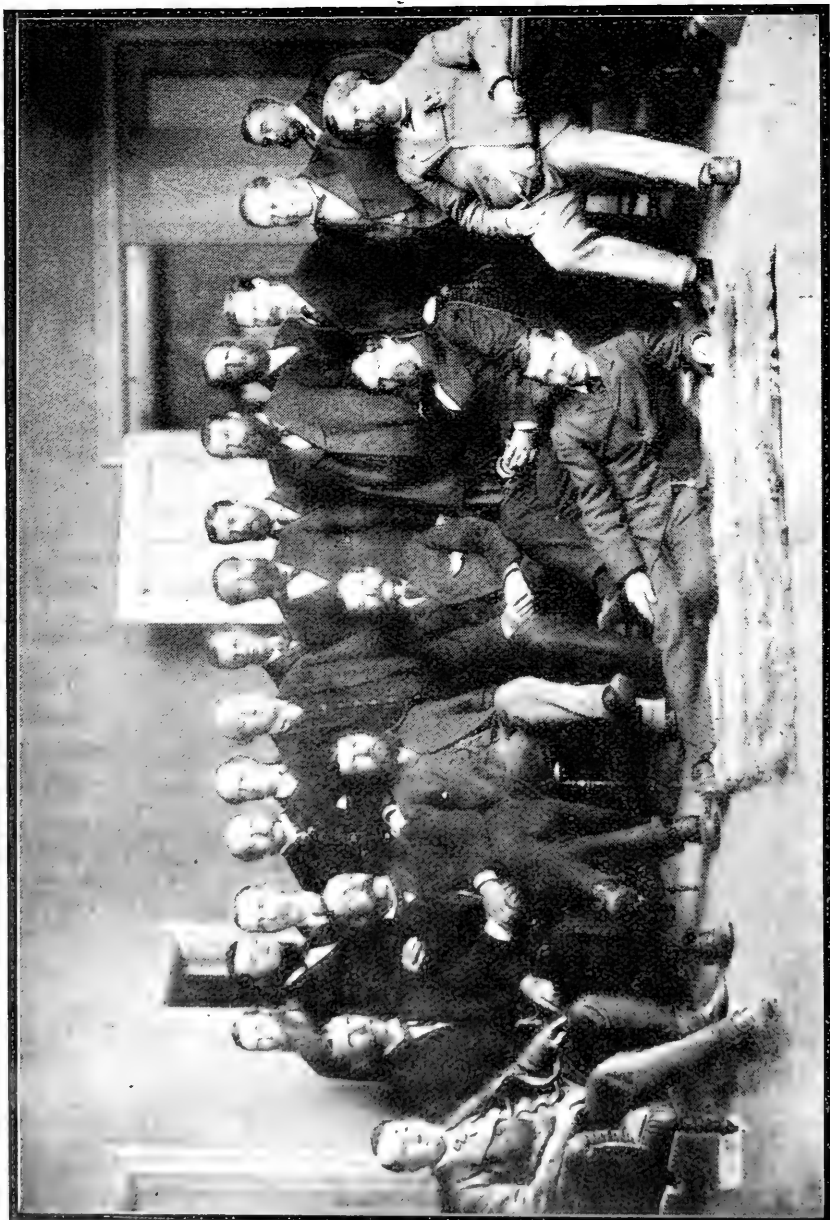
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accomplish his task with a motor driven wagon. Steam and electricity were both considered by him and abandoned for gasoline. He long worked at his plans and finally took them to Kokoma, where he found a machine shop capable of doing his work. Mr. Apperson aided him so greatly with his plans that they formed a partnership after the first successful car was produced. From that small beginning has grown in the space of a few short years the tremendous automobile industry which covers America today.

Two new plugs have been added to the Sta-Rite family of the R. E. Hardy Co., of New York. The first is styled the Gotham Sta-Rite, and its chief feature of difference from its brothers is that it has an extended shell partly closing the inner end and protecting the porcelain from heat, oil or soot. The porcelain has a single hollow tube packed with copper asbestos filled gaskets which cannot become wedged in. This plug is practically recommended for engines using a great deal of oil. The other new addition to the family is the No. 4 magneto plug in which the insulated electrode has an enlarged head equipped with four points, any one or more of which will serve as a jumping point for the spark. Much greater efficiency is claimed for it in connection with the magneto than for a single gap plug.



WORLD'S GREATEST OARSMAN AND MEN WHO BACKED HIM.

An interesting old picture showing the late Edward Hanlan when he first began to attract worldwide attention. From a photograph of the "Hanlan Club" and a few other supporters in Toronto, taken shortly after Hanlan's great victory at the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. Hanlan, whose death on January 4th has caused wide regret, is seen lying on the floor in front of the group.



SPORTS AFLOAT!

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

Edited by

LOU. E.
MARSH

The Boy in Blue.

With the passing of Edward Hanlan, the oarsman of Toronto, on January 4th there disappeared from human ken Canada's greatest advertisement and the most famous athlete the land of the Maple Leaf ever turned out. Canada has produced many athletes of world's record caliber but none won for his country a title of the renown that did Ned Hanlan, the famous boy in blue.

Ned Hanlan was universally recognized as the world's greatest oarsman. He died from pneumonia. He was given a public funeral and 50,000 people saw the cortege.

Hanlan was undoubtedly the fastest man who ever sat in a boat. In his palmy days he won almost every race with consummate ease, though Courtney the American did give him a fair rub at Lachine in 1878. In many of his races Hanlan was so much the better man that he would stop and wave his hands to friends or lave his brow with water.

Born at Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island, on July 14th, 1855, he was only fifty-two years of age at the time of his death. Standing five feet ten, and weighing in rowing togs, 150 pounds, he was a splendid type of physical manhood. Of late years he had gradually grown heavier from his normal weight of 165, until he reached the high mark of 217. But despite his greater avoirdupois, he always appeared the ideal stamp of an athlete.

During his sculling career, which covered a period of thirty-two years, Hanlan participated in some 350 races of all sorts besides giving innumerable exhibitions all over the world. Of all these races he suffered defeat but a bare half-dozen times, most of these reverses following his defeat by Beach in 1884.

He held the championship of Canada from 1877, the championship of America

from 1878, the championship of England from 1879, and that of the world from 1880 until 1884.

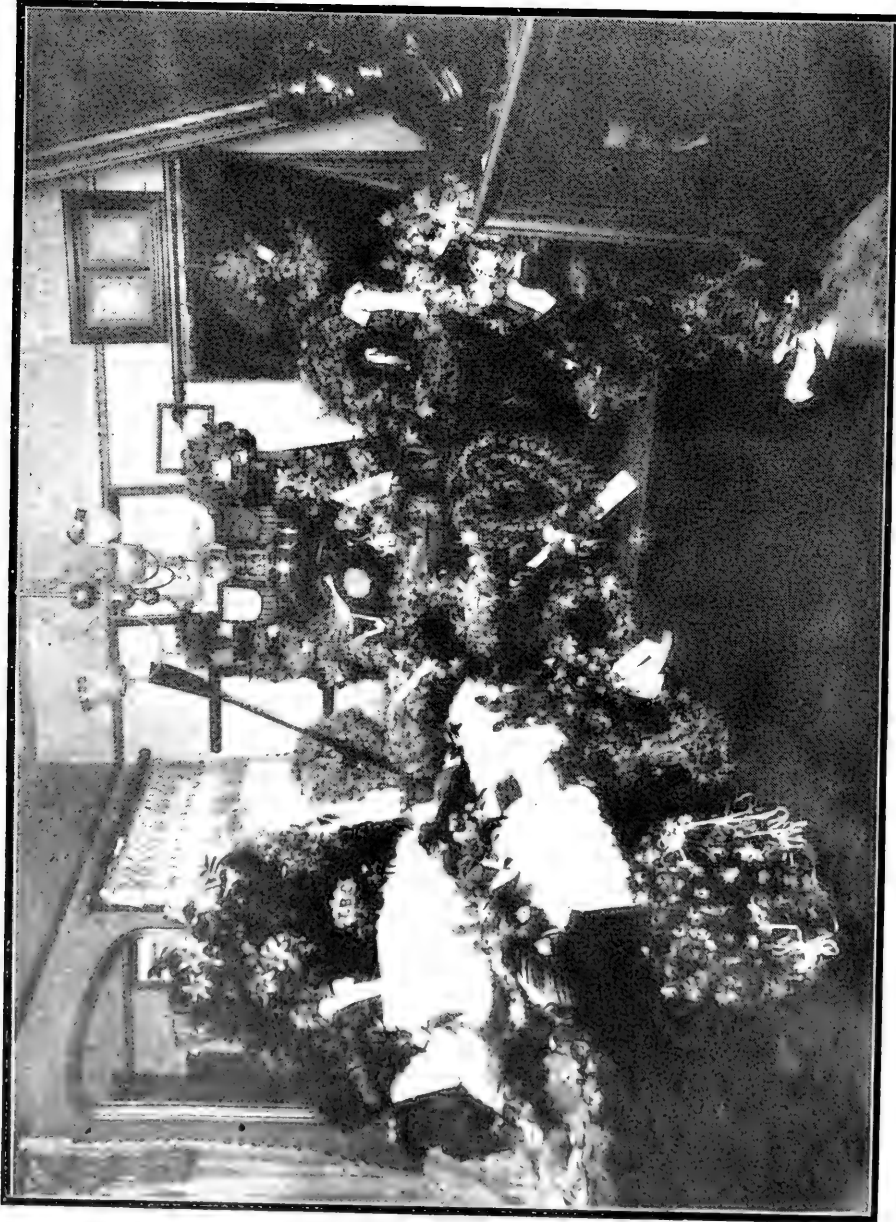
His boyhood days were spent among surroundings which tended to develop a great taste for water sports, and when only eighteen years of age, he won the championship of Ontario in a race on Burlington Bay in 1874.

This performance was repeated at Toronto the following year and again in 1876 when he carried off the belt and title which he held until the time of his death.

In 1876, when only twenty years of age, he furnished the greatest surprise in the history of rowing by beating fifteen of the picked scullers of the world at the Centennial at Philadelphia for what was called the "world's championship" and at the same time set a new mark for the world for three miles in 21.01, beating such men as Higgins, the English ex-champion, Morris, the American title-holder, Plaisted, McKean and other famous champions.

This was the starting point of his career, and from now on it was one long and continual triumphant march. As is usual with all World's Fair championships, Hanlan's title to the world's honors was questioned, particularly as Trick-et, the Australian, had cleared up the English aspirants for the title in England, and also claimed the title. However, the matter was settled some time later, when the Toronto boy had forever settled his position as the conquerer of America.

In 1877 he beat Wallace Ross on the Kennebecasis for the Canadian championship at five miles. This was on June 31st, and on the 1st of July he defeated the best sculler in America at a regatta at Brockville. Three days later he defeated Plaisted and Kennedy at Cape Vincent, N. Y. and on October 14th finished up



FLORAL GIFTS IN HONOR OF LATE EDWARD HANLAN.
Floral offerings of many friends surrounded the casket as it lay in the home of the late oarsman prior to the funeral.

the season by beating Ross at Toronto for the Canadian championship.

The next year he defeated Plaisted at Toronto for the American championship and wound up by defeating Ross, Morris, Berry, McCann, Elliot and others at a regatta at Barrie.

In 1879 he journeyed to England beating Hawden on the Tyne on April 3rd, and on June 16th beat Elliot on the same waters for the championship of England. On the return to the homeland he met Riley at Barrie rowing a dead heat after being fouled by Elliot. On October 16th, he defeated Courtney at Chataqua, the latter's boat having been sawed.

In 1880 after beating Courtney at Chataqua and Riley on the Potomac he suffered his first real defeat, taking a stitch in his side in a regatta on the Potomac on June 17th, Ross, Riley, Ten Eck and Jake Gaudaur finishing in that order.

Four months later he met, Tricket on the Thames for the English championship

cup which finally became his own personal property, after he had won it three times.

In 1881 he raced but the once, finishing ahead of Laycock on the Thames.

In 1882 after beating Boyd on the Tyne and Tricket on the Thames he returned home and was matched to race Ross at Winnipeg but was unfortunately stricken



HANLAN, THE OARSMAN, IN JULY 1907.

Probably the last picture of the late champion in a rowing shell.

down with typhoid, his life being despaired of twice.

The year 1883 was the busiest and greatest year, marking the climax of the greatest record in athletics.

In this year he rode twenty-three races, including four or five doubles with Lee. They were never beaten.

He attended nearly two dozen regattas in which the best scullers in America took part and was never headed at any stage of any race.

Having conquered all on this side of the world, Hanlan sailed for Australia, giving an exhibition at Honolulu before a vast concourse of people. At Nepean he beat Laycock and then won over Edwards twice.

Arriving at Sydney, N. S. W., on Saturday, March 15th, he was given a grand reception. Then followed exhibitions at Melbourne before 40,000 people, at Ballarat, Brisbane, Hooperstown, Launcelot, Auckland, Sydney, Walla, Wago, Cockatoo Island and Western Australia his tour extending from May 22nd to the middle of July.

It was the beginning of the end. The climate had reached Hanlan and he was no longer himself. He could not get into condition, and on August 16th, 1884, he was defeated for the first time since the beginning of his career by William Beach on the Paramatta River for the world's championship. Beach refused to row him a week later. Eventually the Australian beat him again, but it was not the old Hanlan.

Mr. Hanlan's career may be said to have closed on that August 16th on the Paramatta, though he rowed several races afterwards, continuing as late as 1896, when he beat Hacket and incidently won seven races of all kinds that year.

The money earned in the three races was tremendous. In one race alone there was \$12,000 added money.

Hanlan's stroke and style has been adopted by all the leading rowing clubs and colleges on the continent.

A Long Launch Trip.

Messrs. H. H. Hastings and W. P. MacHenry, of Toronto, are making arran-

gements for a three thousand mile trip by gasoline launch. They propose to start next June in a 35 foot 30 horse power four cylinder eighteen mile an hour boat built by the Schofield-Holden people of Toronto from Pittsburg and proceed by river down to New Orleans and return to Toronto via the Mississippi, the Drainage Canal and the Great Lakes. This round trip together with a few side explorations up the Mississippi tributaries will make a trip of some 3,500 miles. Mrs. Hastings will go along. The launch will be an open one with an automobile top. "We have got to have a little speed" remarked Mr. MacHenry the other day. "It won't do to take the back wash of everything we meet on the trip. They've got some speedy ones down that way but I'll bet this Canuck boat isn't always last in a spurt."

Some R. C. Y. C. Changes.

The chances are that several of the larger boats of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club fleet, Toronto will not be in commission this summer, and the other large yacht clubs of the country are in the same condition. The financial stringency is responsible for the situation. However if some of the Toronto boats will not be in commission others which laid up last year or were exclusively racing craft will be ploughing the waves as cruising yachts.

Both Adele and Aileen 11, the Canada's Cup boats, have been fitted up inside and had cabin tops built on. Both as they stand now are grand little cruisers. Sitarrah, the big auxiliary yawl owned by Amelius Jarvis which blew up and was partly burned last year has been sold to J. P. Northey and he is having her rebuilt. He too like Amelius Jarvis has an antipathy to gasoline and will instal a steam engine in her. Mr. Jarvis will this season sail his new schooner, now the largest craft in the R. C. Y. C. sailing fleet. Canada, first winner of the famous international cup which now bears her name has been sold to William Whitney formerly of the National Yacht Club but now of the R. C. Y. C., last year's skipper of the Vesta, the grand little racing twenty-two footer. She will still sail under

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the R. C. Y. C. burgee. It is said that Strathcona, the stately white cutter of the R. C. Y. C. fleet will not be in commission this year. Vice Commodore Nicholls has his weather eye lifting for a big schooner yacht. He is tiring of his steam yacht *Tranquillo* but he may let the matter rest another year and content himself with his big gasoline yacht *Dauntless*, now in service at his summer home near Barrie on Lake Simcoe.

James Gorden Bennett has recently purchased a Fiat motor boat as a tender to his yacht, the *Lysistrata*. The boat is constructed on the lines of the racing boats, with the engine forward and the seats for passengers in the rear. The speed is about fifteen miles per hour. The boat is covered with an awning for bad weather and the hull is of double planked cedar, with silk between the decks. The boat is 35,107 feet long with a beam of 7.26 feet and a craft of 19 inches.

The Gyroscope.

Editor, Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada :—

Dear Sir :—I have just observed a very recent despatch from Hamburg announcing that the Hamburg-American Line have bought the German rights of the Schlick Gyroscope and propose to equip their smaller ships with the device. This is with a view to obviating the rolling in a seaway. This idea may or may not have been gathered and adopted from the results of somewhat recent experiments of one Mr. Brennan somewhere in England, (I am not certain of the name or place having a bad memory for such things.) His experiments were in the application of the principle of the gyroscope to cars on the single rail and he is reported to be now preparing to demonstrate in a more practical way the feasibility of mono rail transportation under the auspices and with the assistance of the British War Department.

The gyroscope in action preserves the equilibrium of the car whether standing or running around the sharpest curves on a single rail. It is a scheme that is likely to revolutionize railway transportation in the near future. But as the authors

say "that is another story." What I am aiming at in this reference is to call the attention of your sporting readers to the possibilities that the use of the gyroscope opens up. If applied to motor or racing boats it means that in construction the beam may be much decreased while the keel may be much lengthened to provide for the necessary buoyancy and that a speed anywhere from thirty to forty-five miles per hour may be possible. The gyroscope as employed by our railroad inventor has two discs or balance wheels revolving horizontally at high speed in opposite directions.

W. H. Morden.
Toronto, 1217 College St.

Producer Gas Instead of Gasolene.

The first cost of a power boat is not always the prime consideration with those who desire to become owners—there is always that question of upkeep in the background. If experiments, which have been tried so far with success, prove permanently equal in results, then a new propelling power in producer gas has been made subservient to man. The experiments were made by Mr. Stephen A. Hasbrouck M. E., the designer of the Hasbrouck motor, who installed a Hasbrouck engine in a launch named *Gloria*. The launch is a heavily built converted steam yacht, fifty-four feet long, eleven feet beam, five feet deep and draws three and a half feet of water. The motor is a four cylinder four cycle twenty-five horse power Hasbrouck giving its power at five hundred revolutions. The plant takes up less space than steam, and weighs much less. It needs little attention and eliminates all dangers of explosion. The complete plant in the *Gloria*, including engine and producer, weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds per horse power and occupies a space of nine by two feet. At a demonstration which was attended by several experts a run of ninety miles was made at a cost of about sixty cents. This experiment was made at New London, Conn. and was declared in all respects to be satisfactory.

The star feature of the Sterling Engine Company's output for 1908 will be

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its new 40 horse power Normal Speed Engine especially designed and built for fast cruisers and heavy working boats. The working speed of the engine is from 300 to 600 revolutions. Valves are placed on opposite sides and mechanically operated. A mechanical oiling system which provides for a separate pump for each sight oil feed is part of the equipment. This oiling system is positive and easily adjusted so the necessary amount of oil can be distributed as required. Another special feature is the entire elimination of all leakage at the base. The base is so arranged that any leakage of oil is carried back into a special oil pit provided for the purpose. The crowning feature is the arrangement of the plunger circulating pump, plunger bilge pump and plunger air pump with which the engine is equipped. These pumps are located in a vertical position at the back end of the engine and are operated by a shaft designed for the purpose. The weight of this Normal Speed Engine is about 1,800 pounds, and this weight can be reduced approximately by using aluminum bases if so desired, at an extra cost.



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Alpine Club Notes.

A sad accident occurred on New Year's Day in the Swiss Alps, the tragic incident having a direct interest to members of the Alpine Club of Canada owing to the fact that their President (Mr. A. O. Wheeler) was a member of the party climbing a peak when the fatal slip took place. As the members know Mr. Wheeler went to England to represent the Alpine Club of Canada at the Jubilee dinner of the English Alpine Club in London. After the celebration Mr. Wheeler went to Switzerland and was one of a party attempting a difficult climb on New Year's Day. From the brief account received up to the present it appears that Mr. Francis a Court Bergne, eldest son of Sir Henry Bergne, K. C. B., K. C. M. G., of Pembroke Road, Kensington, London, slipped on a steep ascent and going over a precipice was instantly killed. The further ascent was of course abandoned and the remainder of the party returned in safety. It is a remarkable fact that only three or four years ago Mr. Bergne nearly met his death under similar circumstances, he and a guide both falling over a precipice. Both the deceased gentleman and his father are members of the English Alpine Club and the deceased was an enthusiastic climber.

A report from Saddle Lake, Saskatchewan, states that a man was killed and eaten by wolves forty miles south of Lake St. Vincent in the same Province. Only the man's gun and a few hairs were found while nearby were the remains of seven timber wolves which the man had evidently shot before being overcome by the rest of the pack.

In these days of parlor cars and travelling with every convenience it is curious to read of a woman and three children making an overland trip of six hundred miles by means of a dog train. This long trip was made by Mrs. G. R. Ray, who with her children and half breed servants journeyed from York Factory on the western shores of Hudson Bay to Winnipeg. There are sharp contrasts between the means of travelling at York Factory and Winnipeg and it seems wonderful in these days that they should be brought together in the way Mrs. Ray's arrival at Winnipeg appears to have done. It is a reminder of how much there is yet ahead of us in Canada.

How much there is yet to learn about Canada is made evident every day but

perhaps no more striking confirmation of this fact has ever been given than in a recent announcement made on behalf of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Surveyors had been at work for years and as a result of their labors it was proposed that the line should strike the headwaters of the Fraser River at Yellowhead Pass and follow the course of that river in a line veering sharply to the north to Fort George. At that point the Fraser River makes a quick bend which erratic turn puzzled the engineers and compelled them to continue in a northerly direction to Hazelton, which is north of Prince Rupert. At Hazelton they struck the Skeena River, and naturally mapped out their route through the valley of that river. There appeared no alternative to that roundabout route and perforce the Company's scheme of construction was drawn up on that basis. Now a party of surveyors have discovered a shorter and easier route between Fort George and Prince Rupert, and Hazelton and the long divergence north will be avoided altogether. The new route is along the Copper river. It has met with much favorable comment and Mr. Van Airdel, assistant chief engineer, has been sent to examine the grade and report upon the new route which it seems certain will be accepted in lieu of the former one.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

One of the most interesting talks to which the members of the Canadian Club of Toronto, have listened for a long time was an address recently given at a crowded luncheon by Mr. Cy Warman on "The Protection of the Wild." Mr. Warman is both a traveller and a writer and his knowledge of the wild things of the forest, as well as of the conditions of the forests themselves, has been obtained by many years of careful observation. The whole of his remarks are well worthy of consideration by Canadians and our readers will be interested to learn that the address will appear in full in our March number.

Mr. E. J. McVeigh writes from Ottawa:

"I have read Alfred J. Horsey's short article on the scarcity of partridges in the January number, and am inclined to agree with him in believing that these birds are the victim of an epidemic disease. His remarks on the "stock reasons" are timely and very much to the point. For the past two or three years I have not bothered the partridge to any extent, but last fall while wandering alone through the woods, (where the birds used to be fairly plentiful but are now about as scarce as hens' teeth) I came across a bird, and the first glimpse I got of it showed me that it was a sick partridge. I shot it with the rifle and found that it was an old hen, but so small and poor that I am of the opinion it would not have lived much longer anyway. Unfortunately I have no knowledge that would enable me to pronounce on its ailments, but I found that the feathers were gone from the center of the lower part of the body, and the skin stuck fast to the bone, both skin and bone being hard and dry. Will Mr. Horsey say if he noticed anything peculiar about the birds he found? Close to where I found this sick hen I saw a fine large cock, and he was seemingly in fine condition. I did not shoot him, so we may hope that some at least have so far

escaped the blight. I have been told by a gentleman who hunted deer there last fall that partridges were very plentiful in the Adirondacks, and this is the only place I have heard of them as being plentiful. But this in my opinion would have no bearing on their scarcity in Eastern Canada."

A Christmas gift of no common kind has been made to the people of the Labrador coast. Through the writings and addresses of Dr. W. T. Grenfell C. M. G. the American friends of the mission which has been so successfully carried on for years in that bleak country, three hundred reindeer have been collected in Lapland and shipped by way of Newfoundland to Labrador. The work has proved a larger undertaking than these bare facts give any idea of. In the first place the collecting of the reindeer proved no easy task and when this was done the arrangements for transportation proved so difficult as to threaten the whole scheme. No English shipowner could be found who would charter a ship for such a purpose but at length a Norwegian barque was obtained and arrangements made for the work to be done for \$2,500. Then seven hundred tons of moss had to be hauled from distant mountain forests in order to provide sustenance for the reindeer till they reached and settled down in their new homes. In addition to the reindeer and their fodder were four families of Laplanders to teach the care and use of the deer and a number of reindeer dogs, the latter being as necessary in herding the deer as the collie in herding sheep. In the whole consignment were two hundred and fifty does, twenty-five bucks and twenty-five deer trained to harness. It is hoped that the introduction of these reindeer will naturally raise the standard of living in Labrador. Up to the present the fishermen have had neither meat nor milk and their domestic animals have been confined to dogs which are often vicious and dangerous.

Once the reindeer are thoroughly domesticated it is hoped that the dogs may be killed off and as a further result smaller domestic animals may be obtained and some rude agriculture attempted. At the present everything that may be grown is devoured by the dogs before it has a chance of reaching maturity. By giving the fishermen meat, milk and hides and an incomparably superior transportation the reindeer should go far to improve the lives of the fishermen. The cost of the enterprise is \$30,000 and if it proves successful it will amply repay those who have found the money, for improvements in the hitherto wretched lives of the people will be carried to an extent that will make them wonder themselves how they survived under past circumstances. The missionary effort that raises the daily lives of the whole people is the sort of effort with which we can all sympathize, and sportsmen will unite in wishing all success to this most interesting and promising work. A dispatch from St. John, N. B. states that the reindeer were landed under great difficulties at Greenville harbor. At St. John they were placed on board the steamer Anita but the boat was not able to get near the shore on account of the numerous ice floes. The only method, therefore to land the deer was to get them on the ice. This was done but when they were being driven to land some went through and despite all the men could do several of the deer were drowned.

Fifty miles of picturesque islets and scraggy precipitous rocks on the west coast of the State of Washington to be known as the Quillayute Needles and Flattery Rock preservations have been set aside as preserves and breeding grounds for native birds and animals. This is a fine addition to the increasing number of such preserves now possessed by the States.

The staff of the Forestry Branch of the Interior Department has been greatly strengthened by the appointment to the position of Inspector of Forest Reserves of Mr. A. Knechtel, lately the Forester

employed by the New York State Forest, Fish and Game Commission. This is but one step in the direction of enlarging and strengthening the staff of the Forestry Branch, which is being done as rapidly as trained men become available. It is also a good example of the fact that the tide is turning in the direction of Canada, and that Canadians who have gone over to the United States are finding that Canada is now offering greater opportunities. Mr. Knechtel is a native of Huron County, Ontario, where he helped to clear his father's farm. He taught school for a number of years in Canada and afterwards in the United States. He completed the three years' agricultural course in the Michigan Agricultural College and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Science. His forestry course was taken at Cornell University, where he received the degree of Forest Engineer from the New York State College of Forestry. While teaching school and attending college he spent his vacations looking after the work in a sawmill owned by him in Muskoka. After completing his course he was first employed by the United States Bureau of Forestry in making a study of the natural regeneration of the commercial trees of the Adirondacks. Since that time he has been the Forester for the Forest, Fish and Game Commission for New York State, under direction of which he made a classification of the forest lands of the State, established forest nurseries, superintended the planting of 500,000 trees in the Adirondacks, organized the work of collecting forest tree seeds and took charge of the fire protective service. In 1904 he made a four months' tour of Europe, visiting France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland and Italy, studying and photographing the forests. Mr. Knechtel has published a number of bulletins and articles on forestry subjects. Some of the more important are: The Cultivated Forests of Europe; Methods of Estimating and Measuring Standing Timber, and Making a Woodlot from Seed.

There were stirring times at the annual meeting of the Hamilton branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective

Association held at Hamilton last month. Much was said of the good work done and much more of that still remaining to be accomplished. Both Mr. A. Kelly Evans and Mr. Oliver Adams, from the headquarters branch, Toronto, were present and both gentlemen dealt with unusual vigor upon the problems involved in efficient fish and game protection. Mr. Evans dealt in particular upon the manner in which the residents in places like Hamilton are concerned in these matters. He looked forward with hope to the possibilities of an agreement for the international control of the Great Lakes fisheries. Mr. Oliver Adams declared his regret for having arrived at the conclusion "that the whole system of protection in this Province is a farce. The question of protection is in the hands of a few politicians and every politician thinks more of a vote than he does of a ton of fish or a dozen head of game." Dr. Welford, the President and Mr. W. J. Taylor, a member of the Committee, of the Woodstock branch, who were also in attendance, gave short addresses on the work in hand. It was decided to ask the Ontario Government to double the salary of Mr. Charles J. Kerr, the local inspector, in order that he might devote the whole of his time to fish and game protection; to request the restocking of local waters with black bass, and to ask the Provincial Conference to consider the question of legalizing the killing of young deer. Mr. Thomas Upton was re-elected President and the following officers and committee were appointed: First Vice, Thomas W. Watkins; Second Vice, James Crooks; Third Vice, Major Labatt; Committee: Dr. Rennie, Adam Ballantine, Dr. Overholt, H. Barnard, Capt. Spencer, ex-Ald. Hancock, Ald. Farrar and John Hunter. Inspector Kerr, who was present, gave particulars of his work and the Association voted him a grant of \$25 for his excellent services.

Dr. W. H. Fitzmaurice, an Irish gentleman who has spent some time in eastern Canada, writes: "I was much interested in Mr. E. F. Jenner's article in the September number on "Nova

Scotian Woodcock." Mr. Jenner stated that where these birds go on their migration is an enigma to him. Mr. A. A. Brown asserted in a later number that they migrated to Ireland. Now I have had thirty years' experience of woodcock shooting in Ireland and have never seen a Canadian woodcock there. The plumage of the breast of the woodcock we have in Ireland is a different color to that of the Canadian woodcock. The Irish woodcock is a little larger weighing eleven or twelve ounces. I once shot one weighing fourteen ounces and a friend shot one which weighed fifteen ounces.

A correspondent writes from Wetaskiwin, Alta.: "I have read your recent number with great interest, especially the articles on still hunting and the preservation of game. Over twenty years' experience in the woods, chiefly still hunting caribou and deer, has shown me that the true charm of the sport in hunting big game lies in the hunter matching his own powers against the keen senses of the quarry. Hounding has no place in the woods of Ontario, Quebec and similar country."

Among the most interesting of the several cuts which brightened up the story of the trip to Hudson Bay by Mr. J. M. Bentley, appearing in our December number, was one of an Eskimo woman which appeared with the following description beneath it: "A visitor from the Far North. This picture of an Eskimo woman was taken at Moose Factory in the spring of 1907, and presented to the writer by Mr. A. W. Patterson on July 21st of the same year while up there on a canoe trip." Upon the publication of the December number the picture was recognized by Mr. Stephen P. M. Tasker, of Philadelphia, as one taken by him at Fort Chimo, Labrador, in October 1906, when in company with his wife and guides he made the crossing of that little known country from Lake Superior. Mr. Tasker gave the photo to Mr. Patterson, who is the factor in charge at Moose Factory, who

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in his turn gave it, as stated, to Mr. Bentley. The latter gentleman understood that the photo was taken at Moose during the winter time when it is customary for the Eskimo to bring in the mail by dog train from posts still further north. There was nothing in the photo to lead either Mr. Bentley or ourselves to doubt the correctness of the account given and it was loaned to us and published in all good faith. Mr. Tasker now informs us that the publication was premature and has caused him inconvenience. Mr. Bentley joins us in expressing regret for this, while at the same time explaining that had Mr. Tasker placed his name and place and date where and when the photo was taken on the back of the photo there would have been no publication. We trust this explanation will be accepted by Mr. Tasker who will see that the use of his photo was in full belief that the right to do so had been transferred to the recipient. The incident may act as a warning to travellers taking photos to label them

before distributing copies, as without such a precaution mistakes are inevitable.

Three ladies of Michigan—Miss Mina Fox of Manistique, Mrs. H. H. Taylor and Mrs. Ben Van Aunan, of Marshall—were successful big game hunters in that State last fall. They all agree that a winter's camp in the woods beats all the doctor's medicine in the world.

In his characteristic straightforward fashion President Roosevelt sent the following message, which is well worth noting, to a great angler's conference recently held in New York: "You stand for the prevention and suppression of wasteful destruction. You stand for the promotion and support of laws to protect the food and game fishes so that they shall not be exterminated, but may continue in increased abundance to supply food to the multitude and good sport to those who keep the law. You encourage the spirit of fair play. You insist on doing your fishing in straightforward, sportsmanlike fashion, and you in every way discourage the obnoxious craze for record breaking as regards the amount of the catches. The latter I consider especially important. There are few things which a naturalist and sportsman should more heartily condemn than reckless and wasteful slaughter. To make a very large bag, whether of deer or prairie chicken, or duck or quail, or woodcock or trout is something of which to be ashamed and not to boast."

The British Columbia Government have taken an important step in the protection of their big game by raising the bounty on panthers and wolves from \$7.50 to \$15.00. This is in accord with representations made to the Government by sporting interests throughout the Province and after the Government themselves have held an inquiry into the whole matter. It was found that throughout the Province, but particularly on Vancouver Island, the young both of deer and grouse had suffered severely from depredations of panthers and

wolves. On the mainland conditions are aggravated by the presence of coyotes. The latter found their way into British Columbia when the overland route was established, trailing with the different parties and feeding upon camp refuse. It is believed that hunters will now find wolf and panther hunting profitable, the pelts being worth from \$3 to \$5 which with the bounty should attract men skilled in this work.

The President of the National Association of Audubon Societies of the States estimates that the destruction of insectivorous birds have cost the farmers of America a loss of a billion dollars per annum. Is it not time the farmers, and even more important the farmer's children, received some enlightenment on this matter?

Diaries are essential to all business men and to those whose tasks include much desk work. A good diary is therefore a thing much to be desired and such a one has been produced by Messrs. Andrew Usher & Co. of Edinburgh, Scotland, whose Scotch whiskies are so greatly in demand throughout the world. The diary and blotter is of a very convenient desk size and printed in clear type with twelve days on a page. The front cover contains a fine illustration of Edinburgh Castle and the back, one of Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags with one of Messrs. Usher's bonded warehouses, two hundred and fifty yards in length. The contents include eighteen illustrations of the classic race courses of Epsom and Aintree, Royal palaces, the British Houses of Parliament and many others. Of deep and quaint interest are those contrasting ancient and modern methods of distillation and some curious events must be recalled by those who look upon these pictures. The sporting and athletic information is full and deeply interesting. Records of all kinds are given here. Racing, cricket, football, rowing, golf, billiards, athletics, rifle shooting and pigeon shooting, lawn tennis, yachting, cycling, motoring, swimming, etc., can be found within these

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HIDE, WOOL, SKIN AND FUR
HOUSE IN CANADA.

FURS

delightful covers. These records give all the particulars necessary for an appreciation of the performances therein described and will give many a sportsman a pleasant half hour in going over them. To be sure most of them refer to the old country but they are of such importance as to create world wide interest, and in yachting the famous contests for the American Cup are given. While all these render the diary additionally valuable it must not be overlooked that the diary itself with its interleaves of blotting paper, will prove its use all the year and many references can be made to it with the certainty of obtaining just the information required. The Canadian agents of Messrs. Usher are Messrs. Colin Campbell, 17 St. John Street, Montreal, Que.

Mr. P. E. Bucke, of Ottawa, whose interest in fishery matters is well known to our readers from recent contributions to our pages writes as follows: "It is

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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.

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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 ¾ inch Muskalong size.

H. J. FROST & CO.,

90 Chambers Street,

NEW YORK.

interesting to know how widely our Canadian trout are being disseminated. On Tuesday 17th December last Mr. C. Cadman of the North of England Fish Hatchery, Barrasford, Northumberland, England, on behalf of the British Government sent to Sir Alfred Sharp at Zomba in British Central Africa, a consignment of three thousand Canadian brook trout ova (*S. fontinalis*.) A year previously Mr. Cadman sent out 10,000 rainbow trout ova, which proved a great success, they having developed into one and a half pounds in fifteen months. The present shipment is being made in patent boxes fitted with ice chests, in such a way that the ice may be renewed as circumstances require. This ova will have quite a trip before it reaches its destination. It will be shipped at Dover on the German South African line. The voyage to Chinde will take four weeks, arriving there the journey by rail to Zambesi will take four days, from that point to Zomba it is one hundred miles over which the ova will have to be carried by natives through the bush, the temperature ranging between 100 and 115 degrees. It is learned that the shipment of rainbow trout ova to New Zealand a couple of years ago has been

quite a successful venture." All good fishermen will trust that equal success will attend the shipment to Central Africa as was the lot of the one sent to New Zealand.

It is estimated that fully 25,000 deer were killed in Maine in 1907. The official figures show that 5,536 were received on all the railroads in the State as compared with 5,494 in 1906.

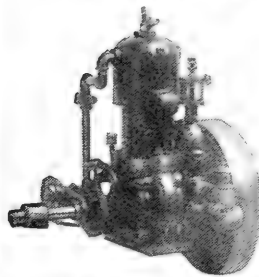
Good sights are of great value to the sportsman and may, and often do, mean all the difference between success and failure. It is therefore important that the matter of sights should be considered in good time. Mr. Marble has a "special" rifle sight constructed particularly for the model 1894 Winchester carbine and the model 1893 Marlin carbine. These sights are furnished with one-sixteenth or three-thirty-seconds inch ivory or gold bead. The lustrous convex surface of the Pope's Island gold bead instantly reflects the faintest rays of light, and is clearly discernable in the early dawn or evening twilight—adding valuable moments to both ends of the day, often the

verytime when that ten-prong buck or big bull moose puts in a dimly seen appearance. The price of this sight is only seventy-five cents. Those who wish to know something of Mr. Marble's many inventions for the comfort and convenience of sportsmen should address the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich., when a catalogue giving full particulars will be forwarded to them.

Another difficulty in the absence of international rules over the international waters of the Great Lakes was recently brought before the attention of Dr. Reaume, the Minister of Public Works for Ontario, who has charge of the fish and game interests of the Province. A deputation representing tug fishermen on Lake Superior, Lake Huron and Georgian Bay requested official sanction to the lengthening of their gill nets from 24,000 yards to 75,000 yards. They represented that after paying \$100 for their licenses they were unable to make their occupation profitable with the present limitation. American fishermen netting the same waters were under no such restrictions. The Canadian fishermen fish under modern conditions and use steam lifters. As a matter of actual fact they have exceeded the legal limits and now ask for these limits to be extended. Dr. Reaume stated that he was unable to make any promises but he gave assurances that the representations of the deputation should receive careful consideration. It certainly does appear that until international regulations are agreed upon and go into force the fisheries of the Great Lakes must suffer from a want of uniformity.

We have received from Dr. Cameron, of Pickford, Michigan, a copy of a very handsome booklet gotten up by him for the members of the Munoskong Hunting and Fishing Club. The booklet is beautifully illustrated with scenes surrounding the Club's grounds and portraits of the members of the Club. "Muniskong" means "The Place of Ducks" and is a great duck place today. The founding of the Club and the reason therefore is

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so much in sympathy with similar work in Canada that we quote from its introduction: "A number of years ago Dr. J. A. Cameron who is well known to every sportsman and naturalist in the country, visited this region and was so struck with its advantages as a great game preserve that he resolved to secure it before it was too late and at once purchased a portion of land surrounding the bay. It was his ambition to see this territory controlled by a few gentlemen sportsmen who would value the outing as much as the chase and who would not wish to kill everything in sight. A close student of nature and of the outdoor life, he clearly saw that if a region so well supplied by Nature could be placed in proper hands and receive proper protection that the hunting and fishing would furnish sport for generations to come. It so happened that a party of gentlemen in Detroit were looking for just such a place, and through inquiries made by them to Mr. Chapman, the State Game Warden, they were brought in communication with Dr. Cameron and as a result the "Munoskong Hunting and Fishing Club" became a reality, and the good work has progressed so rapidly that at present practically the whole great territory has been purchased outright and everything possible is being done to make it the greatest game preserve on the continent. Munoskong Bay proper is about four miles long by two in width and its depth is from one to four feet. It is a labyrinth of reeds, wild rice and rushes with innumerable channels winding in all directions and

with pools interspersed here and there. A boat can be punted for miles along these channels. These rushes and rice form an ideal hiding ground for all kinds of feathered game. The tributaries of the bay are two rivers, the "Big" and "Little" Munoskong, and a number of spring creeks. Lying south of the bay and separated from it by a marsh is a small lake known as the "Lagoon." It is quite deep and has a small spring creek emptying into it. In addition to Munoskong Bay there are many others as the whole shore from Goose Point to the Goglemain River is a succession of long points and deep bays. These bays are similar to Munoskong in being shallow and containing much reeds and rushes. The shore line between these points will exceed thirty miles so one can see what an enormous feeding ground it contains. There are three islands in the bay all of which make ideal blinds as they are thickly wooded. The shores of the bay are generally elevated with valleys between the ridges. The ridges are covered with much valuable timber being principally birch and maple while on the lower lands there is an abundance of hemlock, cedar and spruce. The timber is increasing in value every year and in time to come will prove a valuable asset to the club." Hunting, fishing, duck shooting, the making of maple sugar etc., are amongst the delights enjoyed by the Club and these are described by enthusiastic members in both prose and verse in this booklet. It is pretty clear that if all things in connection with the Club are managed in the same efficient manner as the production of this Club booklet the members are fortunate indeed in having Dr. Cameron as their manager. Clearly his heart is in his work and that fact goes for much in making that work efficient and successful.

Early in January the annual meeting of the Hastings County Branch of the Ontario Fish and Game Protective Association was held at Belleville. The members called attention by resolution to alleged violations of duties of fire rangers and local overseers and asked that in future such officials should be

approved by the County Protective Association before appointment. They further declared that fish and game protection would be better enforced if such matters were taken over entirely by the Ontario Fish and Game Department. The following were elected as officers for the present year:

Hon. President, J. W. Pearce, M. P. P., Marmora; Hon. Vice-Presidents, M. B. Morrison, M. P. P., Trenton; E. G. Porter, M. P., Belleville; President, C. M. Stork, Belleville; Vice-Presidents, Col. Ponton, Dr. Yeomans; Treasurer, James Knox; Secretary, Jos. Templeton; Assistant Secretary, Raymond Zufelt; Executive Committee, D. R. Leavens, C. E. Bishop, Thos. Ritchie, Dr. Clinton, J. H. Mills, Thos. Ketcheson.

Snowshoeing appears to be having a good innings in Canada this winter and at a recent turnout of one club in Montreal over four hundred members appeared on the 'shoes. Falls were few and the best of good times was enjoyed by all.

A sequel to some of the dismissals in Algonquin Park was seen at Burk's Falls recently when J. H. Bell, who recently held the position of Chief Ranger, pleaded guilty to a charge of illegal possession of beaver skins and was fined \$100 and costs. William Bell, his brother, was charged with a similar offence but acquitted. The prosecution which was conducted by Mr. Dan Blea, was ordered by Game Superintendent Tinsley. The Bell Brothers are in no way connected with Dr. Bell who was recently a ranger in the Algonquin Park.

The J. Stephens Arms and Tool Co. of Chicopee Falls, Mass., have placed upon the market with much success their repeating galley rifles fitted with Lyman sights. These rifles have very simple mechanism with bolt type action operated by the sliding fore end. They are made to take .22 short, .22 long, .22 long rifle R. F. and .25 Stevens R. F. cartridges and will shoot sixteen .22 short, fourteen .22 long, twelve .22 long rifle

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YOU wouldn't try to warm a cold stove in winter by wrapping blankets around it, would you?

The heat must come from within. It's the same with the human body. Natural warmth must come from a fuel-food that makes red blood and healthy tissue. The best fuel-food in cold weather is

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

—a food that contains more proteid than beef, with less tax upon the digestion. If you eat it right you will like it. Try it (heated in oven) for breakfast with hot milk or cream. A little fruit with it makes it even more wholesome and palatable.

Shredded Wheat is made of the choicest white wheat that grows—is cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the finest and cleanest food factory in the world. If you like the BISCUIT for breakfast you will like toasted TRISCUIT (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) for luncheon or other meals. It is delicious with butter, cheese or marmalades. Our new and handsomely illustrated Cook Book is sent free for the asking.

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THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO.,
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A pair of 4 months' old Puppies.

Sire, Dartmoor Ulf	Champion Pitmilly	Ulf	Champion	Ulf	Wandle Warrior
					Gunhilda
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Best for **Mantrailing**, unexcelled for **Big Game**.

For **Companions or Sport** they are unequalled.

We have the largest Bloodhound Kennels in Canada.

Our dogs, imported from England, are of the bluest blood obtainable.

Puppies and grown dogs for sale at all times.

C. H. Hall & Son

Dartmoor Kennels

King City, - Ontario

Enclose stamp for reply.

R. F. and twelve .25 Stevens R. F. cartridges. The barrels are twenty-four inch round with an extreme length of 41½ inches. They have varnished black walnut stock, blued trigger guard and rubber butt plate. No. 81 fitted with bead front and sporting rear sights is listed at \$12.00; No. 81 fitted with Lyman front No. 5 Stephens leaf and Lyman receiver sights \$15.00. No. 82 fitted with Lyman front No. 5 Stevens leaf and Lyman receiver with cup disc sights \$15.25. Accuracy is the marked feature of these repeaters as it is of the single shot arms and it is interesting to know that they are in extensive demand by the general public. Sportsmen and marksmen are well aware of the advantages of the Stevens arms.

A buck deer belonging to Louis Anderson, of Portland, Ore., which had been made a pet in the family turned vicious and attacked Roscoe Frost, a storekeeper. The man paid no attention

to the animal till it knocked him down but speedily regaining his feet he grasped the animal's horns and engaged in a tussle which lasted for half an hour. Frost was rolled and tossed about and his clothing torn though finally he managed to get the animal into a nearby chicken yard, when the now enraged animal was within a few inches of jumping over the high wire fencing. After this escapade the owner decided to kill the animal.

From time to time we have reminders that the period when wild animals roamed in our woods in such numbers as to be dangerous is not far removed from the present. Such an incident is reported from McAdam, a little town in New Brunswick. The C. P. R. ticket agent at that point, Mr. Edward Irvine, has his house quite close to the woods and one evening in late December on his return from duty found the house uncomfortably warm. Opening the door for

the purpose of cooling off he was amazed to see a large panther spring into the room and make for the baby, peacefully reposing in a cradle. Mr. Irvine did not lose his presence of mind though his wife, on entering the room and seeing the child's danger, swooned away. He first picked up the stove shaker, threw it at the animal striking it on the head and merely enraging the beast. An attack with a chair had more effect and frightened the panther so much that the snarling animal beat a hasty retreat through the open door. Not much time was lost in getting a few neighbors together and scouring the woods in search of the animal though without success. Considerable excitement prevailed in the settlement and it was reported that the whole neighborhood would be under arms until the vicinity was released from such a ferocious beast.

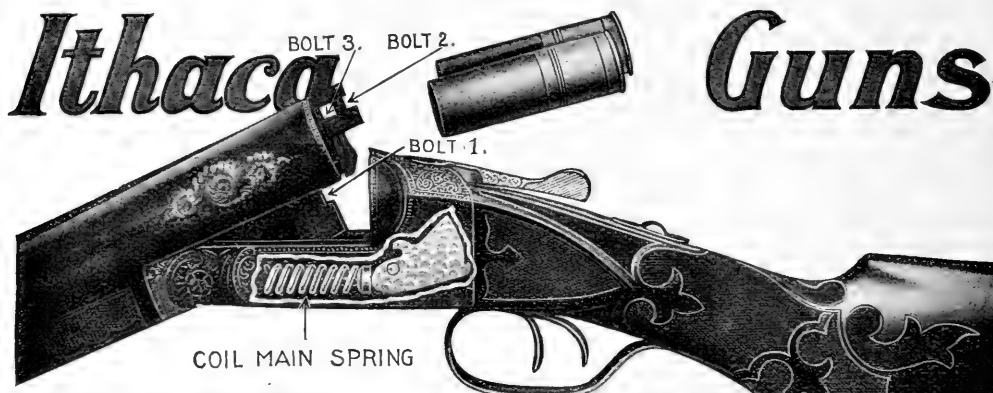
The negotiations over fishing matters in Lake Champlain are still in progress and recently Senator Proctor, of Vermont explained at Washington that the difference between the two countries were all owing to the fish. It appears that the fish will follow the shore line of the Lake on the New York side up into Canadian territory and here they are caught in seines. The Americans wish this fishing to be better regulated and no doubt as a part of the settlement of several international fishery questions the one connected with Lake Champlain which intersects Quebec, New York and Vermont, will have to be considered and some satisfactory solution found. It has troubled several Governments and nothing seems likely to successfully cope with the situation but an agreement which shall take in the fishing and make regulations for them in all international waters.

Various organizations in Canada are becoming alive to the necessity of safeguarding our assets in forest, fish and game and the Canadian Manufacturers' Association of Montreal, have pressed upon the Premier of the Dominion their strong views with regard to the conservation of forests, the preservation of the

water supply and the protection of the pulp and paper interests. It is reported from Ottawa that the Government are so impressed with the importance of these subjects as to have decided on the appointment of a Royal Commission for their consideration before recommending any legislation on the subject.

A correspondent has drawn our attention to the statement in the December number that Bishop Holmes, following upon the route of Mr. J. M. Bentley, on his return from Hudson Bay, came upon one of his campfires which was still burning. It is a serious matter to leave campfires burning in the woods and Mr. Bentley's attention was drawn to what was apparently an oversight on his part. Mr. Bentley explains that the mistake was not his as he invariably extinguishes his campfires with water and leaves nothing but black ashes before the camp is vacated. This he considers one of the first requirements of camp life and if only others were as careful in this matter as he is himself our forests would be safe guarded from one great danger. He can only suppose that the Bishop came upon a campfire which was still burning and supposed, as he knew the party ahead of him, that it had been the site of Mr. Bentley's camp. Mr. Bentley further states that in the course of his trip he came upon several campfires which were burning and in each instance he extinguished them. The Indians are not so careful in this matter as they should be, and Mr. Bentley believes that it was an Indian camp that the Bishop mistook for his. He would not be so positive on the matter but for the fact that from his first introduction to the woods he has made it a matter of personal concern to see to the thorough extinguishing of the fires before the camp is left. We are sure our readers will accept this explanation, as Mr. Bentley has shown himself, in his accounts of his travels in Canadian forests, to be a true sportsman and one of the kind of whom we cannot have too many in Canada.

Dogs and all that concern the four



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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.

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footed friend of man, are subjects of continual interest to sportsmen. Dr. J. H. Bourdon, 103 Rue St. Denis, Montreal, propounds a query that some of the dog lovers amongst our readers may be able to answer. The doctor has a setter dog nine years old, strong and healthy. Last autumn he took his favorite for what he calls a "snipe stroll." Although the dog was not working hard he breathed heavily and thinking the collar was perhaps too tight the doctor put his hand under it to ascertain if that was the cause of the trouble. To his astonishment he felt two large lumps, each the size of an egg, one on each side of the windpipe. The dog was taken to a veterinary surgeon who recommended the application of iodine. This remedy was tried without success and now the doctor wishes some dog lover, who may have had a similar experience with his pets, to give him advice as to what to do further in the way of remedies.

A fine gift has been made to Toronto

University by Professor Fernow, head of the department of forestry. The professor has been a careful student of forestry subjects for more than a quarter of a century and during that time has collected more than 2,500 books, pamphlets and magazines dealing with forestry and kindred subjects. It is said there are not more than two collections of equal value on the continent on this subject. The governors of the University have expressed to Dr. Fernow their grateful appreciation of his gift and decided to provide a suitable department in the library for its housing and preservation.

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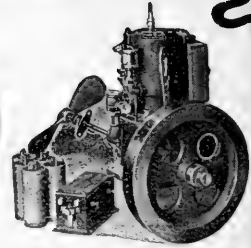
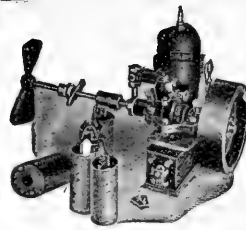
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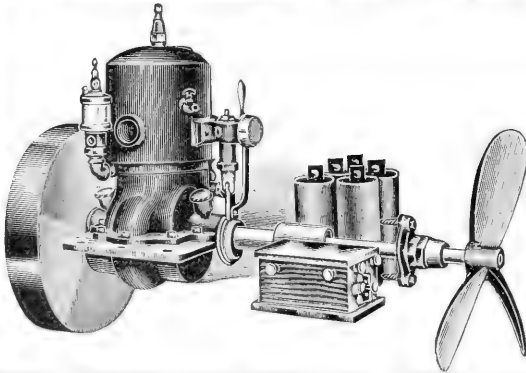
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NO. 1.	1 - 2 1/4	H.P.	\$49
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Complete Outfits.

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Made on latest improved machinery. Absolutely pure, strength guaranteed, the strongest and lightest line made.

IN 4 COLORS—White with Black.
Black with Olive.

Black with White.
Black with Brown.

Size 0, 1 1/4 cents per yard
Size 1/2, 1 3/4 cents per yard
Size 1, 2 cents per yard

Size 2, 2 1/3 cents per yard
Size 3, 3 cents per yard
Size 4, 3 3/4 cents per yard

Patent Waxed Lines

***Enamelled Lines.**

Guaranteed not to absorb water.
Superior Line for Casting.

Not a union line, but the best silk.
ENAMELLED BY HAND.

Size 0, 2 1/4 cents per yard
Size 1/2, 2 3/4 cents per yard
Size 1, 3 cents per yard
Size 2, 3 1/2 cents per yard

Size 1/2, 3 3/4 cents per yard
Size 1, 4 cents per yard
Size 2, 4 1/2 cents per yard
Size 3, 5 cents per yard
Size 4, 5 3/4 cents per yard

Casting Line—Size 00, 1 1/4 cents per yard. Size 0, 1 1/4 cents per yard.

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Manufacturers of **"John Bull" Brand**
the Celebrated

The "Forest King."

These goods are made
with SOLES & HEELS
or WHOLE SOLES
and guaranteed to be
superior to anything on
the market.



If your dealer does not keep
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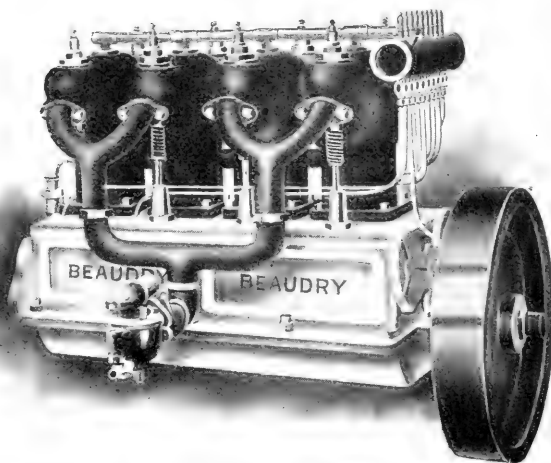
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We would argue its merits
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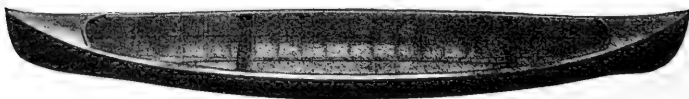


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N. Y. \$1.25

Double Porcelains do not break because inner heated Porcelain Tube and outer Porcelain Cap have their own contraction and expansion. Single Porcelain Plugs are handicapped because contraction and expansion is not uniform and tube either breaks or leaks.

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No Broken Bolt heads; they are turned from Solid Bessemer Steel Rods

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THE TRAP

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

Tournament Dates.

Exeter, Ontario—April 17th.
August 5, 6 and 7—Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association, Sherbrooke, Que.

Stray Pellets

The eighth annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting Association will be held at Sherbrooke, Que., on August 5, 6 and 7 next, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club. This shoot will be run on the Squier Money-Back System and will be the first time the system has ever been adopted by a Canadian Club.

A combined American-Canadian Indian tournament is talked of as a probable affair to take place at Niagara-on-the-Lake about mid-summer.

The Grand American Handicap tournament will be held at Columbus, O., June 23, 24, 25 and 26. There will be \$1000 added money. The Interstate Western Handicap tournament will be held at Des Moines, Iowa, August 18, 19 and 20; \$1000 added money.

Two well-known Bostonians, B. F. Smith and R. N. Burnes, were disappointed at not being able to attend the Hamilton tournament, the former being tied to business and the latter quail hunting in the South.

The American Indians will hold their annual tournament at Cedar Point Hotel, Sandusky, O., June 16, 17, 18 and 19th, with \$1000 added money. As there is direct steamboat connection with Sandusky from Kingsville on the Canadian shore and the latter is connected by electric railway with all Ontario railways, the shoot should attract many Canadians.

Several tournaments are spoken of already for Good Friday. Exeter, Ridgeway, and Toronto are each figuring on this date.

J. E. Jennings again demonstrated his superiority at the traps by winning high average at the Toronto League tournament. That he did so with a 75 per cent. score shows that the conditions were hard. C. Davies won second place with 86 out of 120.

At a banquet held by the Ingersoll Gun Club, Jan. 9th, R. B. Harris was presented with the W. J. Elliott trophy, emblematic of the club championship for the past year.

The following are the scores made at the second annual tournament of Toronto Trap Shooting League, open to members of the league only, at 120 targets each man:—T. Logan 83, J. Logan 57, E. Houghton 68, G. Logan 76, E. Bond 64, A. Hulme 80, G. Dunk 84, J. E. Jennings 90, G. L. Vivian 83, P. Wakefield 55, E. J. Marsh 81, J. Townson 59, E. Hiron 74, E. G. White (pro.) 93, J. G. Shaw 78, W. Wakefield 73, C. Davies 86, W. Ely 62, Alex. Dey 76, B. Buchanan 60, W. Duncan 79, H. Alberts 75, H. M. Sheppard 63, C. David-

son 72, W. Lowe 57, F. Hogarth 64, F. Scheibe 40, F. Powell 50, J. F. Lawson 74, R. Gould 69, J. F. Ross 82, J. A. Shaw 54, W. R. Draper 78, T. Sawden 79, T. A. Parker 77, P. J. Booth 79, G. S. Bates 62, G. L. Mason 81, H. Carmody 59, T. Bennett 78, C. Mongenel 67, A. E. Davies 65, F. Hovey 73, W. Fenton 73, G. Wolfe 73, W. Usher 49, W. Morshead 55, E. Coathe 74, C. Wilson 51, Dr. Jordon 84, F. J. Stanley 68, C. B. Harrison 66. The shooters were handicapped 16 to 19 yards.

Bert Reaume, Sandwich, Ont., held a live-bird shoot on January 3rd, but there were only birds enough to complete one 7-bird event. In this the scores were: Youngblood (30) 5, Agnew (30) 5, Stotts (29) 5, Hobson (26) 2, Wall (28) 3, Adams (27) 4, Vollans (26) 4, Girard (29) 3, W. P. Smith (26) 6, G. Young (27) 6, C. Thrasher (27) 5, D. Rebidiaux (27) 4, W. Wilson (26) 3, Pastorius (26) 6, Janisse (26) 7, Laramie (26) 5, Marcon (28) 7.

E. J. Marsh, Toronto, broke 24 out of 25 in the spoon event and a total of 77 out of 80 at a Stanley Club shoot. Hope he may do it again and often.

G. S. McCarty, Philadelphia, won the big event at the Paleface shoot, using a 34 inch single barrelled gun.

Maxwell, the one-armed wonder, broke 99 out of 100 at Boston, which demonstrates that some of us have one arm too many.

Dr. Gleason, Boston, won the amateur championship at Travers Island, N.Y., with 95 out of 100.

The Winchester-Dupont squad, in their southern tour, broke a total of 11,353 out of 11,750 or 96.62 per cent. Out of 2350 shot at by each the individual percentages were Crosby 97.66 per cent., Hawkins 97.40 per cent., Taylor 96.89 per cent., Gilbert 95.78 per cent., Bar-

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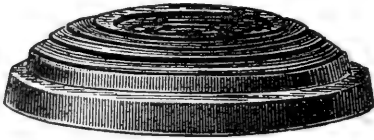
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kley 95.45 per cent. The squad broke 496 out of 500 and 980 out of 1000. W-D also stands for Winning Dove.

G. S. McCarty with his 34 inch single barrel gun and 3½ draw-load outclassed the other contestants at Philadelphia, Dec. 28th, with 90 per cent from 20 yards.

A gun club was organized at Kirksville, Ontario, Jan. 8, with officers elected as follows: President, A. Carmichael; secretary, O. Galbraith; treasurer, Griesbach; committee, E. McCoy, M. Baker, E. Taylor, W. Skelton, A. McCoy, and M. Galbraith.

Amateur standing in future Grand American Handicaps will be regulated by the average at not less than 2000 shot at from 16 yards in registered tournaments. We will have to change our methods to comply with this condition. In Canada no shooter of standing is allowed to shoot at 200 targets much less 2000 from the 16 yard mark.

Hamilton Mid-Winter Tournament

Easily first in importance and popularity as an international live bird shoot, the Hamilton Mid-Winter tournament, Jan. 14-17, was, as usual, a huge success. The weather during the whole four days was remarkably fine for January, a rather stiff breeze which made both targets and pigeons harder to connect with and added an uncomfortable chilliness to the air, being about the only unfavorable condition. Harbors of refuge, provided by the management, however, with a roaring fire in them, reduced the discomfort from the cold to a minimum.

The programme was somewhat varied this

year, and instead of running target and live-bird events concurrently each day, alternate days were devoted to each, the first and third days being at birds exclusively and the second and fourth days to targets.

The target shooting was very hard. This is amply demonstrated by the fact that the high amateur average for both days was won from a field of the best shots on either side of the line with but 82½ per cent. Even John R. Taylor, the great Winchester expert, could not reach 90 per cent, and such a star performer as "U.M.C.", Stevens touched bottom, with but 63 per cent, the second day. The reasons were variously given. The shooting was over Bowron traps, throwing unknown angles. The work of the traps was perfect. The wind blowing stiffly across the traps undoubtedly had a tendency to deflect the shot, especially of a deliberate shooter. It, also, caused the left quartering target to tower and the right quarterer to dip sharply. Again for some reason, either from not rotating properly as some thought, or their extreme hardness, the targets were hard to break, some "lost" ones being retrieved with as many as six perforations.

The live birds were some of Watson's best, and, as a rule, give the shot gun artist, a good run for his money. These were shot from a set of Fulford traps and a set of King traps. The handicap was from 26 to 32 yds. but the skidoo mark was there for moral effect only, as it was not used during the tournament.

The importance of the shoot was amply attested by the distance some of the shooters travelled to get there. Such distant spots as Alberta, Iowa, and all the States on the Ontario border had many representatives present.

High amateur average on targets, first day, was won by Harry D. Kirkover, the Buffalo expert, with 176. Second average was a tie between Hopper of Westfield, N.Y., and Burns of Cleveland, with 172 each. J. A. R. Elliott, Winchester expert, was high professional with 177.

High amateur average, second day at targets, was won by L. Fisher, Buckeye, Ohio, with 163, or 81.5 per cent, Burns of Cleveland getting second place with 156 or 79.0 per cent. J. R. Taylor, Winchester expert, was high professional second day, with 177.

For both target days, Burns was high amateur with a total of 330 out of 400 or 82½ per cent, with Hopper second with 81 per cent. Taylor was high professional for both days with 85 per cent.

The big event and great drawing card of the tournament was the Grand Canadian Handicap, probably now the most important live bird event on the continent. Two perfect scores in this event were made by old time cracks and expert pigeon shooters, Harry D. Kirkover of Buffalo, and Mr. Mayhew of Marcy, N.Y. Three Canadians, "Rod and Gun", "Farmer" and Bennett, got into the 19 hole, Bennett being unfortunate enough to lose his last bird.

The shoot off by Kirkover and Mayhew ('99) created great interest and was won by the latter on the sixth round, Kirkover's sixth bird dropping dead just over the boundary. The winner was warmly congratulated on his win of the handsome trophy emblematic of the Canadian live bird championship. In this event the 20's got \$76.20 each, 19's \$21.25, 18's \$16.00 and 17's \$10.65.

Mr. Ralph C. Ripley, President of the Hamilton Gun Club, deserves great credit for the smoothness with which all the events were run off. The management of the shoot falling largely on his shoulders. He was ably assisted by Geo. W. Burkholder, the cashier, who conducted this important end of the business to the satisfaction of all. The Carlisle system of handling the scores and cash, introduced by

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H. H. Stevens, was used here for the first time and proved to be a very complete and effective method.

Wm. Wark superintended the traps which

ran without a hitch the whole four days.

Dr. Hunt, John Morris and Capt. Spencer performed the arduous duties of live bird referees satisfactorily and well.

TARGETS.

	First Day.			Third Day.			Totals.		
	S.A.	Bke	P.C	S.A.	Bke.	P.C.	S.A.	Bke	P.C.
*J. A. R. Elliott	200	177	.885	200	151	.755	400	328	.820
*E. G. White	200	165	.825	200	149	.745	400	314	.785
*J. R. Taylor	200	173	.865	200	177	.885	400	340	.850
*W. B. Darton	200	166	.830	200	136	.680	400	302	.755
*H. H. Stevens	200	167	.836	200	126	.630	400	293	.732
M. E. Fletcher	200	142	.710	20	10				
Geo. Beattie	200	149	.745	200	155	.775	400	304	.760
"Dr. Wilson"	200	151	.755	200	143	.715	400	294	.735
A. D. Bates	200	147	.735						
Thos. Upton	200	153	.765	200	146	.730	400	299	.750
O. N. Ford	200	166	.830	200	153	.765	400	319	.800
Lon Fisher	200	152	.760	200	163	.815	400	315	.790
Kirkover	200	176	.880	60	35				
Hopper	200	172	.860	200	154	.770	400	326	.815
Sidway	200	167	.835	200	156	.780	400	323	.810
Wagner	200	147	.735	200	142	.710	400	289	.722
F. Morrison	200	145	.725	200	145	.725	400	290	.725
A. Sterling	200	158	.799						
Stoddard	200	154	.770						
Choate	200	125	.625						
W. Crossland	200	146	.730						
"Farmer"	200	97	.485						
Dunk	200	161	.805						
Marsh	200	162	.810						
Vivian	200	156	.780						
Fenton	200	159	.795						
Burns	200	172	.860	200	158	.790	400	330	.825
Raspberry	200	143	.715						
McMachon	200	152	.760	200	151	.750	400	303	.760
Dr. Parker	200	147	.735	200	124	.620	400	271	.680
Hunsberry				120	87				
Cox				200	114	.570			
Laing	40	37		200	126	.630			
Wade	40	34		200	130	.650			
"Rod and Gun"				200	146	.730			
Kerr				140	75				
P. Wakefield				200	131	.655			
Wilcox	80	48		100	64	.640			
Crew				80	58	.725			
Stotts				200	116	.580			
Pastorius				60	22				
J. C. Smith	40	21		20	4				
Ripley	120	83		100	69				
"99"	100	70		20	11				
Barnard				20	8				
Scutt	160	103							
Karr	80	54							
Konkle	40	26							
Bowron	60	41							
Norris	120	98							
"Frank"	100	61							
Peart	40	18							
Eckford	80	53							

*Professional.

LIVE BIRDS.

The number in the bracket signifies the handicap.

Event No. 1, 10 Live Birds—Dr. Scott (28) 8, O. N. Ford (30) 9, Harry Marlatt (27) 9, Wade (29) 7, McRitchie (30) 10, Fletcher (30) 10, Eckford (28) 9, Dr. Wilson (30) 8, A. D. Bates (28) 9, T. Upton (30) 9, Norris (28) 8, Stoddard (29) 6, Morrison (28) 7, Sterling (28) 4, Fisher (30) 8, Reardon (30) 8, King (29) 7, Vivian (28) 9, Stewart (28) 9, Woodward (28) 8, Ben It (28) 8, Tillman (29) 9, Webb (28) 8, Peart (28) 7, Hunsberry (27) 9, Cantelon (30) 7, J. C. Smith (28) 9, Horning (29) 7, Laing (30) 7, Sidway (27) 6, Wakefield (28) 9, Dunk (28) 7, Marsh (27) 9, Skutt (30) 7, R. Day (28) 10, Blackwell (29) 7, "49" (28) 6, Jennings (30) 9, Darton (30) 7, Burns (28) 6, Taylor (30) 10, Hopper (29) 7, G. Stroud (28) 8, Wilcox (28) 9, Gomph (27) 7, Ritch (27) 9, Kirkover (30) 8, Bennett (27) 10, McMacken (29) 4, "99" (30) 8, "Rod and Gun" (28) 7, Pastorius (27) 5, W. F. Scott

(30) 9, Wagner (28) 8, Friend (26) 7, Ripley (28) 7, Hunt (27) 10.

GRAND CANADIAN HANDICAP, Event No. 2—20 Live Birds—Mayhew, Marcy, N. Y., 20; Kirkover, Buffalo, 20; Taylor, Newark, 19; Farmer, Oakville, 19; Rod and Gun, Kingsville, 19; Bennett, Chester, Ont., 19; Ford, Central City, Iowa, 18; Bates, Hamilton, 18; King, Hamilton, 18; Jennings, Clinton, 18; Morrison, Hinckley, N.Y., 18; McLaren, Highgate, Ont., 18; "Stewart", Hamilton, 18; Crew Toronto 18; Dr. Scott, London, 17; Vivian, Toronto, 17; Wade, Morpeth, Ont., 17; Fletcher, Hamilton, 17; Dr. Wilson, Hamilton, 17; Reardon, Hamilton, 17; Wagner, Utica, N.Y., 17; Hunt, Hamilton, 17; R. Day, London, 17; Wakefield, Lambton, 17; Marsh, Toronto, 17; Pastorius, Kingsville, 17; Stotts, Essex, 17; Dr. McMacken, Highgate, 17; Kerr, Crediton, Ont., 17; Ge. Stroud, Hamilton, 17; Capell, Toronto Junction, 17; Parker, Cleveland, 17; McRitchie, Ridgetown 16; Blackwell, Dunnville, 16; Fisher, Buckeye, O., 16; Beattie, Hamil-

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ton, 16; Ripley, Hamilton, 16; Upton, Hamilton, 15; Norris, Buffalo, 15; "49", Dunnville, 15; Hopper, Westfield, N.Y., 15; Laing, Ridgetown 15; Gomph, Hamilton 15, Wilcox, Rome, 15; "Ben It", Hamilton, 15; Horning, Hamilton, 15; Burns, Cleveland, 14; Barnes, Hamilton, 14; Eckford, High River, Alta., 13; Sidway, Buffalo, 13; H. B. Day, Belleville, 13; R. Crooks, Hamilton, 13; Huntsberry, Jordan, 13; Friend, Hamilton, 9; Tillman, London (retired) 5; Cantelon, Clifton (retired) 5.

Event No. 3, 10 Live Birds—Dr. Scott (28) 6, Jennings (30) 7, Burns (28) 8, Wade (29) 8, McRitchie (30) 8, Fletcher (31) 6, Eckford (29) 5, Dr. Wilson (30) 6, A. D. Bates (29) 9, T. Upton (31) 5, Norris (28) 9, Morrison (27) 8, G. Stroud (28) 9; Reardon (30) 9, King (28) 9, Vivian (29) 6, Stewart (29) 9, Wagner (28) 10, Tomlinson (29) 5, Tillman (30) 5, Webb (28) 9, Ben It (28) 7, Ford (30) 10, Rod and Gun (27) 8, Pastorius (26) 8, Stott (30) 7, Marlatt (28) 10, Woodward (28) retired; J. C. Smith (29) 6, Sidway (26) 8, Horning (28) 9, "99" (30) 9, Laing (28) 10, Crew (30) 6, Wakefield (29) 9, Dunk (28) 7, Hopper (29) 10, Cantelon (29) 8, Blackwell (26) 6, "49" (27) 10, Wilcox (29) 8, H. R. Parker (28) 6, T. Bennett (29) 7, McMackeen (28) 7, J. Stroud (29) 8, J. R. Taylor (31) 9, Kerr (28) 8, Ripley (27) 10, Stoddard (27) 6, Sterling (26) 7, Kirkover (30) 9.

Event No. 4, 10 Live Birds—Hunsberry (28) 8, Ford (31) 9, Gomph (26) 7, Wade (29) 10, McRitchie (30) 8, Fletcher (30) 10, Stewart (29) 8, Dr. Wilson (29) 7, A. D. Bates (29) 8, T. Upton (29) 7, Wagner (29) 9, Burns (28) 9, Thomson Court (26) 7, King (29) 9, Wilcox (29) 7, Beattie (28) 9, Barnes (26) 7, Morrison (27) 9, Ripley (27) 8, Eckford (28) 8, Rod and Gun (27) 10, Pastorius (26) 7, Stotts (29) 8, Horning (28) 8, "49" (28) 9, Vivian (28) 8, "99" (31) 9, Wakefield (29) 9, Marsh (28) 6, Jennings (29) 10, Norris (28) 7, Web-

ber (26) 3, Laing (29) 6, J. R. Taylor (31) 9, Reardon (30) 9, Cox (26) 5, W. B. Darton (28) 6, Hopper (29) retired, Crew (29) 8, Sidway (26) 7, McQueen (28) 8, Davies (26) 5, McMackeen (28) 7, G. Stroud (28) 8.

Event No. 5, 10 Live Birds—Wagner (28) 10, Morrison (28) 8, "99" (31) retired, Wade (30) 9, McRitchie (30) 9, King (29) 7, Fletcher (30) 10, Dr. Wilson (28) 9, T. Upton (28) 7, Jennings (30) retired, Pastorius (26) 5, Reardon (30) 8, Stotts (29) 8, Barnes (26) 7, Horning (28) 10, Vivian (28) 8, Wakefield (30) 9, Marsh (27) 9, Jennings (30) retired, Ford (31) 9, Fitch (27) 8, Rod and Gun (28) 8, Parker (26) 7, Crew (29) 8.

Grand American Handicap 1908

The powers that be, otherwise, the Interstate Association, have had their annual meeting and have decided the momentous question to many trap shooters, of the location of the next big meet. Columbus, Ohio, has been selected and it is probably as convenient as any for the Canadian shooters who may attend. Some important changes have been in the rules and conditions. On and after Feb. 1st, 1908, clubs may hold what will be known as "registered tournaments." A club wishing to hold a registered tournament must make application to the secretary-treasurer of the Association 45 days in advance of the tournament on blanks furnished, stating the name of the club, the name of its manager and the object of the tournament, the amount of added money (if any) and the system of division of the money; what hotel accommodation for the shooters and rates, and agree to mail promptly after the shoot the names, addresses and scores of the shooters, both professional and amateur. If the application is granted the club gets favorable discrimination in the matter of advertising as against unregistered clubs.

The season's average for both amateurs and professional shall be computed on not less than 2000 targets for amateurs and 5000 for professionals shot during the year from the standard distance (now 16 yards) and only Interstate or registered tournaments, and this shall be considered the official average guide for the year.

A professional must be out of ranks one year instead of three months, as formerly, before he can read his title clear as an amateur. Where a shooter's standing is officially questioned it will be the duty of the secretary-manager to investigate by taking up the matter with the manufacturer whose goods are being used.

Live Birds at Laramie's

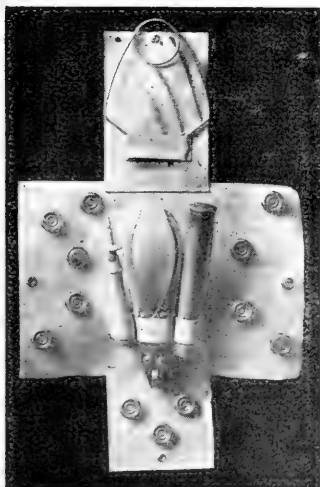
William Laramie is the good natured landlord of the Lakeview Hotel, one of those numerous places of liquid and solid refreshment overlooking Lake St. Clair, in view of Peche Island, one of the Canadian beauty spots near the head of Detroit River. Here William annually puts on the boards a live bird shoot, which is generally well attended by the nimrods of Essex County.

The grounds are somewhat a la Monte Carlo, the boundary not being over thirty yards. Behind the shooters were the waters of Lake Erie. In front the boundary was the farther side of a deep and wide drainage canal; on the right a barn and on the left a summer cottage. Any birds falling on the uncertain surface of the frozen canal were, for obvious reasons, counted "dead" without any argument.

This year the event took place on January 2nd. Inside the enclosure were fifteen or sixteen shooters and a crowd of spectators. Outside the boundary the ice covered fields of the flooded landscape were dotted with about twice that number of pot-hunters. Any bird escaping the trap shooter had to run the gauntlet of the outside shooters and was invariably greeted with a regular fusillade. Very

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few birds sooner or later, failed to fly into one of the numerous charges of shot set after them

As shooting progressed the line of outsiders became narrower until many of them were on the canal, inside the boundary. Although driven off and warned to remain outside the boundary some persisted in maintaining this coign of vantage and, as a consequence, the shoot ended almost in a tragedy. One of the most persistent of these shooters, a lad of seventeen, in his efforts to get a fallen bird went through the thin ice. His cries for help brought the crowd running, but he had gone under several times and was almost exhausted with his struggles before he could be rescued.

The scores:—

Event, No. 1, 7 birds:								
G. Young (27)	0	2	0	1	2	0	2	4
D. Rebidoux (27)	0	0	2	2	2	0	2	4
H. Vollans (26)	1	0	2	0	0	0	2	3
C. Thrasher (27)	1	0	1	0	1	2	0	4
J. Purser (28)	1	1	2	1	1	0	2	6
L. Youngblood (29)	1	2	2	1	2	2	2	7
W. A. Smith (29)	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	6
G. Orton (26)	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	3
R. McDonald (26)	1	2	2	1	0	1	2	6
Thos. Pastorius (26)	0	1	1	0	1	1	2	5
F. Stotts (29)	1	1	2	2	2	2	0	6
Event No 2, 7 birds:								
G. Young (26)	0	2	0	0	0	1	2	3
W. A. Smith (29)	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	7
G. T. Crowe (26)	0	1	0	0	2	1	1	4
H. Vollans (26)	1	1	0	2	0	1	1	5
C. Thrasher (27)	1	2	2	2	2	1	2	7
L. Youngblood (29)	1	2	2	2	2	0	1	6
T. Pastorius (26)	1	1	2	2	2	1	1	7
F. Stotts (29)	2	2	2	2	2	0	0	5
M. Hobson (26)	0	1	0	0	2	0	2	3
D. Rebidoux (27)	2	2	0	1	0	2	0	4
W. Agnew (29)	1	0	2	1	1	1	0	5
T. B. Janisse (26)	1	0	1	1	1	2	0	5

W. A. Prudhomme (26)	2	2	2	0	0	0	0	3
J. Girard (29)	2	2	1	1	2	1	0	6
J. Purser (28)	2	1	2	1	0	1	0	5
M. N. Ruggabar (26)	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	

Niagara Falls Tournament

Frontier Gun Club, Niagara Falls, N.Y., held their annual merchandise tournament Dec. 30 and 31st. S. Hopkins, Youngstown, N. Y., a member of the club, won the Flynn silver medal for the best average, first day, with 64 out of 70, Messrs. Liger and Preston tied for the two days' average with 127 out of 140. On shooting off the tie, miss and out, for the Dupont shield, Liger won out. The winners were:

First Day.

Event 1, 15 birds—A. Liger 15, S. Hopkins 14, F. Preston 14, F. Sieck 13, H. Meads 12, H. Lake 12.

Event 2, 15 birds—S. Hopkins 15, F. Preston 14, T. Banner 13, H. Meads 12, A. Liger 12, F. Sieck 11.

Event 3, 15 birds—S. Hopkins 15, T. Banner 14, G. Runchev 13, O. Wagner 12, H. Lake 12.

Event 4, 15 birds—S. Hopkins 15, F. Preston 14, H. Lake 13, F. Sieck 13, O. Wagner 13, G. Runchev 12.

Event 5, 10 birds—A. Liger 10, F. Preston 9, M. Burke 8, G. Runchev 8, H. Lake 8.

Event 6, 10 birds—G. Rowe 6, H. Meads 5, L. Porter 3.

Event 7, 15 birds—F. Sieck 12, F. Preston 12, G. Runchev 10, A. Liger 10, J. Brodrick 10, H. Lake 9.

Second Day.

Event 1, 15 birds—A. Liger 13, F. Sieck

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- 13, F. Preston 12, T. Banner 12, S. Hopkins 11, H. Lake 11.
- Event 2, 15 birds—Preston 13, Liger 13, Hopkins 12, Sieck 12, Lake 10, O. Wagner 9.
- Event 3—15 birds—Liger 15, Preston 14, Sieck 13, Banner 10, Hopkins 10, Lake 10, J. Brodrick 10, Wagner 10.
- Event No. 4, 15 birds—Banner 12, Sieck 11, Lake 11, Preston 11, Hopkins 11, Brodrick 11.
- Event No. 5, 10 birds—Preston 7, Liger 7, Banner 6, Hopkins 6.
- Novice Event, 10 birds—C. Carpenter 5, H. Meads 3, At 5 birds—Meads 3, Carpenter 2.
- Consolation Match 10 birds—Brodrick 9, Konkle 5, Brady 4, Wilson 4.
- Sweepstakes, 15 birds—Liger 13, Wagner 13, Brodrick 13, Konkle 11, Lake 10, Sieck 9, Brady 9, Hopkins 7, Barmer 6.
- Sweepstakes, 10 birds—Hopkins 8, Wagner 8, Banner 8, Brodrick 5.
- Sweepstakes, 10 birds—Brodrick 9, Banner 9, Hopkins 8, Wagner 5, Konkle 5, Brady 4.

Live and Clay Birds at Barrie

The Beaver Gun Club, Barrie, Ont., had a very successful shoot on New Year's Day, in spite of a heavy snow storm. The scores:

Live Pigeons		S. A.	Killed
Williams	10	9
Knowles	10	8
Wolfenden	10	8
Hinds	10	8
Crumb	10	6
Urry	10	5

Crossland	8	5
Guest	6	4
Clay Birds.			
Knowles	S. A.	Bke.
Crumb	60	35
Crossland	60	41
Wolfenden	50	45
Wainwright	50	36
Hinds	30	20
Urry	30	17
Williams	20	17
Wallwin	20	17
Appleby	10	5
Jones	10	4
Monkman	10	7
Lennox	10	4
Reynolds	10	3
Reynor	10	2
Guest	10	6
Bird	10	6
Lower	10	5

Thirty turkeys were shot for at the ranges. There was some very fine rifle shooting at 50 yards and 100 yards.

Live Birds at Essex

Frank Stotts held his usual December shoot at live birds at Essex, Ont., Dec 27th. Owing to the fine weather and convenience of getting there by the new electric railway, the attendance was a record breaker for a local shoot, about thirty taking part. Owing to lack of sufficient birds only two events were shot off, but these took up the greater part of the afternoon. Next year Frank promises to make preparations to "meet all comers". The following are the scores, the handicap in brackets:

Birds		Total
Birds	B	Total
(30) L. Youngblood, Sandwich	5	5 10
(30) J. A. Marks, Detroit	7	5 12
(30) Springborn, Detroit	5	5 10
(30) Mercier, Detroit	6	3 9
(29) Ford, Detroit	7	2 9
(30) T. Upton, Hamilton	5	5 10
(30) H. Scane, Ridgetown	5	5 10
(30) A. McRitchie, Ridgetown	7	5 12
(28) J. McKay, Highgate	5	4 9
(27) D. McMackon, Highgate	5	4 9
(26) T. Rodgers, Essex	5	
(27) G. Laing, Ridgetown	4	3 7
(29) F. Galbraith, Ridgetown	6	5 11
(29) W. A. Smith, Kingsville	3	4 10
(26) Wall, Windsor	5	3 8
(26) Wm. Laramie, Sandwich	5	5 10
(27) C. Thrasher, Amherstburg	4	4 8
(27) D. Rebideaux, Amherstburg	5	3 8
(27) G. Young, Amherstburg	5	3 8
(27) F. Pigeon, Amherstburg	5	3 8
(26) W. P. Smith, Sandwich	6	5 11
(26) Thos. Pastorius, Kingsv'e	6	3 9
(29) J. Girard, Sandwich	6	
(26) Geo. Orton, Olinda	6	
(26) J. Pastorius, Kingsville	4	
(26) W. Wilson, Kingsville	4	2 6
(27) D. Wigle, Kingsville	4	
(26) H. Vollans, Sandwich	4	
(26) N. Ruggabar, Sandwich	2	

New Year's Day at London

There was a good turnout of members at the New Year's shoot on New Year's morning at the Springwood Gun Club grounds, London. Seventeen guns faced the traps and R. E. Day was returned high average with 83 per cent., and Bert Glover second with 82 per cent. The scores were:

Name	Shot At.	Hit
Brock	50	17
Blackburn	50	26
Glover	50	41
Day	30	25

Sweet	50	36
Crow	30	22
Remington	70	46
Smith	30	7
Walker	20	10
Siam	30	18
Wood	40	17
Richardson	20	3
Screaton	10	7
Bryce	50	30
Clinger	40	20
Simcox	20	11
Anderson	10	5

Sparrow Shoot at Morpeth.

A shooting match at fifteen sparrows each was held at Morpeth, Ont., Jan. 3rd, between sides representing South Harwich and Morpeth. The scores were as follows:

South Harwich—Jos. Wetherald 8, G. Garrod 12, B. Burk 10, C. Wetherald 7, S. Burk 11, W. Hartford 8, A. Cox 11, C. Lowes 11, Jas. Burk 4, S. Harford 11, Jas. Robertson 12, Geo. Bowden 9, H. Burk 10, M. Burk 10, Thos. Graham 11, Ed. Ridley 5, F. McGee 7, A. Kennedy 8, F. Pilon 11. Total 176.

Blenheim—A. Wade 12, A. McRitchie 12, F. Galbraith 14, W. Thorold 8, Jas. Scane 6, Geo Lang 11, Hy. Catton 6, S. Coll 9, D. Sheller 10, Ed. Handy 11, R. Wade 8, B. Handy 11, Mont. Burk 10, Fred Coll 8, P. Galbraith 1, D. Wahe 7, F. Galbraith 10, C. Galbraith 6, Geo. Galbraith 14. Total 183.

At the shoot of the Palefaces Association held at Wellington in the early part of January, Mayer E. E. Reed won the title to the State championship of Massachusetts. Mr. Reed used a Lefever gun and attributed his success largely to his famous weapon. The amateur championship of the New York A.C. at Travers Island on December 18th was won by Dr. Gleason, who broke 95 out of a possible 100, and established a new record for this event. The win is a fine testimony to the efficiency of the Lefever guns, which with their evenness of pattern, maximum of penetration and advantages gained in the special taper bore system secure some wonderful results.

Not since trap shooting was inaugurated have any shells in one year made such a great showing as was made by Winchester factory loaded shells in 1907. The shooting annals of the year are simply saturated with Winchester winnings and records—a glorious legion of witnesses of the reliable, uniform and strong shooting qualities of the red W. brand. The highest average for the year's shooting was made by Fred Gilbert, who broke 95.8 per cent of the 9,195 targets he shot at with Winchester factory loaded shells. W. R. Crosby, known in the shooting world as King William, made the highest average ever known for a series of successive tournaments covering 3,300 targets, he breaking 97.18 per cent. with Winchester factory loaded shells. Crosby also won the Professional Championship for 1907. The Amateur Championship was won by Hugh Clark with Winchester factory loaded shells, so these shells can claim both these highly prized honors. The high amateur average for the year was made by an Illinois amateur, who scored 94.5 per cent. of the 4,730 targets he shot at with Winchester factory loaded shells. Winchester shells also established a new five-man squad record, both for 500 and 1,000 targets, at Leesburg, Fla., Nov. 21, 1907, scoring 496 out of 500 and 980 out of 1,000 targets, scores that are really phenomenal. Ad. Topperwein's marvelous shooting with Winchester rifles and cartridges has also drawn attention to the Winchester product. Recently in 10 days' shooting, he missed only 9 out of 72,500 targets shot at, the targets consisting of 2 1/2 inch wooden blocks thrown into the air by an assistant at 20 feet distance before a large crowd of people in San Antonio, Texas. Such a performance, which seems almost incre-

dible, shows the perfection to which Winchester goods, the red W brand, have been brought. The accompanying illustration shows Mr. Topperwein sitting upon the targets, most of which were hit exactly in the centre. In doing this wonderful shooting he used only two 22-calibre rifles—Winchester repeaters—and his ammunition was of the smokeless powder variety made by the Winchester people and famed for its accuracy and cleanliness.



The year 1908 opens up with much promise for this sterling brand, for if past records are any criterion, it would seem safe to predict that the number of users of Winchester goods will be greatly augmented during the present year.

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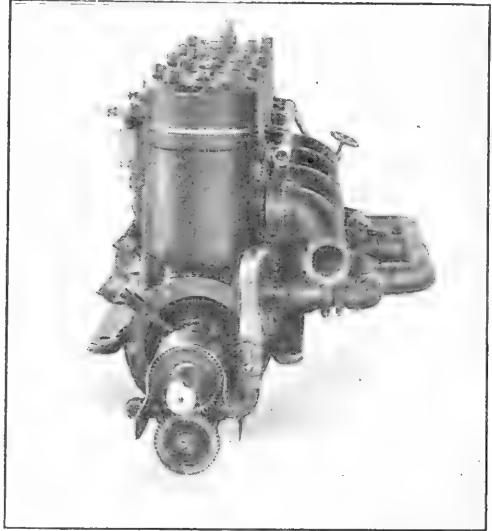
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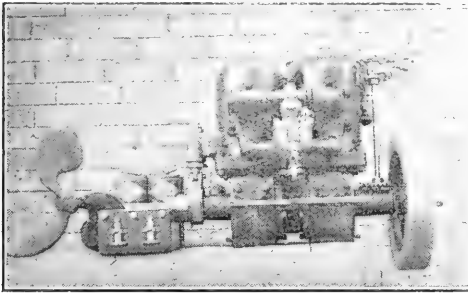
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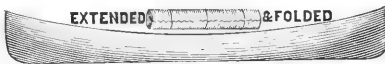
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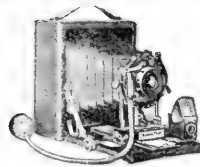
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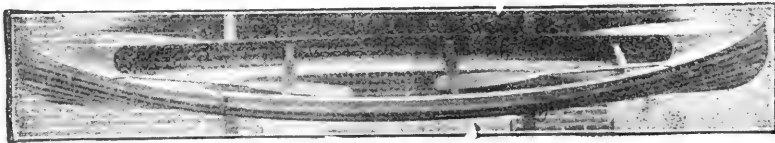
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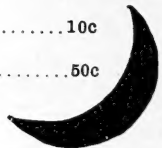
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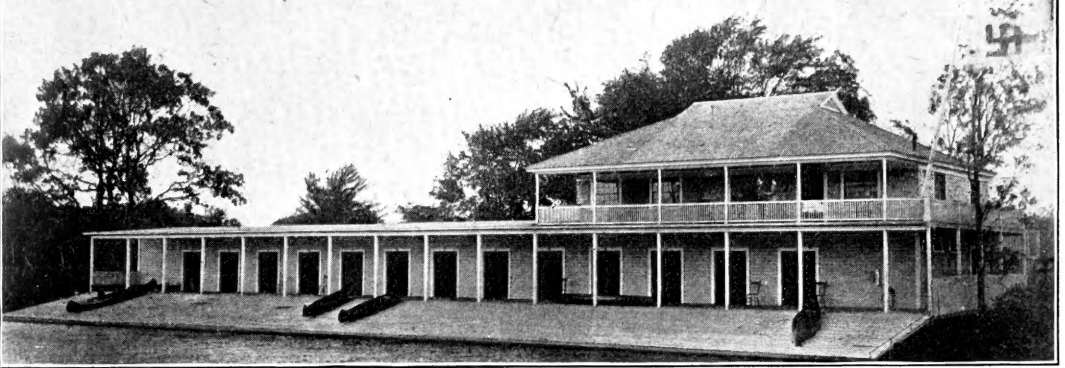
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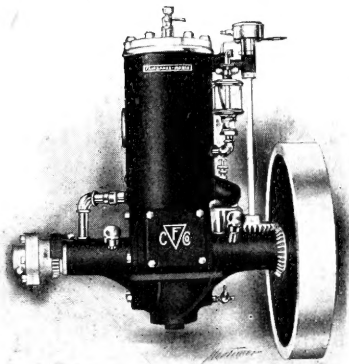
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